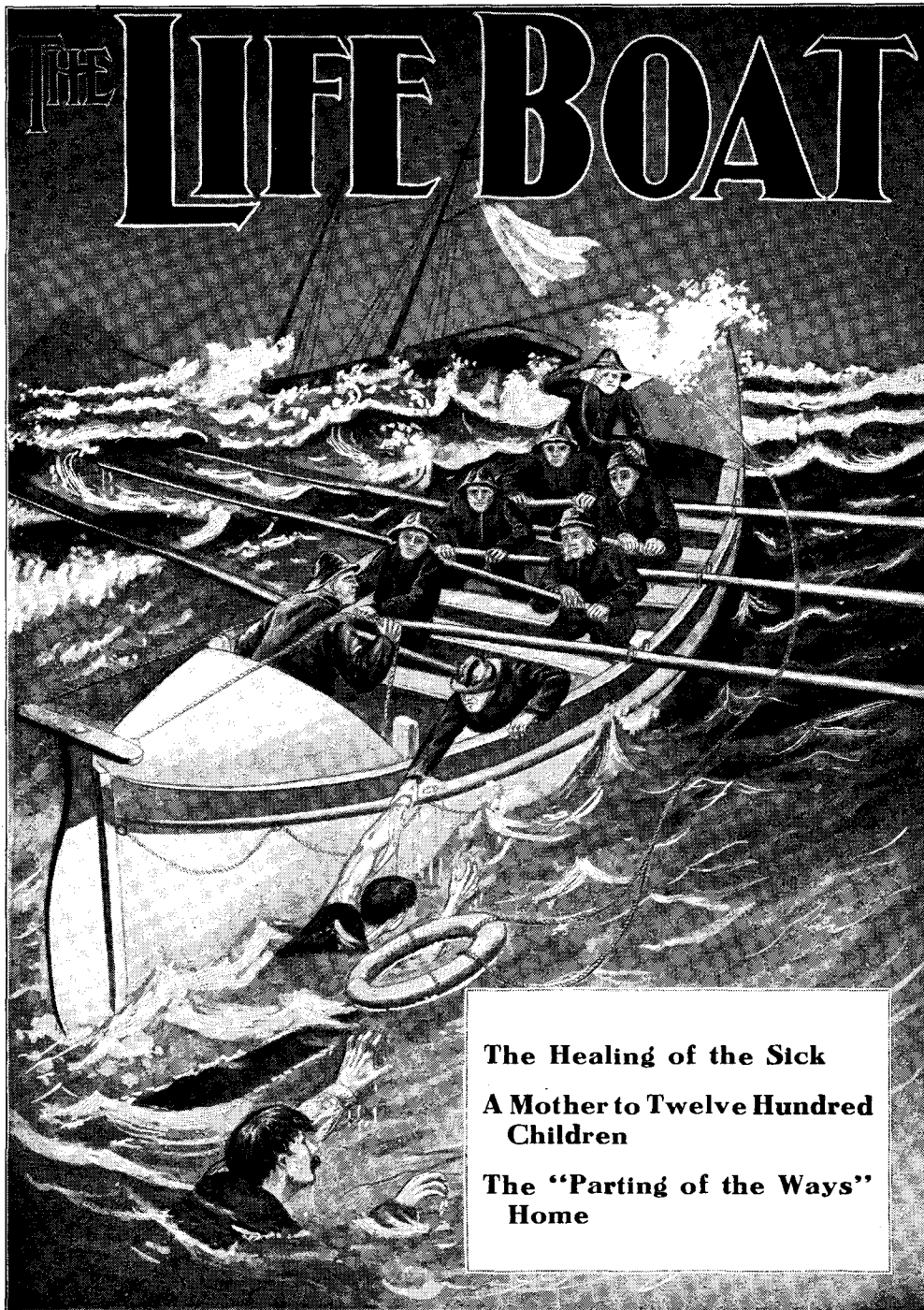


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The Healing of the Sick

**A Mother to Twelve Hundred
Children**

**The "Parting of the Ways"
Home**

Volume Thirteen
Number Ten

Windsor, Ill.

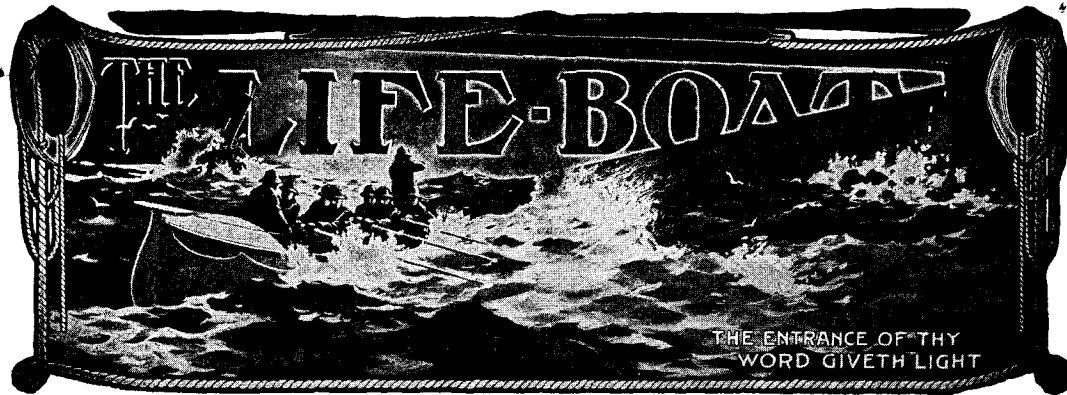
October, 1910

A Thrilling Missionary Book for One New Subscription

See page 329



THE FACULTY AND NURSES OF THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM. A NEW THREE YEARS' CLASS WILL BE ORGANIZED NOVEMBER FIRST.



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

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Volume XIII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: OCTOBER, 1910

Number 10

The Healing of the Sick

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THERE are three million sick people in the United States all the time, so the question of healing the sick is a tremendous one. The doctor does not heal the sick any more than the farmer grows corn; he only cultivates corn and nature grows it. So all we can do is to cultivate health. We must *co-operate* with nature, for God is the only healer. Ps. 103: 3.

Just as the careless farmer boy is likely to plow the corn under instead of the weeds, so there is always a danger that the careless doctor or the ignorant nurse shall destroy health instead of restoring it.

A few years ago in Iowa they raised about thirty bushels of corn to the acre. Now they are raising forty-four on the same ground, with the same sun and showers. What has made the difference? The state agricultural college sent a group of "corn missionaries" all over the state teaching the farmers the most successful ways of raising corn. But their children are just as sick; there are just as many premature funerals as there were ten years ago, because no health missionaries went out over the state of Iowa to teach the

farmers more successful ways of raising a crop of health.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL REMEDIES.

The real healing is inside the man. It can not be put up in bottles nor dispensed in salves and ointments. Something may be accomplished by drug medication but much of the benefit is like raising money by mortgaging your farm. Sooner or later you must pay it back with interest or the mortgage will be foreclosed.

Furthermore, most of the drugs for the good they do charge a large toll in the way of the mischief they do in some other way. Here is a woman with an attack of headache; she swallows a liberal dose of headache powders containing phenacetin, which is a most serious heart depressant. Her headache is juggled away in a few minutes. She is thankful that she lives in a generation that knows how to do such things promptly.

A few months or years go by and she has a more serious pain in her heart than she ever had in her head, but this she now regards as a dispensation of providence. She does not appreciate that is the price she

paid for smothering her headache instead of removing the *cause* of it. The drug cured her headache just as a policeman's club could have done, only the club struck her on the inside of the brain instead of on the outside of the skull.

The average person should know the harmless and yet efficient thing to do for such a simple trouble as headache, just as the farmer knows what to do when weeds spring up in his corn field, without having to send for a corn doctor.

Take a Turkish towel, wring it out of hot water, fold it several thicknesses over your face in such a way as to leave your nose exposed so you can breathe. At the same time put another towel wrung out of ice water over the top of your head, and lie down with an ice bag to the back of your neck. In ordinary cases this will relieve the headache in a few moments, because it lessens the congestion in the head. It must never be forgotten that headaches are often due to eye-strain, more often due to the excessive use of flesh foods, tea and coffee, and other dietetic sins.

The longer one uses an artificial remedy the less effect it has, while the longer a natural remedy is used, generally speaking, the more effective it becomes. For example, morphine will relieve pain in a most charming manner, but at the same time it puts the brakes on all the other bodily functions; it relieves the pain by cutting off for the time, the nerves, so they can not signal their misery to the brain, just as burglars, when they rob a community, often cut the telephone wires. But when the effect of the morphine wears off the abused nerves shriek out their misery all the louder, and hence it requires a larger dose the next time to produce the same effect, until the amount that can be taken by a drug slave is amazing. I have had a patient under my care who took seventy-five grains a day, or enough to kill nearly a hundred men.

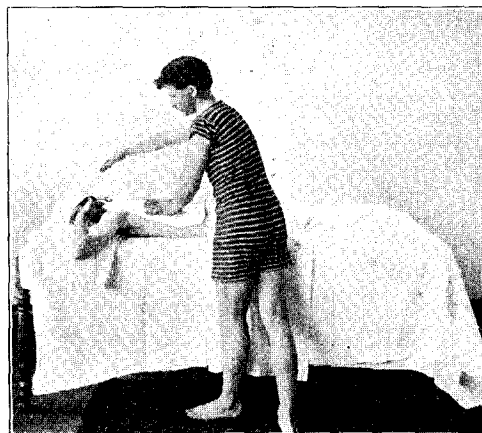
INDICATIONS OF PROGRESS.

While we are losing ground in so many directions, we are just as certainly making some progress in others. Today the poorest tramp who is ill in an almshouse re-

ceives saner and more rational treatment than was given George Washington on his death-bed a hundred years ago.

A few years ago the insane were simply herded in the lunatic asylums. Today most insane asylums are up-to-date state hospitals for the care of the mentally deranged, and they receive baths and other physiological treatment. Instead of curing only five per cent now forty to sixty per cent of the acute cases recover.

Less than a generation ago nearly a fourth of typhoid fever patients died. Then



A Cold Towel Rub is an Excellent Tonic Treatment.

Dr. Brand persuaded the German government to permit him to introduce baths in the treatment of typhoid fever, and the consequence was that of eight thousand soldiers who were ill with this disease only two or three in a hundred died. And the medical world sat up and took notice. The cold bathing program was inaugurated in Johns Hopkins' hospital and later all over the country, and today we do not consider typhoid fever a serious disease at all provided the patient can receive the proper hydratic treatment the very first week.

A few years ago about a third of all the patients who contracted pneumonia died. The lungs became so congested that it was next to impossible to breathe. The system was so overwhelmed with toxins that the heart was overcome. In the old days they used to bleed pneumonia patients, but that

deprived the patient of his blood, which he sadly needed. We now bleed them into their own blood vessels by giving them hip and leg packs, which draws a large share of the blood into the lower part of the body and thus relieves the congestion in the lungs. The patient is given an abundance of fresh air. In fact in some of the New York hospitals the pneumonia ward is up on the roof, and only three or four in a hundred die.

A TREATMENT CLOSET VS. A MEDICINE SHELF.

It is more important for a family to have a carefully selected treatment closet than it is to have a well stocked medicine chest. Such a closet should contain as a beginning, fomentation cloths, hot water and ice bags, compresses, tub for foot bath, a friction mit and an enema can. Other useful articles can be added from time to time.

A hot fomentation is the simplest thing in the world, yet it will juggle away pain quicker than morphine. The relief that it affords is magical. It is simply a quarter of a single bed blanket wrung out of boiling water, wrapped inside of another dry one of the same size and applied to the painful area.

When there is pain in some internal organ a trunk pack is more effective. This is a blanket wrung out of hot water, reaching from the shoulders to the hips, leaving the arms on the outside.

A very prominent man who was suffering with intense pain in his abdomen was begging for morphine, declaring that nothing else would give him relief. He was finally persuaded to try a hot pack. The instant relief astonished him. He wanted to know what was put in that water. When he was assured that it was nothing but hot water he said, "Do you mean to say that I have had nothing but a hot rag about me?"

A hip and leg pack is the star remedy for sciatica and nearly all pelvic pains, for it relieves the congestion and that

relieves the pain.

These hot treatments should be followed by a cold mitten friction, which is simply dipping a friction mit into cold water, rubbing one part of the body vigorously and then drying it before beginning another part. It is taking a cold application on the instalment plan, just like some people buy furniture, hence is less heroic than a cold plunge bath.



A Cold Mitten Friction is a Cool Bath on the Instalment Plan.

IS THERE SOMETHING BETTER THAN LINIMENTS FOR PAINFUL JOINTS?

The best part of the liniment is the vigorous rubbing that is prescribed on the label pasted on the bottle. In nine cases out of ten the same relief would be afforded with the same amount of friction minus the liniment. But who would be foolish enough to sit and rub his knee for ten minutes un-

less he had first paid a dollar for a bottle of liniment?

Something better is to apply a heating compress all night. Put a hot fomentation on the joint for a few minutes, then take a napkin and wring it out of cold water and wrap it over the joint, then some oiled silk or oilcloth, then a layer of cotton, then pin flannel snugly over all. In a few moments it warms up, and acts like a gentle fomentation all night long, bringing a lot of healthy blood there, and that is what does the healing.

I applied this treatment one night to an old gentleman who had walked with crutches for months because of his stiff knees. When I went into his room the next morning he was sitting on the edge of the bed kicking with his feet, declaring that a miracle had been worked for him over night.

CURING A COLD IN A DAY.

If you want to cure a cold in a day you must get after it the very *first* day that it sets in, otherwise it is likely to run its course just like scarlet fever. If it has settled on the chest take a hot foot bath in the evening and hot fomentations to the chest; follow this by a heating chest pack to be worn overnight, arranged on the same plan as the heating compress for the joints. Wrap up warm in bed and have the windows wide open.

Or if you feel chilly all over take a general hot blanket pack in the evening. Finish off with a cold mitten friction and go to bed immediately. These treatments translate the individual for the time being almost into the kingdom of health. They increase the forces of the body which fight against disease.

THE SKIN A KEYBOARD.

The skin is the keyboard to the rest of

the body. Who has not seen cold water dashed in the face of a fainting woman to again revive the brain? The skin over the liver is the face to the liver, and a dash of cold water over this area will revive the liver. Likewise a dash of cold water over the heart will revive the heart, and so for every part of the body.

It is impossible to get such an effect by merely swallowing a few drops of medicine. In our Chicago work we have seen drunken men stagger in under the cold spray and come out in a few moments perfectly sober. What will make a drunken man sober in a minute certainly ought to assist in taking up the slack in the makeup of a poor neurasthenic patient.

GETTING BETTER WHEN YOU DO NOT FEEL ANY BETTER.

The man who takes a dose of strychnin feels better in a few minutes but it is a delusive strength. He who takes a dose of sleeping powder will soon be asleep, but it is a *drunken* sleep similar to that produced by alcohol. He who uses nature's remedies may not for the time being feel any better. It is like pulling a man up from fifty feet below the surface of the water; he would not feel any better until he actually got to the top. An egg that has been under a setting hen for two weeks looks no different than it did at the beginning, but the chances are that there is something doing on the inside.

But the improvement that the patient finally secures from the use of physiological remedies is permanent while the other is likely to be temporary. God is wonderfully good to the man whose feet are again treading the right path, and it is astonishing how bountifully He ultimately rewards him who perseveringly seeks for health and strength, especially if he desires to use it in blessing humanity.



A Mother To Twelve Hundred Children

Mrs. A. S. STEELE,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

[During a recent visit to Hinsdale, Mrs. Steele told the following in a talk before the sanitarium family. Twelve hundred homeless waifs have found in her a real mother during the last twenty-five years. The noble, self-sacrificing work which this one woman has done has been an inspiration to hundreds.—Ed.]

I AM the biggest mother you ever saw. I started to mother homeless children twenty-five years ago and have never sent out an agent, but have already received in my home to feed and educate, twelve hundred children. I count it a precious privilege to be in partnership with my Lord. I do not know any greater honor, although some pity my taste and some say I will end my days in the poor house. But I want to tell you the Lord has kept me in health and I have never been sick a day since I started. And the Lord and I have never run into debt yet; I am dependent on Him for every match, for a shoestring, thimble, and everything a child needs.

I keep my children until twelve or fourteen years of age and then send them out to learn trades. One of my boys has a position in the Chicago postoffice and is getting a good salary. He has passed the civil service examination and is a very unusual young man.

ONE GIRL I TRIED TO GET RID OF.

Some have turned out real well and some have not and just make my heart ache. Years ago, I had a girl sent to me from the upper end of the state. She was quite large and rather old to be admitted into the home, and we found her deportment such that I feared her influence would be damaging to the rest. So we talked it over and decided to take her to the reform school. I bought her a ticket and accompanied her to the industrial school at Nashville. To my surprise I could not enter her there because she was a colored girl. There are ever so many reform schools for white boys and white girls and for colored boys, but none for colored girls. But she had a soul to save and so I brought her back to Chattanooga.

I thought it rather put the brakes on her when she learned I was ready to send her to the reform school, for she got much

quieter. I got her a place to work and later she met a man, a barber, who fell in love with her. They went to Minnesota, were married, and she lived with him for ten years, meanwhile sending me letters calling me mother, and now and then enclosing a dollar. Then she wrote me that her husband had died and she was very much crushed over it. A few weeks ago she said, "Mother, I never intend marrying again, and as I have no children and nothing to look forward to, I want to tell you I have had my life insured for you, to go to the home." I can't tell you of my surprise to think that she, the only girl I ever tried to get rid of in such a way, should remember me by showing her gratitude in this way.

One of my boys is a missionary in Africa; has been there seven years. He and his bride came to visit me since I was here a year ago. He had been a sore trial to me, and such a marvelous change as there is in his life and conduct!

We have two boys in the penitentiary today; both had been in the chain gang before they came to me. Both were thieves. They had stolen and stolen before they ever came to me. I tried to see if I could do them some good and get them positions. But they got to stealing again and were sent to the penitentiary.

A PAYING INVESTMENT.

I suppose you wonder if it pays. Yes, it does, in the light of eternity. Sometimes I see men who, learning I have come from the south, say, "Well, I have got enough of the south." One man said, "I lost thirty thousand dollars down there." Another said he lost thirty-five thousand. I said, "Friends, you invested in the *wrong* kind of stock. I invested in *live* stock and my money is bringing in good interest." Oh, it *pays* to invest in human hearts and

lives, and the longer I live and the deeper I get in the work the more joy I get in the thought that I have been permitted to use my money for those who needed what they got the very minute they got it.

Some of these come immediately at their mothers' death. I say to others, "Now how did you hear of the home?" "Well," they say, "When my mother died, Mrs. — said, 'Honey, you can come and sleep on a quilt on my floor, but I can't feed you nor clothe you.'" Now such children would have to go about hoping and trusting that somebody, somewhere, somehow would feel like giving them something to eat. It will not do for colored children to beg in the south. They seem to take for granted they are not wanted and are under suspicion for stealing if they beg.

After they are trained and get to be fourteen years old I send them out to work. I can't begin to supply one-tenth of the calls that come to me for the boys I have trained.

But I never would undertake to mother such a crowd and pay the bills if it were not that while feeding and educating them

I could give them a Christian training. More than all else I want to teach them the hope of life eternal. It is the happiest life to live. I just feel I am the richest and happiest woman in this country.

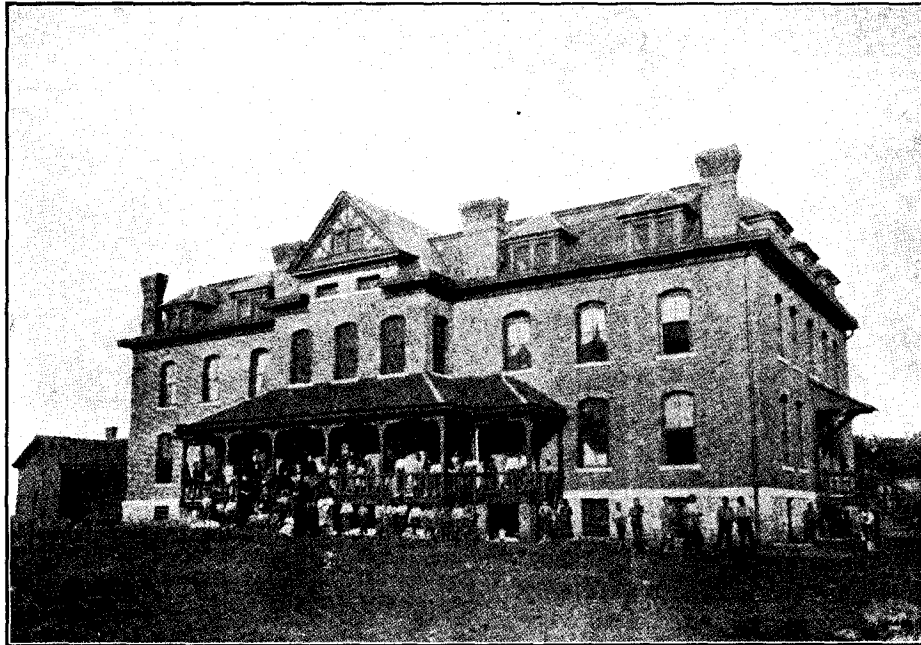
A REVIVAL AND STARTLING CONFESSIONS.

We have morning and evening devotions in the home. My children know the Bible. This last March the Lord poured out His Spirit on our home and forty-eight of the children came forward to be prayed for. Such conversions! and no one scared them or hung them over the pit or told them what would become of them, but in one day twenty-two of them came forward and said they wanted to be sure they were indeed born again and adopted in God's family, and the Spirit of God worked until one after another got off their knees and came to me confessing. I was surprised.

One boy confessed to setting the boys' dormitory on fire three years ago. He said he set the bed on fire.

I said, "What did you do it for?" It was an iron bed and he had an idea that nothing else would burn.

"Well," he said, "I have heard how the



Mrs. Steele's Home.

fire department works, how the horses jump and the engines fly out and the men turn on the steam and fly so fast and I wanted to see it done."

One boy had stolen a diamond pin from a white lady he worked for down town, and sold it for ten cents. He did not know diamonds from glass. He lied about it, however, to her. Over a year had passed and now he got off his knees and followed me out and put his head on my shoulder, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and he said:

"Oh, can you forgive me?"

I said, "What have you done?"

"Oh," he said, "I have told more lies and I have stolen and I have fought and hit children, and oh, I have been so mean!"

I said, "I am glad you realize it; you need to talk that over with the Lord and ask Him to forgive you."

He went back and was weeping, and an hour or so afterwards came again and said, "Can I go down town?"

"What for? It is raining."

"Oh, I want to see that lady; I stole that pin and lied to her."

So he went down and told her that he did take the pin, and asked her to please forgive him.

She said, "Oh, you little black rascal, I do not see how I can ever forgive you."

He took it all as part of his punishment.

But a week or two afterwards she 'phoned and asked if she could not have Henry to work for her.

I said, "Not Henry, the thief?" And she said, "Yes, he won't steal any more." So I let him go to the old battle field to see if he could resist temptation.

Let me say,

"I would rather be the least of those that are
the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem or sit upon a
throne."

Of course I know colored people are looked down upon but I have not found anything in the Bible that encourages anything like that. We white folks only compose a small part of all the people there are in the world. The people of India, China and Japan are very much more numerous than we. That ought to take the self-conceit out of us, and as we only form so small a portion of the population and since we have been particularly entrusted with higher social and religious privileges it is our duty to pass them on; and if any of us have pride of social standing or anything of that kind that is going to be damaged by reaching down to the unfortunate I am sure such dignity is not worth naming. When we think of the Lord Jesus who left the society of heaven and for our sakes became poor, I think we ought to consider it as a very great privilege.

"BALM IN GILEAD."

(Jer. 8:22.)

PEARL WAGGONER.

O'er all the earth pain hangeth like a cloud
And seems to encircle it as with a shroud.
Mine ears have caught a bitter, mournful wail
Of countless thousands close to death's lone vale;
Mine eyes have seen the helplessness, the tears
Of thousands more to whom no light appears
As promise of a pain-free home at length,
Or as a present hope or present strength.
Oh, is there no balm in Gilead—
No light, no healing there?
Why then this pain, this darkness,
Like the darkness of despair?

I see the cloud hang thickly all around,
I see the pain, the heart-aches that abound;
From darkened rooms I hear the sufferer's groan,
I see the blanched cheek when hope has flown,—
Yet heedless of the misery so nigh
The stream of life without goes surging by,
And in the constant tread of myriad feet
Methinks I feel the city's heart to beat.
And some of the hearts are burdened.
And some seem gay and light,
But o'er them all is darkness
More deep than the shades of night.

Adown the echoing corridors of time,
From e'en that day which marked Cain's gruesome
crime,
Past wrangling scenes at Babel's mighty tower,
To this the present day, the present hour,
I hear the groanings of the ones oppressed,
The strivings rude of those by greed possessed;
I see the hosts of sin the right, assail,
I hear the dying cries of those who fail,
And oh, how the heart grows heavy,
To see such pain, such woe!
No balm is there in Gilead
For a world that needs it so?

Yes, yes! ah, yes, a balm there is indeed,
For every bleeding wound, for every need;
Its worth is unexcelled, its power world-wide,
But can it work a cure unless applied?
Oh, who will take this balm, already here—
The gospel of salvation, health, and cheer,
And with a heart that's touched by human woe
Go scatter it that all its power may know?
Thank God, there is balm in Gilead,
A great Physician too;
But He calls for faithful helpers,—
Shall He call in vain for you?

A Few Typical Experiences

Mrs. HANNAH SWANSON

[For the past few weeks, Mrs. Swanson has been spending most of her time in connection with the new home which we have opened up in Chicago. The following incidents give a good insight into the opportunities that come in the way of the missionary worker who moves about her work in a prayerful, expectant attitude.—Ed.]

THERE is something that has been coming into my mind for several days about that experience of Ananias and Saul. (Acts 9:11.) Saul was praying and God knew he was praying, and He sent Ananias to help him. Ananias was also a praying man. So we must be in an expectant and prayerful *attitude* all the time in this work and He will send us people we can help and will send us to people we can help.

There are a great many people who are praying. We go to them and find they are looking for us, and they say, "Oh, I have been praying for some one to come and help me." If we are in a prayerful and expectant attitude God can use us.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

The other evening a man came in, quite a nice looking young man, perhaps thirty-five years old. He was a Frenchman and talked a little broken, but expressed himself so I understood very well. He said, "I saw a man out by the gospel tent that looked like a minister and I thought perhaps he could help me, and he sent me over here." I said, "What do you want us to do?" He said, "My wife is drunk, has been drunk for five days. When she is sober she is a good housekeeper. I have a good position, have had a position in one of the big stores for six years. But my wife has gotten in with a bad woman and now I have to go home and wash my three children and get the supper, and there she is, lying there drunk."

I said, "What do you think we can do for you?" He said, "Oh, if you can only come and pray for her!" He did not want financial help, he said, "God Almighty is the *only* One that can help her." He said there used to be some Swedish workers over there who used to pray with her and for a year she never tasted a drop, but they went out into the country to work.



We went over and called on her and we certainly did see a dirty place. They had just moved in and the house was not clean and everything was in a dirty state. She seemed so glad to see us; said she had not taken a

drop of whisky that day. We prayed with her and she asked God to take this out of her life.

The next day we called on her again. This time four of us went and began cleaning up the place, bathing the babies and gathering up the laundry. She wanted to do what she could. She said, "When I get sober I can work." Today we went over there and she was clean and had the children bathed and the house was just as clean as could be; and she was sober and happy and had not tasted a drop of whisky.

The husband has been coming to the gospel tent meetings. They think no one could help them as we have because we were willing to come right into their home and clean it up. This woman is trying to do right and we must help her.

RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF SHAME.

A few weeks ago we heard about a girl that was ill in a house of ill repute. She

was away from home and her friends feared she was going to die without medical aid. We went and found the girl. She was a beautiful girl,—no mark of sin was yet on her young face; she had not been in sin very long. We talked with her, and she said she could not pray. She promised to come and see us the next Monday afternoon but was sick and could not come, but we have kept in touch with her. The mistress of this house who seemed to be as young as the girl, knew this girl in her home town and about a year ago visited there. She represented herself as a married woman who had a beautiful home and wanted this girl to come and visit her. The girl had throat trouble, and thought this climate would agree with her, so her mother consented for her to come and visit two or three weeks.

She was taken right to the red light district. That was last summer, a little over a year ago, and she has been there all this time with this woman; she said never until we called on her did she have the strength to decide she was going to leave that woman.

The first time we called on this girl we had to talk in the presence of the landlady, but the next time I asked if the girl could go down to the next floor with me. I told the matron it would be all right. So she consented. After we left the room, the matron asked Mrs. Holmes who accompanied me, why I had taken the girl down there and Mrs. Holmes said, "You know we are Christian workers and she can do better personal work with her alone, as I can talk with you better alone."

I then told the girl that I had a letter from her friends asking me to find her. I

said, "If you want to come with me right now you can. I will call a policeman and he will help you even if you owe money here." She said, "I will 'phone you in a few days when I get ready to leave." She phoned yesterday afternoon and we met her and walked and walked on the streets, and she told me the story of her life. She left last night for home; she said, "I just made up my mind I was going to leave that woman and that place," but never until we went there did she have the strength to leave. Now she says, "I am going home to my mother to stay."

FOUND SLEEPING IN A DARK CLOSET.

I met a woman who came to the tent meetings one night and asked for a nurse for a sick man. So we went out to see the man. He was a tailor by trade. He had rented out his rooms and was sleeping in a little dark room in the rear in the basement. I said, "No wonder you have heart trouble: I don't see how you can breathe at all in such a dark closet. Why don't you get a cot and put it right up here by the screen door where you can have plenty of fresh air? Use that dark closet to hang your clothes in but do not try to sleep there yourself. The air is not any too good anywhere and you want to get the best there is."

He said he had never thought of that but he believed all I said. I went back to call on him later and found that he had secured a Morris chair and he was sleeping on that by the screen door every night and was feeling very much better. So we are helping the people to help themselves both physically as well as spiritually.

THE CITY.

Distorted mass of stone and steel upreared
Upon a warren burrowed in the rock,
Titanic, cloud-crowned feet with fire seared,
Thou art to God and man alike a mock.

Deep in a labyrinthian-web, far flung,
Thy toiling victims clutch the bait of gold.
The blood of youth has kept thee ever young,
The sins of age shall keep thee ever old.

The golden calf within thy roaring marts,
A million worshipers may see each day.
At morn the wine-press fills with human hearts,
At night the river sweeps the lees away.

From east and west and north and south they come,
To make thee great, they bring their puny lives.
Their hopes, built in thy granite walls, are dumb,
They give their all—thy fame alone survives.

Within the gloomy canyons of thy streets,
Forgotten churches hide in somber dread,
While clang of bell, or shriek of whistle greets
The tortured slumbers of their restless dead.

A golden froth upon a scething pot,
A purple robe upon a painted jade,
A fruit with velvet skin and heart of rot,
A hungry beast, in front of brass arrayed.

A grave of broken dreams, forgotten goals,
A mad, fantastic dance by day or night,
A roaring torrent filled with human souls,
A queen, crowned with a diadem of light.

Thou buildest up, with mad, insensate might
Thy Babel towers, 'Neath thy scourging rod,
No man his neighbor understands aright,
Go forth, O fools, into the light of God!

FREDERICK ARNOLD KUMMER,
In *Chicago Tribune*.

Lending a Helping Hand*

Mrs. CARRIE HOLMES,
Pasadena, Cal.

[More than fifteen years ago Mrs. Holmes was connected with the Life Boat work in Chicago. Then she went away and has spent most of the time since on the Pacific Coast. Just as our new Life Boat home was opened up she came back saying that she felt she needed some of the same reviving again from on high which she received when she was in the work here years ago. The Lord has used her in a very marked manner. The great love for human souls that God has put in her heart has given her entrance to many places where under ordinary circumstances it is neither wise nor safe to go. The Lord has used her to snatch brands from the burning. She has just left again for California. We hope the Lord will send some one else like her to take up the work that she has laid down.—Ed.]

I LOVE to do personal work. I felt I had become rusty in the Lord's work. Where I lived in California we did not have the opportunities for helping the fallen that you have here. I hope some one will be willing to go out and help these dear ones.

I realize what an *awful* work it is; it is a terrible undertaking. There are none know but God what depths these people have fallen to, but if the workers just go out with prayer, diamonds will be dug from the depths of sin here. I am quite sure that many of you here could not sleep at night if you had seen the awful sights I have seen in the city of Chicago. It is much worse than when I was here before.

I have been out selling THE LIFE BOAT in other cities but I have seen nothing to compare with the depths of sin that I have found here. One of the girls I went out with one day said, "There is where many a girl is ruined, and there, and there," pointing out different houses as we went along on the street car.

Saturday night I started out alone to sell this magazine. I felt encouraged, but it seems Satan wanted to trip me up on the way. I got in the worst part of Chicago. As I got off the car it did not stop and I was dragged perhaps three or four feet, and some one just grabbed me and saved me from a terrible fall. I thought Satan was trying to prevent me from working in his territory but I said, "I am going to go and see if I can help to get some one acquainted with Jesus." By and by I came to a man who was crying:

"This way, this way to the free show!"

*Talk given before Hinsdale Sanitarium family recently.

I asked what it meant and he said, "That is no place for you, lady."

"Are there no women there?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, lots of them!"

"Then that is where I want to go."

"Oh," he said, "madam, they are *beyond* all redemption."

But I went in to the rear of that saloon, and found most of the girls were under the influence of liquor. That floor was so slippery I was afraid of falling, it was so saturated with liquor and beer and whisky. Oh, those poor things! There were old, white-haired women in there and young girls in their teens all painted up. But as soon as the proprietor found out I was there he came in and cursed me. He did not want any missionary work there; if I had come to join them in their drinking it would have been all right.

"MAMA, WHAT ARE YOU CRVING FOR?"

Sunday I attended service at the police station. One man asked if we could not send some one to see his wife and little child, as he said they had not a bite to eat.

He had sent to New Orleans for his wife to come up to Chicago as he had secured a good position and could support her. She came, arriving in Chicago at night. He met her at eleven o'clock and they sat up and talked until very late. In the morning he overslept himself and lost his position as a result. Time went on and they had no money, so he went out on the street to beg and was arrested.

She had a ticket to go back to New Orleans, he said, but did not know where he was. I called on her and found her in tears. She had not slept any all night. She did not

have a bite to eat, had no money and was living in a filthy, dirty basement, a vile place. You could scarcely get your breath in there with the mildew and rags and stuff all closed up in that basement for fear of robbers.

They had paid two dollars and twenty-five cents a week for *that* room. There was no ventilation and it seemed perfectly dark, and there that little woman of twenty-one who has a child of six, was weeping. The little fellow said:

"Mamma, what are you crying for?" and he reached in his pocket and got a piece of candy some one had given him and put in her mouth and said, "Now, mamma, don't cry any more."

She said, "My dear, you will soon be asking for something to eat and I have nothing and what will you do?"

"Don't bother, I'll go out and get a job and take care of you."

I went back there the next day to get the woman and her little boy and bring her to our home, and I found the man had gotten out of jail and on his way home had secured a position. When he found that I had taken an interest in his wife, he could hardly express his gratitude.

Who will volunteer to go and help these precious ones? There is so much to do. God grant we may all be faithful in digging out these loved ones.

TAKING HOLD OF THE LAST CHANCE.

From Dannemora, N. Y., a prisoner writes: "I received your very kind and instructive letter and was very glad to hear from you again and to know that I also had a friend in you. I read the 107th Psalm as you suggested I should, and I found it as you said. I read my Bible daily and some chapters I sometimes study, and keep myself in as right a path as possible. As I have four hours in my cell at night to study, etc., I put in a half hour or more in my Bible each evening. I have been doing this for over a year, and with God's help I will continue doing so.

"I have read the July number of your magazine over a good many times, and the more I read it the more I learn in it. I appreciate your kindness very much in sending me that number and I am only sorry that I

can't subscribe for it in the future, as I have no means to do it with. All I can do is thank you for what you have done for me already.

"If I had thought of that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother before I came here I don't think this would have happened. But it is 'never too late to mend,' as the saying goes. There is always one more chance, and I am taking hold of that chance. In fact I am making a study of everything that will be a help to me in future. I am learning a good trade and I am taking advance study in my cell evenings, and our kind and big-hearted warden is always ready to help a man that tries to help himself. So you see there is no excuse for a man having no chance."

CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR IT TO COME.

The following letter is received from a prisoner in Ossining, N. Y.:

"I have your letter and was very glad to hear from you. It always cheers me up to get a letter from you, because I have no one to write me.

"I have the first four books of the Bible learned by heart so that I can repeat them without looking on the Book, and I find that they help me on the way very much and make the way so much brighter as I go along.

"We had twelve take the stand for the Lord on the last Bible class day, and we hope that the Lord will give us a good many more this month.

"I find that the little LIFE BOAT is doing a great deal of good work in this place, for every month I meet some of the boys that I let have it and they say that it is what has led them to the cross. I tell them that the last one is always the best one, and some of them say that they can hardly wait for it,—just the same as myself.

"I want to repay the Lord for his kindness and for the lesson that He has taught me while I have been here, for I know He has lifted me up out of the miry clay and put my feet on the solid foundation.

"I find chapters in Matthew that I get a great deal of good out of, and when I study the Bible I find it means just me. I never knew what it was to study the Bible till I came here. I find a great deal that helps on the road and over the rough places in this place."



View of Tent Where a Most Successful Six Weeks' Gospel Effort Has Been Carried On. In the New Life Boat Home to the Left the Meetings Will be Continued and the Special Six Months' Course for City Medical Missionary Workers is Conducted.

THE GOSPEL TENT.

EVA L. BORDEN.

Realizing that the time had come for a more decisive work to be done for dark Chicago, we have every evening, for the past five weeks, been holding health, temperance and evangelistic services in a large tent pitched in a vacant lot adjoining the Life Boat Home.

From the very first meeting the attendance has been far beyond our expectations. Some undoubtedly strolled in out of idle curiosity, others to hear or see some new thing. We have every reason to believe that many came from a sincere desire to hear the plain, simple gospel message, and such have not been disappointed.

Among the throngs which crowd the tent may be seen the society woman sitting side by side on the same seat with the plain, hard-working scrub woman. During the services place, wealth and social position are forgotten as souls are stirred to their depths by the vital truths presented to them from the platform.

This continued effort is bringing results. Several good, substantial people have taken

their stand to do the thing which they know to be right, and we are praying and believing for many more. Many are under conviction and do not seem to be able to make a full surrender, but we know that God is not far from them and will not give them up.

Whole families are becoming interested and several workers are busy holding cottage meetings and Bible readings in the various homes. In some instances they are met with much opposition, for the devil will not give up the fight without a struggle. But we have a mighty captain on our side who never lost a battle, and our courage is good.

The Holy Spirit is working mightily upon the hearts of the people as they sit and listen to the great closing message to be given a dying world. There is little emotion to be seen. Instead, a profound earnestness is pictured on every face. All are thinking seriously and calmly of the situation, and those who make a decisive step do so after cool, deliberate thought. They have counted the cost, and for such there is no turning back.

Others who have long professed Christianity have seen themselves in a clearer light,

realized that they fell short of their high calling, and have renewed their vows. This has been a blessed time of heart-searching, the results of which will be as lasting as eternity.

MINISTERING TO BODILY ILLS.

NELLIE JEFFERS.

[A sanitarium ladies' treatment room is maintained in connection with the Chicago Life Boat Home. Miss Jeffers, who is a graduate of the Hinsdale sanitarium training school, is in charge of this. Here she gives baths, massage, electric light baths and various electrical treatments.—Ed.]

In my work in the treatment rooms of the Chicago Life Boat Home I have the advantage over the other workers who go out to the homes of the people in the fact that my patients come to me. One of my patients who

has already taken sixteen treatments always asks about the different lines of work that we are doing. In this manner I have abundant opportunity to interest them in medical missionary work.

The financial side of our business is improving. I have given as high as thirty-two treatments in a week. Since I have been connected with the work here I have had more opportunities to talk to the patients along helpful lines than I did while I was at the Hinsdale sanitarium. Perhaps it is because I am actually looking for opportunities more eagerly than I did then. The people that I meet seem to be looking for truth.

No man has the gospel unless his neighbors are glad of it.



A GROUP OF CHICAGO WORKERS.

Evangelist M. E. Serns.
Eva Borden

Mrs. Hannah Swanson.

Mrs. Carrie Homes.

Nellie Jeffers.

Mrs. L. A. Wade.

A BACKSLIDEN PREACHER WHO BECAME A MURDERER.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

It is wonderful how the Lord leads and directs His children if they only place themselves in His hands. Often in my work at the Harrison street police station I have at different times been especially impressed to seek God for His presence to go with me in a special manner. At such times I have found that upon reaching the jail such a situation existed there that no mere human effort could cope with.

A few weeks ago I felt impelled to pray earnestly for the Sunday morning service, and I asked God to take everything out of my life that would hinder me from being a channel through which God could pour out His love and blessing upon those in the depths of despair.

When I reached the station I found that only one of our workers was there and the cells were all well filled. There were young women, clean, beautiful girls and middle-aged women behind the bars. In an adjoining cell was a poor murderer strapped to the chair with his ankles strapped down and his hands fastened to his waist.

He had once been a preacher of the gospel, but had allowed sin to come in until he finally took the life of his neighbor. He said he had made it right with his Maker, but he had still to satisfy the demands of the law. He expected to be taken back to Kansas, where the crime was committed, and where he said he would have to die.

We sang several old familiar songs that he requested and everybody was in tears. The sweet, mellowing influence of God's spirit went from heart to heart and for a time the old basement cell house seemed to respond to the touch of heaven.

The girls who were there for the first time seemed to realize the depths to which they were falling and they wept bitterly and we prayed and wept with them. Every hand was raised heavenward when the invitation was given. One middle-aged woman who belonged to a notorious gang of outlaws and thieves, asked me to pray for her, which I did. She promised me that she would not touch liquor

any more and she would forsake the old life. She was sick of sin and wanted to get away from it. "Oh," she said, "I want to sign the pledge. I am not going to drink any more." I told her to leave that with Jesus, to trust in Him and He would give her strength to leave liquor alone.

I learned that she had suffered much physically because of her sins, having received several severe wounds from her drunken associates. Some days after when I called on her in her home I found her in a very critical condition. She was expected to be taken soon to the hospital and undergo a surgical operation. She renewed her promise to leave drink alone and lead a better life by God's help, and then asked us to pray for her, which we gladly did, asking God to change her life and make her a minister of mercy in that neighborhood where she had been such a curse. She then prayed for herself.

Some might question, "Does all this work pay?" I say, "Yes, it does." We are sowing the seed and God is taking care of His own. When I get on the other shore I expect to see more than one who will say that the faithful, untiring work for God done at the Harrison street police station has helped them to a better life. It may not be just the ones we have worked the hardest for here or it may even be one who has never been confined behind the bars in the Harrison street police station. Some one we least expect may come up and say that they caught an inspiration in life from what they saw down there in that dark place. I believe the Lord will have many surprises for us and I am willing to plod along at the humblest tasks if I only know that God has set me at them.

Our work in the courts is very encouraging. The officers are co-operating with us and we are trying to help every young woman who is willing to be helped.

It is so important that every one who professes the name of Christ be a soul winner. The old Harrison street police station is not the only place where there are souls to be saved. Opportunities are on every hand and God is calling us to a deeper experience, so that we can be a greater blessing, and He will not call forever. If we do not heed the call others will step in and do our work.

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

MRS. L. A. WADE.

How beautiful this world would be if all in it were true children of the Father of love, their hearts filled with the peace of God that passes all understanding!

There are many lonely ones who perish "while the days are going by," bowed down with sorrows and burdens in the battle of life, not knowing how to appropriate the blessing of the "Peace be still" to the turbulent waters of their storm-tossed soul, drifting heedlessly along with the crowd in the broad way.

I would that every professed Christian might know the joy of searching out these poor, deluded, restless ones, might get a glimpse of the sore need of these tempted lost ones and of the mighty power of God to transform a life that is yielded to Him.

All may have the peace of God in the heart. He knows all our sorrows, understands our temptations, was tempted in all points as we are, and His heart of love reaches out in pity. He longs to help us no matter how far we have wandered from Him. Jesus, our Saviour, came into the world to save sinners, not the righteous. He is the sinners' Friend.

It is the lost one whom he goes to seek; the greater the sin the greater the need. It is our utter helplessness that commends us to His pity. When we realize our sinfulness, then He can lift us and save us from our sins and from the depths of despair. The love of God is wonderful. Poor, discouraged one, remember that "whosoever will may come," and He who calls us says He will pardon all our sins and remember them no more against us; though they may be red like crimson He will cleanse as white as snow.

By looking to Jesus we can see a rift in the cloud of darkness that enshrouds us, through which the glory of God will

shine into our hearts, transforming the life and giving us the assurance of His life and protection and a home in the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"IT TURNED ME TOWARD CHRIST."

An inmate of the Illinois State Reformatory writes:

"I have been receiving THE LIFE BOAT for some time. It is such an interesting paper and contains so much that cheers the most despondent spirit that the interval between each issue seems of very long duration to me, and I suppose to all other subscribers. This small book has been the instrument of turning me toward Christ, the Saviour of humanity.

"Oh, how glad I am that such a God-given work is in existence! May it prosper and continue its well doing, is my fervent prayer. Although I am not able at present to help you out with the small portion of a widow's mite, because of my circumstances, I am praying that others may fill the vacant spot.

"The reading literature and the true testimonies of saved prisoners, found on the pages of your message of hope, have been such a source of help and encouragement to a great number of despondent, wayward sinners. The little LIFE BOAT has always a cordial welcome.

"I know by faith everything is possible; so let us continue to stand fast, in spite of our adversities. Christ has beautifully illustrated the power of faith in the seventeenth chapter of Matthew: 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.' Belief conquers all. I have found that it takes faith to walk at the side of Jesus, leaning on His arm and trust in His love. He will not forsake us, no matter how deeply we have fallen in sin; He will forgive us."

THE CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

As has been previously announced, there is a most excellent opportunity afforded in the Chicago Life Boat Home to receive a six months' course of city medical missionary training. Evangelist Serns, an able and efficient worker, has been secured to give the Bible instruction. The instruction in care of the sick, sanitary science, etc., will be given by the faculty of the Hinsdale sanitarium. Tuition is free, board and room three to four dollars a week.

This is the best opportunity we know of for combining a practical study of the Bible with up-to-date instruction in domestic nursing and personal experience in city missionary work. Write for further information to Dr. David Paulson.

The "Parting of the Ways" Home

ROLLO H. McBRIDE

[Half a dozen years ago Mr. McBride stumbled into the Life Boat mission, an abject drunkard. Although it was in the heart of winter and the snow was a foot deep, he had on no underwear and was absolutely penniless; he knew of no place that would admit him for a night's rest. He was so drunk when he staggered into the mission that he thought it was another saloon. That night he was converted, and has not tasted liquor since. The Lord has used him in various ways. Now he has charge of the "Parting of the Ways," a temporary home for ex-prisoners until they can get a new start again. We are glad to publish a few of his interesting and encouraging experiences in this number.—Ed.]

ONE of the large department store managers came to see me recently and asked if he could talk to me in the strictest confidence. He then told me that his only relative, a brother, was confined in the house of correction and was coming out on the following Saturday, and asked if I would not become interested in him. He said they were both brought up as Christian boys and he is still a member of one of the prominent churches of the city, together with all his family.

He said that he was going away for a six weeks' vacation and would feel greatly relieved in leaving to know that I would look after his unfortunate brother.

The unfortunate brother came on Saturday dressed in rags. He had on a pair of old cowhide shoes that were about four sizes too large, a pair of overalls, a "hickory" shirt, and a torn slouch hat. I gave him underclothing, a suit of clothes, a linen shirt, collar and tie, a pair of soft Oxford shoes and a black derby hat. The kind attention he received touched his heart and he became very restless, walked from room to room and finally came to me with tears in his eyes, saying:

"I didn't believe that there were any such people left in the world. I believe in your endeavors to help us fellows to become better men and I want you to pray for me."

I took him upstairs to a room where we both knelt in prayer.

On the following Monday with new courage, new confidence, high ambitions, he went out looking for a position. He told me on his return that the Lord had indeed prepared the way, because at the first place

he went they told him to come to work the following morning at eight o'clock at a salary way beyond his expectations.

RETURNED TO HIS MOTHER.

Another young man came to me from the Bridewell prison several months ago. His home was in Philadelphia. He was the one wayward boy of the family. He took to drinking and his folks were glad when he left home. He wandered from one city to another and finally reached Chicago. The one absorbing thought in his life, was "Where can I get another drink?"

He was arrested in what is commonly called "Can Dump" a saloon where the liquor is served in ordinary tin cans with handles, at five cents a can. He was sentenced to the house of correction for fifteen days. One morning at the chapel services he learned of the "Parting of the Ways" Home and made up his mind that here was the chance of his life; so he went to Jailor Whitman and asked him for a card of admission to the home.

He arrived at the home at noon and secured a position the same afternoon at his trade as a Gordon press feeder. He worked for two months and a half. He opened up a bank account the second week and deposited five dollars in the bank every week out of the ten-dollars-a-week salary. Then I had the pleasure of seeing him off for his old home in the east. He had a brand new suitcase well filled and fifty dollars in his pocket. I have since received the following letter from him:

"I have found time at last to let you know I haven't forgotten the 'Parting of the Ways' Home. It has made a man out of a 'bum,' for that was about all I was

when I came out of the Bad House; did not have a cent in my pocket, no place to go, only back to the barrel houses again.

"But when I came to you and you talked to me a while, I said to myself, 'Here is the only chance I will ever get to make a new man of myself and get home to my mother; with the result that I got home with clear eyes, two suits of clothes, thirty-five dollars in my pocket; and now I have got my old job back.

"When my old boss heard I was home again and off the booze, he said, 'Well, as long as he wants to make good, tell him to come up and he can have his old job back; but as soon as he hits the booze out he goes for good.' So you see I can't afford to break out again.

"Do you know, Mr. McBride, it is just as easy for me to say 'No' now as it used to be to say 'Yes,' when they say, 'Come on, Rick, and have a drink.' Everybody says, 'Well, you surprised me all right.' So as long as I can surprise them I will be happy, and I guess you will too.

"You would think I was a president the way I have been shaking hands. But I tell you it makes me feel fine to think I came back a whole lot different from when I left and am back to my old job so soon."

A NOTORIOUS PICKPOCKET MAKING GOOD.

One of the most notorious pickpockets of Chicago having been arrested several times, and having served time in the county jail and house of correction two or three different times, learned of what was being done for men at this home. He wanted to make good, so he asked Mr. Whitman for a card of admission. He was rather skeptical of charitable organizations, as he had visited several and every fellow wound up by getting a sandwich and a cup of coffee. But he came and was surprised at the efforts that were being put forth.

This man had planted in different places several thousand dollars that he had stolen. He had been a swell dresser and a man of leisure, eating at the very best cafes in the city; but he accepted a position as a dishwasher in a cheap restaurant in order that he might prove that he wanted to make good. Today he is located in one of the

prominent hotels, drawing a good salary and comes to the home frequently to tell me that life is worth living now.

A ROVER ANCHORED.

The wayward boy of the flock became a rover early in life. He went through the Spanish-American war and afterward went to the Philippines, and while there lost his left hand. He came back to the States, went to his old home and had his pension papers made out to his old mother, and then he went out into the world to support himself. Drink soon brought him down to the house of correction. He came to me and his story so appealed to me that I wrote a letter which secured for him the position which he now holds. I recently received the following letter from him:

"Am finally anchored. I delayed writing until I was positive of success. I will take advantage of another occasion to express my appreciation of your system of applying a remedy to a patient suffering from a severe case of 'down and out.' However for the present I will simply add my testimony to the side of praise and heartfelt gratitude to you and your institution. You may not be able to construct a new wagon, but you can certainly get the wheels to rolling under an old broken-down one on short notice."

THE LIFE BOAT IN A NEW ZEALAND JAIL.

It is inspiring to receive such an encouraging letter from the chaplain of a great prison on the other side of the earth. It only shows the wide extended field that God has opened up before this magazine:

"I am so glad we are still to have a supply of this very interesting and useful paper. I can truly say we have no paper to equal this in suitability and usefulness for men and women in prison. The men ask for it, they read it and pass it on to others, and its bright, hopeful, earnest words must be doing good amongst them. We have an average of over three hundred prisoners and we value every influence for good—there are many evil influences at work.

ED. C. BIRD,

"Jail chaplain, Auckland, N. Z."

A PICNIC FOR CHICAGO'S POOR CHILDREN.

E. B. VAN DORN.

We have from twenty-five to thirty children in the Life Boat mission Sunday-school each week. This Sunday-school is held in the dispensary building at 828 Thirty-fifth place. The children were promised a picnic to the mission farm if they attended Sunday-school regularly, so we had the picnic a short time ago. Thirty-one children accompanied by Dr. Haskell and Miss Wood, the dispensary nurse, and two or three of their mothers, came out on the train to La Grange, where we met them with the hayrack wagon and drove about three miles to the mission farm.

They surely had the time of their lives. They were all over the place at once and into everything. We put up two large swings down by the creek and they had a great time swinging in them. I had an old punching bag which they used for a foot ball, and they had two other balls, so they had a good time.

It was a constant effort to keep them from doing damage to the growing crops and many other things. Up in the trees, clubbing apples, over the henery, up in the hay loft, over

the roofs of the buildings,—and I can't tell you where they didn't go. It was hard work to keep them together.

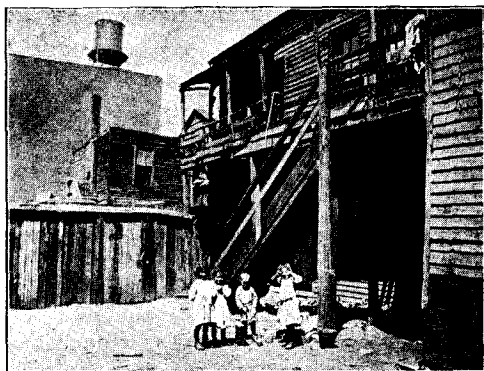
At dinner time there was great excitement. We served lunch out under the trees. We had lemonade, some candy which had been given us and some green corn. They built a fire of old timbers and roasted their corn and warmed other things as they wanted to. The sandwiches, crackers, lemonade, cake, and fruit we purchased for them; and they ate and drank their fill. Just before they were ready to leave we took the horses out and gave them all a horse-back ride, two at a time on each horse. That was the best part of the day for them, and will probably be the longest in their memories. Every new thing they saw they had to examine.

It was real pleasure to see these little ones enjoy the things of nature. Now every time they see me over near their homes they have something to say of the country and the things they saw and learned there.

When they were all on the wagon ready to go back to the city they gave three terrific war whoops, in that way expressing their appreciation for the enjoyment we had given them, and as far as I could see them they were swinging their hats and handkerchiefs



Chicago Children Enjoying Their Picnic Lunch on the Mission Farm.



A Typical Playground.

and hollering. Well, it paid better than any thing we had done for a long time. We will remember it and I am sure they will.

WANTS EVERY NUMBER A PRISONERS' NUMBER.

A prisoner writes from McNeil Island, Wash.:

"Recently the Master has seen fit to place in my hands for the first time during my fifty years, the little LIFE BOAT. I say 'little' in the sense of never having enough of good things. It is certainly the best paper I have ever seen for its purpose,—the upbuilding of God's kingdom, especially among convicts; and when I tell you that I am now just completing my sixth sentence in the fifth prison you will naturally conclude I should know a little about such things.

"I happened to get the prison number for the first one, and the impression was such that I fell completely in love with it. Now why can't more numbers be prisoners' numbers? That is, print the experience of truly converted prisoners and reformed crooks who are making good. If we will just look around us we can see the grandest and deepest work being done by the Lord that has ever been done since we can hear of.

"I should like to tell of wonderful things done by the great Master to the souls in this and other prisons, but considering my newness in the Christian life (since I came here only) I should like to hear from my true brothers in the Lord. My time will expire

next month, God willing, then I shall devote my entire time while I am left here below to the Lord's work, if it is His will."

MENTAL INDIGESTION.

The following letter was written by a prisoner in Auburn, N. Y.:

"I received your letter and September issue of THE LIFE BOAT and heartily thank you for the same. It is a grand little book and I find in it lots of food for thought, which same, believe me, I fletcherize most thoroughly.

"'Good reading maketh a full man,' and I wonder that I have not been afflicted with mental indigestion after my past indulgence in cheap, lurid literature, frothy fiction, or the reckless romances of the dime novel type. Yes, I appreciate THE LIFE BOAT and fervently pray that it may long continue its sail of salvation through the angry waters of sin and distress and that others, like myself, may take advantage of the life line thrown out to them.

"Sometimes I think that the refuge of religion is sweeter and more appreciated when the refugee has been tossed and battered by the billows of sin, when the moral and legal Nemesis has found him out and his punishment follows. Then when he does arrive in the haven of rest and repentance the contrast to his former state of turmoil and degradation makes the peace of religion and the Word seem infinitely glorious and heart warming.

"The proverb in my case has been reversed; it is the calm *after* the storm, and often it is the calm in or during the storm; for prayer and the Word often help me to forget all the grosser, harder, bitter things and troubles one meets with. Yes, I am progressing nicely in reading the Book of God. I am still in the Old Testament, though I often read in the New. The fact is that the Bible is such a rare and unfamiliar volume to me that I decided to read it from beginning to end for fear of missing any part of it.

"This privilege of writing to you is indeed a grateful one. Having gotten pleasure and profit out of the September LIFE BOAT, I will take still greater pleasure in passing it around among my companion exiles, as you desired. And I am certain the good in it will be culled by many a man in the mire."

ECHOES FROM THE HINSDALE RESCUE HOME.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

As Mrs. Swanson has given a large share of her time during the past month to the Chicago Life Boat home, we want to say just a word about the rescue home in Hinsdale.

Quite a number of the girls have gone out from the home, some have secured suitable places to work where they can have their little ones with them, while others have gone back to their own homes. We feel that the majority of these girls have gone forth with something in their lives to keep them from falling.

Their places have been rapidly filled with



A Little One in the Home Who Has Been Sick Since Birth, but is Now Getting Fat and Cunning. Its Mother Was a Child Only Fifteen Years Old.

new girls until at this writing the home family numbers fifteen. As we look into the faces of these girls we wonder how sin could possibly get such a hold in the lives of such beautiful, intelligent, well-trained young wo-

men. It only shows that the devil is still alive and that no one is safe, except as they are hid in Christ.

Saturday evening of last week we had a special meeting at the home in which every one took part who professed Christ; and those who did not expressed a desire to get right with God, and as we knelt in prayer they asked God to forgive them. One young woman said she had accepted Christ before, but she was backward and timid about confessing Him to others. I often meet with this difficulty in my work for souls, but, as I told this young woman, when we have a friend on this earth whom we dearly love we can not speak of them often enough; so it should be with our Saviour. The reason we do not is because we are not well enough acquainted with Him.

I trust THE LIFE BOAT readers will remember in their prayers and with their gifts this haven of rest for our poor erring sisters. Winter is coming on and our expenses will be greater. We have no endowment, but God has taken care of the work so far and we are trusting Him for the future.

HOW A PRISONER RECEIVED A TWO-FOLD PARDON.

Tom Mackey.

Salem, Ore.

[Until after Tom Mackey was forty years old he lived a life of sin, first as a circus man, then as a bartender, later as a drunkard on the streets of Chicago, whose hand was against every man. Fifteen years ago in his abject degradation he was converted in a mission in Chicago and he at once began to work for others; and the Lord has used him in a very marked manner in not only mission work in our large cities but in evangelistic work on a larger scale in different parts of the country. For the past season he has been working on the Pacific Coast and the Lord has blessed his labor. —Ed.]

Sometimes we are called to speak in different prisons, or write for some prison paper or magazine, and it might seem as though it was all a waste of time, energy, and money. *But He knows*, our Father knows, that anything done in His name and to His glory, shall prosper.

In the mail this morning I received a letter from a Mrs. W— who was a life pris-

oner in Stillwater state prison, charged with murder. Five years ago one Sunday morning I had the pleasure of presenting the gospel in that prison, and this is what Mrs. W— said in her letter:

"Five years ago last spring when you were holding a meeting in the prison chapel I was led to think of my soul's salvation. You were in company with Mrs. Mackey and Miss Albertson, who sang. You gave your experience and I said, If God has



Tom Mackey.

done so much for Mr. Mackey he surely can do so for me, and I let Him." (This is all God wants men and women who are in sin to do, *LET GOD*.) "I left the chapel that Sunday morning crying as though my heart would break, and upon reaching my cell I knelt down by my bed and prayed the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner, and save me for Jesus' sake.'

"I then and there threw my whole past, present, and future on Him. I took Him at His word, was forgiven. I then realized I was in a *war* and had a *fight* on my hands, and for three days and nights I fought, and then victory came. I had gone in sin to the bottom, I drank, played cards, smoked cigarettes, and used morphine. God saved me from them all.

"Then I got a desire to be free from prison and made application for pardon and on July 13, 1910, in direct answer to prayer and the untiring efforts of His servants, I was made a free woman and walked out of the prison to serve Him who did so much for me. I left many friends behind. Go to the prison when you can, for there are those there who know that *you know* their conditions and can sympathize with them.

"I do thank God for the day Mrs. David Paulson wrote me to write to Mrs. Mackey. If I had not done so, perhaps I would have lived and died in Stillwater state prison, unloved and uncared for, forsaken, alone. Now I am happy because I am not only free from prison but have the privilege of assisting others. My ambition is to do all the good I can to those whom I meet. He is assisting me to overcome all, and I expect by His sustaining grace to go on and on. We will all rejoice when you get home again and assist us in the work."

As I read this letter I thought what a privilege we have in going to discouraged humanity and telling them of His wonderful love, power and victory over all the besetting sins of mankind. This poor soul had sinned and her sin had found her out. She had lost all that was dear to her, husband, child, liberty. To sum it up, she was "without God and without hope." The only thing for her was to exist until the end, and oh, happy day when it would come! But in the darkest hour of her life, when all had fled, God in His wonderful love and mercy sent a message of love, hope, and power to her, and faith in the message, *God's Word*, brought victory.

I am commencing to realize that my days are numbered because of my past careless use of vitality. I am more determined then ever to go on and proclaim His love, mercy.

and power to sinsick souls. I expect soon to meet with them in the Salem (Oregon) prison, where I shall go to proclaim the good news of the gospel.

THE SURE CURE.

REV. CAPT. KINGSBURY.
Santa Ana, Cal.

There are many diseases which afflict the physical natures of men. Because of this fact we find everywhere all sorts of methods to effect cures or alleviate the disease. But the spiritual nature of man is heir to but one disease, and that one God Himself has named—sin, and there is one and only one remedy,—that is the Jesus cure. Its author is none other than the great Physician, and of Him it may be said He never lost a case.

A DESPERATE CASE.

Let me tell you of some I know who have taken the Jesus cure. Here is a man who had this spiritual disease upon him. It was apparent that his was a desperate case. It led him into profanity, led him to abuse a loving wife and innocent children, took him to the saloon, gave him an appetite for the accursed drink till he cast the trail of the serpent upon all that he touched. Sin was upon him; sin was his master. Friends tried all sorts of plans to save this man. He was worth saving. He possessed noble traits of character, was naturally kind, loving, gentle, friendly, and all that, but sin grew upon him till he became the hideous monster that he was.

A CHANGE OF CLIMATE FAILED TO CURE.

One day the man said, "I'll get away from this cursed thing that is upon me. I'll go from all about me to a new clime. So away he went across the continent. For a little time it did seem that a change had come, but alas, the drink downed him and led him an awful pace. Then he tried various cures; but the power of sin was upon the poor man and he sinned and sinned. The doctors had a try, faithful friends took their try, and all in vain. There was no cure, no rest, no help; alas, no, for sin was upon him.

THEY TOOK BILLY TO JESUS.

At last a good brother who knew the Jesus cure picked up this poor slave to sin, took him home, bound up his wounds, bathed the

bloated face, washed the bruised body, gave him rest, and then told of the Jesus cure. He took him to Jesus. And poor old Billy took the cure. I have heard orators orate, poets read their poetry, eloquent men pour forth floods of eloquence, but never have I heard anything so grand as the eloquence of Billy as he told the story of how he took the Jesus cure and how for years he had known no more the power of sin. Now he is a free man, a child of God.

WHAT THE CURE DID FOR UNCLE GEORGE.

His was a hard case. They called him a horse jockey; he was one. They called him a gambler; he did not deny it. That he was a whisky drinker everybody in all his country knew. That he was a profane, abusive, unkind husband and wicked man none knew so well as the gentle, faithful woman who bore his name.

Well, for years he went on with his drinking, gambling, horse-trading and money-spending, for he made lots of money. He was big and rough and cared not what men said or thought of his life or conduct. By his wicked life he trampled under feet the loving prayers of his wife, and his night orgies well nigh broke the heart of that blessed woman. How she loved him after all! How patient she was; how strong her faith that God would answer her prayers!

One night, passing a school house, the half-drunken husband heard the voice of song and prayer coming from the windows and doors. He paused, and finally with the spirit of drunken fun alive in him, he shambled into the school house and dropped into a chair. The spirit of the living God fell upon the man; the whisky spirit went out; the fun spirit died down; thoughts of gambling, profanity, horse-trading, all went down, and Uncle George said, "Pray for me if you can."

When did it ever happen that Christian men could not pray for such a poor soul? They prayed, and at midnight Uncle George reached home, but not to sleep much.

This man had one good trait left. Each morning he would kindle the fire for his wife in spite of his ill life and spirit. Well, that morning Uncle George went to the little cupboard where he left his whisky and tobacco,

and opened the door. Was it to take his usual early dram? Was it to light his morning pipe? The pale-faced, feeble wife watched what happened; out came the tobacco pouch and off came the stove lid and in went pouch and tobacco into the blazing fire. Then the whisky was in his hands, the door opened and the flask fell with a crash upon the big rock near the kitchen door. And Uncle George said:

"Wife, I've taken Jesus to be my Saviour and I am forever done with these things."

The faithful wife saw and heard with amazement. What did it all mean? Well, it meant that Uncle George had taken the Jesus cure. My, how the news flew! What a commotion it made! Would it hold? Did he mean it? Uncle George B., the worst man in town, had quit drink, and swore off tobacco, had broken with gamblers and horse jockies and all the like! It seemed too good. But it is all true, for Uncle George had taken the Jesus cure.

For years, till his death, the man was a mighty power for good. I have heard him say that he never as much as planted a seed in the ground without first asking God to bless the planting. How that man loved the house of God! How he loved the prayer meeting! He sought to win souls! How tender and loving and careful of his wife! Ah, yes, he was a marvel, this man,—a *miracle*, a power with God and men. They all said it, they all knew it: just a modern miracle, an example of the power of the Jesus cure.

There is power in the Jesus cure to lift up, to heal, to overcome all evil, to cure the drunkard of his appetite, to cure the profane man of his profanity, to heal the leprous, lustful soul of its lust and passion, to make the weak strong, to fill the discouraged soul with courage, to set free the fettered, devil-bored, sin-smitten everywhere. The Jesus cure is the one supreme, divine cure for the sick soul.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS.

"AN EXILE."

When the man has been convicted and leaves the home so dear,
And passes through prison portals without a word of cheer,

When he dons the striped clothing with an inward prayer and sigh,
Can't you speak a word of courage, wipe the tears from his eye?

When he's left the land of freedom—may be the crime was not his own;
Don't be the one to curse him, don't cast the lifted stone;
Far away wait loved ones who, remember, love him still,
Though with the chaff he's landed in Life's great threshing mill.

When he dreams of liberty far up the rocky road,
And there's not a friend to help him, not an arm to ease his load,
Don't be so cold and hardened, but extend a helping hand;
Put your arm around his shoulders, bid him take a firmer stand.

When the world seems turned against him and the goal is far away,
As you see him toiling onward ever trying to win the day,
Be careful how you judge him, for oh, you cannot tell
What circumstances led him to the gloom of a prison cell.

He must labor, weak and weary, where a "pay-day" never comes,
Perhaps the end will find him in this den of thieves and bums,
And though you can not free him, yet he will understand
That you have done the best you could when you gave the kindly hand.

No matter what the crime may be, don't let him see the frown,
But be guided by the One above and help the man who's down;
He's hid away from sunshine and the gleam of twinkling stars,
But he has a human, feeling heart,—this man behind the bars.

"DON'T STOP THE LIFE BOAT."

"We enjoy THE LIFE BOAT very much. I am having so much trouble with my eyes that I said the other day I should have to discontinue some of the publications I have taken for years, as soon as my subscription expired. A young Cuban girl who is a member of our household spoke up, 'Grandma, don't stop THE LIFE BOAT,' and I assured her I would not."

A CITY WORKERS' INSTITUTE.

During the holiday week a city workers' institute will be held in the new Life Boat home at 528 Thirty-third place, near Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago.

This is especially intended for those who are wrestling with the city problem in Chicago, but others will be welcome. The question of self-supporting work will receive special attention. The various problems that present themselves in carrying the gospel to the city population will be taken up and discussed by those who have had more or less experience.

Above all things it will be an occasion for special seeking of the Lord for an outpouring of His Spirit and for His guidance and direction. More detailed information will be given next month.

**INTERESTING THE HOME FOLKS IN
THE WORK.**

Mrs. D. K. Abrams,
538 Bryant Ave., Chicago.

[Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Abrams are conducting a practical training school for girls who either are homeless or have no opportunities for advancement in their home. Mrs. Abrams has written the following of her visit to her mother's home. —Ed.]

I visited home and mother a short time ago and while there God gave me the privilege of selling *THE LIFE BOAT* and *Life and Health*, and telling the people about our work. They were interested and were all glad to help what they could.

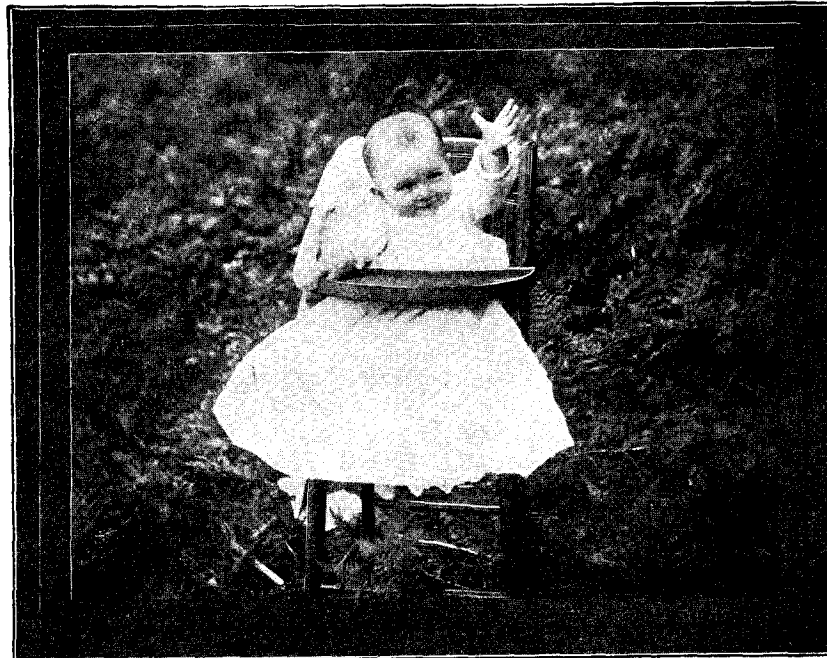
One little girl popped corn and sold it and had saved up the money to buy a doll, but when she saw the little girl I had with me and then heard me tell about the work the Lord had given me to do, she did not buy the doll but gave her money to Jesus to feed the lambs of the flock. May God bless this little girl and reward her, and may she grow up to be a missionary, for she

certainly has the spirit of Jesus. Would to God other girls would catch the spirit and go to work for Jesus as this little one has.

The last day I was there this little girl was so anxious to do more for Jesus she popped more corn and sold it and came over to see me at night and gave me some more money. She looked happy, and I know she was happy, for true happiness consists in *doing*, not in what we say, and she had done what she could. Jesus has said, "A little child shall lead them." And then this child came over with a basket of things that we could use in our work. I just wept for joy.

An old schoolmate of mine is giving this girl a good home and a training for God and humanity, and will make some quilts for our home. Some more of my friends are helping us in different ways.

Oh, I thank God for the many friends the Lord has raised up to help us in this work. Our neighbors are coming to us and helping us. We now have fourteen children in



A Little One Enjoying Nature. Association with the Trees, the Grass and the Flowers Will Do Much to Mould a Child's Character.

our home and more applications than we can fill because of the lack of means and room. We need more money that we may be able to rent a larger house. May God move upon some heart that has means to help in this good work. We could have one hundred children and more if we had means to do with. People are beginning to see the need of a practical training for children.

May God help us to save the boy and girl, and then when Jesus comes we will hear the "Well done" said, "good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE MORE HE READS IT THE MORE HE WANTS IT.

From the prison at Dannemora, N. Y., an inmate writes:

"Your kind and helpful letter and your magazine of a week ago received. You can't imagine with what pleasure I read both your letter and magazine. There's no getting out of it, after reading the three numbers of THE LIFE BOAT you sent me I find it the most helpful and encouraging magazine to a man in my position I've seen yet, and may God bless you for sending me this needful treasure.

"I read the 119th Psalm as you told me to and not only read the ninth verse but the whole one hundred and seventy-six verses and found it very interesting, especially the first eight verses: 'Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart.' I read a great deal of the Bible

and what is better I remember a great part of what I read. In fact, I've read more of it in the last year or so than I ever read before, and the more I read of it the more I want to read it.

"I don't know if this kind of a letter will interest you any; if not, please excuse me for as you know I'm a sailor and a very poor hand at writing a letter, as most sailors are. Many thanks from a man that appreciates your kindness and helping hand in the hour of darkness, and may God bless you and yours for long years to come yet."

"The work THE LIFE BOAT is doing is grand. No one can estimate it truly. The work is going with leaps and bounds. This magazine is just for these times, and its work is in due season." MRS. BRANCH MARSHALL.
Selma, Ala.

WHO WILL DO LIKEWISE?

We recently received the following letter from a subscriber of THE LIFE BOAT:

"My subscription to THE LIFE BOAT has expired. I enclose five dollars, fifty cents for my paper and four dollars and fifty cents to send fifteen copies for a year to the Colorado state prison. May God bless your work."

WANTED.

To borrow several thousand dollars in sums of \$200 and upwards. Real estate security. Will pay six per cent interest. Address Dr. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

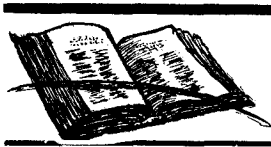
A SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER.

To encourage all of our readers to secure at least one new subscriber for THE LIFE BOAT we have made special arrangements with the publishers so that we are able to offer the thrilling missionary book by Dr. J. Hudson Taylor on his personal experiences leading up to the founding of the China Inland Mission, which is one of the most remarkable missionary movements in modern times.

No one can read this intensely interesting book without having his faith in prayer increased and at the same time receive a renewed inspiration for missionary work either in his own community or in a more distant field.

We have furnished over two thousand of these books as premiums and every one as far as we know who has received a copy has been more than delighted with the book. Think of it, a truthful, impressive, intensely interesting book sent to your address postage prepaid, for only the trouble of securing one fifty-cent subscription to THE LIFE BOAT.

If you do not want to take the trouble of asking some one to subscribe, donate a year's subscription to a friend as a present. He will appreciate it and you may be the means of saving a soul for the kingdom of God.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



A STRICKEN LABORER.

It is painful to record that Mr. H. E. Hoyt, a fellow laborer in this work, has fallen at his post of duty. The condition that developed necessitated a serious surgical operation which he only survived five days. He was a most clear-headed business man and combined with that a genuine gift for spiritual leadership, a combination which is unfortunately rare in these days. He died in full hope of the resurrection. A stricken widow and two fatherless children have the sympathy of all who know them.

A CALL FOR HEROIC WORK INSTEAD OF AN EASY PLACE.

Never present flattering inducements to enlist the services of some one in God's work. Do not promise an easy task; instead throw open the door to some heroic work and then those who possess a genuine heroic spirit will respond to your call.

Moses was anxious to have Hobab, his brother-in-law, go with them, and he first presented this inducement: "Come thou with us, and we will do *thee good*: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." Num. 10:29-32. But Hobab promptly turned down the invitation, saying, "I will not go; but I will depart to mine own land, and to my kindred." Then Moses offered him one of the hardest jobs imaginable; that was to be a guide for them in their wilderness wanderings: "Thou mayest be to us instead of eyes;" and that evidently appealed to Hobab.

If we merely hold out what a good time young people will have if they will come and join our work, and what great opportunities it offers for them, we will only secure the class of workers who have no backbone, and who are looking for a soft snap and a feathered nest; but God's work calls for the heroic in us, yet He has promised strength for each day.

PRAYER A DEFINITE ASSET.

Amalek and his army came out and smote those of the children of Israel who were in the rear of the camp, those who were lagging behind (Deut. 25:18). It is a dangerous thing for any worker to be hanging behind in a skeptical and critical attitude when God is bidding His people move forward. Such are always inviting the enemy to attack them.

In this battle with Amalek, as long as Moses held up his hands in prayer Israel prevailed, and when he ceased the Amalekites prevailed. This gives us a little glimpse of what a *definite* asset prayer is.

Woe to the work when there is no Moses to lift up holy hands to heaven! When Moses became too weary to hold up his hands Aaron and Hur stayed them up. Woe to the leader when he is not surrounded by workers who will stay up his hands in a crisis; and a double woe on those who do not appreciate and recognize their opportunity to do this in behalf of those who are bearing heavy burdens in God's work.

A NEW CLASS IN THE MISSIONARY NURSES' SCHOOL.

November first the Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital Training School for Missionary Nurses will begin a new class. Already a goodly number have been accepted on probation. The course is three years in length; it meets the standard of the New York state board of regents and also the Illinois state requirements.

It gives not only a complete course in nursing but also thorough-going instruction in Bible. Only those are accepted who have dedicated their lives to genuine medical missionary work. This school does not accept under any condition those who merely wish to receive a training for purely professional work.

Address the superintendent of the Hinsdale sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

MODERN HISTORY IN ADVANCE

There is no temptation that the Christian people will meet in the last days that was not covered in principle by the children of Israel in their wilderness wanderings from Egypt into the promised land (1 Cor. 10:11). During those years the devil played practically every card that he has. So if we want to be fortified against his specious temptations in our days all we need to do is to become thoroughly acquainted with each of the temptations that he brought to bear upon God's people in those days and then learn by a prayerful study of the scriptures the way of escape from each one of them.

THE SPIRIT OF REVIVAL IN THE TENT EFFORT.

For six weeks the most stirring Bible truths have been presented night after night in the gospel tent that has been pitched on the grounds adjoining the new Life Boat home in Chicago.

A decisive effort has been made from time to time for those who have gone astray, and to recover the backslider. Last Sunday night a special call was made asking those who wanted to give their hearts to God to come forward. One by one workers with hearts burdened for perishing souls sought out in the audience those whose hearts were touched by the sweet, persuasive influence of the Spirit of God and they came forward until seat after seat had to be cleared. Then there were the most heartfelt confessions, others rejoicing in a new experience.

Wrenching souls from the grasp of the enemy is no child's play. It almost takes a life to win a life. I remember years ago a tame bear became enraged and crushed his great teeth into the arm of his keeper. He kept his jaws there like an iron vise and it required a crowbar to pry them apart. But when the devil has his grip on a victim it is even a more desperate matter to persuade him to let go. It requires the mighty power of God through His Spirit and through His Word. The soul winner who expects to win souls from the devil's kingdom into God's kingdom and who goes out armed only with human strength and human wits has lost out before he begins.

THE LIFE BOAT TO THE HOSPITALS OF CHICAGO.

A number of years ago this magazine was distributed regularly in something like thirty-five different hospitals in the city of Chicago. Mrs. Helen W. Odell had charge of this work and much good was accomplished. The LIFE BOAT with its short, cheery articles was a comfort to the poor stricken sufferers.

Now our workers in Chicago feel impressed to open up this department again, but the question comes up of who is to pay for the LIFE BOATS thus distributed. The LIFE BOAT magazine is entirely a labor of love, it has nothing to give. The Chicago home must be helped substantially from outside sources, so there is nothing to do but to turn to our friends at large to help us launch this one more project. Who will be responsible for one, two, or three dollars each month for this purpose, or any amount which you feel you can give regularly? This money will be used for the actual cost of printing the magazine, no salaries will be paid from it or anything of the kind. If you feel impressed to help with this, write us.

AGENTS WANTED.

We would be glad to correspond with anyone who would like to take up the sale of THE LIFE BOAT. Why not plan for a missionary campaign?

WANTED—SECOND-HAND CLOTHING.

We would be glad to receive, freight prepaid, second-hand clothing, especially for women and children, to supply the needy ones who come to us and whom our workers find in visiting among the poor. Clean, wholesome garments can be used to good advantage. Address, The Chicago Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-Third Place, Chicago.

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.

The Life Boat

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

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 471 State St.

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

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to Canada and foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

Full page, single issue, \$20; three months, \$50.

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

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

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

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



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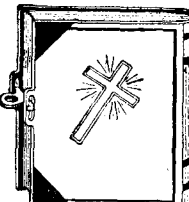
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am more than satisfied with
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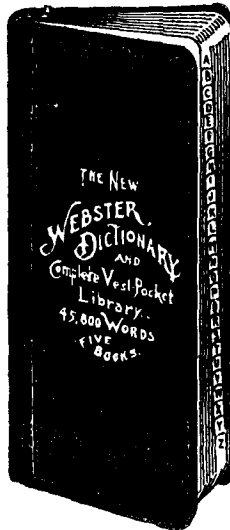
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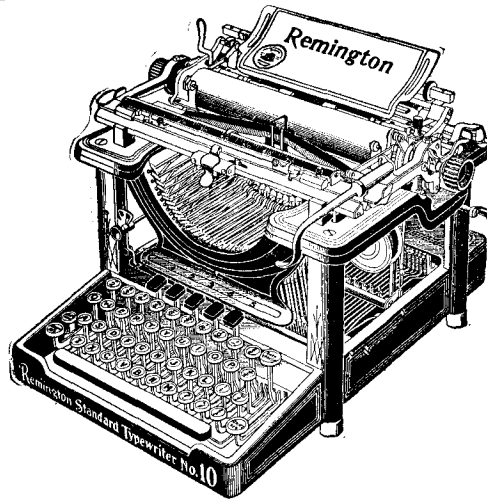
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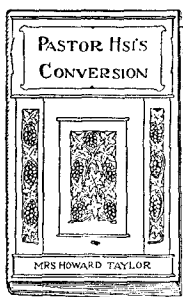
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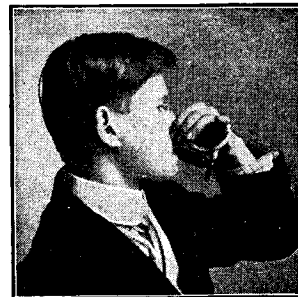
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