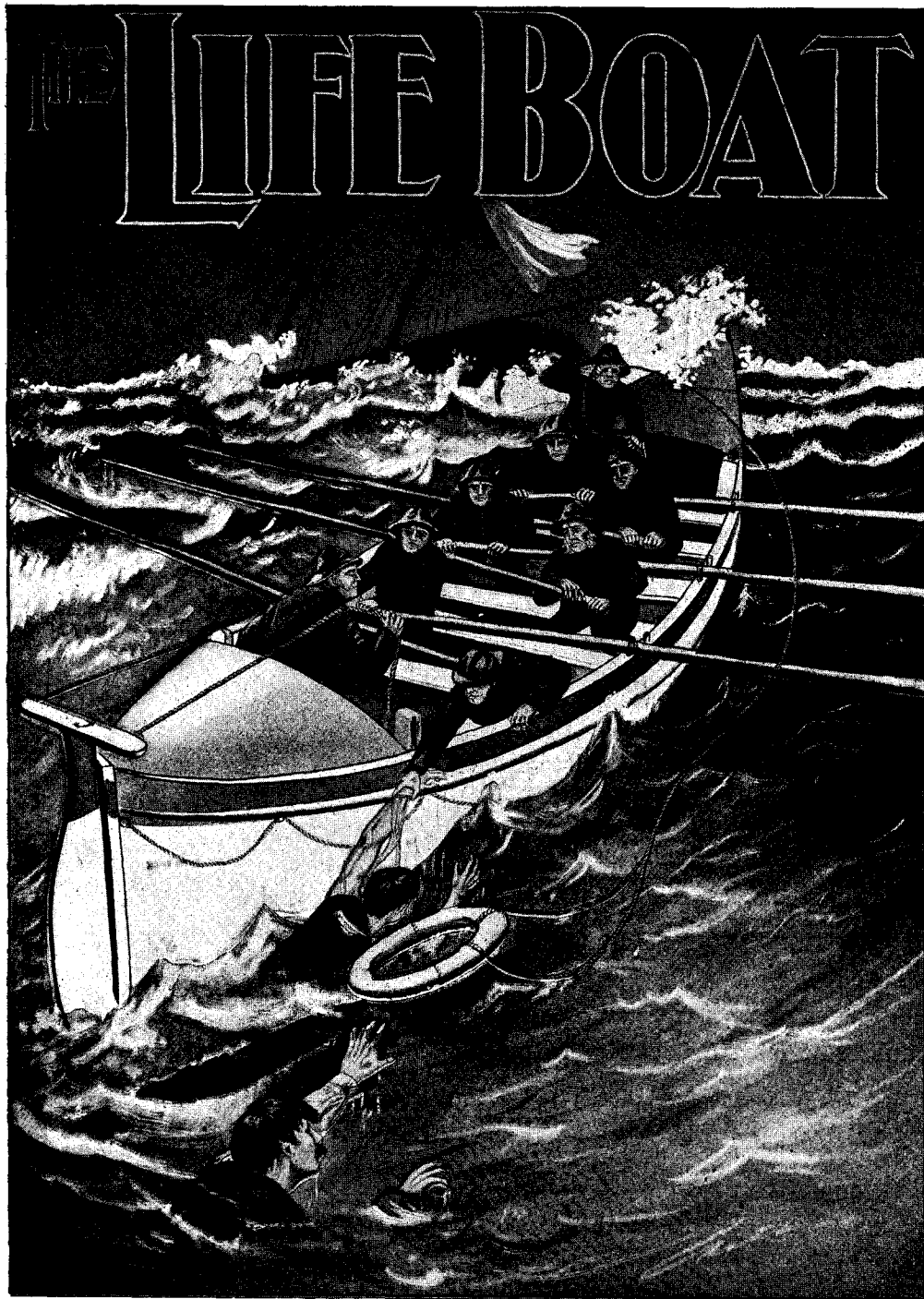


**ANTI-CIGARETTE NUMBER.**

Published Monthly

**JUNE, 1902**

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Volume Five  
Number Six

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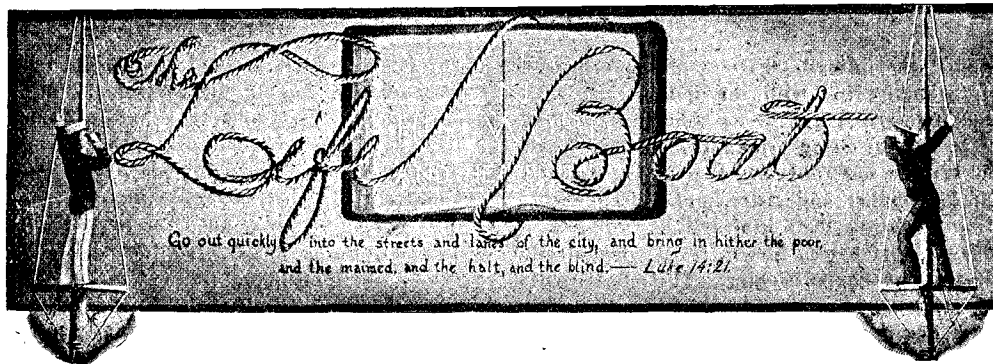
The June number will contain the following excellent articles:

Sleep Producers, by J. H. Kellogg, M. D.; The Struggle for Existence, by David Paulson, M. D.; The School Girl's Summer Vacation, by Cecily Buscall; Sanitation for U. S. Troops in Foreign Lands, by an Ex-Soldier; Nerve Exhaustion, by W. H. Riley, M. D.; At Commencement Time, by Mrs. E. E. Kellogg; A Composite Creation; Rice as a Food in India; Strawberries; Beefsteak Going Higher.

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**Volume V**

**CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE, 1902**

**Number 6**

**THE PARADISE OF THE CIGARETTE  
SMOKER.**

WORTHIE HARRIS HOLDEN.

For the cigarette boy I've a picture:

A paradise wreathed in smoke,  
A chariot built of tobacco  
With cigarettes circling each spoke.

A pavement of plugs of tobacco,  
A mansion of bricks of "the weed";  
Around it for beauty and shading,  
This much-longed-for plant he will need.

The boys and the men all are smoking,  
Their brains and their sense are benumbed;  
The brightest of those found among them  
Are the ones who have recently come.

You cannot arouse them to action,  
They are listless and stupid all day;  
Their nerves are deranged, and tobacco  
Has stolen their reason away.

They can never mingle with others;  
For them must this paradise be.

They smoke on in hopeless dejection  
Thro' smoky eternity.

Its filth I need not here mention,  
For those who love smoking know well  
'Tis aught but a pure invention,  
As many a lobby can tell.

Oh, where are the youth who do *really*  
Enjoy such a prospect as this?  
No place is more pure than in heaven,  
For naught that defiles hath its bliss.

**HOW I BECAME INTERESTED IN  
ANTI-CIGARETTE WORK.**

LUCY PAGE GASTON.

(Supt. of the Chicago Anti-Cigarette League.)

In early childhood my special abhorrence was tobacco, from which my father, to whom I was devoted, was free, as he was from other vices. I can remember "laboring" with victims of drink and tobacco when very young; and it was early evident that the mixture of Huguenot and Revolutionary blood in my veins was bound to find an outlet through reform work along temperance lines. Perhaps this was because I was double or triple decked as a total abstainer, for the story is told that when I joined the Band of Hope in Delaware, Ohio, at five years of age, I was so tremendously in earnest that I went forward on three successive Sundays to sign the pledge when the usual invitation was given.

When I was eight years of age a blessing came to our home in the form of a baby brother, and I at once determined that he should never use tobacco, and my greatest concern for him, while yet in his cradle, was the fear that he would sometime yield to this, a boy's greatest temptation. I had a childish intuition that a boy who escaped the pollution of the tobacco habit was in little danger from bad company, drink and other vices. The conviction was deepened with the passing years that the use of tobacco is the starting point in the downward course of most of the boys and young men who go wrong. This conviction accounts largely for my specializing and taking up the Anti-Cigarette Crusade.

True heroism is required to stand out

against the offered cigarette or cigar instead of "standing in" with the fellows. A non-smoking boy is apt to be considered a kind of an "apron string" specimen. In later years my brother has confessed that it was his love for his mother and sister, and a feeling that it would break their hearts if he indulged in tobacco, that helped him to resist when strong temptations came to him. There is usually the influence of a strong, earnest mother back of a non-smoker, and the boy deserves all



LUCY PAGE GASTON  
 Founder and Superintendent of the Chicago Anti-Cigarette League

honor for frankly acknowledging his mother's wish in this matter. My observation in dealing with thousands of boys proves that it is the "apron string fellow" who lives up to the Christian teaching of his home who is leading in school and college work, and is much in demand in the business world, where an honest young man of good habits is always at a premium. The tobacco habit is always and everywhere at war with thrift.

As my brother developed into a very interesting boy, and I realized that many of his associates were forming vicious habits, I often put my arms about his neck and asked him, in our hours of confidence, if he had ever tasted tobacco yet. Being an absolutely

truthful boy I knew I could depend upon his reply, and his seeming disgust for the filthy habit, and his assurance that he had never touched and never would use tobacco, comforted me. There came a time, however, when evil influences were reaching him, and many a time I went to sleep on a pillow wet with tears, fearing the possibility after all of his wrecking our fond hopes.

Fortunately, about this time, Rev. William Tracy, pastor of the Congregational Church of Lacon, Ill., which we attended, took upon himself the burden and responsibility of a class of boys in Sunday School. He often invited the boys to his study for a pleasant evening, but there was evidently something besides fun going on, for it was on one of these evenings that my brother, when fifteen years old, took his stand for Christ. A total abstinence pledge against liquor and tobacco was introduced as a feature of the boys' meetings, and the strong influence of this gifted minister, who was not too busy with "church work" to take a hand in "saving the boys" of his own congregation, added to the home influence, helped make my brother an active Christian and temperance worker, which, of course, was a great safeguard to himself. This gave him in after years wherever he found himself while engaged in journalism, an interest in the best people of a community, and they soon recognized in him a kindred spirit.

Our mother, although an invalid, was greatly interested in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. At the time of the crusade, when but a child, I went with her to a woman's temperance prayer meeting, and I well remember the earnest discussion of the crusade work in Ohio. My heart burned within me to be one who would help drive out the saloons which cursed our own city, and I wondered at the timidity that deterred these Christian women from going to work at once with song and prayer (if that was the way to do it) to accomplish the end. I feel that my baptism for temperance work came in the basement of that old Presbyterian church in Lacon, in that holy hour, surrounded by this group of elderly Christian women, many of whom probably did not know of my presence, or counted it a small thing that a little girl was with them.

I have the satisfaction of feeling that in

my life I have been able to do a little for the cause for which Frances Willard lived and died. Miss Willard took a warm personal interest in my work in her later years and encouraged and helped me in ways that counted for much.

As a public school teacher, I was not content with teaching as well as I could the regular branches, but always felt a deep responsibility for the moral welfare of my pupils, and a temperance pledge was a weapon often found in my hand, and Bible truths were always taught. A splendid specimen of young manhood came to me recently on the train and reminded me of the fact that I was his first teacher. He belonged to a poor and quite disreputable family, and I was rejoiced to know that he felt, through my influence mainly, he had grown up without ever touching liquor or tobacco or swearing an oath. "You helped to give me the right start," he said, "when I was six years old." In this little country school, which I taught before I was sixteen, was evidently planted some seed that brought forth fruit.

In my temperance work for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I had greater success in reaching people on the tobacco than on the liquor question, and during my State Superintendency of the Loyal Temperance Legion I visited the public schools in a number of the large cities of the state, speaking always on the cigarette question. One day at Watseka, Sheriff Newlin of Danville, Ill., in whose home I had been a guest some weeks before, had in hand a boy whom he was taking to the Illinois State Reformatory for trying to shoot his mother. The boy immediately recognized me, and said if he had done as I wanted him to do, he would not be in his present trouble. I said, "Where did I see you before?"

"You spoke in our school, and made me with a lot of other fellows stop smoking," he replied.

"But you evidently began again," I said, looking at the guilty stain on his fingers. "How long did you stop?"

"A whole day," he said, and evidently this had required a tremendous effort.

His father, it seems, sold cigarettes in his little store, but finding his own boy his best customer he gave it up; and the boy with the awful appetite upon him, "worked" a

weak mother for at least twenty-five cents a day with which to satisfy his craving. When she was unable or unwilling to give him the desired amount on one occasion, in his desperation he took his father's shotgun and she barely escaped with her life.

Later I accepted the editorship of the *Christian Citizen*, organ of the National Christian Citizenship League. Through this organization I led out in an active campaign in the state legislature in 1897 for our anti-cigarette bill. A special anti-cigarette number of the paper, which attracted wide attention, was a great help to the cause. This was used in our vigorous but futile campaign in Springfield, where our bill suffered defeat through the money and influence of the tobacco trust.

On my return from Springfield I entered actively into anti-cigarette work among the boys of Chicago. This was the beginning of the Chicago Anti-Cigarette League, which has helped introduce widely over the nation the best known methods of combating this great and increasing evil. After two years' successful work along independent lines, I invited others to bear with me the responsibility, and the present League was incorporated with a Board of seventeen members, on December 19, 1899. Col. Jonathan Merriam, United States Pension Agent, was elected president of this Board of Trustees.

"*The Boy*" was started as our official organ, and other literature was published. Business men of the city have given their financial support. In the early days of my work a gentleman who knew of the work I was trying to do, assured me of his sympathy and willingness to lend financial aid. He drew me a check for \$50.00 and said, "Come back when you need more." I immediately published some pledge cards and my "Deadly Cigarette" leaflet. Then I went to Mr. Dormin of the *Daily News*, who had charge of the boys, and told him of my great concern over the news-boy problem. During my two years' work I had often stood at the entrance of News-boys' Alley, watching the army of boys, almost all of whom seemed to be smoking, but I had not felt equal to the task of undertaking any general work among them until I had my bearings and materials with which to work. Mr. Dormin said that at least five out of six of the news-boys were smoking, and that many of his brightest boys were becoming wrecks.

He would greatly appreciate it, he said, if I would try to do something for them. He called Officer Doherty and other helpers into our council and a meeting was arranged for the following morning. I found myself on a high platform surrounded by several hundred newsboys, packed in like sardines, in the large Drill Hall which the *Daily News* maintains for their accommodation. The attention and interest shown were remarkable, and Officer Doherty who had been in the alley for years and who has remained a firm friend of mine, said that he had never seen anything take hold of the boys as this simple, earnest talk did. I appealed to the good sense, honor, and patriotism of the boys, and pointed out to them the dire results of their present course. I followed up this beginning with spending much time among the boys of the alley, and had meetings with them in Willard Hall, our headquarters, and elsewhere. I distributed our pledge cards and printed matter among them with lavish hand, and many of them joined the League and wore the badge. One evening I was in the alley until half past ten with a group of these neglected boys about me. One of the boys who acted as spokesman largely, said: "Of course we boys smoke cigarettes, shoot craps, and do everything else that is bad; why shouldn't we? We are only boys of the alley. No one ever comes to us to try to help us to be good; no one cares for us."

With tears in my eyes, I said to the boys: "Somebody does care, somebody has come to you, and somebody is never going to rest until you boys have better times, and more thought and care are given to you."

One of my pet plans has been to have a Boys' Club headquarters in the vicinity of Newsboys' Alley, and I felt great disappointment when Mr. Atkinson located his Boys' Club at No. 262 State street instead of in this locality. We will yet have what the newsboys need in this line.

After two years, Officer Doherty states that there is ninety per cent less smoking among the newsboys than when I began this work. My experience shows me that splendid results come from such efforts among the boys, especially the neglected ones.

While engaged in general temperance work I realized what a hold the cigarette evil was getting in our nation, and wondered why the

Lord did not call some one to lead the people out of this bondage. The need is greater today than ever before, and until the Moses appears I am more determined than ever to do the little that I can do in this field white unto the harvest. God has given his blessing to the efforts already made, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have helped get under way a great movement and that there are thousands of boys who have their faces toward the morning because of the little work God has allowed me to do. My own brother, whose life is a success in the best sense of the word, has all along been my inspiration, and has made it possible financially for me to give my time to this work. While there have been many obstacles, and the way has been up hill most of the time, there have been many sweet and inspiring experiences.

I cannot better close this heart to heart story, which the editor of *THE LIFE BOAT* insisted upon my writing and dealing largely in personalities, than by quoting some lines written by a boy in the Illinois State Reformatory where 1,200 out of 1,500 boys joined the Anti-Cigarette League at the time of my visit two years ago.

FOUND AT LAST.

Press on and upward with your cause;  
 Life's brave, devoted seamen;  
 Crush in the skull, and break the jaws  
 Of youth's degrading demon!  
 Ten thousand loving hearts must break  
 To see their darlings face it,  
 And I for one will help to make  
 A grave in which to place it.  
 I'll gladly help you find a stone,  
 One large enough to smash it;  
 You need not roll it in alone,  
 We'll gladly help you crash it.  
 You've found the secret key at last,  
 Now found, you cannot lose it—  
 If you would win the victory fast,  
 Just teach us how to use it.  
 Keep pressing onward, thoughtful friend,  
 With strength and power He'll dress you;  
 And ere the stream of time doth end,  
 Ten million homes will bless you.  
 My closing words will be a prayer,  
 God bless all friends like you,  
 So I'll remain with kind regards,  
 Two hundred eighty-two.

WILLIAM ROBINSON,  
 (Reg. No. 282.)

## IS THE CIGARETTE EVIL MERELY A FANCY?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

(From an Address given at the Monthly Anti-Cigarette Rally at Willard Hall, May 3d, 1902.)

It is useless to deny that there is a large number of even good people who are inclined to regard the evils of the cigarette curse as a sentiment or fancy, and think that in reality but little harm arises from the cigarette habit. Even if I had never seen thousands of boys wrecking their nervous systems and ruining their brains and crippling all the useful activities of life by the use of tobacco in some of its forms, yet I should know its deadly properties from an experiment which I made years ago when a student in Bellevue, New York City.

A large cat persisted in making night hideous by its musical efforts, so I determined to make him the subject of an experiment, which I have never felt any inclination to repeat; although I am continually seeing thousands of boys who are virtually repeating the same experiment upon themselves.

I fastened the cat securely, and, taking the amount of fine cut chewing tobacco that I could conveniently hold between my thumb and forefinger, I soaked it in a little water, and, with an ordinary hypodermic syringe, I injected a small quantity of this fluid under the cat's skin. In a few moments it was attacked with cramps, which were followed by violent convulsions, and in just twenty minutes from the time I injected the poison, its proverbial nine lives went out all at once. What could kill a healthy cat in twenty minutes must certainly be harmful to the frail boy who persists in its use during the greater part of each day.

The minister of the gospel who ignores this evil or treats it lightly, is untrue to his trust, and will have to answer for his lost opportunities at the bar of God. The teacher, no matter how well she instructs the boy in the various mysteries of grammar and algebra, if she fails to teach him that tobacco is ruinous to his present good and to his future welfare, is unworthy to be intrusted with such responsibility. Men or women, in whatever position or calling, who wink at this gigantic evil and allow it to flourish in their presence without using their influence against it, can-

not be truthfully said to possess a genuine love for humanity.

Prof. J. W. Seaver, physical director of Yale and president of the Chautauqua School of Education, furnishes us some significant figures that demand serious reflection. He found that the non-tobacco using students gained during their college years seventy-seven per cent more lung capacity than did the tobacco users. They also gained twenty-four per cent more in growth during the same term of years than the tobacco users. He had also observed that very few of the tobacco using students attain to a high grade of scholarship. Other eminent educators have reached the same conclusion after the most careful and scientific observations.

Prof. Seaver wrote recently: "It is a demoralizing influence only, and our race cannot afford to undo the moral stamina that has been the choicest product of generations of practical and high endeavor. I greatly fear that if we do not make smoking unpopular, it will not be many years before American women will be smoking, and why should they not if there is a surplus of benefit to a man above the debit of harm through its use?"

The enormous growth to which this cigarette evil has attained can scarcely be comprehended. One firm alone manufactures from seven to nine million cigarettes each day. Last year there were used nearly six billion cigars, seven hundred and fifty million little cigars, and two billion, five hundred million cigarettes. The amount of money that went up in smoke last year amounted to nearly \$450,000,000.

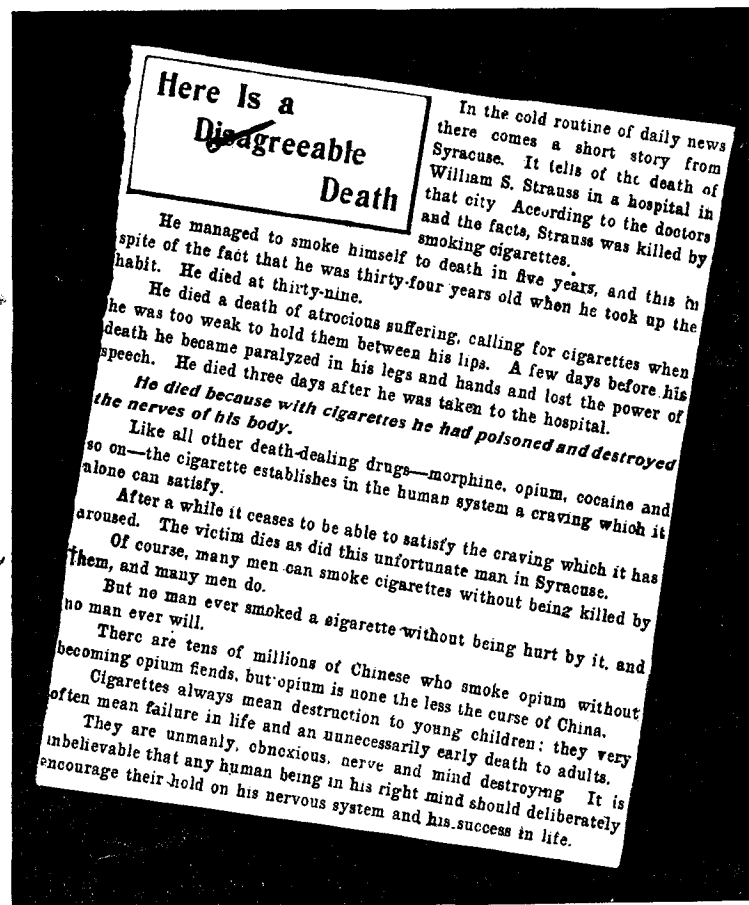
Unfortunately the tobacco evil does not stand alone, for in the most insidious manner it paves the way for the liquor habit and the drug curse. The drug fiend, a few years ago, was comparatively rare, but he can now be found in almost every community. An eminent eastern physician, who has good opportunity for extensive observation upon this subject, has stated it as his conviction that ten per cent of American physicians are habitual users of some form of opium.

The boy who has trained his nerves to demand the benumbing influence of tobacco is certainly more likely to demand something more effective as he reaches maturity. We may close our eyes to these evils and refuse to recognize their existence, but by so doing we are simply saying, as Cain did of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

## AN ECHO FROM THE PUBLIC PRESS.

The Lord is impressing the men who write the editorials for our great daily papers to give the trumpet a certain sound in reference to the evils that are so seriously threat-

ening the souls and bodies of the human race. The following is a reproduction of an editorial that recently appeared in the Chicago American:



## TOBACCO USING AND PHYSICAL TRAINING.

E. H. Miles, of England, the world's champion tennis player, has the following to say in his book, "The Training of the Body," in reference to tobacco using and physical strength:

"Nearly all those who use it tell me that it affects both their eyes and their 'wind' at games and exercises. The *immediate* effect is undoubtedly soothing, but the sum total of effects on the heart, and blood, and stomach, and lungs, and nerves cannot be properly esti-

mated. Careful experiments made in America and elsewhere are dead against its use. But worst of all is its hold over the individual; to give it up for a year is a frightful struggle. It is bad to have any such habit, for it affects others as well as the person himself.

"Smoking is usually forbidden in training. Some rowing and athletic clubs even make the regulation that when members of the club are in training, no one at all may smoke in certain of the club rooms. With regard to brain work, to rely on smoking for power to work is a grand error."



## THE SMOKING NUISANCE.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

Nothing is more surprising than the apathy with which the majority of men and women submit to the wholesale poisoning of the air which they breathe in lecture halls, on the streets, in sleeping-cars, street cars, in hotels—in fact, wherever men congregate in the cities and towns of civilized countries.

If a man wants to poison himself and defile his body with nasty-smelling and deadly poisons, he has, in a certain sense, a right to do so; but he has no right to compel everybody in his neighborhood to participate with him in his stupid abuse of a God-given body. The smoking habit is inherently selfish, and cultivates selfishness in the man who indulges in it.

But smoking, and tobacco using in all forms, is something more than a nuisance. It is a physical, as well as a moral and mental, vice, and produces dire consequences upon the bodies of those who habitually use it. Statistics show that nearly six billion cigars and three billion, two hundred and fifty million little cigars and cigarettes were smoked in this country during the last fiscal year. Assuming that there are twenty-five million males of smoking age, this means more than two hundred cigars and a hundred and thirty cigarettes for each one of them. Those who try to persuade themselves or others that tobacco is harmless, talk only for the sake of argument. In their hearts they know better and are saying to themselves all the time, "I will stop when I find it hurts me." After the mischief is done, after they have smoked as many cigars as nature can endure, then they propose to stop; but it is much easier to begin than to stop. Almost every newspaper records the death of some poor victim of cigarettes. In St. Joseph, a short time ago, there died a boy of fifteen, who for four years had smoked cigarettes in increasing quantities until he became absolutely unconscious, and died a miserable death.

Whether or not cigarettes are more harmful than cigars is a question not worth discussing. Tobacco is deleterious in every form, but the use of cigarettes is a particularly pernicious habit, for the reason that cigarettes are small and cheap, and their use is so readily acquired that not infrequently school-

boys are encountered who have become so addicted to the use of tobacco in this form that they have lost all control over the appetite, and are rapidly becoming mental and physical wrecks because of their indulgence.

Some time ago the nicotine from a small cigarette was distilled and one-half of it was injected into a frog. It killed the frog instantly. There is enough nicotine in one cigar to kill two men if taken into the body all at once.

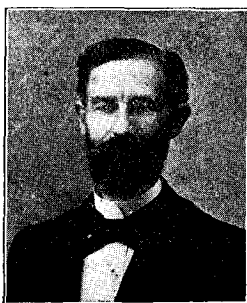
Tobacco is recognized by all medical authorities as a poison which paralyzes the heart. The heart is the great central engine which drives all the machinery of the body. Any agent which weakens its force, even though the effect may not be immediately apparent, must be in the highest degree detrimental and dangerous to life and health. The fact that tobacco weakens a man's nerves and lessens his endurance affords the most positive proof that it *must shorten* his life, for the power to live long means simply the power to endure long the physical strains and emergencies to which the body must be continually subjected during his life. The body breaks down only when its capital of vital resistance has been lowered to such a point that the system has no longer the ability to meet the demands made upon it. No man, who cares to live long and well, can afford to smoke or use tobacco in any form. The same may be said of alcohol, tea, coffee, and all other narcotics and stimulants, for these substances are poisons which serve no good purpose in the vital domain, and are evil, and only evil.

"I confess that the spectacle of a small boy puffing at a cigarette gives me a shock every time I see it. It not only impairs the intellect, injures the health and leads to other forms of depravity, but it creates a desire for other excesses, which ruin many of our young men.

"I believe it might be established that many victims of the morphine habit and the users of other deadly drugs were first users of cigarettes. It is a habit that is rarely broken, a fact which demonstrates that the use of cigarettes is more dangerous than other habits."

(Extract from inaugural address of Gov. Bliss of Michigan.)

### HOW THE CIGARETTE CURSE WAS HANDLED IN A CITY SCHOOL.



R. A. OGG,  
Kokomo.

[The following statement, by Supt. R. A. Ogg, of Kokomo, Ind., public schools will be of interest to all who are concerned about the evil of cigarette smoking among school boys. The result of his effort demonstrates most conclusively the

baneful effects of the cigarette, and also shows what can be accomplished by energetic and enthusiastic work by those who occupy such responsible positions. In the following words, Supt. Ogg tells the story of how it was accomplished.—Editors.]

"After considerable effort had been made by the teachers and some Anti-Cigarette Leagues had been formed, we still found this evil very strongly entrenched. The matter was discussed with the various principals and a plan of action was agreed upon, and then referred to the teachers. We were all of one mind and heart. Quietly and without any intimation of our purpose, we began gathering the facts that were needed to support our contention for the enforcement of the law.

After a date agreed upon, principals and teachers took their boys individually in all the schools, and asked the questions that had been planned. Upon these answers the principals figured carefully and made reports to the Superintendent, who reviewed them, and deduced the conclusions. The uniformity of the results as to the effects of tobacco in lowering the grade of scholarship and debasing the character was remarkable, showing that the occasional cigarette users were a year, and the habitual users practically two years behind those who did not use them. The fact was also shown that those addicted to its use dropped out of school at an earlier

age and in much larger numbers in proportion to the others, and that they were very unreliable in all respects. Thus the argument against the cigarette was overwhelming.

With these facts in hand, the Superintendent approached the School Board, the newspapers, the Mayor, the Prosecutor and the Police Board, and stated the facts and the purpose sought, and without any other effort secured assurance of sympathy and cooperation.

An article was then written, containing the above facts and the law of the state, and also a declaration that the public school teachers would do all in their power to secure its enforcement. The effect has been remarkable. During the three months since then only sixteen persons under twenty-one years of age have been seen smoking by the teachers.

At a recent meeting of principals, the question was asked of them as to the amount of decrease in use of cigarettes based upon their observations before and since, and all estimated it to be from seventy-five to eighty per cent. A short time since, the prosecutor summoned twelve of the boys before the mayor and demanded that they tell where they got the cigarettes. Some evidently evaded the truth, but others made statements involving five or six dealers. The prosecutor, after sifting the information, did not feel sure that the evidence would make a clear case against anyone, and is holding it till further evidence is secured. The testimony of the boys showed that the dealers are generally careful to observe the law. Several of these boys declared that they had quit using cigarettes, and further examination tended to confirm the truthfulness of their statements.

That so much has been accomplished by so little effort and without any legal prosecution is very gratifying. But it is not our purpose to let this question take care of itself. We propose to keep on the alert, and whenever we have secured sufficient evidence, we shall continue the same policy without ceasing, because the marked results already secured would proclaim us recreant if we become indifferent."

**For fifteen cents you can get ten copies of this paper to distribute among your neighbors. Will you do it?**

## FILLING THE TEMPLE WITH SMOKE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

One day in my office I was urging one of my patients very strongly to discontinue the use of tobacco so that his life might be spared that he could continue to fill his place in his family as well as in his community.

As is frequently the case, the persistent use of tobacco had already paralyzed his brain to such an extent that he was unable to appreciate the full force of what I was saying so that a suitable impression could be made upon his mind.

Glancing at the man's magnificent body, which was rapidly being debilitated by this insidious evil, I asked him, "Would you smoke in a church?" to which he immediately replied, "Oh, no, that is God's house." I then called his attention to the divine declaration that our bodies are the *real* temples, that they are God's dwelling place in a far truer sense than any church could possibly be. I assured him that he was virtually compelling God to smoke with him; for, has He not declared, "Ye have made me to serve with your sins"? (Isa. 43:24). This gentleman immediately remarked that he had never heard of that before. He at once tossed his cigar into the waste basket and said he was done with tobacco.

Christ said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." This man would have hesitated to blow tobacco smoke directly into the face of a lady, and when he learned that every time he was inhaling tobacco smoke he was offering a direct insult to the Creator which dwelt within, that truth took sufficient possession of him to lead him to immediately change his course of action.

USING WHISKY AND TOBACCO AS  
MEDICINE.

M. J. PRICHARD.

I was reading my Testament the other day and an old lodging-house chum said to me: "Are you getting ready to die?" "No," I said, "I am getting ready to live. I have been dead all of these years." Like Brother Mackey, I made all sorts of promises and signed pledges, saying, "God help me, I will abstain from the use of all alcoholic

liquors as a beverage." *As a beverage*, that is where the weak link came in. Some men are pretty apt to think they need whisky as a medicine, and pretend that they are not using it as a beverage at all. For the last three or four days I had a terrible temptation to use tobacco, but the Lord is helping me to overcome. Some people would think it was all right to use tobacco as a medicine if they were suffering with neuralgia. The Lord is giving me His help day by day and I am doing the best I can and mean to go on.

## THE CIGARETTE CURSE.

(Remarks by President Blanchard, of Wheaton College, at the Willard Hall Rally, Saturday, May 3, 1902.

Our country today is the result of the training which boys and girls received forty years ago. What our country will be forty years from now will be determined by the training which boys and girls of to-day receive. God gives each generation an opportunity to make the world anew, and life is a success or failure according as we use this wonderful opportunity. The cigarette is in itself an evil which destroys the bodies, minds and hearts of its victims. It renders them incompetent to do business effectually; it separates them from all high and holy things; it makes them burdens and nuisances when they should be strong and helpful men. The cigarette evil does not stand alone. No evil stands alone. This one joins hands with impure literature, the liquor trade, the morphine habit, and every other evil thing which wars against the hope for the coming time.

It is not fitting that the struggle against such an iniquity should be left by a Christian community to one or two or to a handful of people. As the danger is general, the damage general, so the opposition should be shared by all persons who are in favor of a healthful generation, pure minds and national honor for our country. I think the reason why more persons decline to assist reforms like this is because they are hopeless of results. If they believed that the desired end would be accomplished, they would assist, because they doubt they draw back. It would be well for us to take counsel of the old heroic days when men battled for the truth at cost, not

simply of money, but of friends, of liberty and life itself.

It was counted great praise to the Roman that, when Hannibal's army was camped outside the walls of the eternal city, he purchased at full price the ground on which the Carthaginian tents were pitched. A missionary was once asked what were the prospects of his work. He replied, "The prospects for my work are as bright as the promises of God." It is a strange Christianity or even manhood which sits down before an acknowledged evil, and, declaring it to be invincible, undertakes to live in peace with it.

Hundreds and thousands of boys and young men are already delivered from the cigarette curse and related evils through the efforts of this league and other similar organizations. The work is out of all proportion to the means expended and we have ample reason for courage and faith to continue the battle. We ask for and expect the help and labors of humanity in this war which we wage. Fives, tens, hundreds, thousands of dollars might wisely be devoted to this crusade by men and women who desire to share in the work and the victory which is coming.

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#### REPENTANCE AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

JEMIMA CAMPBELL.

A telephone call came to the Sanitarium for a nurse and I was selected to go. Upon my arrival I found a very, very sick woman. She did not seem to recognize anyone near her and was suffering intense pain. I proceeded at once to carry out the instructions left by the physician and did my best to relieve the poor woman's suffering.

Later the physician called and said she must die; her case was such that hope for her recovery was impossible, and we could only keep her out of pain until death should release her. She lay in a stupor, unconscious of pain or her surroundings.

This woman's life had been one of indifference to the blessings of God, which had daily surrounded her, and it seemed at first that her life was to ebb away while she yet remained in this state of ingratitude. But

no; God, with that same everlasting love that prompted Him to send His only Son to die for a world of sinful men, extended His arm of mercy and gave her another opportunity at the eleventh hour.

A few hours before her death, notwithstanding the fact that she was under the influence of drugs which had so benumbed her body that she felt no pain, she returned to consciousness and recognized everybody about her. At that moment the Spirit of the Lord prompted me to appreciate that this was, perhaps, my only chance to speak to this dear sister about her soul's salvation. So, bending over her, I asked her if it was the Lord's will that she should live no longer, if she was ready and willing to submit. With a startled expression on her face and glaring eyes, she grasped my hand and said, "No, no, do not say that; I cannot, I cannot die;" and she called for the physician, someone to save her life.

A fierce battle was taking place, for a soul was at stake. It was a struggle for eternal life or eternal death. The grim enemy was putting forth all his satanic power to hold this soul within his grasp, but the gentle Spirit of God was also working. I lifted my heart in prayer that the Spirit of God would prevail, that this dear woman would surrender all to her blessed Master.

Finally she closed her eyes and lay perfectly quiet for a short time; then, opening them, with clasped hands, she said: "Yes, I am willing; His will is mine." I then called in the other members of the family and we knelt together and thanked God for His wonderful love and mercy; and then, in simple words, she prayed: "Dear Lord, forgive my many sins and take me as thy child, and may my death be a lesson to those left behind; may they give up sin and live for thee." Calling her mother to her, she left her only child in her care, asking her to train it in such a way that it would serve the Saviour. Then, sinking back into unconsciousness, she died with the blessed hope of a Saviour.

How true it is that when the love of Christ is born within a soul it is at once manifested in the longing to have others know of that

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**Will you send us at least one new subscriber?**

love and possess the peace and happiness which it is their privilege to enjoy.

Dear reader, are you living such a life of usefulness and service that when your work here is done you can look back and say, with Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

#### SOUL SAVING IN DISPENSARY PRACTICE.

W. T. THORNTON.

A few days ago a man resembling a tramp in every particular came to the clinic of the Medical Missionary College to be treated for what he supposed to be a bruised hand, which had been struck by a piece of falling brick. His general appearance was uninviting, the heels of his shoes were worn off and the toes turned up with holes in them, and his clothing was ragged and dirty.

Upon examination his arm was found to be in the first stages of blood poisoning, being much swollen and very red. After the seat of the trouble had been located, the surgeon told him that the best thing for him to do would be to take chloroform and have an incision made in his arm so that it could be properly cared for. "But," said the surgeon, "before we undertake such work we always have prayer and ask God to bless what we do." Tears came to the poor man's eyes. What came into his mind we will probably never know, although it was plain that his heart had been touched.

He was chloroformed and the operation was begun. As Dr. Holden cut into his arm, he said: "This man is human; he has a soul. Some one once cared for him just as we have friends who care for us. Though he has been unfortunate, he is still a man. Our real reward for doing this kind of work is not in financial returns, but in the satisfaction there is in helping a poor man who needs help."

So it is: However low some of us have sunk, someone has or does care for us. Mother, brother, sister, friend, someone, has prayed for you and me, and these prayers are not in vain. Those who prayed may be gone, but the prayers still follow us through bright or dark experiences, through day or night; and the One to whom we were committed is ever nigh to hear our cries for help. He is

the One that "sticketh closer than a brother."

This man was cared for, given a bath, clean clothes and shoes, and left us in a few days so much improved in health that he was able to go to work, and we hope that he appreciates more fully the meaning of the truth that his body is the dwelling-place of the Divine.

#### ARE YOU RULED BY THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD OR BY THE TASTE FOR TOBACCO?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

When you become as willing to lose your life in the effort to give up the use of tobacco as you have been to shorten your life by its use, then you will find that you will soon be delivered from its bondage.

The Bible plainly declares that "God is not mocked." We can often deceive men but we can never deceive God. He cannot consistently impart to you the divine strength that you will need to overcome this habit as long as he knows that you are only trifling with the question.

Bear in mind that heaven is not a place for God to save us from those vile habits which we have not permitted him to free us from while here on earth. There will be no tobacco stores in the New Jerusalem. Its pure atmosphere will never be contaminated by even one whiff of poisonous tobacco smoke.

You have no more right to suppose that God will take away from you the tobacco using disposition at translation or at the resurrection than has a thief, robber, or murderer the right to suppose that he can cling to his sins in this life and yet be free from them in the next. If God cannot succeed in making us so disgusted with sin in this world that he can transplant heavenly principles in their place, it would only be folly to suppose that he would be any more successful in some other world.

*Now* is the accepted time. "Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." It may cost you physical suffering to give up this habit, but it certainly will cost you *far more* physical suffering in the end if you continue to cling to it. Can you afford to have it said of you as was spoken of some one in days gone by, "Ephraim is *joined* to idols; let him alone."

SENATOR DEPEW'S VICTORY OVER  
THE CIGAR.

LUCY PAGE GASTON.

A number of years ago the following story of Senator Depew's victory over the cigar came into my possession. I considered it authentic until the Chicago Tribune published an account of a visit to the Mills Hotel, which Mr. Depew and some friends made soon after the opening of that institution. Incidentally, mention was made that Mr. Depew purchased and smoked, with evident enjoyment, a five-cent cigar.

Mr. Depew's disposition is said to be very sunny, which I, of course, believed was largely because he did not smoke and was also very temperate in his eating. I was unwilling to allow one of my non-smoking idols to be shattered before my eyes and immediately took steps to learn the truth in the matter. The conflicting stories were mailed to Mr. Depew, and I soon received a

satisfactory reply, a fac-simile of which is here given. This story has helped many to overcome the tobacco habit.

"I used to smoke twenty cigars a day, and continued it until I became worn out. I didn't know what was the matter with me, and physicians that I applied to did not mention tobacco. I used to go to bed at two o'clock in the morning and wake at five or six. I had no appetite and was a dyspeptic.

"I was in the habit of smoking at my desk and thought that I derived material assistance in my work from it. After a time I found that I couldn't do any work without tobacco. I could prepare a brief or argument without tobacco, but still I was harassed by feeling that something was amiss, and the result was not up to the mark.

"I also found that I was incapable of doing any great amount of work. My power of concentration was greatly weakened, and I could not think well without a lighted cigar in my mouth. Now it is perfectly clear that

*New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Co.*  
*Grand Central Depot.*

*Chauncey M. Depew*  
*C. Trust*

*New York Jan. 27 1898*

*Miss Lucy Page Gaston*  
*Chicago, Ill.*

*Dear Madam:*

*I am in receipt of your letter of*  
*Jan. 20<sup>th</sup>.*

*I did not buy any cigars at the*  
*Mills Hotel and have not smoked one*  
*for many years. The statement in*  
*your slip (herewith returned) about*  
*my abandoning the habit is entirely*  
*correct.*

*Yours very truly,*  
*Chauncey M. Depew.*

By Permission of The Boy

without this power of concentration a man is incapable of doing many things. It is this which enables him to attend to various and multifarious affairs; to drop one absolutely and take up another and give it full attention. One day I bought a cigar and was puffing it with a feeling of pleasure, which is only possible to the devotee. I smoked only a few moments and then took it out of my mouth and looked at it. I said to it: 'My friend and bosom companion, you have always been dearer to me far than gold. To you I have ever been devoted, yet you are the cause of all my ills. You have played me false. The time has come that we must part.' I gazed sadly and longingly at the cigar, then threw it into the street. I had been convinced that tobacco was ruining me.

"For three months thereafter I underwent the most awful agony. I never expect to smoke more in this world or the next. I didn't go to any physician or endeavor in any way to palliate my sufferings. Possibly a physician might have given me something to soften the tortures. Neither did I break my vow. I had made up my mind that I must forever abandon tobacco or I would be ruined by it.

"At the end of three months my longing for it abated. I gained twenty-five pounds in weight: I slept well for seven or eight hours every night.

"I have never smoked from that day to this; and while no one knows better the pleasures to be derived from tobacco, I am still well content to forget them, knowing their effect."

#### AN INTERESTING CASE.

FANNIE EMMEL.

Two years ago a woman who has been a very interesting case to us began coming to our place. She was about forty-five years old and an habitual drunkard. She came to us again and again, but each time it would not be long before she would wander back to the old ways again. Each time she returned we would pray and talk with her about her soul, and, in fact, did all we could do to help her but it seemed as though every effort was in vain. Finally she drifted away from us and we did not hear anything more of her for a long time.

After a time she came back to us in

great need, out of a position and sick and we kept her. She was with us perhaps a week when there seemed to be just the change in her that we had been praying for. Sometimes we are tempted to doubt if those who have gotten into such a state of mind can ever rise above their environments and habits, but when she came back we made her a special subject of prayer, and prayed earnestly that the Spirit of God would get hold of her heart if there was any possibility at all. I had to leave the house for awhile, and Miss Erhart talked with her earnestly, and prayed with her while the rest of us went on with our work. A little later they both went to the Mission, and that woman stood up for prayers, but she still felt that there was a lack of a genuine experience and when we got home they sat down and talked again. Finally Miss Erhart called me in, and if ever there was a woman who had a broken spirit and contrite heart this one certainly had. I knew it was a critical time. She said, "This is the first time in my Christian experience that I could get hold of the Lord, and say that I would give up the habit of drink." She made an open confession of all her sins, and begged us to stay by her until she got a really satisfactory experience. We did stay by her.

The next day she secured a position. The woman for whom she worked was very kind to her but the man was a drunkard, and it made it very hard for her. She remained there as long as she could, and when she could remain no longer, she came back to us. Our home was full and we could not take her but she uttered no word of complaint but went to the Harrison Street Police Station and told them that we could not keep her and asked them for help. They took her in and she remained there until she got another position. We did not hear from her again for some time. One night as I was going to the Life Boat Mission I met her with several other women. I recognized her and said, "Mrs. Hill, how are you getting along?" She answered, "Just fine," and looked at one of the women with her, who said, "Yes, indeed, she is getting along just fine." I said, "Well, how are you getting along spiritually?" and she said, "Good."

On the Tuesday after seeing her that night, on coming home, Miss Erhart told me that Mrs. Hill was dead, adding, "They just sent word from the police station that she had gotten up in the morning and while making her toilet had fallen to the floor dead. We praised the Lord that she had been led to give her heart to Him and even if it was so short a time before she was taken away, we knew that she really did learn to know Jesus as her personal Savior. The last thing she said to me was, "I am all right."

## SHUN THE CIGARETTE.

TUNE: "Scotts wha hae with Wallace bled."

Boys who now are strong and free,  
Boys who prize your liberty,  
Come and sing this song with me,  
Shun the cigarette.

Boys who love untainted air,  
Boys who prize a manhood fair,  
Boys, be bold to do and dare,  
Fight the cigarette.

Would you be tobacco's slave?  
Would you risk an early grave?  
Would you deadly poison crave?  
Use the cigarette.

Would you win an honest fame?  
Would you earn a worthy name?  
Join with us in one grand aim.  
Fight the cigarette.

Boys who have in some sad hour,  
Yielded to the tempter's power;  
In this grasp no longer cower!  
Drop the cigarette.

—H. W. Boltwood.

## THE CAUSE AND CURE OF THE TOBACCO HABIT.

The average boy is likely to imbibe the foolish notion that in order to be as much of a man as his father, he must learn to smoke. The best way to correct this false idea is for every true man to deny that tobacco using and manliness go hand in hand, and for every tobacco slave who loves his fellowmen to admit freely that he is less of a man because of his abject bondage.

It is only a short road from the modern table to the tobacco store and the saloon, for a highly seasoned dietary, saturated with various spices and condiments, is literally placing a mustard plaster on the inside of the boy's stomach, which not only inflames the lining of the digestive organs, but also irritates their delicate and sensitive nerves. Tobacco deadens sensibility and thus affords a temporary relief, which only produces a

still greater necessity as soon as its effects wear off.

Flesh foods, filled as they are, with the waste products resulting from the animal's tissue changes, cured cheese, which is in reality decomposed milk, and the tempting tea and coffee—all serve to create a demand for the after-dinner cigar or pipe, and help to lay the foundation for the liquor habit and the opium curse, thus echoing the divine declaration, "The curse causeless shall not come."

The rational remedy for these great evils consists in overturning the modern dining tables as Christ overturned the tables of the money changers in the Temple, and replacing them with those that are spread with tasteful and inviting food products obtained from the lap of Nature, and prepared in a wholesome, natural manner. To do this successfully will require study, but both study and experiment was necessary to enable the self-binder to replace the scythe, and the railroad train the stage coach. Allow science and true reform to get a foothold in the kitchen and then the business of the undertaker, the jailer and the lunatic asylum official will be noticeably diminished.

The habitual tobacco user has a pale skin, because the blood vessels are contracted by the influence of this poison. As alcohol paralyzes these blood vessels, it naturally relieves some of the discomfort occasioned by the excessive use of tobacco. This is one reason why tobacco using so frequently paves the way for the liquor habit. This dilatation of the blood vessels can be secured in a perfectly natural manner by the use of hot baths, hot blanket packs, vapor baths, electric light baths, and they also produce a vigorous perspiration, which frees the poor victim from a considerable amount of this poison. The heart of the tobacco user is always more or less diseased, so it is always well to place over it a cloth wrung out of cold water while taking the hot treatments. The hot baths should be followed by some

**For one new subscriber we will send you the booklet, "How to Live Well on a Dime a Day," which will teach you how to prepare dishes that will not arouse a thirst for liquor or a craving for tobacco.**



general application, as a cold sponge bath.

Above all things, the tobacco slave needs to earnestly seek the Lord for that divine strength which He is so ready to impart to all who really desire it.

#### SELLING THE LIFE BOAT IN CHICAGO.

NINA CASE.

I have had a splendid experience with THE LIFE BOAT. I always disliked to try to sell anything, but I do enjoy working with THE LIFE BOAT. Today I met a lady, who, before I showed her the paper, just opened the door a little and said, "I don't want to buy anything."

She did not seem to be in a hurry at all, and so I replied, "How do you know? Perhaps you would like to buy it."

"Well, what have you got?"

I told her what it was and what it was for, and she seemed to be quite interested. She asked me in, but did not seem to want THE LIFE BOAT. I sat down and had a nice talk with her. Before I went away she said: "I believe I will take one of those LIFE BOATS."

She asked me to send her more literature, and said she was going to the Life Boat Mission, and assured me that she was interested in this work. As I was leaving, she said: "Do you every pray?"

When I told her that I did, she said: "I wish you would pray for me, and tell the other Christian workers to pray for me. I am so glad you came today."

Walking along the street one day, I noticed an old woman sitting on the curbstone. She was old, wrinkled and ragged, and did not look as if she would buy anything. I saw her when I was a long distance away, and I kept watching her as I came along, and kept thinking I would speak to her, though at the same time I scarcely wished to do so. However, I did say, "Good morning;" and she questioned me about some directions. I told her, as near as I knew, where she wanted to go. She began crying and said she had to walk about twenty blocks and that she had rheumatism in her feet, and could hardly walk. She had had nothing to eat, so I gave her enough to get her dinner. She asked me to pray for her before I went away, although I had said nothing to her about religion.

I like to sell LIFE BOATS, because I think we can do some good with them. I like to meet the people and have a chance to talk with them. Every time there is an opportunity I talk with them.

One place where I went, a lady came to the door, and, without saying anything, pointed to her ears and her mouth. I did not know what she meant. Every time I would say anything she would point and shake her head. She went back and called in another woman, and she could not talk either. Still I did not understand what was the matter. So she went out and got another one. Then they began to talk to each other on their fingers, and I understood that they were deaf and dumb. I asked one lady if she could read, and she nodded her head. I showed her the pictures, and when I was through I showed her the price. She nodded her head and then went and got some money, and so I sold three right there. One lady took a piece of paper and pencil and wrote that she liked me and wished me to call again.

Whenever I go to a door I pray before anyone comes to the door that I may know what to say. One day a nurse came to the door and said that the lady of the house was very sick, so I said, "I will only keep you a moment;" so I showed her the paper. She said, "Won't you come in?" She looked at THE LIFE BOAT and saw a piece by Dick Lane. She said, "I want to read this. I cannot wait to get the money, I want to read this first." She brought ten cents instead of five, and asked me to come again. She gave me her name and address and said, "Maybe I will come to the Life Boat Mission when I can get off." She said she had heard of Mr. Mackey.

At one house a man came to the door, and, after looking at the paper, said: "Well, what are you doing this for?" I told him that when he saw what the Lord could do for some poor drunkard or prisoner, perhaps he would think the Lord could do something for him. He looked rather funny, but said he would take a LIFE BOAT.

Every morning before I start out, I take my Bible and ask the Lord to help me to sell THE LIFE BOAT, so someone can hear the message. I am thankful for the privilege of doing the work.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THE LETTERS RECENTLY RECEIVED FROM PRISON OFFICIALS.

STATE PENITENTIARY, April 12, 1902.

THE LIFE BOAT is an interesting periodical, and we have no doubt many of our men will subscribe for it when once they understand its value to them. Respectfully,

\_\_\_\_\_, Warden.

STATE PRISON, March 17, 1902.

Replying to your favor of the 4th inst., will say the population of this prison is one hundred and fifty. THE LIFE BOAT has been coming regularly and is very much appreciated. Sincerely yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, Warden.

TERRITORIAL PRISON, April 21, 1902.

Thanks for your kindness in sending two hundred copies of THE LIFE BOAT to the prisoners in this institution. They have been properly distributed and I hope will be of benefit to the recipients. Yours very truly,

\_\_\_\_\_, Supt.

STATE PENITENTIARY, May 5, 1902.

Your letter to the warden, dated May 2nd, has been duly received, and he requests me to answer. THE LIFE BOAT was duly received and distributed, and I may say, eagerly read. Such literature as THE LIFE BOAT is always welcome here and the boys are glad to get it.

Very truly yours,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PENITENTIARY, April 26, 1902.

Your favor of the 17th inst. has been referred to me. In reply, would say we can use five hundred copies of your LIFE BOAT here. Your generous proposition to help the men in this institution with this class of literature is greatly appreciated. Many thanks.

Very respectfully yours,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE REFORMATORY, May 10, 1902.

The copies of THE LIFE BOAT, a generous supply, have come to hand and will be immediately distributed in the prison. We supply all the men here with all the good literature that comes to hand and believe in it; and THE LIFE BOAT, I think, deserves an excellent name. Very respectfully yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PRISON, March 19, 1902.

With reference to the April number of THE LIFE BOAT, I am sure the boys here will appreciate it; they do all the numbers they can get. We have, at this time, five hundred and ninety prisoners. Whatever number you can send, I shall make the best possible use of them. Thanking you in advance, I am,

Very truly,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PRISON, May 13, 1902.

Dear Brother—Permit me to thank you for THE LIFE BOATS which you, or some member of your Mission, so kindly sent to the warden for distribution. I have used them so as to give every prisoner one to read, and I have heard many expressions of appreciation. The men like THE LIFE BOAT. I thank you in their behalf. Sincerely,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PRISON, April 29, 1902.

The seven hundred copies of THE LIFE BOAT, which you so kindly sent for distribution among our prisoners, came duly to hand and have been given to that number of men. Regarding your offer to send a number of copies each month, will say that I will gladly receive them and see that they are distributed among the men. Respectfully yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PRISON, April 9, 1902.

Your kind letter and enclosed copy of THE LIFE BOAT received today. In reply will say that the work meets with my approval. THE LIFE BOAT will be highly appreciated by a great many of the prisoners. If you will send twenty-five or thirty copies, I will personally attend to the distribution of them. Wishing you success in your work, I remain,

Yours very respectfully,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Warden.

STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,  
April 30, 1902.

The twenty-five copies of THE LIFE BOAT received, for which I thank you. To me they are very interesting little books. Our girls are all the way from six to twenty. As you say, I think they are more adapted to grown-up men than to girls, but we enjoyed them. We have three buildings and about sixty girls. Sincerely yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, Supt.

STATE PRISON, March 10, 1902.

We have over one thousand prisoners. I would be pleased to have you send five hundred copies of the April number of THE LIFE BOAT. You sent me that number last year and the convicts enjoyed reading the paper, and I doubt not the good seed sown, with God's blessing, will result in a harvest of benefit to these wayward men and women.

Hoping to hear from you favorably, I am,

Yours truly,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PRISON, March 8, 1902.

I have your favor of the 4th inst., and in reply beg to state that the number of inmates we have at the present time is five hundred and sixty. We can use whatever number of your special edition under that number that you find it convenient to send us. Thanking you for past favors and assuring you that your efforts in behalf of the inmates of our institution are fully appreciated, I am,

Very truly yours,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Warden.

STATE PRISON, April 22, 1902.

My Dear Brother—We are in receipt of your very generous contribution of LIFE BOATS to our institution. The men all through the prison are delighted with them. Of course, only about one-half of the men could get them, as we have more than one thousand in our population. I desire personally to thank you and the institution you represent for your kindness to us. Sincerely yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

May 1, 1902.

Copies of LIFE BOAT were received. Many thanks. The papers gave me much satisfaction. They will, I think, be very helpful to the men.

The note of encouragement found in THE LIFE BOAT is exactly what they ought to receive; from some quarters they receive too much that is depressing.

Perhaps later I can get you some subscriptions. Truly yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PENITENTIARY, April 18, 1902.

Dear Brother—I received the 500 copies of THE LIFE BOAT and distributed them to the inmates of the Women's Prison, and put one

in every cell of the West Wing of the Men's Prison. Should you have any more you could send me I will distribute them in the East Wing.

If you are able to do it, and will mail me some copies every month, I will gladly distribute them. Very truly yours,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PENITENTIARY, March 12, 1902.

I desire to express our appreciation of the very liberal offer you make to supply the men here with the special Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT. The magazine is held in high estimation by the prisoners in general, and quite a number are subscribers. We have four hundred and sixty-three in the lock-up today. The number will not vary much from that for two or three weeks. Whatever number you may send, I will personally see that they are distributed to the best advantage. Thanking you for the interest manifested in the men, I am, sincerely yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PENITENTIARY AND REFORMATORY,

May 3, 1902.

My Dear Brother—THE LIFE BOATS you sent have been received and are very much appreciated by the prisoners, and, I believe, much lasting good will result from literature of this kind being put into the prisoners' hands. We are under many obligations to you for your kindness in sending us such a nice lot, and the result will be that THE LIFE BOAT will be circulated all over this land in this way, the prisoners going out, who have served their sentences, will cause many to subscribe who otherwise would not. Thanking you for your kindness, I am

Your humble friend,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PENITENTIARY.

In reply to yours of the 17th, advising me that you had sent 500 copies of the Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT, I beg to thank you for the same. I think the number sufficient, and know that they will be appreciated. I inclose you a list of our convict camps, with their postoffice address. You might send a few copies to each. Thanking you in advance for your interest in our unfortunates, I am,

Very sincerely,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Supt.

STATE REFORMATORY, April 23, 1902.

The 300 LIFE BOATS have been received and are distributed. Our Christian Endeavor Society has a very active and judicious committee on good literature; they could use 30 copies of LIFE BOAT to good advantage.

Your Prisoners' Number is interesting and cannot fail to be helpful to those for whom it is intended. I like your combination of physical and spiritual instruction. The two are closely allied.

Thanking you for your generous and kindly interest, I am, yours respectfully,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PRISON, May 6, 1902.

My Dear Friend—We received THE LIFE BOATS and are very grateful to you for this splendid assistance in our work.

This issue of THE LIFE BOAT is a magnificent number, calculated to do much good among a class of people estimated as hard to reach. Our men have expressed themselves as delighted with it. In behalf of these men, please accept my earnest thanks for your great kindness to us. Fraternally yours,

\_\_\_\_\_,  
Chaplain and State Parole Agent.

STATE PENITENTIARY, April 28, 1902.

The 400 copies of LIFE BOAT sent for prisoners were distributed yesterday. The men received them gladly, and read them with interest.

You have a number of subscribers on your list from here, and will probably have more. Still, if you desire to send a few copies to me each month, and know of persons who are willing to pay for them, I can use them to good advantage, or I will send you names of men who would be glad to get them, and you can mail direct to them. Sincerely yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

STATE PENITENTIARY, April 8, 1902.

Our present prison population is about 1,700. We could use in the present and the near future 2,000 copies of THE LIFE BOAT. If you cannot send more than 1,000 copies, we will try to circulate these so as to reach as many as we possibly can. We will thank you for whatever number you may see proper to send us. The April number is certainly an admirable edition for prisoners. We should expect much good to result from its careful

reading by these men and women. If you cannot spare 1,000, send less. The copies of THE LIFE BOAT heretofore received have been carefully used and have done good. There is a precious revival work going on in the prison. I baptized eleven men March 30th, and have another class of converted men ready for baptism. Yours truly,

\_\_\_\_\_, Chaplain.

#### CHANGED THE CURRENT OF TWENTY-THREE LIVES.

With pleasure I write you a few lines to let you know how the prisoners here are enjoying your love and kindness through the reading of THE LIFE BOAT. THE LIFE BOAT has taken a strong hold in this prison, and it gives me much pleasure to write to you, as I am one who has determined in his heart to live an upright life when he leaves this prison. There are many others here who have learned to live Christian lives through the help of THE LIFE BOAT, and we do hope that all you brethren will remember us in your prayers. Twenty-three prisoners have taken THE LIFE BOAT to heart, and how can we help thanking you? Yours truly,

\_\_\_\_\_.

#### FORSAKEN AND FORGOTTEN BY HIS MOTHER.

I am very much interested in THE LIFE BOAT paper. I found one in my cell when I came home from work, and, opening it, found some very nice reading. I would like to take one, but I haven't a friend on earth, nor a cent with which to pay for it. I am a young man, twenty-two years of age. I have had misfortune in life. I think THE LIFE BOAT is a very interesting paper for anyone to read. I would rather have it than any paper in my cell. I wish I had the money with which to purchase it.

My mother used to write to me, but I do not get any more letters from her. I think she does not care for me any more, so I do not know what I shall do now. I am not a Christian, but I would like to be one. My father and brother are dead, the only brother I had in the world. He was very good to me and used to write to me often.

Well, dear friend, I will close, hoping to hear from you soon. Yours in Christ,

\_\_\_\_\_.

The following is a fac-simile of a letter which Major-General R. Baden-Powell wrote from the seat of war in South Africa to some of his young friends to convince them of the tobacco evil:

SOUTH AFRICAN  
CONSTABULARY.

A scout or any man whose life depends on his steadiness of nerve and his keenness of sight & hearing, will as a rule not trust himself to smoke because he knows it is injurious to those qualities.

On that account the American Scout Major Burnham, does not smoke; and the great African hunter, Mr. Selous does not smoke.

Smoking does more harm to you

(COPYRIGHT)  
SOUTH AFRICAN  
CONSTABULARY.

2

when you are young than when you are old. Therefore a boy should avoid smoking, in case some day he may be wanted to work as a Scout, or as a Soldier, or in other duties where he will want a clear head and steady nerves.

R. Baden-Powell  
Major-Genl.

15 Feb. 1901

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## SINGS TO SAVE.

We take pleasure in presenting an excellent picture of Mr. John W. Hutchinson, familiarly known as "Uncle John," the sole surviving member of the celebrated Hutchinson family of slavery abolition singers. Although an octogenarian and more, Uncle John maintains a lively interest in life and keeps up with all the advance movements for the betterment of humanity. His home is in Lynn, Mass., but he spends much of his time in travel. Last winter he spent several weeks in Chicago, and his eighty-first birthday was fittingly



By permission of The Boy

celebrated by a reception given him at the Grand Pacific Hotel on the sixth of January. Through meeting Miss Lucy Page Gaston, Superintendent of the Chicago Anti-Cigarette League, he became very much interested in this latter-day reform and offered his services in a number of meetings for which she arranged, thus giving the older people in different sections of the city and the suburbs an opportunity to hear again the voice that did so much in the great work of abolishing slavery. People brought their children and young people to hear him for the sake of the great work he had done in the long gone past. Wherever Uncle John goes he is advocating the anti-cigarette crusade, and he takes great satisfaction in feeling that his voice and money are helping save the youthful slaves of today.

THE ASPIRATIONS OF A CIGARETTE  
USER.

IVY HOPE.

"I wish I were a man," said he,  
"I'd smoke just like my pa,  
And stride around with dignity  
While smoking my cigar.

"I'll steal out to the barn awhile  
And try this cigarette.  
My! how it makes a fellow feel—  
But I'll be brave, you bet."

So, after many "brave" attempts,  
He learned the "noble" art;  
And by and by, when only twelve,  
He could not from them part.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'd like to be a man!" said he—  
This boy to manhood grown,  
"My courage fails whate'er I try—"  
He reaped what he had sown.

Dyspeptic and despondent, he  
Too late had come to know  
That cigarettes and smoking give  
To manhood a death blow.

Then by and by the smoking led  
To drinking at the last,  
And ere he'd grown to middle age,  
His useless life had passed.

"Write for my epitaph," he said,  
"I wished to be a man."  
Tell all the boys to learn from me  
Ne'er take the weed in hand."

DOES THE USE OF TOBACCO SHORT-  
EN LIFE?

Dr. N. S. Davis, one of the most noted men in the medical profession, in the following words, answers the question why so many tobacco users attain to old age:

"Some persons who use tobacco live to extreme old age. How should this fact be regarded?

"Simply as evidence that such persons possess an unusual tenacity of life, or, in other words, unusual vital resistance to the influence of causes of disease. Some persons who live in the poorest and most unsanitary wards of our cities live to be very

old. But no one imagines that their unsanitary surroundings prolonged their lives or the lives of their neighbors.

"So the person using tobacco who lives to be very old, does so in spite of the tobacco, and would probably have lived longer had he never used it. The good or evil effects of tobacco, or of any other substance, are not to be determined by an exceptionally long life here and there, but by its average effect upon all the persons who use it in a given community.

"Length of life is influenced much by heredity. Members of some families nearly all live to a very old age, while those of others as uniformly die comparatively young, when all have been subjected to substantially the same influences."

THE LIFE BOAT PROMPTED HIM TO  
LEARN TO READ.

My Unknown Friend—I now sit down to write you a few lines to tell you how glad I was to get a few copies of THE LIFE BOAT. I have been an outcast all my life and have roamed over land and sea. I have gone through a hard life and a sinful one. I could not read or write when I was committed to prison, and I got THE LIFE BOAT quite a while before I could read it. I used to take it out and have it read by a friend of mine, and I became so interested that I went to school, and now I can read and write, and I thank God for it.

I take much pleasure in reading THE LIFE BOAT and hearing of the good work you are doing, and I hope the day will come when I can thank you in person for the good THE LIFE BOAT has done me. I have asked the Lord to forgive me, a sinner, and I feel that he has, and I am very glad to say that I take pleasure in reading his holy Book.

I am praying for you and the workers of THE LIFE BOAT every day, and hope the Lord will hear my prayer. I will close for this time by sending my best wishes to you and the brothers and sisters; so good-bye till I hear from you, and many thanks for THE LIFE BOAT.

"I never meet a ragged boy without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat." JAMES A. GARFIELD.

## THE LIFE BOAT

DAVID PAULSON, M. D. }  
W. S. SADLER } EDITORS

### AFTER READING THIS ISSUE OF THE LIFE BOAT.

After you have read this LIFE BOAT, does your conscience allow you to calmly fold your hands and remain indifferent to the present good and the future welfare of your tobacco using neighbors and friends. Can it be that God relieves you from all responsibility in reference to this matter? We have sought by the help of God to make this LIFE BOAT appeal to every tobacco user.

Now we shall pray that God will roll a great burden upon the hearts of our readers to do all the good they possibly can with this number.

We will furnish extra copies at one and one-half cents a piece. Why not order some immediately? We are placed in this world for the purpose of doing good to our fellow-men. Do not slight this opportunity, for you know not when God will give you another one so favorable.

### WE WANT TO CORRESPOND WITH TOBACCO USERS.

There are some men who have already decided that no matter what is said to them or whatever happens to them, they will *cling* to the tobacco habit. God alone can reach the minds of such, but we would like to get the name and address of every man or boy who is struggling to free himself from this terrible curse, and who has not as yet succeeded in his endeavor.

Our work here in Chicago has thrown us in contact with multitudes of these cases, and we *know* that every victim of the tobacco habit *can be delivered*, and we want him to know it, for we shall have to meet him at the bar of God, and then it will be too late for us to take up this question with him.

Go to your tobacco using friend and let him read these lines, and persuade him, as an evidence of his sincerity in the matter, to personally write to us inclosing a stamp, and we will gladly give him the benefit of the experience that we have gained in dealing with the numbers of similar cases in this great city.

### THE FUTURE OUTLOOK OF THE CHI- CAGO SANITARIUM WORK.

The names of the Wessels family, of South Africa, have become household words, from the fact that one of them was one of the Boer envoys, who came to this country to intercede in behalf of the Boer cause. A number of the prominent leaders of the Boer war are closely related to the Wessels family.

Some years ago, when diamonds were discovered in Africa, these men disposed of their property at a handsome figure. Afterwards two of them, while spending some time in this country, became deeply impressed that our large cities were sorely in need of just such work as was being represented by the Battle Creek Sanitarium, so they donated forty thousand dollars to begin a sanitarium effort in the city of Chicago, with the understanding that the proceeds should be devoted to the carrying on of the same work for the poor and unfortunate of this great city.

This gift, which was invested in our present Sanitarium, has resulted in untold good which the Day of the Lord alone will reveal. But this building is utterly inadequate for the present demands, and the time has arrived when we must have larger and more commodious quarters, suitably equipped, in order to properly carry on our sanitarium work in this great city of nearly two million inhabitants.

Our present building will answer admirably for a hospital and for medical school work, which will enable us to save the one hundred dollars per month rent which we are paying for our present hospital building.

Some months ago the Lord put it into the heart of Mr. C. B. Kimbell, one of Chicago's leading business men, to donate us ten thousand dollars' worth of property so that we might secure the suitable site just adjoining our present sanitarium building.

It will cost forty thousand dollars to erect such a building as we must have. Who will give us a liberal donation for this purpose? Or who will put into our hands a sum of money, upon which we may pay a moderate interest as long as he lives, and allow us to keep the principal at his death? Or who will loan us a sum of money for a few years free of interest until we can get this work well under way, so that it will not only care for

itself but will support other branches of the work in this city?

We should be glad to correspond immediately with those who are interested in either of the above propositions. It would be difficult to conceive of an investment that could bring greater returns of real good to humanity. Address the Sanitarium, 28 Thirty-third Place.

#### IS YOUR NAME AMONG THEM?

There are over 1,000 LIFE BOAT subscriptions that expire with this number. If your name is among them, will you not renew at once? Notice the label on your wrapper and see when your subscription expires. Instead of allowing your name to be dropped, will you not renew and also send us at least one new subscriber?

#### THE LIFE BOAT REST NEEDS A TELEPHONE.

Frequently there are sad cases in the County Hospital or police station who are anxious to talk with Miss Emmel, or the other workers in her department. But this has been out of the question because we have not been able to maintain a telephone in the Life Boat Rest. Sometimes cases have come to their attention which they could have helped if they had been able to immediately come in connection with other branches of our Chicago work. Often circumstances arise that have to be decided at once or the opportunity is gone.

A telephone is frequently just as great a necessity in the Lord's work as it is in worldly business. In Chicago the ordinary telephone costs from \$150.00 to \$175.00 per year, but there is a telephone system now being installed in Chicago which would answer for this purpose which need not cost but \$18.00 per year. Sister Emmel has been praying for a telephone for six months, and has been trying to influence the telephone company to furnish one free of cost, but in this she has been unsuccessful. Will you help to defray this expense? Send donations to Fannie Emmel, Supt. Life Boat Rest, care of LIFE BOAT, 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

We are indebted to the *Chicago American* for the cuts of the child drunkards reproduced in the last issue.

#### NEWS AND NOTES.

Carol Enger has joined the corps of workers at the Chicago Branch Sanitarium.

Lucy Winegar has again returned to Chicago to act in the capacity of head cook at our Branch Sanitarium.

Miss Ernestine Hoaglan will assist in the treatment rooms and Hygienic Cafe that are just being opened in Milwaukee.

Della Hinshaw, who has been spending a few weeks at her home in Woolson, Iowa, has again returned to the Chicago work.

Selma Dahl has resigned her position in the Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital to take a position in the Chicago Branch Sanitarium.

Nellie Wiggins, who spent the first year of her nurses' course in Chicago, has again returned to take up the work in connection with the Chicago Branch Sanitarium.

Our workers who are devoting a part of their time to selling LIFE BOATS in Chicago are meeting with unparalleled success. They average from fifty to one hundred copies a day.

The Grand Trunk Railroad arranged a special excursion over their road at the laying of the corner stone of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. This enabled many of our Chicago workers to visit Battle Creek and witness this interesting event at a very trifling expense.

Much of the success of the anti-cigarette movement during the past two years has resulted from the wide circulation of *The Boy*, the organ of the Anti-Cigarette League, with headquarters in Chicago. This is a unique publication, which has a special cartoonist and a fine corps of contributors. It is furnished at fifty cents per year, twenty-five cents in clubs of four or more, and fifteen cents in clubs of twenty or more, to one address. Address, *The Boy*, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago.

Those of our readers who are not taking the *Youth's Instructor* are missing a feast of good things every week. It would be difficult to conceive how seventy-five cents could possibly be invested in literature that would be so instructive, helpful and entertaining. Address,

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR,  
Battle Creek, Mich.



### FOUND THE LIFE BOAT IN A WASTE BOX.

Dear Brother—I have been reading your little paper, called THE LIFE BOAT, and got very much interested in it. It is the first time I have seen it, and in a place of this kind it is all right. I found one in the waste box, and, having nothing to read, took it to my cell and read it, and I only wish I had lots more. I read it four or five times, and every time it gets better to me. If I had the money I would have one every month, but as I have none I will have to do without it.

I was born in Illinois, but went to the Philippines to fight for the flag. I came back only to get into trouble. Thirty-three months' fighting for Uncle Sam did me no good, and I am here for my misdeeds on the law. I have three years and one month to stay, and then I leave for my old home to stay. If I could correspond with the good people in Chicago, I would do so, for I have nobody to write to, and it would help me a great deal.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,  
Yours, in His name,

The anti-cigarette song, found in this issue, is from the new song book issued by the Anti-Cigarette League, which is meeting with an enthusiastic reception wherever it is introduced. The book has a specially designed red, white and blue cover, and is gotten up in a very attractive manner. Price, ten cents each, or one dollar per dozen. Address Anti-Cigarette Headquarters, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago.

For six cents we will mail the little booklet, entitled "How to Live Well on a Dime a Day or Less," which is brimful of helpful suggestions in regard to hygienic cookery. Or we will supply it to anyone who sends us one new subscriber for THE LIFE BOAT. The prices of larger works will be furnished upon application.

New matter for the San Francisco column was received just too late to appear in this number.

The monthly summary and donation lists were crowded out of this issue on account of other important matter.

### PRISON CORRESPONDENCE.

We wish all of our readers could have the blessed privilege of reading the host of interesting, touching, or pathetic letters which come to us from prisoners all over the country. We have space for only a few this month, but will publish more next month. There are hundreds of prisoners, some of them serving long sentences, who never receive a letter from a living soul; and some of them, at least, would appreciate a good letter from some level-headed, kind-hearted, Christian man. We should be glad to receive immediately the names and addresses of those who will be willing to open up correspondence with such prisoners, it being understood that your letters shall pass through our Prison Department so that we may be sure they contain nothing that prison officials could not fully approve of. It would not be right for us to secure from these officials selected names, and then forward indiscreet letters written to these prisoners, but we hope that this slight restriction will not prevent anyone from undertaking this who is really anxious to do some real good in this direction. The following extract is from a letter recently received from the corresponding secretary of a prison Christian Endeavor society:

"If some of your good, practical men desire to open up personal correspondence with a few of our men here, I will arrange to bring it about. Our men can write but once in two weeks, so might not be able to answer promptly, but I will give you the names of those most likely to be helped by a good letter from a Christian man. There are men here who have not had a personal letter since coming, in some cases for twenty years. A big field is here; where are the reapers?"

### SUBSCRIPTION PREMIUMS.

For fifty yearly subscriptions, we give as a premium, a splendid, ladies' or gentlemen's, silver case, good jeweled-movement watch.

For twenty-five subscriptions we offer a set of sterling silver-plated knives and forks.

For fifteen subscriptions we offer a first-class gold-pointed fountain pen.

For ten subscriptions we offer a handsome set of nut picks and nut cracker.

For five subscriptions we offer a very pretty child's set, consisting of knife, fork and spoon; also, a pair of small scissors.

#### THE SERVING OF HYGIENIC FOOD AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Good people are in great danger of forgetting that man has a body as well as a soul, and that a complete gospel offers something for both; that the Bible exhorts us to "glorify God in the body and in the soul." Physical righteousness was a key note in primitive Christianity, but during the dark ages it was very largely lost sight of, and the spiritual uprising in modern times has not yet fully restored to us this glorious truth.

The Chicago Medical Mission work has always sought to carry in one hand physical reforms and relief for the body, and in the other hand the simple gospel which inspires and cleanses the soul. This is why the visiting nurses' work was our first missionary effort in Chicago.

The next enlargement was the opening up of the first free baths in the city. The next was the establishment of the Workingmen's Home, where poor men could not only have the gospel proclaimed to them in word, but could also have a wholesome meal and a clean bed, and have their clothing disinfected while they were asleep—all with the expenditure of only a few pennies; and if they could not afford even this small sum, in many cases an opportunity was given to earn it.

The next institution to be opened was our Training-School Wards, where the sick poor could have extended to them the benefits of rational treatments and the best of surgical aid at the smallest outlay of means, even in many cases absolutely free.

The next extension of the work was the establishment of several free dispensaries, where those who are not able to avail themselves of more elaborate medical opportunities could drop in for a single treatment, administered by Christian attendants. Here many a poor wanderer heard for the first time a saving gospel, while at the same time it was applied in a practical manner to his perishing body.

The higher classes suffer just as keenly from the effects of an unwholesome dietary as do the poor and wretched. It was the recognition of this fact that prompted us to open, last fall, the Hygeia Dining Rooms near the University of Chicago, so that those students who wished to avail themselves of its advantages might enjoy the blessings

of the clearness of mind that naturally accompanies the eating of wholesome food. We are glad to say that this enterprise has been liberally patronized from the first by the students, and the majority of them recognize that the establishment of this institution was not prompted by commercial reasons.

We have long felt that the commodious rooms of the Life Boat Mission, where meetings are held each evening, ought to be utilized for some good purpose in the day time, so we are now putting tables in this room and are preparing to serve elegant hygienic meals to business men and all others in this vicinity who wish to avail themselves of the benefits to be derived from a wholesome dietary.

The gospel mottoes on the wall will tell the same sweet story during the day as they do in the evening, and on every menu will be a printed invitation to come to the Mission in the evening. The table waiters who serve these meals will, as far as possible, be on hand in the evening to assist in doing personal work for lost souls. We believe that the readers of THE LIFE BOAT will see in this an almost ideal combination of the spiritual and physical gospel, and we trust that you will not only pray for God's blessing to rest upon this next advance move, but will assist in the starting of this enterprise. It will require several hundred dollars to properly equip the basement so the cooking can be done there, and to purchase tables and the necessary dishes.

#### OUR DIRECTORY.

American Medical Missionary College, 2 and 4  
Thirty-third Place.  
Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 Thirty-third  
Place.  
Chicago Medical Mission, 2 and 4 Thirty-third  
Place.  
Workingmen's Home, 1339 State Street.  
Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street.  
Life Boat Rest for girls, 442 South Clark  
Street.  
American Medical Missionary Dispensary,  
3558 Halsted Street.  
Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5750 Drexel Ave.  
Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store,  
3314 Cottage Grove Avenue.

Those of our readers who are deeply interested in Bible study cannot subscribe for any journal that will be found so helpful to them as *The Signs of the Times*, published in Oakland, Calif. Subscription price, \$1.50 a year.

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