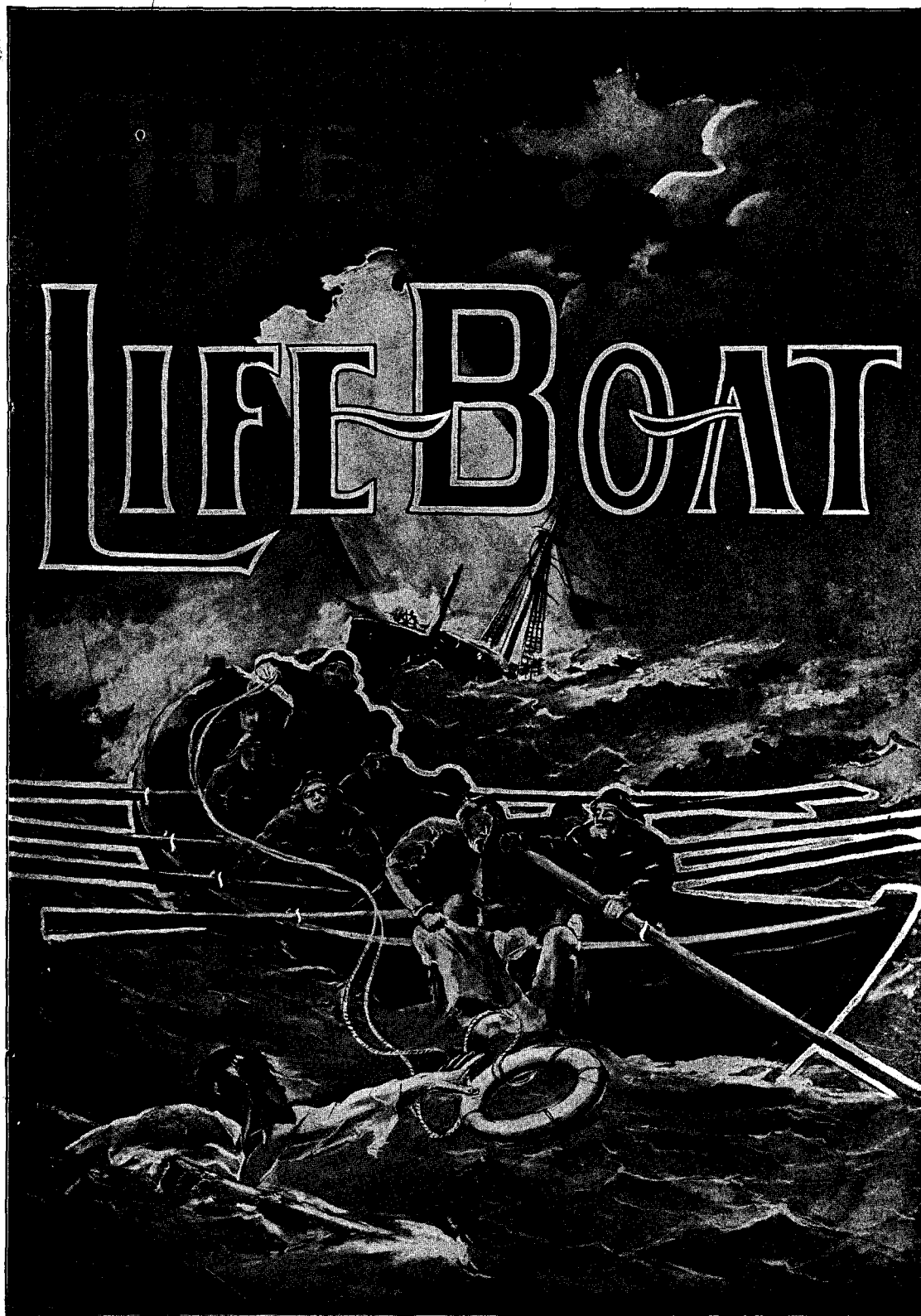


Special Prisoners' Number NEXT MONTH

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VOL. IV

1926 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

NO. 1



INSTITUTIONS OF THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION



A SECTION OF THE MISSIONARY NURSES CLASS OF THE CHICAGO MEDICAL
MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL, 1926. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION AND ALLIED CHARITIES

Established 1893

Under the supervision of the International Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D., Superintendent

N. W. PAULSON, Treasurer W. S. SADLER, Secretary
Resident Physicians

W. B. HOLDEN, M. D. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
MAMIE A. PAULSON, M. D.

JULIA A. WHITE, M. D. A. W. GEORGE, M. D.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS AND PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS OF THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION AND ALLIED CHARITIES

Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School

This school is conducted in the large building at 1926 Wabash avenue. The course of instruction includes gospel principles, personal and evangelistic work, physiologic, general nursing, and the use of rational remedies in the treatment of the sick.

Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street

E. B. VAN DORN, Evangelist.

This Mission is located at 436 State street, near the corner of Polk street, in the very heart of one of Chicago's storm centers of vice and crime. Gospel meetings are held every evening in the year at 7:45 P. M. The Life Boat Mission carries forward its work in co-operation with the Workingmen's Home and other associated institutions.

Workingmen's Home, 1341 State Street

W. E. WILLIAMSON, Mgr. J. A. SKINNER, Chaplain.

This is the oldest of the group of institutions comprising the Chicago Medical Mission. The Home is supplied with baths, laundry, and facilities for fumigation. Lodging is furnished at ten cents a night. Food is supplied at a penny a dish. A Bible study and gospel service is held each evening at 6:30 P. M. There is connected with the Workingmen's Home an industrial department, known as the Rug and Carpet Department.

Good Health Hotel 1351 State Street

The Good Health Hotel is a sister institution to the Workingmen's Home, and thus affords a good clean Christian home free from tobacco smoke and disorderly conduct, for the Mission converts and others.

Children's Christian Home, 2408 South Park Avenue

THEKLA BLACK, Matron.

This institution is designed to care for children under the age of eight years, who have only one parent,—either father or mother being dead. The majority of cases are children of deserted or widowed mothers. A day school and a kindergarten are maintained in the Home.

Free Dispensary, 136 Twentieth Street

The dispensary and surgical wards are located in the Training-School building, entrance on Twentieth street. Physicians and nurses are in daily attendance at the dispensary where pa-

tients receive not only ordinary prescriptions, but baths, massage, electricity, and various other rational treatments. Treatment at the dispensary is free. For patients received into the institution, a charge is made according to the circumstances of the patient.

Missionary Nurses' Department. Headquarters: 1926 Wabash Avenue

MRS. H. N. GARTHOFNER, Matron.

This department has placed at its disposal a number of Battle Creek Sanitarium Trained Nurses who are in readiness to answer calls at any hour day or night. These nurses are skilled in Massage, Electricity, and the administration of all kinds of baths.

Visiting Nurses, Headquarters: 1926 Wabash Avenue

A corps of missionary nurses are engaged in working for the poor. There is no line of missionary work which is more needed in a large city and none more helpful than that of the Visiting Nurse. The missionary nurse not only ministers to the physical wants of the sufferer, but is able also to point the soul to the Source of spiritual rest and peace. These nurses are at work in the most destitute sections of the city.

The Maternity, 1926 Wabash Avenue

DR. JULIA A. WHITE, Matron.

This department of the work is located in a wing of the building at 1926 Wabash avenue, and is provided for unfortunate young women who have been led from the paths of virtue, but have not yet given themselves up to vice, and who eagerly grasp the helping hand reached out to save them from sinking lower into the yawning gulf which is ready to receive them.

Life Boat Rest 481½ South Clark Street

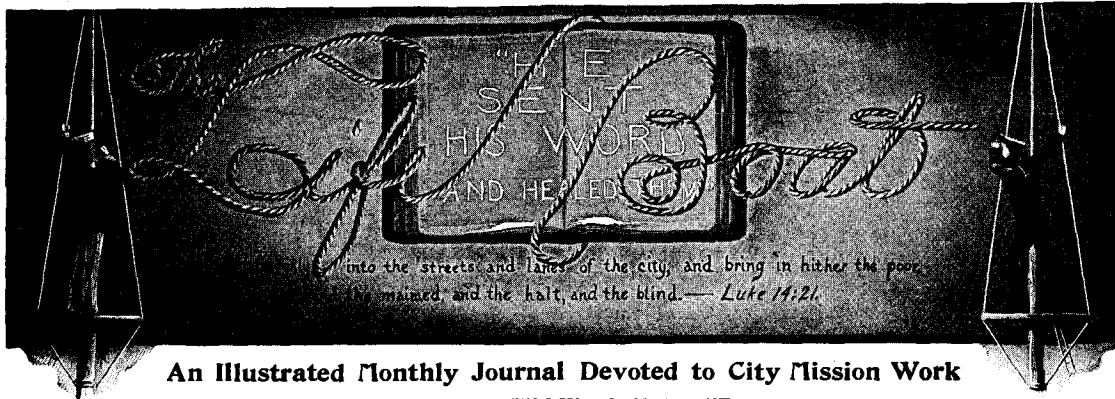
FANNIE EMMEL, Matron.

This institution is the youngest of the Chicago Medical Mission group. It is located in a very submerged portion of Chicago. It is a building two stories high, the lower floor consisting of one large room fitted up as a reading room for girls. The institution is kept open till after midnight, and co-operates with the Life Boat Rescue Service which has its headquarters at 1926 Wabash avenue. Aside from what is earned by these workers in selling the LIFE BOAT during the evening, the Rest is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its support.

Life Boat Rescue Service. Headquarters: 1926 Wabash Avenue

MRS. W. S. SADLER, Matron.

The object of this department is to reclaim fallen women, the work being done by women rescue workers. Married women, of mature age, and trained nurses, go out into the streets of certain districts, and elsewhere to extend an invitation to their lost and fallen sisters who are so entangled in the intricate meshes of vice and sin as to be unapproachable in any other way. As a result of this work, scores of lost souls have been restored to society and their homes, and are to-day rejoicing in their deliverance from the very gates of hell.



An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to City Mission Work

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR

Volume 4

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1901

Number 1

Nobody Cares

S. I. CORNISH

Do you hear that lament from the highways,
From the joints and cellars a cry,
From the gutters a moan so heartrending?
Ah, it says, "I wish I could die."

'Tis not for the world they are sighing,
For its crime and contention and woe;
They are tired of self and are longing
A better existence to know.

They have found that the world is delusive,
And wish that they never had been;
Just ready to give up the struggle,
Not knowing the Saviour of men.

Salvation they fail to discover,
And Satan still leads them astray;
O where is the friend now to greet them
And kindly to show them the way?

Then hasten! for millions are sinking
And falling far short of the goal,
And many, yes, many are saying
That nobody cares for their soul.

"He Careth for You"

DR. GEO. D. DOWKONTT

From an address delivered at the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School

THEN Jesus had an incident with that poor woman in Simon's house, the woman who bathed His feet with tears. Simon had invited the Saviour to his house, probably to enable some of his friends to hear Him talk. They probably had said they would like to hear this rabbi, but there were always so many people around Him. So Simon invites Jesus to dine, and gives his friends an opportunity to hear Him. This poor woman came in and saw that the first courtesy that should have been paid to a visitor in those days, the provision of water with which to wash one's feet, after they have become hot and dusty from wearing sandals, was omitted, so she bathed Jesus' feet and wiped them with her hair. While she does that, Simon says to himself, "If this man is what He professes to be, He would know what sort of woman she is, and would not allow her to touch Him: I

wouldn't." Then Jesus, who knew all his thoughts, says to him, "Simon, I have something to say to you." Simon says, "Oh yes, say on." Of course that was what Simon invited Him there for. Then Jesus tells him the parable of the two debtors, and adds, "You see that poor woman there, and you know that you provided no water with which to make my feet comfortable, but she has not ceased to bathe them with her tears. Why? She has been forgiven much. She loves much, so she does much. You don't love very much. You have no idea of forgiveness; with you it is merely a show business." Then there is this other woman. Some think it was this same woman at the sepulcher. If so, we can understand why she stayed there. And yet everybody else went away, but she got a wonderful blessing. She was the first one to see Him after His resurrection. She stayed there, and the Lord came. The Lord cares for each one individually.

I know of a young man who stood alone in the heart of Africa. When I first knew him in 1877 his

A Lone Missionary in Africa

mother was a patient of mine in Liverpool, and I was used by God as the means of leading her to Christ. Then she said, "Doctor, won't you pray for my boy Will?" We prayed for him. He was a pronounced atheist, and one of the most skilful conjurers that ever stood on the boards before an audience. I remember the first time I saw him. He came home to see his mother. I did not force religion down his throat. If you are going to catch a bird or a fish you have to do it gently, for if you make a grab at it, it's gone. He was retiring one night, about midnight, and found himself on his knees at his bedside, and he did not know what brought him there, but we did; God brought him there in answer to prayer. He said to himself, "What are you doing here? You don't believe in this sort of business." There came to his memory a verse of a hymn that his grandmother had taught him when he was a little boy:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Then he put the light out and got into bed. The last thing he could think of was the word "sleep." But he could not sleep. I remember him giving up his

business, after coming home. I remember him smashing up his conjuring apparatus, which cost him a hundred pounds of English money, and selling it for truck for ten shillings (two dollars and a half). I referred him to Acts 19:19. This boy lies buried in the heart of Africa to-day. Within six weeks after my coming across here, in '79, that boy followed me, and I took him right into my home, and he was like one of my own children. He lived with me on and off, and went to school, then finally went through his medical course in New York city, the first student of our society (the International Medical Missionary Society), and took his degree in March, 1884. In October, 1884, I said "Good-by" to him, as he went away, to the heart of Africa, never to see him again on earth. When he had been there twenty long months without any communication from the outside world, alone among savages, his health gave way, and he prayed to the Lord to take him out. It was more than he could stand. He had just got to a position something like that of this woman at the sepulcher, feeling a loneliness because the Master had gone. In such a wonderful way, that he never knew before, it seemed, so he wrote me, as if the Master walked right into that little room—hut—where he was; and the presence of the Master causes a person to break down. Then his little colored boy, who was his faithful servant, who waited on him, saw the doctor break down, and in tears, and knew not what it meant. He went to him sympathisingly, and said, "Massa got more pain?" "No, the pain is all gone, the trouble all gone," was the reply. Then he wondered why he cried. You know people sometimes cry for joy. Well, he said, when he wrote me, it was as if the Lord had sat down there and talked with him. The Lord saw him and his loneliness, and He came to him in a wonderful way. It may be that some of you here this morning will come to a lonely place in your life. If you ever do, you think of Mary at the sepulcher, and it will help you. Then he prayed as he had never prayed before, that He would lift him up, and that he might build his school-house that he wanted to build. The Lord raised him up, and he was able to do the work he wanted to do. Then he started away thinking he might get to the coast, and tell what he had seen, and he journeyed along with his carriers and faithful boy. One day, two days, they tramped on towards the coast. When he got forty-eight hours from the station on his way down, the Lord said, "It is enough;" and his earthly work was brought to a close. There were the natives. What they did, was carry that dead body all the way back again. It had taken them forty-eight hours with him alive, and it took them much longer than that, with him dead. Some four years after his death, another young man went out to this field. He called on me on his way, and said he was going out to take up the banner that Somers had let fall, in the heart of Africa. He went, and the natives, when they saw the white man, rushed to him and looked at him, and said it was Somers come back again. He said he was not. Then they said he must be his brother, and to this Somers agreed, for he was his brother in the Lord. Then they took him to the grave and showed him where Somers was buried and told him what things they had done. About three and a half years that man labored there, establishing a mission on the other side of the river, and there he won hearts to Christ, and succumbed and died. On either side of that river lie the graves of those men. A year since, there were more than a hundred out-and-out converts. They had to be out-and-out, to stand the persecution from their fellows. The wonderful work in that region is going on and it is just as the Master said: except a grain of wheat die it abides alone, but if it dies, it brings forth much fruit.

A Visit to the Dispensary

A. W. GEORGE, M. D.

LET us pay a visit to the dispensary and wards, and as we pass through we will talk of some of our experiences. We endeavor not only to give medical relief to these men, but spiritual help also. This is the waiting room, full of sick people. As occasion demands, we will dress the sores, set the broken bones, and send others to the bathroom to be treated. While treatments are administered we seek to give some gospel truth and to point them to the Great Physician of soul and body.

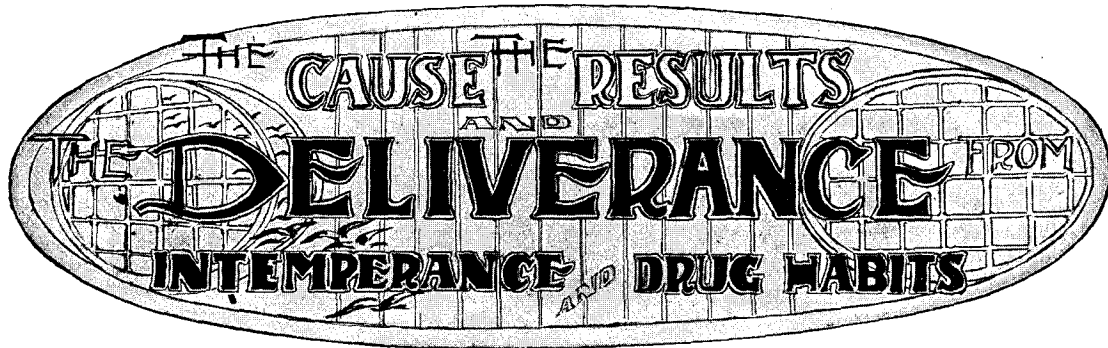
It may be that among them there is one who has only some trifling ailment which he has made the excuse for coming, with the hope that we will give him some spiritual treatment. We talk and pray with such a one and he goes away resolving to live a better life.

Some time ago a young man came into the dispensary and said that he was at the Life Boat Mission the night before and there determined to live a better life. All night he had walked the streets because he had nowhere to go but into a saloon, and he would not go there for fear he would drink. It was evident that he had come for spiritual help. I explained to him the Christian life and we both knelt in prayer to our Father in Heaven. He went that morning to the converts' meeting at the Life Boat Mission. I have observed him since and he is leading an upright and useful life.

Not long ago a man came in with the smell of liquor on his breath. He felt so bad because of his condition, that when he tried to speak he would choke with emotion. He was struggling in the chains of a cruel habit, and longed to get free. We gave him treatment for a few days and when he was ready to go I called him into my office to tell him what he must do to get free from this habit. I told him he must abstain from taking into his system anything likely to weaken him morally or physically—anything that would tend to create an appetite for liquor. He saw the importance of this and a new hope dawned upon him as he resolved to obey. We knelt together and sought the Lord for His help.

We will now call upon the men in the ward. Here is a man who has suffered the pain and inconvenience of having on one leg an ulcer almost as large as your two hands, and on the other two more. The surgeon has operated upon him recently and he is now watching with satisfaction his sores get smaller every day. The patient over here has for many years been bound with the morphine habit. He had rheumatism, and by using morphine to ease the pain, contracted the habit. Many times he had tried to give it up but failed. After enduring a day or two of agony, such as none but those who have passed through it can understand, he gained a complete victory. The other morning he exclaimed, "Thank the Lord, doctor, I am free from this awful habit and I know I am for ever." There are others we might speak of, but space will not suffice for us to consider all. We must conclude our visit here and tell you more another time.

At the commencement of a service at the Mission recently, four backsliders and twelve sinners raised their hands for prayer.



Third Article

Mental, Moral, and Physical Effects of Intemperance

BY THE EDITORS

I.—GENERAL EFFECTS OF THE USE OF ALCOHOL AND HABIT-FORMING DRUGS

The day of God alone will be able to portray with absolute accuracy the baneful effects of intoxicating liquors and such drugs as morphine, opium and cocaine upon the race. Human estimates are liable either to overestimate or underestimate such results. Recognizing this to be a fact, we shall only seek to emphasize those effects that can be substantiated either by the most reliable statistics, or have been demonstrated by precise scientific experiments, or have been so commonly observed in ordinary experience that their truthfulness can scarcely be doubted.

(a) *Poverty*.—Some of the most reliable statistics at present obtainable on the subject of the liquor traffic are those in the official report of the Committee of Fifty, appointed several years ago, to probe the various phases of the liquor problem in a more thorough-going and unbiased manner than had been previously attempted. The chairman of this committee was the Hon. Seth Low, President of Columbia College. The committee included some of the most renowned men of the nation. While the thoughtful reader may question some of their conclusions, it is certainly no more than justice to recognize that their statistics cover a very extensive field, and were gathered in a most painstaking and careful manner. The chapter in this report on the subject of "The Relation of the Liquor Problem to Poverty" contains many facts which ought to furnish food for serious reflection. After carefully analyzing thirty thousand cases of pauperism, it was found that nearly 37 per cent. owed their unfortunate situation either directly or indirectly to drink. The absurdity of the argument that the saloon helps, by the license it pays for, to support public institutions can be clearly recognized when it is remembered that the liquor traffic is responsible for nearly one-half of the pauperism that calls for public support. The percentage of actual poverty, however, indicated in such returns only partially represents the true condition of affairs. God alone knows the number of poor widows who are struggling at the midnight hour to support the children of a degenerate and desperate father, and to prevent their becoming objects of public charity.

(b) *What the Liquor Traffic Costs*.—The facts and figures relative to the expense of the liquor traffic and habit-producing drugs are but the smallest item to be

considered in this connection. Broken-hearted and disappointed wives; children who must bear the stigma resulting from their fathers being drunkards; fond ambitions crushed into the dust; happy family circles converted into domestic hells; are, after all, the most deplorable features of this question, and these cannot be estimated by statistics or in dollars and cents.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Labor in 1896, 58,000,000 bushels of grain were used in this country alone for the production of intoxicating liquors. This represented almost a bushel of grain for each inhabitant. In the same year \$957,000,000 of capital were invested in the liquor traffic. From the report of the Committee of Fifty we learn that 364,000 persons are in some way engaged in the liquor traffic in this country; and, assuming that each represents the head of a family, it is safe to estimate that nearly two million persons are actually supported by an enterprise which necessarily makes paupers, desperadoes, criminals, and lunatics of an infinitely larger number.

It has been estimated that as many as seventy-five thousand individuals in Chicago are addicted to the morphine, opium, and cocaine habits. The majority of these undoubtedly use several grains of the drug per day. As this sells on the average at fifty cents per drachm, it can be readily seen what an enormous sum of money is annually expended for these habit-producing drugs.

A leading Chicago paper recently computed that there were enough beer barrels emptied in Chicago each year to extend from Chicago to Washington, D. C., if laid end to end. There is annually manufactured over fifteen gallons of malt liquor for every inhabitant in this country. Even in the most destitute and poverty-stricken portions of our great cities the saloon appears to flourish; while frequently the home of the poor laboring man has to be sold to pay the taxes.

(c) *Relation of Intemperance to Frightful Disasters*.—Reliable statistics upon this subject are unavailable. But a large number of the most serious accidents that have occurred upon the great lines of travel, as well as in factories and various other institutions, have been traced to blunders committed by individuals whose minds were more or less stupefied by liquor, or whose mental activities were daily being paralyzed by the "moderate drinking" delusion. The superintendents of these great enterprises universally recognize that it is a wise policy to enforce total abstinence among their employes. But an evil which strikes so deeply into the very vitals of society cannot, of course, be fully eradicated simply by rules, regulations, or even by strict orders.

(d) *Effects on Posterity.*—A very large percentage of epileptics, defectives, and degenerates are the children of dissipated parents. Many a man who has inherited such mental and physical powers as to be unable in one short lifetime to absolutely squander them by intemperate habits, is compelled nevertheless to witness the terrible effects of the same even "to the third and fourth generation."

2.—EFFECTS ON THE BODY

The Creator never intended any cord in this "harp of a thousand strings"—our bodies—to vibrate merely for the gratification of self. It cannot be denied that there is a temporary exhilaration which results from the use of intoxicating liquors, but, as Dr. Haig, of London, has well stated, it is merely placing a mortgage on the future nerve energy, which nature will sooner or later foreclose with tremendous interest. The progressive physical deterioration which results from the use of alcohol is very evident in almost every organ of the body.

(a) *Digestion.*—There is no function of the body which it is more essential to maintain at its normal standard than that of digestion. When digestion fails all other functions are proportionately retarded. The idea that in some way digestion can be improved by the use of alcoholic liquors certainly must have been originated by the devil. Nevertheless, the idea has become so deeply fixed in the minds of thousands that it has required the united efforts of the best men in the medical profession to combat the delusion.

It was to furnish reliable scientific data upon this subject to present to the American Medical Temperance Association that Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, several years ago made an extensive series of experiments upon this subject. At that institution, by a careful chemical process, it is possible to ascertain the exact amount of work which the stomach performs during the first hour of digestion. This is accomplished by siphoning out the stomach contents one hour after a test meal has been eaten, which are then submitted to chemical analysis. It was found that when individuals took even moderate doses of alcoholic liquors the actual digestive work performed, instead of being increased, was practically reduced to nothing. In some cases absolutely no digestive work was done. This demonstrated beyond a doubt that alcohol retards rather than promotes digestion; although, alcohol, being an anaesthetic, so paralyzes the nerve endings in the stomach, as to effectually silence certain distresses which existed before it was partaken of. Of course, the real difficulty was not removed.

(b) *Nervous System.*—The trembling fingers, the unsteady gait, the hesitating speech of the chronic user of alcohol, tell their own story as to the effect of intoxicating liquor upon the nervous system. Recent laboratory experiments upon this subject demonstrate clearly that the ability to accurately perform any given act is greatly lessened by even small doses of alcohol. The nervous system is the medium through which God especially communicates with the human soul, and is the portion of the body that is particularly susceptible to the insidious influence of these death-dealing drugs.

(c) *Muscular Strength.*—The erroneous and superstitious notions of the past must give way before the thorough-going scientific investigations of the present. The time-worn notion still exists, even in the minds of some members of the medical profession, that in some way alcohol can make a weak man strong. Upon this point Dr. Bunge writes as follows: "A paralytic symptom, which is erroneously regarded as one of stimulation, is also found in the deadening of the sense of fatigue. There is a strong belief that alcohol gives new strength and energy after fatigue has

set in. The sensation of fatigue is one of the safety-valves of our machine. To stifle the feeling of fatigue in order to be able to work on, is like forcibly closing the safety-valve so that the boiler may be overheated. Alcohol makes no one stronger; it only deadens the feeling of fatigue."

Several years ago scientific experiments were made by an eminent investigator upon this subject. An individual was selected, and the strength of each group of muscles in his body was carefully tested by an instrument devised especially for this purpose. He then drank a few ounces of liquor, and a short time afterwards again went through the same test. Although he imagined he was lifting a great deal more than before, yet the results when summed up revealed that he had lost about 20 per cent. of his lifting capacity. This demonstrated mathematically the truth which Dr. Bunge had already so well stated theoretically.

The largest proportion of alcohol, when taken in large quantities, can be recovered unchanged in the various excretions of the human body, but the fact that a small quantity disappears in the body, and is undoubtedly oxidized in the same way that food is, has led many to believe that in some way alcohol could take the place of food, and thus actually contribute to physical strength. But when it is recognized that even this small quantity of alcohol retards, interferes with, and injures to such a marked extent, other important functions of the body, the fallacy of this argument will be apparent. It would be like employing a night-watchman in an institution who continually stole more goods than would ordinarily disappear if none were employed at all.

(d) *Delusive Effect on Bodily Heat.*—One of the most characteristic deceptions that alcohol imposes upon its victims, is the notion that it affords protection against cold. As a matter of fact, just the opposite effect is produced. Alcohol paralyzes the blood vessels in the skin to such an extent that a large quantity of the blood is diverted to the skin where it is cooled unnecessarily; at the same time the victim of alcohol is deceived by a sensation of warmth on the surface of the body, which is the only place where we are conscious of feeling either heat or cold. The real fact of the case is that if the patient's temperature is taken it will be found that the general bodily temperature is rapidly falling, so in reality all that alcohol does for the man who is exposed to severe cold is merely to permit him to freeze to death with the impression that he is warm instead of cold. Upon this point, the testimony of those who have traveled in the frigid regions of the far north, is so generally known that it is sufficient merely to state that total abstainers always can resist the greatest amount of cold, and are ordinarily found to be fairly comfortable when their intemperate companions have already succumbed.

(e) *Alcohol and Longevity.*—The fact that occasionally one finds some lone remnant of a sturdy stock of humanity who has inherited such a degree of physical resistance that he has been able to withstand the paralyzing influence of the habitual use of alcoholic liquors for three score years or more, is no proof that alcohol is not responsible for thousands of premature deaths. No eminent surgeon is willing to risk his reputation by performing a serious surgical operation upon a habitual drunkard, because he recognizes that his vital forces are so weak that he is very likely to die either upon the operating table or from the resulting shock of the operation a little later on. Let the drunkard and the pneumonia germ become too intimately acquainted, and how quickly the patient passes off the stage of action, while his totally abstinent neighbor living across the way, perhaps suffering with the same disease, makes a good recovery. Some of the English life insurance companies are be-

ginning to recognize this fact, and are therefore classifying their policy holders into moderate drinkers and total abstainers. The results of this classification constitute a very damaging testimony against even the moderate use of alcohol.

(f) *Interference With Normal Elimination.*—The health of the human organism depends upon the proper elimination of the waste matter daily produced within the system, and the use of alcohol *diminishes* the elimination of the waste products of the body. A leading scientist recently ascertained the amount of kidney secretion from a healthy individual that was required to kill a rabbit when it was injected under its skin. The same individual then took several ounces of brandy, and twenty-four hours later a rabbit of the same weight was selected, and it was then found that it took a much larger quantity of the secretion of the kidneys to kill the rabbit; thus showing that as a result of partaking of the liquor the body was not eliminating nearly as much of its normal poisons. This fact is of tremendous importance, especially in such diseases as pneumonia and typhoid fever, where it is universally recognized that the system is almost saturated with various poisons. How irrational and unwise it would be in such cases to prescribe alcohol in any form, when it directly interferes with the normal elimination of the very poisons that are producing the disease.

(To Be Continued)

Cause, Prevention, and Cure of Acute Rheumatism

ACUTE articular rheumatism is a serious malady which affects principally the more important joints of the body, and sometimes results in terrible deformities. The underlying cause of rheumatism is undoubtedly an accumulation of uric acid in the system. Rubbish gathers in that portion of the river where the current is the slowest, and, as the circulation is most deficient in the joints, some of these waste products of the system have a tendency to crystallize at those points and set up irritation. Uric acid is one of the waste products of the body, and so it is very evident that persons predisposed to rheumatism should avoid eating portions of an ox, for this would tend to increase the amount of waste products in their systems. That some have rheumatism while others escape, although living upon the same diet, is doubtless due to the fact that some naturally have better eliminative powers than others.

TREATMENT.—The essential thing to do is to discard at once the use of flesh foods, tea, coffee, tobacco, and any other things which tend to overload the system with poisons. When a ship is about to sink at sea, the captain does not hesitate to throw some of the more useless luggage overboard; and so the man who is predisposed to rheumatism, if he wishes to keep his head above the disease line, must clear his table of these hurtful articles of food and substitute in their place fruit, thoroughly toasted grains and breads, and avoid excesses of all kinds.

If the patient is so unfortunate as to already have this disease, an abundance of water drinking and the entire absence of all food, with the exception of fruit, for a couple of days will be extremely beneficial. The treatment must be such as will increase the patient's power of elimination, and at the same time tone up the general strength. Hot packs and hot baths of a temperature that will produce copious perspiration will be highly beneficial. The skin ordinarily eliminates about an ounce of fluid an hour, but when a man is made to perspire profusely he can sweat fifty

times this amount in the same length of time. Following the hot treatment, the patient should be sponged briefly with cold water, avoiding however the inflamed joints. In rheumatism special care must be taken that the cold treatments should be short, and *immediately* following the hot treatments, so that there shall be no difficulty in producing a prompt reaction.

At night a moist compress should be worn over the inflamed joint. A very satisfactory method of applying this is to wring a muslin cloth out of cold water and wrap a single thickness around the joint; then put on several layers of cotton, then a layer of some impervious material, such as oilcloth, mackintosh, or in the absence of something better, several layers of ordinary newspaper, and then secure all firmly by pinning over it very snugly a layer of flannel. The heat produced after a reaction has taken place will be retained about the joint by this kind of compress, and so the limb will virtually have a gentle fomentation all night long. In the morning when the compress is removed the surface should be sponged quickly with cold water, and hot applications should be made to the joint for a few minutes every hour during the day. If the case is treated in this way under ordinary circumstances the patient will be entirely relieved in a few days, and will almost invariably be freed from any aggravating after-results.

Some people who have been moderately careful in their diet and are not in the habit of drinking tea and coffee suffer with rheumatism, and are very much puzzled as to the reason for it. It will generally be found that on account of the vicious habits of their parents in these directions they have inherited weak and defective powers of elimination. Their "fathers ate sour grapes," and therefore their "teeth are set on edge."

D. P.

One Dollar Given Away

The publishers of the *Medical Missionary and Gospel of Health* make the following special offer: To each one who will send us his name and address and two one year subscriptions to the *Medical Missionary and Gospel of Health*, fifty cents each, we will send free a box of health foods worth one dollar at the retail price. The box will contain the following:—

- 1 Tin Protose,
- 1 Tin Nuttolene,
- 1 Large Package Granose Biscuits,
- 1 Full Package Granola,
- 1 Full Package Caramel-cereal,
- 1 Small Package Bromose,
- 1 Copy Midwinter Number of "Good Health."

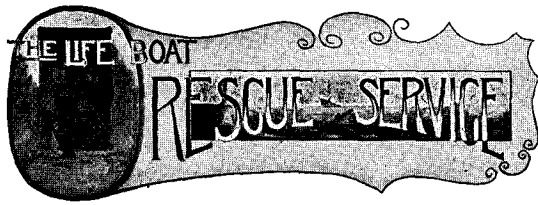
The total value of the above, at regular retail price, is \$1.02. This box will be sent absolutely free for two subscriptions to *Medical Missionary and Gospel of Health* and \$1.00. If you are already a subscriber to the journal, send in one new subscription with your renewal for the year 1901.

Beginning with the January number, the *Medical Missionary and Gospel of Health* will be enlarged in scope and greatly improved.

The next volume will be rich with thrilling reports of actual experiences of medical missionaries in home and foreign fields.

The box is free.

This offer is good for sixty days.



**What can I do to Help the Life Boat
 Rest and its Rescue Service?**

1. You can become a monthly contributor to the support of the Life Boat Rest. Any sum will be acceptable. If you desire to help in this way, write to us.
 2. You can pray for the workers at the Life Boat Rest as they carry forward their trying and difficult work.
 3. You can join our One Dollar Club, composed of those who subscribe one dollar a month to our Relief and Aid Fund.
 4. If consistent, you can open the doors of your home to receive some soul reclaimed from sin, and thus help us to help these helpless ones to help themselves.
 5. You can send rugs, towels, sheets, pillow-slips, sofa-pillows, or table-cloths.
 6. You can send good magazines, books, and religious papers. Back numbers will not be of much use.
 7. You can tell some one about the work of the Life Boat Rest and get them interested to help us and pray for us.
- *****

One Evening's Experience

FANNIE EMMEL.

(Matron of the Life Boat Rest.)

THE promise "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," we see fulfilled in our experiences every night. Though weak, helpless, and fearful of ourselves, God does in a marked way enable us to become so lost to everything else that we go fearlessly into dens of sin and iniquity, from the most brilliant and attractive palace to the barrel-house in the slums.

Having started with THE LIFE BOAT for our night's work we found ourselves at eleven o'clock in a buffet on South Clark street, mirrored on every side, beautifully furnished with the finest chairs, polished tables, and lighted until day never was brighter. At one of these tables sat a beautiful girl, waiting for some one to come in and treat her to whatever might be her choice. Taking a chair at her side, I presented our work. Most courteously and kindly she asked me to come back the next evening and she would buy a LIFE BOAT, as she could not then. This gave opportunity for conversation with her. I did not need to tell her that I was a missionary and her friend, nor that she was a deep-dyed sinner. After telling her that often in our work gentlemen give us ten cents for the paper, frequently a quarter, and as that had been

my experience that evening, if she would interest herself in reading it, she might have one and welcome, for we felt someone else had really bought it for her, she seemed very grateful, and said, "On those conditions I will certainly take it." By this time she was ready to tell me all about her load of sin.

How different the lives of these poor souls are to what they seem to be at first sight. After listening to this poor girl's story, which was no exception to the general rule, she begged us to return. They will not invite us to their rooms, and when we ask the privilege, they look at us in amazement, and finally grant it. This poor soul seemed so grateful when I asked her if we might call on her, that she assented, and gave us her address.

Then I went to another girl, who once had the peace of Jesus in her heart, but who little by little had drifted away from God, until she was finally overcome by the enemy. And not wanting to be a hypocrite, she had made up her mind to enjoy sin for a season; but she said, "When I turn to be a Christian again I mean to be one and serve the Lord right." Touched by the Spirit of God, and softened by His kindness, she confessed that her own experience had verified the words of the prophet Isaiah: "There is no peace saith the Lord unto the wicked." And with such a longing, anxious look on her face, she sighed for the lost treasure. She bought a paper.

While I was talking to this poor soul, the one to whom I had first talked sent one of the waiters for me. I went. She motioned me to a beautiful girl at her right. My soul seems almost crushed to the earth when I see these poor girls giving their lives, and the temple that God has made and tells us that He lives in, to be used in such a way. This young girl had been in this place but eighteen months, and she had not yet reached that degradation that a very few years of this life brings them to. As I sought to lay before her the stepping stones to the barrel-houses on the lower end of State street, the first of them being the glass of ruddy wine in the brilliantly lighted buffet, she could not but acknowledge it. She seemed to appreciate my effort to help her, and showed it by her actions. She bought a paper, and handed me a quarter. When I gave her the change, she bade me keep it all, very much to my surprise, for it was the first time a lady had given me that amount for a paper.

Near by, my co-laborer, Miss W., was speaking to a number of girls. During the conversation a man interrupted and told her how for eleven years he had lived a happy life with his wife. She, too, had been a missionary, but she had died. For three years he tried to live right, and as a man should, but finally, influenced by associates, he decided to be like them and to take up for himself what appeared to be a happy life to them. "But," said he, "what is the matter with me? Since I have come to that conclusion and have begun to carry out my resolve, I have always met something like this. Am I haunted, or what is the matter, anyhow? One time I meet the Volunteers, and next the Salvation Army, and now here *you* are to haunt me; what am I to do?" (Oh! how the Lord seeks to prove to us His love.) We sought to show him how the Lord was seeking to save, and in his distress he cried out; "I can't understand it. I don't know what to do. I go home only to mourn over my disappointments." We asked him if he did not know the Scripture said "Quench not the Spirit," and added, "Is not that what you are trying to do?" He said, "Yes, but I know I am a better man for these things coming to me. I do not want to fall to the level that I see some men descend to. I want to live a good life, and I will make a stronger effort to overcome. I will be a better man."

We thought by this time it must be growing late, so we went toward the door, saw some more anxious faces, and stopped to speak a word of hope to them,

and if possible leave a message for Jesus. The young lady to whom I went was very sorry she could not take one of our papers, but when I told her that someone else had paid for the paper, and if she would read it and accept it, she might have it, she very gratefully took it. She then told me she had once been a Christian, and a member of the choir. I asked her if her mother knew where she was, and if she heard from her. With hot tears flowing down her cheeks, she said: "No, mother don't know what I am doing. She thinks I am working out somewhere, and I never want her to know, but I write to her." Mothers, where are your girls? For three years she had been living this life. While not satisfied, she was not willing yet to give it up. She told me how, through misplaced confidence, she had strayed away from God, and come to where I found her. When I said, "Sister, do you receive callers like us?" she was astonished at my calling her "Sister," and asked, "Why do you call me 'sister?'" I asked her if the same God that made me did not make her, and if the Father of us all was not her father as well as mine? She said, "Yes." Then I said, "Certainly if God is my father and your father, then you are my sister." She said, "It is very kind of you to feel that way. I know people who call themselves Christians who would not even speak to or look at us. When I told her that I did not see how we could feel any other way than we did, that only the grace of God accepted or rejected in our lives made any difference, she requested us to visit her, and gave us her address.

Having become absorbed in our work we forgot the time, and when we got to the Mission it was fifteen minutes to twelve o'clock. There we found the dear brethren in the closing prayer of the midnight meeting. Those engaged in prayer did not know that we had slipped in very quietly, and our hearts burned within us as we heard them pour out to our Heavenly Father their earnest petitions for the sisters from the Life Boat Rest, who were out selling THE LIFE BOAT. "They are late, and we do not know where they are, but you do, Lord. Give them souls for their efforts and take care of them." They little realized we were witnesses to the answer of that prayer before it was made, for God did most wonderfully bless and take care of us as we witnessed for Him.

Plan of Support for The Life Boat Mission and The Life Boat Rest

While many departments and institutions of the Chicago Medical Mission and Allied Charities have sufficient earning capacity to support themselves, or very nearly so, the Life Boat Mission, 436 State street, and the Life Boat Rest (for Girls), 481½ South Clark street, are entirely dependent upon contributions for their support. It has been the occasion of much regret during the past year that the workers in these institutions have had to spend so much of their time in endeavoring to raise means to pay the rent and to meet the other necessary expenses. These two institutions are conducted with the strictest economy, and it will require but a small effort on the part of our friends in the way of monthly contributions to meet the expenses during the year 1901, and thus leave the hands of the workers free to labor

for souls, to minister to the sick, and to seek to uplift fallen humanity.

We earnestly invite you to become a monthly contributor to the support of either one of these institutions. Whether you can give twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or a dollar a month, it will be gratefully received and conscientiously expended. To all our monthly subscribers we will send a special letter each month, giving them an idea of what is being accomplished, month by month, thus enabling them to intelligently pray for the work. Just at present these two departments are in great need of financial help, and any contributions outside the monthly offering will be particularly acceptable.

All donations should be addressed to the Chicago Medical Mission, 1926 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure to mention whether they are for the Life Boat Rest or The Life Boat Mission.



Who Will Keep Me for My Mamma?

Who will open their heart and home for this little baby boy? His mamma loves him dearly and does not want to part with him for good. Would you like to take him into your home? Write us at once. Address, THE LIFE BOAT, 1926 Wabash avenue.

Monthly Subscriptions to the Life Boat Rest

"Where many help the burden is light."

Mr. A. Rice.....	1 00	Mr. N. W. Paulson.....	1 00
Mr. W. R. Schick.....	1 00	Mrs. Fanny Miller.....	1 00
J. W. Gossard.....	1 00	Mrs. Carrie Metzger.....	1 00
Mrs. W. K. Kellogg.....	1 00	Mrs. Bell Kershaw.....	1 00
Mrs. W. S. Sadler.....	50	Mrs. T. P. Bedford.....	50
Dr. Mary Wild Paulson.....	50	Mrs. Miles.....	25
Miss Hinshaw.....	25	Mrs. C. P. Hurd.....	25
Mrs. Wooster.....	25	J. F. Byington.....	25
Miss Thompson.....	25	Mrs. Carrie Dodge.....	25
Miss Lena J. Steinel.....	25	Miss Jessie Bolton.....	25
Mrs. Abrams.....	25		
		Total.....	\$12 00



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

The Christian Life

In this issue of THE LIFE BOAT we begin a new department, namely, THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. In opening this department the editors have in mind three purposes:

1. To afford an opportunity whereby our vast family of readers will be able to exchange views and helpful suggestions concerning practical phases of Christian experience.

2. To afford opportunity for the sincere inquirer to ask practical questions concerning the Christian life.

3. To present to our readers from month to month short, pointed, practical, suggestions concerning the Christian life; how to obtain its fulness of blessing, etc. These articles will be written largely for the purpose of helping young Christians over the many difficulties that are encountered in the beginning of the Christian warfare, as well as to encourage and cheer the older soldiers of the cross.

We sincerely hope that every reader of THE LIFE BOAT and every member of The Life Boat Mission League will co-operate with us in making this department a success. For plans, etc., our readers are referred to the note below.

Practical Questions Questions concerning apparent difficulties and obstacles in the Christian life will be welcomed, and they will be answered in this department in the order in which they are received. Also questions from the unconverted who desire light and help. Be sure that every question is accompanied by the full name and address of the sender. The name is not desired for publication, but that we may be able to write personal letters, as many of the questions will be better answered in that way.

It is designed that this department of THE LIFE BOAT shall be a means of communication whereby our subscribers may be able to help each other in overcoming the obstacles, enduring the hardships, and understanding the trials of the Christian's warfare. *Every reader of THE LIFE BOAT is invited to contribute short articles of experience.* You are invited to tell in plain and simple language how the Lord has helped you in the work of overcoming besetting sins, in controlling your temper, in being pleasant about home, etc. Short letters, giving bits of real experience that shed light upon the following and similar subjects, are especially desired:

1. What must the young Christian do to grow in grace?
2. Kindness and patience at home.
3. Christianity in the workshop.
4. Faith and feeling in the Christian life.
5. Living by principle.
6. How all things work together for good.

7. The blessing of trial and trouble.
8. The good in disappointment and affliction.
9. The young Christian's difficulties.
10. Small causes that lead to great backsliding.
11. Faith vs. feeling in prayer.
12. The danger of doubt.
13. Influence of diet upon the Christian life.
14. The influence of physical work upon the Christian life.
15. The danger of grieving the Spirit or trifling with light,

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

1. Write briefly. Make your article as short as possible.
2. Write only on one side of the paper.
3. Do not write matters of business or other questions in the same letter. Put these on separate sheets of paper.
4. Only articles of actual experience are wanted.
5. Be sure to give your full name and postoffice address at end of each article.
6. Do not forget to enclose a stamp for reply.

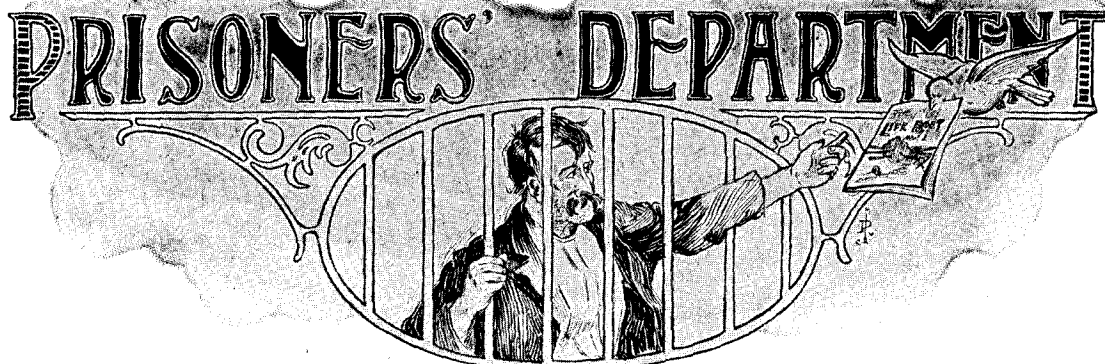
Results of Spiritual Exercise

EFFORT in behalf of others, thus seeking to avoid the soul poisoning which is sure to result from moral inactivity, is one of the greatest promoters of pure religion. Just as running water never becomes stagnant, so the religion of the acting, living, working Christian seldom deteriorates and becomes impure.

No other work will so quickly show the Christian his own defects of character as that of constantly seeking to help his fellow-men over their defects of character.

The man or woman who is ever seeking to uplift the fallen, to assist men and women to break the chains of sin and wickedness that bind them so tightly, is led to see how weak a thing the human will is, and how easily the human soul is made an almost hopeless prisoner in the prison-house of vice, sin, and crime. Thus the soul is saved from thinking those thoughts and laying those plans which might have for their motive the exaltation of sinful self. W. S. S.

You cannot catch chickenpox from smallpox; neither will people catch a spirit of service for Christ and humanity from you if you do not have it. We cannot give to others something we have not got. We cannot be missionaries without the missionary spirit, and we do not get a missionary spirit by simply resolving to have it.



Delay in the Third Annual Prisoners' Number

Our readers will observe that the Prisoners' Number has been delayed another month. This is due to the fact that we did not have sufficient donations to issue a very large edition, and having no funds on hand with which to go ahead with the work, it was necessary for us to postpone this Special Number, for one month; believing that in the meantime we would be able to raise sufficient funds to issue quite a large edition. Consequently, this is our last call for help in this direction. Remember, we print and mail one copy of THE LIFE BOAT to prison for every penny donated to the Prisoners' Fund. We really have to issue quite a large edition of the paper in order to be able to do this. We ask our readers to read the following letter which has just been received at this office, and judge for themselves the great good that may be accomplished by a small donation to the Prisoners' Fund:—

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

Your letter of the 12th notifying me that my subscription to THE LIFE BOAT had expired was duly received. I thank you for the interest you have taken in me, for I could not possibly do without THE LIFE BOAT. I ordered my subscription renewed, the same day I received your letter. No doubt you have often wondered why I have never written to you, since I have been receiving THE LIFE BOAT for over a year. But I have a loving wife and two dear little children at home, and I could not spare you even one letter. For they even count the days from the time they get one letter until papa writes again. I am sure you will excuse me for not writing before this. Let me tell you how I came to get the first LIFE BOAT. Before that time I did not know there was such a paper as THE LIFE BOAT. When I was coming to this place, a gentleman came into the car, and sat down near me. Of course he knew what I was, for he could see the hand-cuffs on my wrists. And I did not have to guess twice who he was, for he carried a Bible in his hand, and was dressed in minister's clothing. As I had always had a kind of horror of a preacher, I turned my back to him, and looked out of the window. After riding that way for some time he touched me on the arm. I turned round just as he put a paper in my coat pocket, at the same time asking me if I would read it. I did not know what it was, but supposing it was some religious tracts and not wanting to be rude, I promised to read it. He started a conversation, and of course he did all the talking. He told me he was an evangelist. I found out he was on his way to hold a series of meetings at my old home settlement, and after that he did not have to do all the talking. I can tell you. I had not seen

my old home for ten years, and what surprised me when I came to think about it afterwards, was that he led me on until I had told him, an entire stranger, my whole history. Then he pulled the paper out of my pocket and asked me if I would read it if he sent it me. I told him I would, not knowing yet what it was, and it proved the turning point of my life, for it was the first Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT. May, 1899. I have it yet, and I expect to always keep it. He sent my name and a year's subscription to THE LIFE BOAT. That is not half he has done for me. He writes to me and has been to see me a number of times. I only wish I had met him twenty years ago. Then I would never have been here. He is the first good man who ever really took an interest in me. My parents died when I was six years old. I never had a home until I got married and made one for myself. I never went to school a day in my life, and what little education I have I picked up myself. As I recall my past life; I often wonder that I did not come to a great deal worse than this. But as I am yet a young man, with God's help and the influence of this gentleman I will yet become a useful man. I ask you all to kindly remember me and my family in your prayers, that we may be an unbroken family in heaven. I would be pleased to hear from you or anyone connected with THE LIFE BOAT. It seems as if I am acquainted with you all."

F. C.

x x

No Longer is He a Bar Tender—

"I feel that I would be condemned if I went out of this room without testifying for Jesus. Only two years ago I was handing out beer to my fellow-men. I tended a bar from the time I was eleven till I was nineteen years old. Christ spoke to my soul while I was serving beer. I had a bottle of brandy at one end of the counter, and a bottle of Holland gin at the other end, and two bottles of beer in the center. Four persons were standing in front of the counter, drinking. But at that moment I was drinking something for which I have never thirsted since. To give up that occupation meant running away from home, because it was father who was managing the business, and also giving up between seven and eight thousand dollars. But I have got something now I would not take all Chicago for. I went to all the surprise parties I could get to then, but now I have a surprise party all day long and Jesus shares it with me. Instead of serving out that accursed liquor, I am so glad that I am dealing out the water of life, of which if a man once partakes, he shall never thirst again."—
Heard at the Mission.



SOCIAL MEETING AT THE LIFE BOAT MISSION

(Stenographically Reported.)

Saved by a Drunkard's Testimony—

I don't believe I shall go from here satisfied, until I have given my testimony. I was a sinner up till the fifties. I wandered round in the wilderness of sin for many years, making money and squandering it. But I want to say my only hope to-night, and the ground on which I stand, is the promises of God. I was brought to God through the confession of a drunkard. I was trying to get away from my sins but I could not, and I got so low I believed there was no salvation for me, when this drunkard told me his experience. He told what kind of a man he had been, and I made up my mind that if God Almighty could save such a man as that, He could save me. That night I said, "I want to quit drinking and to be a Christian." That was six or seven years ago, and I have been a Christian ever since. God bless this mission work."

He Heard the Gospel on the Street—

"A week ago to-night I found that the Lord Jesus Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. As I came out of a saloon I heard Brother Mackey talking on the street. I was very fond of music; the devil had music in the saloon, and that is one reason I used to go there. But I thank God my heart is changed, and now I know of a better place where I can hear music, instead of going to a saloon to hear ragtime songs. I heard someone singing "If you love your mother meet her in the skies," and I resolved to do so. I am now on the Lord's side. When I came to Him, He made me whole. I can report a week of victory to-night"

Saved Four Weeks—

"I praise God He has kept me four weeks. I never had a praying father or mother, but I have found Jesus. I have seen life at its best and worst, and I never want to see its worst side again. I don't see why anybody should not be a Christian."

A Skeptic and an Ex-Convict Converted—

"It is not pleasant for me to stand here to-night, but I want to tell you the truth. When I came to Chicago I thought all Christian people were Christians for what there was in it. I have very recently been discharged from prison, and I came to this city wearing the clothes given me when discharged. I tried to get employment, and it seems that the police in this city know prisoners pretty well, so I had not been here more than half an hour before I was arrested on suspicion. The next morning however I was discharged. This morning one of the Mission workers allowed me to wear his coat and vest instead of my own. I do thank God I finally got among men who are Christians. I found employment in this city, and I am going to work to-morrow. I have always

been afraid of Christian people before. The Lord bless this Mission and bless every man who wants to do right."

It Happened Two Years Ago—

"I am only a young convert, but I can thank God to-night I can stand up here and witness for my Saviour Jesus Christ. Two years ago to-day about nine o'clock, I got into Chicago, with all kinds of resolutions of what I was going to do. I was going to settle down. But two hours later you would have found me drunk on South Clark street. Do you suppose I wanted to be like that? No. But I could not help myself. I thank God that on December 11 I stood across the street from the Mission, disgusted with everything I had done. I looked back on my past life and all its broken resolutions. My own brother even would not speak to me because I got drunk. On December 15 I raised my hand for prayer, after going to the Mission for four nights. I did it little thinking how much good I should get from it. Then a worker came to me and talked about my soul; then I knelt down and asked God to be merciful to me a sinner. I was dirty then. But they called me brother, and that night I broke down completely. I had not been used to being called a brother. I thank God that He took the desire for whiskey out of me, and I have never wanted whiskey since. I don't want to go to the theater now, nor to smoke nor drink. I have got something better than all this, and the change God has brought about in me is marvelous."

Christ Brought Him Home and Happiness—

"I want to thank God to-night that I can give my testimony. Three years ago the first of this month I wandered into the Mission. I thank God that that night I heard that Jesus died for me. I was sitting in the audience half full of whiskey. I was a railroad man, and had broken up my home, sold my watch, and had been drinking heavily for six weeks. My wife could not trust me out of doors. I tried all the things to help a drunkard, but there is nothing but one thing, and that is the grace of God. For nearly forty years I served the devil. For twenty-two years I have been railroading, but thank God that in the last three years I have had such happiness as I never had before. I took it for granted that if God would do that thing for criminals He would do the same thing for me. I used to sing and dance up and down Clark street for what there was in it—nothing but a bowl of soup, and beer. But now I have something better. God has put a smile on my face, money in my pocket, and made my home happy."

This man's wife followed, saying, "I want to praise God there is a Christ who can save and keep. My husband used to be a very miserable fellow, but praise God He has made a wonderful change. It is the blood of Christ that has made Him clean, and that made the

change in his heart that night. When he got up from his knees I could see the stamp of God on his face. Next morning I gave him a quarter with which to go and get some work, and use part of it for lunch, and part of it for street car fare. He promised to be home at half past four. That night at half past four he came home; and not only that, but he gave me back fifteen of the twenty-five cents I had given him. This did not surprise me, for I had the promise of Jesus Christ that He would take care of him. Praise God for His great and wonderful power."

Came to the Mission in a Drunken Stupor—

"I praise God to-night for His saving and keeping power. Four months ago to-night I staggered into this Mission in a drunken stupor but I praise God that He has saved me and kept me, and I can recommend this Saviour to anyone in the house."

Seeking Rest for His Body He Found Rest for His Soul—

"It is about eight months ago that I found peace and joy in this life. On the 6th of January I tumbled into the Mission and confessed myself a poor, lost, broken-down sinner, drunkard and gambler, as low down as anyone. I went into the Mission to get a place to sleep. That night the Spirit of the Lord revealed to me that I was lost, and I went down on my knees and asked God for Christ's sake to have mercy on me a sinner. The love of drink and gambling went from me, and joy and peace came into my heart, and have stayed there ever since. Now I am happy on the way."

Touched by a Song—

"I wish to give all the glory to God for my salvation. I was a wretched sinner. I went into a place where I heard the gospel preached and there I found out that I was a miserable sinner. The invitation was given to me to come up, and I went toward the organ. They asked me if I would not give my heart to Jesus. I was very ignorant, and did not know how to pray. But I knelt down, and there was such a load on me that I did not know what to do. My sins pressed me down. But they sang some songs that touched my heart. I asked God the best I knew how, to forgive me; and peace came into my heart. I received the Spirit of God. This moment I am praising God for what He has done for me, and He will do it for you."

A Converted Sailor Testifies—

"It took me twelve long years to come to the point where I could realize my lost condition. I was traveling down the road that leads to ruin, and was a drunkard and a gambler, and almost everything else, and at the same time thought I was alright, when in reality I was all wrong. I was raised in a Christian home. I was taught to say my prayers, and read the Bible, and all that, but what good did it do me? When about thirteen years old, the devil had a grab at me and drove me away from God, out on the ocean as a sailor, and I have been traveling all through this country and in foreign lands, until the 6th of January. I was about as low down as I could be when I came to Christ. I was so burdened that I could hardly drag myself up to the altar, but when I came to Him the burden rolled off, and I was made a happy man. He has answered my prayer. Till that time I had no place of employment or to get a square meal. Everybody had run me down, but I thank God He gave me employment, helped me along, and found me a home."

From a Brother from the "Whosoever Will" Mission at New Orleans, La.—

"I want to-night to bring you a message of cheer and of greeting from the mission at New Orleans. It is the first opportunity I have had of visiting your Mission. We have had a number of your representatives helping us in our work there. We have had men come there who have asked for our prayers, and they have told us they had heard the gospel at the Life Boat Mission. They come there and register their names, stating they have found Christ here, and have gone right on serving Him there."

Mother's Prayers Were Answered—

"A sister sang on a street corner a song that touched the heart of a young man, who knew every den on South Clark street; who knew how to dishonor his father and mother. That man stands before you to-night. I want to tell you how I got out of it. That beautiful song touched my heart and then I listened to this text: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" which belongs to God. What can he? He can give nothing in exchange, unless he robs God. My father loved God's Word better than his life or his meals. I was reared in Sunday school, from the time I could lisp the word "Jesus," but the devil will snatch anyone who will surrender his all to him. Oh what a wreck I was. Do you think I love to tell it? Not I. But there is joy connected with that dark picture. I was lost, and the Son of Man says "I came to seek and save that which was lost." I was weary and laden with many sins, and beaten by many stripes, of Satan, and He says "I came for you, my brother. My yoke is easy and My burden is light. Will you follow me?" I took the dear Lord as best I could, because I did not think I'd stick. When I got home at night, I went in generally by a side entrance. They left the side door open for me. I would go in at all hours, and could get in by that door without waking the rest of them. That night when I stepped into the entry and got inside the hall and closed the door, my old gray-headed seventy-one-year-old mother was on her knees praying for her son, that God for Christ's sake would stop his wild career, and bring him home safe. I slept very little that night. I went to breakfast next morning, and tried to eat, but could not choke the Spirit of God out of me with food. I thought I could keep from telling them what step I had taken. The devil was tempting me as he tempted the Lord Jesus Christ. He tried me on all lines, but I proved the Lord to be true, and that He is just what He said—the way, the truth, and the life. Finally I got up enough courage to say, "Mother, I'm going to be a better boy." She said, "What?" and almost fell out of her chair. I said, "Last night I resolved, God helping me, to come over on your side." She replied, "Is it possible? God has answered prayer." God did answer prayer. And I want to tell you to-night that I have got the gladdest mother in Chicago. For thirty-one years she has known every step I have taken. She has watched my every move for I am her youngest son, and I can tell you brother, sister, prayer is powerful. I remember one time, an instance of prayer being answered. I know it was mother's prayer. I was at the time in a gambling den, and something told me to get out, and I went out. Just as I reached the stairway, every light went out, and I heard the crack of a revolver and then a cry, and a partner of mine came tumbling down the steps a corpse. It probably would have been me, but for a mother's prayer."

THE LIFE BOAT	
W. S. SADLER DAVID PAULSON, M. D. }	EDITORS
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS	
E. B. VAN DORN FANNIE EMMEL	MRS. W. S. SADLER THEKLA BLACK JULIA A. WHITE, M. D.

The Beginning of the Fourth Year

With this issue THE LIFE BOAT enters upon its fourth year. The editors feel very grateful to God for the unusual manner in which THE LIFE BOAT has been blessed by so many helpful providences and kind friends. Since the first issue of the paper, which was printed on a little job press, almost fifteen million pages of this little sheet have gone forth to the world, penetrating almost every sphere of society, carrying their message of good cheer and saving grace. We trust during the coming year, by the Lord's help, to make THE LIFE BOAT more useful and helpful than it has been in the past; and we hope that this year will witness the raising up of many new friends of THE LIFE BOAT and the work it represents.

Results of Bible Study

"Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." (John 15:3; 17:17.) The study of the Bible, in addition to being our chief source of spiritual nourishment, is the direct means of keeping the soul clean and the morals pure. The word of God has in it the power of the One who spoke it, and this power the Christian may have by laying hold of the words of life by living faith.

"Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth." (2 Peter 1:12.) We are to be established in the present truth. The word of God is to us the source of truth. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isa. 8:20.) The prayerful daily student of the Word is sure to be impressed with the reality of the great truth of God's eternal purpose. He must also be impressed that God is at work throughout the universe, shaping with the utmost care the smallest details, as well as managing with unerring accuracy the great astronomical plan of the heavens. The student of prophecy must be both admonished and inspired as he studies prophecies fulfilled and to be fulfilled. The sincere student of the word of God is sure to learn that in the Bible is sufficient to thoroughly furnish the man of God unto all good works.

W. S. S.

Type-Setter Wanted

There is an opportunity in THE LIFE BOAT office for a Christian type-setter; one who would appreciate the opportunity of working, perhaps part of the day, and attend bible classes, work at the Mission, etc. Anyone interested should address THE LIFE BOAT.

PREMIUMS FOR LIFE BOAT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Anyone sending us 50 yearly subscriptions, at 25 cents each, will receive a Ladies' Silvercase, richly engraved, open face, good jeweled movement watch; or Boys' plain polished, open face, good movement watch, either of which is worth, retail price, \$5.00.

For 25 subscriptions, we offer a set of sterling silver-plated knives and forks, retailed at \$2.50.

For 10 subscriptions, one set of sterling silver-plated nut-picks and nut-cracker; retailed at \$1.00.

For 5 subscriptions, one set sterling silver-plated child's knife, fork and spoon.

The Life Boat Advertising DEPARTMENT

1926 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Volume III

—OF—

The Life Boat

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Our last issue completed the third volume of THE LIFE BOAT, and a small number of copies have been neatly bound in cloth and stamped in gold. We have only a limited number for sale, and they can be had post-paid for one dollar. Address, THE LIFE BOAT, 1926 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Mrs. G. L. Swlft..... 25 00	Montgomery Ward & Co 50 00
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Mrs. R. E. Valleau.... 3 00	Philip Fredrum..... 5 00
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Mrs. Bradford Smith... 1 00	
Total.....\$234 08	

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A. M. Winnegar..... 3 00	Mary Goward..... 1 50
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Mrs. Marietta Drake... 5 00	H. N. Bates..... 5 00
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Total.....\$52 21	

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Mary Gibson..... 25	Dr. W. B. Holden..... 2 00
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Mrs. A. C. Clanges... 1 00	A Friend..... 5 00
Mrs. Mary A. Terrell... 50	Mrs. C. House & friends 3 50
C. E. Lee..... 25	Elisa C. Nordyke... 2 50
	A Friend..... 3 00
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J. C. Emery..... 25	Mr. & Mrs. Frank Clark 50
Maud Chiselor..... 50	J. T. Luyster..... 1 00
Mrs. J. S. Tucker... 1 50	A. J. Thomson..... 1 50
Charles J. Whitney... 3 00	
Total.....\$ 8 25	

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Mrs. A. C. Clanges.... 1 00	Mrs. Bradford Smith... 1 00
Total.....\$ 2 00	

WORKINGMEN'S HOME RELIEF FUND

Henry J. Storey..... 27	Mrs. Damon..... 1 00
Total.....\$ 1 27	

MATERNITY

Alma Wright..... 50	A. J. Thomson..... 1 00
Total.....\$ 1 50	

CHILDREN'S CHRISTIAN HOME

Victoria Cemes..... 1 25	S. J. Ashwood..... 25
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Mrs. M. Challoner... 50	Mrs. E. Devinney... 75
A. J. Thomson..... 1 00	Mrs. Bell R. Flesher... 1 00
Grandma Roaser..... 2 00	Mrs. Greers..... 1 00
Ravenswood Church... 2 72	Dr. Brighthouse..... 5 00
Total.....\$20 47	

Mina Hildreth, clothing and toys; Annie E. Baird, clothing; Sanitas Nut Food Co., four boxes nut foods; Miss Sarah Ann Hoyl, twelve pairs children's hose; Newfane & Wilson, clothing; May Peter, box of toys.

Grand Total.....\$488 23

Monthly Summary of the Work of the Various Institutions and Departments of the Chicago Medical Mission

Treatments given.....	542
Examinations.....	170
Prescriptions.....	11
Office treatments.....	126
Surgical operations.....	7
Admitted to surgical ward.....	25
Garments given.....	627
In Children's Christian Home and Branches	51
Days nursing.....	522
Meals served (penny lunches).....	39,792
Lodgings given.....	7,034
Used free laundry.....	4,993
Attendance at gospel meetings.....	4,995
Professed conversions.....	160
Gospel meetings held.....	62
Bible classes conducted.....	32
Testaments and Bibles given.....	60
Pages of other literature distributed.....	18,500
Requests for prayer.....	238

THE LIFE BOAT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

ILLUSTRATED

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Cash donations should be sent by P.O. Money Order, Express Order, or Draft on Chicago. If money is sent, the letter should be registered. Make all orders or drafts payable to the Chicago Medical Mission, and address to 1926 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Workers and Visitors

Charlotte Simpson has gone to Battle Creek.

Miss Jessie Bolton has been nursing in Joliet.

Mable Pringle spent a day at the Training-School.

Otto Lundell went to take up work at Battle Creek.

Mollie Devore enjoyed a short stay in Westfield, Ill.

Elder Santee has returned and spoken at the Mission.

Birdie Howland, from Wichita, Kan., was a visitor for a brief time.

Elder Hyatt, of New York, paid a short visit to the Training-School.

Claude Daly, of Salina, Kan., is night watchman at the Training-School.

Miss Anna Kellogg visited her sister, Mrs. Sadler, during the past month.

Mr. Hood left for Washington, D. C., where he is engaged in gospel work.

Miss Rose Ziegler acted as organist at the Mission during a stay in the city.

Mr. Musselman's family from Mt. Ayr, Iowa, joined him during the past month.

Mina Howe, of Hammond, Ind., sojourned in the Training-School for a while.

Dr. W. A. George has arrived and taken up the duties laid down by his brother.

Daisy Wheeler spent a day or two at the Training-School on her way to Battle Creek.

Mary Hunter and Mary Buford have been nursing in Joliet during the past three months.

Miss Black, the matron of the Children's Home, reports all-round prosperity in her institution.

Miss Emmel, matron of the Life Boat Rest, spent a few weeks with friends in Allegheny City, Penn.

Every Friday evening the service at the Life Boat Mission is taken charge of by the medical students.

The class of sophomore medical students spent five weeks in Chicago prosecuting their studies with vigor.

Miss Lockwood, Miss Jones, and Ray Jones have given musical selections at the Mission occasionally.

Celia De Lhorbe has returned to Battle Creek. She greatly enjoyed her three months' stay in Chicago and Joliet.

Ernestine Hoaglan, who has borne responsibilities at Joliet, recently enjoyed a visit with her mother in Milwaukee.

Dr. A. W. George has gone to Battle Creek Sanitarium, after being physician at the Training-School seven months.

Messrs. Wist, Crow, and Rice each occupied an evening at the Mission to relate the wonderful story of their salvation.

R. F. McPherson has arrived at the Training-School from College View, Neb. He is manager of the job printing department.

Miss Sarah Bolte enjoyed a much-needed rest with her friends in Detroit, Mich. She has again taken up her work as visiting nurse in Chicago.

Mr. R. T. Martin, superintendent of the Tyng Mission, Chicago, entertained the medical students at his home. They reported an enjoyable time.

Mr. Francis Wessels, of South Africa, recently made a tour of nearly all our institutions and expressed himself much pleased with what is being done.

We have received a letter from Minnesota stating that a thirteen-year-old boy cut wood to earn money to pay for THE LIFE BOAT. This is an example worth following.

At the Life Boat Mission one evening a very interesting address was given by Dr. Holden. He spoke chiefly about the wonders of the human body, his text being, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

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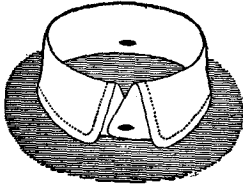
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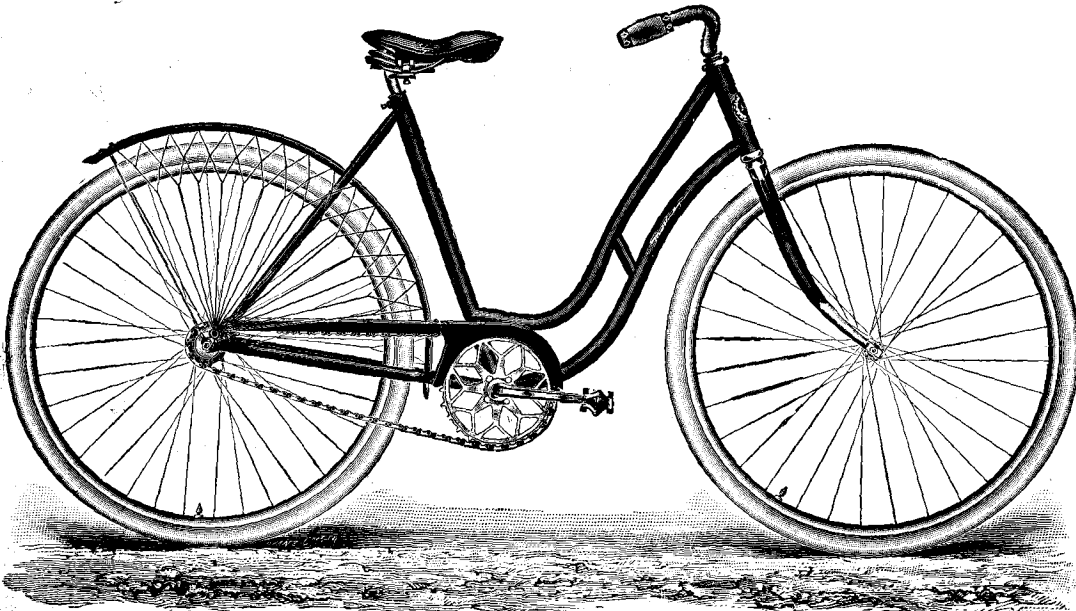
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