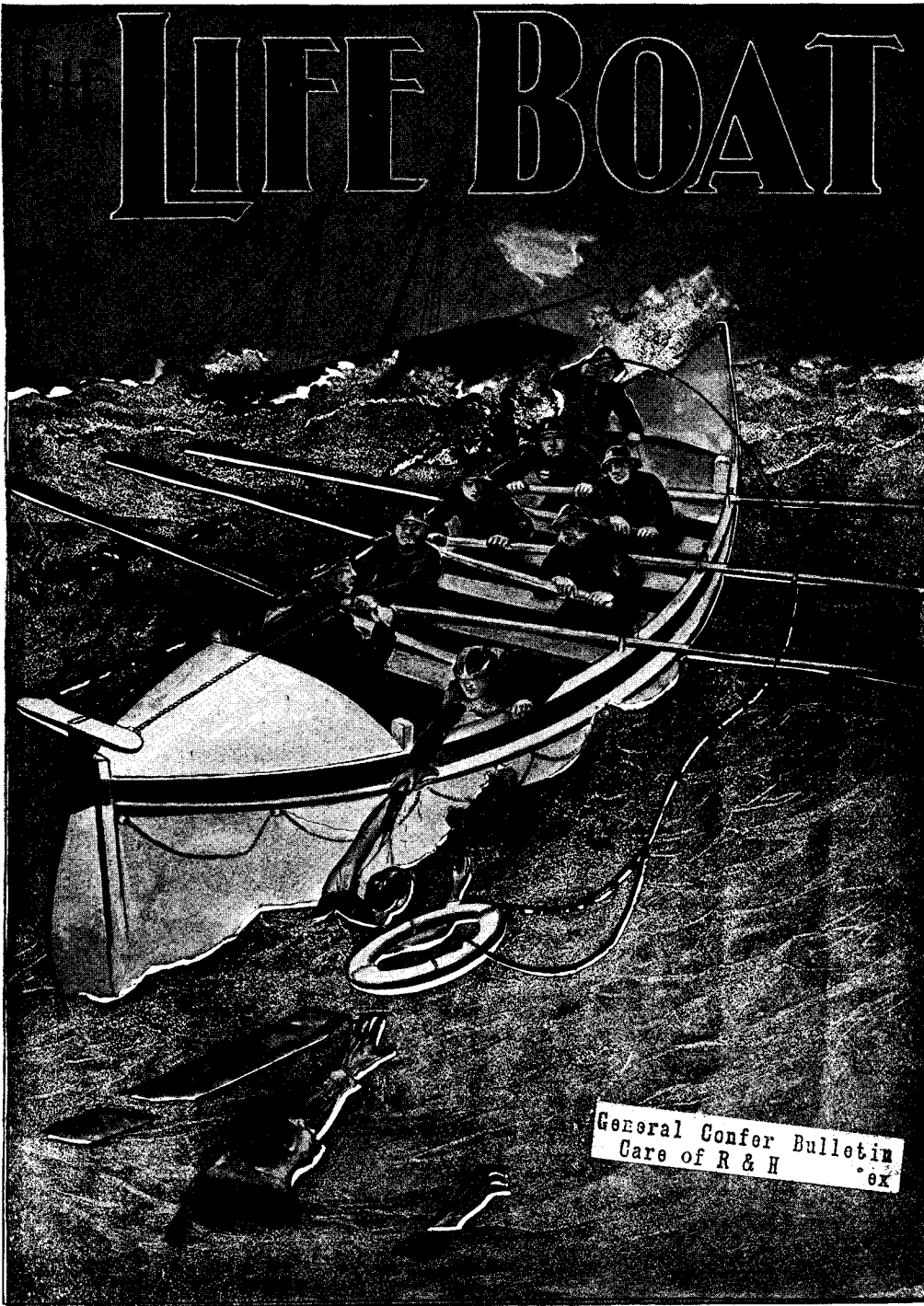


Published Monthly

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Volume Five
Number Two

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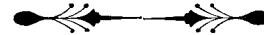
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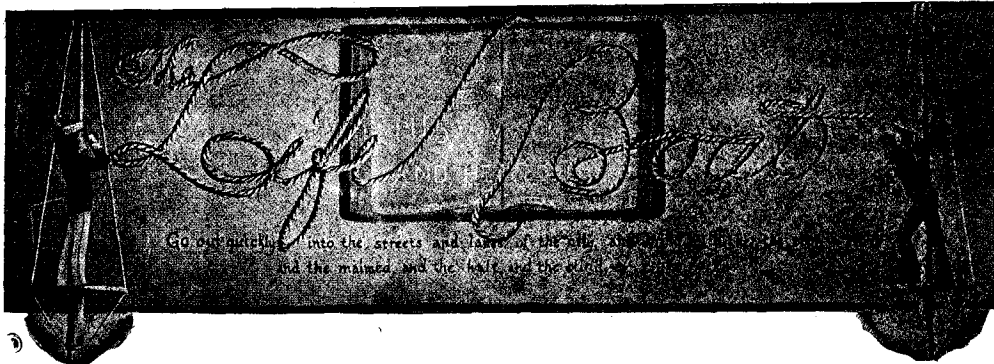
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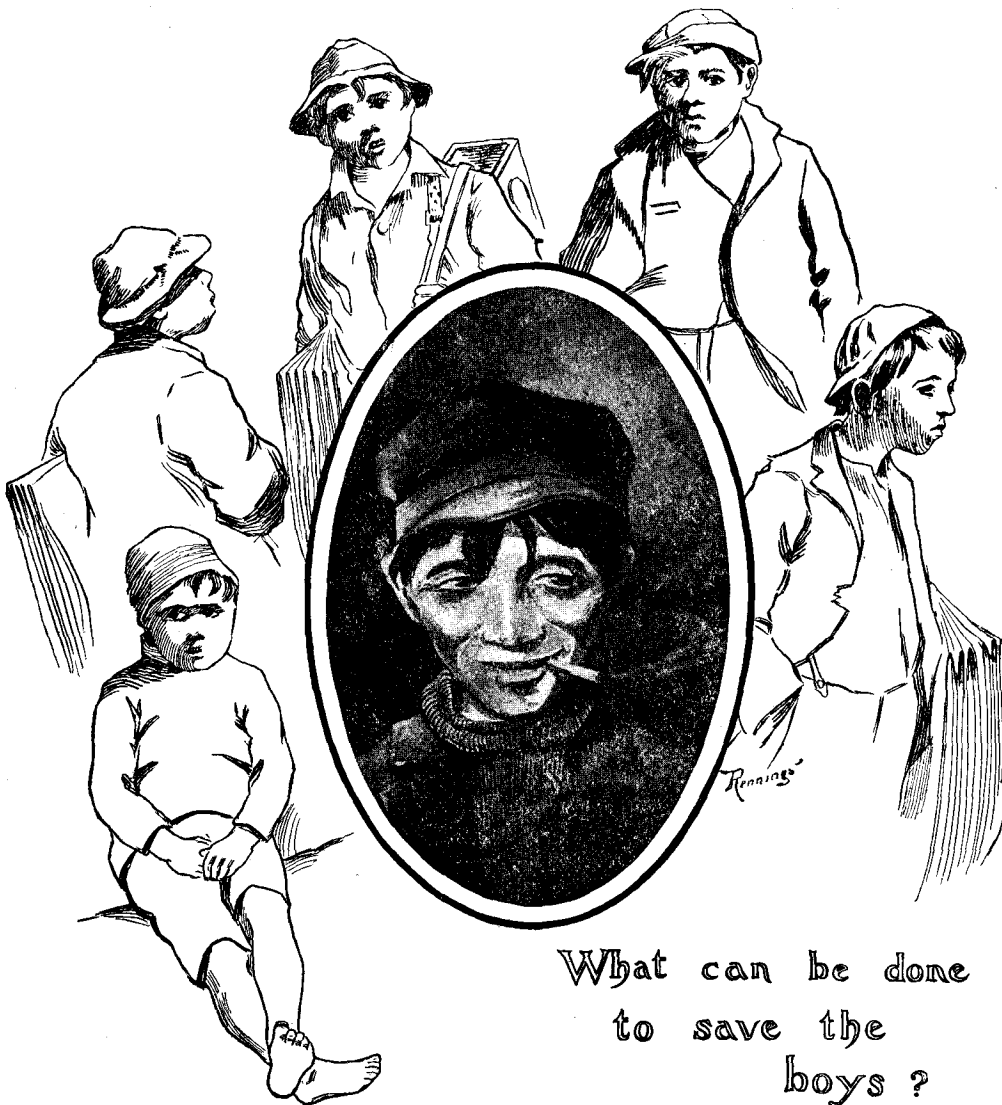
An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to City Mission Work

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR.

Volume 5

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY, 1902

Number 2



What can be done
to save the
boys ?

What Must be Done for the Street Waif.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

ALL children are born savages. None of us perhaps appreciates the enormous amount of labor required to tame and subjugate the animal man so as to bring under control the senses, the will and the judgment. The child of the most cultivated parents, brought up from infancy under conditions of savagery, would differ little, if any, in his conduct from the wild born savages about him. A boy requires an immense deal more training to fit him for life in civilized society than does a colt to enable him to do the work required of the ordinary work horse.

Criminals are for the most part children who have never been trained, or whose training has been bad. One third of the ten thousand boys and girls who constitute the child population of the prisons and reformatories of the United States, and the thirty thousand or more juvenile criminals found in the prisons of Great Britain are largely made up of orphans, thirty-three per cent, having been deprived of both parents, and a considerable proportion of the remaining two-thirds having but one parent.

These boys and girls are left to run upon the streets like community cats and dogs, and receive almost no training in the usages and obligations of civilized society. The worst savages today are to be found, not in the wilds and jungles of Africa or in tropical South America, but in the slums of our great cities.

Ill health tends to ill conduct. The weazened, rickety, unhealthy boy in the slums is far more likely to become a criminal than the robust, healthy, rosy-checked boy of the country, because of abnormal irritations and excipients which tend in a downward direction.

In New York, Michigan, and recently in Illinois, much progress has been made in the method of dealing with juvenile offenders, but so far very little has been done in the direction of the removal of primary causes. In my opinion these are very largely physical.

Large cities are veritable hot-beds of delinquency and crime. This must be in large part due to the artificial conditions imposed by city life. The unnatural diet, the indoor life, and an impure atmosphere are a few of the great factors which serve to give to city life a powerful degenerative tendency.

The best place for a child born with pernicious

tendencies is a good Christian home where proper mental, moral and physical conditions are supplied. Unfortunately all Christian homes do not supply such conditions. Many a boy whose parents are excellent Christian people is being daily trained into drunkenness by being fed with mustard, pepper, and other hot and highly stimulating viands. Experience has ever shown that the free use of flesh meats by children has a decided tendency to excite the animal propensities and to develop abnormal appetites.

I might state numerous instances of the wonderful results which may be obtained by giving a child born under unfavorable conditions, a thoroughly good environment. The Haskell Home for children at Battle Creek, Mich., affords many illustrations of what can be accomplished by good physical conditions. This work, begun in a small way less than ten years ago, was put upon a permanent basis by the splendid gift of \$30,000 by the late Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell, of Michigan City, and now shelters about one hundred and fifty little waifs from all parts of the United States; Mexico and Porto Rico are also represented there. A brighter and healthier lot of little people could not be found, notwithstanding the various evidences of defective constitution which these children presented when first brought under the influence of the Home. One of the most striking examples is the case of a child sent to the Home by one of Chicago's leading physicians, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson. This child was so badly afflicted with rickets that his case seemed to be practically hopeless. But the influence of a pure dietary, pure air, sunshine and a thoroughly natural life have in three or four years developed the frail infant into a healthy and vigorous child.

Another case might be mentioned—that of a small boy rescued from the slums of Chicago some three years ago. The little fellow, then four years old, had been running wild in the streets for a year, receiving practically no care whatever. He picked his living from the garbage boxes and the gutter, occasionally receiving a crust from some friendly saloon-keeper. He was familiarly known for a mile along Wabash avenue as "Huldah's Kid." His heredity was as bad as could be possible, and his environment, up to that time, had been worse than that of a savage. The only training he had had was such as he could get himself while picking his way under the feet of the



horses and the throng moving along the busy thoroughfare in quest of apple-cores and other fragments which constituted almost his only diet. He had had so little attention that he had not even learned to talk. He seemed to have no ideas. He was covered with vermin. He had practically no hair upon his head, the scalp being one great sore, caused by a parasitic disease. His case was so pitiful that I asked the kind-hearted judge to turn him over to me, which he did. I wrapped a blanket around him and brought him home. I then burned up all his belongings, gave him a kerosene oil bath, and set the nurse to work upon his scalp, and in six months he was well and had a fine crop of black curly hair. In three years he developed into one of the finest boys of his age that I ever saw—bright, sharp, witty, full of life and energy. He rides a bicycle with remarkable skill, swims like a duck, and is an exceedingly promising lad. The accompanying cut shows this boy with two of his pets.

How to Save Your Children From a Drunkard's Career.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

MOST people believe that intemperance begins in the saloon, but, as a matter of fact the saloons are often no more the cause of intemperance than the hospitals are the cause of disease. The average drunkard possesses an intolerable thirst within him that almost forcibly drags him into a saloon whenever he passes its doors. "The curse, causeless, shall not come," and there is a cause for this thirst just as much as there is a cause for weariness or sleeplessness; and the earnest advocate of temperance has not done his duty until he has shown the poor, ship-wrecked and stranded victim of intemperance how *not* to sow for this thirst.

The question of diet is important, because the food is fuel to the body. "Eat for strength and not for drunkenness." The wise man says, "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out." Mothers, you who feed your children upon stimulating and irritating flesh foods, highly spiced dishes and the wrong combinations, do you spend nights worrying over the bad traits of character which you see developing? They are only the harvest for which you have been sowing. Thousands of drunkards are staggering about the streets today for no other reason than that their tables were spread with such

food that they were compelled to "eat for drunkenness" if they ate at all. The prophet Isaiah, looking down through the ages saw tables loaded with substances which he could not recognize as food. Perhaps he saw the scavengers of earth, sea and sky, the blistering condiments, the foul smelling vinegar, the scorching pepper; beverages which as certainly contain drugs as though bought at a drug store; food substances combined with such fiendish ingenuity that they must undermine and disorder both digestion and physical strength; and in the following graphic words he describes what he saw: "For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is *no* place clean." (Isa. 28:8.)

It has been well said that "The frying pan drums up trade for the man who sells bad whisky." In our experience in dealing with reformed men in Chicago we have invariably found it to be the rule that so long as these men can be persuaded to subsist upon the natural products of the earth, they do not have an unconquerable desire for liquor. An incident that testifies to the value of a non-flesh diet in the work of promoting temperance is related by the manager of our Workingmen's Home in Chicago. A man who had been staying at the Home for three or four weeks one day said to one of the workers, "You won't see me for a while, I am going on a 'spree;' but the first thing I am going to do is to go out and get a big piece of juicy beefsteak and eat that. It will give me a whisky appetite. While I am eating this pure food diet I can't drink whisky." Flesh foods, on account of the large amount of waste products and irritating substances which they contain, fan into life the dormant fires of intemperance in those who were born with a tendency to the liquor habit. Our kidneys were created for the purpose of carrying off the poisons of the human body; why should we impose upon them the additional burden of eliminating the waste products from the animal's flesh?

Fiery spices create a thirst which the town pump cannot satisfy; thus the kitchen becomes a vestibule to the saloon. If the dining tables of modern society could only be cleared of a host of things that create an appetite for liquor there would be more vacant places at the bar table.

Only the Day of God can reveal the terrible consequences of the immoderate and baneful use of pain-deadening, sleep-producing and

body-wrecking drugs in infancy. Where Herod slew his hundreds a certain well-advertised soothing syrup has slain its thousands, and has also made mental, moral and physical wrecks of additional thousands. Improper food, which the child should never have been allowed to swallow, sours, ferments and decomposes in its tiny stomach. As a consequence the nerves shriek out their pain, and then a dose of some compound, composed chiefly of morphine, and cheap whisky is poured down the child's throat. Its pitiful cry is subdued, the pale cheek becomes a little paler, the eyelids begin to close, and the mother breathes a sigh of satisfaction, and feels thankful that we are living in an age in which medical science has accomplished so much to make a mother's work easier. She then hastily dons her wraps and hurries off to the missionary society meeting to plan what can be done to improve the condition of children in heathen countries. She reaches home in time to administer another dose so that the child shall remain quiet all night; and yet, somehow and in some way, the child may succeed in living through this ordeal. Thousands of these children, when they become too old to take soothing syrup, find that they can derive some of the same felicity from a cigarette; and eventually they learn to seek it in the saloon.

Careful observation will reveal the fact that a large number of inebriates and drug fiends manifest some inherited weakness which renders them peculiarly susceptible to the influence of liquor and other habit-forming drugs. The average bill of fare has paved the way to a drunkard's career for thousands who never inherited any special appetite for strong drink; but when the child of a drunkard is fed on doughy bread, pasty mush, spices and fiery condiments, second-hand food in the form of flesh, instead of taking food properly prepared first-hand from the lap of nature, then there is but little hope that he will escape his inheritance. However, if such a child is allowed to live in such a manner that he may reasonably expect to have healthy blood and an untainted brain, then in spite of the law of heredity, which, like that of gravitation, is continually tending to pull him down, he can, like the growing plant, raise his head and defy his hereditary tendencies so that no one shall have occasion to say of him, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." (Ez. 18:2.)

Another reason that so many young people have drifted to ruin is because their homes have offered so little to attract them toward that which is good. Palatial saloons and the gilded haunts of vice, which are thronged by many youth, serve to indicate the penalty of failing to make home attractive. Home is becoming a place for visitors, for society, for banquets and socials, while too often the children are scarcely thought of; little provision is made for binding them to the safeguards of home; and all the while the rumseller is making the saloon more and more attractive; and by means of enchanting music and various other allurements, he is seeking to entice the youth for whom home has lost its attractions. Frequently the boy and his companions find it more congenial to play in the barn, in the wood shed or almost any place but at home. Go upstairs to the average boy's room and see where he lives. Then you will not wonder so much that he goes out evenings to enjoy himself. Go from this home with its broken lamp chimney, dingy walls, ragged carpet and broken furniture, to yonder palace saloon, to the mirrored haunt of vice and iniquity, decorated with paintings and tapestries and all that is calculated to charm the youthful eye, with notes of music ever sounding forth, and here you will find the youth who are, as it were, driven away from home because there was nothing there to attract or charm them.

It is easy to see the drunkenness, but not always so easy to see what is back of it. "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap." It is no use pulling up weeds if you are industriously sowing for a crop of weeds. The same energy that is expended in restoring one invalid to health, if utilized in a thorough-going health educational work, would save a hundred people from becoming sick. Similarly the work required to save a drunkard, if used in instruction in pointing out clearly and definitely the successive steps in the evolution of a drunkard, would result in preserving thousands from a drunkard's career.

Shall we therefore cease to intelligently treat disease or labor to save the drunkard? By no means. "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Mothers can do more for the cause of temperance, more to save their sons from the evils of the drink traffic, by building up the home and making it attractive, than by smashing saloons or pouring liquor into the streets. It is time we were

getting intensely in earnest over these questions, and we should be doing all we can to enlighten the people in regard to the causes of intemperance. When the science of rearing children receives half the attention that it deserves, then, and not till then, may we expect to see fewer drunkards upon our streets.

Chicago Boys' Club.

J. P. ATKINSON.

Director of the Chicago Boys' Club.

DOES Chicago need Boys' Clubs? answer most emphatically, Yes! We have in Chicago more than fifty clubs where men may enjoy all sorts of social and intellectual privileges. Then we have women's clubs galore. In fact, we have made all provisions necessary for the social and intellectual culture of our adults.

Now, if we can provide some good, clean, wholesome, Christian entertainment for our six or eight thousand newsboys, our one thousand messenger boys, and our "sleep-outs" and "waifs and strays" then we can save this great and growing city. If we can save this city, then we can save the Mississippi Valley; if we can save the Mississippi Valley, then we can save our beloved country.

Being located at a strategic point, we can say with one of old, "The world is our parish."

These boys are not naturally vicious, but are victims of circumstances and environment. Like all boys, they are full of life and energy and must have a safety valve to give vent to their exuberant young lives, and as there are positively no other places for them to go in the down town district, they naturally drift into Penny Arcades, cheap theaters, shooting galleries, and low dives, where we have found as many as seventy-five to one hundred of them, from six to sixteen years of age, gazing upon such scenery as must cause even demons to hide their faces in shame.

A practical plan has been worked out by some of our leading philanthropists for meeting this crying need. We have organized the Chicago Boys' Club where these street "gamins" can be gathered in from the streets, provided with free baths, light gymnasium equipments, penny savings bank, all sorts of innocent games, reading matter adapted to street boy life, etc. In this way we shall be able to counteract some

of the dreadful evil influences of the "levee" district.

Just at the present time there are two classes of boys' clubs, one under the auspices of churches or denominational institutions, the other quite independent of any and all religious organization. The first class, while instructing the boy morally and intellectually, strives at the same time to impart religious instruction; the second class endeavors only to benefit the boys morally and intellectually. Naturally boys are eager to hear popular lectures on familiar subjects. They like readings, recitations, and music. They enjoy stereopticon views, illustrated lectures, etc., but in introducing religious teaching into these clubs serious difficulties are encountered, and this has given not a little uneasiness to some good people who, while they are anxious to help the boys, have not the slightest conception of boy nature. Much of the trouble is no doubt due to the fact that those who attempt to do the teaching proceed upon lines repugnant to the boy. Boys of to-day realize more than those of any preceding age that they are the men of to-morrow and prefer to be recognized as such, and will hear with pleasure teaching which appeals to their intelligence. I have been delighted to see with what eagerness these little fellows will listen to the reading of a good, clean, wholesome story or to a talk that teaches them higher ideals and inspires them to nobler purposes, but they are suspicious of the "Sunday school racket."

The first step in the elevation of the savage is to induce him to keep himself clean, so also with the boy. Both object to being taught and in each case the best method of teaching is that which teaches without permitting the subject to know that in spite of himself, he is being taught.

The problem of religious instruction in boys' clubs is a most difficult one and can not be solved by attacking it directly. The better plan is to secure the services of such persons as will give a religious tone to the work, what painters call an "atmosphere" which, by its very nature, must exert a profound moral and religious influence over the boys.

This is not an easy thing to do, but scarcely anything worth doing is easily done, and to prove this can be done I need only refer you to the Good Will Homes of East Fairfield, Me., which were "founded in faith and are being

conducted with prayer;" or the Allendale Farm, located near Lake Villa, Ill., conducted by my friend, Mr. E. L. Bradley.

What we want to remember is that "In the history of the boy is to be found in miniature the history of civilization;" so we must not only offer him the good things freely offered by the saloon, cheap theater, Penny Arcade, etc., but seek every opportunity, by precept and example, to impart unto him religious instruction. I know there are many great and good people who tell us this is impracticable; but suppose we spend our time and money and energies, elevating these boys to a higher plane of living, by teaching them higher ideals, and thus widen the horizon of their lives and enlarge the circle of their activities and in this way increase their capacity for appreciating their circumstances and environment and do not give them religious instruction, and at the end of life's journey they hear the dreadful sentence, "Depart from me. I never knew you;" then we have made their future all the more bitter in proportion to their increased capacity for appreciating their environment.

The enemy of righteousness is subtle, cunning, and mighty, and never rests, but is ever plotting the downfall of the boys and is ever on the alert leading them astray; and if we are going to succeed in keeping them from going astray, or if they have gone astray, win them back to the path of rectitude and righteousness, then we must be "Wise as serpents and as harmless as doves."

Clubs of this kind will not interfere with the work of the Sunday school, Social Settlements, Y. M. C. A. work, etc., but can be made to contribute to the success of these as well as other agencies working for the amelioration of the race.

REPORT OF THE CHICAGO BOYS' CLUB FOR MONTH ENDING
JANUARY.

Public meetings held.....	6
Aggregate attendance at meetings.....	690
Pages printed matter distributed.....	1,000
Scriptures distributed.....	4
Articles clothing distributed.....	4
Calls made.....	34
Medical services rendered.....	52
Free baths given.....	19
Free lodgings given.....	10
Free meals given.....	22

Address letters of inquiry to Hon. Luther Laffin Mills, New York Life Building, or to Mr. J. F. Atkinson, director, 218 La Salle Street. Make all remittances payable to "Chicago Boys' Club."

One Way to Solve the Problem.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

SINCE 1878 a prominent business man of the city of Chicago has been working steadily year after year in the endeavor to solve the problem of "What to do with the children in our large cities." During all these years he has been the prime factor in maintaining what is known as the Tyng Mission.

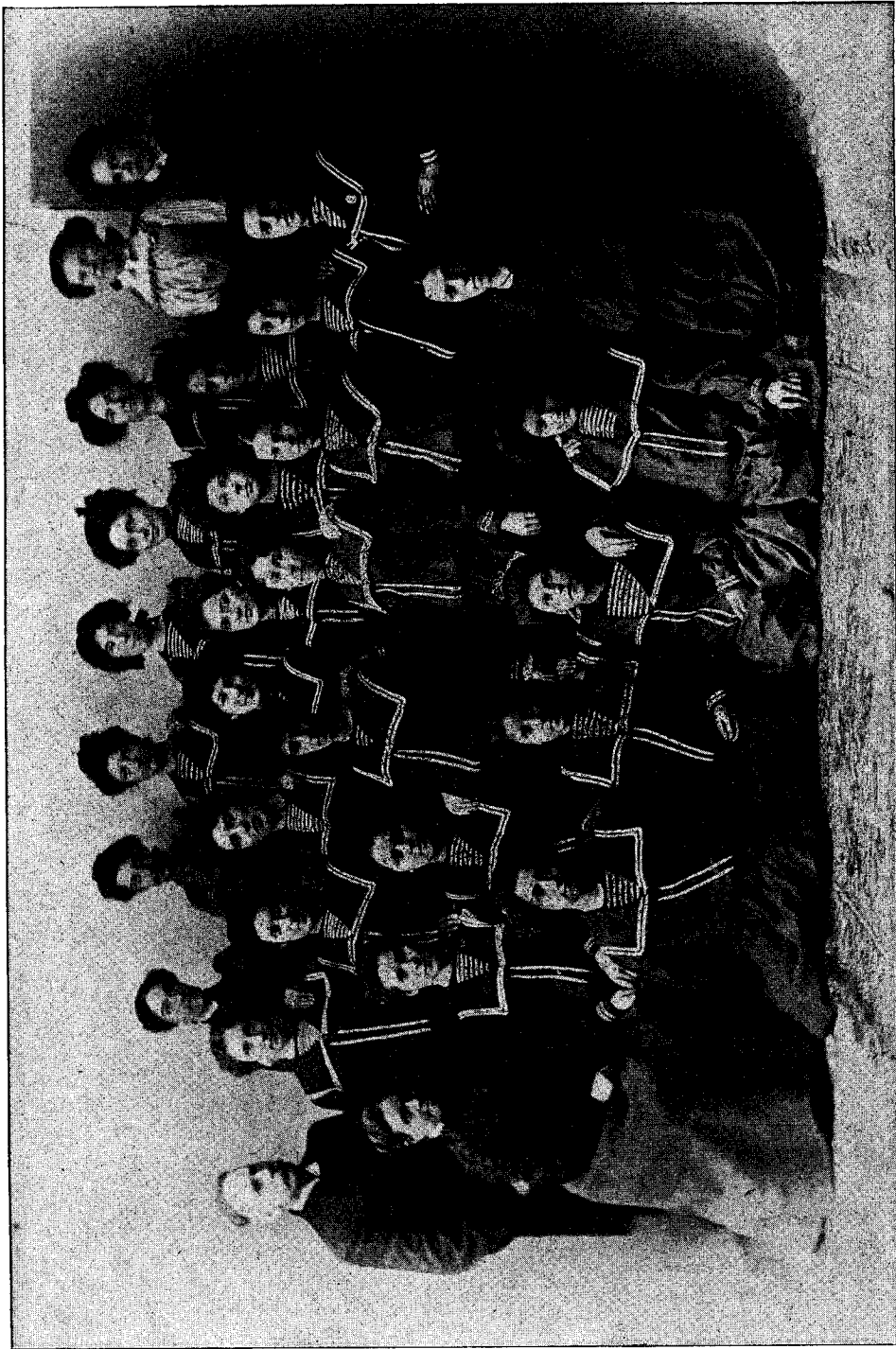
This mission is located on Twenty-first street and Wentworth Avenue. In this district are located large factories and it is not a portion of the city which one would naturally select as being conducive to the physical and moral upbuilding of children. For years Mr. Martin has devoted several evenings each week to the gathering in of the children of various denominations, and no denomination at all, and providing for them some helpful and wholesome entertainment. He has provided little games for the children, has established sewing classes for the girls and a gymnasium for the boys; also a physical culture class for girls from sixteen to eighteen years of age.

He has continued to work in this district long enough to see many of the youngsters that he gathered into his Sunday School classes and evening entertainments twelve and fifteen years ago, grow up to become substantial men and women, while in the same vicinity, a large number who have not come under this helpful influence, have gone to ruin.

While Mr. Martin has many important business cares, yet he has taken time to keep in touch with the people in this neighborhood. He has been in more than half of their homes, and gives such assistance and advice as he sees is needed. He has gathered groups of these children and taken them to his splendid home on the boulevard, where he makes them feel just as much at home as though they were the children of millionaires.

His theory is that the children of our large cities cannot be saved on the wholesale plan; they have to be hand-picked—cared for personally.

Such work as he is doing cannot be done by people who are working for a salary, and we are glad a number of our workers have been for some years connected with this noble work. Miss Theckla Black formerly Superintendent of our Children's Home, assisted for nearly a year every Thursday evening in physi-



cal culture work for the girls. Some of our medical students and nurses have conducted classes in the Sunday School, and during the past winter the physical culture work has been conducted by Mrs. Crowel. Mrs. Paulson and myself have had the opportunity of giving talks to these young ladies who have grown up as it were, from babyhood under the influence of this splendid work.

The evil tendencies in these children of the street cannot be scolded out of them; they will not tolerate "bossing" and managng. They need the inspiration of a great and tender love. They will follow one who thus controls them, not only for a day, but year after year. There may be some so degenerate that they will never respond to good influences but it is worth working for these for the sake of finding the others who can be helped.

Mr. Martin allows no business enterprise, however important, or social engagement, however tempting, to interfere with this work, and it helps to keep him youthful in mind as well as in appearance, to mingle in this personal way with the children and youth.

The accompanying cut is from a photograph of the gymnasium class and shows the girls dressed in their gymnasium suits. The lady at lower the right hand corner is Miss Black; the one at the left hand corner Miss Bradley, who has spent years in helping to build up this work. The gentlemen at the left is Mr. Martin himself, while the lady in the upper left hand corner is Miss Lockwood, daughter of the former matron of our maternity ward, who assisted in various ways in this work for a long time.

The reader who looks into these sweet wholesome faces would be amazed at the degenerate, depraved appearance of many of the immediate associates of these girls who have failed to come under the influence of this good work.

All that is necessary to solve the problem of how to save the children of such a city as Chicago is for the people to have their hearts stirred in reference to the problem, as Providence has stirred the hearts of Dr. Kellogg, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Martin, Professor Graham Taylor, and a score of others who might be mentioned.

This problem will not be settled in prayer meetings or in conventions, but it will be settled by individual effort on the part of men and women in whose hearts throbs a genuine

love for humanity, and who have the patience and perseverance to stay by the problem year after year, until they reap the blessed harvest which some of these earnest workers are just beginning to see, although the good seed was sown under most discouraging circumstances years ago.

"Save the Boy To-day and we Save the Nation To-morrow."

J. EDGAR COLLORAN.

THERE are between seven and ten thousand newsboys in the city of Chicago, fifteen hundred of whom receive their papers daily in the down-town district. There are six hundred messenger boys, besides several hundred unclassified boys who spend the greater part of their time on the street.

I have often been asked how these boys spend their time and the little money they earn. If the reader could go with me for an hour some evening, he would see things which would certainly arouse his interest in the welfare of the boys of the street. State, Clark and Van Buren streets are honeycombed with cheap theaters, pool rooms and Penny Arcades.

Thanksgiving evening I stood opposite one of the lowest theaters in Chicago, located on State street, near the corner of Van Buren, and counted between seventy-five and one hundred boys under sixteen years of age passing out. The same evening I went into a number of Penny Arcades with signs above the doors inviting the boys to come in as it costs them nothing to enter. On the inside there are between fifty and two hundred kinetoscopes, according to the size of the room. Here they drop their pennies, and scenes are brought before them and impressions made that it is almost impossible to eradicate in after years. The pictures above each machine with the titles would cause the vilest to blush, yet these boys of tender years are assured that the sight within far surpasses that on the outside.

In one arcade on each side of the entrance were lunch counters where foods were served that would set on fire all the animal appetites of the boys. A little further on was a tent in which a woman was offering to tell the boys' fortunes for ten cents. Still further on the boys had a chance to try their luck at several

games of chance. The boys' love for music was gratified by a man playing cheap trashy airs on a piano in a corner of the room.

Continuing my investigation I found a room in which pool games were played, where the boys were handling the cues and gambling away their money. In one room I found between twenty-five and thirty boys, mostly news-boys, their ages ranging from ten to eighteen years. Every game played during my visit to the place was for money. One little boy, probably twelve or fourteen years old seemed very much disappointed as he would lose from time to time. Two weeks later I met that same boy in the Harrison street police station during one of our Sunday services. He had been arrested within fifty yards of that same pool-room for "sleeping out," after losing all his money at the game. The illustration "Sleep-Outs" shows how some of the boys sleep over warm grates, when they have no money and can avoid the police.



"SLEEP-OUTS."

There is another evil probably as great, if not greater, than any mentioned, that is open to the boy. In the Life Boat Mission one night a boy came to me after the meeting and said he wanted to lead a better life. I questioned him and found that he came from a very questionable family, and, although only fourteen years of age, for two years he had been traveling around the country as a tramp and at the present time was working in a disreputable house. After we had prayed together, I sent him to the Workingmen's Home for the night. The next day I called on him and found him reading his Bible. In the meantime I had been looking for a place of employment for him, but without success, people not caring to make room for a ragged urchin. The devil was also

hunting employment, and sent a man who gave the boy a position as assistant to a janitor. Upon investigation I found the man who had employed him was a hardened criminal, with a police record extending over twenty years. He had taken this boy into his clutches and was training him in a criminal career.

About two weeks later the boy came into our dispensary. He had had nothing to eat for two days, and was sick; and the story he told me of the abuses received at the hands of this man was something awful. The man threatened to shoot him if he betrayed any of the secrets of the gang. The boy escaped, and was given employment at the American Medical Missionary College.

This is only one of the many cases that come under the observation of the city mission worker. Now, what are we going to do for these boys? Are we going to wait until they grow up and become hardened sinners and criminals, or are we going to try to do something for them while their hearts are still tender and their characters can be molded. True, social settlements and churches, and some private individuals have opened up clubs for the boys in different neighborhoods, but for the down-town boy but little is being done at present, except the work under the direction of Mr. Atkinson in the Chicago Boys' Club.

I am a firm believer in gospel missions for the salvation of men and women, but I also believe that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and if we can only do something to counteract the evil influences of the slum district, God certainly will bless our efforts. *Save the boy to-day, and we save the nation to-morrow.*

Every one of these boys has an ideal. I talked with some in the "news alley" who had as their inspiration a certain West Side saloon keeper and theatrical manager. Another little fellow, whose picture is shown in a group on another page, told me his ideal was "Teddy McGovern" the prize fighter.

Friends, can we not realize the responsibility which is placed upon us for these boys by one who has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." Can we not help them to see in Jesus Christ the greatest ideal, the perfect Pattern? They need our sympathy, our prayers, our time, our aid in every way, to help them to attain to the best and highest ideals which life holds for mankind.

Is it any Sacrifice to Adopt such a Child?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

THE various organizations which are gathering up the homeless waifs in our large cities find it extremely difficult to secure permanent homes for them which are at all suitable; for the majority of those who are willing to receive a strange child into their families are looking for some golden haired boy whose disposition is so angelic that it will serve to inspire the rest of the family to live better lives: They do not seem to realize what a valuable opportunity it is to adopt some unpromising boy, and then perseveringly, lovingly and tenderly train him into such a manhood that he will be an ornament to society, a strength to the church, and finally a jewel in God's kingdom.

An extract from a letter just received will serve to illustrate this point: "There is a nice Christian family here who asks me to assist them in getting a boy, aged five to seven years, for them to adopt. He must be healthy and of good physique, black hair and not very dark skinned."

It would not seem that it would tend to greatly develop our Christian character to adopt a child which already meets *our ideal*. It is the children that nobody wants who are so sadly in need of friends.

What the Lord Helped a Fifteen-Year-Old Girl to Do for the Life Boat.

I send you twenty-five subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT. I have worked with two objects in view—first, the principal one was to try to get up an interest in mission work in this place, and I sincerely hope it will prove a blessing to those who have subscribed. Second, I worked in order to get mamma, the premium of sterling silver knives and forks which you offer in the last number of THE LIFE BOAT. She would not otherwise get any, and I am so glad to be able to get them for her.

I am greatly interested in medical missionary work, and hope some day to be one of the workers.

Yours in the work,
ANNA G. ENGEBERGER.

"Ye Did it Not to Me."

WORTHIE HARRIS HOLDEN.

"Please ma'am, will you buy a paper?
For I am so hungry to-night."
She hurried onward, nor heeded
The newsboy's pitiful plight.
"Too bad!—but I really must hasten,"
She said to herself and passed by—
"The hour for the dinner appointed
Is near," and she heaved a sigh.

The feast was spread, and all joyous
The moments too quickly fled;
Then music and song commingled
Till the fleeting hours had sped.
And when she tucked her darling
Into his cozy bed,
They prayed to the Heaven y Father,
"Give us our daily bread!"

But when she sought her own pillow
That newsboy's pitiful plea,
Returned—as the waves of the ocean
Bring drift-wood cast out to sea.
She dreamed, and she saw her Saviour—
The One she professed to love—
Look down with reproach and sorrow
From His throne of glory above.

He said, "I was hungry and naked,
Ye would not list to my plea
Inasmuch as ye fed not the hungry,
Ye did it not for me."
Cast out from his presence!—she wakened,
And her soul cried in anguish and dread,
"Oh God! Canst thou save such as I am?
May I yet give the hungry Thy bread?"

The newsboy slept too—in an alley
With a board for a pillow that night.
He dreamed, and a long snowy table
Was spread out before his sight
All loaded with viands unnumbered,
And One with compassion stood nigh.
"Come, ye who are weary and hungry;
Ye need *here* no money to buy."

* * *

In the morn they who picked up the newsboy
Beheld a wan face pinched and cold;
Beside him the papers were lying,
Which the night before could not be sold.
But his sufferings now were all ended—
He smiled as he lay stiff and white;
When he wakes in The Morning he surely
Will see what he dreamed in the night.

The above lines were suggested by an incident in real life.

Our Hospital is in Immediate need of funds. See page 44

"What Shall the Harvest Be?"

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

IN the editorial columns of one of the leading Chicago papers, recently appeared these significant words, in speaking of the street waifs: "Have you ever thought of the eating that is done by the children themselves when it comes their turn to keep life going by putting something into their stomachs? Have you ever thought of the great American industry which is based on the wholesale destruction of such children? It will interest you probably to watch in the streets the eating of these mis-called "Arabs." Sometimes they eat sausages soaked in the vilest grease and made of the most indigestible materials. Sometimes they eat candy made of imitation sugar and real plaster, with poison for color. Sometimes they drink lemonade made of citric acid, which easily eats away the lining of their stomachs and gives them a sensation worth a penny a glass. Between times they smoke cigarettes, which

sell for five cents "a pack," and are especially prepared and especially poisoned to make cigarette fiends of the children and to make of them also early candidates for the potter's field."

Among other suggestions the editor offers the following practical one, "Would it not be a good idea to begin by supplying children with decent food at a decent price, even at the risk of destroying that splendid American industry which lives on the destruction of children's health?"

If your children were daily feeding upon such rations, how long do you think it would be before they would begin to manifest even

in your own Christian, pleasant home some of the distinctive characteristics which are so manifest in the average street waif.

Another practical question is how far are you allowing your children to subsist upon such substances, not because they are forced to do it, but through choice, either willfully or ignorantly. A portion of the dead carcass from which the sausage is made is but little better than the sausage. The candy that you allow your children to eat is probably made in the same factory as that which the street children eat. If you are allowing them to daily drink tea and coffee, they will in time prove just as injurious to their weakened nervous system, as the citric acid lemonade is to the lining of the stomach of the street child.

Are your boys beginning to smoke cigarettes at school when neither you nor the teacher are watching them? If so, are they simply copying the example of their father? If so, in the Day of Judgment who will be held responsible? There is a statement in the

Scripture which does not need any revision, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

It is important that our food should be made palatable and attractive. One of the leading investigators of the day has discovered that the quality and quantity of the gastric juice is much better when eating food that is appetizing than when eating that which is disliked.

The question of diet is an all important one because the food is to the body precisely what fuel is to the furnace under the boiler.



A SNAPSHOT PHOTO OF TYPICAL GROUP OF CHICAGO CHILDREN REARED IN THE SLUM DISTRICT.

Children of the Street.

IVY HOPE.

You call them "buds" and "blossoms"
 When nurtured by kind care;
 "Birdies," or "pets," or "darlings,"
 Or "precious jewels" rare.

But out in the cold unsheltered
 The little waifs of woe
 Oft homeless and forsaken,
 Get only cuff and blow.

No kind hand smooths their tresses,
 By none are they called "dear;"
 They hear but oaths and curses,
 Perfumed with pipe and beer.

Their world is full of sorrow,
 Of misery and sin;
 Ah! is it strange thus cradled
 Their hearts grow hard within?

When grown to men and women,
 Where should be flowers are weeds;
 Why wonder that the city
 Is harassed by their deeds?

When the great Judge shall reckon
 With us as stewards here
 Can we reply "not guilty"
 For these, our neighbors near?

Are we our brother's keeper?
 What answer can you bring
 When they with you are summoned
 Before our Lord and King?

Child Toilers in City Factories.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

AN industrial committee of the State Federation of Women's Clubs recently made an investigation of city factories and reported that one-fifth of the workers in the fifty-three factories visited were children, and one-third of that number were undoubtedly under fourteen years of age.

In many of these factories the children work ten hours a day. They have no vacations or outings in the hot season. The sanitary conditions in many of these were found to be generally bad.

In the clothing factories were women who were earning as low as 26cts a day, and upon this they were endeavoring to support their children. And this only gives a glimpse of the great struggle for existence waged by so many thousands in our large cities. May the Lord pity the children who have to grow up under such unnatural and abnormal conditions!

Parents Impress this Upon Your Children.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

FATHERS and mothers, when the children whom you idolize complain because of some imaginary or real annoyance that has come into their lives, remind them that there are children in our large cities this winter who are not in the least responsible for the situation they are in, and yet they scarcely know what it means to be warm in winter; a meager crust of bread is their daily portion of food and their hunger is never satisfied. These children do not know what a comfortable chair is like except as they may occasionally see them through the shop windows, and their fingers never touch pretty books and fascinating trinkets, except in their dreams. Their young lives are worn out in factories, while your children are going to school; these children oftentimes meet drunken curses and brutal blows for trivial offences, or perhaps for no offence at all, while your children are almost smothered with fond caresses.

It will do your children no harm to get a glimpse once in a while of how good God has been to them. Unthankfulness is the sin of the age. See to it that your children do not become infected by this dread moral disease.

Wayside Ministry.

E. B. VAN DORN.

ARATHER peculiar incident happened some time ago, when a man came into the Life Boat Mission and asked for permission to eat his lunch there. I told him he could do so, and while he was eating I began talking to him about the love of God. He wanted to know more and more about it, and when he was through eating, I asked him if he would kneel down with me and pray. He consented and we knelt together and prayed.

When we arose he asked me where he could get lodging and how much we charged. I found that he had \$1.50 in currency, and a similar amount in silver, all of which I learned he had obtained by robbing a man whom he had knocked down in an alley. As we prayed he became conscience smitten. He went to the Workingmen's Home and he was afterwards converted. It was not difficult for me to believe that the Lord sent that man into the Mission, and sent me to him that day.

✦ The Mission Meeting ✦

How the Lord Reunited a Family.

T. F. MACKKEY.

A SAD case came to my notice in the Life Boat Mission the other night, that of a young man who had tramped around [the city for a number of years. He had been a lazy sort of fellow, a loafer, a "good for nothing," and had taken an assumed name, not because he was a fugitive from justice, not because he was a criminal, but because he had some regard and respect for his mother, and he did not want her to have to hear some day that he had died in one of those cheap lodging houses. He had an idea, a well-founded notion, that he would simply drift here and there, and by and by when his time came to die, he would have to meet death in a cheap lodging-house under the influence of liquor, and he did not want his mother to have to be pained by hearing of it.

But one day he got a good thought, and he put it into action. He went out of the city to a suburban town, got a job and went to work in a factory. He worked there for two years, a good, square, honest man, but all the time under an assumed name. Many times he had a desire to straighten things out and make them right, to resume his right name and get entirely out of the old rut, but somehow he couldn't do it. He went on and on, and by and by married a young woman under this assumed name. A little babe was born into the family in time, and they had a very happy home; but it came to the wife's ears that she had married this man under an assumed name. The neighbors, instead of pouring oil on the "troubled waters" poured water into the oil and mixed it all up. The result was that the poor man had to leave home. He came to Chicago and was walking the streets heart-broken and nearly distracted; he thought of throwing himself into the lake, but God led his steps to the Life Boat Mission, and there a Christian worker took him by the hand and called him "brother;" his heart was won and he was kept from going to the lake.

A letter was written to the wife, and one received in reply saying that all he needed to do was to prove that what he did was not done

because of felony, and then he could come back.

How much better it was to be able in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to speak words of comfort to that poor troubled heart than to have let him go on and on and finally into the great unknown. That man was not seeking education; he had plenty of that; nor did he want science. What he needed to know was the love of God. He has given his heart to the Lord and now he is going back to the town from whence he came and is going to have the matter straightened out. He is going to have it published in the newspaper so that all may know what he has been, and by God's grace he is going to live a new life. He read Mark 5:19, "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," and praise God, he is going to do it! I had tried to explain to him as best I could from the standpoint of Christ that "All things work together for good," but he had not been able to see just how this would work out for good. It seemed hard to have his wife, child, home, friends, all taken away from him, and he did not see how it would be for his good; but now he has come to the conclusion that God was just and merciful, and that "His mercy endureth forever."

Fragments Gathered From Mother Wheaton's Talk at the Life Boat Mission.

EIGHT years ago God told me to give up my home and go out among strangers, and work without a salary. I would rather scrub floors than go around as I do, because I see so many failures in my work; people do not want to be saved, and when I see this I nearly cry myself sick. But the Lord says, "Blessed are they that weep." One time in my life I became so proud that I was ashamed to shed tears; none of my people would, and I said, "If the rest of the people can go to heaven and be in this church and not weep, I will not." I had set my heart against it, and said I would not be so tender hearted. I had grieved the

Spirit of God; I was in awful misery; I was lost just as sure as you live, although I was considered a good church member. There are many such people all over this world to-day. I prayed God to let me weep, and when he did it was the best day I had seen for a long time.

I gave up my earthly home that I might help some one into the heavenly home. It makes my heart rejoice when I think about the people who will be bringing in their sheaves to the Lord Jesus, when we meet in the City of Gold. There is going to be joy in heaven by and by, and I am glad that I am engaged in rescue work. I am glad that God sends me out to the penitentiaries and prisons.

Recently I met a man who told me that he had heard me pray in the Jackson prison; one night the keeper unlocked the bars and let me go in and talk and pray, and this man was converted. He had been an opium fiend, a whisky fiend, and in fact, an all around bad man. Now he has been out nearly eight years preaching the gospel. He has a lovely Christian wife and a beautiful home.

The night that I spoke in that prison I was sick and my friends said that I should not go out that night, but I told them I must go to the prison, and I went and that man was converted. If God could save such a man he can save you.

I am glad that I can go into the saloons and into the most wicked places of sin, for I know that God saves to the uttermost.

From the Helping Hand Mission, San Francisco.

H. W. ROSE.

THE chief aim of this mission is to help the man who will help himself if given a chance. When a stranded man comes to us asking for help we usually take him in and give him certain work by which he can earn his board and room while he looks for a position. A great many have thus been helped to get upon their feet again. One man who has been supporting himself for some weeks has secured a position on a steamer which leaves very soon for Honolulu. In this connection our free employment office has been the means of helping several to good situations. Calls come in over our telephone almost daily for men to do odd jobs in hotels and residences. Last fall one farmer came to us for the whole of his thrashing crew, which we were glad to supply.

Our food department is open at certain hours during the day—six to eight A. M.; and half-past eleven A. M. to two P. M., and five to six forty-five P. M. There is usually a crowd of hungry men awaiting the beginning of mealtime. The dining-tables are frequented by many who do not stay in the house. Some art students have boarded at our place for a long time; and we have one patron who is 104 years old. He is an enthusiast in vegetarianism, and in the two years he has boarded at our tables we have never known him to be sick.

During the fall and winter we always have a largely increased demand for accommodations. Our beds, numbering nearly a hundred, are nightly all occupied, and we are regretfully compelled to turn many away. On the walls of the sleeping rooms are Scripture texts, which remind one that there is a rest higher than mere physical rest. Among those on the walls may be mentioned these: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;" and "There is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved." We cannot tell how many weary souls have acted on the advice of these silent reminders, and have found the rest that the Saviour will give.

The Mission strives to help men in a spiritual way, as well as to aid them in temporal things. So we hold a gospel service every evening, and the services are well attended. The chaplain, Brother G. B. Douglas, takes charge of the meetings, and is assisted by other workers. A large proportion of our guests regularly attend the meetings, and those who have found the Lord are ever glad to testify to that effect. It is a real pleasure to hear the cheerful voices and see the happy faces of the men who have tasted and seen that the Lord is good, and do not hesitate to tell the audience that they have done so. The hymnbook we use is "Pentecostal Hymns No. 1," and among the favorites frequently selected by the audience are: "When a Sinner Comes, as a Sinner May;" "Anywhere with Jesus," and "More About Jesus." In the social meeting we hear many bright testimonies, which must carry conviction of their genuineness to all who hear them. One man stands up and says that formerly he was a slave to tobacco; that he came to the Saviour and claimed salvation and freedom from sin. He found the Saviour true to His word, and since then has been rejoicing in

freedom from the slavery, not only of tobacco, but from every sin. Another will arise to say that for twenty-five years he could hardly ever be seen without a cigarette in his mouth; but he became convinced that in so doing he was displeasing God, so he went to the only source of deliverance, and was washed in the Saviour's pardoning blood, and now he never touches the weed. A brother we have known some time testifies that he used to be a bar-tender. He went to a gospel meeting, and there the Spirit of God touched his heart; he gave himself to the Lord; and now, after several years' experience in the new way, he says that he would not exchange it for all this world can offer. Another man says that he knows what the temptations of a great city are, and he has found that the grace of God can preserve a man even in the hardest temptation; he praises God to-day that with every temptation God makes a way out. The meetings are full of good things; the songs and the testimonies have a good ring about them. Our organist is Sister Hodgkins whose services are very much appreciated. Occasionally we are treated to a solo or a quartette. The services invariably close with an earnest appeal to those present who are not saved to take their stand on the Lord's side. And the Word preached is not without effect. Many times are men deeply touched; and the writer has knelt in prayer with several who desired to get in touch with God and to keep in touch with Him. With tears in their eyes and contrition in their hearts, these men kneel and beg to be forgiven—and they rise in newness of life, henceforth to walk in the paths of right, by God's help.

The work all around is very encouraging; we believe, yes we know, that much good is being and has been accomplished there; and we ask all our readers to pray for the Helping Hand Mission and all its workers.

Gospel Work in the Workingmen's Home.

E. B. VAN DORN.

THE Workingmen's Home has recently been subjected to a thorough renovation, and treated to a coat of paint both on the inside and on the outside, which has greatly improved its general appearance. Its rooming

capacity has been considerably enlarged, and a new and fully equipped dispensary has been opened up in the rear on the main floor with a physician's office in the front. This is filling a long-felt want, and will greatly increase the usefulness of this institution.

A large share of the lower floor has been transformed into a reading room, and here gospel services are held every evening from 6:30 to 7:00. There are ordinarily from twenty-five to seventy-five men present. Most of them join in the singing, and when prayer is offered the majority of them bow their heads in prayer with us. Two nights of each week some of our physicians use this time in giving talks upon gospel of health subjects. These gospel services are a beacon of light to many a weary soul.

When a man comes to the Workingmen's Home he is ordinarily given a bath ticket and sent down stairs, where he gets a spray bath, has his clothes fumigated if they need it; and when he comes back he gets a key to his room.

On the first floor is a lunch counter where plain, substantial articles of food are served at practically their actual cost, so that it is possible with a few pennies to secure a wholesome and satisfying meal.

In the laundry department, which was patronized by fifty thousand men last year, the patrons of the Home have the privilege of washing a certain amount of clothing free, and others are only charged a few cents to cover the expense of soap and hot water.

The industrial department consists of a rug factory and a wood yard. In this department men who are homeless and penniless are furnished work whereby they can procure food and shelter.

The fundamental idea in establishing the Workingmen's Home was to assist the helpless to help themselves; and the same time make the institution self-supporting which it has been for several years.

There has never been a time during the last two years that there has not been a crying need for more gospel workers in the Workingmen's Home, but under the management of Brother W. E. Williamson the Lord has prospered the work in spite of many difficulties, and we feel sure that it has a still greater field of usefulness before it.

Don't overlook our premium offers on Page 48

Prisoners' Department.

Do Unto the Prisoner as You Would Have Someone Do Unto Your Son.

W. S. SADLER.

THE question is often asked of those who are interested in prison work, "Are not these men all incorrigibles? Are they not hopeless degenerates? Are they not born criminals?" To all these questions we answer: Yes; many of those behind prison bars are no doubt hopeless, at least from a social point of view; and doubtless, many are also beyond the reach of missionary effort. But, notwithstanding this, there are scattered throughout the various prisons, many struggling souls anxious to do right, and longing for an opportunity to begin life anew. This is not a matter of theory with us; we know it to be true. We have helped many such prisoners; and have eagerly watched their progress, as step by step they have fought their way through the temptations and allurements of former evil associates and sinful practices.

There are scores of men in prison who have discovered that the way of the transgressor is hard; they long to find an open door into usefulness and society. Christian reader, shall you and I, because of our prejudices against the ex-convict; because of the fact that many of them are hopelessly bad—shall you and I bar the door, and say to our fallen brother, "Thou shalt not rise?" Or, shall we do the Christ-like thing, open the door, and bid the honest of heart and earnest of purpose, rise, go forward, and make of themselves Christian men and women; standing by them in their struggles and helping them to fight their battles.

Dear reader, are you willing to do unto the prisoner as you would have others do unto your son, your husband, or your brother, if they were in prison? That is a practical question. Ask it, and then answer for yourself.

In the November number of THE LIFE BOAT there was an invitation to those who are interested in this work, and would like to correspond with some prisoner desiring to lead an honest life when released from prison; that such persons should begin correspondence with THE

LIFE BOAT office, and as soon as possible, they will be put in communication with an inmate of some prison near you. Your correspondence can pass through THE LIFE BOAT office, to prevent irregularities, as perhaps many are unfamiliar with prison regulations. This will also afford an opportunity for those in charge of the Life Boat Prison Department, to supervise the correspondence; and thus lessen the liability of our friends being imposed upon by unscrupulous and designing prisoners.

As a whole, society has turned its back on the prisoner. Nothing but social ostracism and commercial lockout await him when released from confinement. Where shall the down-trodden look for help in time of need? They expect nothing better than that the world should turn its back upon them. Has the prisoner a right to expect anything at the hands of Christianity? Is the ex-convict warranted in entertaining the hope that the followers of Christ will extend to him a helping hand and assist him in regaining his lost estate?

Many of the worst criminals are not in prison to-day, while many are there, who, under the influence of alcohol, committed some crime which they would never have dreamed of had they been sober.

Not all can take part in this work; not all are situated so that it would be either wise or consistent for them to undertake to assist prisoners by giving them employment upon their farms, in their shops, etc. But there are some who can do this work, and these we are anxious to correspond with. If in your heart there is a desire to help the prisoner to help himself, write to THE LIFE BOAT office, 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago, Illinois.

When a heavily loaded ship is about to sink, one means of safety is to throw the baggage overboard; and so, when a man begins to sink below the health line, there are many of his personal habits which he must at once abandon.



An Evening Spent at the Life Boat Rest.

MARY WILD PAULSON, M. D.

THE other night the Lord gave us a good time at the Life Boat Rest on Clark street. Sisters Emmel and Smith had faithfully gone out to all the neighboring places, and invited the girls in for a social evening.

When the hour appointed arrived, they began to come, until the room was well filled. After they were all seated and were engaged in a pleasant conversation, the inmates of the Rest passed around a nice luncheon, which I am sure must have reminded them of home and mother. We wished most earnestly that some of the girls present could have been home with mother, as there were present girls only fourteen and fifteen years of age, who already knew full well, the ways of sin.

After partaking of the luncheon, some music and recitations were given, which were very appropriate and entertaining. Then all joined in singing some good gospel songs as, "I love to tell the Story," and "There is Sunshine in my Soul To-day." These songs were sung heartily by all present. I am sure it must have made an impression upon the hearts of some who perhaps had never heard the songs since they last heard them at their mothers' fireside. As we offered the closing prayer, sobs could be heard in the room coming from some girl whose heart had been touched. They all said they had had such a good time, and when the question was asked how often they would like to have such a gathering, several said, "every night."

As we bade good-night to these girls, we were most forcibly impressed with the fact that they were our sisters and should be treated as such. We love them because our elder brother, Jesus, loved the Mary Magdalene. Why should not we? There are few hearts which cannot be reached by genuine love. One poor sister remained behind as the others went out. While Sister Emmel had been out

on the street a few hours before, this girl had called to her, and she had invited her to come over to the Rest. Accordingly she came. While relating to us her story, she said that she ran away from a reform school at the age of fourteen, and since then had lived a fallen life. She is now only twenty-four years old, and is almost a complete physical wreck, caused partly by several years of constant opium smoking. The girl's heart was touched, and with weeping she told us she was sick of her life and wanted us to help her out of it. Dear reader, would it not have been better if someone had rescued her just as her feet began to slip, while she still had her God-given faculties keen and bright? We are glad that the power of God is not limited however, and he can save this poor girl for his kingdom.

We expect to have several more such evenings and believe God will abundantly bless the effort in saving many of these, our sisters.

Social Dinners in Rescue Work.

[By One Whom God Has Saved Through the Agency of the Life Boat Rest.]

TUESDAY evening, Nov. 24th, we gave a social dinner to the girls of South Clark and State streets. The object of these informal social affairs is to get the girls to visit us in our Home here, that we may become better acquainted with them, and thus be better able to befriend them and to lead them to Jesus.

The ladies of the South Side Church very kindly came to our assistance and helped to provide the good home-made cake, jellies, and other delicacies, which were so strongly suggestive of home and mother.

After the lunch, which all seemed to enjoy, Miss Emmel sang, and others favored us with some good recitations. We also sang several hymns together, the girls joining us in singing praises to our Lord.

Mrs. Abrams gave each of the girls a little Testament. They seemed to appreciate this gift, and all promised to read it. Just before we separated, Dr. Mary Paulson offered an earnest prayer to our Father who so richly blesses our labors here. When the girls were starting home, Miss Emmel asked them when they would like another dinner, and they all with one accord said, "to-morrow night."

The Lord willing, we intend giving a dinner for these girls once a month. We are very

grateful to our South Side friends, and trust they will still remember us in the future. Good, plain cake, bread, canned fruit, and anything else in the way of provisions, are very acceptable at any time, but especially for these dinners.

Last summer, one of the girls from South Clark street lay dying at the County Poor House. This poor girl had no friend in her time of need, but our nurse from the Life Boat Rest found her, visited her often, and told her of Jesus who had died to save sinners like her. Before this girl died she gave her heart to the Lord. At one time she had attended one of our dinners given for the girls, and as her misspent life was ebbing away; she said to the nurse, "The only bright spot that I can look back to is the dinner I enjoyed at the Life Boat Rest."

Every Sunday morning a little band of rescue workers visit the Harrison street police station, and hold gospel services. The Lord has blessed the efforts of these workers, and we have seen many a poor girl give up her life of sin for a life of usefulness in the service of the Master. At the annex of Harrison street police station, we meet mostly young girls who, perhaps, have committed their first offence. Many are working girls who have never known our Saviour, and who are touched by a kind word or a loving act. In all the years of its prison history, Harrison street police station had never had a Thanksgiving dinner until last Thanksgiving, when some kind friend sent some delicacies for the girls, and Miss Emmel sent some dainty food that a kind friend gave us. Anything for the women's department of the prison, sent in the care of the Life Boat Rest, will be gratefully received and taken to the annex.

Ward sixteen, in Cook County Hospital, is filled mostly with girls from South Clark street, State street and Wabash ave. These poor girls are the lepers of Chicago. They sleep, cook, eat, wash, and live in the same room month after month, until they are well enough to come to Clark street again, only to go back after a few weeks in a worse condition than before..

The young people of the South Side church have recently organized a society, one of the objects of which is to help the poor and needy. When we asked them to assist us in giving a Christmas dinner in ward sixteen, of Cook County Hospital, they very gladly consented, and

gave these girls a good hygienic dinner, which was much appreciated by the twelve who were able to be present. This act of thoughtfulness and kindness seemed to impress them very much. May God bless the Young People's Society and we trust this dinner will not be the last one that the inmates of ward sixteen shall enjoy.

The workers who have been holding gospel services at Harrison street police station were desirous of serving a Christmas dinner at the annex, but being without money, we took the matter to the Lord in prayer, and he moved on the heart of a Baptist minister who takes much interest in jail work, to help us. The dinner was enjoyed very much by all present. One young girl especially was very much touched by the kindness of God's people, and gave her heart to the Lord. She is now a happy Christian girl.

Many have asked, "Does this work in the Chicago slums pay?" Come and try working for Jesus awhile and see. "The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few."

Words of Appreciation from One of Our Hospital Patients.

I cannot speak too highly of the work that is being carried on at the American Medical Missionary College, situated at the corner of Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-third Place; and of my appreciation of the great good and kindness bestowed upon me during my stay with them, in one of the wards.

I attended the Life Boat Mission one night in January feeling very bad, my trouble being rheumatism. Dr. Holden talked to us of God's love for a short time, and as he was somewhat in a hurry leaving the Life Boat Mission, I told him briefly of my trouble, and he kindly invited me to call on him and spend a week. I took advantage of his kind offer, and now I can say I am feeling much better, with a great desire to live as God would have me live, a vegetarian.

I shall ever remember the doctor's kindness; also the kindness of Dr. Paulson, who is ever ready to help the poor and suffering. He, too, was soon by my side with cheering words of comfort to one of God's redeemed.

Men, let us all get out of the old rut, be up and doing for the Lord; live right not only in the eyes of the world, but in the eyes of God.

My nurse, Mr. Babcock, deserves great praise for his untiring work with the sick.

UNCLE JOE.

THE LIFE BOAT

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

If You Cannot Do as Well You Can Do Something.

Mrs. C. E. Tenney, of Keene, Texas, uses about a thousand LIFE BOATS every month, which she sells on the streets, in saloons, or in private families, just as Providence opens the way. Eternity alone will reveal the full harvest which must result from such abundant sowing. Mrs. Tenney uses the proceeds which come from the sale of these papers towards maintaining a number of destitute and needy children whom she is deeply interested in. Are there not many of our readers, who while they could not expect to use such a large number of LIFE BOATS, yet could readily dispose of at least one or two dozen each month? They will be furnished in quantities of a dozen or more at the rate of two cents each. Hundreds of our readers might use a dozen apiece, and either sell them or give them away to their friends, and thus be sowing seed, the fruit of which will be seen after many days.

Will You Assist Us in Maintaining Our Hospital?

Nearly all the great hospitals have some definite endowment fund which helps to maintain them; but our hospital in Chicago has absolutely nothing of this kind. Many pitiful cases come to us which must be taken in for a short time, in some cases serious surgical operations being necessary, and the little which the patient can pay is not sufficient to keep up the running expenses of the hospital.

A few weeks ago a man who was having from twenty to thirty fits each day, came to us. A surgical operation was performed upon his skull which gave immediate relief. Since then he has not had even a suggestion of his old trouble.

Is it not worth while thus to help suffering humanity? Who will send us either a liberal donation, or give us a certain amount each month toward maintaining this work. The donations may be sent to THE LIFE BOAT, No. 28 Thirty-third Place; designating that it is for the purpose of meeting the expenses of our hospital work.

Read This.

The April number of THE LIFE BOAT will be a special Prisoners' Number. The number of prison cells that can be visited by this number will depend entirely upon the amount which Christian people will donate toward this worthy enterprise.

Those who finally stand among the re-deemed will hear these words: "I was in prison and ye visited me." If you cannot visit the prisoners personally you can give a donation which will send a LIFE BOAT to them in your place, and the Day of God alone will reveal the blessing that may be in store for you as a consequence.

This special number will not be sent out indiscriminately; we shall learn from personal correspondence with the prison officials just how many copies can be used to advantage in each prison, and will send only that number. We shall print at least fifty thousand copies if God moves on the hearts of our readers to respond to this appeal.

One friend of this work has already responded in a substantial manner by donating \$50.00 toward defraying the expense of printing this special issue.

Let the donations come in, whether they be large or small, and then we shall know how extensive an issue we are warranted in printing.

A New Tract.

All who read the December LIFE BOAT must have been deeply impressed with the account of the experience which Emma Brinkman gave at the Life Boat Mission, telling how God had saved her from the depths of sin, and transformed her into a consecrated and self-sacrificing missionary. No one can read this article without having his faith strengthened in the Saviour's power to save and keep.

Bro. T. F. Mackey has personally assumed the responsibility of having this article published in tract form for general distribution. It can be supplied at 10 cents per dozen. Who will order a dozen of these tracts, and inclose in addition a small donation to assist Bro. Mackey to meet the initial expense necessary to publish this tract? Address all orders to LIFE BOAT, No. 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago, Ill.

The *Missionary Magazine* deals with live missionary experiences and incidents both at home and abroad. The last number devotes considerable attention to the Chicago Medical Missionary work. Price fifty cents a year. Address the *Missionary Magazine*, Battle Creek, Mich.