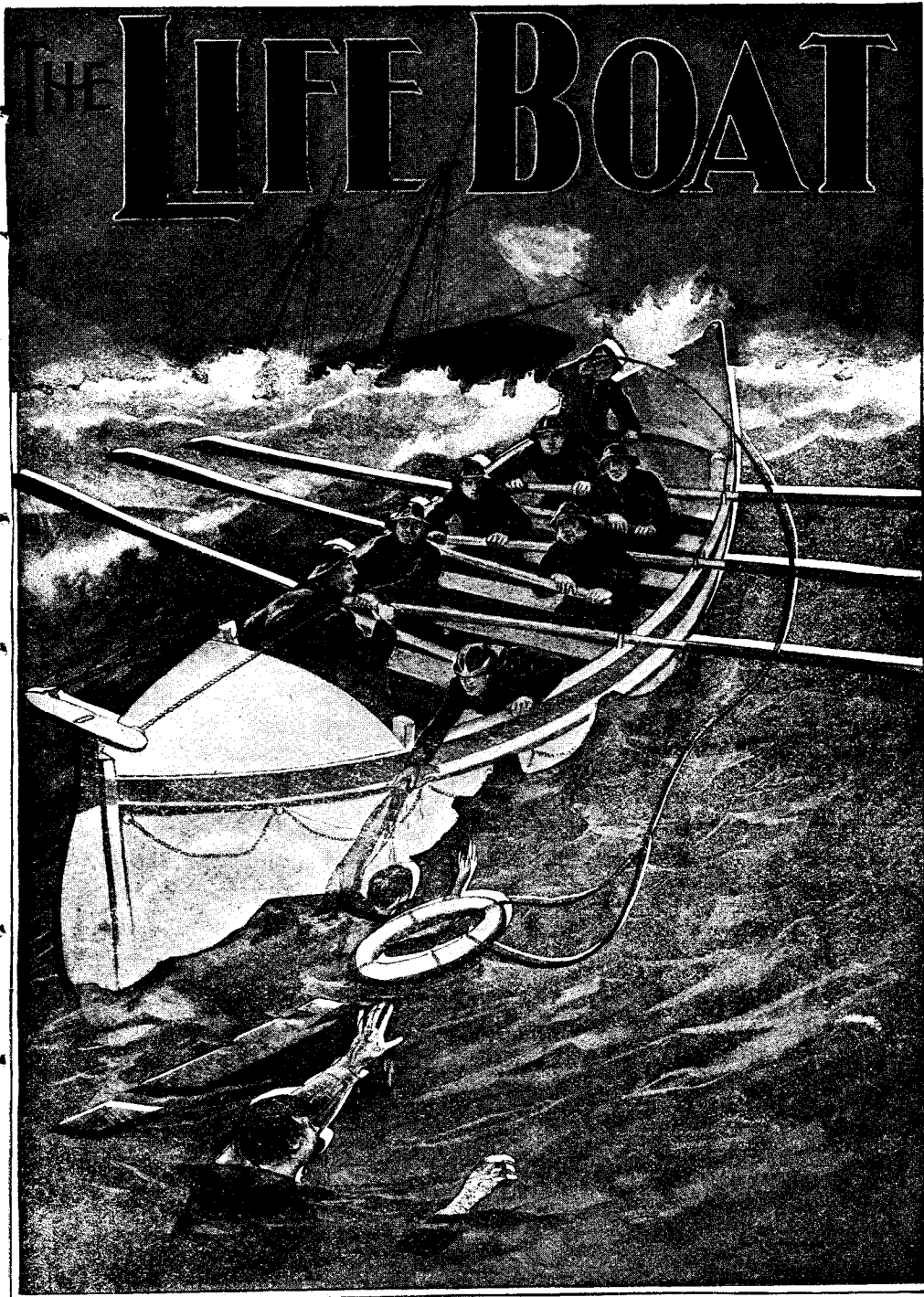


Published Monthly

May, 1902

Price Five Cents



Volume Five  
Number Five

28 33d Place Chicago

25 Cents  
A Year

# The Good Health Adjustable Waist



THE GOOD HEALTH ADJUSTABLE WAIST has been developed in two styles, which are spoken of as —

The Short Waist

.... AND ....

The Long Waist

The Short Waist ends at the waist line. The Long Waist ends five inches below the waist line.

THE ADJUSTABLE FEATURES are A Shoulder Piece, which may be shortened or lengthened, and the Under-Arm Lacing.

**Material.**—The waists are made in two kinds of material; a good grade of sateen, and jean, a lighter weight twilled goods. Each quality is supplied in either white or drab. The black only in sateen.

**Measurements.** The bust, waist, and hip measurements (carefully taken) must be sent with order.

**Sizes.** The regular sizes are from 30 to 42, bust measure.

**Prices.** The waists will be sent, postpaid, at the following prices:—

White and drab Sateen, size, 30 to 38 bust measure, - \$1 75  
Size 40 - 2 00  
Size 42 - 2 25

Black sateen, size, 30 to 38, -  
40, -  
42, -

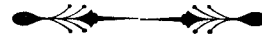
Jean, 30 to 38 bust measure (not made in large sizes), \$1 50

Write for circular with full information. Agents Wanted.



**GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
Dress Dept. Battle Creek, Mich.

# Health Confectionery.



Food Candy,

Malt Honey Caramels.

Wholesome Sweets of  
which all can eat as  
much as they please  
without ill effects.

SEND TEN CENTS FOR SAMPLES.

**Sanitas Nut Food Co.,**

Battle Creek, Mich.

## “SHALL WE SLAY TO EAT?”

A LIVE BOOK ON A LIVE SUBJECT.

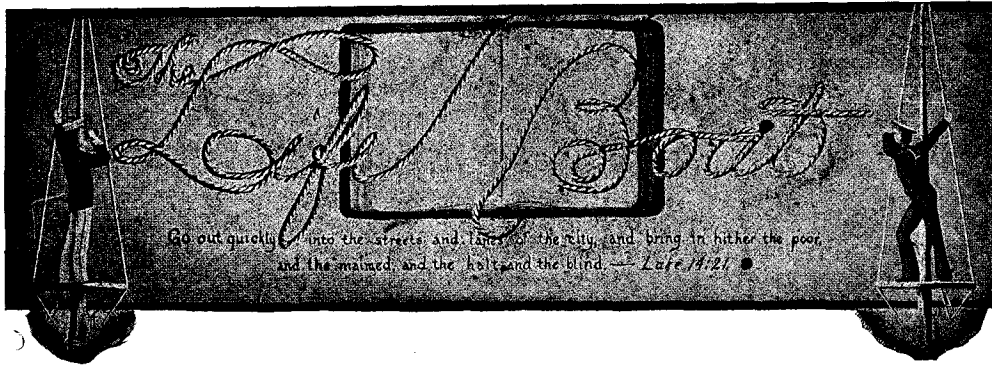
Discussing the question of flesh-eating in all its phases. The strongest defense of the natural or vegetarian dietary which has appeared.

PRICE, POST PAID

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

**Good Health Publishing Co.,**

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to City Mission Work

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR.

Volume 5

CHICAGO, ILL., , MAY 1902

Number 5

### Is Total Depravity Acquired or Inherited?

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

(Supt. of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

THE total depravity which we often hear talked about is frequently nothing more nor less than total indigestion. Many parents who give their children an abundance of wise counsel and religious training, afterwards send their boys to the saloon and to haunts of vice by placing upon their tables foods that are so irritating and stimulating that they tend to create morbid and inflamed appetites. A clergyman who had thought much upon these subjects, tells of a child who was so obstinate and wayward that the father sought the counsel of his minister. He had tried everything he could think of—moral suasion, entreaties, and he was about to resort to force. But nothing seemed to reach the case; the child was incorrigible. The good clergyman had evidently met with such cases before. He asked the father how he fed the child, and he learned that its dietary was of a kind that would naturally overheat the blood and inflame the passions. He prescribed an entire change of the boy's food; instead of meats and gravies, rich pastries, and the like, he substituted plain foods and wholesome fruits.

A short time afterward the father informed him that his son seemed entirely changed in disposition; from being irritable he had become docile. The congestion at the base of the brain had been relieved, and the intense

nervous irritability no longer existed. To the father this sudden transformation seemed almost miraculous. To the minister it was all very plain; the cause had been removed and the effect no longer followed.

The relation of food to intemperance is well worth the most careful and earnest consideration. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that cooks make more drunkards than do saloon keepers. Bad cooking produces indigestion. Weakening the digestion leads to the taking of various bitters which generally contain more or less alcohol. A man can become a drunkard on almost any of the popular bitters. Saloon keepers often keep patent medicines on their shelves, for many of their customers prefer them to other drinks.

Bitter substances stimulate the stomach, and are thus a temporary aid to digestion; but their help is simply what a whip is to an overworked horse. They impart no strength, and in the end leave the stomach worse than when they found it. Using bitters to-day only makes the demand for their use still more urgent to-morrow.

Spices and condiments in the seasoning of food cultivate a taste for hot, irritating substances. They create a craving for indigestible food as well as for liquor.

The cultivation of a taste for spices is a degradation of the sense of taste. Nature never designed that pleasure should be divorced from use. The effects of gratifying the sense of taste differ materially from those of gratifying the higher senses of sight and hearing. What we see is gone; nothing remains but the memory; and the same is true of the sweetest

sounds which may reach us through the ears. But what we taste is taken into the stomach, and what has thus given us brief pleasure through the gratification of the palate must make work in the alimentary canal for fourteen hours before it is disposed of.

Unnatural appetites are more rarely inherited than is generally supposed. Depraved appetites are usually the result of improper training in early childhood. It is a distressing sight to see a mother giving her child its first lesson in dietic depravity. Perhaps she places in the mouth of the little one a piece of rare roast beef, and some bread covered with rich meat gravy, and potato well buttered and peppered. By and by a taste is developed for such unnatural foods, and with the abnormal craving there comes a dislike for the wholesome and simple foods, which the Creator originally gave to man as his bill of fare, and which nature yet supplies so bounteously.

We must realize the solemn reality that the laws governing the healthful development of bodily functions are as much the laws of God as the Decalogue is. As long as a man regards his body as a harp of pleasure, to be played upon as long as its strings can be made to vibrate, so long will he continue to travel down the hill of physical decadence, in spite of the most minute sanitary regulations. But when he recognizes his divine origin and that he is the crowning piece of creation and realizes that his body is a precious thing to be consecrated, preserved, developed, and purified for the service of humanity on this earth, and a never ending opportunity for development and a joyous existence in the world to come—then only will he begin to climb toward the heights from which he has fallen, where he may once more stand forth as the crowning glory of creation, the "masterpiece of God," the beauty of world, the "paragon of animals."

---

### Incidents at the Workingmen's Home.

C. L. BUTCHER.

**A** FEW nights ago as I came into the Workingmen's Home the clerk handed me a card on which was written a man's name and bed number, and said he thought the man needed treatment. I found the man just on the point of delirium tremens.

After giving him hot treatment to sweat some of the poison out of his system we put

him to bed. Noticing that he was somewhat delirious, I decided to stay near him all night in order that I might give him treatment when that awful craving for "one more drink" came on. For two days and nights I staid with him, relieving his sufferings as best I could. As his mind became clearer, he asked that we send word to his mother. This we did, and the next morning she came to our Sanitarium and made arrangements for his board and treatment in one of our college wards.

This man proved to be a lawyer with a fine office in one of Chicago's largest business blocks, and with a practice that brought in thousands of dollars annually. A few week's drinking had brought him to the gutter. In

ss than a week with good treatment, he was able to be back in his office a sober man. When asked how he came to be drinking, he said, "Oh, I thought I had to drink in order to be sociable with my clients."

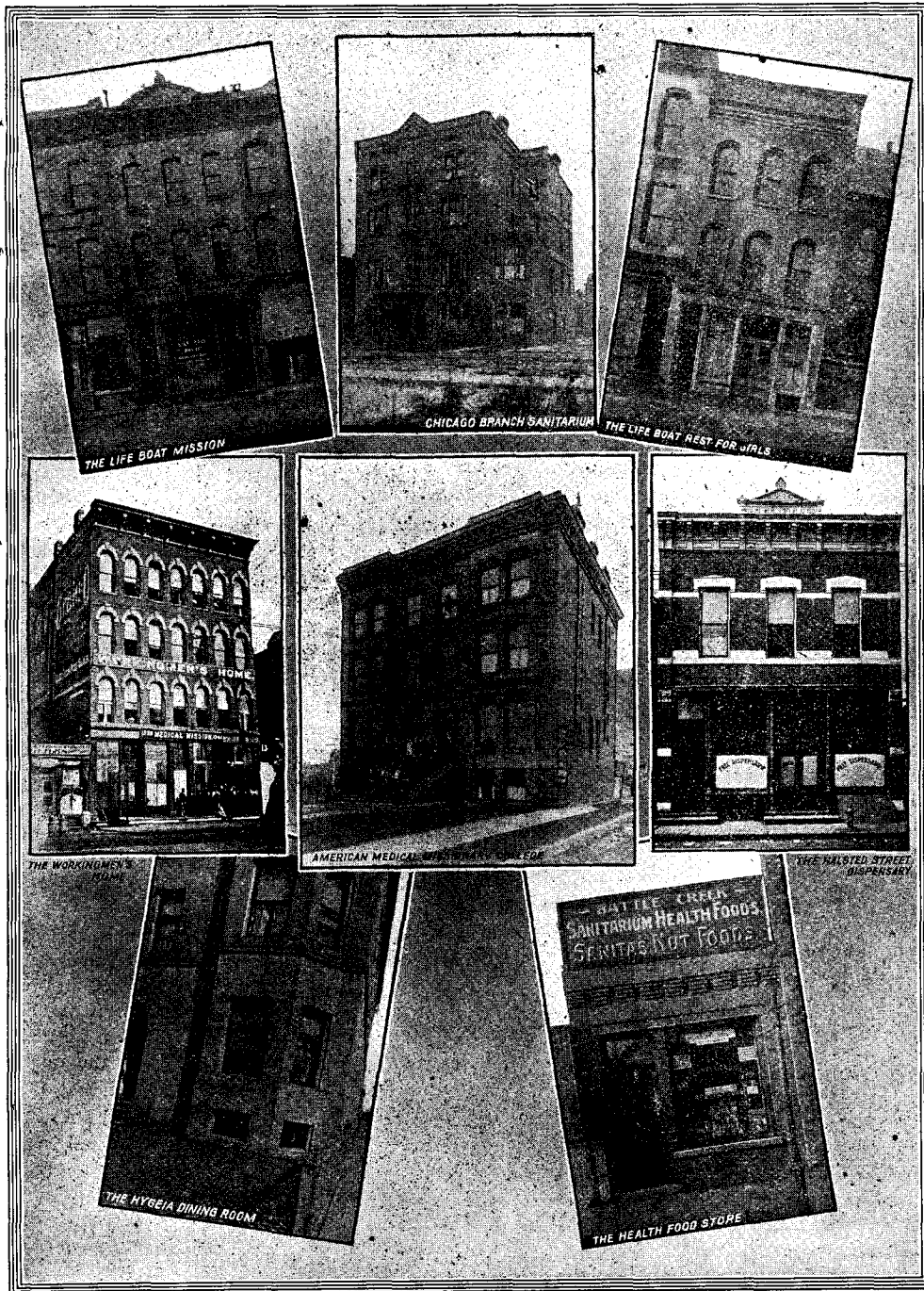
This is an illustration of the influence each one of us have upon those around us. Let each one of us strive to make our lives such that those we come in contact with may be lifted to a higher plain instead of being drawn down to a lower level. The Bible tells us of an instance where "They helped everyone his neighbor, and everyone said to his brother. Be of good courage." (Isa. 41:6). To such the Lord says, "Fear thou not for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Isa. 41:10).

A man came into the Workingmen's Home Dispensary one day in great distress and very much frightened saying, "Oh, I am afraid I am going to die. My heart! my heart!" I soon had him on a treatment table, and found that his heart was beating very rapidly and irregularly. He had been drinking heavily and was very nervous. In his remorse he was crying unto God to keep him. The Lord did keep him, and after about half an hour's treatment he went to sleep.

Oh, how much better to cry unto the Lord and know that it is well with our souls now, than to wait until death stares us in the face and then think of all we might have done.

---

What we are inclined to call "co-incidences" in our experience, are in reality all of them providences.



In these buildings are carried on the various phases of the Chicago Medical Missionary work. We are thankful to God for what has been done in these few years, yet in reality only a beginning has been made.

### If You Fall You May Rise Again.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

**T**HERE are some who feel that they would like to experience the Christian life if they could only feel sure that they would never make any mistakes, never once make a blunder, never fall down. No one ever saw a child that learned to walk in that way—thinking first that if it could walk like a grown up person it would make the attempt, and wondering if there were any danger of its ever stumbling. Its learning to walk does not depend so much upon whether the child will fall down, but it does depend upon its willingness to get up again. That is how it learns to walk. I have seen children who would not try to get up again, but would lie there in the most stubborn fashion, and there are some backsliding Christians who do just that way. But each time the child does get up it acquires a little more muscular strength. We must have this disposition in our lives to get up, even though we do stumble.

A mother leading her child along over the cobble stones does not jerk and shake the child if it falls down, but if she is the right kind of a mother she helps it up just as tenderly as she can. We are living with that kind of a God. The God that told Peter to forgive his brother seventy times seven in one day will certainly forgive us as many times each day if necessary. We are in this world to show if we have a disposition in us to rise again every time we fall. We are only passing over this ground once. May God help us that these days that are passing so rapidly shall not be frittered away, but that we may make the best of them that by and by God may say, "It is enough, come up higher."

---

### A Day With Our Visiting Nurses.

SARAH BOLTE.

**F**ROM house to house we will go this morning and visit the families in our district.

Before starting, we ask the Lord to direct us to just those homes in which we are needed, knowing that in the homes to which he directs, he has prepared the way before us and that in each one we shall not fail to find some one to whom we can be a blessing.

Where we first stop, a colored woman greets us and invites us in. We tell her our errand, and talk to her about our dispensary, the Life Boat Mission, and other lines of work in Chi-

cago. She seems very much interested, and we observe that the pictures on the wall testify to the fact that some one in that home knows the Lord. Soon she says, "Praise the Lord! I was so discouraged and disheartened, but I feel better now. I am so glad you came to tell me about the Lord and your experiences!" And as we continue to tell her of our work, she tells us of her church and how she thinks she can help us in our efforts in behalf of the suffering; and as we leave this home, we are grateful that the Lord has encouraged us in this our first visit of the day, by bringing us in contact with some one who loves him and his work.

We next enter a home in which we find a woman sick in bed. There is no one to care for her except her husband, and as he is away during the day, she must lie all day alone, waiting for his return to attend to her wants. How glad we are that not only can we pray with this woman that but we can also do something that will materially relieve her suffering. We cannot find anything in her home that will hold water except a small basin, and we must use a newspaper to cover it, but we do the best we can, and, finding something that can be used for a fomentation cloth, we are soon able to relieve her pain. When she thanks us we can direct her to the Saviour, who has put it into our hearts to come and minister to her in this time of need.

Next we stop at the home of two old people whom we have visited before. The county does not help old people, because they can go to the poor house; but all old people like a home. They say, "God bless you! God only could have sent you here." They are in need of clothing, and we soon learn that they are hungry, having had nothing to eat for some time. We see that they are properly clothed and fed before we undertake to point them to the Savior. After we have satisfied their physical needs we can direct their thoughts and minds to the Lord.

Now we climb up a very narrow stairway, which leads to a home in which there are a number of children and a drunken woman. The woman is not in a condition to heed anything we do or say, and so we do what we can for the children. We talk to them, wash their faces and give them a bath, and see that they are fed, for they are hungry. Then, after a time, the mother begins to realize that some one is there to help, and we give her a treat-

ment and help her in any way that we can.

We next go into a house that looks like a barn. The woman who meets us at the door does not like to have us come in, but we tell her we would like to visit with her a little while and she allows us to enter. We find that this is a woman's club house. One woman rents the house and eight or ten women club together and pay for it, each getting her own meals. Here they can come to sleep, and when they are tired and worn out, have a place to rest a day or two. Some of them work very hard. In this particular house there are four beds in the one room, the beds in a circle around the stove, which is in the center of the room. One woman is very ill. We talk to her and do what we can to relieve her suffering. Next day we return, for she needs treatment regularly, and while we are there talking to some of those present, a woman staggers up from another bed and says, "Well, how can I be saved? How can I be converted? I want to know right now?" We see that she is intoxicated, but having had a nap, is somewhat sobered and is really convinced of sin. And so, there in that house, desolate as it is, we can have a word of prayer with these souls. What a comfort to be able to help people physically; for in this way their hearts are often reached and we are enabled to point them to Him, whose servants we are.

In the basement of another house we find a poor woman lying on a couch. The room is dark, for the windows are very small. This home is really a cellar. Here are six children, all of them too small to do any work. The poor woman is suffering very much and the children are hungry. We give the mother treatment and go out and get a physician for her, and get a loaf of bread for the children. The slices are devoured as fast as we can cut them. We talk to the children kindly, and supply them with the needed clothing; and as we go back often, perhaps in a week's time we observe that this home is neater than when we first entered it, for the children have begun to take an interest in keeping their faces and clothing clean, and have a pride in keeping the house in order.

Thus the Lord leads us in the right direction and helps us on. It is always so. In this work I have had the most blessed experiences of my life.

### Every--Day Experiences in Visiting Nurses' Work.

MADGE ROGERS

(Supt. Visiting Nurses' Department.)

Our headquarters are in a portion of Chicago where the air is so filled with coal smoke that it is almost impossible to keep clean, but missionaries must *live* in these dark portions of our cities to carry the gospel to these people, and so we are glad to be here.

At 6:45 we have morning worship, at 7 o'clock is breakfast, then each one assists with the morning work and at 9 o'clock the nurses meet to talk over their work and ask God to guide, guard and direct them. After this each nurse goes to her territory, and if she has no appointment to treat some sick one; she goes from house to house carrying a supply of *Good Healths* and *LIFE BOATS* and improves these opportunities by telling the mothers how to care for their children, showing them how to cook, etc. We have been much encouraged by the improvement in some of the homes where we visit from day to day.

A woman came to the dispensary one morning with a sick baby. Upon inquiry I found she was supporting a crippled husband and two children by doing washing. Thus she was compelled to leave her five months' old baby all day to go out to wash.

I called at her home and found that it was devoid of even the common necessities of life, and yet she never uttered one word of complaint. How glad we were to buy milk for her baby and to send them some clothing. Think of buying fuel, paying rent and feeding four people in Chicago with what one poor woman could earn by washing!

One good sister in Michigan said she would be glad to correspond with some of these people and send them some papers, but many of the people in this vicinity can neither read nor write readily. So I suggested that she send a little money to help pay car fare instead. Each time any one sends us ten cents it helps us to visit some poor soul who needs our help and sympathy. We often walk to save car fare, and that takes the time that we ought to be working.

One day while sorting over clothing that had been sent us I came to a barrel where the clothes were very worn, and I wondered what we could do with them, but beneath all these I found a shining gold piece. Quick as a flash

the thought came to me that there are jewels in darkest Chicago but we must dig to find them.

"The day will soon be over in which to work and win.  
Many a gem lies hidden beneath the dross of sin  
Oh let us dig and find them, God's power is enough  
To polish into beauty those diamonds in the rough."

My heart was touched today as I called to see a sick woman and her ten year old daughter trying to keep house and care for her sick mother. I said to her, "How would you like to come over to cooking classes at the Dispensary?" She brightened up and said "How much will it cost?" When I replied that we would not charge *her* anything she said, "I'll come and bring my cousin."

One mother cooked oatmeal only a few minutes and said she could not eat it because it hurt her stomach. We taught her how to cook it thoroughly, and since that she and her children have better health. These are apparently small things, but they mean a great deal to people who are so poorly nourished that they are sick most of the time.

—:0:—

### Are You Overlooking Such Opportunities?

A. G. DANIELLS.

**T**HREE persons have especially wrought in my character-building, to fit me to have a place in the great temple to be made up of redeemed humanity. The first and principal one was my dear mother. The earliest recollection I have of my mother, is of her teaching me to pray as I knelt at her side. I am glad that the earliest memories of my mother are associated in my mind with this hallowed circumstance. All my life she has constantly endeavored to teach me to be true to my knowledge of what is right.

Another person who had a decided influence over my life was a Sabbath-school teacher. She thought of me through the week, and worked for me, and consequently won a place in my heart. Finally she was taken sick with quick consumption. I missed her very much. I did not dare to tell anybody how much I missed her, nor how much I loved her. When I heard she was going to die, I wanted so much to see her, but I did not feel free to tell anyone. One day I went to the house where she lived, and stole around the corner where I could look through the window into her face. When I was her looking so pale and emaciated, I could

not help crying. I have wished many times since, that I had gone into her room, and told her, as she was dying, how much I loved her, and what her work had done for me, and so leave that as a parting word; but I was afraid to do it. Now she sleeps, but her works follow her.

Another person who helped me very much was a dear old pastor. When I was a little boy about twelve years of age, I became a Christian. In those days it was understood that every Christian ought to go to meeting every Sabbath, and tell what God had done for him; and so every Sabbath I would stand up and tell how I wanted to do right, and desired the other Christians to pray for me. There came a Sabbath when I did not feel worthy to get up and speak. I said to myself, "I will not speak to-day; I am too bad; but I will go home and live a little better next week, and when next Sabbath comes I will have a clear conscience, and will get up and speak." But I forgot my resolution until the next Sabbath. When the others began to speak, I felt more wicked than I did the Sabbath before. I said, "I can not speak this time. I will go home, and will surely do right next week, and then I will speak." So I left feeling very guilty and very sinful. But I soon forgot my resolution again. Then there came over me a horror of great darkness, and I felt so disheartened, and sinful, and bad, that I made up my mind that I could not be a Christian at all. I was thoroughly discouraged and disheartened.

After the next meeting I went out at once, so that nobody should get a chance to speak to me. I went around the corner of the house to wait for my mother. While standing there, feeling so disconsolate and lost, the pastor of the church, who was an old gray-haired and white-bearded man, came around, and when he saw me he said, "Good morning, Arthur. I was looking for you." I was scared; I thought he wanted to give me a scolding because I had not testified in meeting. Said he, "I have noticed that you have not spoken in meeting for three Sabbaths." I replied, "No, I have not." "Well," said he, "I have been feeling very badly about it, and I have been praying for you. And this morning I wondered if I had done anything to offend you, or anything to destroy your confidence in me as the pastor of the church, or in Jesus the Saviour of men. If I have, I want you to forgive me."

It was more than I could stand to have an old gray-headed man speak to me like that,



and I began to cry, and said, "No, you have not done anything at all; I have done it all. I am discouraged, I cannot live a Christian life, I cannot do right, and I have got to give up." Then the old gentleman put one arm around my neck, his other hand on my shoulder, and his face down close to mine, and said, "Now, my boy, you *can* live a Christian. You must not give up." And then he told me of a Saviour that would be with me every hour. He told me that he would go home and pray for me every day during the week. He brought joy and courage back into my heart. Then he said, "Don't you think you can try again?" I said, "I can, and I will try once more."

I tried, and God helped me, and I have *never* got back so far as that since. The old man rests to-day in the grave; he is silent; but I want to tell you that his works *follow* him. The instruction of that hour I have never lost; it is with me still; and I thank God for a church pastor that knew where the children were, knew what kind of a Christian experience they were having, and knew how to go to them, and not scold them, but put his arms about them, and bring courage back again into their hearts,

These three persons have made the greatest impression upon my life so far as I can judge of anybody. But how apparently small and trivial was the part each performed. I thank God that he knows how to use poor, weak, erring humanity in the work of co-operating in the saving of a soul from death, and the hiding of a multitude of sins.

### Who is My Neighbor?

LURA COLLINS.

"**M**ANY, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to usward; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them they are more than can be numbered." (Ps. 40:5). We see the life of God revealed in the trees and grass and flowers, and our hearts are drawn out with a pure instinct to love that which is beautiful. But when we glance at the other side, what a feeling of repulsion we have as we see the degradation, crime and misery on every side! We feel repulsion, but our hearts are burdened for the sufferings of humanity. Have

you or I done anything to relieve one who is in distress? Have we said a kind word to some sin-sick soul who is longing for just such love and sympathy as you or I may bestow? Perhaps we need not go outside our own door to find one needing a word of love and cheer!

If God has implanted in our hearts generous impulses and kindly affections are we not responsible to him for the use we make of them? It is very natural for us to bestow our affections on those whom we love; but it is not so easy to go the bedside of a stranger who is sick, both mentally and physically, or those who have fallen so low in sin that they feel that no one cares for them, and show by our actions that we are their sister or brother, and that Christ is their Saviour. And yet, weak, frail humanity longs for just such love as this. God so loved the world—and we are a part of the world—that he gave his only Son to die for us. Can we not show to fallen ones that we have much of the Christ love in our hearts?

### How a Girl Used Her Spending Money.

Are there not some readers of THE LIFE BOAT who after having read this child's suggestive letter will feel that possibly they could be using their spending money to a little better advantage than they are now doing. Can you not think of some persons in your community whose experience might be made brighter and happier by the monthly visits of THE LIFE BOAT?

DEAR SIRS:—

Please find enclosed twenty-five cents for which send THE LIFE BOAT to my father. I had this amount given me for spending money by my mother, and as my folks are very poor and are not able to send for the paper, I thought I would surprise them by getting THE LIFE BOAT for them.

I want to do some good in the world. I would rather go without the twenty-five cents and get THE LIFE BOAT for my parents, then to use it for myself.

Yours truly,

The most minute parts of a tiny leaf are made absolutely perfect. If God fashions these insignificant things so perfectly, will he not assist us in the little things of life?

### The Medical Missionary College Hospital in Chicago.

W. B. HOLDEN, M. D.

[Extracts from a talk given Medical Missionary Day at the recent Union Conference held in Chicago.]

**W**E moved last fall, to a double building at the corner of Thirty-Third Place and Cottage Grove Avenue. In the basement of the building we have treatment rooms, where we give all forms of hydropathic treatments, including the various hot and cold sprays; also electric light baths, galvanism, etc. On the other side of the house we have our dining room and kitchen. On the first floor are the reception room and two large wards for gentlemen. These wards are light and airy. On the other side of the house are the class rooms for students. On the second floor we have three large rooms for ladies, with one small special operating room. These wards are nicely fitted up, as are also the gentlemen's wards on the first floor. In these rooms are held regularly and profitably, devotional services each morning. On the third floor we have on one side rooms for nurses, and on the other side of the building is the operating room. This operating room is fitted up for all kinds of surgical work, and adjoining it is the laboratory, where we are prepared to do all necessary kinds of chemical work.

We have a good supply of nurses to care for patients and a well-equipped medical staff. We wish to interest all our friends in this hospital; for although it is reasonably well filled, yet doing the work that it does, it ought to be filled to overflowing all the time. By securing outside rooms for nurses we could readily enlarge our wards, and so do a larger work with but little additional expense.

The cost of keeping a patient in this hospital is about one dollar per day. Some consider this a little expensive; but at that price if the building were filled with beds as close as we could place them, it would not fully pay expenses. I have been interested in looking up the expense of caring for patients in other hospitals in this country and also in Europe. The East London Hospital has several hundred free beds, but the expense, which is defrayed by donations, amounts to one dollar and thirty cents per day for each patient. At St. Luke's Hospital, for every free patient the cost is ninety-eight cents per day. In the Cook County Hospital, the largest hospital in the city of

Chicago, it costs ninety cents per day for each patient, and this does not include any salaries for the medical attendants, except perhaps the superintendent.

Some think it is hardly right to charge people operation fees. Personally I take more delight in performing operations for which I do not receive a cent than those that the institution is reasonably well paid for. The true surgeon has just as much anxiety for those patients who do not pay a single cent for the work as for those who have paid well for their operations. Some of our most difficult cases have been those who have paid nothing.

Operations can never be paid for in dollars and cents. We ought not to look upon the charges as fees. When physicians take a patient requiring a difficult surgical operation to restore him to health, and place him under the influence of chloroform, such responsibility cannot be paid for in dollars and cents. Sometimes there is terrible anxiety afterwards as to whether the patient will get along well or not; there is always more or less anxiety. All these things must be taken into consideration, and worry and sleepless nights have no financial equivalent.

It is well for those who are able to do so to pay for their operations, for operations cost something. A surgeon frequently uses a dollar's worth of silk in sewing up wounds on one patient. We have one trained nurse in our hospital who spends her entire time in preparing expensive dressings to be used on wounds in the operating room and wards. All these things cost money. Surgical instruments are particularly expensive. Sometimes a small piece of surgical string costs ten cents. Thus it is evident that it is right for us to encourage people to pay something for their surgical work. Suppose a man has twenty cows; is it worth the price of one of these to have an important operation performed? But people who cannot pay anything we do not turn away.

It would take only a little effort on the part of the home church to raise a dollar a day to keep one of their poor sick ones in our hospital, and it would lift a heavy load from our already overburdened shoulders. Twenty or thirty dollars from a good sized church is scarcely felt by the members and the money is a great help to us. However, we take just as good care of those who do not themselves pay, and for whom no money is raised by their church, as



we do for those who do pay; for of course we are not working for money.

About six or eight weeks ago I was on my way to fill an appointment, and I stopped to see a woman who had been neglected and was near death's door. She had blood poisoning in one ankle and was in immediate need of help, and I was obliged to miss my appointment to care for her. This woman not only had blood poisoning but she was also addicted to the use of morphine—had been using it for twelve years. This had so lowered her vital activity that she could scarcely react to the treatments, and so hung between life and death for three or four weeks, with no noticeable improvement at all. It was a discouraging outlook, and I expected every morning to find that she had died in the night. But we brought her to the hospital and gave her the most thorough treatment, and kept at it day and night, and finally in one corner of the wound we saw evidence of healing, so we took courage. She has kept on improving slowly until now she is able to sit up in a chair, and it is a matter of only a short time until she will be in health. For this case we have not received a single penny.

One man who came to us had a terrible ulcer on his leg, twice as big as a man's hand. He had suffered with it for seventeen years, but a few month's treatment sufficed to effect a cure. He returned to his home a happy man. A few months ago one of our nurses brought in a man who had been shot in the arm, and was in a very dangerous condition. He was not a converted man. Before the operation we had our customary season of prayer. About two weeks later it became necessary to perform a second minor operation. Some of his friends were present and before the operation one of them took a bottle of whisky from his pocket and handed it to the patient saying, "Wouldn't you like to take something to brace you up before the operation? Maybe the doctor would like some?" The man replied, 'You just wait and you will soon see where the doctor gets his bracer from.' That man has become our sincere friend, and his employers, who are influential people in the city, have become deeply interested in our work.

Our Medical Missionary students are working hard to become well qualified to do medical work. We trust that there is the beginning of a master workman in each one of them. Two desire to go to Egypt as soon as they graduate,

others have other mission fields in view. Our Medical College is doing neither small nor cheap work. It is doing thorough-going practical work in both scientific and Christian work. Encourage some of the bright young people with whom you come in contact who are capable of making good missionary physicians to come to our school. We have teachers who are well equipped for their work and have a standing in the medical profession. Our graduates can practice any place that a medical graduate from any other school can practice. Our students have this advantage over other medical students, that they are constantly associated with others who possess similar missionary aspirations. Our Medical School is growing; it must grow, for it has a field in the world, a great field. It is as necessary to educate medical missionaries as it is to educate ministers.

---

### Devotional Exercises in our Wards.

S. YARNELL, M.D.

OUR medical and surgical wards are at present filled to overflowing with a very appreciative class of patients. Nearly all of them are making most excellent improvement, at the same time it is encouraging to note the spiritual advancement that some are experiencing. A few weeks ago we instituted an early morning song and prayer service in each ward and it is very gratifying to observe the good results therefrom. Patients who before were irritable and hard to please seem to have imbibed the spirit of these songs and prayers and it is very noticeable how much more cheerfully they bear their suffering, as well as the little daily unavoidable annoyances incident to the sick room.

A few days ago a patient came to us from another hospital where he had been suffering intense pain for several months from inflammatory rheumatism. At the close of the morning service the second day after he arrived, he called me to his bed and with tears of gratitude in his eyes he thanked me for the blessings these songs had brought to his soul. By this simple exercise the Lord had given him more patience with which to bear his sufferings. Such experiences are a source of great encouragement to us as we labor to relieve the sufferings of humanity.

### The Prisoners' God.

W. S. SADLER.

THERE is but one God—the Creator of this world and every being in it. The prisoners' God is the Christian's God. The Lord does not forsake a man because he has done wrong or has got into trouble—it is at such times that he is especially near, for when in difficulty, human beings are more likely to call for help. Trouble has been the means of bringing many a man to soberly think of the end of his wicked ways, and then, when he seeks for the right way, and endeavors to live an honest life, God has an opportunity to come in and help him.

The God that causes the lilies to bloom, the birds to sing, and the grass to grow, is the same God that causes the prisoner's heart to beat. He dwells within every man, and there is power in God to enable every man to do right, and God dwells within us. All we have to do is to submit to the leading of the divine indwelling, to listen to the voice of conscience, and the power will be given to perform that which is well-pleasing in the sight of heaven, and just and right toward our fellowman. Within the confines of a penal institution the prisoner has the same access to God that the most earnest Christian has, for God is in the prison. My dear reader, if you are a prisoner, let me say to you that when you came to prison, God came with you. He has been in prison with you. It is his presence with you all the time that keeps your heart beating, that keeps you breathing, and that awakens you morning by morning; and you yourself have many times heard his still, small voice speaking to your soul, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." God is not a long way off; He is near us. He is a very present help in every time of need, if we will only submit to be helped in his way. God will not always help us to be what we want to be, but you can be sure that he will always help you to be what you *ought* to be.

The God that regulates the movements of the sun, moon and stars, causing them to keep up their ceaseless march, never losing a moment, never failing for an instant, is the prisoner's God. It is this same God that dwells with every man, keeping alive even those who persist in sin, staying near even those who go into crime, all the time seeking to call them away from their life of sin and crime, and every ready to lead them in green pastures and beside still waters.

The presence of God with us does not prevent our suffering the hardships of wrongdoing, for God knows that it is better that we should reap what we sow, for we will the sooner be corrected of the disposition to sow the seeds of vice and crime. But we may be sure of this—that the divine power will help us at any time we so desire to begin to sow the good seed that shall bring a harvest of happiness and pleasure, both in this world and

in the next. We cannot always instantly escape the results of our past misdoing, but we can, by God's help, begin *right now* to sow the good seeds, the harvest of which will ultimately swallow up our harvest of wrong-doing.

Let every man behind prison-bars take counsel; look up; press forward, and submit to God; listen to the divine voice that pleads with the soul. Every right impulse, every true motive, every good thought, every desire to be better and do better comes from God. And he who gives you this desire to live a better life will be faithful in standing by you to help you to do it.

The saying "Once a criminal, always a criminal" need not be true, unless the criminal so chooses; for every man has placed at his disposal a power that measures with the power that moves sun and stars, to keep him in the right way if the right way is the way of his choice. May God help the prisoner to recognize in Jesus Christ his only refuge, and in Christianity his only hope of deliverance, and to accept Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and experience the sweetness of deliverance from the guilt of sin and the power of crime, is our earnest prayer.

### The Better Self.

A. T. JONES.

THERE is a true self in every man as well as a false self. When the prodigal son was away from his home feeding hogs, and was so hungry that he was willing to pick up the husks that the hogs had sucked the juice out of and see if he could not wring some more out of them, when he looked at himself he came to himself. Ah! He came to *himself*. There is a true man in a man always. There is a true self in every man—the divine part that God has created in man to glorify Him. The divine destiny that God has set for every soul that ever comes into this universe is that he shall be conformed to the image of God, that he shall be like Jesus Christ. There is a better self, but too often the other self has taken the precedence. This other self has become the throne of Satan, and is rejoicing against the better self, compelling the better self to drag along in the way of the evil self. But some men reach that point where God *can* call them to their *better* selves.

And do not forget that when that man, sitting there watching those hogs, came to himself, the first thing that he said was, "I will arise and go to my father." Do not forget that the first thing that the better self recognizes instantly, as soon as it awakes and gets its eyes opened, is the Father.

God sends you and me with a message to open men's eyes, to bring them to themselves, by whatever means, by whatever ministration it may be, that will bring a man face to face with himself and get him to see himself and come to himself; and then we may always be sure that there is this word in his heart, "I will arise and go to my Father."



### Could Anything be Worse?

E. B. VAN DORN.

**I**N the Juvenile Court of April 14th was one of the most heart-rending scenes I have ever witnessed. A little boy only four years of age was brought in. His eyes were filmed over with the stupor of drink, like the eyes of the oldest sot. His breath was reeking with the fumes of rum and beer. His face was distorted, and the lines that are so characteristic of the inebriate, had taken the place of the natural expression of childish innocence and beauty. His father and mother are not drunkards, but they have separated, and the little one has fallen into the hands of those who live on the lowest plane of human existence. They fed the little one gin, rum, and beer and while he was reeling like the confirmed drunkard, which he was actually becoming, they laughed in their fiendish glee. When taken from the place where he was found, he had just finished a glass of whisky, and was washing it down with a bottle of beer. They found a horrible amusement in giving the baby

liquor because he was "funny" when drunk. He has learned to love it and calls for it the first thing in the morning, and seems to never get enough.

This is not fiction, but stern reality, and it is by no means an isolated case. Again and again does the city mission worker have to face just such serious problems, and woe unto him if he is not personally acquainted with the saving gospel that such conditions demand. Shall we not lay aside our petty differences and rise to the help of the helpless and hold up the power of God unto salvation to all, before it is everlastingly too late?

### "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

**G**OD'S promises do not become verified to us unless we comply with their conditions. Many eat an almost indigestible meal shortly before retiring and then complacently claim the above promise, and when the various irritating poisons which are produced by such a course prevent normal sleep, they think that God does not answer prayer as he did in former times. God does not do our part just to save us a little exertion. Nature grows the potatoes in the soil and performs the unexplainable miracle of digesting them in the stomach, but Providence leaves it for us to dig them out of the soil.

A terrible case of delirium tremens was recently brought to us. As far as we could learn the man had not been able to obtain any sleep for five days and nights. No drug had seemed to influence him in the least. We wrapped him in a sheet which had been wrung out of cold water, and placed hot water bottles to his spine and feet to encourage a good re-action, and put over him just enough covering to keep him comfortable, but not enough to induce perspiration. Although he was in a muttering delirium when we began the treatment, in less than five minutes, he was sound asleep and he slept continuously for eight hours. When he awoke he was very much improved and he soon made a good recovery and went home fully resolved never again to trifle with that cup which at the last "stingeth like an adder."

---

### Whom will You Believe?

ALEXANDER RICHIE.

**S**IN is the faith men exercise in one who is totally unworthy of being believed because "he is a liar, and the father of it," or in other words *sin is misplaced faith*.

"Millions of human beings have discovered the unworthiness of this evil being by whom Adam and Eve were so bitterly deceived. They had *faith* in what he said and when they believed Satan, they ceased to believe God. And this was what constituted sin, because Adam's doubt of God's goodness was unjust, unreasonable and inexcusable.

Thus it appears that sin entered the world through faith exercised toward one who was evil and untrue. And all the evil that has en-

tered the world since, has come in the same way. Look at that brilliant young man just leaving school to make a name for himself in the world. The tempter whispers in his ear, "Now, my boy, to succeed, you must be social. Never refuse when asked to drink a glass of wine. Don't snub the man who politely offers you a cigar. You will have to spend all that you make at first, and perhaps a little more, to keep up an appearance of success, but it pays in the end." But look at this poor wretch behind the bars. See his bleared eyes, his look of disappointment and despair. Who is he? What has he done? Why, he is the boy who left school to make his fortune. He played with the "social glass" until it made him unsocial. He was so afraid of snubbing the man who had cigars to give away that the same man now snubs him. It took so much to keep up his position that he wrote his name in the wrong place, and now it only takes a jailer's key to keep him in position. What is the reason for it all? Simply this, he pinned his faith to a liar. And now he knows it. Is there any remedy for him? O, yes, bless the Lord, a wonderful remedy, and as simple as it is wonderful. Let him believe the one who says, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." "Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin \*

\* \* even so by one, righteousness came upon all men unto justification. For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." My brother, if the devil has deceived you by his false promises, come to Jesus and fix your faith upon him. He is the truth, and you will never be disappointed. He offers you liberty from the bondage of sin now, and life eternal in the world to come.

---

Until we have given God an opportunity to touch our tongues so that we can represent him in a new way in our own language, it would not increase our usefulness if God should impart to us such a gift of tongues that we could speak fluently in fifteen languages. If the mother who habitually scolds her child, and the man who is constantly quarreling with his neighbors should be given a few additional languages, they would only have more to answer for in the Judgment.

# ✦ The Mission Meeting ✦

## Help O Help!

(S. I. Cornish.)

Listen! What is that I hear?  
 Ah, I feel 'tis some one dear.  
 Some poor soul has missed the way  
 On the mountains cold to-day  
 Out from home and friends so dear  
 No one now to help or cheer  
 And again I hear the cry  
 "Help O Help me, or I die!"

Listen! hear you not that call?  
 As those pleading accents fall,  
 Not from "India's coral strand"  
 Nor from Africa's far off land  
 But the dear ones at our door  
 Now our tender love implore.  
 Youthful feet have missed the way  
 O for Jesus' love to-day!

Mothers, fathers, children true  
 List! The Master speaks to you.  
 With your pennies and your love  
 May the "Life Boat" onward move,  
 Passing through the mad wave's foam,  
 Bringing wand'ers safely home,  
 All can answer now the cry,  
 "Help! O help us ere we die!"

O our joy will be so sweet  
 When at last we all shall meet  
 Singing praises to His name;  
 For He left His home and came  
 Us to save at such a cost:  
 When without Him we were lost,  
 Endless cycles will unfold  
 Riches of his love untold.

---

## Why the Life Boat Mission Meetings never become monotonous.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

SOME of our readers who have never visited the Life Boat Mission may wonder if these meetings which are held night after night do not become monotonous and uninteresting. We would reply by asking if a trip across the angry billows would seem dull to the life-saving crew, whose every thought is to reach and rescue the perishing!

Recently after Brother Mackey had presented with special power the saving gospel to lost men, in response to his earnest invitation nineteen men raised their hands for prayer. While the closing song was sung Christian workers found their way to the sides of those who had raised

their hands, and endeavored to impress still more deeply some divine thought upon their minds. As the others passed out, a number of these anxious men dropped upon their knees with the workers and earnest prayers were offered up in which these penitent souls joined. The prayers they prayed were as devoid of formality and as original as was the Publican's, but none the less did they reach the ear of God.

A pathetic case was that of a bright young man who sat in the rear, and hesitatingly raised his hand at the very last moment. He had arrived in the city the previous night from Boston, en route for Minneapolis. While seeing the sights of Chicago he had fallen into one of the devil's pitfalls where he was drugged and robbed of all his money. In his despair he found his way to the Life Boat Mission. Like so many other young men he always tried to be good enough to appear respectable. It was not a difficult task to convince him that the only sensible thing for him to do was to yield himself to God. We knelt together, and after I had prayed with him this young man, for the first time in his life perhaps, attempted to talk to God. From a theological standpoint his prayer would have been considered a failure, but it was both sincere and touching for it evidently came straight from a repentant heart.

I then handed him a Gospel of John in which I had underlined the 37th verse of the sixth chapter. He had already telegraphed to his friends in the East for money which he probably received the next day, and passed on his journey.

Only a touch! The full value of which we shall probably never know until we meet on the other shore, but it may mean the changing of the entire current of this young man's life.

How great is the satisfaction of using our God-given abilities and opportunities to inspire others to a better and nobler life! How little satisfaction there is in a life of selfish pleasure in which the good of our fellowmen is not considered! Reader, are you endeavoring to help others to a higher plane of living, or are you slipping through this life without allowing the Lord to use you to make an impression for good upon the lives of others?



### The Difference Between Reformation and Transformation.

T. F. MACKEY.

“THEREFORE if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new.” (2 Cor. 5-17).

It was seven years and eleven months ago that I heard the story of redemption. My heart was crushed. My life had been a failure. I was as much of a heathen as though I had been raised in the wilds of Africa. I never had been in a Sunday-School to my knowledge, —never had read the Bible. There I stood, a poor outcast. Then I heard a man of God tell his experience, and oh, how warm he told it! He told it as though it was the business of his life. The Spirit of the living God backed it up with such mighty power that it touched my heart. I had seen my poor old mother lowered into the grave, many years before her time, because of my sins. I had seen my brother put into the ground. Those things did not move me, but somehow this man's simple story of the cross touched me. As I listened to him I thought “if God can save that man, he can save me.” Then it occurred to me that I had never given God a chance to save me, so I gave him the chance then and he saved me. I was invited to kneel at the mercy seat, and there I met Jesus. I cried from a broken heart, “God, be merciful to me a sinner.” I went in for all there was in it, and I got it.

The very day that I was converted God stayed my hand from committing an awful crime, and that night at the Pacific Garden Mission I heard a man testify that he had been kept from a life like mine for fifteen years. So I raised my hand, although partly under the influence of liquor at the time, and one of the fellows back of me said, “Curly is going to play the religious dodge,” and bless God I have played it ever since. I started on a missionary tour that night and I have never yet reached the end of it.

After the meeting I went to my drunkard's home, a home from which my daughter, who is sitting on the platform here to-night, used to flee when she heard her father's step; a home in which there was no fuel or food, and the rent was long past due; and I said to my wife,

“By the help of God and this Book, I am going to live a better life.” She had no reason to have any confidence in me after I had lived a life of broken promises before her for seventeen and a half years. I had made resolve after resolve, but none of these amounted to anything. As soon as my fortunes began to mend a little all my good resolves were broken. But when Mrs. Mackey heard me mention God's Book she had confidence in that, and she said, “Tom, let us pray.” That was the first time we had ever prayed together.

When a man becomes a new creature, he will put off the old man. If he has been a crooked fellow, he will put off his crookedness, and he will not need to carry around a letter of recommendation either. He can prove himself. God sets his stamp on his children. When I came to God I was such a crooked fellow that no one could trust me, and detectives used to be on my track, but now all that follow me is *goodness and mercy*, and they follow me all the days of my life. I bless God for these two detectives.

[From a talk given at the Life Boat Mission.]

### Where Does True Religion Begin?

E. B. VANDORN.

SOMEONE asked me one evening as I was going to meeting, “Where does religion begin?” The one who raised the question was in a sad condition. He had a big plaster over a part of his forehead, his eyes were inflamed by the use of liquor, his clothing was ragged and dirty.

I replied, “It begins with the individual, and after that in the home.” “You are very much mistaken,” he said. This led me to inquire “Where does it begin then?” He said, “It begins with nations, corporations, and institutions, and then everything will be all right.” If it were only this one poor fellow who cherished this mistaken idea, it would hardly be worth mentioning, but this notion is wide spread. But the Lord has said in his Word, “So then everyone of us shall give an account of *himself* to God.” If individuals are right with God, then the family, the community, corporations, institutions, yes, and even the nations will be right. For religion will then be found in its natural place.

---

**Do not Allow Your Subscription to Expire.**

---

### All Things Shall Praise Him.

CLYDE LOWRY.

**O**NLY ten cents—certainly not a very large sum of money; but it was all this man had, and as he stood on the street corner he was debating in his mind what he should do with it.

"Hullo, Jack, what are ye thinkin' about?" A rough voice had roused him from his reverie, and he answered slowly; "I've got a dime, and I was just wonderin' whether I had better get a bed or a drink."

"Oh, is that all?" his ragged companion asked. "Let's have the drinks and then the Mission people will give you a bed."

After some hesitation, Jack agreed to the plan; and after getting the drinks at a nearby barrel-house, they went into the Mission. As the service progressed Jack became more thoughtful and solemn, and each song and testimony made a deeper impression on his heart, which had become strangely tender. In vain did his hardened companion try to overcome this feeling and to make light of the service. Jack felt the restraining force of a power stronger than his own and he had already caught a glimpse of the dawn of a better day. The fascination of the old life of sin was fading away as the sunshine of God's presence flooded the man's soul, and nothing that his friend might say could alter his opinion or lead him away from the service.

After the benediction had been pronounced Jack took his old comrade aside and said: "Bob, we have been friends for a long time, we have drunk together, done crooked work together, and even done time together, but after tonight we play quits if you don't come with me. I believe that I have found a good thing and I am going to try it. I feel better already, and I wish you would try it with me. Let's turn over a new leaf and try to do the right thing."

Jack had already shown one of the surest evidences of true conversion, and had now become a missionary, but try as he would, he could not make any impression on the heart of the indifferent and calloused Bob. Although he had apparently failed in his first attempt to preach the gospel of salvation he held on to the good thing which he had found; and in after years he actually became a powerful and successful evangelist and was instrumental in

bringing many wanderers into the Haven of Rest.

What became of Bob, God only knows, but this true story which we heard at The Life Boat Mission, shows that even the levity of an ungodly man may be made to honor and glorify the Master. The Mission people gave Jack a bed, God gave him eternal life, and the result was that many a precious soul was saved in the Kingdom of God.

---

### He Could Not Reach the Brake.

Nearly four weeks ago I left a wicked city in Kentucky. I had been a faithful servant of the devil there. I came up here and was equally faithful to him. I was very unsuccessful in finding employment. I had not a penny in the world, so I was brought down to the most destitute circumstances. I looked around me and I felt in my heart that I was homeless and friendless—not a friend in the world! But I often thought when alone, of what I earned at my mother's knee, that there was a Friend above all friends, and that was the Master. I had thought very little of my soul's salvation. Fortunately for me I came in contact with some of God's children at the Workingmen's Home. I do not know how I happened to get there, but it certainly was providential. They invited me to the mission, and I came. Thanks be to the dear Lord and to His dear servants that labored with me, for there I found the blessed Master, and He washed away my sins and has taken me into the family. I feel that should the summons come tonight, I am ready to go. I was a wild and weak boy. I did not think of any thing else but getting in bad company. The first thing that ever touched my heart or made me think of salvation in the least, was when I heard a minister tell of a visit he made to the death bed of a stage driver. He had been sent for to talk to him. While he was driving the stage he was accustomed to use his foot a great deal in pushing the brake. The minister noticed that this man kept pushing his foot out, and finally he asked him what was the matter with his foot. He turned and said "I am going headlong into destruction and I can not reach the brake." If a man ever tells the truth on earth it is on his death bed. He felt that he was going to be lost, and he could not stop himself. How many men there are who are in the same condition! I have not a penny in the world, neither have I a home, but I feel richer than if I had all the millions of Vanderbilt. I have something more than a home in Chicago, I have a home in heaven.

(Related at the Lifeboat Mission)



### The Mother's Plea.

By P. U.

O listen my darling,  
My sweet one, my fair,  
My tender white lily  
Beware! O beware!

There are sorrows unnumbered  
Not far down the way,  
In the path you have chosen  
Delusive and gay.

There are promises made  
That will never be kept,  
There are tears of agony  
Yet to be wept.

There are mad, wild longings  
For mother and home;  
Make a rush for your life dear,  
And come, quickly come.

You will not believe me  
I know, till you've tried  
The mad chase for pleasure,  
In the road broad and wide.

But the time is not distant,  
It hastens on fast,  
When you'd give your life, dear  
To bring back the past.

O list to the Savior,  
Before 't is too late;  
Ere the harvest is past,  
And you meet your sad fate.

Your feet are fast tending  
Toward the precipice brink,  
Is it not worth your while dear  
To pause now, and think?

### Moving Day at the Life Boat Rest.

The Life Boat Rest has just been moved into better quarters than those occupied heretofore. A splendid set of rooms has been secured on the second floor of a building on the corner of Clark and Polk Streets. One of the rooms has a bay window and all of them are light, well ventilated and sanitary in every respect.

We feel so thankful that Sister Emmel and her faithful co-laborers have secured such pleasant quarters without having to move out of that part of the city where they are so much needed.

The place that they have occupied during the past year has not been at all suitable for the purpose, but it was the best that we could obtain at that time. We hope that the friends of the Life Boat Rest will remember that the rent of this new headquarters is twenty-five dollars a month. Are there not some readers of THE LIFE BOAT who could pay for one month's rent? Send all donations to 28 Thirty-third Place, designating that it is to apply on the rent of the Life Boat Rest.

### A Pathetic Incident in Rescue Work

MARY F. SMITH.

ONE day a lady from the Chinese mission called at the Life Boat Rest and asked us to assist her in finding a converted Chinese lady who had fled from her husband because he had beaten her. He had objected to her going out on the street, but as she was a Christian she thought she had a right to go to the mission. The husband still held to the old heathen idea that it is a sin for a woman to be seen upon the street, and so he tried in this persuasive manner to prevent her from going out.

That evening we started out to search for her, and we learned at a house on State street that the husband had sworn out a warrant for her arrest on the charge of stealing and that she had been taken to the Harrison Street Police Station. We went there and found her in a cell, frightened and crying. We explained the case to the officers and matron, and the woman was removed to the prison annex, where she was more comfortable and contented.

The following day being Sunday, we visited the station and held our usual gospel services. This woman seemed very much interested and asked us to sing "At the Cross" for her.

When court was called on Monday morning there was no charge against her, as she had only taken her own clothing; but the judge, for her own safety, and perhaps as punishment to the husband for his cruelty, sent her to a Christian Refuge Home for six months at her husband's expense. If at the expiration of that time he had given satisfactory evidence that he would treat her properly, she would be returned to him.

This poor woman has had a very sad experience. She was born in this supposedly free Christian country. When a mere child

she was wedded to a Chinaman, who afterwards sold her to her present husband for a considerable sum. Her husband has now threatened to sell her again if she does not obey him.

We meet many sad and pathetic experiences in our work for the women in this part of the great city of Chicago. We have had many blessed experiences in seeing souls converted and rescued from lives of sin and shame. The fields are white and ready to be harvested, and we need help and means to carry forward this work.

---

### Marvelously Saved and Wonderfully Kept.

MAY ———

**A**BOUT two years ago I was brought to this city an entire stranger, by a woman whom I supposed to be my friend. She also pretended to be a friend of my family, and was visiting in my home from which she enticed me to Chicago. She placed me in a questionable house within a few doors of the Life Boat Mission, where I was kept a prisoner, against my will, from May until September. What I endured there, constantly watched day and night, God only knows. I was unable to get away until one night when I came down stairs on the pretense of getting a can of beer, but determined on getting away from the place. I was dressed in an old wrapper and a thin jacket, and had on an old hat that I was ashamed to be seen with; a poor weak child without money and without a friend in the city, and I had no idea where to go. There was a great procession on the street that evening. I think it was the night before election. I set the can on the steps and made my way across the street, and then I did not know which way to go or where to find a friend. But Jesus was my friend, although I did not know it. Every one was hurrying along the street in excitement and in good spirits, but oh, my heart was so sad! I did not know what to do. There was not a cent in my pocket, and I knew of no place where I could rest my weary head that night, but thank God, the Star of Hope gospel wagon was standing on the street corner, and I stopped and listened. Brother Mackey soon stepped from the wagon and asked if I was a

saved girl. Of course I could only say, "No." He asked me, if I did not want to become a Christian, and I said, "Yes." Then he said, "Do you want to bad enough to get into the wagon and go home with us?" Thank God, that night I received Jesus as my Saviour and my sins were washed away. All the time I was in the city, my father, mother and brother did not know where I was. My brother, a young man, searched the city to find me but could not. After I went home with Brother and Sister Mackey I had a sick spell, but I was able to write to my mother, and a short time afterward Brother Mackey gave me enough money to take me to my beautiful country home. A short time after I reached there, my dear mother, the dearest friend I had on earth, was taken from me. She received me with open arms, when I came to her, and if a mother will receive you with open arms, what will not a Saviour do? Oh great is the love of a Saviour!

I now have a little home of my own in northern Michigan, and recently I came to Chicago in order to see the Life Boat Mission once more and visit Brother and Sister Mackey in their Star of Hope home. If it had not been for these means of grace, the gospel wagon and the help of this home, where would I have been now? I know that there are many young girls ensnared in this great city in just the same way that I was, and, if there is an unsaved girl who reads this, I want to say to you, take no one's word without consulting Jesus Christ. Take him for your Saviour, and if you are true and faithful to him, he will never forsake you. A little talk with Jesus helps to make many things right.

---

### The Most Attractive Thing.

(Testimony given at the Life Boat Mission)

I am nearly fifty years of age and have seen almost all sides of life, but I am here to tell you that this is the most attractive thing right here of any thing I have ever seen. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is the most attractive thing, and I am desperately in love with it, and so you will be if you will come and give it a trial. The only cure for drunkenness is the blood cure; "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

---

**Next number will be a Special Anti-Cigarette Number.**

### An Unoccupied Missionary Field.

THESE are many people who live in the immediate vicinity of jails and county prisons who have never discovered that these institutions present wonderful missionary opportunities. A prisoner is a sinner like any other mortal, the only difference being that he has learned positively that the way of the transgressor is hard and so he is likely to be in a favorable state of mind to be reached with the story of the gospel. He has plenty of time to think, and one reason so many people get into trouble is that they do not take time to think.

Some have stated that they have difficulty in securing permission from the jailers and sheriffs to do missionary work. This is partly because these officials have learned from experience that many well-meaning persons are extremely indiscreet, and utilize such opportunities in listening to the prisoner's supposed or real grievances and unduly sympathizing with him; or perhaps in circulating gossip in regard to prison management in the community; therefore they can scarcely be blamed for being somewhat suspicious of those who desire to secure the privilege of talking with the prisoners. Nevertheless we have found that when the prison officials are satisfied that we are doing good in a reasonable way and are working from no other motive, there is no class of men more ready to co-operate with us.

We have letters expressing the warmest appreciation for THE LIFE BOAT and its work among prisoners, from nearly all the leading prison officials in this country.

Take a copy of THE LIFE BOAT to the local jailer or sheriff and after he has read it he will in most cases readily grant you permission to come once a month and distribute LIFE BOATS to the prisoners. You can send to us for any number of copies that you desire and we will furnish them at the rate of one and a half cent per copy. For the first month or two, until you and the local prison officials become well acquainted, it will be the wisest plan to merely hand the papers to the prisoners through the bars, with perhaps a cheering word or two, going about it quickly and quietly. If the Lord sees that you can be trusted in this work you will soon be able to secure permission to hold regular jail services on Sunday, or what would be still better in most cases to have personal

talks at some length with each of the prisoners, and a word of prayer with those who desire it; and you will soon find yourself in the midst of a most interesting work, one that will give you experience for other lines of missionary effort. Address all communications to 28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago, Ill.

---

### How Much Are You Willing to Do for the Prisoner When His Sentence Has Expired?

We want to come in touch *immediately* with some good substantial people in every state who are willing to hold out a helping hand to a prisoner at the expiration of his sentence. If a man's record in prison has been such that he has satisfied the prison officials that he will make good use of opportunities to retrieve the past it is a cruel thing in this land of churches and Christians to have to meet nothing but cold rebuffs as he emerges from the prison door, when his heart and soul is full of a fixed determination to be a man.

We do not want to encourage prisoners to come to us here in Chicago, for we have no inducements here to offer them. Every reader of THE LIFE BOAT must know that a large city like Chicago is not the best place for a man to begin life anew. Are you willing to open your home to a man willing and anxious to reform? Will you give him an opportunity to work on your farm or in your workshop for even a bare support until at least he has time to take his bearings and get hold of something that may afford him still better opportunities? It is no use to expect absolute perfection in such a man nor to expect that all the Christian graces will flourish in his life. Many Christians who have been long on the way have still serious defects clinging about them, but if a man has the determination in his heart to be right and to do right he deserves a helping hand extended to him, and God will bless us in so doing.

Shall we not hear from some in every state at once? We shall keep your letter on file, and as fast as we come in touch with some prisoner within a reasonable distance of your home we will correspond with you in reference to him. The Lord looks down from heaven and hears the groans of the prisoner, and if the Lord is in your heart you also will hear.

## THE LIFE BOAT

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

### The Prisoners' Number of the Life Boat.

We wish that all of our readers could have the opportunity to read the large number of appreciative letters that are coming in from the various prisons in reference to the April number of THE LIFE BOAT.

The Day of God will alone reveal the full extent of the good that this little effort has accomplished, but the tangible results that we already see from even this small endeavor to help others ought to encourage all of us to work the more earnestly for the benefit of humanity wherever situated and under all circumstances.

### How You Can Assist in Building a Medical Missionary College.

The American Medical Missionary College is the only medical college in the country which devotes itself exclusively to the training of young men and women for medical *missionary* work. This splendid institution has, during the seven years of its existence, been compelled to occupy rented apartments for its work, both in Battle Creek and Chicago. There are at present over a hundred students in its various classes. It is now proposed to purchase the buildings formerly occupied by the Battle Creek College, and use them for this purpose. One excellent plan which has been proposed is for our friends everywhere to take large clubs of THE LIFE BOAT and then sell them at five cents per copy and donate the proceeds to the Medical Missionary fund. We hope that hundreds of youth and children will take hold of this plan enthusiastically, thereby accomplishing a two-fold good; extending the circulation of THE LIFE BOAT, and also assisting the Medical College. We hope that the church pastors will give this matter their consideration and encourage some one to take hold of this work at once. THE LIFE BOAT is furnished in clubs at twenty cents a year, or one and a-half cents apiece, when a number of copies of a single issue are ordered.

### Can You Afford to Allow Your Subscription to Expire?

Twenty-five cents a year only barely pays for the cost of printing and mailing the LIFE BOAT. All other work connected with it is entirely a labor of love. We cannot afford to carry any names on the list after their subscription has expired. We dislike to take off any names, but cannot afford to do otherwise. When our readers subscribe again a month or two later it makes additional expense and trouble. Will you not look at the date opposite your name and see if your subscription expires some time during the summer? If so, why not send twenty-five cents *now* as your attention is called to the matter, thus extending your subscription a year beyond the date opposite your name?

Many have adopted the plan of sending in a new subscription for one of their friends as they send in their own. If the LIFE BOAT has been a blessing to your soul why not adopt this plan as a kind of thank offering, and thus extend to some one else a similar blessing?

### Would You Like to Spend the Summer in Chicago?

Twenty earnest young women could have the benefit of experience in various branches of the Chicago Medical Missionary work and at the same time very easily support themselves by selling LIFE BOATS for a few hours each day in the residence portion of the city. Almost every one is delighted with the magazine and are more ready to purchase it each succeeding month. Several ladies are at present having blessed experiences in doing this work. They average from twenty-five to fifty sales as the result of a few hours' work each day; at the same time they are by this means finding many openings that can be followed up with some other line of work.

Those who have been successful workers in similar lines will of course find it much easier than those who have never had any such experience. No one should come without previous correspondence, so that proper arrangements can be made for accommodating them, nor should any one come who is likely to grow tired of missionary work as soon as the novelty wears off. One must possess genuine love for souls in order to be successful in soul-saving efforts.

### The Next Number of the "Life Boat."

The cigarette evil is becoming such an overshadowing curse that it is beginning to demand the serious attention of leading educators and all those who have the interest of humanity at heart. The alarming increase in the use of cigarettes on the part of the rising generation is a cloud on the horizon that has a far greater significance than many have attached to it. The next number of the LIFE BOAT will contain strong articles upon this subject from those who are well qualified to speak intelligently upon this question. It will contain carefully selected facts and figures which will make it an extremely valuable number. Begin now to plan how many copies of the June number you can profitably use. It will be one of the best LIFE BOATS ever issued.

Have you tried to get some of your friends to subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT? If not, why not attempt it now and have their subscriptions begin with the June number?

### Do You Sometimes Fail to Receive the Life Boat?

Sometimes regular subscribers of THE LIFE BOAT may fail to receive a copy of the paper. The publishers of THE LIFE BOAT would be pleased to have any failure to receive the paper regularly promptly reported to them.

The subscription list of THE LIFE BOAT is increasing so rapidly that the mailing list has to be enormously enlarged each month, so it is not surprising that some mistakes occur occasionally, in spite of the greatest care, and the only way that these can be rectified is to have them reported to us.

If the attention of any of our readers is called to the fact that others are failing to receive THE LIFE BOATS for which they have subscribed, we earnestly desire that they should inform us of the fact.

Do you want an interesting book, one which you will read and reread? Then send us four subscriptions for the LIFE BOAT, and we will mail you the wonderful story of the life of H. O. Willis, the well-known Detroit evangelist.

Your children will lose their taste for cheap reading when they have a chance to read a book like this. Its title is "Twice Born."

Every reader of the LIFE BOAT could, with a little exertion secure these four subscribers. This is a book of 225 pages, paper cover.

### Are You Interested in Having the Life-Boat Reach the Prisoners Each Month?

We have received a number of most appreciative letters from prison officials in regard to the April number of THE LIFE BOAT, and in reply to our inquiry as to whether they would like to have a certain number of LIFE BOATS in sent each month to their prison, numbers of favorable responses have already come in. This will, of course incur additional expense, as the state makes no provision to pay for such an effort, and THE LIFE BOAT is not financially able to undertake it. We are thankful to say that sufficient donations were received to pay for printing and mailing the special prisoners' number.

May we not look to some of our friends to help us put a liberal supply of LIFE BOATS in some of the great prisons, where we have every reason to believe they will do the most good?

### To Rebuild the New Battle Creek Sanitarium.

G. ELDRIDGE AND R. A. HART  
WILL FREELY DONATE ALL PROFITS ON THE  
CHRONOLOGICAL PLANISPHERE OR TIME  
INDICATOR.

This indicator is a unique device for ascertaining the correct time at any location on the earth from any position, and at the same time.

It shows at a glance where the day begins, and its march around the world.

It indicates correctly the commencement and close of the Sabbath in all parts of the globe.

It makes Longitude and Time an easy study.

Eight inch dial by mail 30c. In lots of fifteen or more to one address 25c.

Eighteen inch dial, for ministers and schools, by express 75c.

Address, ELDRIDGE & HART,  
12 Lincoln St. Battle Creek, Mich.

### Star of Hope Home.

Brother and Sister Mackey have for several years shared their home with many a poor out-cast girl. Some of these have, after this, drifted back into the way of sin, but others have been gloriously saved; and some of them are now presiding over happy Christian homes of their own. Brother Mackey's meager salary is not sufficient to enable him to carry on this work without some additional help, and occasional donations from our readers will be very acceptable.

**SAN FRANCISCO HELPING HAND MISSION**

641 Commercial Street

Established Feb. 27, 1898. Telephone Main 5793.

Under the supervision of the California Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association.

G. B. DOUGLAS, Superintendent and Chaplain.

E. E. PARLIN, Secretary.

R. A. BUCHANAN, M. D., Physician.

**EVANGELICAL SERVICES**

Gospel Meetings Every Night at 7.30.

Good Music. Short Talks. All Welcome

**HELPING HAND HOTEL**

643 Commercial Street

A Temperance Home for Working Men and Boys. Good Clean Beds, 10c. and 15c.

Free Baths. Free Laundry.

Free Employment Office.

**HELPING HAND RESTAURANT**

641 Commercial Street

**MENU:**

Bean soup.....	1 cent	Wheat mush.....	1 cen
Pea soup.....	1 "	Corn mush.....	1 "
Rice & tomato soup	1 "	Dish tomatoes.....	1 "
Cup coffee.....	1 "	Dish protose.....	2 "
Cup milk.....	1 "	Dish beans.....	1 "
Bowl rice.....	1 "	Dish cabbage.....	1 "
Bowl stew.....	1 "	Dish cauliflower.....	1 "
Nut roast.....	2 "	Dish peas.....	1 "
Dish macaroni.....	1 "	Dish pudding.....	1 "
Dish potatoes.....	1 "	Half pie.....	3 "
Dish fruit sauce.....	1 "	Dish nut butter.....	1 "
Dish sugar.....	1 "	Dish dairy butter.....	1 "
Plate of crackers.....	1 "	Plate zwieback.....	1 "
Plate bread.....	1 "	Plate granose.....	1 "
One bun or roll.....	1 "	One apple.....	1 "
One banana.....	2 "	One orange.....	1 "

Everything neat and clean.

Meals served on the European plan—pay for what you get.

**HELPING HAND FREE DISPENSARY AND TREATMENT ROOM**

641 Commercial Street, Ground Floor

Physician's hour, 12 to 1 P. M.

**The Life Boat As An Advertising Medium.**

**T**HE LIFE BOAT began its career in 1898 with a circulation of five hundred copies.

It has made a steady growth until now its actual circulation is nearly twenty thousand, and it reaches the best classes of people. Your attention is respectfully called to the advantages of **THE LIFE BOAT** as an advertising medium. The following is a copy of a statement from **THE LIFE BOAT** printers in reference to its circulation:

**TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:**

The undersigned, as publishers and printers of **THE LIFE BOAT** hereby certify that we have issued for the past few months 15,000 copies of each edition. For the month of March we printed 16,000 copies, and the circulation is increasing rapidly, as we know from handling the mail list, this work also being attended to by us. We have the order now and are working on a special edition of 50,000 that will be issued in April.

Respectfully,

ACME PRINTING HOUSE.

1632 Wabash Avenue.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

One full page, one month.....	\$15.00
three months.....	30.00
One-half page, one month.....	8.00
three months.....	16.00
One-fourth page one month.....	5.00
three months.....	10.00

The above rates are for space in advertising pages only. For advertisements to be inserted on other pages, special rates will be quoted upon application.

Those desiring space may address all communications to

THE LIFE BOAT ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT,  
28 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

**Our Directory.**

- American Medical Missionary College, 2 & 4 33rd Place.
- Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 33rd Place.
- Chicago Medical Mission, 2 & 4 33rd Place.
- Workingmen's Home, 1339 State Street.
- Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street,
- Life Boat Rest for girls, 442 S. Clark Street.
- American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 3558 Halsted Street.
- Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5759 Drexel Ave.
- Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store, 3314 Cottage Grove Ave.



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

Treatments given.....	1,200
Examinations.....	292
Outside calls.....	79
Office treatments.....	60
Surgical operations.....	14
Admitted to surgical ward.....	16
Garments given.....	300
Meals served (penny lunches).....	15,586
Lodgings given.....	6,771
Used free laundry.....	4,454
Attendance at gospel meetings.....	4,480
Gospel meetings held.....	101
Testaments and Bibles given.....	250
Pages of other literature distributed....	5,000
Requests for prayer.....	232
Testimonies given.....	850
LIFE BOATS sold and given away.....	1,000

**DONATIONS TO THE PRISONERS' FUND.**

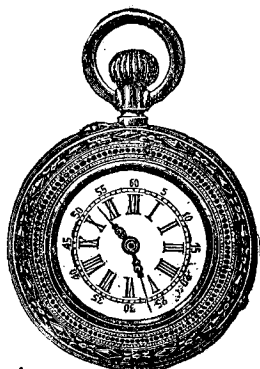
Wm. Christopher.....\$1 00	Mrs. A. M. Clayton.....\$11 00
Mrs. A. M. Corbet..... 50	Rich. Christopherson 25
Mrs. M. Christopherson..... 25	Miss H. Christopherson..... 25
Miss Z. B. Carpenter 25	C. W. Clark..... 2 00
Mrs. M. S. Carle..... 2 00	Harry Cowin..... 25
Mrs. Ellen Craig..... 50	W. D. Cook..... 25
J. Edgar Colloran..... 2 41	Mrs. S. Cornforth..... 35
W. C. Chaplain..... 5 00	Mrs. S. T. Coney..... 35
Mrs. M. A. Clement..... 24	Emma Cruickson..... 25
Ethel Clark..... 31	Mrs. Rosalia Conlan..... 1 00
Mrs. O. M. Cady..... 1 00	S. Christensen..... 25
Mrs. L. R. Conway..... 15	Mrs. N. Davis..... 1 00
Florence I. Davis..... 25	Mrs. G. N. Davis..... 1 00
Mrs. Alice Donohue..... 25	Mrs. Alice Doss and children..... 1 25
Rhoda Dunmead..... 50	Mrs. Dail..... 4 50
Mrs. E. E. Dunmead..... 2 00	David Dunlap..... 1 00
Nellie Dwire..... 10	Mrs. Davis & friends..... 50
Mrs. J. A. Dill & two friends..... 1 80	C. W. Dunlap..... 1 00
Mrs. J. E. Davis..... 50	Anderson (Minn.) ch. 1 37
Mrs. Adams..... 50	Naomi Anderson..... 60
Dora Brown..... 1 00	Daniel Andre..... 1 50
A. J. C..... 25	Effie Bigelow..... 85
Sarah Altman..... 3 00	Mrs. J. E. Brown..... 75
Mrs. Emma Abbott..... 1 00	Mrs. L. P. Allen..... 1 50
S. W. Burkhardt..... 1 00	Florence Atkins..... 1 00
Mrs. E. Anderson..... 25	Mrs. I. C. Anderson..... 50
Mrs. L. E. Bailey..... 25	Mrs. S. Barnes..... 25
Miss S. E. Bolte..... 25	Mrs. Eva Browne..... 25
John J. Bauer..... 1 50	R. P. Brump..... 25
F. L. Boynton..... 1 25	Mrs. W. R. Booth..... 25
Mrs. Wm. Barton..... 75	Allie Byers..... 25
Mrs. E. Blakely..... 50	Miss Margaret Beck..... 25
Eliza & Ella Bronson..... 25	Mr. & Mrs. Soren Christiansen..... 3 00
Mrs. Chrisman..... 50	Mrs. J. D. Camp..... 1 00
Mary N. Cassell..... 1 00	Mamie E. Dessain..... 25
L. E. Coulson..... 1 00	Sauk Center church..... 70
Mrs. D. A. Eddy..... 25	Minn..... 70
T. J. Evans..... 25	Mrs. Minnie Emmons..... 5 00
Mrs. John Ellison..... 50	Mrs. M. E. Eudris..... 50
Mrs. M. J. England..... 25	Margaret Fisher..... 1 00
Mrs. L. E. Fuller..... 25	J. C. Frany..... 1 00
A friend..... 25	J. F. Fenner..... 1 00
Mrs. Libbie J. Fay..... 50	Mrs. D. A. Fisher..... 15
A friend..... 35	Mrs. A. E. Flemming..... 25
A friend..... 1 00	Onargo, Ill. church..... 25
Lettie Fisher..... 40	Eld. W. E. Frederick..... 25
Ida Frederickson..... 1 00	A friend..... 25
Friends in Des Moines Ia., San..... 56	A friend..... 25

A friend..... 25	Miss Zada Fisher..... 25
Topeka, Kan., friend..... 1 00	Topeka, Kan., friends..... 40
Sarah Gorton..... 50	R. H. Garner..... 25
L. B. Godfrey..... 25	P. E. Gros..... 50
Mrs. Alex. Gleason..... 1 00	Thomas T. Heald..... 2 00
Ruth Anna Hicks..... 5 00	Mrs. H. C. Horn..... 1 00
Dr. M. C. Heilesen..... 7 50	Mrs. Heilesen..... 3 00
Mrs. Anna Hansen..... 1 00	Ida Eulalie Hansen..... 10
Andrew Hansen..... 25	Elias Hagen..... 05
Elmira J. Hicks..... 50	Mrs. M. E. Hitchcock and son..... 25
Mrs. Ida E. Hall..... 25	Jane E. Harrison..... 29
C. P. H..... 2 00	Mrs. Mary King..... 25
Frank E. Hodges..... 5	Mrs. M. A. Hutchins..... 25
Almira J. Hicks..... 1 00	Mrs. Fred Hoxie..... 25
John and Minnie Hinderberger..... 25	Mrs. H. C. Hughes..... 25
Mrs. M. F. Hughes..... 25	Geo. Houck..... 3 00
Walter Hyatt..... 25	Hans Hamilton..... 50
Hans Hilton..... 25	Mrs. Mamie Howell..... 25
Herman L. Hahn..... 1 00	Fmma R. Hahn..... 50
Dora Hamlin..... 1 00	M. A. Hollister..... 75
Hutchinson, Minn. church..... 2 50	Mrs. S. Housler..... 10
Mrs. E. J. Johnson..... 1 00	Mrs. J. H. Hill..... 25
Mrs. J. C. Jaspersen..... 50	Miss Mary Jensen..... 80
Mrs. Andrew Jensen..... 25	Joseph S. Johnson..... 1 00
Emil Johnson..... 25	D. S. James..... 55
Mrs. A. C. Johnson..... 50	J. W. Jensen..... 25
Dora Jackson..... 1 00	Sever Jacobson..... 28
Theo. C. Kane..... 1 00	Olive Jones..... 25
Frank Roke..... 25	M. J. Kay..... 2 50
Mr. & Mrs. J. Kloss..... 1 00	Hattie Kirkpatrick..... 25
Mrs. C. E. Lewis..... 25	T. J. Lanchrum..... 40 00
Mrs. G. L. Litchfield..... 20	Alone Sabbath keeper..... 2 00
Mrs. Lulu Miller..... 2 35	M. A. Lee..... 25
E. L. Merry..... 1 00	Mrs. Geo. Morton..... 1 00
S. D. A. church, Lansing, Mich..... 1 22	Eld. G. L. Moore..... 44
Mrs. D. Miramonty..... 1 00	Emma Montgomery..... 25
Miss Jessie Mapes..... 2 00	Findley, O., Sabbath School..... 50
Mrs. A. J. Morse..... 25	Thos. H. Moore..... 75
H. E. Melin..... 1 25	Jas. & N. Mathews..... 1 00
A. A. Meyer..... 25	Lars Madison..... 5 00
Mrs. Jennie McElwain..... 75	Mrs. McDowell..... 70
Mrs. Frank McChiney..... 75	Mrs. Margaret McDonald..... 25
D. N. Nichols..... 2 00	N. Nichols..... 2 00
Jennie A. Nelson..... 1 00	Mrs. L. D. Pfender..... 1 00
W. W. Prescott..... 1 00	Mrs. S. Page..... 60
Mrs. F. A. Peabody..... 25	Mrs. John Place..... 1 00
Jas. A. Pauley..... 25	Guy F. Packard..... 75
Mrs. C. E. Powers..... 1 00	Eliza Rosseau..... 50
Isaiah Rhiner..... 25	Mrs. W. G. Randall..... 25
Hattie Roberts..... 24	H. E. Russell..... 1 85
M. R. Richard..... 2 50	Herman Rust..... 1 00
Mrs. L. B. Koap..... 20	Viola Shrotes..... 10
Viola Shrack..... 10	Eld. L. F. Starr..... 25
F. Milton Stebbeds..... 25	Mrs. L. A. Stuckey..... 50
Mrs. J. W. Shields..... 75	Mrs. H. Sain..... 50
Betty States..... 50	Mrs. Terry Sherman..... 1 00
M. J. Severens..... 1 00	Ellen Storms..... 13
C. G. Standford..... 2 00	Mrs. B. H. Shafer..... 25
Fannie Shafer..... 50	Branch San. S. S..... 2 00
Mrs. Horace Singer..... 5 00	Maude Sneers..... 25
C. Sorensen..... 25	Celia Tichenor..... 20
A. J. Thompson..... 1 00	Mrs. H. J. Tisdale..... 1 00
Mrs. S. E. Toyne..... 25	May Wakeham..... 15 35
Mrs. C. H. Ward..... 25	Mrs. Bell Witt..... 25
Perly Wilson..... 3 75	Mrs. E. F. Winters..... 1 00
P. M. Watt..... 25	M. H. Wilson..... 3 00
L. W. Wetmore..... 25	H. A. Washburn..... 1 00
H. C. Welty..... 1 50	Mrs. P. J. Wical..... 1 00
Nellie Weeda..... 25	Mrs. Della Woodruff..... 1 00
Hattie Wakefield..... 50	Mrs. Bettie Wilcox..... 25
E. A. Wilhelm..... 75	Mrs. E. B. Westing..... 1 00
Mrs. W. H. Whitehead..... 10	M. W. Weiss..... 50
Mrs. Henrietta Walker..... 1 00	Mrs. C. D. Wolf..... 10
Anna A. Wyhman..... 75	James Walker..... 25
Mrs. E. B. Yeo..... 25	Mrs. Alex. Walker..... 10
Mrs. H. C. Zoerb..... 1 00	Mrs. H. L. Warner..... 75
Mrs. Almloff..... 75	Wm. Yeo..... 25
Phoebe Hamp..... 1 00	Nebraska Tract Socy..... 25
Mrs. H. G. Markel..... 2 75	Mildred Gibbs..... 25
Dr. Rozelle..... 5 00	Mrs. M. E. Jackson..... 42
Young People's Socy Blair, Neb..... 45	Children of Plano, Ill. church..... 80
Mrs. A. C. and E. J. Wheeler..... 50	Mrs. T. Gleason and children..... 42
	A. H. Snyder..... 2 00
	Chas. Rick..... 50

List will be completed in next number.

# PREMIUMS

## Life Boat Subscriptions.



Anyone sending us 50 yearly subscriptions, at 25 cents each, will receive a Ladies' Silver Case, richly engraved, open face, good jeweled movement Watch; or Boys' plain polished, open face, good movement Watch.

For 25 subscriptions, we offer a set of Sterling Silver-Plated Knives and Forks.

For 10 subscriptions, a set of Sterling Silver-Plated NutPicks and Nut-Cracker.



For 5 subscriptions, one set Sterling Silver-Plated Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon.

**The Life Boat Advertising Dept., 2 and 4 33rd Place,  
CHICAGO, ILL.**

---

For Fifty Yearly New Subscriptions at Twenty-five cents each, we will furnish a copy of Dr. J. H. Kellogg's HOME HAND BOOK, latest edition, full leather binding. This magnificent work contains over eighteen hundred pages of the most valuable and useful information. This book sells at \$5.50.

Considering the low subscription price of THE LIFE BOAT, this is one of the most liberal premium offers ever made. Subscriptions may be sent in as they are received with an accompanying statement that those sending them intend to secure the fifty subscriptions.

Battle Creek Sanitarium Foods

SANITAS NUT FOODS

SANITARY SUPPLIES

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

## THE CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSION

Has recently established a

HEALTH FOOD STORE

AT

3314 Cottage Grove Ave.

WHERE A FULL LINE OF THE FOLLOWING  
FOODS ARE OFFERED FOR SALE

Toasted Wheat Flakes The new  
Health Food

Granose Flakes

Nuttolene

Protose

Granola

Bromose

Granose Biscuits

Nut Butter

---

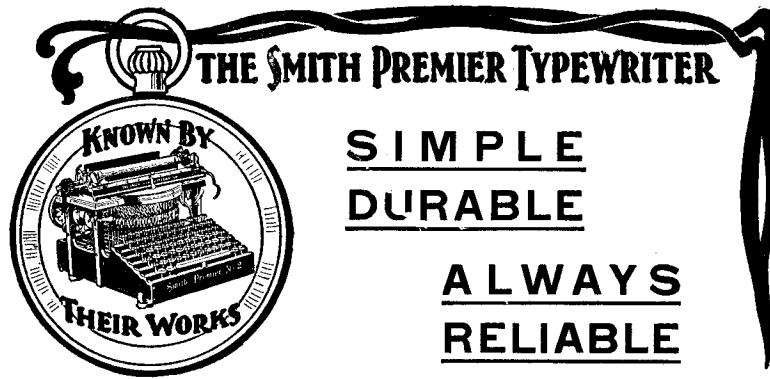
FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

---

"TELL THEM," or "The Life Story of a Medical Missionary." A splendid book, by George D. Downkott, M. D., who opened one of the first Medical Missions in this country

---

This book contains some of the most remarkable answers to prayer, and some of the most interesting experiences in mission work that have ever been written.



*A dollar of service for every dollar of cost. That is the record.  
.... Illustrated book free....*

**THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,  
115 CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.**

General Confer Bulletin  
Care of R & H ex

---

## Something Everybody Needs

**For Fifteen New Subscribers, a First-  
Class Gold-pointed Fountain Pen.**

This pen is warranted to give satisfaction, and is  
fully guaranteed by the Manufacturer.

**Do you wish The Life Boat FREE for One  
Year? If you do send in Five  
New Subscribers.**

HERE IS ANOTHER GOOD OFFER: One year's sub-  
scription to GOOD HEALTH for ten new subscribers.