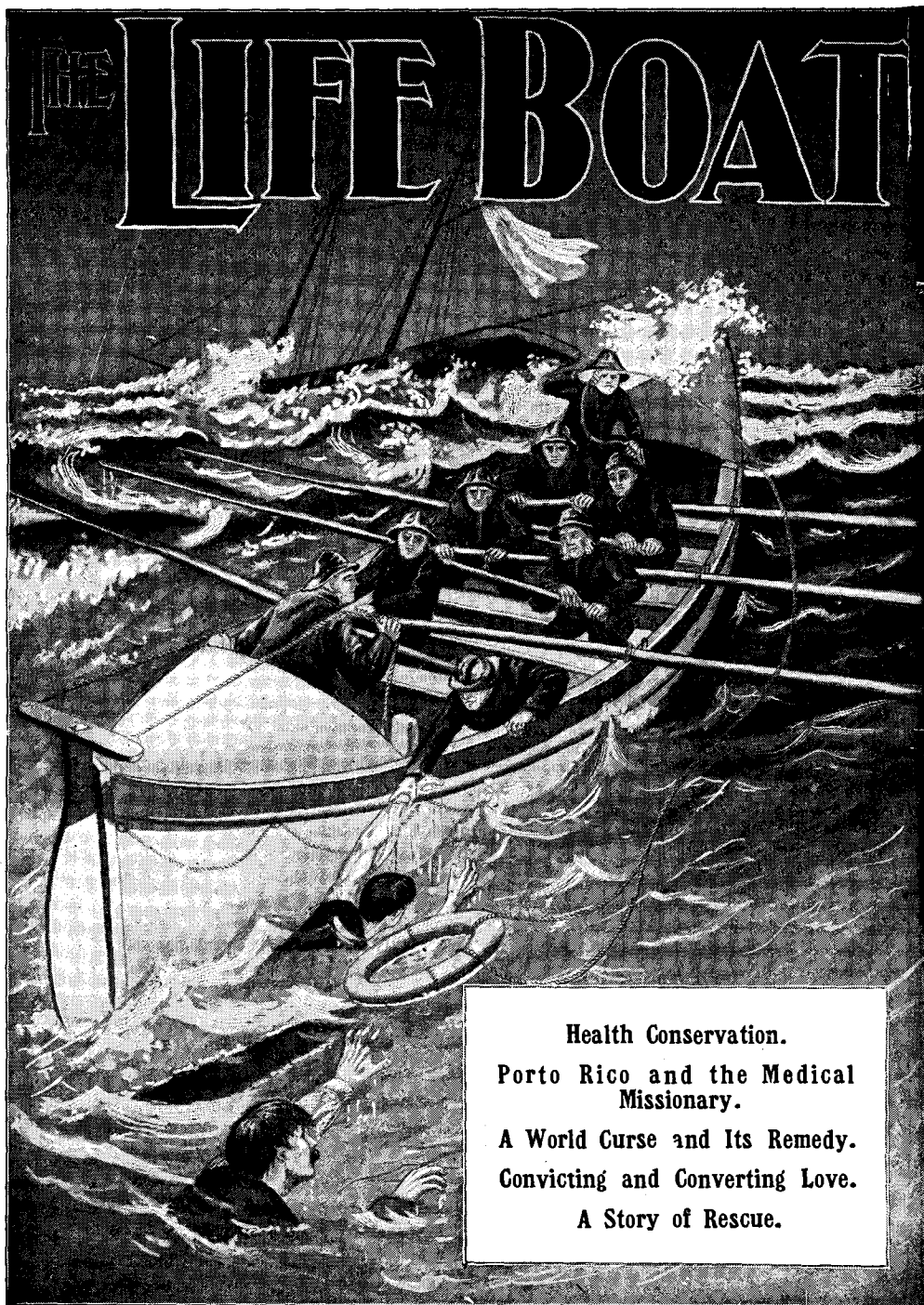


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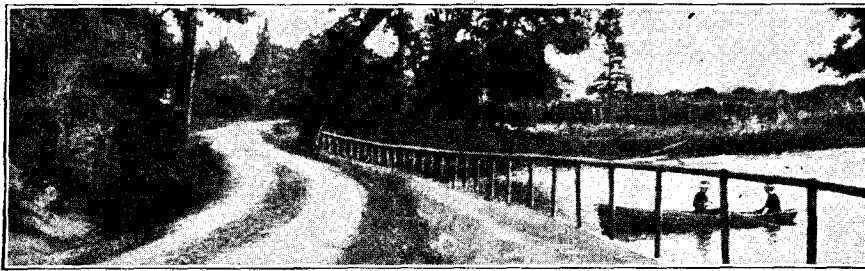


**Volume Fifteen
Number Eight**

Windsdale, Ill.

August, 1912

"Whosoever Will, Let Him Come."



Flower Sermons

PEARL WAGGONER.

Who is it tends earth's fruits and flowers,
 Sending the cool, refreshing showers,
 Sending the sunshine, tender, warm,
 Giving to each its shape and form,
 Bringing, from out the selfsame soil
 Feasts for the eye and fruits for toil,
 Painting them each a varied hue:
 Violet—crimson—golden—blue?
 Who is it who with ceaseless care
 Bringeth them out so wondrous fair,
 Spreading their beauty all abroad?—
 Who can it be,—who else but God?

What is the message from the flowers,
 Sent to gladden this world of ours?—
 Long as the sunshine greets the eye,
 Or the rain descendeth from on high,
 Long as the grass grows emerald green,
 Covering earth with velvet sheen,
 Long as the flowers bloom 'round our feet
 Heaven stoops down the earth to meet:
 He who is caring for these each day
 Think you Himself is far away?
 Verily, nay! Who made them all
 Surely is near enough to call.

What is their message? Pause and look:
 Opened before you like a book
 Read what is writ in each flower-face,
 Sweet in its fragrance, beauty, grace.
 Deeper still look, to heart of gold,
 Where there are lessons manifold.
 He who has made each one so fair
 Think you gives less of thought and care
 Unto His child?—He knows our need,
 Better than we ourselves indeed,
 And if we trust Him, like the flower,
 Will He not show in *us* His power?

Raiment and food He'll give, we know,
 Gifts for material needs bestow,
 Yet how about the ones still higher:
Soul's deepest need, or heart's desire?
 May we not leave Him these wants, too,
 Trusting for *all*, like flowers do?
 Sunshine and rain and heat and cold,—
 Naught that they need doth He withhold;
 Naught that He sends do they refuse,
 Ne'er do they seek their place to choose:
 Whether in vale or mountain side,
 Yet they're a blessing far and wide.

He who can use such fragile flowers
 May He not use these lives of ours?
 Well does He know our wish to serve:
 Wants us to yield without reserve
 All that we are,—our wills, our plans,
 Leaving them all in His wise hands;
 Then, as we give, He, too, will take,
 And of our lives a blessing make.
 What though to us they useless seem,
 What though our work and highest dream
 Far from each other oft should lie?—
 All will be plainer by and by.

Flowers are small; yet is small their sphere
 When they diffuse such hope and cheer,
 Making the world around them blest,
 Unto the weary bringing rest,
 Banishing worry, soothing pain,
 Pointing our thoughts to Heaven again,
 Teaching us more of things above,
 Giving a glimpse of Father's love?—
 Nay! For a sphere so wide, so great,
 Naught in the world could compensate!
 Like them, O God, help *us* to be:
 Glad and content to *live* for Thee.



THE LIFE BOAT

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Volume XV.

HINSDALE, ILL.

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AUGUST, 1912

Number 8

Health Conservation*

David Paulson, M. D.

YESTERDAY John D. Rockefeller, the world's richest man, celebrated his seventy-third birthday and declared that he never felt better in his life. Yet a few years ago it was currently reported that he was broken down in health and had offered a million dollars for a new stomach; and no one took up the offer. But he finally secured something much better than a new stomach, which fortunately is within the reach of the poorest citizen in the land; he simply adopted some correct and sensible health habits, which transformed him from a semi-invalid into a man who feels like forty at seventy-three.

A Bundle of Life Preservers.

The following are some of the most important rules of health that were suggested to Mr. Rockefeller by his physician:

"Fresh air and plenty of it, moderate exercise and plenty of it, simple food in moderate amounts, well masticated, with a mind free to enjoy the things that can not be bought and yet which are freely given to men and women,—air and sunshine, will make any man young again and full of desire to live as long as the natural course of human machinery will permit him to live.

"Liquor and tobacco should be eschewed. The body can stand only a certain amount of poison, and the natural waste fills that amount. As far as diet goes, the older a man grows

the less meat he should eat. Buttermilk and clabber are excellent for the body and he is a wise man who makes these a part of his daily diet."

A Hundred Years Old and Still Active.

Today George Clinton Payne of Newark, N. J., celebrates the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Even at his advanced age he is reported as a book agent to be walking five miles a day, sight retained, and splendid appetite.

"I attribute my long life to a simple life and abstemious habits," said Mr. Payne. "I smoked, or attempted to smoke, a cigar in 1820 and it made me deathly sick and I never tried it again. I never drank liquor and I never chewed tobacco. I am fond of bread and milk and I consider this a most wholesome diet."

Seed Sowing Before Harvest.

No doubt these are exceptional cases, but ill health and premature old age do not rain down ready-made from heaven. The causes of disease are as *real* as potato bugs or weeds, and the man who would enjoy good health must avoid these causes just as the farmer who wishes to raise potatoes must destroy the bugs, or if he desires a crop of corn must rid the field of weeds.

It is a trick of the devil to lead people to laugh these causes out of court. But it is much easier to *avoid* causes than it is to *cure* disease. It requires four years for a physician

* (Abstract of lecture delivered at the Winona Lake, Ind., Summer Assembly, July 9, 1912.)

to learn to set a broken bone, but it only takes a second to kick off the sidewalk the banana peeling that caused the broken bone.

While there are something like sixteen hundred different diseases, there are only about half a dozen different way of becoming sick. It is true that acute diseases like scarlet fever, measles and smallpox we catch. But we *earn* chronic diseases like rheumatism, heart disease, Bright's disease, high blood pressure. We are sowing for these during the good years when we pride ourselves that we can "stand anything."

A noted physician has said that there are but few natural deaths. We are horror-stricken at the great Titanic disaster, bringing down to untimely graves 1525 victims; but we forget that every day in this country there are 1720 preventable deaths.

The Good Old Days.

Many sigh for the good old days when humanity lived more simple lives. This is useless. We can not turn back the wheels of time. We must learn to successfully adjust ourselves to the age in which we are living. Neither can we spend all of our spare time oiling the machine. The real secret is to learn the value of small and apparently insignificant health truths.

Too Much House.

An Indian chief was asked why his race were dying out. He said, "Too much house." The same thing is killing tens of thousands of our fellow men. I would urge upon all to cultivate the outdoor habit. Transform verandas into outdoor bedrooms. During the summer time as far as possible move the kitchen out on the shady side of the house or under the trees. Many a business man could transact nearly half of his business out of doors if he appreciated that by so doing he would be increasing his nerve energy and lengthening his days.

Working Out Physical Salvation.

Thousands of children today become possessed of the idea that work is a drudgery and a necessary evil, and hence they naturally gravitate into such positions where they will be free from physical effort. As a result the blood stagnates in their veins and the fires of life do not burn briskly. Clinkers in the form of waste products are developed and a long

train of evils begin to manifest themselves.

Those who live sedentary lives should cultivate physical activity and put into it the play spirit. Many women who are now chasing various "cures" would have health restored if they would only take liberal doses of household gymnastics. To secure the best results from ordinary labor it is important that the chest should be kept well up, the abdominal muscles drawn in, breathing deeply.

Eating to the Glory of God.

We were taught when we were children that the body changes once in seven years. Modern science teaches us that we virtually change several times each year. It requires something beyond human power to transform the food we eat into living brain, thrilling nerve and contracting muscle. But we should co-operate intelligently with this mysterious process, and only partake of such food as we have reason to believe will nourish the body instead of destroying it.

The universal custom of eating mustard, pepper and other fiery spices that taste hot when they are cold, is virtually applying mustard plasters to the interior of the stomach; and it is not surprising that gastric ulcer and cancer of the stomach are enormously on the increase.

Those who desire good health should be content with a simple variety at each meal. They should take the time and patience to chew the food thoroughly. To avoid auto-intoxication they should eliminate from their dietary flesh foods and avoid overeating of even wholesome food. They should partake liberally of fruits and vegetables, as they contain valuable mineral salts that help, so to speak, in oiling the wheels of life.

Rational Mind Cure.

Many are invalids simply because they persistently *cultivate* the invalid habit. On this subject an eminent physician recently said:

"The invalid habit is characteristic of thousands of semi-invalids who are wasting their precious days 'resting.' These people would find happiness and gain health in the bargain if they would get off their sofas and do their share of the world's work. Such people breakfast in bed, lie down again for two hours after luncheon, return to bed before dressing for dinner. Their condition becomes more

and more helpless as time goes on. But if the work cure is applied to them vigorously and drastically they very soon become normal beings again.

"The difficulty is to get people to understand that their dyspepsia, sleeplessness and nervous ailments are the invariable outcome of their mode of life. But they would find appetite and cure their dyspepsia and insomnia if they would take to work. The new cure for blues, nerves and general ill health is cheap, within the reach of every one. It consists simply of work so the patient can be kept fully occupied and allowed no time to think about health. Many are ill simply because they *imagine* they are ill."

For such people there is no better prescription than Isaiah 58; and when they undertake to literally carry out this divine instruction they will be surprised to find that their health springs forth speedily. Furthermore, "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Prov. 17:22.

Genuine conversion promotes health. Mr. Allen, the world's champion long-distance walker, who actually covered a thousand miles in a little over seventeen days, told me that he gained thirty per cent in strength and endurance as a result of his conversion. "They that wait upon the Lord shall *renew* their strength." Isa. 40:31.

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE FROM A WRETCHED SLAVERY.

C. O. BLINCO.
Sanitarium, Cal.

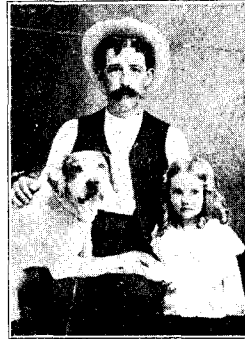
I began smoking at the age of eight years, and drinking soon after. As the years went by these terrible habits, with other vices, became more fixed until I was a slave led captive by Satan at his will (2 Tim. 2:26.)

These habits had such a hold on me that if I woke at night I would have to smoke before going back to sleep. For two years I was almost constantly under the influence of liquor. I tried time and again to break off these terrible habits, but they kept fixing me firmer and firmer in their clutches. I had every earthly influence brought to bear to help me; love for family, friends, and business, but I kept getting worse and worse.

This continued until I was twenty-nine years old, when in a time of great sorrow, in fact

the greatest in all my life, and being at the same time almost a physical wreck, I was led of God's Spirit to seek Him in prayer.

After continuing this for about two months I was then led to borrow a Bible and study.



Mr. Blinco as He Appeared Before His Conversion.

God in His great mercy began to open it up to me and reveal His great truth. Finally I went to Him on bended knees in a field in Lake county, California, with my load of sins and those terrible habits, and I said, "Lord, I



Six Years After His Conversion.

must have these taken away; I can't stand it any longer."

My dear Saviour answered my prayer, and never from that day to this have I ever taken a drink, smoked, gambled or sworn. God not only took away the desire but put such an antipathy in my nostrils against tobacco that for months I could not bear to sit in a room

or street car where it was being used; and I can not do so now with any comfort at all.

This has been over six months, and I gladly bear this testimony to the glory of God to whom all the praise belongs,—to His delivering and keeping power. May God use this testimony to help some other poor soul that may be bound as I was, is my prayer.

A World Curse and Its Remedy

D. H. Kress, M. D.

Hinsdale, Ill.

THE craving for narcotics is universal. Although we are fully conscious of the evils resulting from their use, the demand for them increases each succeeding year.

The man or woman who is in a normal state of health feels well and does not crave narcotics. It is the desire on the part of men and women who are not well to feel better than they do, that is responsible for the universal use of narcotics.

Some years ago, when but a lad of fourteen years, I met with a serious accident. I soon discovered that an occasional glass of beer lessened the pain. Naturally when the effects of one drink had worn off I would start for the beer barrel for another drink. I did not then know why I obtained these results. I now know it was due to its narcotic influence.

Alcohol is a narcotic. It deadens sensation. It makes the sick man feel less his disagreeable symptoms, for the same reason that it makes the poor man less conscious of his poverty. It pulls down the signals nature erects along the pathway of transgression, saying peace where no peace exists. It is a deceiver. It encourages men and women to go on in transgression. The man with a guilty conscience under the influence of drink feels his guilt less; but it does not lessen his guilt.

The fact that we are becoming more degenerate, physically and morally, is responsible for the prevalent use of narcotics.

There is no creature aside from man that possesses a craving for narcotics. These creatures are conscienceless, therefore do not need it to ease a violated conscience. They subsist upon foods which do not irritate their alimen-

tary canal and produce other abnormal and unpleasant symptoms.

Man possesses a conscience which can not be violated without remorse. He is continually violating his conscience and therefore has no peace of mind. He also has departed from his original bill of fare. He subsists upon irritating and highly stimulating foods and drinks. These create abnormal conditions within the body. Under the influence of a narcotic he feels at ease when he ought not. He is made unconscious of his physical condition.

These narcotics naturally lessen the demand for the gospel of Christ, which is designed to save from the transgressions which are responsible for the annoying symptoms, and thus to save from the undesirable symptoms as well.

Gospel Temperance.

The only real remedy for a guilty conscience was applied to the palsied man by Christ when He said, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."

The gospel is also designed to lead men back step by step to the original diet given to man in Eden. It saves from irritating foods and drinks and thus brings health and a feeling of well being.

No man is entitled to feel better than he actually is. We ought to be conscious of our real condition both as to health and spirituality. Our physical and eternal salvation depend upon it. Narcotics are the devil's delusive substitutes for the only real remedy held out to this world.

While alcohol and tobacco are narcotics they afford only temporary relief; hence to feel

comfortable all the time it is necessary to be continually under their influence.

They are not merely narcotics, but irritants as well. For this reason when the narcotic effect has worn off, the irritation not only has not been lessened but intensified, and the demand for another and still another drink or smoke has been increased.

If I wrong my neighbor and I feel under condemnation, narcotics will never afford permanent relief. The thing I must do is to make the wrong right, or confess my sin that I may be healed.

If I eat the wrong kind of food or make a poor combination of good food, and suffer as a result, the only rational thing to do is to cease to do evil and learn to do well. In this way, and in this way only, can I be made whole.

While the craving of narcotics is universal, it is unnatural. The farther men and women depart from the divine plan of living, the greater will be the demand for narcotics. Men are departing farther and farther from that plan and as a result year by year the demand for alcohol, tobacco, morphin, cocain, tea, coffee, etc., etc., is increasing.

The gospel *does* that which these narcotics claim to do but can not. The church of Christ holds in her possession the only real remedy for this world's ills.

"Forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

Before Christ could heal the people of His day of their physical infirmities and help them as He desired to, He had to send them a message of reform. John the Baptist and his converts were these messengers.

The chief priests and elders of the people—the representatives of the church—the very ones who should have been influenced *first* by his message of reform, were the ones who rejected it. They said of John the Baptist, "He has a devil." Many of the publicans and sinners, by responding to the message of reform preached by John, placed themselves in a position where they could receive the message which was to follow. Those who rejected the message of John the Baptist placed themselves in a position where it was impossible for them to receive the message of Christ.

Reform Precedes Miracles.

The work of John the Baptist and the work of Christ were not antagonistic. John laid great stress on the need of reforms, but wrought no miracles. Jesus wrought miracles. One was to pave the way for the other. Reforms were designed to usher in the working of miracles.

The condition that exists in the world to-day calls first of all for reform in eating, drinking, dressing, etc. Many are looking for miracles who are in danger of rejecting the message of reform which should precede it. I believe it is our privilege to expect God will heal us of our infirmities. I have not any doubt the time is coming when His arm will again be made bare in the sight of all the nations and we will see wrought the very works wrought by Christ and His apostles; we will see the sick restored to health by the touch of faith.

But today there is a message due to this world calling upon the people to turn away from their health-destroying habits, to abstain from the use of intoxicants of all kinds, to live upon simple foods. Those who heed that message place themselves in the channel of God's blessing. Some will be healed as a result of the reforms adopted, while others will be miraculously restored to health.

God has not forsaken this earth. He is still looking upon the people. His heart is still moved with compassion, He is still touched with the feelings of our infirmities and He desires to help us. But it would be useless for Him to restore us to health merely, and not impart to us knowledge which alone would enable us to keep in health. The great purpose of the plan of redemption is to lead men into harmony with God's laws, and teach them to obey Him. This is a greater work than the working of miracles.

The Cure of the Incurables.

There were many in John's day who were considered incurable. Ordinary means could not help them much, reforms could not reach them. Christ manifested His power in their behalf. He healed the incurables. The hopeless and incurable were special objects of His mercy. He healed the woman who had suffered many things of many physicians, the leper, the man born blind, the palsied man, etc.

There will be a repetition of this experi-

ence. Many in these days can be healed by heeding the message of reform that is due the world. By conforming their lives to right methods of living, God's blessing will rest upon them and they will be healed. Those who can not be reached by ordinary means, God will not pass by. The man at Bethesda with no friends to assist him to the pool when the water was troubled, was not passed by: Christ went to him where he was and healed him.

The world today is in danger of looking for miracles and rejecting the message of reform that is to pave the way for the working of miracles. In the last days miracles will be wrought to deceive. Reforms will probably not be the chief feature connected with them. A knowledge of the causes of sickness should precede healing. To those whom Jesus heals He will say, "Sin no more, lest a worst thing come unto thee."

A Terrible Railway Wreck

David Paulson, M. D.

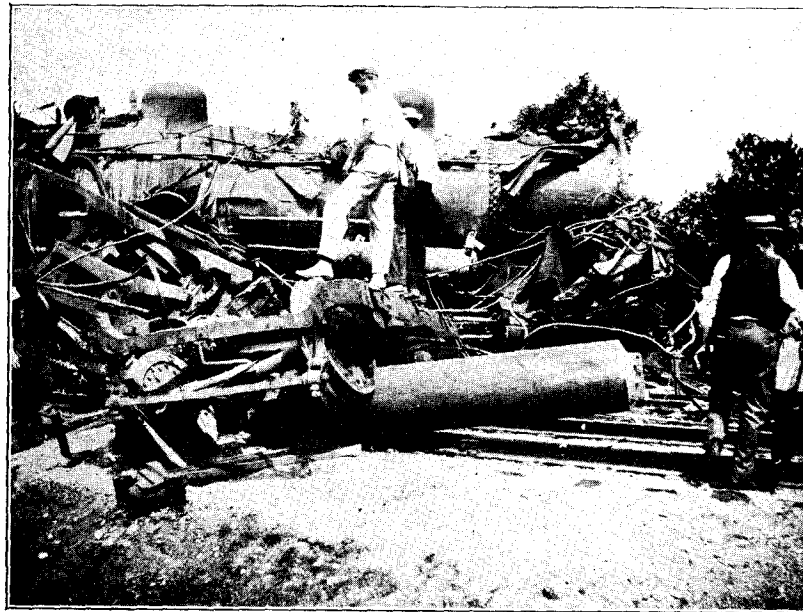
LAST Sunday morning while conducting morning worship for the sanitarium family word reached us that physicians and nurses were asked to come immediately to assist at the terrible wreck at Western Springs, only a mile away.

When we arrived there we found an almost indescribable scene. The fast mail, going at the rate of seventy miles an hour, had plowed clear through the rear sleeper of the overland passenger which was standing on the track,

and had completely overturned and crushed into the second sleeper, almost instantly killing thirteen people and more or less seriously injuring nearly a score of others.

At the present writing various investigating bodies are endeavoring more or less unsuccessfully in fixing the blame; but the pathetic fact remains that more than a dozen lives were snuffed out without a moment's warning and others were crippled for life.

This was the third of a series of awful



The Large Engine as It Appeared After Plowing Through the Rear End of a Pullman Train, Carrying Thirteen People to Their Doom in an Instant of Time.



A View of the Pullman Coaches That Were Cut in Two, Then Thrown Into the Ditch by the Engine of the Fast Mail Train Which Was Going Seventy Miles an Hour.

train disasters which have taken place in various places the last two weeks. It is evident that accidents are increasing by land and sea.

To what extent the use of tobacco, narcotics and stimulants, loss of sleep and violation of other health laws are responsible for these disasters, it is difficult to estimate. But the thoughtful Bible student can not help but see in all of these disasters and catastrophes a sign of the times. As the Spirit of God is being grieved away from the hearts of the children of men and the people turn to fables, the power of the devil will become more and more manifest until a condition is developed similar to that before the flood. For "as the

days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

Such a disaster brings home to us the startling fact that none of us have any mortgage on life, that we should not fail to make our calling and election sure, to daily live in such personal touch with God that if our lives should be snuffed out in an instant we may be prepared to meet our Maker.

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness? * * * Seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless." 2 Pet. 3:11, 14.

CONSOLATION.

S. Jacobson,

McIntosh, N. M.

The Christian's bark is small and frail,
The current swift and strong;
But do not heed the roaring gale—
The storm will not be long.
Keep firm thine eye upon the goal,
Thy hand upon the helm;
And the arch-enemy of thy soul
Can never overwhelm.

Convicting and Converting Love*

Geo. Thomason, M. D.

PAUL, when about to finish his earthly career, left the following message for Timothy: "The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient." 2 Tim. 2:24.

If there was ever a time in this world's history when this scripture was applicable, it is in the day in which you and I are living. We see on every side such experiences as Paul outlines in the next chapter. We see as an evidence of the last days that men are becoming less and less gentle.

Paul says that in the last days perilous times should come because men would be beyond self-control and would be fierce. (2 Tim. 3:3).

As I have thought of this subject, naturally my mind turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have studied His experience to see what evidence there is in His life of this tenderness and gentleness that is spoken of so much in the Bible, and I find one of the greatest features of His life is that He was kind and gentle and tender. That is the way Jesus deals with poor erring creatures.

None of us know perhaps all the influence that we may exert for righteousness when we become gentle and kind as Jesus was. We know perfectly well the influence His life had upon the world. Of course we can not hope to do for the world what He did, and yet Christ says that these things we shall do, and "greater works than these" shall we do. And so we may each of us surround ourselves with an atmosphere of helpfulness and gentleness and kindness that shall influence every one with whom we associate.

How the Hearts of a Hundred Men Were Changed.

I was reading of an experience not long ago in a pottery in Cincinnati, written by a well-known writer in Chicago. There was connected with this pottery a man who had a poor, deformed, crippled child, confined to its bed. This father endeavored every day to bring something to his little child which

would brighten its life. He brought very simple things—perhaps a little piece of pottery, some fruit, or something colored that would change the monotony of the whiteness of the bed.

Presently the hundred workmen that were associated with this man began to notice what he was doing and they in turn began to make things for this little child and at night when the father came to get his hat he would find in it something to take home to his child. Not one word was spoken.

Then finally the men began to do little things for this man in order that he might get away a little earlier to his child, and by this kindness these men were influenced so they became more gentle and kind. They gave up swearing and did not speak unkindly to one another. When the little child died, a hundred workmen stood around with their hats off, paying respect to a little child they had never seen—a little cripple, toward whom they had manifested acts of kindness that had influenced and sweetened their whole life. That child never knew what an influence her life had upon those about her, and yet silently and softly her influence was exerted to an extent that the course of the lives of a hundred men was changed; and I have not the slightest doubt but as these men went home at night and met with their families that they were more kind and gentle.

Just the Thing for the Home.

If there is any place in the world where the kindness and gentleness of Christ should be manifested it is in the home. If you tell me what a man is in his home I will tell you what that man will be in the world, and I can also tell you what that man's prospects are for heaven, because I believe that heaven estimates men by what they are in their homes.

It is said by good Dr. Brown of a man in Scotland that he brought his wife to the hospital, needing an operation. John Noble loved his wife, and Dr. Brown said that even Solomon in all his glory could not have lifted down the Queen of Sheba any more tenderly. He wanted to be her nurse; he was kind and

*Report of talk given before the Hinsdale Sanitarium family.

gentle. He was a poor, horny-handed man, yet he had learned to be kind and gentle in his home.

A few months ago a lady patient came to me saying she had received a cablegram that her husband was dead. I had attended this man, and he had gone on a voyage to regain his health; but while several thousand miles away, he had died. It was pitiful to see the grief of that woman, not alone because her husband had died, but she said, "If I could efface from my memory the unkind words I have spoken to my husband, then I would be at peace, because I expected his death. But when I think of the harsh and bitter things I have said to him, it crushes my soul." My friends, these regrets will not have to be experienced, if we learn in our dealings with one another to be gentle as Christ was gentle.

Christ liked to have His disciples come to Him and tell Him that they loved Him. There is something in the human heart that seems to yearn for love. We may have no doubt in our hearts that others love us and yet there is no sweeter note on earth than to have some one say: "I love you."

Parents, Love Your Children.

Some day we must all stand before God, who will say to us in reference to our children: "Where is thy flock, the lambs of the flock I entrusted to you to nourish in the admonition of the Lord?" I believe if this spirit was in our hearts and homes there would be less number of children drift away from God and the truth of God.

I remember before I left Africa, attending a poor child we thought was dying of tuberculosis. I had been in to see the child, and the father, who was a member of the church, came out and stood on the veranda with me, the tears running down his face, and said:

"Doctor, I believe my boy is going to die. I could give him up if I could efface the memory of one experience I had with him. One time I became very angry with him and beat him most unmercifully, and then I rested and went back and beat him again. That boy has never been the same to me from that day to this; I have never been able to regain his confidence, and if he goes to his

grave with that memory it will be too much for me; it will crush me."

He had failed to learn the lesson of self-control and dealing with others in kindness and tenderness. We are foolish if we do not learn the lesson, because it brings more sweetness and joy into the home than can come any other way. I would not take anything for what I have learned from the lesson that the servant of Christ must be gentle.

Carefully consider and ponder these thoughts and see if there is not this gentleness and kindness lacking in your life. Just ask God to take away everything that is harsh and unkind and see what a richness and fullness it brings to you. The best investment one can make in the world is an investment of kindness and gentleness. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Prov. 18:24.

In closing I would impress this scripture upon you:

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. 4:31, 32.

I believe it should be a prayer on the part of each one of us that this scripture may be fulfilled in us.

"BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

(From the Indiana State Prison.)

"I like THE LIFE BOAT better every month. I get it and pass it along. I pray God that it will do good. We do not get a single gift that does us so much good as the little effort that we make to ease another's load, and Jesus tells us that it is better to give than to receive. May God help each one of us to do what we can."

Order a few copies of the Gospel of Health tract by Dr. David Paulson, showing how to use simple remedies in the cure of disease, and how to eat sanely and scientifically. Fifteen copies will be sent for twenty-five cents, or fifty for fifty cents. Can be enclosed in an ordinary envelope when you write to your friends.

Porto Rico and the Medical Missionary*

Dr. J. F. Morse,

Ensenada, Porto Rico.

THE need for medical missionary work in Porto Rico is great. The people subsist largely on rice, beans and black coffee, which they prepare in the worst possible way for health. Rice is cooked by boiling, but as soon as it is boiled they pour over it hot grease. The beans are cooked and treated in the same way. They drink black coffee and very little water. When I tell them to drink ten

people, "Why do these people come?" We answered, "It is simply because they can get some consideration." They come long distances from the mountains and you have to tell them in five minutes all you expect them to do. It is like seed sowing.

One man came to the dispensary suffering with malaria. He had been having chills and fever for five months. The second time he



Native Children of Porto Rico Who Are Rarely Ever Clothed Until About Five Years of Age.

to twelve glasses of water a day they look at me with astonishment. They think water is bad for them on general principles. If one has a fever and you suggest putting water on the patient they think the person will surely die.

Experiences at the Dispensary.

The missionary in the dispensary said to us one day after we had seen about a hundred

came he brought a letter from a man who was paralyzed and who could not come himself; so I wrote out some directions for the man I did not see. Each time the first man came back he brought a note from the other man saying that he was getting better.

In Porto Rico distance is measured by the length of time it takes to travel it. They will carry their sick "four to six hours distance" in a hammock under a piece of bamboo; and when they bring those poor sufferers to us

*(Told at the Hinsdale sanitarium young people's meeting, June 30, 1912.)

and we have just four or five minutes to give them we long for the Master's touch that we may make them whole.

One girl was brought in with a large cancerous swelling of her thigh. All we could do for her was to tell her of that better land where there will be no more suffering. She suffered horribly night and day. Some of those poor sufferers just make your heart bleed, and you long to get where you can do more for them.

We have a Spanish-speaking visiting nurse in our town, who goes around from house to house and relieves the sufferers. Now she is

tobacco, coffee and fruit. Men, women and many of the children smoke constantly.

As Surgeon at the Sugar Mills.

A little fellow came to me from the plantation with his arm all torn to shreds in the gear of a wind-mill. He had walked about three miles with just a piece of coffee sack tied around his arm. The *practicante*, the native emergency nurse, sent for me. The boy was apparently about twelve years of age, but in reality he was twenty-two years old. His first thought was that we should not cut his arm off; so I spent nearly two hours trying to straighten it out. I tied up the muscles



A Familiar Scene in Porto Rico—A Field of Sugar Corn, With the Cocoonut Palms Growing Along the Roadside.

just beginning to hold classes for mothers. Her work is to be followed up by lectures on anatomy, physiology and hygiene in the schools. Everything of that sort tends to the upbuilding of the people. The schools, which have been established only recently, are mostly taught by teachers from the United States. Above the first grade they are required to have all their lessons in English. Forty per cent of the attendance in the night schools are adults.

The chief exports of the island are sugar,

and the tendons, put it in a splint, gave it hydrotherapy treatment, and told the boy that we would try it without taking the arm off. He had a most terrific time of it. Every time he saw me coming he was afraid I was going to take that arm off. But finally, after staying three months in the hospital, he made a most remarkable recovery and today he has every movement of his arm.

Paid His Doctor Bill with a Hen.

One of the first cases I had was a black peon (a native of the lower class) with his foot

crushed. He had worked for three weeks in that condition without any care. I told him I thought he would have to have his foot taken off, but he begged not to have it done. I tried to get him to go to the hospital and he said no, he would stay where I could care for it. It meant a five-mile trip every day for me but I did what I could for him. He had nothing to give me for my services excepting a little hen. He told me that they would kill the hen and his wife would fry it for me, but I said I would not eat the hen. "Would I eat eggs?" I said, "Yes." So they saved up the eggs that this little hen laid and when they

to death. His wife, who lived four hours' walk away, wanted him brought to the house just for a little while; so the neighbors spent four hours carrying that man's body to his house, and in two hours' time turned around and brought it back again. It took them one whole night to do this.

Wretched Social Conditions.

What I say of the social conditions of the island applies to the lower classes. The cabin of the peon is built on posts, covered with banana leaves or pieces of boxes. These one-room cottages are a source of degradation,



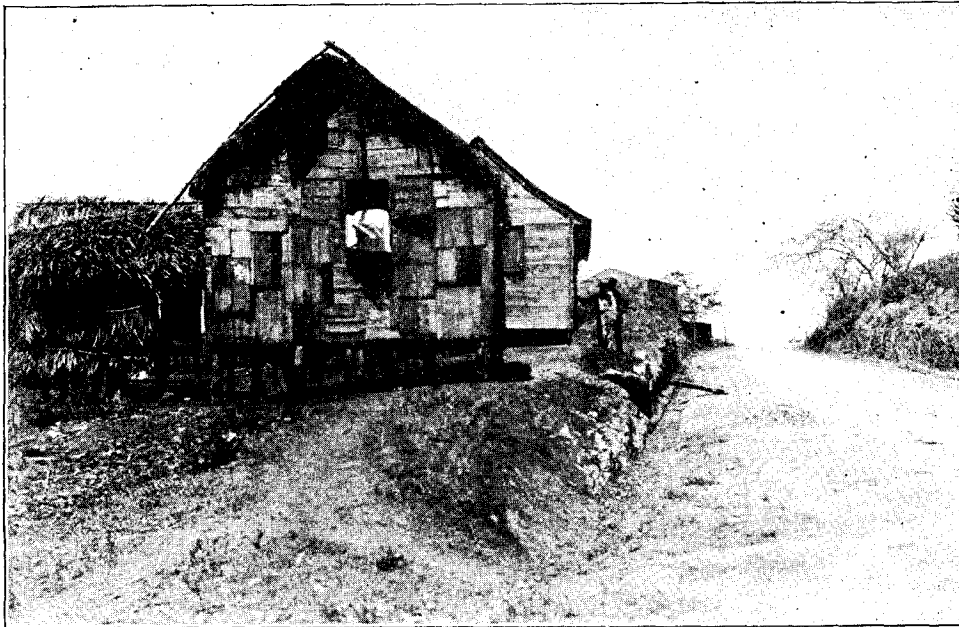
A Banana Leaf Hut Which Can be Seen Everywhere Throughout the Country. Often a Family of Eight or Ten People Live in a Hut Like This.

would get half a dozen they would bring them to me.

One man I treated a year ago who had never paid me came in one day with his face just beaming, holding a bunch of bananas in his hand. It took him a whole year to get something to bring to me.

As an illustration of the consideration these people have for each other, I will mention an experience of an ox-cart driver who was run over by a loaded cart of about a ton and a half weight, crushing his chest so that he bled

misery and immorality. Where there are six, eight or ten people people living in a single room there are bound to be unhappy conditions. Among the poorer classes the marriage ceremony was formerly unknown. The priests, who usually perform this ceremony, used to place the price so high that the people could not afford to be married, charging from twenty-five to fifty dollars for a marriage ceremony. The average peon receives only twenty-five to fifty cents a day for his labor, and he rarely ever sees twenty-five dollars at one



A Very Good Native House, Built of Soap Boxes.

time. These conditions tend to make immortality rife.

I have in my mind just now a woman with the hectic flush of tuberculosis on her cheek, looking sad, sorrowful and lonely. The visiting nurse and I called on her. When the nurse asked her where her husband was she said, "I am not good-looking enough for him now so he is living with the woman across the street."

It is not an unusual thing for a missionary to go to a house to marry some young people and at the same time marry the father and mother, possibly after they have been living together twenty or thirty years. The missionary's fee may be just a bunch of bananas, or five or ten cents. They are always asked to give something, because that which costs little is worth little.

Nearly twenty years ago I signed the volunteer pledge to go as a foreign missionary. But Providence seemed to direct otherwise until a year and a half ago I went to Porto Rico, and now I feel that I am nearer fulfilling that pledge, for I find abundant opportunity for medical missionary work. It is the heart service that God wants. May the daily duty that comes to you be your mission field.

A Wonderful Experience

Several years ago Mr. Vories, a young American, went over to teach school in Japan. He occupied his spare time in missionary effort. He soon had flourishing around him one of the most inspiring missionary harvests that we have any record of in modern times. No one can read these experiences without having his soul inspired and thrilled. We have imported from Japan the author's remarkable book, entitled, "A Mustard Seed in Japan," and are prepared to furnish it for two new subscriptions to *The Life Boat*. Go out and ask two of your friends to subscribe for *The Life Boat* and get this inspiring missionary account. It will water your soul.

A Story of Rescue

Mrs. Belle Kershaw,

528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

WHILE engaged in rescue work in the Tombs prison in New York City, one day I was waiting until court was over that I might see the judge about a certain prisoner, when some one asked me to go back to the prison and see a girl there. I did so, but found that she would not give me her name and address. She said, "You can send me where you want to but I will never go home." I pleaded with her about half an hour and she positively refused to tell me.

I prayed and waited, and I tell you it pays to wait on the Lord; the Lord put it in her heart to tell me. She gave me the right address, but not the right name. Her home was way over in Hoboken, a place I had never been in my life before.

Her case was to come up in the morning and I must see her parents that night. I went back to where I was boarding and the lady I lived with said she would go with me. I did not expect it, but it is just like the Lord: He never leaves us alone.

We went down town, crossed the river on the ferry, and then it was eight or nine miles from there. We at last reached the place and began our search. It was getting very late at night and it was dark, and we were way out in the country. I knew the Lord had sent us and I was determined I would find her parents.

While coming along a dark, lonely path we met a young man and told him of the place we were trying to find, and he said, "Why, I never heard of such a street. If you just wait a little bit I will go and find out." He was gone about half an hour and my friend said she believed he just did that to get away from us; but pretty soon I saw him coming. He said, "Yes, I have found it." So he led us still farther out, through a swampy place where the weeds on either side of the little path were higher than our heads. We went on down and found no such place. Then this young man said, "I dare not take you any farther, it is too bad a place for you ladies."

"Well," I said, "I will go up to that house

and tell them all about the little girl and what she was arrested for." The man came out and leaned over the gate, and I told him the circumstances. "Why, yes," he said, "I know that little girl, but they live three miles from here."

I had to see her parents that night so we walked over there, the young man accompanying us. The father and mother both came down, and I asked if they had such a daughter. They said yes, but she had been gone two weeks and they could not find her. I told them where she was and the mother said, "I will beat her." I said, "Look here, my friend, I think you have beaten her too much now."

The little girl had worked at a department store in New York and had fallen in with bad company. The mother was a good woman but thought more of money than of her daughter. I talked with her about half an hour but could not soften her heart toward her daughter, so I told her she had better not come to the court in the morning as long as she felt that way. She said she would not.

We got back to the city about three o'clock in the morning, and at nine o'clock I was in court. The father and mother both came down. The mother came up to the cell door and the poor little girl ran back.

She said, "Mamma, you know you are to blame for this; you beat me so, I could not stay home. Many a time you beat me so I could not eat for days, and you would take my shoes and make me walk on the rough stones until my feet were all sore."

But when the father came up the child ran up to him, and said, "O papa, you were always kind to me," and the father took both of her hands in his and stood there weeping.

"But you were a disobedient child," he said.

"Yes," she said, "but mamma beat me all the time."

This experience of getting that father and daughter together has taught me that it pays to wait on the Lord and to listen to that still small Voice. And I have followed that up

in my work; when the Lord wants me to do a thing I will do it with my life. I never yet took a thing up to lay it down.

ONE HOME MADE HAPPY.

MRS. H. U. STEVENS.

[The following experience was told at the Hinsdale sanitarium young people's meeting. Mrs. Stevens was a member of the Chicago six-months' medical missionary class who completed their course last April. She and her husband expect soon to go to South America as missionaries.—Ed.]

In distributing bills one day, announcing our gospel meetings at the tent, I knocked at one place and no one answered; so I knocked again. Pretty soon a woman put out her head from the basement window and said, "What is it, please?" I said, "We are going to have a series of Bible lectures over at the tent and we would like to have you come, and believe you will be interested." She said, "All right, I believe I will." That was encouraging, for you would be surprised how few manifest any interest in such a thing in Chicago.

A few nights later some one came up to me after the services and said, "Well, you see I came."

For a moment I could not place her, and I said, "I am glad you got out," hoping somehow I would recall her face pretty soon.

She said, "Yes, when you spoke to me and I put my head out of the window there I felt impressed to come, and I am coming back again."

That woman came night after night, and just to see her earnest face was an inspiration to us all. It was not long before she asked me to come to her home and give a Bible study, and she just sat and drank it in. She soon decided to obey the Lord. Then her husband, who had always been kind in his home, turned and was really cruel to her; but she would pray over the hard places. But it was getting very serious, and I became a little alarmed over her. So one Sabbath my husband and I called to see her. I said, "Well, how is it going?" "Oh," she said, "I have decided to give it all up. We have only one life to live on this earth and if we have to go through a torment each day of our lives what is the use? It is making it so hard on my children, and my husband is so cruel, and my

poor little children don't know whether to obey him or me, and I am just losing my soul over it."

I was heart-sick. She seemed like one of my sheep as it were. We had walked to her home from the tent night after night. One night we met her husband with a big club in his hand, and after she got home she got the benefit of it. She said, "I am going to give it all up." I felt discouraged, and after we went away I felt the tears stealing down my cheeks. I said, "That is the way; we do our best and then that is all there is to it." Finally I got to thinking: "We think she is going to be a Christian through my efforts. She is an honest, good woman, and the Lord knows best. I am not going to worry."

I went to see her again and she said, "That day after you went home was a torment to me. I went to bed that night and was so miserable I could not sleep, and my husband could not sleep and we were both worried. Finally two o'clock at night I was so disturbed I felt the Lord was coming that minute and was going to ask me for my soul, and I got up and said, 'Lord, if you will forgive me this time I will never do it again.'" And her husband begged her pardon, and there on their knees in the stillness of the night they both gave themselves to God. Now her face fairly beams with the love of Christ. Hers is a beautiful character. I wish you knew some of the things she has had to go through: tests I could hardly believe when she told me about them. And she has come out of them all and is rejoicing in full and free salvation.

IT LED TO A STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

What a prisoner, who has just recently sent in twenty-three subscriptions for *THE LIFE BOAT*, says of the influence of the magazine on the prisoners:

"*THE LIFE BOAT* is highly appreciated and the only reading matter that comes here that is read and reread until worn out. Several of the boys congratulated the July number and I believe it will cause many a wayward boy to stop and think. I have had them tell me it was the first and only Christian paper they ever read. Now those same boys are studying the Bible."

"After Many Days"

Mrs. Margaret Kedler

6646 State Street, Chicago.

THE words in Eccl. 11:1 have been fulfilled in one instance that I want to tell you about. The text says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

One evening about seven years ago when Miss Sweet and I were selling THE LIFE BOAT in South Chicago we met a young couple in a wine room. We introduced the magazine to them in the usual way, telling them of the nature of the work. As we did so a conviction of her awful sinful life came over the woman and she broke down and cried.

We asked her if she would be willing to give up such a life and come with us to one of our homes and our people would do all they could for her. She promised she would and gave us her address which we recognized was the address of an ill-famed resort.

The next evening I went to the Life Boat mission and told Mrs. Van Dorn about the girl and asked her to accompany me to South Chicago to get her. We went the following morning, which was the earliest opportunity we had, and we found that she had changed her mind. She was afraid to leave, she said, because the other girls would laugh at her. She didn't feel that she could break away from her friends in sin. We had a long talk with her but had to come away without her.

I felt very much disappointed in not getting the girl, and then after asking Mrs. Van Dorn to come all that distance when I knew she was needed at home I felt sorry to think I had to put her to all that needless trouble.

Years have rolled by since then. I have sold THE LIFE BOAT magazine from Canada to Florida and from Chicago to New York state, and have made many short trips but I never forgot the girl we went to save. Her speech was so refined and her name was so pretty that it was easy to remember. And I often thought of the needless trouble I had caused Mrs. Van Dorn. But the Lord does not let His word become lost.

You can imagine my surprise a few weeks ago at finding that same girl in one of our homes.

"How did you happen to come here?" I asked her.

"Different Christian workers were so nice to me," she said, "they always spoke so kind to me that finally I decided to give up and come here. I was told of this home but did not know how to find it. I came to Chicago and rode all day on the street cars until finally I found this place."

"Now that you are here you will never go back to the other life, will you?" I asked.

"I don't think so," she said. "I don't want to, but I don't feel very strong."

It is not surprising that she does not feel very strong after spending years in sin but God can strengthen the weak, and I hope and pray He will keep this girl from ever falling again.

The thought often comes to me, am I really doing any good? is any one made better because of the efforts I make in my missionary rounds with our magazines? This little incident comes to cheer me:

I met a man one evening who said he had seen me a few evenings before. "You were in one of the uptown public places," said he, and mentioned the place, "and you were talking to three men. You certainly did speak well. One of the men became so convinced that after you left he left his glass of beer standing on the counter and went right home to his wife and children. He had not been home for weeks."

So many men and women ask me to pray for them. It shows that they are God's children still and that His Spirit is striving with them to do better.

From long experience I have learned that even though we cannot accomplish wonders in a day every kind word and act leaves an impression not easily forgotten. So let us scatter so many seeds of kindness that finally the good will overcome the evil as it did in the case of the young woman I have mentioned, and with God's help we shall win many souls to Christ.

Look upward, live upward.

WHERE THE CRIES OF BROKEN HEARTS ARE SELDOM HEARD.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

One Sunday morning as I passed along the corridor of the Harrison police station and came to the last cell some one asked me, "Have you anything to read?" I said, "Yes, I have an excellent little tract here, 'Some one cares for your soul.'" That opened up the conversation.

There were four men in that cell. One could not understand English, but the other three opened their hearts and told of their experiences. One said he had tried so many times to be a Christian but somehow the devil always got in the way and dragged him down. I was able to help him to see how that as long as we live on this earth we can expect Satan to work for our ruin, but that Christ is more powerful than the devil and we can place our trust in Him. Before I left these men they all got on their knees and every one of them prayed and asked God to forgive them of their sins, to help them to lead better lives, and I believe they meant it. They acted as though they were really in earnest.

One young woman in the girls' annex who was too sick to sit up during the service began weeping bitterly before we had closed our meeting. She asked us to pray for her, which we did. The tiny infant at her side told the story of her crime and the newspapers told the rest, that she and the unlawful father of the child had been discovered in an attempt to abandon it.

One young man we found in a dark cell weeping bitterly over his fate. He had just spent his first night in a prison cell and the remorse and disgrace of it all had driven him to desperation. He attempted to end it all by severing an artery, but we interfered. Before our meeting closed he bowed on his knees while we prayed the Lord to save him from the sins that had brought him into so much trouble.

Some ask why we spend our time working for these poor degenerates that we often meet in the Sunday morning service. I am sure if we had the opportunity of following Christ around when He walked among men we would have found that He took notice of the poor outcasts by the wayside. Those whom some

would look upon today as degenerates were the ones Christ seemed drawn toward to help. And possibly we might have criticized Christ's wisdom in selecting the disciples. There seemed to be no good thing in some of those rough fishermen when Christ first called them; and yet Christ made them the leaders of His kingdom. And so we take courage.

Friends, when you are tempted to think upon these people as poor outcasts of society, just remember that they are somebody's loved ones and that somebody is praying for them and anxious for their salvation.

FOR THE BOY BEHIND THE BAR.

MRS. CARRIE K. BUTCHER,
Ft. Worth, Texas.

'Cheer up, brother! I've a message
From the royal courts above;
'Tis from Christ, the Friend of sinners,
And 'tis all aglow with love.

Yes, the Saviour bids me tell you
He's the "Bright and Morning Star,"
And can shine away the darkness
And the gloom behind the bar.

Not a burning tear has fallen
That His eyes have failed to see;
Every bitter pang is noted
By the Man of Galilee.

Have you sinned? Be not discouraged;
For the lost His life He gave;
None have reached such depths of sinning
That He can not cleanse and save.

If you humbly fall before Him
And for pardon meekly pray,
He will lift the crushing burden,
Take your load of guilt away.

He will fill your soul with gladness,
Leaving naught of sin to mar;
Chase away the crushing sadness,
Making joy behind the bar.

DOES NOT REGRET THE STEP.

From an inmate of the Ohio Penitentiary,
written to Mrs. Jackson:

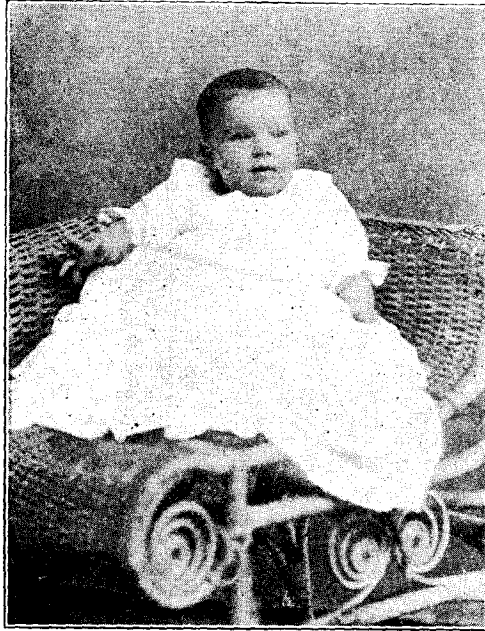
"I received THE LIFE BOAT from Hinsdale, —a fine little magazine. After many weeks of deep meditation I confessed my sin, and since have learned to trust in God for eternal salvation; and I do not regret the step I have taken.

"It is true that we do not always hurt others when we sin, but in my case it was different. I have lost the confidence and respect of a community, and have brought misery and sorrow to the hearts of my loved ones, because I did not have the love of Jesus Christ in my heart."

Who Will Help to Shelter the Babies?

Mrs. Elsie D. Whisler,
Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE Lord has surely blessed this home. I have just been thinking how it was established and how it has been kept up all this time without a cent of regular income. It



A Home Baby Who, With Its Mother, Were Fortunate in Finding a Good Christian Home.

just does me good to hear Dr. Paulson tell how the money was raised to start this work, and surely it has not been in vain, for this home has indeed proved a great blessing to the many unfortunate girls who pass through here every year. Their stay here has been the turning point in many lives and has been the means of saving many little lives that might otherwise have been destroyed. Many will undoubtedly grow up and become useful men and women.

Just now we have girls here from eight different states. Most of them are bright, intelligent girls who have fallen through promise of marriage. Six babies have been born here in the past five weeks.

Last month we asked for about forty dol-

lars to roof our third story porch. So far we have received only six dollars for this purpose. We hope the friends of this work will help us to make this much needed improvement. I would suggest that each of THE LIFE BOAT agents donate one day's profit for this purpose. This would be a great help to us and I am sure you would receive rich blessing in return.

We have just received five dollars from two prisoners in a state prison. They earned this money working overtime. If men behind the bars can help surely those outside ought to be able to do as well. *We need the roof very badly now.*

THE PLEA OF THE HOME FURNACE

ANNA J. DICKINSON,
Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

Here I am, this hot summer morning, desolate and alone, surrounded by dust and debris, choked with soot and rubbish, as neglect-



A Wee, Tiny One, Not Many Days Old.

ed and depressed as an inanimate thing can be imagined.

There were high hopes and expectations of ministry to the home comfort with my starting into service in my newness and fitness. The first winter, under care of the "old janitor" who understood something of my constitution and the limit of my abilities, I served fairly well, although not fed with fuel most convenient for me. But how one can be imposed upon when without hands or feet to serve one's self! It somehow came about that the old janitor failed me, and I was left to the mercy of haphazard attention. Oh, the misery of my lot since that fateful hour!

This hot weather I am left alone to nurse my grievances and dread in silence lest the future has no better prospects for me than the past. To do faithful, efficient service as a true furnace should was the aim set before me. It is surely my right to receive punctual feedings at seasonable intervals with fuel suiting my constitution, besides clean flues and well regulated drafts.

But the tardy attendance that has been given me in early morning when I should have done my best, and such feeding with that horrible slack have choked my flues and caused me to give forth smoke and soot instead of genial warmth. Of course there has been a shivering, complaining household, but how could I help it, and what better service can I give while such conditions continue? They say even a furnace must be starved because food prices soar so high.

Helpless though I am, proper food and a good attendant are not to be thought of. However, it is my silent opinion that if well fed and properly attended I could practice economy of heat and not prove such a costly servant as the powers imagine. It is not for me to go into details this sweltering weather, but my assertions are not without good reasons. I can only rest as best I can these hot days; but cold is sure to come again in due time. Then what?

If only some one with money to spare would endow us with a furnace fund insuring good fuel and faithful janitor service he would surely bring blessing to his own heart as well as joy and contentment with added cleanliness to the home family. If there is not the abun-

dance out of which to give, a little, given willingly from various sources, often accomplishes great ends.

IT TOUCHED THE PRISONERS' HEARTS.

The following letter, written to Mrs. Whisler, shows that there are many noble and generous hearts behind prison bars that are ready to respond to a kind deed:

"You will pardon my taking this liberty, I trust. Some time ago I read the very pathetic statement in your little publication, *THE LIFE BOAT*, where those most generous-hearted charges of yours had contributed their last cent that some of us unfortunates might be permitted to receive a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT*. I trust that the small donation (two dollars) I am sending you may come in convenient for some of them.

"I assure you that though we of the inside world have forfeited our rights and all claims to any sympathy from the outer world, we are still capable of appreciating anything that is done for us. It is indeed very gratifying to know that there are some who are still willing to lend a helping hand to us, and doubly so when we realize that we are undeserving of same. It seems to me that were there a few more like you there would be a great many less charges in the state institutions."

INFANTS' CLOTHING WANTED.

We received the following the other day from a friend of the rescue home:

"I have sent to your address today a package containing infants' clothing, from our Aid Society in Mt. Vernon church. We trust the little garments may be a blessing to some innocents. You will find various shapes and makes, but they were made by loving hands."

We shall be glad to receive any clothing for infants' wear, as many of our babies have no wardrobe ready for their arrival. Send the same, charges prepaid, to The Life Boat Rescue Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE

We will be glad to correspond with any girl who is in need of a Christian friend. We have seen many a broken-hearted young woman get a new start in life and many a life saved. Write to Dr. Mary W. Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Chicago Life Boat Home

Mrs Hannah Swanson,

528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago.

OUR family here in the Life Boat Home fluctuates but we are never alone. I have been asked a number of times during the past month how this place is supported. I hardly know what to answer; but in His way the Lord provides and we have never yet been left without food and shelter.

We have some roomers and boarders who pay, and the Hinsdale sanitarium family help us each month. We have some income from our treatment rooms, but the past month we have done very little in that department. If there are ladies who read this who are in need of our bathroom treatments we will be pleased to see them at our treatment rooms. If you can not leave your home to go to a sanitarium you can avail yourself of this opportunity if you live in Chicago.

We are having our home cleaned and decorated from top to bottom, for which we are very thankful.

I want to tell you about a family we came in touch with this past month. There were the parents and three children. The father was in business when their home was burned. One of the children was lost in the fire and never was found. Another was thrown through a window to some people below. They missed it and it fell to the ground, making it a cripple for life.

This family was living in a basement where the sun never shone, when we found them. Their experience had been published in one of the daily papers, and some one who read it wrote them a card telling them to go to the LIFE BOAT people,—that we were “the best people in the world” and they knew we would help them.

We tried to find some rooms near us for this family but were not successful so we had them come to the home. Their former landlady would not let them have their trunks until they had paid their rent, which amounted to over six dollars. We paid the rent and paid for having their goods transferred and gave them a nice sunny room with the privileges of the home. We asked him to help us dur-

ing house-cleaning time but he seemed to think the work was too arduous and began to complain.

From a human standpoint it seems to have been a mistake for us to help those people. But the Saviour does not tell us to take only the worthy ones to our home, but “the poor that are cast out;” so we will leave the results with him.

I just received a good letter yesterday from a woman we had in the home for some time and whom we considered a hopeless case. She wrote that she would never forget what was done for her at the Life Boat Home. It pays to make others happy. By so doing we receive true happiness ourselves. Unless we do unto others as we wish to be done by we can not keep God’s commandments, neither can we receive instruction from His prophets. Remember us in your prayers that we may be faithful.

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS,

3508 Rhoades Ave., Chicago.

For years I have been in the service of my Master, but was not as well trained as I would like to have been. When I would find some one who wanted to study the Bible I would call on a conference Bible worker to go into that home and give Bible readings. Also when I would find sickness I could tell them very little about the care of their bodies; and how I longed and prayed for the time to come when I could better understand those things myself! For it always made me feel so bad when I could not relieve suffering humanity and give Bible readings.

During this time I helped my husband to work up a business so that he too could live a Christian life and work for souls. We have always woven the religion of Jesus into our business and God has blessed us, and we thank Him for it.

Finally God heard and answered prayer and gave me an opportunity to fit myself

for better service. I never can thank God enough for putting it into the heart of Dr. Paulson to open up a training school at 528 Thirty-third place for city medical missionaries. I took the course and have learned so much this winter in Bible, practical nursing, physiology, etc. We have had the best of instructors and a nice class. The Lord has been with us and blessed us and there was such a good spirit manifested and love for one another.

As we drew near the close of our class a sadness came over me as I thought of our being scattered. But my prayer is that this good work will go on and that souls will be brought to a knowledge of the truth as a result of our class work. I know if we make good use of what we have learned and put it into practice others will see that it is a good thing and will be inspired to take this course of training. The good Book says, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

It means something to leave your own home duties and care for a child, send her to church school, and then all the other work that one has to do. But we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. Many a time the past winter I had to struggle to keep up my class work and I have felt that I would have to drop out, for there were so many things put upon me. But I would go to God and pray, and I want to say *I prayed my way* through my class.

Prayer will take you through anywhere and everywhere. I am glad that I *know* the power of prayer. This last winter has been one of the best of my whole life, because of my taking this class, and I am putting into practice the things I learned.

Sister Richmond and I have two Bible readers who are very much interested in the Bible and I believe they are honest souls who will see the light of truth and accept it. Then I have given one sick woman some treatments.

I am praying that God will open the way for others to take this course when it starts again next October. *Pray* for it, *plan* for

it, *work* for it, and God will give you the desire of your heart as He did me. I am now praying that before this year closes I may win some soul for Jesus, who in turn will take up the work for Jesus. Then when He comes we will come rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.

LEARNED A LESSON OF TRUST.

MILDRED M. HELZER.

In taking the six-months' training for medical missionary work, I can truly say the Lord hath been mindful of me.

I was very uncertain at the beginning of the class last October whether I should be able to go through, as I had nothing to look forward to from a financial standpoint. I was fully determined to take it up because I had every evidence that it was the Lord's will for me to do so.

I have learned a beautiful lesson in fully trusting in the Lord and leaning upon His arms. By selling our magazines and doing some nursing, after a couple of months' training, I was able to be entirely self-supporting.

Since the close of our class I have not done much nursing, but have been canvassing and have had many blessed experiences, especially when I had an opportunity to tell of our class work and its purpose to business men.

Our association together this last winter has left a very sweet impression on me. Many times my mind is drawn back to the class room, where all seemed to be interested and eager to receive that which was so kindly and patiently given by our many teachers whom we learned to love and esteem. I especially enjoyed our Friday night refreshing meetings, as such they were to me, conducted by Elder Serns, our Bible teacher. The time was spent in telling the many experiences of the week, whether they were trials or good tidings. They all were a help to us and only encouraged us to put into practice the song which seemed to be our class song:

"I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day;
Still praying as I onward bound,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

OUR GOLDEN DAY.

There are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry: two care-free days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I can not undo an act that I wrought, I can not unsay a word that I said on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of wrong, regret and sorrow, is in the hands of the mighty love that can bring honey out of the rock and sweet water out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of night.

Save for the beautiful memories sweet and tender that linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day I do not worry about is tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promises and poor performances, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of mastery as its dead sister, yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor or behind a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then, the same love and patience that hold yesterday, hold tomorrow.

Save for the star of hope that gleams forever on the brow of tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of today, I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe keeping of the Infinite that holds for me the treasures of yesterday: the love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. Tomorrow is God's day. It will be mine.

There is left for myself but one day of the week—today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day. Oh, friends, it is only when to the burdens and cares of today, carefully measured out to us by the infinite wisdom

and might that gives with them the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," that we wilfully add the burdens of those two awful eternities—yesterday and tomorrow—such burdens as only the mighty God can sustain, that we break down. It is not the experience of today that drives men mad, it is the remorse for something that happened yesterday, the dread of what tomorrow may disclose.

These are God's days. Leave them with Him. Therefore, I think, and I do, and I journey but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is the man's day. Nay, rather, that is our day,—God's and mine. And while faithfully and dutifully I run my course and work my appointed task on that day of ours, God the Almighty and the All-loving takes care of yesterday and tomorrow.

—*The Advance.*

PASSING ON THE BLESSING.

The following is culled from a letter received from an interested LIFE BOAT reader and worker:

"I send in my subscription for THE LIFE BOAT for another year; I can't do without the dear little messenger of love. It is so pure, so bright and so instructive, so uplifting in all its teachings. I have taken it now for more than twelve years I believe, and it is always new and fresh and never grows stale.

"The June number came, so full of good things as usual. I wish there were thousands of such good teachers to instruct and teach the way of life. We agree with you about the times; we are in fearful times,—I realize it every day and feel how little we are doing; and time is so swiftly passing away, with eternity just a little ahead of us. It is so important to be about our Father's business, seeking the lost, holding up the helpless, cheering the faint. Yes, we are in perilous times. Oh, that the world could see it and prepare to meet their God! Many of the people do not see or know anything about the times we are living in.

"My heart gets sick sometimes to tell the sweet old story of the love of Jesus to those that are outcast and forsaken. I could weep just now for the poor sinsick souls with no one to pity, no one to say a kind word, no

one to love them. No one but Jesus wants them. Oh, if they only knew how Jesus loves and pities them!

"Now I want to tell you how I got three LIFE BOATS to send out. I had an offer made me that if I would send two dollars for some plants and roots which I wanted they would send as a premium a nice watch. I sent and got the watch, sold it for a dollar and a half, and with the money sent three subscriptions to THE LIFE BOAT. I received a fountain pen as premium, which I gave to the one who sent me the watch, and sent him THE LIFE BOAT also. He says the pen does fine, and he likes THE LIFE BOAT very much.

"May God's blessings still be added to you in all your good work—the grandest this side of heaven."

CLEARING THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

From an inmate of the New York Penitentiary, written to a LIFE BOAT worker:

"THE LIFE BOAT and other papers you sent me have done me great good. I have been using tobacco ever since I was fourteen. I am now twenty-seven years old, and I do not think that there is any one who used it more than I did, because I used it in all forms.

"Well, the thing I want to say is this; that I took my last chew some months ago. So now I am ready to give up the things of this world and turn to Jesus for help.

"It is very hard for me to write a letter and tell you all I wish to tell of the life I have gone through. I wrote a letter to the home in which I was placed when an infant, asking to let me know if I have any parents living or not, but no answer."

THE OXFORD PREMIUM BIBLE.

"I wish in a few words to express my sincere thanks for the Oxford Teacher's Bible which you sent me. The book is beautiful externally, but to express the beauty and value of it internally is far, very far beyond my capacity. I trust its words will not return to the gracious Giver void.

"I am much interested in the last LIFE BOAT, and in fact, in every copy of the dear little book, and I do pray that it may be the instrument in God's hand in bring-

ing many to realize the power of divine grace to their salvation. May God abundantly bless you in your work of faith and labor of love."

He who thinks he has little to learn learns little and teaches less.

A PRISONER LOOKING FOR CHRIST'S COMING.

(From the Indiana State Prison.)

"I could hardly wait until THE LIFE BOAT got here as I wanted to read it so badly. I always like to read THE LIFE BOAT. Oh, how I wish there were more people like you who would give their hearts to God and fit themselves for working in the Master's vineyard. For the harvest is great and the laborers are few and soon the work will be finished. The end of all things is right upon us and I want you to pray for me that I may be faithful and at last share with you in the overcomer's reward."

AN ENCOURAGING WORD.

"I read the reports of your work in the different departments you are connected with in Chicago and vicinity and it always causes me to feel that the power of God is working in a wonderful way to manifest His visible protection over His children. Only those who have been down in the depths know what it means to be lifted to the surface again, and I might say that it is only those who have been plucked from the burning who are most fearful of the fire."

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF SUCH A THING?

A self-pronouncing Bible, in which all the words of Christ in the New Testament are printed in red and the prophetic types and prophecies in the Old Testament referring to Christ are also printed in red. This is a magnificent Bible. Your children will be intensely interested in it. You can secure it for ten new subscriptions or renewals for THE LIFE BOAT.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulsen



THE NEXT SIX-MONTHS' COURSE.

The first week in October will begin the fourth six-months' course for medical missionaries. This is an earnest and serious effort to fit mature Christian women with the most important essentials of a nurses' training and at the same time equip them with a working knowledge of the Bible, so that they may go into the homes of the people and be prepared to do whatever their hands find to do.

The tuition is free, and wide-awake, energetic students can in most instances earn their other expenses. Room and board are furnished in the institution at three dollars a week.

This course of training is given at the Life Boat Home, 528 E. Thirty-third Place, Chicago, in the building which was formerly used as the branch sanitarium.

Write for full information.

AGGRESSIVE CITY EFFORTS.

There are abundant indications that the coming winter an important and aggressive medical and evangelistic effort will be carried forward in Chicago. The Lord is putting it into the hearts of experienced laborers to connect with this work. We trust that the prayers of God's children everywhere will go before these workers as sharp sickles as they endeavor to enter this stronghold of sin; and we also ask not only prayers but financial assistance. It is next to impossible to make such a work entirely self-supporting, at least in the beginning.

TRAINING FOR SERVICE AT HINSDALE.

The new three-year class for medical missionary nurses which was recently started at the Hinsdale sanitarium, is the largest in its history.

The post-graduate instruction for graduate nurses, imparting to them advanced medical principles, is also being carried on enthusiastically and earnestly. No doubt the day is not far distant when many missionary nurses will come to Hinsdale and secure not only such

advanced opportunities but also a training in city evangelistic methods.

In a few weeks there will be organized at Hinsdale educational opportunities for young people who have not completed nine grades of school work who may desire to secure employment in some of the various departments of the institution with a view of at a later time undertaking the regular three-year nurses' course or other branches of medical missionary training. Any who might desire to avail themselves of this preliminary educational opportunity should write for fuller information.

Arrangements are being made with an eminent music teacher who has had extensive experience in developing and training evangelistic singers, to begin to train the voices of the sanitarium nurses and other employees so as to increase their field of usefulness in this direction.

It is a refreshing sight to see the entire sanitarium family gather every morning at seven o'clock with Bible in hand, for a brief but live Bible study on vital topics before beginning the active duties of the day in the various departments of the institution.

NEW AGENTS IN THE FIELD.

The success that our new agents are having is very gratifying. All over the field the Lord is moving on the hearts of men and women to undertake the sale of the LIFE BOAT magazine, and the Lord is signally blessing these efforts. Large orders are coming in.

We hope that others will feel the call of God to enlist in this LIFE BOAT campaign. The world that is hastening on to its doom needs the gospel for soul and body that is contained in the pages of THE LIFE BOAT. The Master who told His early disciples to heal the sick and to preach the gospel (Luke 9:2) is still bidding us to continue the same program. Shall we not do it with greater energy and enthusiasm?

Write for special terms and instructions to agents.

WARD RATES AT HINSDALE.

People of moderate means who are in ill health are coming to the Hinsdale sanitarium to avail themselves of the ward rates. Among them are some requiring surgical operations. We believe that this arrangement will prove a Godsend to many persons who have thus far struggled under the double burden of poverty and ill health and have been deprived of sanitarium opportunities. All who wish to come to Hinsdale should write in advance, giving full information and to secure full information.

COFFEE A DRUG INSTEAD OF FOOD

Dr. H. W. Wiley of Washington, D. C., writes in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of May 11, 1912, the following concerning caffein, which is the active drug in coffee:

"For my part, believing as I do in the eternal principles of energy, and that you can not get something for nothing, I am unable to see how the stimulation produced by a drug like caffein can secure any energy except at a corresponding expense, and hence when I read of such tremendous increases of energy and work, coupled with the statement that no depressing effects follow, I either must give up my belief in the fundamental principles of science or else look elsewhere for an explanation of the conclusions. Fatigue is the signal of danger showing the need of rest and recreation. Caffein extinguishes the red light but does not close the switch."

It is gratifying to observe that a man of such well-known standing takes such a decided stand regarding this popular beverage. Coffee is of course an artificial stimulant, and although a mild one, it yet belongs to the same great family of stimulants that have done so much to demoralize the world. That is why Dr. W. A. Evans, formerly health commissioner of Chicago, said that the tea and coffee slave could not consistently throw bricks at the alcohol slave.

There are thousands of people who are just as miserable if they are deprived of this mild stimulant as others are when they are deprived of their habitual cigar or their brandy.

HAND THIS MAGAZINE TO YOUR FRIENDS.

We received the following interesting description of the travels of one copy of the LIFE BOAT MAGAZINE, which only shows how much can be accomplished if each one would take the time to pass this magazine on. Who knows but what it will fall into the hands of some one and be the means of saving his soul?

"Here is something rather interesting. My mother subscribes for THE LIFE BOAT and then sends it to my sister here in Washington. After reading it she passes it to Mrs. O—, who in turn gives it to Mrs. C—, who sends it on to another Mrs. C—, and Mrs. V—. She gives it back to Mrs. O—, who sends it to her son, a soldier in the U. S. Army in California, and he hands what is left of it around the regiment. That magazine certainly is put to good use."

NEWS HERE AND THERE.

V. H. Lucas from the sanitarium in Loma Linda, Cal., visited the work in Hinsdale and Chicago while on a trip across the country in the interest of the Loma Linda College.

Mr. Wm. E. Robbins of the Pacific Union College, St. Helena, Cal., also visited the Hinsdale work.

Dr. and Mrs. David Paulson spent three days at the Winona Lake Summer Assembly, where Dr. Paulson delivered several health lectures.

Dr. L. H. Wolfson and Dr. Ora Barber, of the sanitarium medical staff, are giving health lectures one evening each week in connection with an evangelistic tent effort conducted by Eld. M. H. Serns in Aurora, Ill.

D. R. Callahan and wife, of the College View, Neb., sanitarium, U. E. Whiteis, who is in charge of sanitarium treatment rooms in Columbus, Ohio, Dr. F. A. Loop, medical superintendent of the Wabash Valley sanitarium, Dr. O. M. Hayward, who is building up a unique sanitarium enterprise in Chattanooga, Tenn., L. E. Mueller of Wisconsin, a former employe at Hinsdale, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cornell and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Riggs of the Battle Creek, Mich., sanitarium, were among the many who paid a passing visit to Hinsdale during the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Skinner of Massachusetts, who were old friends of THE LIFE BOAT and who spent several months with the Hinsdale sanitarium during the first year of its existence, are spending a few weeks in Chicago. They visited the Hinsdale institutions recently.

The Hinsdale family enjoyed listening to Mrs. A. S. Steele, founder of the Steele Orphans' Home, Chattanooga, Tenn., who spent Sunday at the sanitarium and gave an interesting talk in the parlor Sunday evening, telling a few of many remarkable experiences she has had in maintaining such a work. While her work is familiar to many of the workers, yet the story is always new, revealing new lessons of trust and faith.

Mr. A. W. Adson of College View, Neb., who was with the sanitarium two years ago, has returned with his wife. Mr. Adson, who is studying medicine, is now assisting in the medical department of the institution. His brother Benhart and sister Josephine have joined the nurses' training course, the former as a senior student and Miss Adson as a member of the new class.

The opening exercises for the new nurses' class were held the evening of June 23. Eld. G. E. Langdon of Chicago gave the address of the evening. Ten members of the new class were present and others have arrived later. A reception was also given to the class by the members of the advanced freshman class. Some fifty nurses and doctors gathered together in the nurses' assembly room which had been decorated with an abundance of field daisies and green boughs, and enjoyed an interesting program.

Dr. J. F. Morse, who with his wife is doing medical missionary work in Porto Rico, delivered an interesting address before the sanitarium young people's society on the experiences of a missionary doctor in Porto Rico. THE LIFE BOAT readers will be extremely interested in a report of his address given in this number.

Mr. Wm. T. Ellis, a convert of the Jerry McAuley mission, New York, and now in New Haven, Conn., visited the sanitarium and Life Boat Rescue Home. He also assisted in the Chicago jail services while in Chicago for a few weeks attending the Moody Institute.

Doctors D. H. Lauretta, and Ora Kress, from Loma Linda, Cal., have recently arrived in Chicago, where they expect to locate and engage in an extensive health and evangelistic campaign.

The sanitarium patients and workers, with their friends, enjoyed a sane Fourth of July on the sanitarium lawn. Dinner was spread under the trees for two hundred people. The tables were very beautifully decorated with the stars and stripes. After dinner Dr. Joshua Smith of Chicago told of some personal experiences in the Civil war, including the famous battle of Gettysburg. Following this the afternoon was spent in various games and races in which the young folks took part.

Miss Caroline Carleton is nurse at the Life Boat Rescue Home this month. New girls are constantly coming in, some of whom have no means for their care whatsoever. They come from all parts of the country; one arrives today from Arizona, others from states nearer by, yet they all have a common sorrow and they all need our love and protection.

THE LIFE BOAT agents are doing nicely for the extreme warm weather. There is opportunity for more to take up the work. If you are interested, or know of some one who might become interested, please communicate with headquarters.

Another six-months' class for city medical missionaries will be started October first at the Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-third Place, Chicago. Those desiring information concerning it can receive same by addressing the editor.

In a copy of the *Washington Foreign Mission Seminary Record*, which has come to our desk, we notice an interesting article on visiting nurses' work. We wish there were more trained nurses who would consecrate their lives to this helpful ministry. We are in need of two such workers in Chicago. Copies of this booklet are furnished free. Address, Foreign Mission Seminary, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C.

WANTED.

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

WHY NOT BE YOUR OWN EXECUTOR?

Have you some means to be used in the Master's work after you are dead and gone? Have you observed how frequently relatives or unscrupulous lawyers have succeeded in absolutely defeating the will and intentions of the donor?

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If you are interested in this matter write us and we will give you further suggestions and information regarding this annuity plan that so many sensible people are adopting.

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The Life Boat

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

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago headquarters is 528 Thirty-third place.

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Single copies, 10 cents.

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to Canada and foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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

MISTAKES.

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

PREMIUMS.

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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

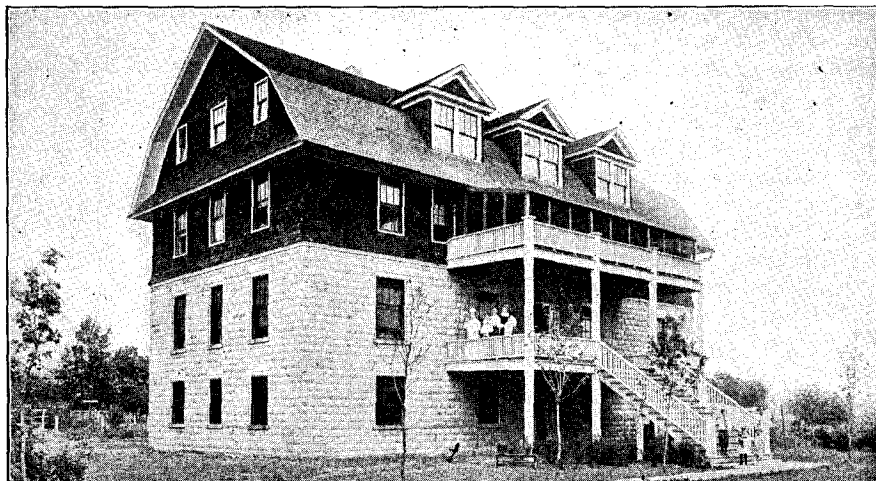
One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

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THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



Physicians, pastors and other workers are constantly perplexed as to how to properly extend a helping hand to the unfortunate girl. To meet this pressing need the charitable public assisted in erecting this splendid eleven thousand dollar institution and it was dedicated July 25, 1909, Judge Orrin N. Carter of the Illinois Supreme Court giving the principal address.

During the past year, upwards of half a hundred girls have been sheltered in this home. They have been carried through the saddest chapter of their lives. More than half these girls do not have a dollar, but they are received just the same.

The institution has no endowment and beyond the mere pittance that some of the girls are able to pay, it is entirely dependent upon the generosity of those who become interested in its work.

Address for further information

DR. DAVID PAULSON, Pres. Life Boat Rescue Home
HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

Are You Contemplating Making Your Will?

OR

Are you interested in placing a part or all of your property so that you can receive a permanent annuity or income on it while you live?

In either case will you not generously remember the Life Boat Rescue Home? Full information regarding this work will be sent upon request.

For those who desire to remember this institution in their wills we give herewith a proper legal form for a bequest.

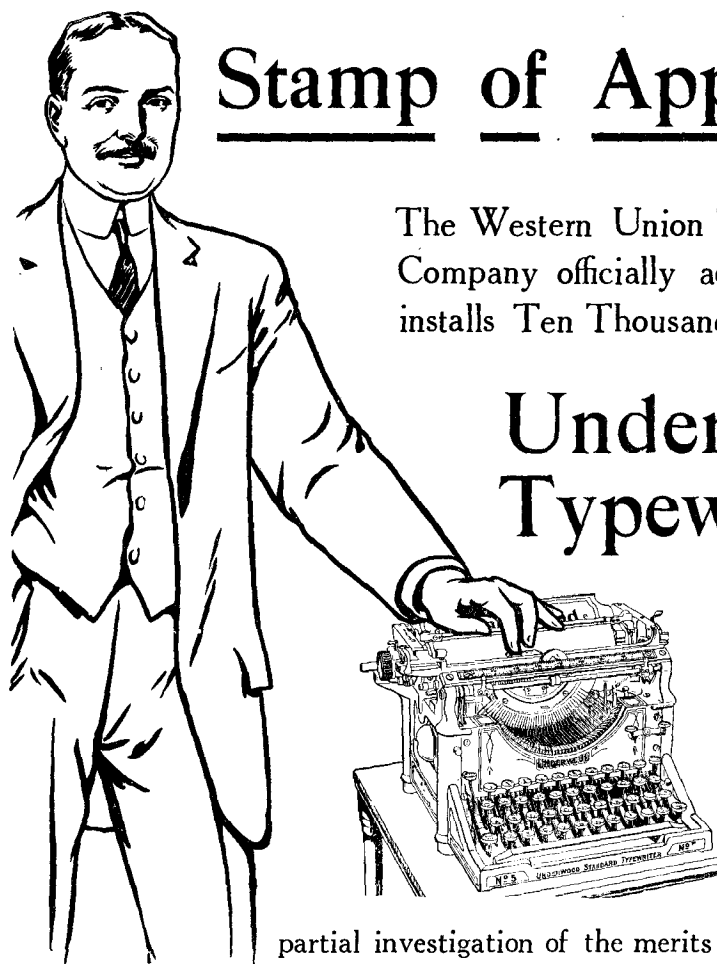
"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Rescue Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum of..... dollars to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Life Boat Rescue Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation."

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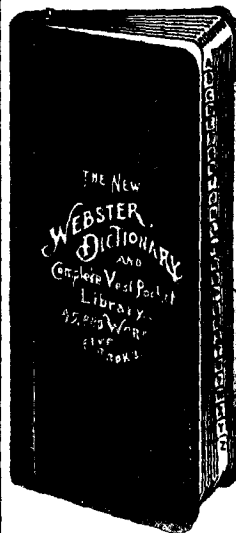
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We offer a seven-jeweled watch, gold filled, ten year guarantee case, beautiful design. We will furnish the same style in coin silver hunting case. We have sent out several of these each week for years, and they give the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch.

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Three new subscriptions for the The Life Boat at 50c each brings you one of these guaranteed first-class fountain pens. Every pen is 14k solid gold.

"I use it all the time, am lost without it."

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SPECIAL arrangements have been made on a simpler and more economical basis so that those who can not afford to pay the regular sanitarium rates can yet obtain sanitarium opportunities. Ward accommodations can be furnished to such at moderate cost. Board will be supplied at reasonable rates. Treatments will be paid for on the plan of short, simple but effective treatments at a small price, the longer and perhaps more luxurious treatments at a higher price.

If you have friends or neighbors who have been deprived of sanitarium opportunities because they could not pay the ordinary prices, suggest to them that they now write to the Hinsdale Sanitarium for full information regarding this new plan.

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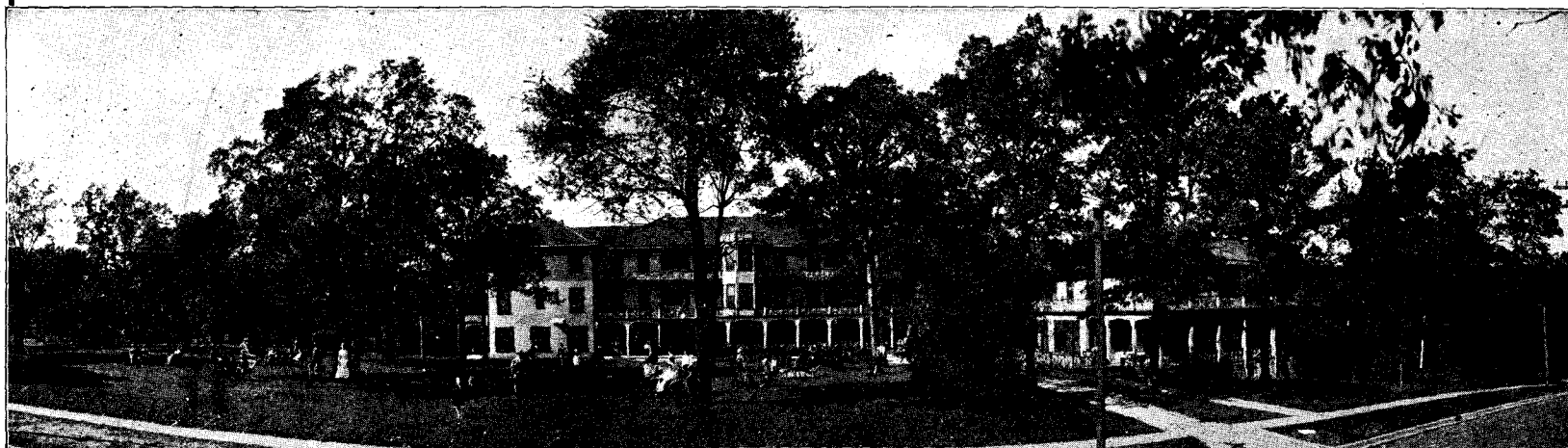
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