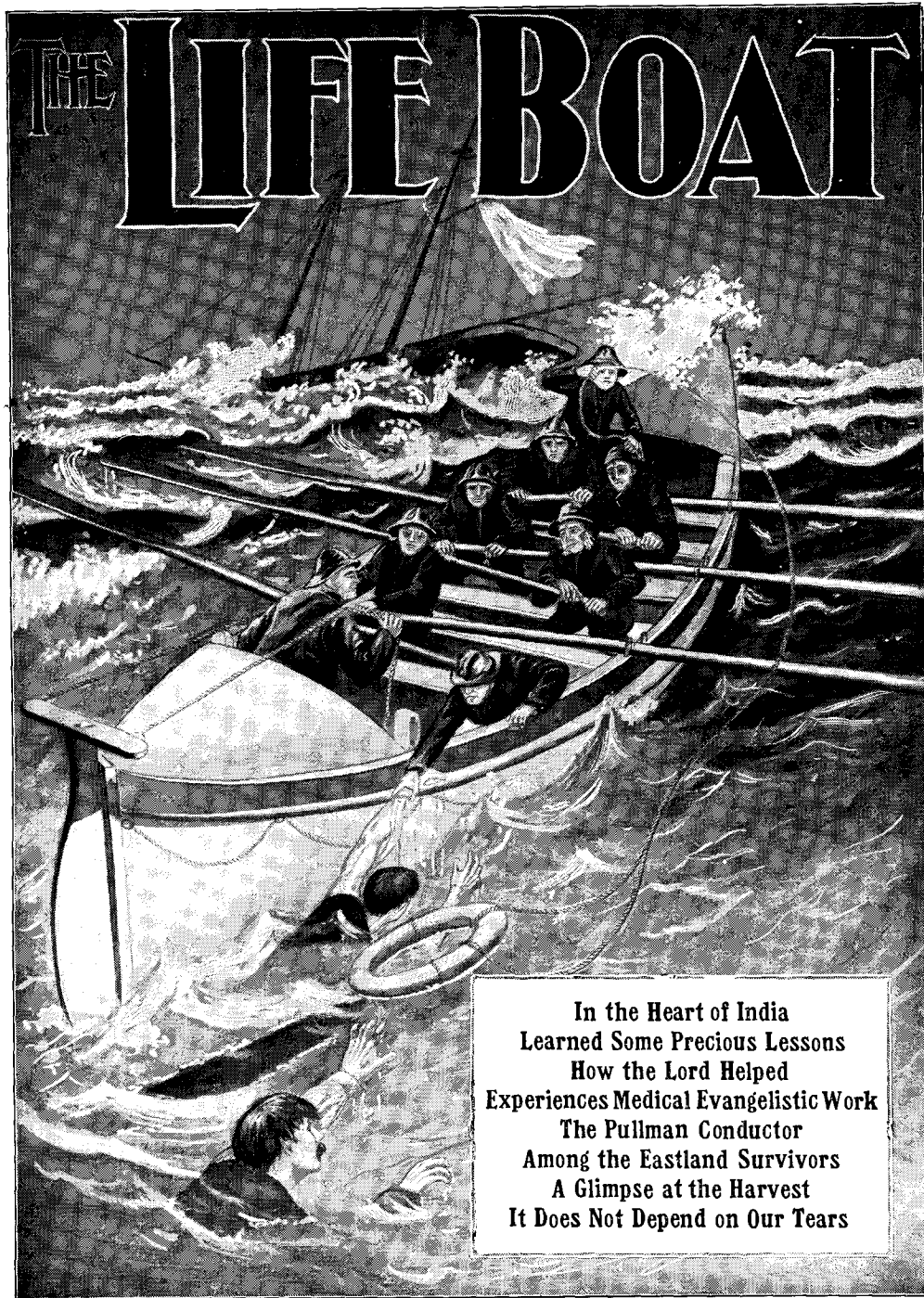


The Eastland Tragedy

One Dollar a Year

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The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations

In the Heart of India
Learned Some Precious Lessons
How the Lord Helped
Experiences Medical Evangelistic Work
The Pullman Conductor
Among the Eastland Survivors
A Glimpse at the Harvest
It Does Not Depend on Our Tears

Volume Eighteen
Number Nine

Windsdale, Ill.

September, 1915

Modern View of Health and Healing—by the Editor

In Memorium

IDA O. ANDERSON

EAGERLY on we hurried—a gay,
happy, holiday throng.
To catch the first boat was our effort,
While anxiously trudging along.
“’Tis filled! We are going to miss it;”
“Oh no, they’ll take on a few more.”
And down the white plank we went
gliding,
Precious, human freight, from the shore.

ALL aboard!” Above the gay chat-
ter,
We heard the deep ominous call,
For the last mysterious journey,
We’re aboard, God pity us all!
A few precious moments we stood there,
Busy talking or clasping a hand,
While smilingly some one was speaking,
These words, “We will meet when we
land.”

SHALL we meet when we land, I
wonder?
I hope so, my friend, bye and bye.
You were swallowed up in the struggle,
I was grasped when ready to die.
Over the busy scene at the harbor,
Rose a cry from a thousand throats—
The agonized shrieks of the dying
And the sobs from our sister boats.

THERE were men, women and chil-
dren
In that awful scramble for life,
While those safe on the hull were
screaming
For a mother, a sister or wife.
In the muddy waters about us,
Bodies struggled to keep afloat
While their friends on the pier stood
helpless
Within a stone’s throw from the boat.

LORD why hath Thy kind hand per-
mitted
Such an awful catastrophe?
Why this sorrow and devastation?
Could, oh Lord! this be Thy decree?
Great Father! We know not Thy where-
fore
Today, we are crushed by Thy hand;
We shall know when we have crossed
the border,
May we trust till we understand.

ANOTHER great tribute to mam-
mon—
To the awful demon of greed
Is paid by this loss of human lives.
Will the city at last take heed?
It is simply criminal negligence,
Which has left all those vacant chairs,
And is breaking hearts that wait in vain
For a well-known step on the stairs.

NOBLE heroes! You men who un-
daunted
Risked life some one of us to save.
White lips will pray for you and bless
you
Until they are hushed in the grave.
May God bless each hand in this city
Extended to lighten the woe!
And reward each angel of mercy
Who is trying to soften the blow!

DEAR bereaved, take heart in your
sorrow,
Tho’ the load is heavy today,
We will meet again some tomorrow!
They have gone just over the way.
May our lives be nobler and better
For this dark, bitter hour of pain.
Take heart, my dear friend! in the
dawning
We shall meet our loved ones again.

The girl who wrote this poem is a cripple. She works for the Western Electric Company and is her mother’s only support. She went down in the water when the S. S. Eastland turned over in Chicago harbor and 1,000 lives were lost, but she was saved and not hurt. She says in her poem, “I was grasped when ready to die.” Each verse begins with a letter of the Eastland. The eight verses spell the name Eastland. Read the article “Eastland Tragedy” on page 266.

THE LIFE BOAT

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HINSDALE, ILL.

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SEPTEMBER, 1915

Number 9

The Modern View of Health and Healing

David Paulson, M. D.

I KNEW Dick Lane; he was a born thief; he became an expert crook before he was full grown and he finally developed into a most successful safe breaker and bank robber. He served time in seven different state prisons, and incredible as it seems, he actually succeeded in stealing while in the Jackson, Mich., prison!

One night he dropped into a Chicago slum mission and caught *something* that cured his crooked life. He went to work earning honest money as a janitor at a dollar a day, and he worked his way up until he filled a position of responsibility in one of Chicago's large newspaper concerns. He spent his spare time working successfully for sinners and out-casts and earned the confidence and respect of all who knew him.

When he was lying at the point of death under my care, Mr. Kohlsaas, then the owner and publisher of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, came out to visit him, to express his appreciation for what had been accomplished through this transformed life. What actually happened to Dick Lane and what I have seen happen to hosts of others is the *most* wonderful thing I know.

The *next most remarkable* thing that I know of is to see a new glow come into the cheek that was marked for the tomb, to see the languid eye again sparkle with new animation and life.

The Miracle of Healing

Although I have been a physician for more than twenty years, I still stand with bared head and reverent attitude before the great miracle of healing. There is much of health and healing that is mysterious. For the Bible

declares that the same God that forgives sin also heals the sick (Ps. 103:3) and of course God's part never can be fully understood.

I will never forget the first surgical operation I saw. When the surgeon closed up the wound he met the same difficulty I sometimes did when I used to run the sewing machine for my mother; the two sides of the seam didn't come out even, and I had to take in a tuck, and that is precisely what the surgeon did. I said to myself, "How fortunate that isn't on the face, for that bulging on one side would be very unsightly." Six weeks later I saw the same wound perfectly healed up and Nature, or God's healing power, had completely *corrected* the surgeon's blunder; one side was as smooth as the other. That is what God is constantly doing with all our blunders and mistakes, or few of us would be alive today. The whole secret of healing is wrapped up in that simple illustration of what happened to the tuck in that patient's wound.

Formerly it was believed that disease was something that had taken possession of the patient and that it could be "driven out." The heathen used hot irons to accomplish this. The civilized doctor gave "drops" and other strong medicines to *drive out* the disease. We now know that sickness is merely a new proposition, a new difficulty, a new violation of Nature's laws, or a fresh germ infection that Nature is struggling against, and that it is our part to intelligently *co-operate* with Nature's healing efforts and generally the *simpler* our efforts, the more effective.

"I Am Careful, Yet Always Sick"

Patients often complain that they are always careful about their health and yet they

are never well; while some of their friends who are always reckless and careless are never sick, and to them, the law that "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap," Gal. 6:7, does not seem to hold good. Yet that law is as sure as the law of gravitation.

Here is a man who writes a check on the bank for a hundred dollars, and I do the same. My friend gets his money and I receive nothing. I may say I have tried harder than he to be economical—why should the bank discriminate against me? The answer is that his father left him a deposit in the bank and mine didn't, and I have deposited nothing there.

So I know some men who have inherited so much health that they apparently can't squander it in one lifetime, yet their children may reap a sad harvest from their wreckless sowing; while others are compelled to live from hand to mouth. They spend *all* the health each day that they can create. Such people have to be extremely careful to live within their means health-wise; otherwise, they become sick.

The Strong Man Is Proof Against Disease

Ordinarily, temptations do not floor the man who is strong spiritually. Likewise the disease germs find no foothold in the strong man physically. He has certain *defenses* in his system that can resist the inroads of disease. It is evident that there is nothing more important than to know how to successfully develop this "something" that resists disease, and also to learn how not to squander and dissipate what we already have.

A Simple Illustration of Bodily Defense

The orange rind contains something bitter to discourage the parasite from boring through and destroying the orange. By the way, I have discovered that it is a part of God's plan to wrap in a bitter covering nearly all the sweet things that come to us. If we do not have courage and perseverance enough to bite through the bitter, we never have a chance to taste the sweet.

Just as God has put something bitter in the orange rind to discourage the parasite, so God has put something into every healthy body that destroys poisons and resists the inroads of disease germs. In other words, Nature has built defenses in our bodies just as the Rus-

sians had fortified Warsaw. If these defenses are allowed to crumble, the germs will break through, just as the German forty-two centimeter guns broke down the Russian forts.

An Effective Air Sterilizer

Walking down State street, Chicago, on any windy day, one is compelled to inhale tubercular, gripe, and pneumonia germs. But when the healthy individual exhales this air, it is sterilized, because the healthy mucous membrane lining the nose, the throat and the lungs contains something that destroys germs just as carbolic acid or bichlorid of mercury does.

But understand *only* healthy blood can make healthy mucous. When the blood becomes demoralized by wrong habits of living, by breathing impure air, from lack of sleep, etc., then the mucous becomes deteriorated, the germs begin to flourish and make poisons, and disease is the result. We say a certain man contracted pneumonia last week; it would be more correct to say he began to pave the way for the pneumonia last year.

Eating Rattle Snake Poison

It is perfectly safe to suck the wound immediately after one has been bitten by a rattle snake, for the simple reason that the digestive juices and the intestinal mucous membrane and the liver have a phenomenal power to destroy poison that will speedily kill if introduced directly into the blood through the skin.

An eminent French scientist fed a dog decayed meat. An hour later he killed the dog, opened its stomach and found the meat remnants thoroughly disinfected. The dog's gastric juice was strong enough to take care of decayed meat, while frequently when a human being undertakes to eat a diet that is more suitable for a dog than a man, he comes down with ptomaine poisoning.

Practically, all the digested food products pass through the liver to be renovated and their poisons changed and transformed before they are allowed to reach the general circulation. It has been shown that if the blood vessel going to the liver of a dog was cut off and brought over and stitched into the blood vessel leaving the liver, so that all the digested food products are passed at once into the cir-

culation instead of through the liver, that the dog could live for months if fed on bread and milk, but if he was fed on flesh he would die in a few days from poisoning.

That is a pretty strong hint to some human beings whose livers are already crippled to cut out of their diet flesh foods, and substitute instead, some of the simple, wholesome articles of diet that the dog can live on without any assistance from his liver.

Every intelligent physician knows that flesh food and a high protein diet generally favor auto-intoxication, and in ill health, or as one becomes older, the liver becomes more and more of a filter and less and less of an effective machine to destroy poison. Hence, it becomes vitally important to live on such foods as naturally produce the least toxemia, and at the same time give special attention to prevent stagnation of the bowel contents, which always favors auto-intoxication.

An Innumerable Army Fighting Our Battles

Years ago, Metchnikoff, now head of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, discovered that the white blood cells had the remarkable power of passing themselves through the blood vessel walls just as one puts a handkerchief through a key-hole, and then working themselves forward till they come in contact with a germ, then folding themselves around it so as to get the germ inside and then digesting the microbe just as we digest the potatoes we had for dinner.

The white blood cell is just a little lump of jelly; it has neither eyes, ears, mouth or feet. Yet, "guided by an Unknown Intelligence," as Roger, the great French scientist, expressed it, these cells proceed to do all of these intelligent things and as long as they are perfectly healthy and active, it is next to impossible to contract certain germ diseases. How do the white blood cells know what to do? I can not help but feel that the same God that keeps the stars in their ceaseless flight through space in some mysterious way, influences these white blood cells to go after the germs.

I have seen several other explanations, but none of them seem equally satisfactory to me. And why not? If a sparrow does not fall to the earth without His notice, if He is acquainted with *all my ways*, why should He not

have something to do with *all* the things that are going on *within* me. It is the *fool* that said in his heart there is no God. The intelligent physician who has had a chance to look down through his microscope as I have done and see all this actually take place, and who thinks it all happens by *chance*, has my sincere sympathy!

Increase the Standing Army

When appendicitis, peritonitis or some other infection takes place in the body, the white blood cells have extra work, so Nature immediately proceeds to increase her standing army just as the European nations have done. Amazing as it may seem, within a few hours there will actually be two, three, four and sometimes six or eight times as many white blood cells as exist normally. Nature is mustering them to destroy germs. Generally they succeed. Sometimes, like the poor Belgians, they are overwhelmed by the invaders.

Two rabbits were given pneumonia; one was treated with alcohol, which used to be the orthodox treatment, not only in pneumonia, but in nearly all infectious diseases. That rabbit died shortly; the other one recovered. A drop of blood was taken from the living rabbit and put under a microscope. It was found that the white blood cells were full of pneumonia germs. That is the reason the rabbit lived. Then the blood of the dead rabbit was examined and it was found that the white blood cells contained practically no pneumonia germs. Why? I suppose the alcohol had made them so drunk that they were unable to *smell* the pneumonia germs.

At any rate, that gives a graphic illustration of how alcohol and similar dope, instead of helping the sick man actually *hinders* his recovery. And no doubt thousands of pneumonia patients have died because they needed fresh air and hot and cold applications to stimulate the activity of the white blood corpuscles, which instead, were soaked with alcohol, morphine and other strong drugs that simply paralyzed the bodily defenses and thus compelled Nature to struggle under a double burden of disease and wrong treatment.

That Patch in the Throat

In diphtheria the germs do not enter the blood so the white blood cells have no chance to destroy them. They establish their

headquarters in the throat and begin to make a poison that is so virulent that one part of it will destroy ten million parts of human flesh. To prevent this absorption, Nature produces a tough membrane or patch in the throat, but seeming to forget that there is only a small space in the throat, she continues to make it thicker and thicker for the purpose of stopping the poison, till directly it stops the child's breath.

There is where the intelligent doctor comes in. The old fashioned doctor endeavored to destroy all this patch, and as a consequence the poison was speedily absorbed and directly the child's life was destroyed. The modern doctor does not tear off the patch but prevents it from choking the child. In other words, God has put *more* brains inside of the head of the doctor, or at least most doctors, than he has in the child's *throat*.

It is a well known fact that the new born babe rarely contracts diphtheria. We now know that is because the average child is born with a little stock of diphtheria antitoxin in its blood. God anticipated its possibility of becoming disposed to this disease, but being wrapped up like a mummy, deprived of fresh air and subjected to other unnatural conditions, the most of these children *lose* their antitoxin within a year or two and then they can take the disease although it is well-known that there are *some* healthy children that are always proof against diphtheria.

The horse is more fortunate than the child; he does not lose his antitoxin and that is why he can not contract diphtheria. Von Behring, the great German scientist, developed a plan for getting the antitoxin from the horse, and injecting it into the child when it contracts diphtheria, and this discovery has no doubt saved the lives of thousands of children, and, provided the horse is healthy, it is just as rational to go to the horse for antitoxin when the child is short on his own account as to go to the cow for milk when the mother can not supply her own babe.

How We May Increase Our Defenses

Formerly the monkeys in Lincoln Park, Chicago, died of tuberculosis. Then the keepers discovered that if they ventilated the monkeys' house and kept it at a proper temperature that they prevented tuberculosis. The

present indications are that now the monkeys will die of old age instead of consumption. That experience contains a powerful hint of the effectiveness of fresh air to build up bodily defenses, not only against tuberculosis, but all infectious diseases. For it is a no less effective remedy in nervous prostration, indigestion and even insomnia.

How to feed the *man* instead of the microbe, how to eat for strength instead of for drunkenness or auto-intoxication should be the study of our lives. This is a thousand times more important than most of the things that are taught in our schools. Overeating overwhelms the system just as overfeeding the furnace produces clinkers. An extensive variety at a single meal overtaxes the digestion and leads to many disturbances.

Flesh food decomposes readily outside of the body; it does the same within; especially in case of those who have a slow digestion. A much more ideal dietary is fruits, the various cereal and grain preparations, dairy products and vegetables, not forgetting to include a certain amount of green garden stuff every single day.

Tea and coffee are not foods; they are *drugs*; and Dr. Evans, former health commissioner of Chicago, says those who are addicted to their use "are drug addicts." He says that physiologists regard coffee, tea, tobacco and whisky as drugs in the same sense that opium and cocaine are; certainly infinitely milder, but the same *principle* runs through them all.

Dr. Wiley, of pure food fame, commenting on the fact that coffee will *remove* that tired feeling, says, "Fatigue is the *signal* of danger, showing the need of rest and recreation. Caffein extinguishes the red light but does not *close* the switch." And Dr. Dixon, commissioner of health for Pennsylvania, says both tea and coffee are *stimulants* and that though the mind is often stimulated for a short time by tea and coffee that there is a period of *depression* following their use. He suggests that "hot water, or the 'cambric tea' (hot water, whole milk and sugar) of our childhood days is far better."

A Fire Alarm to the Body

Short, cold applications followed by vigorous friction which produces a re-action,

arouse the body to *natural* activity because such treatment improves the ability of the body to digest its food, burn up its waste matter and thus actually sets free new energy. That is Nature's stimulant, as everybody knows from sprinkling a few drops of cold water in the face of a fainting person. It is found that after a short general application of cold there is sometimes fifteen or twenty percent more white blood cells out into circulation. The vital forces of the body are for the time being living on a higher plane. It is well for most persons to *precede* such cold applications by a short hot application so as to be certain a good re-action is secured, otherwise harm is done.

A Good Medicine

The wise man declared thirty centuries ago that a *cheerful* heart is a *good* medicine. (Prov. 17:22, R. V.) And it is just as good a medicine today, but it does not set broken bones, it does not atone for bad habits, it does not cure gastric ulcer if the patient keeps on eating the kind of things that develop it, but it does benefit every part of the human body.

If you who read these lines have not yet learned by personal experience that those who "wait upon the Lord shall *renew* their strength," Isa. 40:31, you still have something coming to you that is worth while. That is genuine religion.

Must Reform and Repent

If somebody is standing on my foot grinding his heel into my sore toe, the assurance of "absent treatment," the encouragement to take my mind off the trouble or being told I really have no trouble at all, is only a delusion of

my mortal mind. It may apparently do me some good, but there is something *better* than that, and that is for some one to push the man *off my foot!* But there is just as real a *cause* for that wretched neuritis, for that nagging pain up under the shoulder blade, or that burning, blistering misery that comes on two or three hours after eating, as there was for that pain in my foot, and so the gospel of correct healing always *removes* causes. In other words, repentance, faith and correct works go hand in hand.

It is not enough to rub or manipulate the spine. Stroke any cat up and down his back and he will purr; so the patient under such treatment may *feel* better, but before he is permanently well he must *cease* to do evil and *learn* to do well, or otherwise he has simply had his hurt healed slightly. (Jer. 8:11.) It is even greater folly to persist day after day in swallowing poisonous headache powders to cure a headache that is really due to something that should *not* have been swallowed at the dinner table.

I have moved several times the last fifteen years. Each time I found some rubbish that I destroyed simply because it wasn't *worth* moving. If I read my Bible correctly, if what is taking place in this world has any significance at all, God will soon have a moving day, when he shall transfer from this old earth over to the next world all that are worth moving. He will destroy the rest for the same reason I destroyed my rubbish—because it wasn't worth moving. I am interested in the gospel of health because it helps earnest, substantial souls to become ready for moving day. Are you interested in it for the same reason?



In the Heart of India

Carolyn E. Brunson

[Some twelve years ago Miss Brunson was stenographer in The Life Boat office, Chicago. She then took the missionary nurses' course in Loma Linda, Cal., after which she was called to go to India as a medical missionary. She is now in this country on a furlough. The following is from a talk she gave to our family while in Hinsdale.—Ed.]

IT is easy to talk of general experience in India. Hard to speak of things we ourselves are doing. It seems we are trying to take the glory for the work we have done, and that is the last thing a missionary should do or wants to do.

Six years ago I was called to go to India and work as a nurse in the Mussoorie Sanitarium. I went and was there less than ten days, when the nurse who had charge of our dispensary, came to the Sanitarium as a patient. The doctor advised her instead of returning to the dispensary to go to the hills or take a furlough. I was asked to take the dispensary work.

So far I had not traveled alone in India. Our dispensary was located one thousand miles away. I reached Karmatar and found our bungalow and dispensary in charge of one of the native girls who was trying to carry things on the best she could.

My First Call

I was there less than three days when my first call came. From what the father of the patient explained of the patient, through the interpreter, I trembled. I had only a nurse's training, but from what he said I knew the patient needed the services of a surgeon. I, with my native worker, found the home—a little mud hut, mud walls, mud floors. It was dark. The only light we had was that from the lantern I carried.

Once inside the room we found the patient lying on one of the little native cots. On one side of her were the cows and on the other the goats. There she lay in all that filth. I knelt by the bedside and asked God to help us. We knew that if He did not help there was no possibility of the patient living.

Of course no one but a doctor is supposed to administer an anaesthetic, but as I said, a nurse in India must be doctor and nurse—everything. I soon saw that we could do nothing unless the patient was under the in-

fluence of chloroform, so the native girl administered it and I played the part of doctor. In about two hours' time the patient was left in comfort. The parents and husband of the woman fell at my feet to worship me. I told the native girl to tell them not to worship me, but worship the God who sent me to help them.

This just gives you some little idea of what the preparation should be before going to India. I speak especially to our women nurses. It is the work for the women of India that appeals to me. Here in America we have at our beck and call the physicians. In India the nurses must depend upon the Lord—and their own help. A woman might be dying in this room and just outside there be a man physician who could save her life—he would let her die.

Alone Among the Natives

At the end of the year conditions were such that it seemed important that a European worker take charge of the field work in Bengali. It is not the policy to send a single worker, much less a woman, into a district alone. But sometimes circumstances arise which seem to necessitate it. I was asked to go and take charge of the mission work in Eastern Bengali. That meant having charge of the colporteur work, the schools and the general evangelistic work. Of course I did not feel competent to take the work, but circumstances arise which necessitate these things.

I was located two hundred miles from our nearest missionary, and more than half a day's journey by steamboat on the river from the nearest European. I lived entirely among the natives. For months and months I did not see a white face nor hear a word of English spoken. This was the work I tried to do, and I am glad to say there are a few converts in Eastern Bengali that God has been pleased to use me as an instrument in winning.

In India, a country almost as large as America, with a population of 351,000,000, our workers are very, very few. Here in the States the workers fairly jostle against each other, not so in India. I plead for the work in Bengali. It is one of the neediest fields. Not only will we welcome those who may come to India, but we will welcome those who may lend a helping hand.

Fording the Stream to Visit the Sick

In Western Bengali I was called to see a patient about forty miles distant. The first thirty miles I rode on the train. We do not have in India the automobile, the rubber-tired conveyances, or even the comfortable buggy, but the most primitive of ox carts—two wooden wheels, and across the axle two

I sent one of the men out to see how deep it was. He was perhaps six feet tall and the water reached his shoulders. I saw that while the ox cart could not cross these men could wade across, so I sent one of the men back to the village for one of the native cots. They carried my native girl across first as she was lighter than I. Then they carried me.

We reached the home and found the patient to be an old lady. There were four generations living in that home. We were soon able to make her comfortable. Knowing how women are regarded there I was surprised that so much concern would be manifested over one's illness, so I asked the people why it was.

They replied, "Not for love. She is our grandmother. She is the oldest woman in



A GLIMPSE OF NATIVE LIFE IN INDIA

boards or split bamboo. I rode on one of these into the jungle about ten miles. Within two miles from the place we reached a stream that was not less than five hundred feet across. It was too deep for the ox cart to cross.

I said to the men, "What shall we do?"

"Can't you swim?"

"Yes, but not such a stream as that."

the village. If she were to die we would have to provide a feast for all the Brahmans."

The return trip was not so easy. When we got back to the stream it was very dark, not even moonlight. I think I am brave, but I must confess that as I crossed on that cot on the shoulders of those men, with the water touching the bottom of the cot, and with the

awful darkness all around, I felt that I could not depend at all upon human strength.

"Why Have You Been So Long Coming?"

I have gone into village after village in which I have been the first white woman who has ever entered. In one of the jungle villages, after giving a treatment, I told them of the love of God. An old, white haired woman got up and said, "Daughter, is this wonderful story you are telling us true? Is there a God

who gave His son for us?" I said, "Yes, mother, it is true." Then with tears streaming down her face she said, "If it is true why have you *been so long* in coming? Why have you not told us *before*?"

Not all of us can go as missionaries; but those who go must have means provided. We who have so much to be thankful for may weep when we come to the last day and find that we have been responsible for the gospel not going to them.

Does Not Depend on Our Tears

Prof. J. G. Lamson,

Cedar Lake, Mich.

BY beholding we become changed, and we do become changed by looking at things. I read the story of a lad who ran away to sea. His mother called a pastor and said, "Why is it that my boy ran away to be a sailor?"

"I do not know how I can help you or give you any consolation, but will you let me see the boy's room where he slept continually?"

The mother took him to a room where everything was pleasant, agreeable and comfortable, better than anything he could have on board a ship. The minister stepped into the room and looked around and, turning to the wall, he saw the picture of a large, full-rigged ship. That picture was hung where it was the last thing he saw at night, and the first glimpse in the morning when he awoke from his dreams was a picture of that beautiful, full-rigged ship bounding over the ocean. Is it any wonder that he got it into his soul to be a sailor? It is simply a token that we come to be what we behold most.

The word of God has a special joy to every soul. That message is found in Romans the eighth chapter: "There is therefore now no *condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Now the trouble is with a great many of us, we go about with a *condemnation* because we think there are sins that are unforgiven. We believe that the Lord has something against us.

I have talked with some who say, "Somehow or other, I don't believe I have been *sorry*

enough for my sins: I don't believe God has forgiven me because I haven't shed quite enough tears to be forgiven."

The fact of the case is, the question does not depend upon the abundance of our tears. Just one thing: have we *confessed* those sins? If we have owned up those sins to the Father, the Father has forgiven.

What is the necessity then, of an individual living under condemnation? "If *we confess* our sins, He is faithful and just to *forgive*." Now have you confessed your sins? If you have it is your business to believe that He has forgiven, and if you believe that He has forgiven, you absolutely have the right to crowd the thing right out of your heart and mind.

How to Be Kept

"Well," says some one, "What is there that is going to *keep me* from doing things over again that I have no business to do? Is there no formula by which I may be assured that when night comes there is no condemnation upon my heart?" Yes, there is a formula. It is a blessed good one. It is a formula that the Lord Himself provided for every soul, and it is found in that same verse. Rom. 8:1. "Who walk *not* after the *flesh*, but *after* the Spirit."

Temptation invariably comes through the flesh—through our senses, but the temptation that comes to us will just roll off us like water off a duck's back, unless we give the consent of our mind to that thing. I once heard the thought expressed, "You can't hinder the

birds flying over your head, but you can hinder them making their nests in your hair." We can not hinder the devil's putting up to our minds wrong things and endeavoring to get us to do wrong things, but we can stop giving the *consent* of our minds to the *suggested* sins. The impulse which proceeds from our flesh is not sin—it is the *yielding* of the mind to it which makes the *conception*, which when it is brought forth is sin and death. (Jas. 1:14.)

When the flesh says *do* so-and-so and the Spirit says *don't* do it, it is your privilege right there to *choose*. The Christian life is more than choice when the minister asks you to go down to the front seats. The Christian life is a *constant* choosing, moment by moment, day after day.

The Power of Choice

Every person has the *power* of choice. If the poorest outcast has the power to choose, you and I have it. Here is the cigarette fiend. He smokes cigarettes until he has lost all his will power so far as human eyes can see, but he has *never* lost his chance to choose.

There is never anything thrown in your life that is too hard for you to *bear* or too hard to get the *victory* over if you place yourself on God's side. The more temptations a man has, the more times he has to choose, and the more times he has to choose, the more chances he has for *development*. So sin develops will power.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are *able*; but will with the temptation also *make a way* to escape, that ye may be able to *bear* it." 1 Cor. 10:13. The temptation is not fitted for some giant; it is fitted to *you*. God does not want us to live with that sober countenance of continual defeat. He wants us to be happy from one day's end to the next.

When I say, "Lord, I am a sinner," and He says, "I have put away your sins," what business have I to stagger when God says that thing? Why shouldn't I believe it? How many ever prayed for patience, and when the Lord came and delivered some, you would not take it, for He sent you some tribulations. You said, "Here, I did not call for tribula-

tion, I called for patience." He passes it over to you and expects you to use it. It is not misdirected. What is it that works patience? It is tribulation.

The happiest life on the face of the earth is the Christian life. You say that seems unnatural; that most of the people who seem to be Christians that you have ever seen are the pale, sallow sort that can hardly move around—slow, thin and sober-faced. The individual that is going around under condemnation is the individual that has something he wants to do and he knows the Lord don't want him to do. The individual who wants to get rid of sin can get free just so long as he is willing.

SPIRITUAL ELIMINATION

DR. P. T. MAGAN

We can't afford to let our sins accumulate any more than we can afford to let our body poisons accumulate. Sometimes the metabolic forces of the body get out of order and we say people get auto-intoxication. If the body only eliminated at long intervals I would say we would die, but that is about the way we expect to do spiritually.

The last twelve months I have met a whole lot of folks who just seem to think it is perfectly proper to go along without confessing their sins and then get to a big revival meeting once or twice a year and eliminate the whole business. They can't do it; the soul isn't built that way any more than the body. We must get rid of sin day by day. It is poisoning the whole system.

There may be a boil on my arm, but it isn't just my arm that is sick. It isn't simply the one little spot that is infected, it is the whole body. And that is the way with sin. You can't have one little sin in one little part of your life and keep that and cherish it and keep spiritually well through the rest of you any more than I can have a boil on my arm and all the rest may feel all right, for that poison, just as certain as it is in there, is going to spread and go all through the body.

So I say, don't let sin accumulate. Get it out of the way. Confess it, eliminate it, get rid of it, and the peace of God shall act as a keep and a garrison to your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. (Phil. 4:7.)

The Eastland Tragedy

David Paulson, M. D.

EVERYONE has read about those thousands of Western Electric employes who planned to have, on Saturday, July 24th, the greatest pleasure party and picnic outing in their history. Their local paper in announcing the event notified the young people to

"BE JUBILANT.

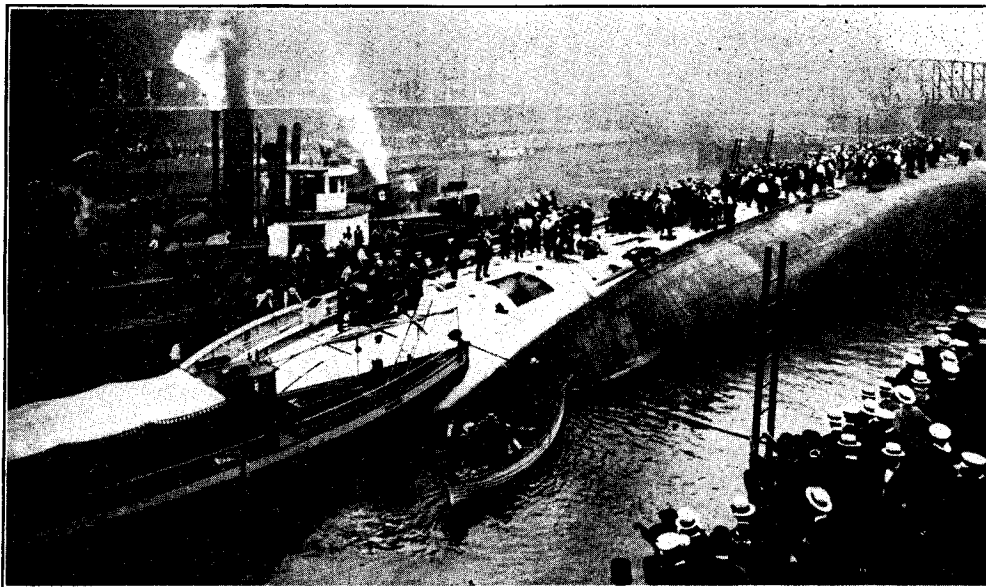
A Long Time Ago Jonah Took a Trip in a Submarine.

THERE IS TO BE NO JONAH ABOUT THIS!"

More than two thousand thoughtless, gay and happy people speedily thronged the decks of

over, but the Word of God that will endure after all human speculation has ceased, contains some lessons that we must not overlook in just such an experience. "When *thy judgments* are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will *learn* righteousness." Isa. 26:9. That is, *some* of them will.

Mrs. Paulson and I visited the scene of this awful tragedy later in the day; just as we visited the Iroquois Theater a few hours after that terrible theater disaster snuffed out more than half a thousand lives. As we neared the harbor one of the Western Electric heavy



VIEW OF THE S. S. EASTLAND TAKEN A FEW MINUTES AFTER IT HAD TURNED OVER IN THE CHICAGO RIVER JULY 24

the Eastland, and then this boat that had been so frequently filled before and had traveled back and forth over Lake Michigan in wind and storm for ten years, turned over on its side and a thousand people were drowned inside of it like rats in a water bucket.

The Finger of God

After three weeks of most searching investigations nobody yet knows *why* this boat rolled

trucks rolled by filled with the dead. Right across the street was a moving picture show and people were crowding in to see it. They had learned *nothing* from this tragedy.

That was only a little incident, but to me it was almost as significant a sign of the times as the Eastland disaster itself. Visit the famous ball grounds in the vicinity of Chicago any Sunday afternoon and you will find thousands and tens of thousands of people

shouting themselves hoarse watching a few other men throwing a ball around. Visit the sanctuaries in the forenoon and you will see a mere handful of people gathered to worship God who created this earth and who has declared that ere long He will destroy it.

The Pleasure Mania

This very pleasure mania itself is declared to be a specific *sign* that we are rapidly approaching that event. "This know also, that in the *last days* perilous times shall come. . . . Men shall be lovers of *pleasures* more than lovers of God." 2 Tim. 3:1-4. These very boats were rapidly becoming floating Sodoms given over to the glorification of selfish pleasure. The Chicago Vice Commission, after a thorough investigation showed

that so many guilty be reminded of duty neglected, religion forsaken and the Omnipotent Hand forgotten? Lest we forget!"

"Lord, *in trouble* have they visited Thee, they poured out a prayer when Thy *chastening* was upon them." Isa. 26:16. Face to face with such a tragedy and such an illustration of the uncertainty of human life, the human heart instinctively turns toward God.

Is It a Punishment or a Warning?

What attitude does the Word of God teach us to take toward this happy, jubilant company of people whose lives were so unexpectedly snuffed out? Have we something more important to do than to speculate *why* this was permitted? Most assuredly.

Some one came and told Christ of a similar



"EXCEPT YE REPENT, YE SHALL ALL LIKewise PERISH"
VIEW IN THE TEMPORARY MORGUE, SHOWING THE UNIDENTIFIED VICTIMS OF THE
EASTLAND DISASTER

that some of them were veritable floating red light districts.

I quote these words from an editorial in *Leslie's Weekly*, "Do we need a *rude awakening* to remind us of our weakness, our thoughtlessness, our ingratitude and *folly*? Is it necessary that many *innocent* shall suffer,

tragedy and Jesus said, Suppose ye that these were sinners *above all* because they suffered such things? I tell you, nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all *likewise* perish. (Luke 13:2,3.) That teaches us that such a tragedy is permitted that it may focus the attention of the whole world on the necessity for deep,

heart-felt, heart-searching repentance. We are to read in the fate of these thousand happy picnickers just what will be *our* ultimate fate if we fail to take it to heart and repent.

This great tragedy is a trumpet call for each one of us to *prepare* to meet our God. The Word of God emphasizes this: "I have sent among you the *pestilence* after the manner of Egypt: (Pellagra and all these other new and almost incurable diseases) Your young men have I slain with the *sword* (As we are seeing on such a colossal scale over in Europe) and have taken away your *horses*: (fresh outbreaks of foot and mouth disease in different parts of the country) . . . yet have ye not *returned* unto me, saith the Lord. I have overthrown some of you, as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah (San Francisco disaster), and ye were as a firebrand plucked out of the burning: yet have ye not *returned* unto me, saith the Lord. Therefore . . . prepare to *meet thy God*." Amos 4:10-12. This scripture clearly indicates there will be some who will *miss* entirely God's purpose in these tragedies and disasters. Are you missing it?

Something For Us to Settle

God declared just before the flood that His Spirit should "not always *strive* with man." Gen. 6:3. So today, as God's Spirit is being *grieved away* from the hearts of men we may expect that the enemy, who "was a *murderer* from the beginning," John 8:44, will be permitted to do more and more of his *destructive* work. And it becomes the first duty of God's children to know that they are *cherishing* His Spirit in their hearts so that they have His protecting hand over them. And how can we expect this if we simply sit down and eat and drink with the drunken? Can *we* any longer participate in this pleasure seeking craze? Shall we continue to join hands with pleasure seekers to get pleasure in their way?

If God sends us on some of these boats and with some of these pleasure parties to hold up His ideals, well and good; if not, is it a place for any of us? There is such a thing as Christian recreation. There is a proper place for relaxation. Christ himself said to His followers, Let us go apart and *rest ourselves* a little. But let's be sure that when we go apart we can take Christ *with us* instead of placing ourselves on the devil's ground, seek-

ing the devil's kind of pleasure, for that variety has moral small-pox mixed up in it, and unless we are vaccinated against it we have no business there. Face to face with such a tragedy, it is well for some of us to settle once and for all how we are going to relate ourselves in the future to these pleasure parties and to this pleasure mania that is in itself a sign of the last days.

What Will Come Next?

A few days after this terrible Eastland disaster, McCutcheon, the famous cartoonist,

WHAT WILL HE GIVE US NEXT?



voiced in a most graphic manner this burning question in a striking cartoon in the *Chicago Tribune*. For the benefit of all of our readers we reproduce it herewith. It only emphasizes those wondrous words of the Master portraying the events that are to take place just preceding the end of this old world. "Upon the earth *distress of nations*, with *perplexity*; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for *looking after* those things which are *coming* on the earth. . . . Then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things *begin to come to pass*, then look up, lift up your heads; for *your redemption draweth nigh*." Luke 21:25-28.

Christ rebuked the people of His time be-

cause by observing the appearance of the sky they could predict the weather a day in advance, but they could "not *discern* the signs of the times." Matt. 16:3.

Reader, do you see any special significance in this world war, the Lusitania disaster, the Eastland tragedy, the unaccountable weather conditions, and the many other unusual things that are taking place in the world? If not, when you belong to that unfortunate group who can not discern the signs of the times, and may God have mercy upon your soul, for that great day will certainly come upon you *unawares*. (Luke 21:34.)

from the Eastland disaster. I think within three blocks about three hundred lives were lost. Some whole families were wiped right out of existence.

We have been visiting among the Polish and Bohemian people. We find them very nice, pleasant and glad to see us and they invited us to come in. They are willing to talk about the Bible, and some have expressed a desire to study the Bible. We have two Bible readers arranged for next week. We also find a number of sick people and are able to give them treatment, for which they seem to be very grateful.

Current Questions Answered

Pearl Waggoner

What mean these mighty happenings
We see on every hand.—
The awful wars, the world's unrest?
Can any understand?
What mean the woes, so common now
We scarcely more pay heed?
God's Word to each the answer gives,
And all who run may read.

For wars and rumors vague and dread,
More frequent than of yore,
Read first the verses Three and Six
Of Matthew Twenty-four.
Or read verse Seven when some new
Dire earthquake has occurred,
And Revelation Eleven:eighteen,
When nations all are stirred.

We see the world amusement-mad;
Men read the sporting page,
And crowd to shows and baseball games
As in no other age,
Yet have no time God's Word to read.
Why not? Just turn again
To Third of Second Timothy,
Which gives the reason plain.

We hear of new revolting crimes
Each day; what can it mean?
You think the world much better grows?
Then read in verse Thirteen.
But why do missions so abound
If men are growing worse?
For this read Matthew Twenty-four
And note the fourteenth verse.

Whate'er the current world events—
Look, listen, where you will—
Some prophecy in God's sure Book
They every one fulfill.
The God of truth, who can not err,
There gives the meaning clear:
The end of all things is at hand—
His coming draweth near.

What then? Read Matthew Twenty-five,
And Second Peter, Four;
Take time to read the Scriptures through,
And search them more and more.
For none but those who build thereon
And daily watch and pray,
With hearts made pure and garments clean,
Can stand in that great Day.

AMONG THE EASTLAND SURVIVORS

MRS. IVAH M. SCOTT

[After the Eastland disaster there was a most commendable spontaneous outburst of charity. Half a million dollars was subscribed in a very few days' time, but nothing but the Gospel can meet the wants of the heart-broken soul, so Mrs. Scott, a member of the new medical evangelistic class, has been visiting in the very neighborhood where the death roll was the greatest.—Ed.]

We are working among the people who live in the neighborhood that suffered the most

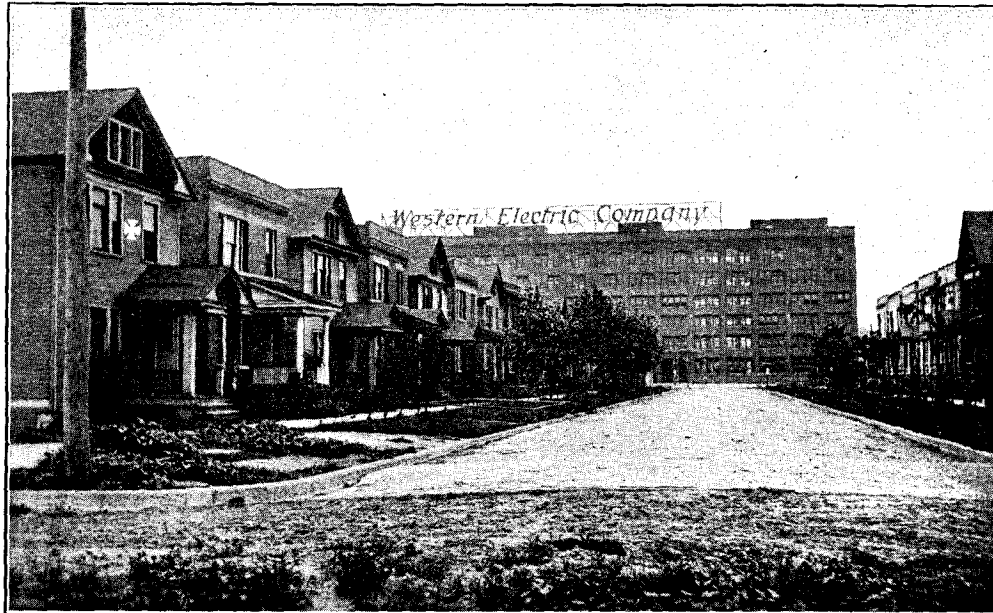
We found one Polish woman who could not speak or understand one word of English. We had to have a little boy interpret for us. She had a baby fourteen days old and she was washing. The baby was sick and we tried our best to get in to see it but she thought we were detectives, as they were sending out detectives in that part of the city. We finally succeeded in getting in and found the baby

between two feather beds and wrapped up in a bundle of clothes besides. The baby looked very sick, so we persuaded her to go to a doctor. The doctor told her there was very little hope for the baby. We went back with her and stayed until she sent for the midwife, who told us that the mother had not fed the baby right and she had been working too hard. We called again there the next day and the baby had died. The mother could not express her feelings toward us but acted as though she appreciated what we had done.

In the homes that we visit we tell the people about the second coming of Christ and

stifling you can hardly go into the homes. Sometimes we find the mother and two or three children living in just one room, and in one home we found a father, mother and three children and two boarders living in three rooms. One of them, a young man, had tuberculosis. He had been sick for eleven months and was in a terrible condition and did not know what to do. We asked for help and were advised to tell him just what to do and where to go. He is now at Oak Forest Sanitarium. They were very grateful to us for what we had done for them.

We found one girl who was interested in



ONE SHORT STREET WHICH CONTAINED MANY PICNICKERS WHO NEVER RETURNED FROM THE EASTLAND VOYAGE. FROM THE HOUSE MARKED WITH A X THERE WERE FOUR LOST FROM ONE FAMILY

how we should prepare for this event. Some tell us that it had never been brought to their attention before. Surely the people are ready and anxious to understand the Bible and nearly all believe that some terrible calamity is ahead of them. If they do not accept Christ as their Saviour they will all be lost. We have been over this territory twice and have been asked to call again.

We find many places back in the alleys where they have never known how to use water to keep clean and where the odor is so

the Bible. She had been with some other girls that had read the Bible and she wanted one of her own, so we got her a New Testament and gave her some tracts to read. We talked to her sister afterwards and she said she certainly enjoyed reading the tracts and said they were going to study the Bible together.

By the help of the Lord we hope to bring some precious souls into His garner.

The successful man is too busy to find time to speak ill of others.

Learned Some Precious Lessons

Mrs. Kittie Polmanteer
Acting Matron, Life Boat Rescue Home

AS I sit to write this article the girls are in the parlor, some playing on the piano and some singing, while others are frolicking with the babies on the floor.

Last evening Mrs. Clough held prayer meeting here with the girls and we had a good time together. Several of the girls expressed their desire to lead Christian lives. We believe the Spirit of the Lord is working on the hearts of these girls.

I asked one of the girls who took part in the meeting to write what the Home has meant to her. She writes as follows: "My stay at the Life Boat Rescue Home has been five weeks and I will say that I have learned more of my Lord during these five weeks than I have in all my life before. God surely directed me to this place for which I thank Him.

"I am sure I can not thank the matron enough for being so kind to me during my stay here. She has not only been kind to me, but to all the girls at the Home. I am sure each girl that has come here has learned of God. I want God to guide and direct me all the rest of my life and I hope I will not forget the principles I have learned while in the Home. The Lord surely protected me and was a friend to me while in trouble.

"I trust He will guide each one of us while in this Home and after we leave."

We thank the Lord for this Home and for the privilege of working with Him in the salvation of souls.

A GLIMPSE AT THE HARVEST

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

A dozen years ago this fall the Life Boat Rest for Girls which had been conducted on South Clark street, Chicago, was transferred to West Hinsdale, where the use of a cottage had been donated for that purpose. Here unfortunate girls were received and cared for and many of them led to Christ. The work soon outgrew the cottage and a large substantial home was built and dedicated in 1909, which is now used for that purpose.

We remember the first baby born in the West Hinsdale home—a bright little boy which we called "Baby John." His mother, who remained true to the principles she learned while at the Home, afterward married into a family where there were several boys. We quote the following from a recent letter received by Mrs. Abrams from this mother:

"I would love to visit Hinsdale; it would seem so good to me. I often think of the little home in West Hinsdale and the good times we had with dear Mother Crane who used to put her arms around us and have secret prayer. I do not forget the kindness shown me, and may God's blessing rest with



THE HOME CHILDREN HAVING A GOOD TIME
IN THE SAND PILE

the work the Home does for others. I feel you are just the same as ever, only better, doing for others so untiringly and working for your Master. It is a good work and the Lord is going to reward you for it.

"Just think, I have five boys in my family and I love them all and want them to grow up to be true men and worship their Creator in the days of their youth. Pray for me as I'm trying to be a good mother and trying to do what I know and feel the Lord will have me to do."

All through these twelve years sorrowing, heart-broken girls have come, between thirty-

five and fifty a year, have remained in the Home and then gone out again to start life with new ambitions, new desires. Not all have succeeded, but here and there over the country there is a light, kindled from this altar, now pointing others to the right way. Many a "Baby John" has gone out from the Home to bless other hearts, and still they are going. As long as sin remains in the world there will be need for this work and there will be an opportunity for kind-hearted, generous people to assist in maintaining it. We ask for your prayers and your dollars.



Above is a photo of Samuel Coombs and his family. Mr. Coombs was wonderfully converted in THE LIFE BOAT Mission, Chicago, some thirteen years ago. He afterward took some medical missionary training and went to the West Indies as a missionary. He is now located in Los Angeles, Cal., and writes in a recent letter:

"I am enclosing a photo of myself and little family. If there is one thing above another

that I am thankful for it is that by God's help I have not been switched off into some side-tracks and lost my soul. There is certainly plenty of room for those who will stand faithfully by the truth today."

MEDICAL EVANGELISTIC FIELD WORK

EDITH STRONG

[Miss Strong graduated from the three years' medical missionary nurses' course in July. The Lord had already given her some precious experiences in field work, so she consented to take out the members of the new medical evangelistic class and help them to get started in the same work. The Lord has wonderfully blessed her self-sacrificing efforts in this direction.—Ed.]

We, medical evangelistic workers of the Hinsdale sanitarium, desire to take our LIFE BOAT readers with us as it were on a few days expedition in field work. I question on your return whether a new light will not have burst in upon your vision of the missionary opportunities we have in working with Christ in this soul-winning work.

First we meet in one of our rooms, read a few precious promises of strength and assurance from God's Word, lift our hearts to the Lord in an earnest season of prayer, where Jesus draws so near, fervently seeking Him to walk with us as we tread the narrow way and use us, weak instruments though we are, to glorify Him. We go forth of good courage, knowing He will put the words in our mouth He would have us speak and touch just the hearts wherein we can sow some seeds of truth for Him. We may meet a soul Christ points us to on the train or cars where we can leave a tract or whisper a word of comfort and spiritual uplift as Christ speaks through us.

Christ has told us in the parable of the sower we will meet the wayside, stony ground, thorny ground, and good ground hearers, so we do not become discouraged at the various replies we sometimes receive as we meet these souls. They are all precious in our Saviour's sight, who is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." 2 Pet. 3:9. Their hearts can only be touched and tendered by loving ministry through Christ. "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." 1 Sam. 14:6.

This medical evangelistic work is Christ's work and we are working hand in hand with Him in this soul-winning work. It is true the

wrath of the enemy is kindled afresh when he sees young men and women take hold of this work with that zeal and ardor of purpose that characterized our loving Shepherd and divine pattern, but why should we fear the wrath of the enemy when we know Christ is on our side? Christ says to us, "Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up that I might show My power in thee, and that My name might be declared throughout all the earth." Rom. 9:17.

These shipwrecked souls tell us of their trials and the sorrows through which the enemy is trying to crush them. Oh, how far we have drifted from One who gave His all and died on the cruel cross to redeem us. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Whatever may be the crushing sorrow of the human heart or the fiery trial one is called to endure, we know we *first* need Christ. For He has promised, He is faithful if we seek first the kingdom of Heaven and all other things shall be added unto us. "As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried: He is a buckler to all them that trust in Him." 2 Sam. 22:31.

"I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?"

SOME SEED SOWING

DELLA MAY WOOD
Member Medical Evangelistic Class

I was assigned to the canvassing department for the first month. I felt timid to begin with, so I went with Miss Strong to the doors for several houses, but at one place we went to the back door and while she was talking to a man there I started up the street by myself for a few houses and it was not long until I went by myself all the time.

I sold a few papers that day and had one good talk with a man on the times in which we are living. He felt as we do that the world is becoming corrupt on every hand and that it is needful to live up to what light we have. He seemed to realize how near we are to the end of time and that we should prepare ourselves. He did not buy a paper but I was glad for the privilege of having a talk with him.

I have on other days also had good talks with different ones, even though they didn't always buy a paper,

I met a small girl at one place who said that her mother worked out every day and left the children at home. She said she hoped her father would get work soon so she could get a pair of new shoes.

Unless we pray the Lord to put words in our mouths and impress the hearts of the people before we start out in the day's work we will not do as much good. I have found out by experience that we must have a personal experience ourselves.

I feel as never before the blessedness of having the opportunity of taking up this work on earth just where the Saviour left off and carrying it on with the best of my ability with the Lord's help.

As we see so many disasters and accidents happening all the time, so much more so of late, it ought to behoove us to greater and more earnest, whole-souled work for Christ than ever before; for those whom we have an opportunity to help and do not, they will come to us in the judgment and say "you knew the truth, why did not you tell me before?" Then Christ will require their blood of us.

Let our motto be, "The love of God constraineth us."

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN CITY WORK

MARTHA KLEIDON
Member Medical Evangelistic Class

One of the first days that I went into Chicago I visited about three homes before I found one home that I could enter. The lady in this home had the last LIFE BOAT and I asked her if she read it and how she liked it. She did not care much for any reading along that line. All she was looking for was work. I told her perhaps we could help her in some way. She said she had lost her husband in May and was left with five children. I told her that there was One that she could really look to for help, but she did not believe much in God. I asked her if she wanted us to pray for her. She said she would be very glad to have us remember her in our prayers. When I left she invited me to come again.

The next day I met her little girl on the street. She said her mother had a headache and had not gotten up that morning. I called to see her in the afternoon. She had read the magazine which I had left with her and

seemed to be much interested in it. She was glad that I came in and invited me to come back any time I came into the city and was only too thankful that there was some one that took an interest in her.

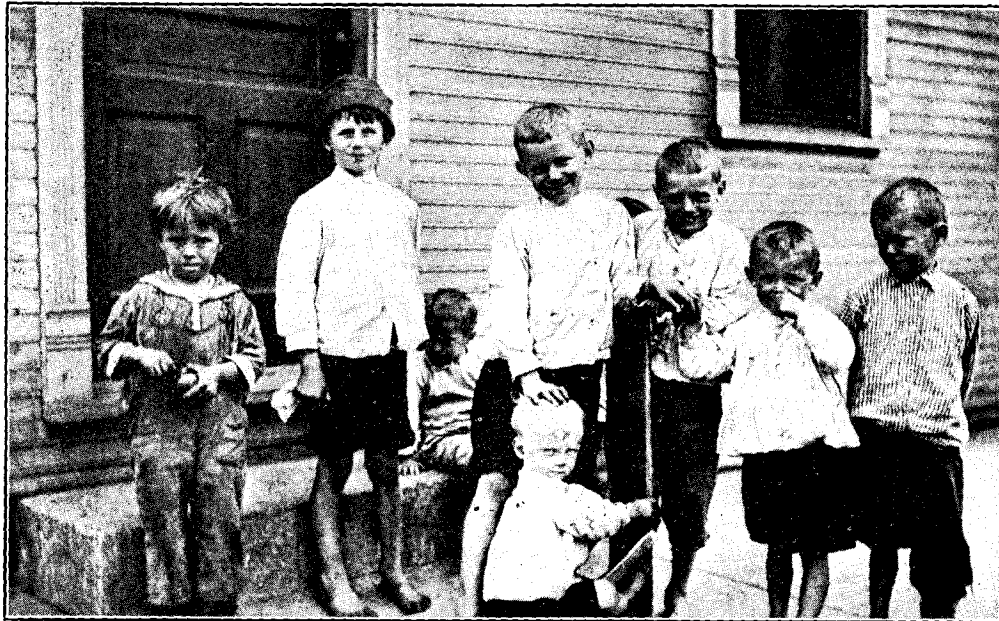
Out of Work and Out of Food

Another place I found a poor lady. Her husband had been out of work for ten months. They had very little clothing and hardly anything in the house to eat. I left my lunch with her and promised to do something for her. I reported the case to the city charities. I left a magazine with her and she

asked an interest in our prayers and invited us to come again.

I called upon another lady who was suffering with rheumatism. I had a nice little visit with her. She thought it a wonderful work we are doing. She said we surely must be richly blessed. She said she enjoyed our visits and read our magazines from cover to cover.

At one place I met a young girl. She said she was so glad to see me that morning as she was so discouraged. Said she had nothing to look forward to. I told her of our mission and how happy we are in the work and the



A GROUP OF STREET CHILDREN WHO WERE ANXIOUS TO HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN

seemed to be real happy that I had called on her and asked me to come again.

A Drunkard's Family

I met another lady who had been reading *THE LIFE BOAT* and was very much interested in the work we are doing. She said she had worked hard all her life to bring up her children in the Christian life. Her husband was a heavy drinker and she had been praying for him for over twenty years. She was almost discouraged. I read several verses from the Bible to her and she felt much encouraged and

blessing we get out of it. Her mother came out and joined us in our visit. The girl said she is going to join us for she felt if she could have the same blessing that we are having she would feel rich. She is working in an office now. She thinks *THE LIFE BOAT* a very interesting magazine. I invited her to come out to Hinsdale and she said she would come out with me sometime. She is thinking seriously of joining us in our work.

I was going to visit an old patient that our workers had been treating and on the way

over I met a girl on the street. She asked me what number I was looking for. I told her and we got into conversation. I gave her a little glimpse of our work and also a card. She had been taking treatment of a doctor and he knew of our work. She invited me to come in and see her any time I came that way. I called on her the next week. I told her more about our work and she was so glad to see me. We had a lovely visit together. She seems to be very interested in the work. She thought we must receive many blessings. When I left her she invited me to come again.

FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE NEW MEDICAL EVANGELISTIC CLASS

CAROLINE MAX

Our first day in the field was an entirely new experience for us. We had never engaged in this sort of work before. Although we had no unusual experience, the first day we were very much encouraged when we boarded the train for Hinsdale, and we were ready bright and early the next morning for our second day's work. We arrived at our territory about 9:30, and started right in to work. We went from house to house for about an hour, but found nobody home. As we walked to each door I began to pray that the Lord would give us an experience. We visited two or three more houses, but with the same result,—we found nobody at home.

At last we came to a little one-story house. We walked up and rang the bell. No one came to the door for two or three minutes, and then we heard a weak little voice from the basement say, "Come down here, please." We went down stairs and she said, "I can't stand up, I have been hurt."

We told her to go in and sit down and we would tell her what we had called for. We went into the kitchen and sat down, and before we could tell her what our mission was, she was telling us her story.

She told us that she was a widow and lived in that little house alone. She had had a young man boarding there for a number of years, but he had lost his mind, and had to be committed to the insane asylum. He had escaped twice, she told us, but was taken back again. Last fall he was so much improved that he was paroled, and he returned to her

home. One day as he got off a street car he was struck by an automobile and injured. He was taken to the hospital and cared for, and as a result of his injuries was again confined to the asylum. He escaped once more and made his way back to this woman's home last Sunday. After he was there a short time he began to quarrel with her. He beat her on the head with his fists and kicked her in the knee. Her knee swelled up and became stiff. It was so painful that she could not walk. She was dazed.

In a short time the insane spell had passed off and he saw what he had done. He called in a neighbor to assist her, and then he left the house.

When we found her she was very nervous and suffering intense pain in her knee. As she related her story, the tears rolled down her cheeks. She had been talking fully fifteen minutes, and she did not know why we had come, so I said when she stopped, "Now, let me tell you what our mission is," so she listened to us as we told her what we were doing.

"Surely, the Lord sent you to me," she said. As quickly as we could, one of us gave her some fomentations and massaged her knee, while the other washed her dishes and made up the bed and straightened the home. We left her some literature and she bought a LIFE BOAT. We told her we would be back the next day.

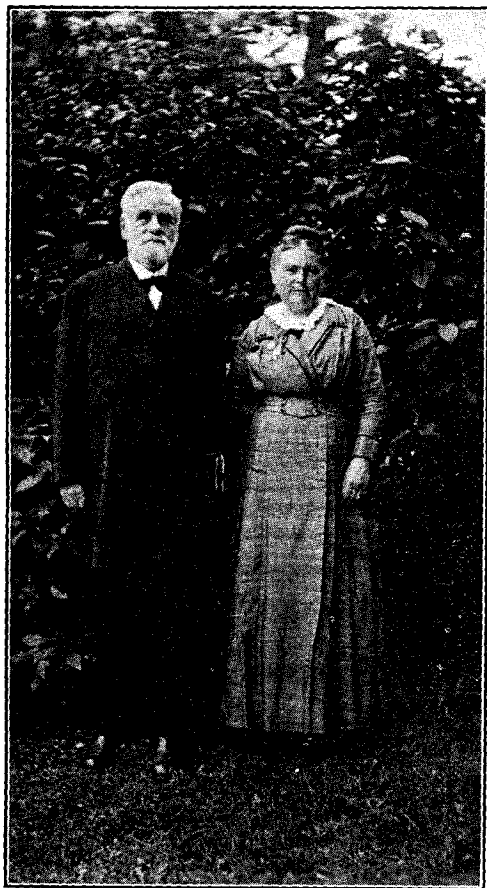
We called the next morning to find her very much improved, and looking for us. She was so happy when we came. We gave her another treatment while she told us of an additional sorrow. Two of her dearest friends had died the day before and she was grieving over their loss. This gave us an opportunity to study the Bible with her, so I took out my Bible and from some notes I had we gave her a Bible reading. Then we prayed with her and she was so happy. She felt comforted and told us that she would have something to think about until we returned.

We returned the next day and treated her again. The Lord surely heard our prayers and gave us a rich experience. We agreed with this woman when she said that we could not have been directed to one more needy and thankful than she.

HOW THE LORD HELPED

S. N. HASKELL

I was in Nashville, Tenn., about eight or ten years ago when our brethren were trying to raise thirteen thousand dollars for the Loma Linda sanitarium. In a meeting one man got up and said he would be one of five to give five thousand dollars if four more would give a thousand dollars apiece. Pretty soon somebody gave another thousand and they soon got up to where it lacked just one thousand. I whispered to the chairman of the



KODAK VIEW OF MR. AND MRS. HASKELL,
TAKEN WHILE ON A RECENT VISIT TO
HINSDALE

meeting that I would give a thousand of my books if the brethren would take them and sell them for the sanitarium. He said, "Get up and propose it." I did so and if I had had

the thousand books right there we would have sold them in ten minutes, because the hands went up all over the church.

When I went back and told my wife what I had done she went for me quite sharply. She said those books would have to be paid for. I thought the Lord would raise the money in some way, and told her not to feel bad about it.

Later on we were having meetings in a church in Oakland, Cal. I spoke at the first hour and then we had a few minutes intermission and my wife was to speak at the second hour. While I was standing there talking with some one during the intermission there came in a man through the end door of the church and walked right up the aisle and took my hand and put into it some pieces of money. Frequently people would come up and hand me a few dollars to help pay our expenses, so I did not think much about it.

I thought he would go back and take a seat and later I would go and talk with him; instead he turned and went straight out of the church. The brethren said they did not know him,—they had never seen him before. One sister said she was impressed with his appearance and when he went out she followed to see which way he went. She went to the door and looked but he was not anywhere in sight. When I opened my hand there were four twenty-five-dollar gold pieces.

Later in the day I was having my teeth fixed by a dentist who knew I had given those thousand books, and he gave me an envelope with the remark, "That will help you out." These two donations more than covered the first cost of the books.

THE FIRST THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE GOOD SAMARITAN INN

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Last month we wrote an article on our proposed enlargement of the Good Samaritan Inn, which is our sanitarium for the sick poor, where patients are rented humble rooms at from \$3.50 to \$4.00 a week; boarded on simple but wholesome food at prices averaging between three to five cents a dish; where only fifty cents apiece is charged for the treatments. If patients have to have surgical operations these are done at the sanitarium by

Chicago specialists at prices within their reach, and within a few days after all dangerous complications are passed they are moved over to the Inn and cared for by members of the medical evangelistic class at very small expense, or absolutely for nothing if they can not afford to pay anything.

The present facilities will only care for from twelve to fifteen patients. It is full to the overflowing, so we have planned a one hundred and thirty-five foot, two-story addition, which will not only furnish an extensive enlargement to the Inn, but also furnish rooms upstairs for the entire medical evangelistic

ways as will mete out in your opinion the largest and best charity work to which it can extend, but please understand that it comes to you without any string attached to it whatever.

It affords me greater pleasure than I could easily express to pass this money along to you, for I have the greatest confidence in the merits in all ways of your institution, and I lose no opportunity to so quote you. I withhold the identity of the donor by her request.

To which I responded as follows:

My Dear Sir:

I have just returned home from a lecture engagement in Columbia, Mo. You can scarcely imagine my surprise and gratitude to



A SKETCH OF THE PROPOSED ADDITION TO THE PRESENT GOOD SAMARITAN INN

class as well. The total expense of this addition will be in the neighborhood of \$15,000.

In last month's LIFE BOAT I stated, "I hope and pray, if it is God's will, that five or six will consider it a privilege and an opportunity to give a thousand dollars each, and several more five hundred dollars each, and a considerable number a hundred dollars apiece, and then the rest can be easily raised in smaller sums."

Since writing this we have been specially asking God to put it in the heart of some one to "start the ball rolling" by sending us a thousand dollars to head the list; and lo, and behold! the other day on my return from the Missouri camp meeting, where I had been giving a series of talks on the Gospel of Health, I found the following letter awaiting me from a prominent attorney:

My Dear Doctor:

I had sometime since called the attention of a very noble spirited lady friend and client of mine to the merits of the Hinsdale Sanitarium as conducted in a truly charitable spirit. This good lady has just now authorized me to make a gift to your institution of one thousand dollars, to be dispensed in such

you and to that kind lady and to God, who, in the last analysis, inspires all generous and noble deeds.

We have felt impressed for some time that we should put this part of our work upon a more substantial basis, and in order to do that we ought to make a comprehensive enlargement. In our Rescue Home we have never refused admittance to any girl who was in trouble whether she could pay or she couldn't. I have been feeling that we must get this Good Samaritan Inn department of our work on exactly the same basis for the sick poor. I don't mean, of course, as an indiscriminate proposition, but when we had satisfactory evidence that a person was genuinely struggling under a double burden of poverty and ill health, and there was every indication that a few weeks spent with us could put such a person in the fair way of renewed health, they ought not to be denied such a privilege.

Of course, in order to do this, the initial expense of the building would have to be met by charitable efforts. I have been making it a most earnest matter of prayer and have felt that if God should put it in the heart of several people to give us each a thousand dollars for this project, it would be a pretty clear indication to us that Providence was favoring the project. It seems to me that this

generous gift of a thousand dollars coming as it does from such an unexpected source can legitimately be considered just such a Providential indication.

I appreciate what a tremendous responsibility such generous donations are, and I pray God that He may help me and those who are associated with me to carry on this work so nearly in the spirit of the Master that none of those who have ever assisted us shall have any just occasion to ever regret the trust that they reposed in us. Again permit me to express to you personally my very deep appreciation for the many evidences of genuine friendship that you have shown toward this work.

Wishing you much of God's blessing, I remain,

Very sincerely yours.

We feel that this thousand dollars, coming as it did, is a clear indication of Providence bidding us to arise and build. We shall hope and pray that God will put it in the heart of others to make a similar response, and even the smallest sums will be wholly acceptable. We shall continue to pray that we may be guided by the counsel of God and make no mistakes, as we only want to be the instrument in His hands for carrying out His purpose.

THE SERGEANT AND HIS BOOTS

J. Stuart Holden relates the following story:

"I was in Egypt some years ago, holding meetings among some soldiers. I asked a big sergeant in a Highland regiment, who was as bright and shining for the Lord as it is possible for a saved soldier to be, how he was brought to Christ.

"His answer was this: 'There was a private in our company who was converted at Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. The devil got possession of me, and I made that man's life a positive burden to him. Well, one night—a terribly wet night—he came in from sentry duty. He was very tired and very wet, and before getting in bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with mud and I let him have one on one side of the head, and the other on the other side; and he just went on with his prayers. The next morning I found those boots beautifully polished by the side of my bed.

"That was his reply to me; it just broke my heart, and I was saved that day.'

"The man who met the test like a true soldier of the great Captain had his reward."

A MISSIONARY CHAMBERMAID

GERDA BENGTSON

Member Medical Evangelistic Class

The first work that was assigned me on entering the medical evangelistic class was to help in the housekeeping department. I was not satisfied with just making beds and dusting furniture, so I asked the Lord that I might have an opportunity of saying some kind word or speaking to some hungry soul during the day.

One day as I came into a patient's room, I found the lady was very downhearted. It came to me that I should say something to her. But what should I say? What could I say? I could not get away from the impression to speak to her. I asked the Lord to help me say the right thing. I asked her if she did much reading. She said, "No." Her eyes bothered her so she could not read. I asked if she would like to have me read to her. She said she would be glad to have me read. I read out of "Mount of Blessing" and when I was going to leave her, she said, "Are you going to leave me?" She said she enjoyed my reading and wanted me to read to her again. I have given her tracts and had many visits with her since.

WANTS TO WORK FOR GOD

(From the Anamosa, Iowa, Prison)

"I received your kind letter and THE LIFE BOAT two weeks ago. It is with a grateful heart that I thank you for the same.

"I intend to write my mother and father as soon as I can; as I have been up before the board of parole and I may have an opportunity to win back the respect of men and the love of God.

"It would be a balm to my soul if I might be instrumental in placing the truth before the world, and warning others away from the follies which caused me to fall to my present state of character.

"Could your League members make it a matter of prayer some evening, that the Saviour take mercy upon my spiritual condition and cause me to repent of my sins and to abhor evil: that I may become worthy to work in His vineyard?

"I know that there is nothing before God so acceptable as the prayers of His faithful servants gathered together in devotional meet-

ings. I have promised God that when I am worthy to do so and gain my freedom, I shall devote myself to the colporteur work; and that I shall devote the half of the proceeds outside the tithes, to the uplift branch of the cause.

"I shall know in four or five months whether I shall have to do all my time or not. If I am worthy of my freedom, when the time comes, may God entrust me with it, is my prayer."

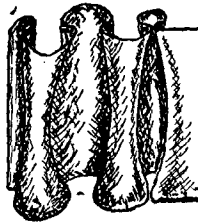
NEEDS THE HUMAN TOUCH

(From the San Quentin, Cal., Penitentiary)

"I have read several copies of your wonderful magazine and have derived so much from

it that no words of mine can convey to you the peace and comfort which I have experienced after the perusal of your wonderful little paper. I want to thank you personally for your liberal thoughts and feeling expressed through your editorials—all seem to me a man's best friend.

"While we know there is divine comfort for our sorrow, and divine forgiveness for our sins, and divine inspiration for our soul, we know, too, that the fully repentant heart of man reaches out for human touch in order that hidden chords may vibrate in harmony with the followers of Christ."



Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor



THE HINSDALE MID-WINTER CONVENTION

As has become our custom there will be held again this year, Providence permitting, another most important holiday convention at Hinsdale. These gatherings have grown in importance from year to year. This one will undoubtedly be the best one ever held. Special attention will be given to medical missionary work and the city problem. Instruction will be given on health reform principles, and many other vital and timely topics. More detailed information will be given in future numbers.

A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU

Workers are demonstrating more and more that they can give their entire time to securing subscriptions for THE LIFE BOAT magazine and make it pay financially. One worker sends in a list of some twenty subscriptions every week or so. Another who has been out in the work only three weeks secured thirty-six subscriptions the first week, forty the second week, and forty-five the third week. We are anxiously watching for the fourth week's report.

This is a good work. THE LIFE BOAT contains the double gospel for soul and body and is the kind of literature that should be in every home. Will you help us to put it there? How many hours per week can you devote to this work? Write for special terms for agents.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF THE REFORMATION

The word of God as the all-sufficient rule of *faith* and *practice* was the fundamental principle of the Reformation. There are many Christian people today who believe that the Bible is the authority for their religious belief, but they are not well enough acquainted with it, so that it has become a *guide* for their daily life.

Instead of this unerring guide, they have substituted the changeable, uncertain standard of their own *feelings* and impressions, and that is simply opening the way for the devil to come in and control. The devil is perfectly willing that your religious belief should be correct as long as your daily *practice* is all wrong. In other words, the devil is just as much opposed to the Bible being made the *guide of life* today as he was in the sixteenth

century, and on every hand there is a need of *return* to the great Protestant principle—the Bible and the Bible only—as the rule of *faith* and *duty*. If you haven't learned how to *apply* the Bible to your daily duties, you are only *half* a Protestant which is just about the same as no Protestant at all.

START THE FALL CAMPAIGN

All summer long our agents have had splendid success selling the LIFE BOAT magazine, but the next few months is the very harvest time for LIFE BOAT work. The people have more time to read. The stirring events in Europe, the uncertainty of affairs in this country are turning the hearts of the people toward more serious and earnest things. THE LIFE BOAT supplies this need.

It contains each month some vital, practical, common sense health instruction. Every number contains live experiences in soul-winning and rescue work. It sheds light on the city problem, which is the most vital one before the church today.

There is not one individual in a thousand after he has read one LIFE BOAT who is not more anxious to read another one. Send for twenty-five, fifty or a hundred extra copies at agents' rates and take them out and dispose of them in your community each month. You will find it a most excellent *stimulus* to your Christian experience; you will be planting seed that will yield you a harvest on the other shore, and will be setting in motion waves of influence that will widen and deepen until God's great day. Try it, and see if God does not bless your soul and give you some good experiences.

HAVE YOU HAD THIS EXPERIENCE?

At one time a stranger drew near to a couple of travelers and conducted for them a simple, yet comprehensive and never-to-be-forgotten Bible study. When it was over they said one to another, "did not our heart *burn within us*, while *he* talked with us by the way, and while *he opened to us* the Scriptures?" Luke 24:32.

Whenever we study the Bible, if we will humbly invite that same divine presence, He is as certain to draw near *to us* as He did to them. He is just as willing to open *our* minds so we shall behold new truths, see new

beauties in the old truths, and as a result our hearts will also burn within us, and the dross will be purified away.

Do you know from personal experience the difference between merely reading the Bible and having this heavenly presence with you? If you know nothing about this, ask the Lord for a new experience of that kind and then you will *know* the difference.

WANTS MAGAZINES FOR JAIL WORK

We quote the following from a letter recently received from Dr. Leach, who was formerly connected with our LIFE BOAT jail work in Chicago, and has shown her interest in the work ever since by raising funds to send LIFE BOATS to prisoners and by interesting others in sending supplies of fruits, etc., to the Rescue Home. Any copies of THE LIFE BOAT or other literature called for will be judiciously handed out by Dr. Leach.

"I want to do some work in the jails here, as none of our people are doing anything in that line, but I am not financially able to buy the magazines at present. I will be glad to receive late, clean copies of THE LIFE BOAT, Signs, Watchman and Health and Temperance magazines. Send post paid to me to use in jail work. M. G. Leach, 1019 S. Hackberry street, San Antonio, Texas."

NOTICE OUR PREMIUM OFFERS

People all over the land are taking advantage of our splendid premium offers—not a cheap, trashy or even ordinary thing among them, every one of them representing something choice and highly desirable.

We have put out between three and four thousand copies of the book, "Retrospect," by J. Hudson Taylor. Eternity alone will reveal the good it has set in motion. The book, "Real Prayer," is absolutely the best book we have ever read on that subject outside of the Bible itself. If you want to read something fascinating, inspiring and instructive on the subject of prayer, read this book. When you have done so, how you will wish you had read it long ago.

Is the missionary fire burning low in your heart? Read "Pastor Hsi." When you begin to comprehend what the Lord did for this

converted Chinaman, you will get a new inspiration and a new encouragement. You simply can not help it unless you are absolutely sin hardened, and then of course you wouldn't get the book in the first place.

Haskell's book, "The Cross and Its Shadow," is the only book of its kind. It makes the types and symbols in the Old Testament service glow like an illuminated electric sign. You read and wonder, and then read some more and stand amazed that you had seen so little where there was so much to see.

Think how you can enrich your library by just picking up a new subscription among your friends and relatives as you meet them. You will do them a world of good and you may do yourself even still greater good. Try it.

A SOUL-WINNING PULLMAN CONDUCTOR

Years ago a Pullman conductor used to come and help us occasionally in the Life Boat Mission. He would tell us of good experiences in praying with some porter, or bringing the gospel to some sin-sick passenger. I remember hearing him say that he used to pray that God would send such people on his train as needed help from him spiritually. A good prayer, by the way, for some of the rest of us to pray with reference to those who are daily dealing with us.

Since the headquarters of our work was moved to Hinsdale ten years ago I lost track of him. The other night when about to enter the sleeping car for St. Louis, Mo., there was my old friend, the Pullman conductor. He recognized me instantly and inquired, "How is it with your soul?" I was glad to be able to say, "It is well." And I naturally asked him how it was with him. He replied promptly, "I am under the blood," so I knew that ten years of constant contact with the traveling public had not led him to back-slide, as has been the case with so many who seemed to have a good experience ten years ago.

The next morning I asked my porter if the conductor was interested in his soul. "O, yes sah," the colored man responded, "it's no fault of the conductor if the porters go the downward way. Some of these porters are traveling the downward road, but it is no fault of the conductor; he is sure trying to help our

souls." So I *knew* the conductor still had his old soul-winning instinct.

On my return from Columbia, Mo., I happened to come back on the same train with this Pullman conductor. In the morning before we reached Chicago I had a delightful visit with him. He told me that the Lord had used him to bring thirty-seven railroad men to Christ. What a record!

One experience that he mentioned I shall never forget. He said a certain railroad man whose spiritual welfare he had been deeply interested in resented all his efforts and finally said to him, "I don't want you to say anything more to me about religion. Do you understand? This is the last time I want you to say anything to me about it." And the conductor said to him, "It is not *me* who has been talking to you, it is heaven. I have only been a humble instrument. But remember, some day *you* will bow your knee before that God. Remember what I say."

A few days later as this man walked up to take his seat in a dining car he fell down on his knees with his hands on the table. One of the railroad men who was already sitting at the table exclaimed, "What, have you also become one of Jim's disciples," referring to this conductor. But the man on his knees didn't speak, and to their horror they speedily discovered that he couldn't speak. He had been stricken down there by the side of the table with a stroke of paralysis. He had bowed his knee all right enough. What a lesson for all of us, and especially for the careless and indifferent!

The Pullman conductor told me of the big porter up in the day coach who had had a serious accident from which he had recently recovered and was just back again in the train service. He said, "I prayed with him right before last. He didn't know anything about how to pray, but I believe he wants to serve the Lord. I wish you would go up and talk to him." I went up there, but failed to locate him, and sat down to read. A few minutes later this conductor came up in front and wanted to know if I had seen the big porter and I told him, "No, I couldn't find him." He went forward and located him up in the baggage car and brought him back for me to

deal with his soul. I found his heart was open and responsive.

How frequently men tell me they can't work for Christ and the same time hold a position in the world; but doesn't this Pullman conductor's experience disprove the correctness of the theory? As I stepped off that train I thought of the many opportunities to work for the souls of others that I had overlooked, and I prayed God that the splendid example of this soul-winning Pullman conductor should not be lost on my life and spiritual usefulness.

DO YOU FIND IT EASY TO LOVE PEOPLE FAR AWAY?

Some people find it easier to love a man's soul over in China than to love their own hired man whom they meet every day. Too often the devil hypnotizes a man until he finds it much easier to love some woman whom he only meets occasionally than to love his own wife, although he has a solemn vow registered up in heaven to do this.

It is a trick of the devil to make the people who are next to us seem *commonplace*, and to make the everyday duties which God has put in our pathway, seem like *drudgery*. How many of us honestly believe that we could become enthusiastic workers if we only had the *other* man's job, the other man's opportunities, or the other man's duties. But if we had them they would prove a *curse* to us, while if, by the help of God, no matter how crucifying it may be to the flesh, we will *love* most of all our most intimate companions, *lift* manfully the duties that are closest to us; *shoulder* without a murmur the responsibilities that are committed to us, we shall speedily discover *near at hand* the very blessings we have vainly endeavored to bring from a distance.

You who are reading these lines may need to ask the Lord every day to enable you to love some people whom you would not otherwise love, and by the way, that is the *only kind* that is Christian love. Mere human love any heathen can exercise. God will work that miracle in your heart just as certainly as you are determined that it shall be developed there.

You may not in every particular *like* the attitude of those with whom you are thrown in immediate contact; but has your *own* per-

sonal attitude always been perfectly ideal toward God? Can not you afford to make some of the same allowances toward others that the Master has had to extend to you over and over again? If it is not in your heart to forgive others their shortcomings, how can you have the courage to look up to heaven and ask the Lord to forgive you yours?

It is your privilege to look to heaven for the necessary strength to do so, whether there are obstacles in the way or not, and the Lord will *either* remove the obstacles, or give you courage and faith to surmount them. If you fail to appreciate these principles your life is almost certain to be blighted and a dismal failure; but if you manfully and cheerfully accept these truths you will be *blessed* in spite of unfavorable outward appearances.

NEWS HERE AND THERE

The Hinsdale workers enjoyed a brief visit from Dr. P. T. Magan of Nashville recently.

Dr. L. H. Wolfson and family returned July 28 from a three months' stay at their old home in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Castle, from College View, Neb., and several friends were visitors at the sanitarium recently. Mr. Castle is business manager of the Nebraska sanitarium, located at College View, near Lincoln.

Pastor and Mrs. S. N. Haskell of South Lancaster, Mass., spent a week at Hinsdale recently. Their advice and counsel, also their helpful Bible studies, were deeply appreciated by us all.

Dr. Paulson spent a week at the camp meeting in Columbia, Mo., giving several lectures on the Gospel of Health.

Pastor W. C. White of St. Helena, Cal., was one of the recent visitors at the sanitarium.

Miss Lelia Patterson, matron of the Sanitarium ladies' treatment department, is spending a six weeks' vacation at her home in Missouri.

Dr. E. H. Risley and Dr. A. Q. Shyrock of the Loma Linda, Cal., Medical College, were recent guests at Hinsdale. Drs. Risley and Shyrock are taking post-graduate work in Chicago during the summer.

Dr. Otto Freer, the well-known nose and throat specialist of Chicago, with his wife, paid a friendly visit to the sanitarium last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dallas H. Gray of Armona, Cal., were visitors at the sanitarium.

Three more new students have arrived to enter the medical evangelistic course. Miss Vesta Hagle, Corunna, Mich., George Johnstone, Beach, N. Dak., and Miss Anna Williams of Philadelphia.

One of THE LIFE BOAT agents sends in some forty or more yearly subscriptions each week. Did you ever try to get subscriptions? Write for terms.

We employ no solicitors for any of the various lines of helpful work that God has committed to us. If the Lord impresses you to assist us send the money directly to headquarters instead of to any individual that is a stranger to you.

WANTED

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

SPECIAL NOTICE

Agents, your opportunity has come—the grandest state song ever written—the “Glory Song of California”—famous already all over United States. Only been out four months and the second large edition is now partly gone. Sample copy post-paid 25 cts. Write at once for agents’ prices. Waterbury Specialty Co., Pomona, Cal.

Have You a Camera?

Let Me Do Your Developing and Printing

Many years’ experience has taught me how to turn out first-class prints with “a finish” to them.

Send me your films and be sure of the best results.

Quick Service Low Prices

Any size roll film developed for 10c; film pack, 25c. Velox prints, 3c to 5c each.

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216 Hinsdale Ave., HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

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.

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Single copies, 10 cents.

Yearly subscription, \$1.00.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

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.

LIFE BOAT MAGAZINE AGENCIES IN CHICAGO

THE LIFE BOAT magazine can be secured in quantities at wholesale rates from the following agencies in the city of Chicago:

D. K. Abrams, wholesale nut store, 3529 Cottage Grove Avenue. Phone Douglas 6743.
Illinois Tract Society, 3645 Ogden Avenue. Phone, Lawndale 7022.

A NEW HEALTH GARMENT

The Patricia garment comes as a boon to many women whose conscience will not permit them to wear the ordinary stiff conventional corset or girdle, who desire to give nature every possible advantage in dressing as well as in other habits of life and yet who wish to appear neat and attractive in their dress.

This undergarment combines in one piece four garments usually worn at the same time, namely: Drawers, skirt, bust supporter or corset and skirt supporter. This garment comfortably and perfectly sustains the heaviest bust from the shoulders, relieving the individual of the discomfort of its weight, hence is a perfect substitute for the corset and a great improvement in other respects, as it permits natural circulation, perfect respiration and freedom for every muscle, with no bands or strings and countless buttons and button holes. There is no opportunity for girding the soft parts of the body, as it follows the natural curves, preserving the contour of the figure.

We are now able to furnish the Patricia health garment in stock sizes as follows: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust measures at \$3.50, \$4 and \$5 per garment. These garments are made from the very best of materials and carefully shrunk before making. The difference in price depends on the trimming; the \$3.50 garment is trimmed with a neat scalloped edge, which will launder well. The more expensive garments are more elaborately trimmed. Special rates in quantities of three or more. Write for further particulars. **The Patricia Garment Co., Hinsdale, Ill.**

TESTIMONIAL.

I have worn this garment now for three years and find it eminently satisfactory. I consider it superior in many respects to any other garment of its kind which I have worn and can heartily recommend it to other women.

MRS. C. L. CLOUGH.

Special Announcement Concerning WHITE RUSSIAN MINERAL OIL

We have received so many inquiries regarding White Russian Mineral Oil from those suffering from constipation, that we decided to furnish it from our headquarters to those who desire it.

On account of the war it has become impossible to import any more of this particular form of mineral oil, but we can furnish a similar American product at the former prices.

This mineral oil is not a laxative. It is not absorbed by the body, it merely lubricates and softens the bowel contents. It can be used with perfect safety as it does not create any laxative habit.

The dose is from one teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls after each meal as may be required.

PRICES		
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It is put up in tin cans so that it can be sent by parcel post. These rates do not include transportation charges.

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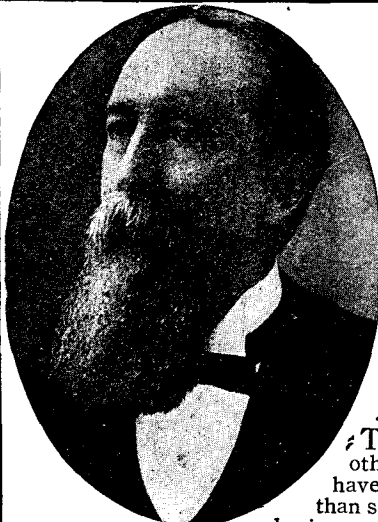
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ELEVEN-TWELFTHS of all the mineral that God put into rice is scoured off to produce the polished rice that is ordinarily eaten. What is more important, the "vitamines," the lack of which when people are fed on rice exclusively produces beri-beri, scurvy and perhaps pellagra, are also contained in the covering of the rice.

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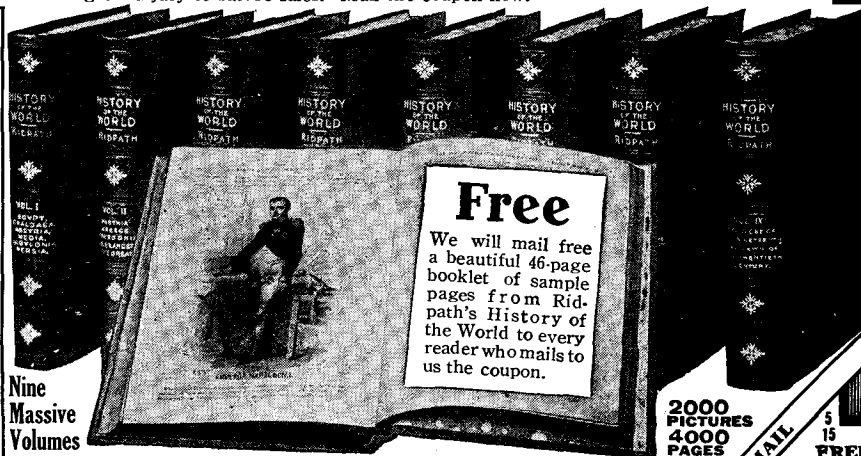
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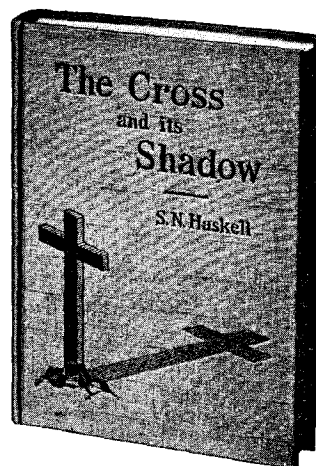
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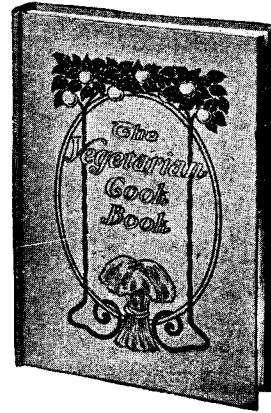
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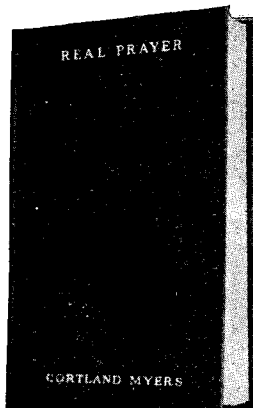
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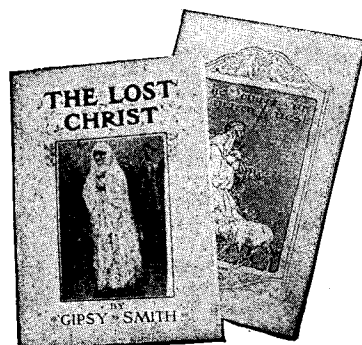
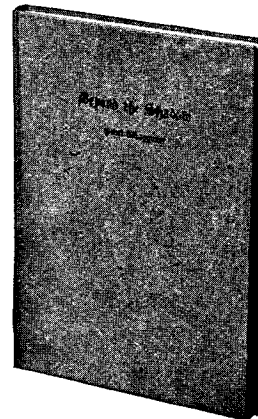


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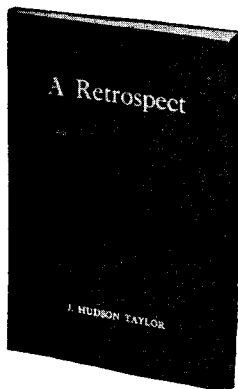
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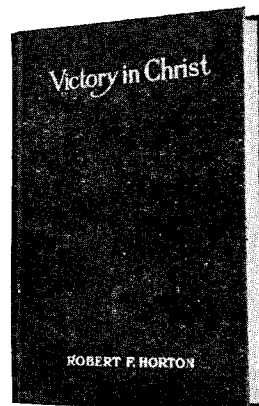
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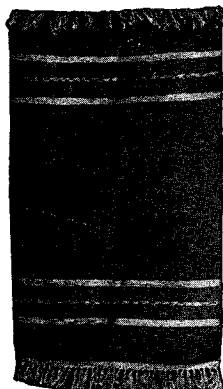
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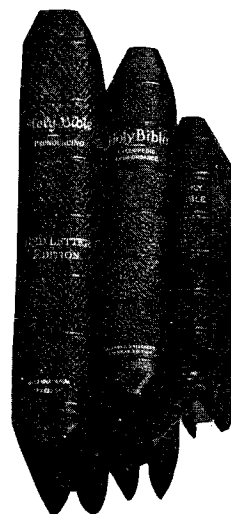
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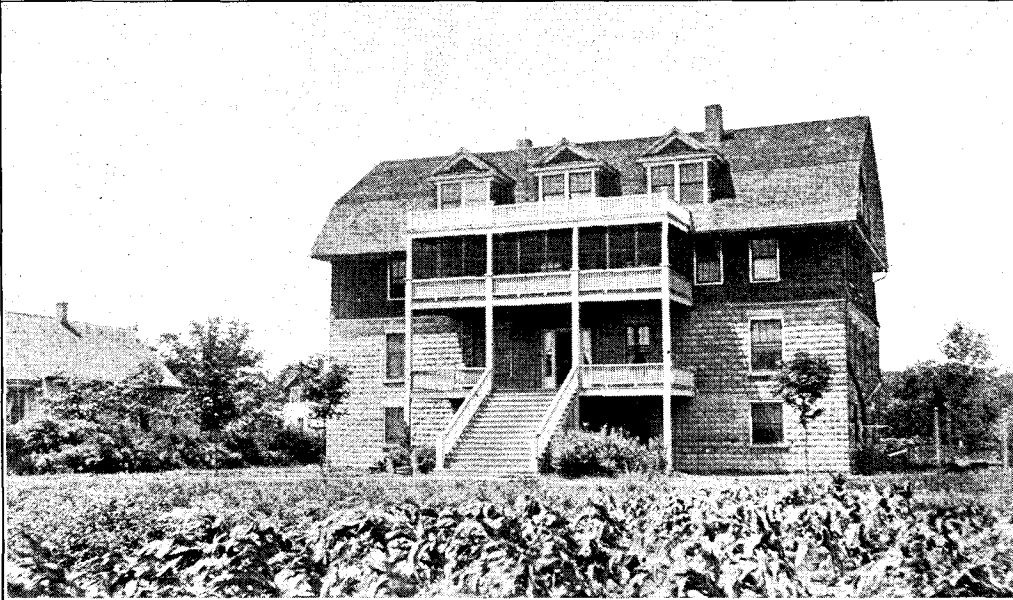
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The institution has no endowment and beyond the mere pittance that some of the girls are able to pay, it is entirely dependent upon the generosity of those who become interested in its work.

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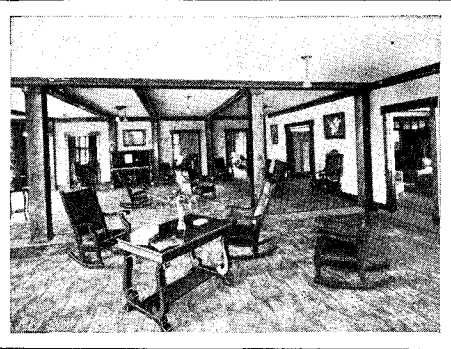
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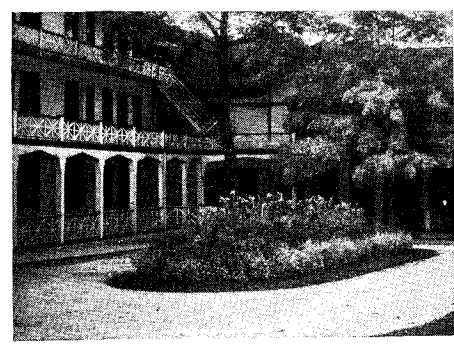
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