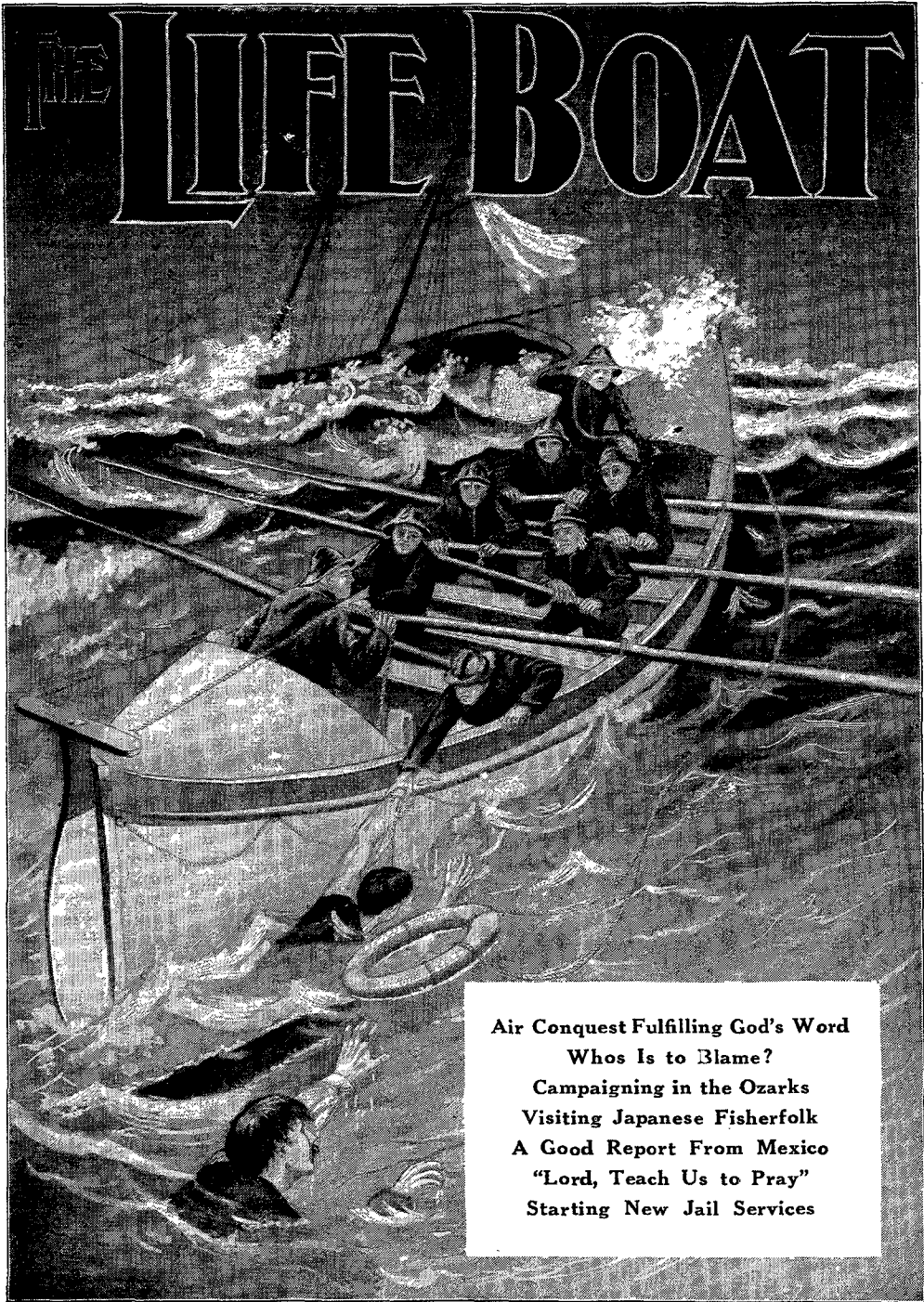


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Campaigning in the Ozarks  
Visiting Japanese Fisherfolk  
A Good Report From Mexico  
"Lord, Teach Us to Pray"  
Starting New Jail Services

Volume Twenty-two  
Number Four

Hinsdale, Ill.

April, 1919

**The Feeding of Children**



**I**F your boy were straying far away  
From home and friends tonight,  
If you knew that he had wandered  
From the path of truth and right;  
And you knew not, as the shades of evening  
Settled round your door,  
Where in all the world you'd find the boy  
Your heart was aching for;  
Oh, how you'd pray to God to send  
Someone to touch your boy,  
To lead him to the sacred truth  
Which brings such light and joy!

—Jonathan Hughes Arnett.



## Will You Help Us Reach the Boys?

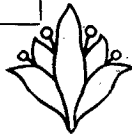


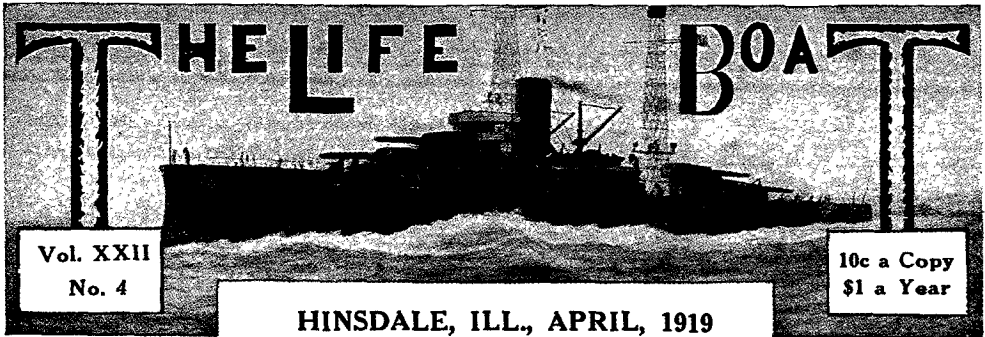
**C**AN a greater and more needy gospel field be found than in the large army of men and women who have been so unfortunate as to land behind the bars? That there are aching hearts behind the bars we have discovered through sending *The Life Boats* into these places. We have found many a soul, who, on seeing the light, has accepted Christ as his Saviour and has been led to rejoice in Him. *The Life Boat* comes to him as a real life saver.

**W**E want to visit the penitentiaries again this year, as we have every year. The May number will be our special prisoners' number. We want to send thousands of this number into the prisons.

**W**E need your co-operation. Will you join us in this effort?

**Y**OU may have a hundred dollars that you have promised to give to the Lord's work: why not use it to send *The Life Boat* into the prisons? If not that much, perhaps you can send less. Ten dollars will send 250 copies. Nearly everybody can spare at least five dollars. May we hear from you?





## [The Feeding of Children

Belle Wood-Comstock, M. D.

[Dr. Comstock, who has devoted years to the study of medical and home dietetics, has now written a book entitled "Home Dietetics," which will be a valuable asset to any home library. The book will be ready for mailing by the time this magazine reaches its readers. The price is one dollar and fifty cents. It can be secured by addressing Dr. Comstock, 514 Citizens Bank Bldg., Pasadena, Calif.—Ed.]

**M**OST children are normal when born. The sicknesses to which they are so prone during the first months and years of their lives are almost entirely due to improper feeding. The acute infections, such as measles and chicken pox, it seems difficult to avoid, but even these are little to be feared for the child who is daily getting the correct amount and kind of food.

The man who wishes to be successful in stock raising makes a science of feeding his stock. He gets the latest ideas and keeps strictly up-to-date in all matters pertaining to well-kept cows, sheep and hogs and gets the very best results possible as to fine, well formed, full sized, healthy cattle. It means success in his business and money in his pocket.

But how about his children? Oh, that is different! What was good enough for him as a boy is good enough for them. If they are sick it is something that is to be expected and he depends on the doctor with his medicine bag and pill boxes to get them out of it as quickly as possible. He is not surprised or to any degree worried if they have colds all winter or a bilious attack every few weeks. If they have adenoids or tonsils to be cut out they are only following the prevailing fashion and he pays the surgeon's fee as he does any other necessary expense. Are his children lacking in proper development or less robust than his neighbor's, he wonders why, but trusts that time will correct all shortcomings and that they will outgrow their ills and physical de-

ficiencies. If they die it is a dispensation of Providence and he bows his head in resignation.

But he is all wrong. Let him bend his energies toward careful feeding of his children and he will get the same results that he gets with his stock and infinitely more satisfactory. Let every man and woman remember that they can have no more important business in life than to rear their children in a way that will produce healthy, normal men and women for the world.

Now, then, as to detail. The first thing of importance is that every father and mother study to know what food their child needs—in what quantity and in what proportion. Incidentally their own habits of eating may need to be modified. Every mother should know how to prepare and serve healthful food in a way that will satisfy the demands of the growing child's hearty appetite. Today it is possible for every parent to be intelligent along these lines. In our limited space we can only deal briefly with this most important subject, but a few principles may be given that will prove helpful.

Every child should have a balanced ration. That is, his diet must include the proper amounts of protein—the tissue builder; and of fats, starches and sugars—the energy foods. He must have an ample supply of the salts that go to make bone and help to keep the blood in proper condition. He must have an abundance of foods that are alive, that these life-giving properties may supply the neces-

sary impetus to all digestive and body processes. Protein he may get in milk, buttermilk, cottage cheese, eggs, green vegetables and cereals, especially wheat and oats. (Lean meat is entirely protein, but protein from the first mentioned sources is far better for the child.) Fats he may derive from olives, nuts and milk. Starches from the potato and the cereals. Sugars from fruit in its various forms. Salts or mineral matter he may obtain from the potato, especially the part next to the skin, and from other vegetables. Iron he will get with other salts from fruit and the green vegetables, of which he should have as freely as possible. Foods that are alive or that contain vitamins he should have in the form of fresh fruits, raw vegetables, and fresh vegetables cooked. The whole, unbolted cereal also contains the vital element, thus the value of real whole-wheat and graham bread.

Mistakes very commonly made in the feeding of children are these:

1. The proportion of protein is too low and the child is often overloaded with energy food.

2. Too much free fat is given, that is, fat in the form of butter, cooking oils, in fried and greasy foods. A child may derive ample fat in such foods as milk and ripe olives, without the use of much in the way of free fat.

3. Sugar is given too freely in concentration. It is better that a large proportion of sweets be supplied in a natural form as in fruits, fresh or dried.

4. Most children do not eat freely enough of vegetables. The vegetable part of their diet is too frequently limited to the potato, which, while valuable because of its alkaline salts, should not crowd out other vegetables, such as the carrot and the green vegetables. Green vegetables are rich in iron and in vitamins, upon which normal growth and development is dependent; they are also relatively high in protein.

5. Too often the child's diet is too limited as to variety. Very commonly there is a preponderance of cereal, the child living almost entirely upon cereal and various sweets, such as bread and jam, cookies, etc.

6. His cereals are too often in a devitalized, starchy form as white bread, polished rice, macaroni, etc.

7. He is not given enough in the way of hard foods. He is allowed too much in the way of soft breads and mushes. This is not conducive to the proper development of tooth and jaw.

8. A very grave mistake is that of feeding the child such things as tea, coffee, cocoa, meats, cheese, pastries, rich cakes, spices, pickles and condiments, as pepper, vinegar, and mustard.

9. He is often fed irregularly and allowed to eat between meals.

To summarize:

1. The growing child needs an ample food supply.

2. The protein or tissue element should be in the right proportion.

3. The diet should not be top-heavy in starches, fats and sweets.

4. He should have an ample supply of vitamins or growing elements. These are found in fresh fruit, green vegetables, vegetable broths and soups and in whole cereals, as whole rice and graham bread. These will also help to supply protein.

5. His diet should not be a top-heavy cereal diet and much of his cereal should be given in a hard form, as hard crackers, zwieback and stale bread.

6. He should avoid foods that are actually harmful as given above.

7. Foods that the child should have are milk, buttermilk, cottage cheese, whole cereals, eggs moderately, vegetable broths and soups (without meat stock),\* green vegetables, fresh fruit, artificial sweets sparingly, natural sweets freely.

Good food in proper proportion and amount, served with absolute regularity as to time, will do much toward keeping a child in perfect health and will often solve the problem of making a strong, robust child out of one seemingly frail or one subject to frequent sick spells, like attacks of fever, biliousness, colds, bronchitis, and other conditions so common to children.

\*To make a vegetable soup: Scrub vegetables thoroughly; cut up skins and all. Cook slowly in plenty of water for two hours or longer. Press through a collander or strainer; add evaporated milk (or fresh milk) and salt to taste. Use no fat. A good combination is four potatoes, two red onions (use onion skins), two carrots and two tomatoes. Celery tops, cabbage leaves and any other vegetables may be used to lend variety.

## Campaigning in the Ozarks

Maude M. Aldrich

[On a visit to Hinsdale not long ago, Miss Aldrich, who is working unceasingly to stamp out the great American evil—the saloon—told us of her thrilling experience last summer in traveling on horse back through the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, preaching the gospel of temperance to the mountaineers. Miss Aldrich did what few young women have the courage to do. To help stamp out the great evil of intemperance, she not only forgot her own comfort, but she actually risked her life, that she might bring those people to see the importance of forever banishing spiritous liquors from that community. She has kindly written out her experience in brief and we trust that the reading of it will inspire other young women to risk something that the blessed light of the Gospel, which includes temperance and clean living, may extend to those who sit in darkness and ignorance.—Ed.]

IN the summer of 1918, under the direction of the National Dry Federation, I was sent into the much-neglected missionary territory of the Ozark mountains in Missouri, to campaign for the Prohibition amendment. The task had been pictured to me in rather somber tones, and it truly presented many difficulties, but, like most tasks worth while, these were far outweighed by the joy of service when once the work was well begun.

The Ozark mountain territory is very backward. Lacking railroad transportation, with meager telephone and tardy mail service, and in some places with roads that are almost impassable, they are somewhat shut away from the rest of the world. Here and there, however, you will find an unusually enterprising community, and again farther back in the hills or "sticks," as they often term it, you will sometimes find conditions so primitive that you almost wonder if you are really in your own native land. One day a man told me that when the railroad went through, "some of those old fellows, living fifteen miles back, thought it would ruin the country and moved farther back into the hills." "Well, what harm would a railroad fifteen miles away do?" I asked in amazement. "Bring in outsiders," he replied, "and drive away the game. Those hill-billies don't care for modern things and they don't want to work. They just want to fish, hunt, eat and sleep and be let alone."

Occasionally I found a community to which this classification unmistakably applied. You would have supposed from all appearances that they were wretchedly poor, but such is not usually the case. They are only living as easily as possible. They build their houses from the native timber, fish and hunt while their horses, cows and pigs grow into money under the free range law. This sort of community is, however, the exception, though the country as a whole may be characterized as

living apart from the mad rush of the rest of the world. It is as truly characterized by its genuine hospitality; a hospitality quite lost in the onward sweeping tide of material progress.

The most unusual chapter in my Ozark mountain experience was the hearty co-operation and ready assistance I received on every hand in arranging my lecture dates. On arriving in a county, I immediately called upon the men, whose names had been given me as the ones most interested in Prohibition and most influential in the county. To these men I stated our purposes and plans. Immediately they set about helping me carry them out. We never had to phone or write a community to ask if they had any other attraction for the date we wished. The men assured me that all we needed to do was to let them know I was coming, there would be nothing else going on and the people would all be out. They sat right down and wrote to the men or women whom they believed would make a success of the meeting; I rolled up the advertising material and in two counties I had the novel experience of having my dates all made and the letters and literature all out within three hours after my arrival in the county.

The next real surprise was the splendid audiences. Once in a great while I had a "handful" audience, who seemed to greet me with a "I guess you're a fake or you wouldn't be here" attitude, but that was the exception. The rule was a splendid audience and so keen was their appreciation of having someone come that these mountaineers would actually apologize for an audience that would be considered a "pretty good crowd" for a temperance meeting in an average city. They hardly consider the audience a justice to the speaker if anyone has stayed at home.

Another interesting chapter of my summer

in the Ozarks was the mode of transportation. When I called on the superintendent of schools in Stone county, and told him I had come to campaign the county, he said, "Well, we need you. Great sections of this county have never been reached by a temperance speaker, except now and then a little local talent. But," he added half apologetically, "I don't know how you'll get there; you almost have to go on horseback." It had been several years since I had tried that method of transportation, but I had just been traveling by auto over roads which threatened to dislocate

tried it, with the result that in a few hours I was as thoroughly lost in the mountains as I ever care to be. I think I could have gone back some six miles but I didn't want to go back over that road just to start out and try it again, besides I was trying to make an appointment. So I went on. I had followed one trail to the end; it ended at a deserted house. About a mile back there had been another trail to the left. A child of the prairies, I started to cut across the mountains to find the other trail and it worked that time; but when a few hours later an old woodsman



Miss Aldrich on Her Pony with Her Lecture Charts and Traveling Outfit Ready for a Trip Through the Mountains

every vertebra in my spinal column, and I welcomed the suggestion.

Two days later I strapped my handbag, temperance charts and a small case of necessary clothing on to a little pony, loaned to the Prohibition cause, and started out for my first week alone in the mountains. I hadn't the slightest idea of the real task that lay before me. One may travel for two hours or more without seeing a person. Back in the mountains somewhere, completely hidden by rocks and woods, now and then not far from the road, there are homes, but there is no way to locate them unless you accidentally come upon them. The first two days I had pilots or a plain road and got along quite as easily as I had years before on the prairies.

#### Missing the Trail

The third day I was instructed to follow a certain trail; it sounded easy enough and I

told me he had been lost for a day and a night in those same mountains, I felt as though the next time I'd go six miles back and start out all over again before I'd try my luck cutting across country in the Ozarks.

However, you will want to know how I found myself, for the woodsman did not find me. I went right down a mountain, so straight down that I dismounted and the pony and I took our chances separately; it was a bit safer and easier for both of us. At the foot of the mountain we met a dog. I doubt if you know what a wonderfully good-looking animal a dog is! You will know, however, if you ever meet one when you are lost in a strange land. I called and called but no answer. The trail was lost now in the bed of a little creek and I had to search some little time before I found it. When I did find it, it led right straight up another mountain, so high and so steep that I think I would have turned back

only the mountain behind me was just as high and steep and I had been there.

After a climb that required many rests I saw a chicken. Chickens are quite as good looking as dogs! On and on we climbed; at last on the very top I found a little cabin and a woman and baby. I'm ashamed to tell you that I think I drank a quart and a half of water, for I learned afterward that they carried their water clear up that mountain from a spring down on the other side. It seemed almost unbelievable. After a short rest I inquired my way and went down the mountain headed for the "Sunrise school house." There were dim trails everywhere, but I arrived at last guided by the joyous sound of children at play, for it was the recess hour. For the remainder of that trip I was more afraid of trails than I have ever been known to be of anything else.

I wasn't really lost again, for fortunately I was never alone in quite such deserted country. I sometimes took the wrong road and had to turn back, for no one could follow the directions ordinarily given one in the Ozarks, and you go around through the mountains until the points of the compass seem to cease to exist. I'll never forget the directions a woman gave me one day. I asked the way to Walnut Shade, a distance of eight miles. Her face brightened up and she said, "Oh, I was over there about a week ago; we drove the mules. You just take the first turn to the right. The road isn't much used, I think you can follow the mule's tracks all the way." To the best of her ability she had eliminated all my difficulties. Now it did help some, for every time I remembered the mule tracks I laughed, and a laugh always helps to drive away trouble; but I never saw anything which I recognized as "mule tracks," nor could any track be singled out among the fallen leaves on the dry sandy ground.

Later, when I started out for a nineteen-day trip, on which I was to travel between three and four hundred miles, I decided if I was going to be a "woodsman" I must learn to tell directions by the shadows, and look for the moss on the trees. When the sun and shadows fail the woodsman locates the points of the compass by the moss on the north side of the trees. I guided myself mostly by the direction of the shadows, and it wasn't difficult at all, except in one's imagination. I learned to

judge the distance by the time, and followed every road or trail that took me in the right direction. I became so expert or had such marvelous good luck, I hardly know which, that on a few occasions I amazed the old woodsmen by making the "shortest cut."

### Fording the Rivers

However, my troubles did not all end. I traveled twelve to twenty-five miles a day, and often spoke morning, afternoon and night. If my first crowd was late in gathering, as usually happened, I had to start out rather late for the next address. It was absolutely necessary to conserve time. I could not take the time to stop and eat. So when I arrived at the school house, I unsaddled and unbridled my pony and tied her to a stick, and she ate while I lectured. Then I ate my dinner and supper, as well, from a box while she carried me on to the next appointment. Despite all this saving of time, however, I twice forded those Ozark mountain rivers alone after dark. It makes one feel a bit odd to head one's horse into the water when you can only see enough of the other bank to make a guess where you want to come out. One night when darkness overtook me with two miles up a very dark hollow ahead of me, I just chanced to meet a young man headed for the lecture. I told him I was perfectly willing to "lecture him or anybody else" if he'd just pilot me to the church. He laughed and said, "So you're the lecturer; well, you are in a predicament!" I certainly would have been if I had not chanced upon that young man, for it was so dark some places in that hollow that one could not see a thing. I just trusted my pony to follow the other horse and we arrived at last. Of course, I never courted or planned these novel experiences, and I will acknowledge that sometimes, hidden away in my consciousness, was the knowledge that I was really scared. Usually, however, there seemed but one way out of it, and that was to go ahead. Beside, I was on the "King's business," and I never failed to make but one appointment; that was the day I was lost.

### The Joy of Service

On the whole, it was one of those beautiful experiences which must be duplicated many times in the life of the pioneer in reform and mission work. The joy of service so

far outweighed the difficulties that I will remember it as one of the most wonderful summers of my life. The appreciation was not that of a people who compare your merits with those of scores of others they have heard; it was that deep, almost reverent appreciation, as of those who have waited in the darkness for the light to come.

You have read of these people and loved them for their real worth, as Harold Bell Wright has pictured them in the "Shepherd of the Hills." I have not only had the privilege of traveling on horseback through that most picturesque and beautiful country, but have lectured some of the original characters of the book. We call them backward because they are living in the simple plainness of the primitive existence, while we are surrounded by the comforts which modern civilization has produced. Yet fifty years hence our long partnership with the liquor traffic will loom up as black as some of the pages of the history of the Dark Ages. These people with their scanty opportunities had driven it from their own borders years ago. I was there to get these mountaineers to rise up in their sovereignty as American citizens and help wipe the curse from the state of old Missouri, and from the whole U. S. A. To echo, if you will, the Macedonian call from mountain to mountain, that they might "help us," who in our striving for many things among a myriad of glittering bubbles, had failed to play our full part in the greatest reform of the age.

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### "JUST A LITTLE THING"\*

MRS. S. N. HASKELL

I think that we cannot do better than to turn to a passage in Luke and read:

"Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even so shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." Luke 17:28-30.

He tells us to remember Lot, so I think he wants us to turn back and study how Lot came out of Sodom and the experience of Lot because by that we can learn something.

You all know the story. You remember that

when the angels came that night to Sodom that they told Lot to get out and all of his people, but the reason the angels came to Sodom is because Abraham prayed for the righteous in that city, and you remember that the Lord promised to save them if there were only ten persons, and that was just the number of Lot's family, just ten. Then the angels came to hurry them out, but the son-in-law would not go and finally there was nobody that the angels could get to go but Lot and his two daughters. You remember that the angel had to take them by force and told them not to look behind them but to flee for their lives.

What was the reason that they looked back? Their hearts were down in Sodom. When he was told to flee to the mountain and get clear away from Sodom and those cities of the plain, Lot said, "Not so, my lord. . . . Behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one. Oh, let me escape thither (is it not a little one?), and my soul shall live. Gen. 19:18, 20.

Now the Lord may not call his people to escape out of the cities because he has a great work to be done in the cities, but he will call upon everyone to separate, in their lives, from every part of the evil in the cities, but do we like Lot say, "It is just a little part of Sodom?" That was a part of the city that God would have destroyed with Sodom.

We often say, "It is just a little sin, just a little thing," but it is a little part of the great world around us and when the fires come down from heaven we will suffer from it. Lot was saved, but everyone of his family were ruined. If he had escaped to the mountain his daughters would have been saved. He stopped in Zoar and his daughters were ruined and a curse placed upon his posterity and they could not come into the house of the Lord for four generations, so Lot lost everything in the world.

There are a lot of people who lose their influence over others because they say, "It is only a little thing," and they hug it up to them and keep it. We do not want to hold any little city in our hearts, and still we may have to work in the cities, but we can be in the cities and yet be as free from the contamination of the cities as though we lived in the mountain. Let us remember the time of Lot, study about him, see where his mistakes were so we will not do likewise. Even if

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\*From a study given to our family on a recent visit to Hinsdale.



we are saved and then see some outside the city that might have been saved it seems to me it would take some of the joy of heaven out of it. We want our influence to tend heavenward and not downward.

### A GOOD REPORT FROM MEXICO

JULIUS PAULSON

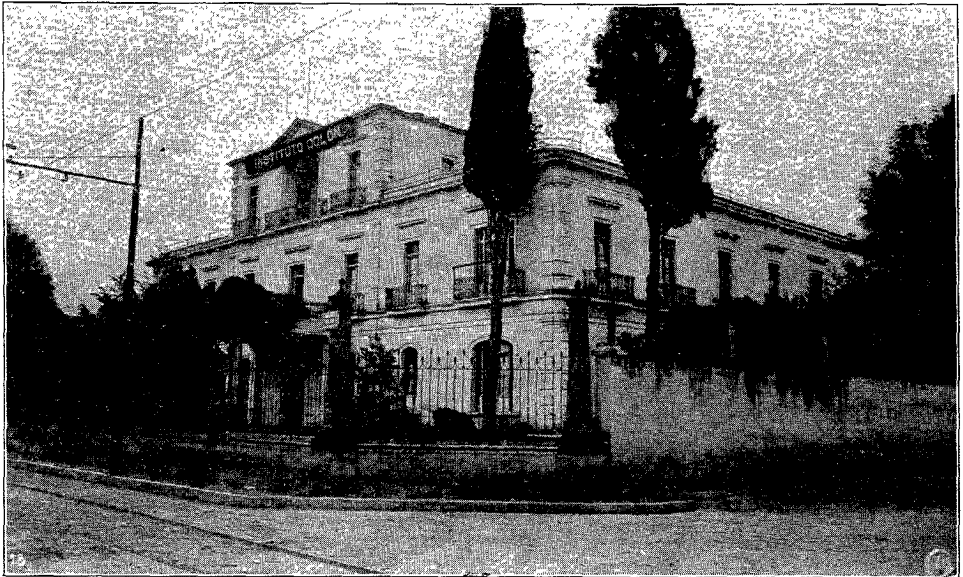
[Taken from a talk given before our sanitarium family on returning from a recent visit to Old Mexico, where Mr. Paulson spent eighteen years of his life.—Ed.]

When Protestantism entered Mexico, about sixty years ago, it had a hard time to get a foothold. A religion that made a change of heart, a change in their lives, was very slow

Mexican who cannot understand these things?

At the time the Madero revolution broke out in 1910 the Mexicans who had accepted Protestantism numbered about 100,000 members, of which the Methodists had about half. They had large holdings in nearly all the principal cities and some of the smaller towns. The largest was in Mexico City.

That property is now valued at more than two million dollars. In San Luis Potosi they have a large church, schools and a college where my children used to attend school, a splendid place. Their church is a beautiful structure. In Guadalajara the Methodists



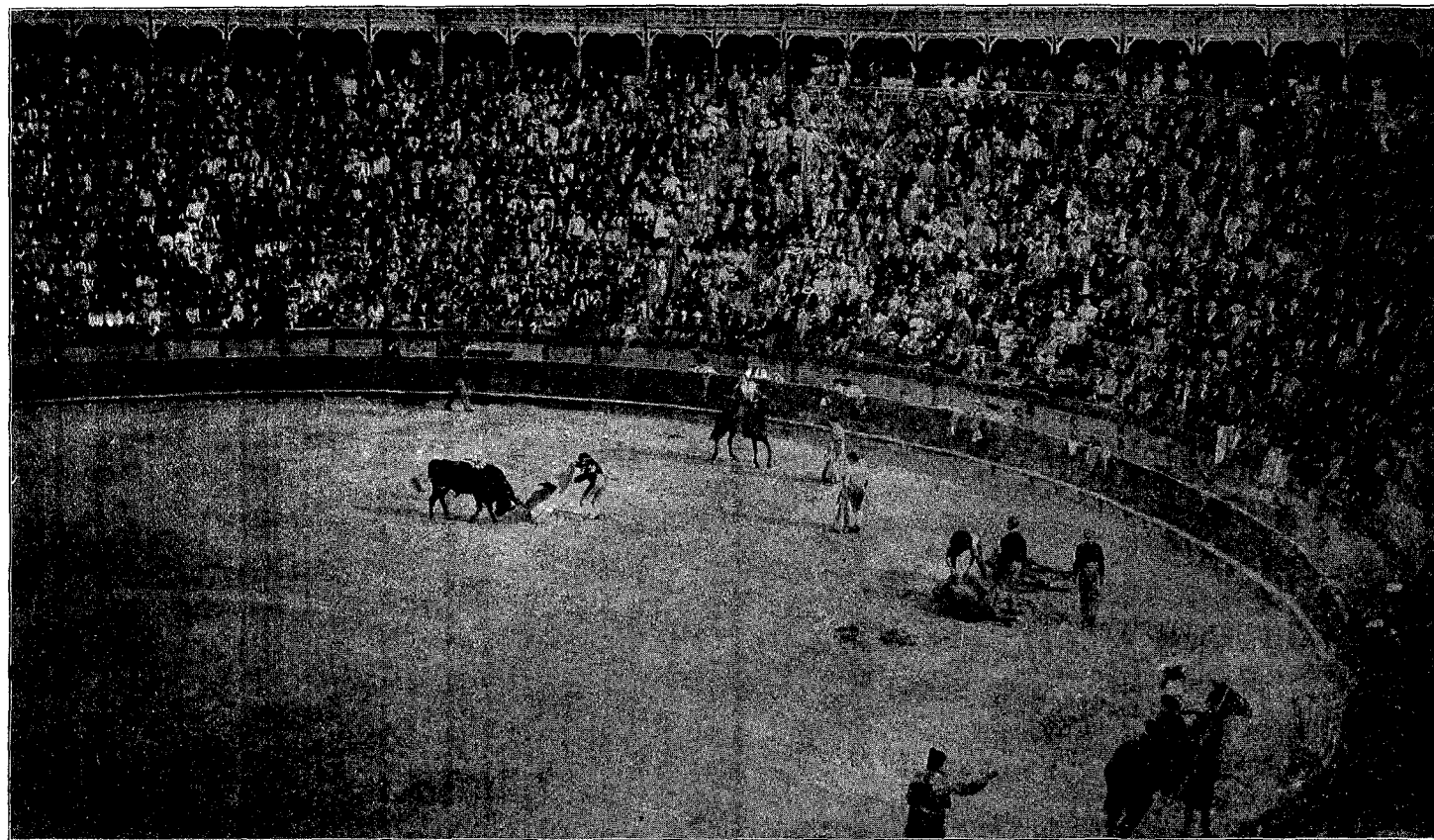
The Guadalajara Sanitarium Now Used as a Methodist School for Girls

in taking hold and there were discouraging times.

When a Mexican is converted to the Protestant religion it is extremely difficult for him to stretch his imagination to understand that there is a God somewhere who understands all about us and hears our prayers. The Mexicans do not pray in the sense we do, they go to the priest and tell him about their sins, and he will say, "Son" or "Daughter, it is all right, all your sins are forgiven you." He is right there so you do not have to have any doubt about it. We ourselves sometimes wonder if the Lord hears us; what about the poor

had a large following and they bought our own sanitarium which I helped finish and it is still there just as we left it. They are running a girl's school there now and I had rather sad reflections as I remembered the hard efforts to finish that building twenty years ago, but it is still serving a useful purpose.

Our own work was started in Mexico about twenty-six years ago by D. T. Jones, who found his health failing in this country where he was a minister and president of the Missouri Conference. He was advised to go to Mexico to look over the country for missionary effort as well as recover his health.



A MEXICAN BULL FIGHT

The Native Mexican Religiously Attends Church Sunday Morning, Then in the Afternoon goes to the Bull Fight

He recovered his health and started a mission in the City of Guadalajara. I passed his mission site the other day and looked in through the same grating that stood there twenty-two years ago. The old magnificent garden, covering something like two or three acres, is still there just as when it was first rented. As I looked through the grating there came a great many varying memories through my mind. He built up a splendid work.

There was an opportunity to open up a sanitarium and he began to construct the Guadalajara Sanitarium, accommodating about sixty-five patients, which was opened about twenty-two years ago. It was quickly filled with patients. At that time there were many tourists going in great numbers to Mexico, in fact, the sanitarium project was rather a disappointment as a missionary endeavor as it was hard to draw wealthy Mexicans, for the word sanitarium in Mexico means "insane asylum." The words are not identical but the word "sanatoria" means asylum so that when you say to them to come to the sanitarium in Mexican they would say that they were not subjects for the asylum. That was one of the great difficulties in getting Mexicans to our sanitarium. A large number of nurses went down there and a large missionary effort was opened up in Guadalajara.

A short time after, Prof. G. W. Caviness was released from his work with the Battle Creek College and went to Mexico and afterward took charge of the mission work in Mexico and succeeded in establishing mission stations in many places in Mexico. At the time the Madero revolution broke out in 1910 we had very good sized churches in Mexico City, Guadalajara, Torreon, Chihuahua, Monterey, San Luis Potosi, Tampico, and several other places.

When one stops to think how difficult it is to take one of these Mexicans out of semi-heathenism and persuade him to accept the Christianity of the Protestants it is a big effort, and some people believe it has not been done. They say they are like the "rice Christians" of China. Some of them may be, but how many of us are the same?

I remember when I was in Walla Walla, Wash., three or four years ago I was asked to speak one evening before a commercial club. They were holding a big banquet in one of the churches. The pastor of the church, not know-

ing my religious convictions, said to me, "I understand you are planning to locate in this place and go into business. I do not know what your views are but our church is the largest church in town and I think it would be a real commercial advantage to you if you would attend our church, if you have no other preference."

He was commercializing religion. That is the way many people in this world believe. Down in Mexico some have joined the Protestants because they could get a job with the Americans and after a Mexican has once worked for an American he does not want to work for a Mexican again. The Americans treat them differently, and they do respond to kindness.

During the revolutionary disturbances the Mexican missionaries had to practically abandon their efforts and leave the field. Now the Mexican needs a leader, somebody to direct him, so when these leaders left, their flocks were truly "sheep without a shepherd." Those who were not substantial, who had not had a real heart conversion went back to their old habits and were not faithful to their vows. When I returned to Mexico and made some investigation I found that a large percentage who had belonged to other churches had turned away, got discouraged and given up.

That was not true of our own church. I found that about seventy-five per cent were still keeping their religious beliefs and attending services. The first morning I arrived there, Sabbath, they told me they would like to have me come down to speak to them at the church. I told them I was too tired and had just arrived but they urged me and I went to speak to them. I had been out of the country for four years and I went over to the church and they were just finishing Sabbath-school. A Mr. Rodriguez was leading them.

Mr. Rodriguez at one time was a dissipated diseased drunkard, and one day a Protestant missionary found him in the gutter, and spoke to him. He came out of his stupor, got interested in Protestantism and accepted it.

Those of you who think that Christianity cannot do anything for a man, that it is only a sort of influence, ought to see Mr. Rodriguez. He is a fine, healthy, well built fellow. He has been keeping that congregation together all these years and is in charge of a congregation out in the country at a place

called Mesquite where there are forty members who believe the truth. The same people that were there when I was there before are now more earnest, more faithful. I listened to an excellent sermon and it was really encouraging to see how so many have been faithful through the trying times that have come in Mexico and how they have stood firm. I really think it is more of a miracle for the religion of Christ to take hold of people who were so far away from the truth. It is easy to accept it here in comparison. I tell you down there it is not that way.

The American is received there with open arms. They think he is the superman. They think he is the sleeping lion that has waked up. Pretty nearly anything the American says in Mexico is taken for gospel truth. I am sorry so many go down there who take advantage of the Mexican people, exploit them, doing nothing to help them. What they need is more teachers. They need education.

### "LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY"\*

A. J. CLARK

Prayer is the greatest privilege that man has today. I do not think that there is any blessing, there is any comfort, there is any help that can be brought to the soul, whether in grief or suffering, that can bring more joy to the individual that is filled with joy, than the privilege of prayer, to go and talk to the Lord about it, lay before him our burdens, to seek him for our desires and to talk with him concerning the burdens of our work, even to bring the little things of life to him.

I do not wonder that the disciples as they were with the Saviour that day on the mountain side asked him to teach them how to pray. They had heard prayers, on the street corners, they had heard prayers in the synagogues, they had heard them in public assemblies. It was not that they did not know what prayer meant when they heard the word of prayer. They had pictured themselves saying the sentences over in those public places. It was not the long-drawn-out formal prayers on this night there with the Lord in the mountain, not simply the carrying out of some form of prayer. But when the Son of God prayed those disciples which had heard those prayers for years said, "Lord, teach us to

pray." I believe, brethren and sisters, if we could have heard that prayer that those disciples heard we, too, would have said, "Lord, teach us to pray."

### Praying vs. Displaying Oratory

A few years ago when preaching in Middletown, Conn., I attended a great conference of the Methodist people in connection with the Wesleyan University at that place and at this meeting they said they were going to have very unique services. In the afternoon the young men of the denomination were to take part in the service and in the evening the old men were to take charge. In the service in the daytime the youngest minister that was ordained and occupied a prominent place preached the sermon. There were other young men who took part in the service. When the young man who was moderator in the service called on one of his fellow brethren to pray he said, "We will listen to Brother So-an-So make a prayer." It was a wonderful piece of oratory. It was filled with words that said that the young man using them understood the English language to perfection. It pleased every individual present.

When the time came in the evening that the old men had the service, the moderator, after he had made some remarks concerning the old-time Methodism and what it stood for he said he could see a vast difference between Methodism as it used to be and as it was today and then he said, "My brethren, this afternoon we listened to Brother So-and-So make a prayer; tonight I am going to call on Brother So-and-So to *pray*."

I want to tell you there was a vast difference in the prayers. One was eloquent oratory and the other was spiritual and filled with power and I believe this illustrates the difference there is in prayer. We can meet together in public assembly and the one in charge of the services can call on one of the brethren to pray and he can pray or he can use words. We can have family worship and gather our children and loved ones around us for family devotions and we can *pray* or we can simply make it a form. I believe that when we realize this we should ask the Lord to "teach us to pray."

If we pray, we receive a blessing. If we simply carry out the form, a long list of words, and call it prayer, we are driving the Spirit of God from our midst. It seems that

\*From talk given at the Hinsdale Mid-Winter convention.

when we stop to think of the wonderful power and privilege that there is in prayer there is need for our longing to lay hold of the arm of God.

A few years ago when preaching in the state of Maine I was asked to go to a certain place to hold services. I was told that I was to stay at the home of Brother Dickson. I did not know his initials and had never been in the town before. When I arrived there I asked the station agent if he could tell where a man lived by the name of Dickson. "Yes, but which Dickson do you want?" I said I did not know. Then he asked me my business and I told him I was a minister. He told me I should go up a street until I came to a white house and Mr. Dickson lived there. I asked, "How did you know so readily which Dickson I wanted?" "Because there is only one Dickson I think would be looking for a preacher."

I went to the home and had not been there long until Brother Dickson got his Bible, and his family came together and did not have to be called for it was the hour of the beginning of the Sabbath and they all knew their places. We had a most wonderful season of prayer. Before we retired we had prayer again. In the morning after breakfast we had prayer again and just before we started for the service Brother Dickson said, "We always ask the Lord to go with us when we start to meeting," and we had prayer again. I knew that God was in that home. When I started to leave the town the man at the station said to me, "Did you find the man you wanted?" I told him that I did. He said, "I knew that he was the one you wanted. I remember just a few years ago when that man was one of the wickedest men in this town. He became converted and that man has learned something and his family and the whole community recognize him as the best Christian in the place." I tell you that kind of a man knows how to pray.

In my life I have received some answers to prayer that have been a wonderful encouragement to me. When I was just a boy trying to work my way through school I had worked hard all summer canvassing, trying to earn the money to go to South Lancaster Academy. When it came up to the time for me to start I found it was impossible for me to go as I had not earned sufficient money. When it came to

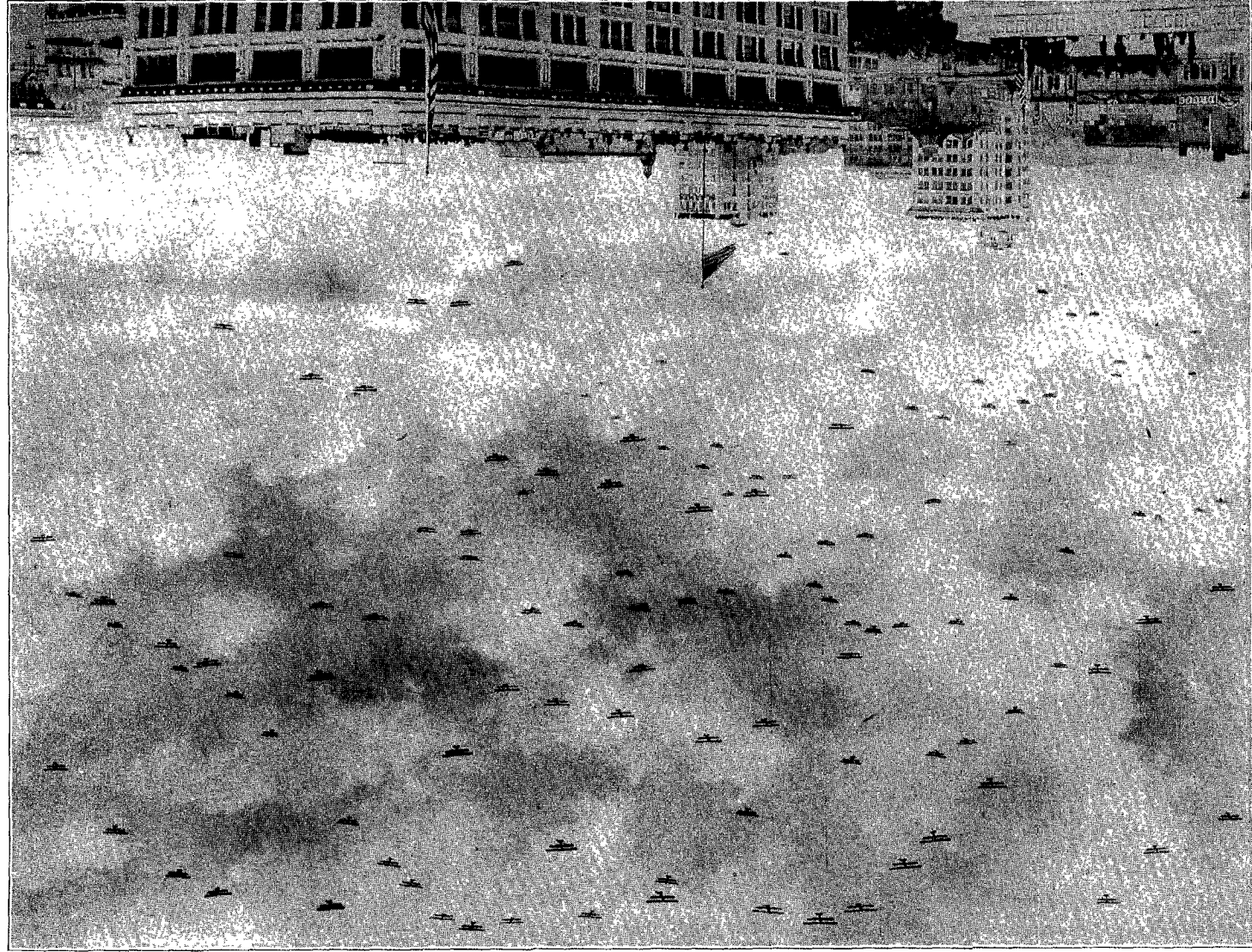
the last day and I had to start in the public school at home I was blue and discouraged. I went that day but in the morning when the recess hour came I went down to the place where they went to get a drink and stood there with tears on my face. I tried to wash them away, yet they would come back and I turned my face, and said, "Lord, if you want me to go, open the way; if you do not, make me satisfied to remain here." Such a feeling of satisfaction came over me, and, although I was but fourteen years of age, I knew that the Lord had answered my prayer. When I went home I found my mother weeping by the window, and I asked her what the trouble was. She told me it made her so sad when she saw how much I wanted to go to the academy. I said, "I settled that with the Lord. If He wants me to go yet He will open the way; if He does not, I will stay here."

As we stood there talking the man who lived upstairs came in and said that he wished we would come upstairs after supper as he wanted to talk to us. After supper we went upstairs and after we had been there a little while he asked, "Did you ever hear of South Lancaster Academy?" I spoke up, "Yes, that is the place I have been trying to earn money to go to." He said, "Well, about three weeks ago I received a letter from the principal of the school asking if I would not be willing to give a sum sufficient to send a student there this year. I gave the letter but little thought, but this morning about the middle of the forenoon the thought came to me, 'You ought to do something about that letter.'" It was in the middle of the forenoon that I was praying to God. He said, "I believe I ought to send someone to the school. Are you willing that the boy should go?" My father told him that I had been praying that I might go. He said, "Come here," and I went over by his side and he wrote me a check for \$100.00 and said, "The Lord go with you."

### GOOD, READ IT AGAIN

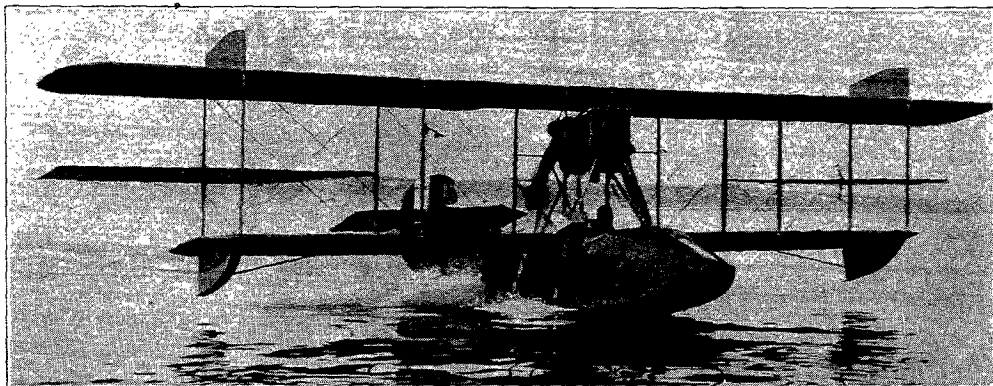
A Prisoner in Wethersfield, Conn.

"Please send me some reading matter. I am very fond of reading. I have read my Bible through three or four times and I find it very interesting. I am praying every night and morning that God will help me each day."



The Rockwell Field Aviators at San Diego, Cal., Celebrating Peace, Nov. 27, 1918.





## Air Conquest Fulfilling God's Word

Mary W. Paulson, M. D.

**L**OOK at those flying machines! Over two hundred in the air at one time. They look like so many great birds and, indeed, as you watch them they behave like birds. The accompanying picture represents what actually took place November 27, 1918, over San Diego, at the time of celebrating peace in this country. It was the writer's privilege to recently visit the Rockwell Aviation Field at Coronado Beach, San Diego, Calif.

This field was established for war purposes, but it is now being made a permanent training camp and at present there are between four and five hundred machines and about 1,500 men stationed there. One stood in amazement as they saw the large number of machines which are being successfully used today in air travel. Some were airplanes and some were sea planes or hydroplanes. The rapidity with which they could travel through the air or on the water was almost unbelievable, some of the machines going at the rate of 135 miles per hour.

The hydroplane will be flying through the air like a bird and as you watch it will suddenly begin to drop toward the water and soon it will touch and light on the water as easily as a bird would light, and after going on the water for some distance, as you see one plane doing in the accompanying picture, it would easily begin to rise in the air again and fly away.

Certainly we are living in an age of great and marvelous inventions and accomplishments. We are living in a time spoken of by

Daniel the Prophet—the time of the end: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Dan. 12:4. Never was there such a time of rapid transit as now and all perfected in a few short years. These things are all significant. The world is rapidly being prepared for the last great conflict between good and evil—the last great battle of the nations.

We should individually stop and think and determine in which army we are, that of our Heavenly King and loving Redeemer or in the army of the deceiver of nations who will finally be cast into the bottomless pit, and shut up, and a seal set upon him that he should deceive the nations no more. (Rev. 20:3.)

If we have joined the army of God, then we will be ready for this great experience.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21:3, 4.

Friends, will it not be worth the while, and do you not want to make the effort to be among that number who shall inherit that new world where "there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him." Rev. 22:3.

## Visiting Japanese Fisherfolk

Caroline Louise Clough

WHILE in Long Beach, Calif., this winter I visited the great Los Angeles Harbor at San Pedro, only seven miles west on the ocean from Long Beach, and I saw in the distance the island on which the fisherfolk live. I wondered if conditions there were similar to what we find among the poor in Chicago and if any one had carried the gospel to them, and I longed to get in among them and take them *THE LIFE BOAT*. I soon learned that they were all Japanese people and that some of our missionaries had visited

which were, in the main, one story frame cottages packed together even more closely than tents at camp meeting.

Mrs. Cary approached the door of one house, and, instead of knocking in the American fashion, she stood by the screen, and said: "Go-men-na-sa-i," which in English meant, "I beg your pardon." A voice responded from within, and soon we were inside and in fact at the rear of the house, where we found the husband and father playing with the children. The conversation was in



A Good View of the Homes on the Island. Notice the Large Fish Nets on the Porch at Left.

them with Japanese literature. A dear woman, Mrs. Cary, who had spent three years as a missionary in Japan and could talk the language, was found and she gladly consented to go with me and spend the day among these simple fisherfolk.

Brother Somers took us in his automobile down to the wharf, where we crossed in a ferry to the island. We stopped a few minutes in a little shed to see the men cleaning and packing sardines. We sold the Japanese *Signs of the Times*, then went on to the homes

Japanese, but soon Mrs. Cary said, "He wants to subscribe for *THE LIFE BOAT* for a year." And the man seemed pleased that we had called. A little farther on a wealthy Japanese drove up in his automobile. His home was two hundred miles away. He was just then about to return with his family, who had been visiting on the island. He gladly gave us his subscription, not only for *THE LIFE BOAT* but also for the Japanese *Signs of the Times* and we learned that he and his entire family were Christian people. We were



glad indeed to have THE LIFE BOAT visit his home for a year. A little further on we met a Buddhist, who very promptly give us his subscription for THE LIFE BOAT. As we traveled on through the island we were met with kindness and courtesy everywhere.

The homes, while many of them were plain, were invariably clean. The women were dressed neatly and seemed very happy with their children and babies. The men had their large nets spread out in the open spaces and were carefully mending them while others were making new nets. The fishing was done

Training station and submarine base. Here we found some signs of poverty, but the women were neat and happy in their work; in fact, they were having a real frolic, bringing fish up from the cannery below, a task that would baffle the average American girl. We watched them climb up the bluff at least two hundred feet or more with a washtub full of fish hung on a pole carried by two of them and each with a large bucket of fish besides. They appeared at the top with rosy cheeks and smiling faces and with a nod of the head and a twinkle in the eye they passed on with



Mending Their Nets

mostly at night or in the early morning. I saw no sign of dissipation or vice. On the other hand, there seemed to be a desire to read and improve the mind. Men who could not read English themselves would speak of a son or a daughter who could read it and gladly took the magazine for them.

The large fishing boats were unloading at the wharf and the men standing knee deep in fish while scooping them out into carriers which took them right into the packing house, where they were taken care of at once.

In the afternoon we visited another settlement of Japanese fisherfolk on the bluff of the mainland overlooking the great Naval

their load. They had splendid physiques and evidently good strong backs.

We also saw here a Japanese bath tub which consisted of a large wooden tank with the flue passing through it below, in which a fire was made to heat the water. We were told that when once the bath was prepared the entire community bathe in the same water. We would have liked to have spent more time with these interesting people. Their hearts are open to the truth and they would surely welcome the services of a Christian teacher among them.

Brother and Sister Cary have taken many subscriptions right among these people. The

Lord is blessing them. When they first went to Japan Brother Cary learned a brief canvass for the Japanese magazine. He would say, "Go-men-na-sa-i, Ko-re wa tai-so yu-e-ki-na zas-shi de go-zai-masu. Do-zo kat-te yonde ku-da-sa-i. I-sat-su wo go-sen. Ar-i-gat-to." Which in English means, "Pardon me, this is a very valuable magazine. Please buy and read it. One copy five cents. Thank you."

With this little knowledge of the Japanese language and without understanding anything that was said to him in response, Brother Cary sold 2,517 papers in 159 hours and over 5,000 copies in less than a year.

These Japanese people seemed really honored that Americans would give them some attention. The harvest field truly is ripe and there is room enough for all to labor.



Some of the Children of the Island

## Who is to Blame?

Maud Wilson Cobb

EVERY few days for a month I have talked to one or more men or women on the subject of rescue work. Many opinions have been expressed. One young girl while talking of the work said, "I do not see how in the world a girl can go wrong. Of course, I have always had a good home and my mother and father have protected me. Since I finished school I have worked away from home and I have never been tempted to go wrong. It seems to me a girl should know that she would have to pay the cost some day. Of course, if a girl has no home or parents she might be persuaded to step from the path of right, but then she ought to have common sense enough to protect herself."

A mother said, "If my girl should betray the trust I have in her I would never let her come home again." A father said, "If my girl should go wrong, I would not even look at her should she die." A brother said, "No need of a home for girls. They make their own trouble and should pay for it."

How little one knows what they would

do if trouble should come to their door!

A letter has just reached me from a poor girl in a nearby town. She writes, "Oh, Mrs. Cobb, tell me, can I come to the Home? I have nowhere to go, only a little money. I am deserted and alone; my stepfather will not let me stay home. My poor little mother is heart-broken. Last night my stepfather quarreled with my mother and attempted to strike her with a poker. I ran between them and he struck me twice with a heavy iron poker. I am now with a neighbor until you say I can come. I have never been away from home. Will you meet me in Chicago? I do not want to get into any more trouble. Oh, Mrs. Cobb, how different I thought it would be; I thought by this time I would be in a home of my own, but now I wish I were dead. Will I ever believe any one again? Can confidence be restored, when once destroyed?"

How glad I was to send a telegram to this little girl and tell her we would welcome her to our home. I know it will be the same story: "I did not obey my mother nor give

her my confidence," or "I did not realize the cost." Nearly every girl will tell me she did not pray for guidance.

A neighbor of a friend of mine just ran in to tell me that her husband had just been called to buy a piece of property. The family who have placed their little home for sale are leaving to live where they are not known, for their daughter has brought sorrow to their home. She is an only child, very childish, never was away from home but one night in her life before. I wonder if she was warned not to talk to strangers nor accept candy or drink from the hands of a stranger. Just today I saw a stranger offer a young woman whom he did not know a stick of chewing gum. She was shocked and turned her head. He then invited her to a picture show. She at this point left the car. The story might have been a different one had she accepted either offer. All girls and women should shun conversation with strangers in public places.

I have just heard of two young girls traveling from Chicago to an Ohio town during the summer. They tried to get some water to drink from a water tank in the depot; it was out of order, but some strange man told them to come with him to the rear of a building nearby where was a tank of ice water. The

girls started with him and found the steps led to a cellar that was dark. They refused to go and the man tried to assure them it was all right, but their better judgment said, "No." Mothers must warn their daughters to be careful, a world of trouble will be avoided and many hearts saved from sorrow.

#### Lifting Up Christ

Christ said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." John 12:32. What a privilege we have to lift up Christ. Every day we can find something to do. Mothers in their homes can kneel by their children's side, their babies, and teach them to lisp a simple prayer. When we meet the beggar, cold and blue, and often blind, we can by showing Christ's spirit often bring a smile to his face. The Son of God was lifted up by a Magdalene when she stooped and touched the hem of His garment, and He told her to go and sin no more. The soldiers on the battle field lifted up Christ when they gave up their lives for their homes and loved ones to shield them from harm. So all about us we can lift Him up.

Today in our Home we have ten girls whose hearts are sad and eyes dull with weeping. What more can we do than encourage them with the truth that He "saved to the utter-



Our Home Babies Are Growing Up. Three Views of One of Our Babies Placed in a Western Home

most," and if they will give Him their lives that is all He will ask; but He wants all.

One day my daughter, whom I loved dearly

out you seeing it." I said, "my child, it is very beautiful, but how I missed you, I want you more than anything else." So with Jesus, He



This Baby Is Boarding While Its Mother Is Struggling to Support It

and wanted her by my side, seemed to want to be alone and often left me. After a few weeks she came to me with a picture she had painted and said, "this is for you, mother, and how hard it was for me to finish it with-



Miss Bossert, the Nurse, with One of Our Latest Arrivals

does not want us to leave Him out of our lives even for a little time.

The girls who are with us today realize they left their mothers and their Saviour and caused them both to grieve. When grief will turn a mother's hair snow white over



The Front Entrance to Our Home, Showing Mother Case and Miss Post, a Senior Nurse

night because of being deceived, how must the Saviour feel who gave His life?

In our Home we lift Him up before the many who come. Today we have girls reading the Bible and rejoicing in its truth. Today in our family worship it was good to hear them pray. The friends who help us maintain our Home are lifting up the Son of Man daily. It is good to have a part in this great work of soul-winning.

On our return to the Home after several



Only Fourteen Months Old, Yet She Walks and Talks, and a Home Baby, Too

weeks spent in Akron, Ohio, we found that Mother Case had taken splendid care of the Home and the girls. The dining room, kitchen and pantry had been newly painted and the house was clean throughout and our girls were happy.

### A WORD FROM THE HOME GIRLS

We are a happy family of thirteen. Our nursery includes two baby boys and two baby girls.

Occasionally we have a Bible study in the afternoon, then we enjoy the evening by singing in the parlor. We are very fortunate to have good musicians and vocalists.

We appreciate our home. We try to keep it in the best condition. The managers of our home have been trying for some time to get enough money to paint the inside of our home, now a new coat of paint has made our halls, dining room and kitchen and pantries look fresh and new, also our wood work has been varnished. We are making an effort to make it a real home instead of an institution.

Last week we were made happy by seeing one of our family made happy in marriage in our parlor. She has been with us for five months and is soon to leave us for her own home. We know from the spirit she has shown during her stay with us her home will be a Christian one. Last Sabbath Mrs. S. N. Haskell visited the home and gave a Bible study, at the close of which each girl testified of the love of God.

### "WHAT IS THAT IN THY HAND?"

MAUD MERO DOOLITTLE

Are you using your God-given talents  
 To strengthen the good in this land?  
 Are you hearing and heeding His question,  
 "What is that that thou hast in thy hand?"  
 Your sweet song might be reaching and cheering  
 The hearts of the world's weary men—  
 Or perhaps your kind words, fitly spoken,  
 Might brighten some pathway again.

Just a few have the gift of expressing  
 The song that lies deep in the heart,  
 Just a few can in eloquent language,  
 A wonderful message impart;  
 But, the humblest of God's human creatures,  
 Each woman, each child, and each man  
 Is fulfilling, or holding in hiding  
 Some part in the Maker's great plan.

Just the touch of your hand on a shoulder  
 That's bent with the weight of life's we,  
 Might be giving a measure of comfort  
 That no heart but yours can bestow;  
 Go and bless, with the blessings God gave you—  
 Go learn that your talent though small  
 Gathers weight when 'tis fully expressing  
 Your precious response to God's call.

### A NARROW ESCAPE

H. E. SAWYER-HOPKINS

While living at Battle Creek, Mich., I made it a point to occasionally drive out with my horse and carriage and give some one a ride who had no way of getting out.

One time as I was returning home and about to pass through town, I came to a place in the road where there was a large building being moved; it took up nearly the whole road, only leaving space enough, by very close management, for two teams to pass. On reaching the side of the house I discovered a large runaway team running towards us. For a moment it seemed as though our end had surely come for there seemingly was no way of escape. I had only time to dart a prayer upward for Divine help and drive my horse close to the high sidewalk, when along came this frightened fiery team just missing the wheels of my buggy and no more.

People passing along on their way home to dinner said they expected to see us all torn to pieces. Many times since, this remarkable deliverance has strengthened my faith in the guardianship of the angels.

### FOUND CHRIST IN AN HOUR OF DISCOURAGEMENT

MILDRED IMSCHWEILER

To me, jail work is one of the most interesting lines of missionary work I have ever found. One seldom if ever comes in contact with the same person twice. The last month that I have been going to the services I have had some blessed experiences as well as definite answers to prayer. I could not begin to tell all, but will try and give you a glimpse of a few of the things that we see. We find well-dressed men as well as poorly dressed. Very well do I remember an experience of one young man.

One of the young men that was with us at this meeting had himself at one time been behind prison bars, but through some kind people coming and singing like we are accustomed to do, he accepted Christ as his Saviour and when he got out of the jail he decided to stick close to him, and now it has been four years and he still has Jesus as his companion.

This same gentleman spoke to the prisoners and when he was through a young man

stepped up to the bars and said he wanted to take his stand for Christ, and just as soon as he got out he was going to go straight. He told us that he had been discouraged and tried to take his own life. On questioning the chief we found that his story was true and so the young man in our company got permission to speak to him and now he has a good job and is rejoicing in the Lord and thanks the Lord that he was ever behind prison bars. This is only one of the many incidents I might relate.

We have ever so many say to us every Sunday, "You people surely are doing a good work." I want to live closer to God than I ever have before, and I will try and make good with His help. I am reminded of the scripture that says, "With God all things are possible." We ask an interest in your prayers that we may continue faithful in giving the gospel to those behind prison bars. Read Matt. 25:34-36.

### BEEN REJOICING EVER SINCE

(From the Dannemora, N. Y., Penitentiary)

"I have not forgotten your nice Christian letter to me five years ago when you told me what Jesus Christ could do for me. That letter touched my heart so that I have been rejoicing ever since. Oh how I can praise God for the spirit that was in that letter! I thank God I am a new man in Christ Jesus. All my faith is in God. He has been keeping me all these long years in prison.

"I have now been in prison ten years and seven months; I have a good prison record, and God knows that is long enough. A man in prison so long, learns a good many lessons that he will never forget. I hope God will let me out soon where I can be of good service to Him. You told me about the Bible. I would like to have one and I know that some day I can pay you for all your kindness. If you send me one I shall take it out with me when I go.

"What Jesus has showed me I want to show others, dear ones that are doing wrong. It is very easy to pick up the cross and follow Him; God is love. I thank God for all, and trust all to him."

A thimbleful of really good, first-class Christian living is worth a world full of theory.

**WORKING WITH GOD**

CLARA NISSEN

Since coming to Hinsdale I have had the opportunity of attending jail service and I certainly think it a wonderful work that is being carried on there each Sunday morning.

It touches my heart, as I step inside of the police station doors, to think of the many poor souls that are brought there who have never heard the blessed message of our Saviour who died for us that we might be saved and have everlasting life. Sometimes it seems all in vain that we tell these poor souls of the love of God, but we know if we do our duty the Lord will take care of the rest and many a heart has been changed and decisions have been made to live a better life.

One Sunday morning while having services there, a young man came in and began to sing with us. After singing Mrs. Cobb asked him to talk to the men, and so he did. He told of his experience behind the bars, that while he was there someone came in and sang and told him of God's love and care for his children and from that time he decided to live a better life, and ever since then he has, by the Lord's help, been a Christian. So it is with all of us. We all have to go through certain experiences before we will acknowledge the love of Christ and receive him as our Saviour.

God is no respecter of persons. Those behind the bars are just as dear to him as those on the outside. May we all do our part to spread the glad Tidings.

**STARTING NEW JAIL SERVICES**

MAUD WILSON COBB

While in Akron, Ohio, a few weeks ago jail meetings were conducted by the writer in the county jail. This jail during the month cared for 250 prisoners, many of whom were boys. The jail is built in sections and we could only talk to about twenty men at a time. During an hour's visit forty-nine men bowed their heads in prayer. Brother Metcalf of the Akron church and Brother and Sister King of the same church helped with the meetings and will continue to hold meetings each Sunday morning with help from the church. An organ has now been sent from Chicago, purchased by those interested in this work, also LIFE BOATS will be used each Sunday, as the sheriff is well pleased with our little prison paper and knows it will be welcomed by the prisoners.

The writer found Pat Hutchinson, the sheriff, a very generous broad-minded man who treated all the prisoners in a kind Christian manner. All seemed pleased to see him enter the jail. He showed every consideration to our work and enjoyed our services and gave us all the help he could and promised us his aid at any time. He told us he had to go to Columbus, Ohio, to see two men electrocuted on the 21st of February and was sorry, but they had to pay the penalty. They had been confined for a time in the county jail.

He told us the jail had cared for twenty-five women and forty children, eighteen insane cases, more men than women, sixty misdemeanors and one hundred and ninety felony cases. Twenty-five were sent to work-house, seventy-five people sent to the Marsfield Reformatory.

Already in this work over two hundred men, women and children have knelt and prayed and confessed to God and asked for pardon. Christ is good to allow us even a small part in this work.

**LIKE HIM**

R. HARE

The Christ of glory walked earth's shaded path,  
And stayed a little while to teach men how to pray.  
Self was forgotten in that boundless love,  
That stooped to touch the hapless sons of clay.

Sweet childhood shared His smile, His fond caress,  
And hungry multitudes, all satisfied with bread,  
Arose to bless the Giver of all good—  
The One whose life such benedictions shed.

The lilies blossomed, and He gave them speech,  
The twittering sparrows shared His mind, His  
thoughtful care:  
He loaned a voice to sun and stars and stream,  
For with Him nature's every form was fair.

The leper passed, with covered lip, the cry  
That reached the heart divine, by man unheard,  
unseen,  
And from the storehouse of a love untold,  
There came the living mandate, "Be thou clean!"

Death, shrouded in its clay and chilled to stone,  
Thrice heard the voice whose whisper hushed the  
angry storm;  
And bending sickness touched His garment hem,  
Then stood among the fair, a god-like form.

O wondrous life, so calm, so sweet, so true,  
Help me to follow and in kindness ever plan  
To fill the cup with self-forgetful joy,  
That life would offer to its fellow man.

### A LIFE BOAT TELLS OF ITS VISIT TO JAIL

"On Sunday morning, March 16th, at 7:40, tucked away in a suit case, I started for Chicago to visit the Clark Street Jail. By 9 o'clock I arrived at the jail door, with the workers from the Hinsdale Sanitarium. We were met by Brother Townsend, home missionary secretary of the Chicago Conference. Brother Townsend modestly stated it was his first experience in visiting a jail and would appreciate listening and would not talk or lead out in the meetings. We all entered the elevator and up to the third floor we started. We were gladly greeted by the elevator man, also the engineer and sergeant and other officers and welcomed most heartily.

"We then went into a little room set apart for our convenience where the workers put away their wraps, selecting some songs to sing, had a season of prayer, took the folding organ and down to the first floor cells we started. At the door stood Sister Abrams, one of our oldest jail workers, with her smiling face, by her side stood good natured John Hicks with a broad smile, next came our friends Mr. Carlson and Mr. Jackson.

#### How Jackson Came to Himself

"It may be you would like to know something about Brethren Hicks and Jackson. As it is no secret, I might say that eight weeks ago today Mr. Jackson lay on a bench in this very same jail, sick and pale, penniless and hope all gone, the sergeant told one of the workers to talk personally to Jackson for he had tried to kill himself the day before. They had no charge against him except to hold him so that he would not commit suicide. Jackson's heart was reached by the Spirit of God, he gave up trying to save himself, Christ did the rest. Today Jackson holds a good position, is trusted, draws nearly a hundred dollars a month salary, is dressed clean and had helped to hold three services in the Dan Batey's Mission and today was ready to stand in front of the cell where he was converted and tell the story of Jesus.

#### The Method Worked

"Mr. Hicks came to tell the men in the cells how he too was an outcast from home and the only profession he had ever had was to make the best moonshine whisky ever made in old Kentucky. He had spent years in dif-

ferent prisons, and seven years ago while sitting in a corner in one of the cells in this jail awaiting the morrow when the judge would say 'Fourteen years for you, Hicks,' he listened this Sunday morning to the songs and heard the Life Boat workers plead for men to bow in a word of prayer. He knew the penalty for the crime he had committed. He knew his picture would be put in the 'Rogues' Gallery' and his thumb prints would be compared with others and he also knew that he would have to answer for other crimes that he had committed and was being hunted for at that time. He began to think, 'I have tried everything else in the world, I have been around the world twice in my wanderings, and now I will try their method, it cannot be worse than what I have tried.'

"The next day when taken to the Bridewell or county jail he gave his heart to God, he trusted Him. Hicks was pardoned, his sentence suspended, now his whole life is devoted to prison work. His wife and little boy have a good home and are praising the Lord for a good father. Hicks is on a journey now to put a New Testament in the hands of every man in jail or prison.

#### How the Meetings Were Conducted

"I might go on and tell my readers how the meetings were conducted. Songs were sung; then a gospel talk to the boys given by a mother who pictured the love of their mothers. For many years in jails and prisons she had looked at the men through the eyes of a mother, she tried to see them as their own mothers would look at them, and she could only see poor misguided wrecks seeking some port to anchor. She told them their anchor would not hold unless it was grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love, and that the folks who had come there to hold service were letting the lower lights burn to guide them safely home. Any storm-tossed soul had the privilege right then of taking hold of the Life-line and thus stop drifting away farther and farther from home and God.

"Many young boys had been arrested during Saturday night. Tears streamed down the faces of several boys and they cried out, 'pray for me.' Fifteen men bowed their heads while Brother Townsend prayed for their souls. As they arose to their feet and lifted their heads, they sang in one chorus:



“Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,  
Anywhere He leads me in this world below.’

“The other workers had prayed with certain boys, one kneeling on the outside of the cell and the other on the inside. After a good-bye had been said, we were taken to the cells on the other side of the jail. There men gave their hearts to God after Brother Townsend had read different parts of the scripture and explained to the men why he was a Christian. One man said, ‘By the faith of Jesus I will try this new way. I am so tired of sin.’ Would not some mother’s heart rejoice if that lost boy cast his anchor on the Lord’s side? He who never lost a battle.

“After each one had given a testimony for Jesus many LIFE BOATS, not including myself, were put in the hands of the men in the cells, and also New Testaments were given to each man. After this the jailors and officers bid us all good-bye and said, ‘Come back next Sunday.’ We were then taken a few blocks from the jail to the old Pacific Garden Mission, where the praises of God were being sung and many men from jail, gutter and slums, now clean and in their right minds, were testifying of His love for them and how glad they were that He had picked them up. Most of our jail workers stayed to pray with men converts, and I, the only Life Boat out of fifty, was carried back to Hinsdale, hoping yet to be placed in the hands of someone to whom I might tell the old, old story of Jesus and His Love.”

### SHORT TALK AT MORNING WORSHIP

#### The Spirit of Burning

J. G. LAMSON, CHAPLAIN

Our study this morning is on the fourth verse of the fourth chapter of Isaiah, which speaks of the spirit of burning and the spirit of judgment. I wish to consider further “the spirit of burning.”

In the second chapter of Hebrews we have the statement with regard to the Saviour himself as to what it meant to him. Last verse:

“For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.”

Now, the main argument I want out of that verse is that the suffering that the Saviour endured was the suffering due to temptation.

You know there are people who talk about the suffering of Christ and the only suffering that they think about is the suffering of Christ in the Garden. In pictures the suffering of Christ is always shown in the Garden, on the cross, or in carrying the cross and falling beneath it. That is not where the Saviour did the most of His suffering. What does this verse say? “For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.” Then there was a battle, there was a fight. The only difference between the Saviour and you and me is that in the Saviour’s disposition there was never any rising up to meet the temptation and welcome it. The Saviour was not subject to like passions as we are. He never became subject to any passion. I suppose if I should ask the average individual, “Was the Saviour subject to like passions as we are? they would say, “Why, yes.” The Saviour never became subject to any passion. The Saviour invariably was above it. The scripture speaks of the prophet Elias as a man subject to like passions as we are and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it did not rain, and he prayed again and it rained. That is all right. We say that a person is subject to passion, that he is subject to anger or to this or to that. We say that a person is subject to fits. That does not mean that he has them all the time. I say an individual is subject to fits of anger, but that does not mean that he is mad all the time.

There is no difference between the Saviour and us in that where He was tempted we are tempted and where we are tempted He was tempted. To say that the Saviour met these temptations without a tremor, without a battle, is to say that He was not tempted. I can go down a road and pass a man’s orchard and it is no temptation for me to climb over the fence to get an apple, and I can walk into a grocery store and find the cracker barrel open without the slightest temptation for me to reach in and take one. Yet you will find plenty of other individuals who go to a store and have not been there long until they have obtained a good sized bill of goods without paying for it. What is a temptation to one is not to another. There is the opportunity for it but the temptation is not there. I can go up to a counter where there are all kinds of whiskies and it is no temptation. It be-

comes a temptation when one has to make a fight against it. It becomes a battle or else it is not a temptation. When the Saviour was taken up into the mountain either that was a temptation or it was not. If it was a temptation then he had a battle to fight Satan, and I remember reading that it was a temptation.

You can follow His career all the way through. Was He tempted like as we are? Without any question. Was He tempted in regard to women? Without any question. The woman at the well. He knew her character and he knew her life. Those two sisters down there with Lazarus where he loved to go, but every solitary time that anything of that kind was suggested by Satan, it never met the very first reception of acceptance at all and when the opportunity came to sin He always resisted. Was He tempted to steal? Without any question. He was tempted in all points like as we are, but He never sinned. He never did those things He was tempted to do, but He was tempted in these points so as to be able to succor those who are tempted.

The fact that temptation comes to us is not sin, but the fact that we yield makes the sin; and the individual who is never tempted is dead. There is something the matter with the individual that does not have a battle to fight. The kind of character developed by the individual who has no battles to fight does not amount to much. It does not develop backbone. There are some people who have a backbone like an oyster. The oyster has a backbone, but it is on the outside and there are some people who have to have "surroundings" that are pretty stiff in order to get them to do or be anything straight. You put an oyster out by itself without its surrounding backbone and it is an oyster, but the Lord has made you and me with a backbone so we can stand up straight whether anybody else does or not. The individual who makes the excuse, "Everybody else does it," is an oyster. The individual that excuses himself for doing something he knows he ought not to do, will not develop good character. We do not need to develop a character like an

oyster. We want to develop a character that will stand straight whether anybody else does or not.

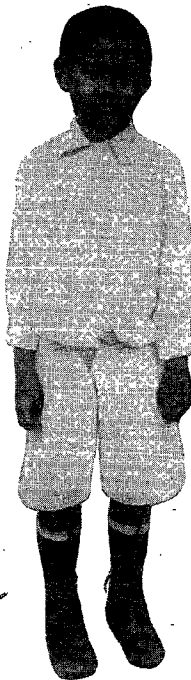
Now in order to develop character muscle it is necessary to exercise, and strength comes through the overcoming of resistance. That is true both physically and mentally and spiritually. The man who won't resist temptation till his back aches, so that he actually *suffers* in the conflict with evil, will never know what it means to "suffer with Him," and if we do not suffer with Him, it is certain that we will not "reign with Him." Of course, it "hurts" to stand right out and refuse to do the thing that our carnal heart is coaxing us to do, but that is the road to victory over sin, and we are purged and made clean by the "Spirit of Burning."

## THE GOSPEL POWER AMONG THE MOHAMMEDANS

PETRA TUNHEIM

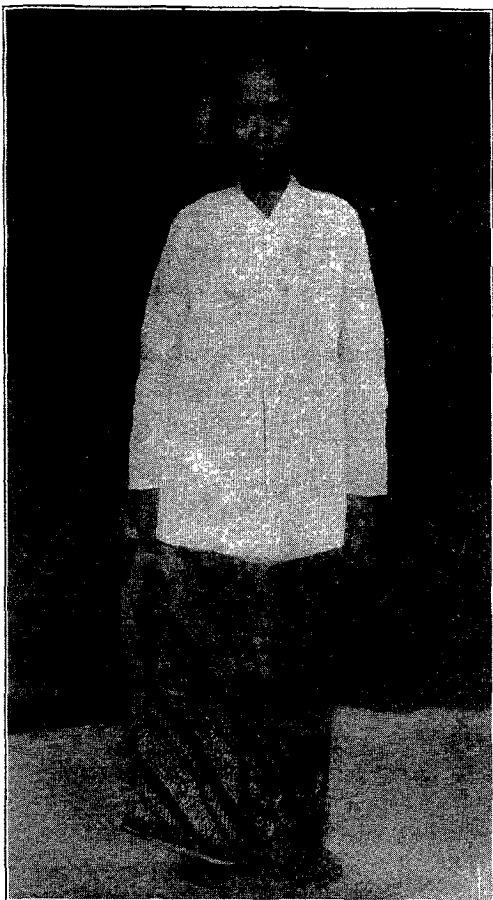
A few months ago another one of our Javanese men was baptized, Mas Addie, who was formerly a Mohammedan. This prominent man who has descended from the Royal family of Java, has taken hold of this Gospel message in a most earnest way. He is loyal and true in all points of the Bible doctrine, and he loves the Bible with all his heart. As this glorious light has been shining into his heart, and made him a new man in Christ Jesus, so it is now reflecting from him to hundreds of Mohammedans who are also sitting in darkness. Thus the Lord is working with His Holy Spirit among this people to soften their hearts for this last Gospel message, and is raising them up one by one to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the others.

Ati was the first Mohammedan woman to accept the truth in West Java some years ago. She has been the most faithful soul in obeying, and walking in all the light. Even though she cannot read, yet the Holy Spirit has impressed the truth upon her mind with such a clearness that she can tell it to the people, while she brings her little bag full of litera-



Minggoes

ture to sell to them. In this way she carries the precious message to very many homes where the people are seeking after light. She



Ati, the First Mohammedan Woman to Accept the Truth in Batavia, Java

gives them a definite message, saying, "Almost, almost, almost time for our Saviour's return, as all the signs have been fulfilled, and you must now give your heart to God and be

converted, so that you may have the joy of entering that glorious home in Heaven."

Minggoes was the first Mohammedan child, whose parents were baptized a few years ago. He is eight years old and he loves to be in his Sabbath school class to listen to the interesting Bible stories, of which he can tell quite a number. It is the seed sown early in these little young hearts that will spring up and bear fruit to eternal life. Some day we shall see many of these little dark skinned children shining in the Kingdom of God, and become royal diadems in the Crown of the King of kings and Lord of lords; glittering with an unchangeable lustre in that eternal bliss, throughout those eternal ages to come. Will it pay to use our means and strength to gather them in? "If one soul is worth more than the whole world," it will surely pay.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccl. 11:6.

#### DO IT NOW

R. HARE

There is a little wicked foe-man,  
Raiding all beneath the sky,  
Spoiling all our best endeavors,  
And his name is "Bye and Bye."

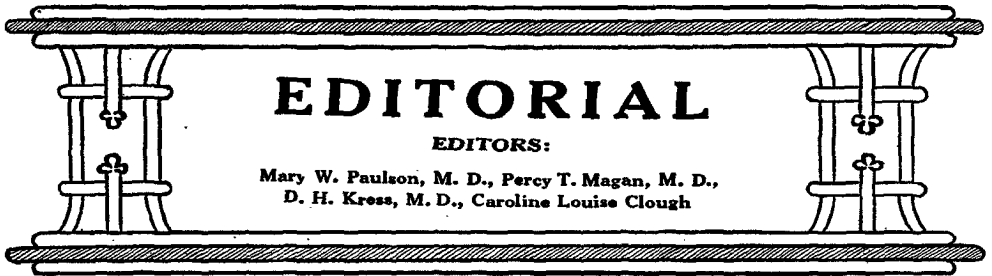
When the face of duty meets us,  
And we hear its earnest cry,  
Close beside we catch the whisper,  
Of that little "Bye and Bye."

True, its voice is like the siren,  
Charming as the zephyr's sigh,  
But its very breath is treason,  
'Tis a deadly "Bye and Bye."

Shun it in your high endeavor,  
Lest at last in grief you cry,  
'I have failed and life is empty,  
Through that little 'Bye and Bye!'"

#### REMEMBER THE PRISONERS

Many a poor unfortunate prisoner has found The Life Boat to be an inspiration to him. It has led him to confess his sins and turn to the Lord. A special prisoners' number will be issued in May, which will be sent to all the large prisons of this country. Do you want to help in this work? If so, send in your contributions early.



### MEETING OUR HINSDALE WORKERS IN THE WEST

Our LIFE BOAT readers come to know many of our Hinsdale nurses through reading of their experiences in city missionary work while taking their training, and no doubt often wonder what has become of them since their graduation.

While on the Pacific coast this winter we were given a warm reception by our former workers at practically every stopping place. We found the largest group of our nurses at the new White Memorial Hospital and Dispensary at Los Angeles.

We were told that eighteen thousand patients passed through this institution last year. These were people from the working class. Some of the workers also go out and visit in the homes, taking with them gospel literature.

Here are some sixteen Hinsdale workers. We would like to mention each by name and tell what each is doing if possible. Martha Borg was acting as superintendent of nurses of the hospital. Mrs. Theresa Arntzen-Johnston, Miss Dollie Tyrer, Miss Flora Champaign, Mary Strouf were nurses in the hospital. Miss May Stuyvesant had charge of the dispensary. Others connected with the institution were Miss Helen Meleen, Miss Lucille Mallory, Miss Cutler and Mr. Geo. Johnston.

At Paradise Valley Sanitarium we were delighted to find one of our graduates, Miss Eva Borden, located as dietitian. At the Boulder Sanitarium one of our recent graduates, Miss Carolyn Roberson, was matron of the ladies' bath room. There were others whom we met in different parts of California who were doing good work. We were glad to find scarcely without an exception those who had gone out from us were trying to be true to their

calling and to represent the work for which this institution stands, that of doing real helpful Christian service for needy humanity. It was a real inspiration to us to learn of the good work these workers are doing.

M. W. P. and C. L. C.

### AN OPPORTUNITY FOR TRAINING

There is still an opportunity for consecrated earnest young men and women to enter the medical missionary nurses' training school at the Hinsdale Sanitarium. The greatest inducement we can offer you for taking up this work is the many needs of humanity. The great majority of people we come in contact with need what you would be able to give them after taking this training. Could you make a more noble decision than to choose to do the work that would help to fill the world's need? The medical missionary has the opportunity of following more closely in the footsteps of Jesus while here on earth than any other class of workers.

This year's class will begin the first of July and we want you to think seriously now as to whether you wish to take up this line of work. If so, write us, please, at once, as we are now forming the class. Address, Dr. Mary Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

### TRUE PARTNERSHIP

There was a chaplain at the battle front who was given an important message to carry back to the lines. He started through the Argonne forest but soon a gas shell bursted before him and he was blinded. Continuing on as best he could he stumbled over a man in his path. He said, "Get up quick and help me through with this message." The man replied, "I cannot do it. Both my feet have been blown off."

Then the blind chaplain said, "You be eyes

for me and I will be feet for you. Get on my back and help me carry this message back to the lines." And they did it.

In God's sight we are all more or less crippled, but not all crippled in the same way. Hence, it is better in the Lord's work that the workers be associated together in such a way that one can be a strength to the other. Christ recognized that when he sent out His disciples two and two. More can be accomplished by a partnership of this kind, and the message will be carried "back to the lines," for shall not "one chase a thousand" while "two shall put ten thousand to flight?"

C. L. C.

### ARE YOU READING THE BOOK WHILE YOU CAN

The story is told of a young man who wandered away from his mother's Bible, neglected to read it and forgot its teachings. One day while blasting, something happened. He came to himself in a hospital, but his soul was in darkness, the light of the sun could nevermore penetrate his eyes. His eyes had not only been blown out but his arms were gone. He then began to think of his wayward career and his neglect to read God's word when he had opportunity. Now it was forever gone. He gave his heart to God and then longed to know God's word.

A Christian worker for the blind found him. She had the Bible in the Braille, raised type for the blind, but he had no fingers to trace over its pages. She thought of a little blind girl who had worn her fingers down so much by reading the Bible that the doctor said she could not use them for a month. As she kissed her dear old Bible good-by for a month she discovered that she could read the raised type by pressing her lips against it.

So this young man found a way of drinking in the wonderful truth of God's word.

The psalmist says: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Has it lighted your path through life? Or are you groping along in moral darkness not knowing of the great joy and blessing it will be to you? Why not make it your daily companion now while you can for the time may come when you, like the young man, may be deprived of its blessings.

C. L. C.

### HAVE YOU STOPPED GROWING?

While in our work of helping others not long ago we were asked to assist a very needy family. Something was wrong. The husband and father was profitably employed, yet the home and children showed every sign of poverty and neglect. The mother and wife was taken to a brain specialist and it was learned that she had the mind of a twelve-year-old child. In other words her mind had ceased growing at twelve years of age, yet there she was a woman, the mother of a large family, yet with no brains to care for them. It was not surprising that her children were finally taken away from her and she was placed in a public institution.

Did you ever see Christians that had stopped growing? They were born into the kingdom all right and as "new born babes," they desired "The sincere milk of the word," that they "may grow thereby" (1 Peter 2:2) but they soon ceased to *grow* in grace, and, as Jeremiah said, their "sins have withholden good things from" them. Jer. 5:25.

Some have many spiritual children who show every sign of neglect. Sooner or later they will be taken away from them. Haven't you seen members in the church, holding offices in the Sabbath school and the missionary society, who have stopped growing spiritually? I have. God pity that church, that Sabbath school or that missionary society with such a leader.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." Rom. 13:12.

C. L. C.

### THE VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN

Another Liberty Loan campaign is coming in April. The Government spent more money than it possessed to help bring the great war to a satisfactory termination. We are glad the war is over. Now every American citizen who is glad that we have peace today should help, as far as he can, to pay the cost of victory.

Heman Gifford, Federal Reserve Director of Liberty Loan Sales for Illinois, says:

"The issue will take the form of notes running not over five years, and probably bearing a higher rate of interest than previous loans. These notes, of course, will be obligations of

the United States Government and offer identically the same security as the bonds; in fact, there is hardly more than a verbal difference between them.

"The new notes will prove very attractive to investors and should, therefore, be far easier to sell than previous issues. It seems perfectly safe to assume that the patriotic spirit of the people will again respond to the Government's call. The money asked for has already been expended, and it had much to do with the early ending of the war and saved the lives of thousands of Illinois' bravest sons."

C. L. C.

### WE SAY "GOOD" TO THIS

"Rotary clubs throughout the country have been asked to aid in finding work for men released from penal institutions. Five thousand prisoners have been released in the United States since the close of the war and, according to the prisoners' relief society, many of them are without work. It is pointed out that the situation is serious and unless the business men of the country assist by employing ex-convicts these men will be forced to steal or starve.

"In a letter to the Rotary clubs it was stated that during the last six years through the prisoners' relief society 20,000 employers have opened their plants to men released from prison and that, of more than 10,000 men sent to positions, 95 per cent have proved worthy. The Rotarians were asked to use their influence to keep the doors open to men who have served prison sentences and who want an opportunity to prove their worth."

### NEWS HERE AND THERE

Mr. Ulric Jeffers, one of our Hinsdale graduates who is serving in the army reconstruction hospital near Pittsburgh, was home on furlough not long ago.

Mr. J. L. McConaughy, Pastor Wm. Guthrie and Prof. C. A. Russell of Berrien Springs, Mich., were recent visitors at Hinsdale.

We were fortunate to have Dr. E. J. Banks with us in Hinsdale, formerly American Consul to Bagdad, Field Director of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Chicago, who gave an interesting stereopticon lec-

ture on "A Thousand Miles Down the Tigris."

Dr. J. A. MacDonald, of Toronto, Canada, a returned missionary from Japan, is spending a few weeks at the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Miss Melanie Gretener, one of the Hinsdale senior nurses, has recently gone to Meeker, Okla., to spend a short time while regaining her health after a severe attack of the flu.

Julius Paulson, who has been absent from Hinsdale for a month or so on business in Old Mexico, has recently returned, also Dr. Mary Paulson and Mrs. C. L. Clough, who have been in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert M. Johnston have recently connected with the work in Hinsdale, also Mr. and Mrs. Rials from Orlando, Fla.

Mrs. Ethel Harrison and Miss Pearl Stiles, who are graduates of the 1918 nurses class, made a short visit at Hinsdale recently.

Mr. E. L. Vogel, of Wheaton, Ill., president of the state Gideons, was a visitor at Hinsdale recently.

Mrs. Lucy E. Taylor, of Berrien Springs, Mich., called recently while enroute to her parents in Arkansas.

Mr. C. Sparks, of Berrien Springs, Mich., was a recent visitor at Hinsdale.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ford have recently returned from South Carolina and are assisting with the work in Hinsdale.

Pastor and Mrs. S. N. Haskell, of Nashville, Tenn., spent a few days in Hinsdale. Their good Bible studies and talks were greatly appreciated by the Sanitarium family.

Dr. E. A. Richards and Lena M. Fletcher, of Streator, Ill., were recent callers at Hinsdale.

Mr. A. E. Sarber, of Claypool, Ind., visited his daughter in Hinsdale recently.

A farewell was given Monday night, March 3rd, for Mr. and Mrs. Archie Field, who left for Los Angeles, Calif. From there they soon expect to sail for Peru, S. A., to engage in medical missionary work among the Peruvian Indians. The Sanitarium presented them with a set of dishes for their new home in the high Andes.

**Write us the account of some interesting experiences that you are having in soul-winning work. It may be the means of encouraging others.**

**FROM OUR MAIL BAG**

"There was a stranger came here one evening. He did not stay but a few minutes. He said he was just out of prison. He said he was converted through reading THE LIFE BOAT while in prison."

The best time in the world to work for others is right NOW. Help somebody today, do the same thing tomorrow and the next day.

**MORE WORKERS NEEDED AT HINSDALE**

More workers are needed at Hinsdale to help in the domestic department, serving room work, washing dishes, waiting table, chamber work, etc. A splendid opportunity for young women desiring employment with chance for missionary opportunities and medical missionary preparatory training. There is an opening now for several strong young women. Earnest Christian workers preferred. Address at once the Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

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An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic, Health and Soul-Winning Work

Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the P. O. at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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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.

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Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.  
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The Life Boat magazine can be secured in quantities at wholesale rates from the following agencies in the city of Chicago:

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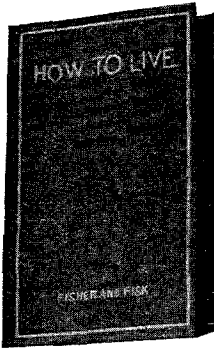
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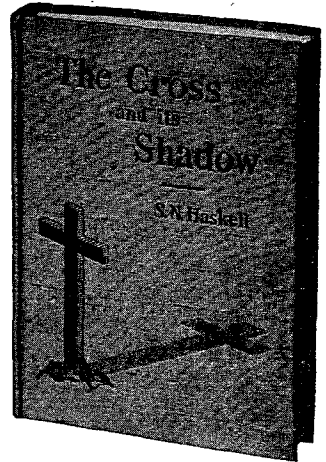
## "How to Live, or Rules for Healthful Living, Based on Modern Science"



By Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy, Yale University, and Dr. Eugene L. Fisk. Hon. William Howard Taft, formerly President of the United States, has written the foreword and in fact has edited the entire work. We quote the following from the Preface: "A sad commentary on the low health ideals which now exist is that to most people the expression 'to keep well' means no more than to keep out of a sick bed." This book has a splendid chapter on air, another one on food, another one on poisons, such as those due to constipation and those due to infected teeth, etc. A chapter on exercise, one on hygiene; a chapter containing the last word on alcohol and on tobacco, and how to avoid colds; signs of the increase of degenerate diseases, etc. By special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer this book as a premium for one new subscription and 50 cents additional. Induce some one to subscribe for The Life Boat the coming year and receive this most excellent book.

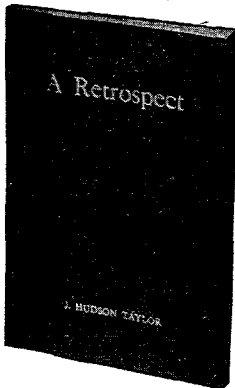
## The Cross and Its Shadow

A new book by S. N. Haskell. This book presents the whole Old Testament sanctuary service in a new and living setting. The sacrifice of Christ for us is beautifully portrayed on every page. This book is a marvelous inspiration to a holy life and should be in every home. It contains 388 pages, 50 chapters and 218 illustrations, and will be given absolutely free for only two subscriptions to The Life Boat and 25c extra for mailing. Take advantage of this offer while it lasts.



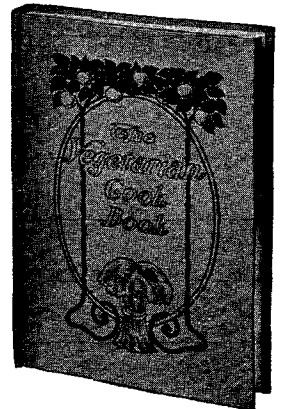
## A Retrospect

This book by J. Hudson Taylor is one of the most thrilling and inspiring books on the market today. We have sold nearly 4,000 of them. Should be read by every young person who desires to be of some use in the world. This red, paper-covered edition can be furnished with one subscription to The Life Boat at \$1.10.



## Pastor Hsi

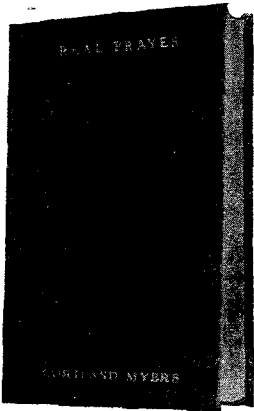
This charming book, "Pastor Hsi," by Mrs. Howard Taylor, daughter-in-law of the late J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, has found such a warm reception by The Life Boat readers everywhere that we are offering it again this year. The author gives in a most fascinating manner the remarkable story of the life work of Pastor Hsi, the man who, after his wonderful conversion from heathenism, founded more than forty medical missionary centers in the province of Shan-Si. His remarkable faith and power in prayer has brought his work to the attention of the entire Christian world today. This book is an inspiration, and you can have it by sending us one dollar for your subscription to The Life Boat for one year.



## The Vegetarian Cook Book

should be in every Life Boat reader's home. It is a splendid compilation of valuable recipes for a sane and sensible dietary. If you want to learn how to cook "for health and not for drunkenness" send us \$1.50 for The Life Boat for one year and this useful book. This is an unusual offer.





## Real Prayer

By Courtland Meyers. A most inspiring book on prayer. It will make you hungry for a personal experience in the power of prayer. This book will be sent you for only one subscription and twenty-five cents extra. Send us \$1.25 and receive The Life Boat for one whole year and this splendid book.

## A New Webster's Pocket Dictionary

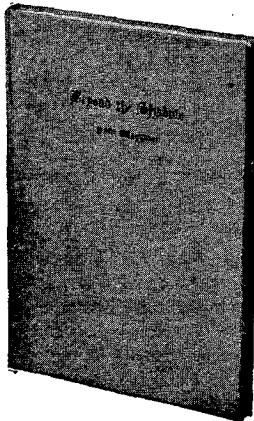


for only one subscription or renewal at one dollar. This book is really five books in one. It is not only a dictionary but a complete parliamentary manual, a rapid calculator, a compendium in business and social forms, a letter writer and literary guide, and a pronouncing and statistical gazetteer of the world. Everyone should possess a copy of this handy booklet; bound in morocco and stamped in gold.

## A Fountain Pen



for only one yearly subscription at one dollar and fifty cents extra. Every pen is guaranteed 14-carat solid gold and will do good service. This is your opportunity to receive a good fountain pen for fifty cents and only a few moments of your time in securing the subscription.



## Beyond the Shadow

Pearl Waggoner Howard, The Life Boat poet, has collected some of her best poems and published them in book form. The book contains ninety-six pages. We will send the cloth binding free with two subscriptions to The Life Boat at one dollar each or a paper-covered copy for only one subscription. Subscribe now —before you forget it.

## Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch

free with twelve yearly subscriptions and three dollars extra. This is a seven-jeweled watch, gold-filled, with a ten-year guaranteed case and beautiful design. We have placed hundreds of these watches where they are giving the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch. Send us twelve yearly subscriptions at one dollar each and three dollars extra and receive this watch.



# Are You Wearing a "Patricia"

## A SHIELD TO HEALTH

The PATRICIA GARMENT 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. 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 from 32 to 42 bust measure, made from the very best of materials and carefully shrunken before making. Price \$4.00. Write for further particulars and description of garment.

**"Once in possession means never without it."**

**"Just the Garment for health conservation."**

**"A splendid step in advance over corset wearing."**

### WHAT WOMEN SAY OF THE PATRICIA

"I received the PATRICIA and think it is just the garment for health."

"I wish I might have the pen of a ready writer to express my appreciation of the PATRICIA garment. I simply will never be without it. It is absolutely all I could wish in every way.

"For comfort, style, saving of time in dressing, saving in laundry—in fact I have never enjoyed any garment that has brought me so much pleasure. Once in possession means never without it."

"I have worn this garment now for five 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."

Address **THE PATRICIA GARMENT CO.,** Hinsdale, Ill.

# Liquid Paraffin

Stagnation of the bowels is the most common disorder among civilized nations and is perhaps by far the most common cause of our various chronic diseases. These diseases are not readily cured for the simple reason that the real cause is not removed. The laxative drug habit is the most common drug habit among mankind. Every remedy of this kind sooner or later loses its effect and, unfortunately, in every instance does the system more or less harm. Bulky food, plenty of green garden truck, and an abundance of fruit will relieve many of these cases. But some cases have such a tendency to hyperacidity and to intestinal irritation that the liberal use of these things actually seems to aggravate the condition.

Liquid Paraffin, or what we called White Russian Mineral Oil when we imported it from Russia before the war, seems to be a veritable godsend to thousands of these cases. Being a mineral oil 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 three or four times a day as may be necessary. It can be procured in any town, but by buying it in large quantities we are able to furnish it to our readers at about one-half the prevailing retail price.

### Prices

1 Pint .....	\$0.45	Shipping weight.....	2 lbs.
1 Quart .....	.75	Shipping weight.....	4 lbs.
2 Quarts .....	1.25	Shipping weight.....	6 lbs.
1 Gallon .....	2.00	Shipping weight.....	10 lbs.

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

Address **THE LIFE BOAT,** Hinsdale, Ill.

# THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



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

During the past eight years hundreds of girls have been sheltered in this Home. They have been carried through the saddest chapter of their lives. More than half the girls who come do not have a dollar, but they are received just the same.

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

## Are You Contemplating Making Your Will?

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

## Why Not Be Your Own Executor?

Give your property while you are alive, to the work that you desire and receive a fixed income or annuity on the same each year as long as you live. In this way you know that you property will not be frittered away from you so that you will have no support in your old age, and this annuity contract becomes immediately effective at your death. No one can change it in any manner.

In either case will you not generously remember the Life Boat Rescue Home?

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

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

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

Address: **The Life Boat Rescue Home** Hinsdale, Illinois

# VISIT HINSDALE FIRST



*The Main Building*

A suburb of Chicago—trains every few minutes—fifty trains a day.

Sixteen acres of virgin forests, fruit orchard, cottages, lawns, shady walks, lawn tennis court.

A work cure department.

Musical entertainments and lectures.

No experiments or medical fads. Common-sense, honest treatment.

Electric light, private telephones in each room, a beautiful outlook from every window.

**Endowed by Nature  
Equipped by Science**

*Do not go abroad for what you have at home. Were it possible for you to see Hinsdale as it is, you would come. So pleasant as to attract many guests who have no ailment. Patients are kept so busy getting well that they have practically no time to worry over their troubles. Pleasant, refined associates. Rates as low as ordinary hotel. Atmosphere delightfully different.*



*The Driveway*

Open air treatment, Swedish movements, hydrotherapy, electric light baths and electrical treatments, massage, scientific dietetics, sun baths, the work cure, and sensible health culture, cure thousands of invalids when ordinary means fail.

You will find any of these treatments not only beneficial but delightful and refreshing. We do not countenance routine of baths, the heroic reducing idea nor the starvation cure. Every case is decided on its own merits and treated accordingly. We rely on substantial, simple methods, offer all these features to be rationally enjoyed.



*The Main Parlor*

## Let Us Send You Our Booklet "Visit Hinsdale First"

It is completely descriptive and beautifully illustrated. Once you read this book and note the location, the charm of Hinsdale and the ability of this institution to benefit the sick, you will realize that we offer you every possible means of restoring your health and of becoming completely rested, among surroundings that are ideal. Write for booklet today. It is free. Address

**The Hinsdale Sanitarium**

Phone  
Hinsdale 645

**Hinsdale, Ill.**



*A Glimpse of the Lawn*