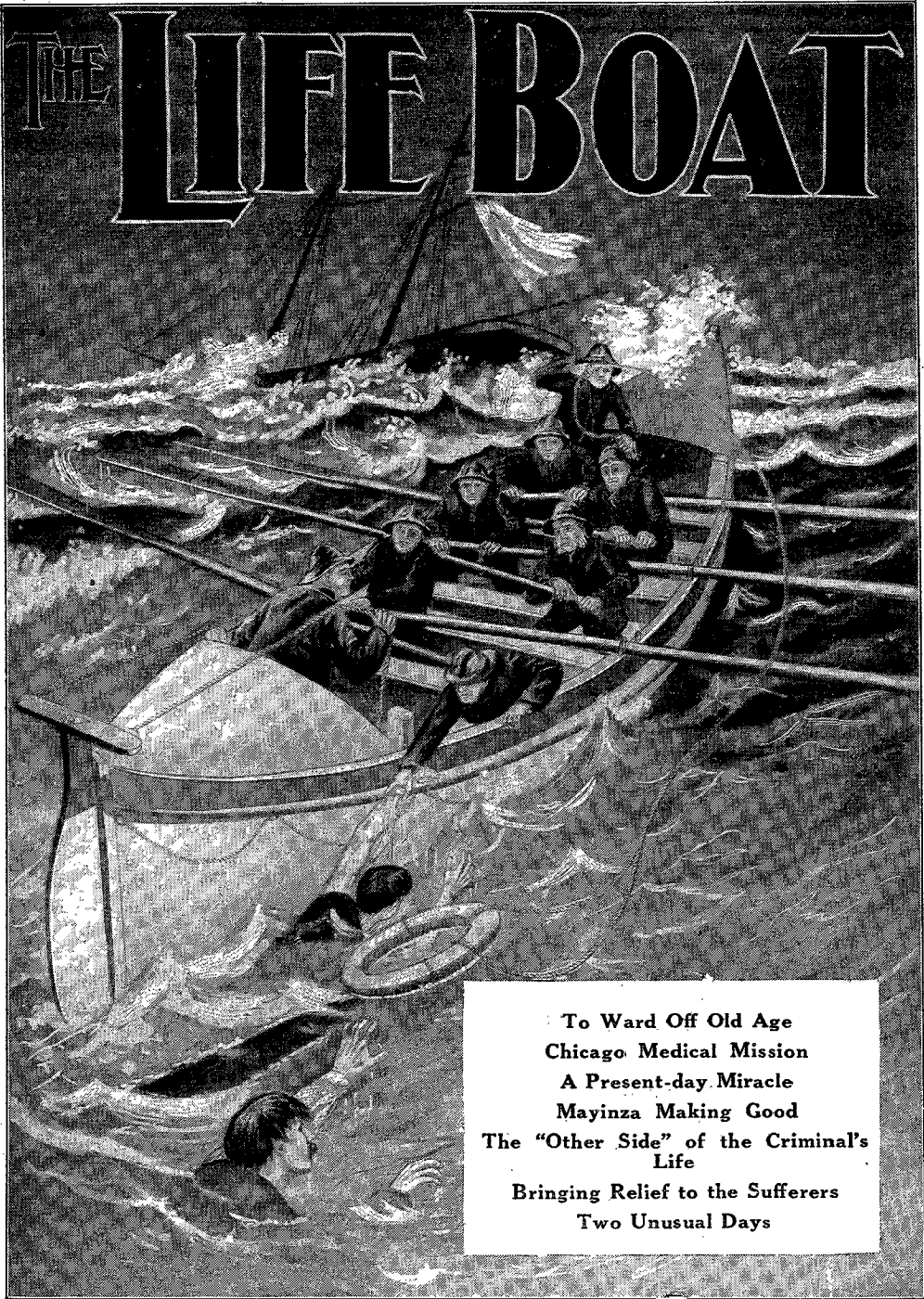


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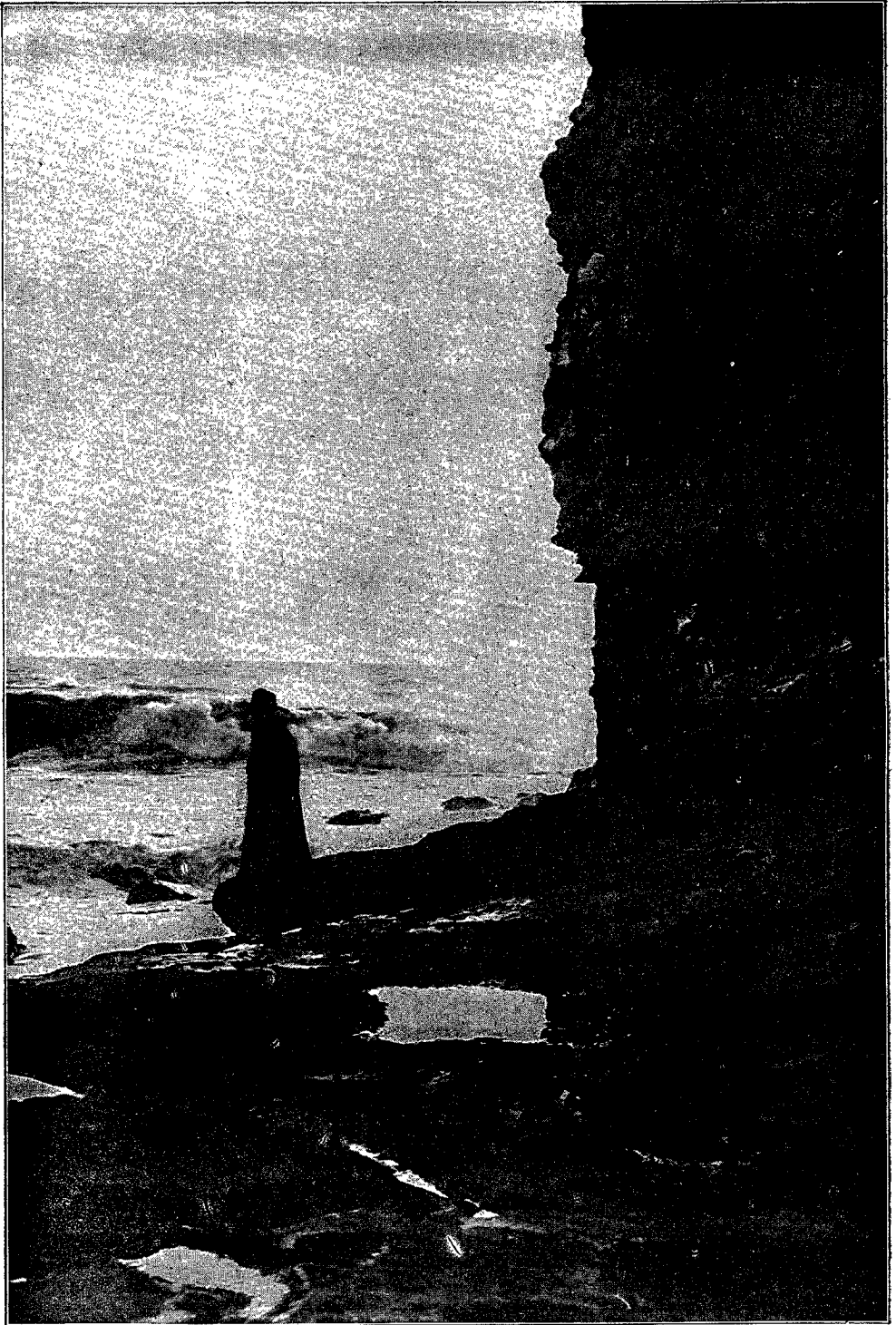
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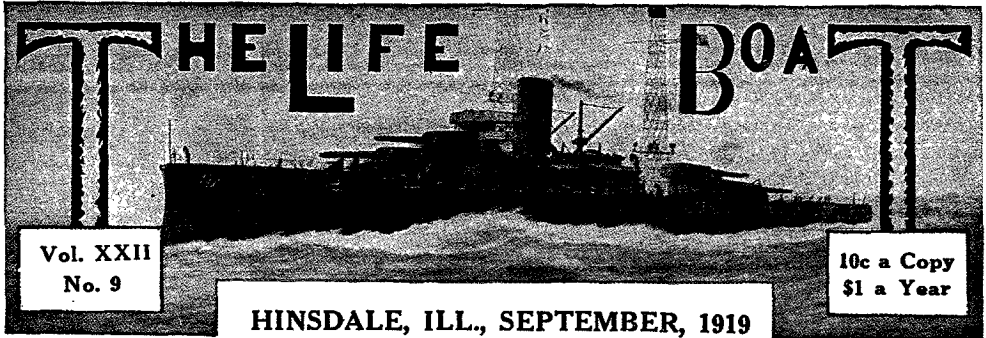


To Ward Off Old Age  
Chicago Medical Mission  
A Present-day Miracle  
Maynza Making Good  
The "Other Side" of the Criminal's  
Life  
Bringing Relief to the Sufferers  
Two Unusual Days

**The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations**



**“With Rocks, Unscalable and Roaring Waters”**



## TO WARD OFF OLD AGE

DR. WM. MCKEEVER

[Dr. McKeever is a well-known sociological writer. This article appeared in a recent number of *The Missouri Children's Home Finder*.—Ed.]

Begin now to prepare your child to ward off old age. One or two early faults in feeding or training, one or two easily deflected careless habits of living, may in time become the destructive agency which will make your child old and broken at 60, or 50, or even at 40. I have seen few men who had developed practically all the symptoms of old age at 30.

We owe it to the generation of boys and girls now among us to keep them young. We owe it to society and to the race to demonstrate our ability to keep ordinary many virile and fit up to an advanced age. Judging from the treasury of inheritance hidden within our common nature, and by acting together vigorously upon that knowledge in the use of available methods of treatment, we should be able to fill the country with romping rollicking 80-year-olds a few decades hence. Ninety should be a very common age, and the centenarians should be not a few.

"A man is as old as his arteries." Yes, and he is also as old as his liver, his intestines, his lungs, his teeth, his nerves and his brain. He is as old as his weakest organ, and a test of all the vital organs as they function together will give the index of his age.

The child which is fed daily upon a rich, heavy diet is doomed to age fast and to die before his time.

The child which from a one-sided or badly balanced diet develops early a torpid liver is surely on the way to rapid decay.

The child which is brought up soft and flabby muscled from want of exercise gradually becomes a victim of physical inertia; and never having developed his full capacity for

resistance of fatigue and disease, he comes before his time to a state of collapse.

The child which is not trained early in mental alertness, in a variety of ways of thinking and acting—such as a well-balanced daily life of play, recreation, study and manual industry can supply—this boy is destined to grow stiff in body and stupid in mind years before his inheritance would warrant such a regrettable fate. What is the answer, you ask, the secret of warding off old age for your child? There is no single, easy rule other than all-round watchfulness of the general situation. In general, old age is due to poison, some clogging of the system and a lingering of the waste products too long in the place where they are thrown out. Here, then, is the method for your child:

Moderate eating, reasonably light diet, not much of heavy protein materials.

Regular rigorous outdoor exercise, daily play, romping and running.

Fresh air in sleeping room, practice of deep breathing till the chest expands freely.

Keep the liver, the kidneys and the bowels in the habit of quickly eliminating their wastes. Have made a frequent physical examination of your child and correct all minor defects thus revealed.

Try to protect the growing life absolutely against the use of tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol and the various forms of so-called dissipation.

Cultivate in the youthful mind habits of industry, thrift and of alertness, frankness and courage in the attacking of the duties which properly belong to the young.

Avoid by diligent practice the habit of mental laziness and stupidity. Watch the progress of the larger world events as if the very life depended upon them. Thus keep young with the world.

# Reminiscences of the Old Chicago Medical Mission

D. H. Kress, M. D.

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago I aided in opening up our first Medical Mission in a basement in the slums of the city of Chicago. The men who appealed to us for help were termed "down-and-outs." To help this class permanently even physically, we recognized that it was necessary to help them spiritually. Hence we combined in our labors as therapeutic agencies both physiologic and psychologic measures.

## A Hopeless Case

One of the cases that received help stands out a little clearer in my mind than others, possibly because he appeared to be so hopeless. He came to appeal to us for help in overcoming the drink habit. He was a highly educated man. I will not attempt to describe him. Suffice it to say he was one of the most hopeless appearing cases that could be found in the city of Chicago. He came chiefly for the purpose of securing an order to the Washingtonian Home for Inebriates. He was on the point of delirium tremens and wanted help badly. I wrote out an order for him, addressed to the superintendent.

He returned later with the note in his hand. On the back of it was written the words, "He is a hopeless case. We can do nothing for him." Having witnessed before what had been accomplished in other cases, I told him that if he was in earnest we would do all we could for him and allowed him to remain with us, although our accommodations were very poor.

Each day after giving him his treatment and dressing his sores, I would study the Bible and pray with him. It was a surprise how easily he gave up drink. He was also an inveterate smoker. We said nothing to him about this habit, fearing he might give up in despair should too much be demanded of him.

A few days after taking charge of him he came with the inquiry, "Why do you not smoke?" I then told him that tobacco was defiling to body and mind, and that Jesus after taking possession of the heart, cleansed men from all such habits and practices. He handed over his tobacco and pipe and said, "Take it, I am not going to smoke any more."

I told him he would have a hard time of it I feared, to which he replied, "The Lord has given me victory over drink, he can also give me victory over tobacco." I never from that moment heard him express even a desire for either drink or tobacco. He seemed to experience no difficulty in giving up either. In speaking to him one day and expressing surprise that he had no longing for tobacco or drink, he quoted a text which we had studied together, "Where sin abounds grace did much more abound."

## The Transformation of a Thug

Another case was that of Tom Mackey. I refer to him because he is a widely known person. Tom was recognized as a thug. He was practically always under the influence of drink. He was the terror of the degraded district in which he lived. One night he came into the Pacific Garden Mission, located above the Medical Mission. When the invitation was given for those who desired to lead a better life to raise their hands, Tom, though partially under the influence of drink, raised his hand. One of the fellows behind him said, "Curly" (this is the name by which he was known); "is holding up his hand for a bed." To which he replied, "You watch Curly." His wife had left him several months before, after he had threatened to kill her. After a season of prayer, he was given a little treatment and a ticket for a clean bed.

He left the mission, but instead of going to the lodging-house as did the others, he went direct to his wife. He knocked at the door, but was refused admittance. After repeatedly assuring her that it was all right, she opened the door. As soon as he entered, he said:

"My dear wife, with God's help and the help of this little book (holding up a Testament), I am going to be a better man." From that day to this, a period of over twenty years, Tom has tasted neither drink nor tobacco. He at once began to help others and became one of America's most successful Evangelists.

These cases might be multiplied, but this is sufficient evidence that there is power in the Gospel of Christ to help.

After taking up the practice of medicine, naturally, the two were combined in my work. In the treatment of drug addicts, while physiological means within my reach were made use of, the efficacy of the gospel was not ignored. Not a single case am I able to recall of a patient being permanently cured of drink or drug addiction, without the aid of the Gospel.

#### Conquered When He Gave Up All

Morphine is as difficult to give up as is drink. A physician who for more than twenty



Tom Mackay, the Los Angeles Evangelist

years has been using the hypodermic, having formed the morphine habit while a medical student, was brought to the institution by a well known surgeon. It is best in treating

these cases to bring them to the point where they are ready to make a complete surrender at once, instead of withdrawing the drug from them gradually. In this case, owing to his urgent demands and that of the surgeon who accompanied him, not to take it from him at once, we agreed together to cut the quantity down very gradually, stating the definite amount to be taken each day. After ten days' trial the patient was almost beside himself. The nurse in charge came requesting me to come to his room saying the doctor was about to leave, that he had said he could not endure the torture any longer.

When I entered the room, he said, "Doctor, I cannot stand this any longer."

I replied, "I am not surprised. I am surprised you have stood it as long as you have." I then told him of other cases that had been treated, and how they conquered, assuring him that when he came to the point where he was willing to forever give up the drug and to follow God's way—"If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee," that God would help him, and the impossible would be possible. With tears in his eyes he finally said, "Doctor, I will." Together we knelt beside his bed and had prayer. It was really surprising how easily he conquered. In a few weeks he was able to return home, greatly improved physically.

Patients, when brought to the point where, feeling their helplessness, they depend upon God's promises for strength, can get rid of morphine. When unaided by the Gospel they fail.

Patients can be spoken to with assurance of God's ability and willingness to help them and urged to rely upon His promises.

#### Became an Evangelist

One other case worthy of mention is that of a morphine and cocaine fiend. After appealing to the University of Michigan for help and they had failed, he came with a note from one of the physicians stating they could do nothing for him and that possibly with our facilities we might be able to help him. We placed a nurse with him and proposed to him that the drug be withheld. He expressed unwillingness to have it withdrawn at once, although repeatedly he had tried the gradual withdrawal and failed. On the second day he became desperate and demanded his hypo-

dermic. Nothing could be done but hand it to him. He left the institution. Two weeks later he returned and said, "I am willing now to surrender and try your method." I prayed with him and read portions of Scripture which were especially helpful, several times during the day, for several days. This man also became an evangelist later. The medical treatments received very little of the glory. He ascribed the victory to God's word and prayer.

I am confident that a mistake is made by physicians when they sever from their medical practice this spiritual ministry in the treatment of drug addicts or alcoholics. There are numerous cases aside from these which appeal to physicians, that can never be helped by diet or medical treatment alone.

#### Had His Sins Forgiven First

The palsied man who was brought by his four friends to Christ for physical healing was not healed of his physical malady at once as were some others. Jesus saw that this man was conscious that he had brought upon himself this physical infirmity. The patient felt more concern about his spiritual condition than he did about his physical condition. If he could only have the consciousness that his sins were pardoned, he would gladly have endured the physical malady. Knowing his desire, Jesus said, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." These were the most welcome words that could have fallen upon his ears. Happy in the consciousness of sins forgiven, Jesus healed him of his bodily affliction. He had to be healed of the former to make the latter possible.

There are thousands of similar cases in the world. They are brought to physicians by their friends for physical healing. But they can never be healed physically until they are healed spiritually and mentally. The physician who fails to recognize this is unable to be of any lasting benefit to these cases. These are the patients who resort to the hypnotist for help. Thus the mind which should be strengthened is weakened by being submitted to, and brought under the control of another mind. This tends to destroy and not to restore.

#### War in the Stomach Disturbed Peace in the Mind

Some cases can be helped only by the correction of physical habits. A very noted preacher came for an examination some years ago. While examining him, he turned and

said, "Doctor, I believe I am the most miserable man in the world. I am in constant fear of myself. What is the matter with me?" This man was a Christian, but a victim of auto-intoxication. The horrible symptoms he complained of disappeared after his habits of eating and drinking were corrected.

Sometimes some very little dietetic error is responsible for mental unrest, nervousness or pains. The body can be helped through the mind and the mind can be helped through the body. Both body and mind need attention in most all cases of disease in order to get the best results. Jesus ministered to the mind and to the body. In sending forth the twelve apostles and later the seventy evangelists, it was with the instruction to heal the sick and to preach the gospel. The gospel not merely gives assurance of sins forgiven, and brings peace of mind and faith in God's overruling providences, but it brings into the life the desire and purpose to live to benefit others. The one who lives to bless is on the highway to enduring health. Selfishness breeds disease, while a life of unselfish ministry brings a benediction to every organ and cell of the body. *To do for others* is the gospel in practice. "If you are feeling blue, something for someone else go do."

I have witnessed remarkable restoration in answer to prayer. Some of these cases bordered on the miraculous.

#### A Remarkable Answer to Prayer

A woman, national evangelist of the W. C. T. U., who had been an invalid for several years, and was confined to the wheel chair, came for treatment. Her heart was so extremely dilated that the least exertion was exhausting. It was customary in the institution for doctors and the chaplain to meet each day for prayer for cases which could not be benefited greatly medically. This patient occasionally met with us, but considering her case beyond hope she never felt free to ask for special prayer in her own behalf.

While engaged in prayer one day she felt keenly her helpless condition and began to plead with God in her own behalf. This was followed by others offering prayer for her. She arose from her knees and looking at the invalid's chair, said, "I will never sit in that chair again." Knowing her condition I feared she was presumptuous, but she walked out of the chapel unaided.

The next Sabbath she walked to the tabernacle where she addressed between 2,000 and 3,000 people. She spoke for fully one hour and was distinctly heard. At the close of the meeting, instead of taking the conveyance, she walked. Being winter and rather difficult walking up hill, still unbelieving, I felt as though I must assist her. I turned to her and said, "Will you allow me to assist you?" She turned to me and gently reproved me by saying, "Dr. Kress, will you allow me to assist you?" After this she continued to labor as National Evangelist of the W. C. T. U. several years, speaking on an average of three times daily. She then contracted a cold, which developed into pneumonia, and resulted in death.

Tom Mackey, whose name I have already mentioned, was once stricken down with pneumonia. His condition became so serious that it seemed he could not live. His nurse came to my office and said, "Doctor, come up quickly, Mackey is dying." I at once went to his room. It seemed as though he was unable to get his breath. We had done all we could, it seemed, so I fell upon my knees beside him and prayed. In one hour from that Mackey was up and dressed, determined to go to Chicago. We tried to persuade him not to be presumptuous, but he went, feeling he had a message to convey to the people who came to his mission, since God had healed him in so remarkable a manner.

Among the children of Israel when led out of Egypt, the priest was the doctor. To him the people came for physical healing as they did for spiritual help. This union should always have been maintained. Just to the extent these two are combined will success attend the physician.

### A PRESENT-DAY MIRACLE

JOHN L. SHAW

[When Prof. Shaw, now connected with the Washington Missionary College, Takoma Park, D. C., and formerly a missionary to India, visited Hinsdale a short time ago, he told many interesting experiences of his work in India. Among them is this account of the miraculous healing of a poor leper, which we publish.—Ed.]

"I remember one man over in East Bengal who is known as our leper brother. He was a Hindu, born in Hinduism, raised in Hinduism, but taken with leprosy that had eaten off his fingers right to his knuckles, and his toes off his feet. Someone, I think it was a Baptist missionary, circulated some New Testaments

in the part of the country where this man lived, and he got to reading.

There is a good deal in the New Testament about Christ's work for lepers. He read about the man Christ healed.

He himself had gone through all the heathen forms and rites, but to no avail, and it seemed as though it was gradually taking him. After he had read of the experience of Christ he went to this Baptist missionary and said:

"Is your God able to heal leprosy?"

That was a direct question that they had to answer, and so said, "Yes, our God is able to heal leprosy."

"Well, your Bible says he used to heal leprosy once, can He do it now? Is He the same as He was then?"

They said they believed He would.

He said, "If it is the same God as then and He will heal me I will accept the gospel."

The Lord likes to be tried and when they had prayer they prayed that this man should be healed of leprosy. The Lord heard and answered prayer, and I have seen the man. He is a living miracle. Those toes are all grown over, there is not a raw place in his body and his fingers are all healed over. That was thirty years ago. He is an old man of seventy-five years at the present time, but he is healed and is an active missionary.

Our missionaries went over into that part of the country and began preaching Christ and His soon coming, and this man accepted the Gospel of the soon coming of Christ. He is known in that part of the country as the man who was healed of leprosy and believes in the soon coming of Christ. We bought him a horse and he rides all over the country and is known as a devoted Christian man. He has more influence over the people of that country than any white faced man can ever have because he is one of the people of that country and is a living example of what God can do.

### GOD'S ANSWER

ROBERT HARE

Not always "Yes," Jehovah answers when we pray!  
Sometimes He bids us wait—another day  
Will suit His purpose best!  
And He may answer "No" to our request!

But whether "Yes," "Another time" or "No,"  
What meets His will is best for me below.  
And so I cast my all upon His guardian care—  
His hand is strong and He will help me bear!  
Some time, His love will answer every prayer.

## Mayinza Making Good

W. H. Anderson

[Pastor Anderson, a school friend of the editors of this magazine, left this country for the mission fields of South Africa in the year 1895. He blazed the way for our missions in the heart of Africa, enduring hardship, privation, hunger, sickness and the death of his co-workers and loved ones, to get the Gospel seed planted away up in that interior heathen country which Livingstone explored. Now there are over three thousand native boys and girls attending the mission schools which have been established in this district. These, upon completing their course, will go to carry the Gospel to their own people. Mr. Anderson has recently written a book entitled, "On the Trail of Livingstone," which gives a graphic description of his own personal thrilling experience in starting the various mission stations in central Africa. From his book we give here an abstract of the story of Mayinza (meaning "summer") a little captive boy who found his way to the mission and made good. This book can be procured from THE LIFE BOAT office, price \$1.00.—Ed.]

**A**BOUT 1888 the Matabele army raided north of the Zambezi. In one village a woman with her baby made good her escape into the tall grass, but soon discovered that her boy of five years had been left behind. Handing over the baby to her sister, she went back and gave herself up to be a slave, in order that she might be with her little son. This woman and her child, Mayinza (meaning "Summer") were among the number taken back as slaves.

### Attempted Escape

This mother and son had not been in captivity many months before they attempted to escape and return the three hundred miles that lay between them and the Zambezi and freedom. Their only safety from recapture was to travel at night. This they did, and thus encountered another danger. All along the Gwaai River the forests are infested with lions. I have had as many as seven of them around my camp at once when sleeping at night in that region. Yet the desire for freedom was sufficiently strong in that captive woman's breast to make her take the chances of traveling at night through those jungles. Night after night they fled through the darkness, themselves darker shadows in a region of terrors.

Two hundred miles were covered in safety; then, when they thought their danger was past, they relaxed their vigilance. One morning they started traveling along the path in daylight. About nine o'clock they met a marauding band of Matabeles and were recaptured and taken back to their old master.

After this the boy and his mother were soon separated; but before leaving her child, she taught him his father's name, told him the Matabeles were not his people, and that when he grew up he must return to the north and find his father and his relatives.

After the rebellion in Matabeleland in 1896

all the slaves were freed by a proclamation of the British government. Soon after this, Mayinza came to the Solusi Mission looking for work. Elder Tripp hired him to carry a load into Bulawayo, but as there was no load for the return journey he went east of the city and obtained employment from a gold prospector. This man spent for drink practically all he earned.

### "Don't Be the Kind of Man I Am"

This man took a fancy to Mayinza and urged upon him the necessity of an education, that he might "make a man of himself." Often he said: "Mayinza, don't drink; don't be the kind of man I am. Go to the missionary, get an education, and be God's own boy."

This made a deep impression upon the young man's mind; so after working out his contract, he came back to the station and asked if he could attend our school. I remember his first appearance before me. He was about as unlikely a specimen of humanity as I ever beheld in my life. I took him to my wife with the remark, "Here is a native who wants to go to school; and if God can make anything out of such a boy as this, I do not know what He cannot do."

We were digging a well on the mission at that time, blasting it through the gray granite. As I knew that the natives objected to working underground, I thought this would be a good test for our new applicant. I told him we would admit him to the school, and that his first lesson would be to go down the well and hammer the drill. He raised no objections, but went down, and began his work.

Several times during the day I quietly approached the top of the well to see what progress he was making. Every time I found him cheerfully hammering away, putting down the drill holes. About four o'clock in the afternoon he called me and said he had finished. Alone, he had done more work that day than



two men had done the day before. I could hardly believe what he said, so went down to investigate, and found the drill holes finished in good shape. I told him that was sufficient for the day's work, then put in the charges of dynamite, lighted the fuse, and fired off the blasts.

The boy was then dismissed for the day and went quickly to his books. He was just as diligent at his study as he had been at the drill, continually hammering away at his books, and it was marvelous to see the progress he made.

After completing his first and second reader, he was ready to begin the study of the Bible. This was during the Boer war. The railway

He asked if I thought there was a possibility of obtaining a Bible from the Brethren in Christ, who had a mission station about forty miles southeast of Bulawayo. We were acquainted with the missionaries on this station, as I had transported all their goods from Bulawayo to their place when their mission was established.

#### Walked Sixty Miles to Get a Bible

I told him I did not know whether they had any Bibles, and he asked if he might go and see. The next morning he left our mission station early with a note to Miss Davidson, the teacher on this mission station, asking if he might buy a Bible from them. He gladly walked sixty miles to that station to obtain



An African Court of Justice

line was torn up and no supplies could come into the country. Unfortunately we were out of Bibles on the mission station, and did not know where we could get any. When the boy came to me and told me that he had finished his reader, and was now ready for a Bible, and I had to tell him we had none for him, he looked greatly disappointed. His disappointment, however, lasted only for a moment, then he inquired if there was any place in the country where a Bible could be bought.

I told him we had tried the Wesleyan Methodist Society, who were doing mission work near Bulawayo, and they had none. Also the London Missionary Society, which was operating in that territory, were out; so I did not know of any other place to look.

God's Book. When he returned, the latter part of the week, having completed the hundred and twenty miles on foot, I found that he had already committed a number of texts to memory.

I asked him when he found the time to learn these texts, and he told me he stopped by the roadside, opened his Bible, and read the verse over until he had it in his mind. Then he would run along the path to make up for the time lost. In that way he had learned several texts on the way home.

#### Inquiring for Sigabasa

Mayinza was the first convert baptized by Elder F. L. Mead on our Matabeleland Mission station. When I went north of the

Zambezi River, in 1903, he asked me to make inquiries all through the country, for his father. But though I tramped a thousand miles I could get no information, and reported to Mayinza on my return that I could find no trace of his people.

Again when we went north of the Zambezi to settle in 1905, the boy came to me and asked me to make another effort to find his father. So for two years, whenever I was traveling about the country, doing itinerant work among the villages, I always made diligent inquiry. Still I could find no one named Sigabasa.

#### **The Father Found**

Finally as we were sitting at the breakfast table at home one morning a native from a village about two miles away came to the house and said a man had arrived at their village the night before whose name was Sigabasa, and he wondered if this could be the man I was inquiring about.

I at once sent for this Sigabasa to come to the mission station; and about two hours later one of our Matabele boys who knew Mayinza well came bounding into the room, exclaiming: "Mayinza's father is here! Mayinza's father is here! Come and see him quickly."

I asked how he knew it was Mayinza's father.

"Oh," he said, "come and look at his face! This man looks exactly like Mayinza!"

And sure enough, the likeness was so great there was no possibility of making a mistake. I asked the old man if he had lost a boy about twenty years before. He said he had, and that over and over again, as captives had returned to their own country, he had watched beside the path to see if his boy was among them. Then he thought that perhaps, as the boy was only a child when he was taken away, he would not be able to recognize him, even if he should return; so finally he had given up all hope of ever seeing his son again.

I told him his boy was alive and well, that he had lived with me for a number of years, and that I would send for him at once to come up and see his father. Some people say a native knows no such thing as gratitude; but that old man went home and sent me a fine large ox, just on my word that I had his boy, and would restore him to his father.

#### **A Triumphal Procession**

A few months later Mayinza came to our

mission and I took him on the wagon to drive about fifty miles to his father's village. That was the most triumphal ride I have taken in Africa. We had gone only about fifteen miles from home when we came to a native village where several of Mayinza's relatives lived. As soon as the natives found out who he was, they showed him every mark of affection and for the first time in my life they gave me the "royal salute."

On arriving near his village, we made our camp under a large wild fig tree and sent for Sigabasa. As I witnessed the reunion of this boy and his father I was forcibly reminded of the familiar story of the meeting of Joseph and his father, on the borders of Egypt.

#### **The Faithful Mother Meets Her Son**

We learned now that Mayinza's mother had made her escape from slavery and was in the village, so we sent for her, and the meeting of that mother and her boy was even more touching than the meeting with the father.

Mayinza is now a preacher of righteousness, and is one of the best workers on our mission station. If God can take a poor boy like that, who has grown up in ignorance, and make of him a soul winner, what can He do with our young people who have had all the advantages of civilization, and all the light of the gospel, from their youth up?

While on furlough in America I have been associated with the workers in various conferences. I have united in prayer with these laborers, and with our people, pleading with God to open homes and hearts for the reception of this message. That is what we all ought to do.

But in the mission field I have bowed down many times with the workers and together we have pleaded with God to hold back the people, because we could not take care of those who were coming to us. How long must souls be turned away—souls who are hungering for the message, and who must be refused because there is nobody to give the message to them?

Not long ago, five young men came to the Solusi Mission. Six hundred miles away they had heard from strangers of the light shining there. They had walked for a month over the burning sands, enduring thirst and hardships as they crossed the desert—and they had to be told: "Go back. The school is full." And back they went, to their heathenism, and their

idolatry, and their sin, to die without God and without hope in the world. What answer will we give in the judgment, when these souls come and say: "I pleaded with you to take me into your school. I wanted your message. I besought you to give me a knowledge of Jesus, and you sent me away empty. You would not give it to me"?

Since that day we have sent two hundred more poor souls back into the witchcraft and the idolatry and the licentiousness of the native villages, because there is no room for them. How long must these things be? How long must these people wait for an opportunity to hear of the Saviour's pitying love?

### "GO TO WORK, OR RESIGN"

G. B. THOMPSON

God has given to His church but one mission on this earth. Its mission is not simply to feed the sheep, but to change goats into sheep—to save lost souls. This was the supreme mission of Jesus; and the mission of the church is the same, and is stated in the words, "To seek and to save that which was lost."

The church is the light of the world, and we cannot shut ourselves up to ourselves and meet the mind of God. We must bring men to Christ, and prepare them for the kingdom of Christ.

How can your church become soul-winning? This can be done by the members putting forth earnest, personal efforts for their relatives, friends and neighbors.

The pastor of a Presbyterian Church became very much exercised because there were no conversions in his church. One night he called his elders to meet him in the church; and after prayer, he said: "Brethren, I have a proposition to make to you. I wish to resign the pastorship of this church, because I do not believe God wants me to stay here. I am not having any souls saved."

"Oh," said the deacons, "we are greatly edified!"

"Edified for what?" he said. "You have been coming to me with such soothing compliments as that, and yet I don't see for what you have been edified. Now, brethren, unless God gives us some souls here very soon, I am going to resign the pastorate of this church. And I want to say something to you also. You are the elders of this church, and I am going to start with you. "Brother," turning to one, "do you believe through you a soul was ever saved?"

And the elder replied, "No, pastor."

"Do you?" to another.

"No, pastor."

"Do you?"

"No, pastor"; and so all along the line.

"Now, brethren," he said, "I want to make this proposition to you—that unless God gives this church souls in the near future, you will resign also as the elders of it."

"We are getting along very well," they said.

"No, we are not getting along at all!"

Finally they all knelt down and prayed together; and in that prayer a covenant was made that they would resign if the Lord did not give souls in the near future. They went to their homes. It was Saturday night.

Monday morning, the elder first questioned by the pastor as to having been instrumental in soul saving went into his store. The first man he met was his confidential clerk. He took him into his office, shut the door behind him, and said, "Bob, I have been a good master to you, haven't I?"

"Yes, sir, you have."

"Well, Bob, you have been with me for fifteen years. I am an elder in the church that you attend when you go anywhere. But you are not a Christian, and I know it, and have known it all the while; yet I have never personally spoken a word to you about salvation. But, Bob, my soul is on fire now, and I want us to get down here in this room and give ourselves, both of us, to Christ. I shall give myself to Him for greater consecration; you give yourself to Him for salvation."

"Yes, sir, I shall be only too glad to do it;" and they knelt. The man was saved. The elder called another, and another, and another; and that one day he led eleven men to Christ. The next Sunday, over thirty men were received into that church upon profession of faith, every one of them led to Jesus Christ by an official in the church who up to that time had never saved a soul.

Can you plan a soul-winning campaign in your church? As a leader in the church, this is your work. Having accepted leadership, you cannot escape this responsibility. God will hold you accountable in this matter. Begin to pray, plan, and work for souls as you never have in the past. Work for your young people, neighbors, and for the lost within your reach. Set all the church to work, and you will have the joy of seeing many brought to Christ.

## Seeing the "Other Side" of the Criminal's Life

Caroline Louise Clough

THAT the one who commits a crime against his country and against society has no "good side" to him is altogether a mistaken notion. Many of the criminals in our large state institutions have been put away to protect society at large. But those who toil and pray and work day after day for their upbuilding find that their hearts are tender and that they can be trained.

Yesterday, August 3rd, by special invitation of the superintendent, Miss Grace Fuller, of the Illinois State Women's Penitentiary, of Joliet, Mrs. Abrams, Mrs. Cobb and the writer with Miss Imschweiler, were entertained at that institution.

Through the kindness of Mr. Julius Paulson, his son Lawrence conducted us by automobile to Joliet, some twenty-three miles away.

At 10:30 in the morning we held a service in their little chapel, which is really one end of the cell house, fitted up for that purpose. Here the entire family of forty-six women assembled from the cells on either side. All were in their blue uniforms. We, each one, took part in the service, and Miss Imschweiler sang several songs, while one of the women played the piano. Mrs. Abrams told of her personal experience as a wayward girl who wandered far from the path of right, and who finally drifted into Chicago, and one night when she and her husband were on their way to the theatre, they passed the mission. The Spirit of God impressed her to go in, which she did, and before that service was over a complete change came into her life. Six years later, after all those years of earnest prayer in behalf of her husband, he was converted also. That was many years ago. Since that time she has been an untiring Christian worker. Her testimony touched hearts, and many eyes were wet with tears. Nearly every hand was raised for prayer when the invitation was given.

At the close of this meeting, these women crowded forward to shake our hands, and to make a personal appeal for prayer. Two women, twins, had been sentenced for the same crime, and were serving their sentence here

together. Their children, a boy and a girl, were serving time in the State Reformatory for the same offense. In the two years they had been in the institution, a wonderful change has come over them. After special care and training they can now make beautiful crocheted lace, knit sweaters, and do other useful work about the place.

There was also one poor little girl, only nineteen years of age, among the number who came forward.

We went from the cell house to the yard, where the girls seemed to thoroughly enjoy the open air, and forget the high stone wall that surrounded them. Their daily program includes just one hour a day in the yard. Here the girls have planted some gardens and seemed to enjoy caring for them.

Soon the dinner bell rang, and we were ushered into the prison dining room, and were given seats of honor, facing the entire family. At the close of the meal, ice cream was brought on. A treat which they had had only once before during the summer, and that was the Fourth of July. Miss Fuller, the superintendent, announced that this treat was through the kindness of Hilda, who had been given some money by a friend. She desired to spend it in this way in honor of our visit. A speech from Hilda was called for, but it was found that she was serving in the kitchen. Soon, however, a large, well-built woman with a kind face came forward, and with a trembling voice said, "Girls, I wish for *you* a bright and happy future, but pray for me." We caught her thought at once. "My future will never be bright." We afterward learned that she had, in a moment of anger, while cutting up some cabbage, thrown a knife at her husband, causing his death. Her sentence is fourteen years. She feels that her case is hopeless, but it is not. She is doing little acts of kindness where she is, of which the Lord is taking note, and he knows how to cast up the accounts, for he remembers that we are dust.

Our little waiter, the girl nineteen years of age, thought to start the Victrola, so we enjoyed music while we ate.

The superintendent and her helpers are doing a splendid work. They rule by love and kindness, and their family of women are loyal and true to them. Miss Fuller has had charge of the work for five years. Her friends desired her to leave the work because of the possible danger, but she said that not long ago when she was resting and seeking God, she felt that the Lord spoke to her and told her that that was her work, and that the Lord would be with her in it. She is happy in her work, and the Lord is wonderfully blessing her and her helpers.

The nurse who is in attendance told us of the opportunities she has to administer the Balm of Gilead and to teach the word of God. Another matron who is also sympathetic and tender-hearted told us that the hardest task she has during the day is to close the heavy iron doors to the cells and lock the women in the prison house.

We left a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT* with each one, and are going to send them a supply each month.

D. L. Moody said some years ago that the prisons of our land are the most neglected mission fields in this country, and had he lived he would have entered these fields with the Gospel.

While something is being done yet there is a large field to work, and we hope our friends will help us to replenish our *LIFE BOAT* fund so that we can send gospel literature behind the bars to places which we cannot go.

### HOW THE LORD HELPED US TO "START SOMETHING"

B. N. MULFORD,  
Fountain Head, Tenn.

[Mr. Mulford, who with his co-workers, has built up a successful rural industrial school among the mountain whites of Tennessee where the Gospel of Jesus Christ is practiced as well as preached, visited Hinsdale recently. From a report of talk he gave our family of workers we cull this brief article which gives a glimpse of how he was able, without means, to establish a large and successful missionary school, and also a sanitarium.—Ed.]

About twelve years ago I was here and told some of the nurses something of the educational work in the rural hill district of Tennessee, near Fountain Head, which we were starting. I am glad to say that that work since then has gone with leaps and bounds. When some of our friends came and learned of the work we were going to start, they said, "Why, those men are surely crazy." Brother West and I went there and hunted up a farm

in the hills. The soil on the farm that we took was very poor. We spent about \$40.00 for grass seed the first year, and we never saw the seed after we put it in the ground. One farmer said, "You made a mistake, you should have planted rye there." So we sowed rye the next year, and we never saw anything more of the seed. For three successive years we planted and did not see the seed again.

I remember way back just about two months before the work started, a young man and I went out in the woods. I said to him, "I believe the Lord wants me to do something here." He said, "Let's pray together." We knelt down under a little cedar tree, I can just see the spot today, and after praying we got up, and he said, "How do you feel?"

I said, "I feel like I am broke." I only had thirty cents in my pocket. But after that prayer something happened. It was not long before a woman gave me \$600.00 toward the work. I went over in Iowa and there told a man of the vision I had of starting a school for the mountain whites. "Well," he said, "if you are able to do a thing like that I will give you \$500.00." A man from Missouri came to me and said, "I have come down to help you start that school."

Now you can see clearly what was the thing that brought on our success. The Lord answered prayer. At the time we started our school I met a young man that was going to start a school, and he said to me, "You are foolish, I am going where I can earn \$2.00 a day, and at the end of two years I will be able to pay for a school farm." But in doing that he got entirely away from the idea.

We had to have \$300.00 for the first payment. I was solely responsible for that money, as I was the only one that thought we ought to buy the farm at that time. The day was approaching when we had to make a payment and I said to the Lord, "Lord, if you give me that \$300.00 I will never get discouraged again." And I remember that day the girl that carried the mail came and she gave me the mail and the first letter I opened I found a check for \$300.00. The people around there thought we must have money to undertake such a big thing, and some man came and said to me, "I would like to borrow \$1,000.00." "Well," I said, "you have struck the wrong man." Many is the time when we didn't know how we were going to pay for our next barrel of flour.

Our school a short time ago, because of some additions we had placed, found ourselves involved in something like \$5,000.00 debt. We could have sold off certain heads of stock and met it, but did not want to do the thing God did not want us to do. So we prayed the Lord to send us some one that had \$5,000.00. We also needed a farm man, so we were praying the Lord to send us a farmer that had \$5,000.00. A man came along one day and said, "I like the looks of things here. I will give you \$5,000.00 and I will stay right here and work." But he had a wife who was not a school woman and this wife had six children. My mind went back to how Dr. David Paulson prayed for a stenographer, and one day a man dirty-looking and untidy, came to him and said, "I am a stenographer," and he said to himself, "Is this the kind of a package the Lord is answering my prayer with?" And that was about the way we felt. We weren't praying for six children to take care of. That meant a big thing to us. Well, we accepted him, and now the man is gone and his children are gone and we have our school farm all paid for. And that is the result of prayer.

### ON A CALIFORNIA FRUIT RANCH

DR. ORA BARBER

[Dr. Barber, a member of our Medical Staff at Hinsdale, has been spending the summer with her sister in Southern California. The Doctor writes for THE LIFE BOAT of her experience in picking and drying apricots.—Ed.]

I arrived here to visit my sister just the day before the real work of drying began.

This orchard disposes of some fresh fruit to the local market. But the major part is put through the drying process.

It is not altogether a new experience to me, as I worked at it one year myself, a long time ago. At that time there were several

owners of apricot orchards who dried their fruit, but at the present time we are the only ones engaged in the business in this valley.

The work is quite strenuous while it lasts, which is usually about two weeks. There are three crews of workers necessary to take care of the fruit—the pickers, the cutters and the yard men.

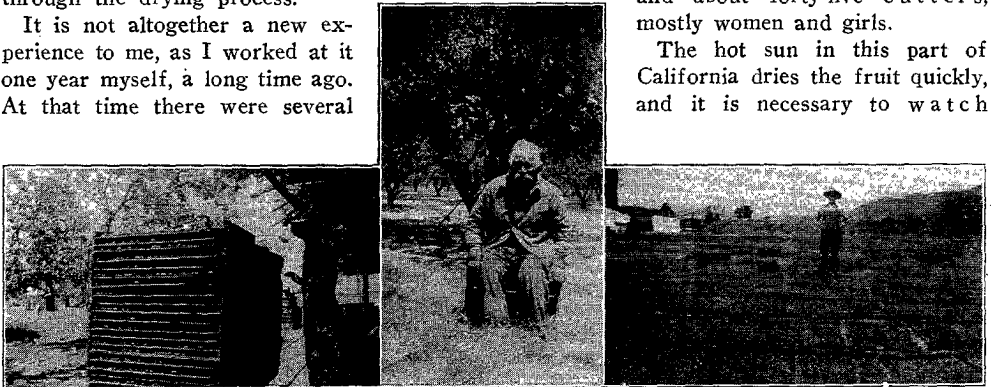
For drying—the fruit is not picked from the trees, but is shaken off or knocked off, and then picked up from the ground and loaded into a wagon containing about twenty boxes holding fifty pounds each. There are at present about twelve young men and boys engaged in this line of the work in the orchard, and they send about ten loads of fruit to the cutting shed each day.

The cutting shed is built of poles and covered over the top with branches, making a good shady place to work. The word "cutting" is a misnomer, as no knives are used, but instead the apricots are broken in two with the fingers—the stone shoved out and the halves placed neatly inside up, on a large wooden tray. These trays are the same as those used in a grape vineyard for drying raisins. As the trays are set evenly, they are set down on the ground behind the cutter, and the next one placed on top, until about a dozen of them are stacked up in a pile.

Next the yard men place these trays in the sulphuring house—where the fruit is subjected to the fumes of burning sulphur for three hours. After this is finished, the trays are taken out and spread out on the ground in rows, and the sun does the rest.

There are at present five yard men at work, and about forty-five cutters, mostly women and girls.

The hot sun in this part of California dries the fruit quickly, and it is necessary to watch



Left: A stack of trays ready for the sulphur. Center: An Indian, 115 years old, who always helps with the apricot drying. Right: A small part of the apricot dry yard

it carefully. Two days of good sunshine is usually sufficient.

After the fruit is dried, it is dumped into a large bin for the present, but later it is put up properly for shipment. We are taking care of the fruit from about fourteen hundred trees, and expect between twelve and fifteen tons of the dry product as the result of our work.

The sulphuring is an important part of the process, since without it the fruit would be a dark color and would not keep. The packers also subject it to another process to aid in this perfect preservation.

The season closed Monday evening, July 21, and we had a short musical program in the yard, where we burned a large log for illumination. Refreshments completed the celebration. Most of the workers were young people, and they appreciated the happy ending of two and a half weeks of very strenuous work.

### A TRIP HOME

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS

I am thinking of home and mother, of the days that are past and gone, but their memory lingers still. I love to go back to my old home town and tell the story of Jesus and his love, and to tell about the work the Lord has given me to do. There are schoolmates and friends that I love and that Jesus loves, and I love their souls and want to see them saved and in the Kingdom. Since I have found Jesus so precious to me I want others to know him.

When visiting my mother, I would take THE LIFE BOAT magazine with me and sell it and give out tracts and have prayer with some and tell them about my conversion,—how wonderfully Jesus saved me from my sins and was keeping me by His mighty power. God has blessed my work there and I thank Him for it. Those dear people have always helped the work in every way they could, some by subscribing for THE LIFE BOAT, others have bought it and still others have given of their means. Some have given bedding and clothing. May God bless them and reward them for what they have done to help our fallen girls rise, and I am encouraged to go on in the good work. Jesus has given me favor with the home folks, and they are always ready to give me a lift. I feel unworthy of this love

and kindness my friends show me, but Jesus did it all.

Mother was so happy to see her only girl working with God that she was anxious to sell THE LIFE BOAT and get subscriptions. And God blessed her. But mother's work is done, and well done. She sleeps in Jesus. It will soon be three years since mother said, "My work is done and I want to rest." And then I said, "Mother, what will I do without you?"



THE "HOME TOWN" JAIL

Fire has stripped it of its shelter and Prohibition has robbed it of its inmates

"Oh," she said, "you must lean harder on Jesus." Never will I forget those words. They ring in my ears, and cause me many times to pray. Mother was a good woman. She was a sacrificing woman,—never needed anything herself. She lived to bless others, and I know if I am faithful, I shall meet her again.

I asked Mrs. Clough and Mrs. Cobb to go with me to my home town and interest the people in our Home for girls, and also our jail work. And so we all went, and Mrs. Cobb gave a very interesting and entertaining stereopticon lecture on our different lines of work, and I know the people were interested. Mr. Irvin gave us the use of his hall, and then was

kind enough to assist us besides in operating the lantern. The Methodist minister also assisted us. He led in prayer and made some remarks which were very helpful. Miss Worster and her father entertained us in their home, for which we were thankful. Also Mr. and Mrs. Stombaugh had their part in the work by entertaining Mrs. Cobb and Miss Jones in their home, and the Editor had his part by donating some of the advertising in the paper.

The people were very courteous to come out on such a hot night, and the hall was full. A donation was taken up and the people gave of their means to help the work.

My heart goes out after those people. They are near and dear to me, but I felt sad while there as my mother was gone. I promised the Lord that I would live more of a devoted life, and work as I never have for the salvation of souls, to be ready when Jesus comes.

## IN THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF CHICAGO

MILDRED KNOWLES

Another month has passed and it is again time to tell you of our work. Another four weeks spent in treating the sick, visiting the lonely, holding Bible readings, reading to the blind, and encouraging, helping, and praying as we were led.

The high cost of living seems to be a general topic as it, of course, affects all. The people wonder what is coming next and how expenses can be met.

We visited one family where there is a number of children. The father was idle, as the machinists were on a strike. It was a very hot day, and the mother and two oldest children sat bending over some piece work. The boy would do a certain part, then hand it to the sister to do something more, and then the mother would complete it by machine stitching. I have forgotten how many they had to do for twenty-five cents, but the mother said that doing the best they could it is impossible for them to earn more than seventy-five cents a day.

How I wish that we might lift the burden a little by taking a few of the necessities of life to them, such as sugar, butter and eggs.

In another home we found the mother sick in bed and quite dependent on friends for attention. She craves milk, but cannot drink

that which she buys in the city. Certified milk is twenty-five cents per quart, so you see there are not many who can afford it.

One poor woman lives alone in three rooms in the rear of the house; although able to be about, she is really an invalid. The county supplies her with some things. Here is another opportunity to give some of the good things that the summer is giving us.

I am wondering if there are not those who wish to assist us in helping these needy ones. Our carfare also is no small item since the fare has been raised.

Our work has been varied this month, owing to the riots and strikes, as you will read in Miss Sarber's article.

The first day of the car strike we walked about fifty-two blocks, but decided that that would not pay. However, the next day the riot started, so it seemed best to stay at home the remaining five days of the week.

God has been so good to us, strengthening us to bear the heat and keeping us from all harm. We know we are in his work and that his angels surround us.

Please continue to pray for us that we may be led of Him who knows just where the sick and discouraged are.

We proved the fact that in doing for others we receive blessings ourselves.

## A PHYSICIAN APPRECIATES OUR VISITING NURSES

[This letter, unsolicited, has recently come to our desk.—Ed.]

Dear Editor:

I am very happy to have the assistance of your nurses, Misses Knowles and Reinmuth. It is certainly a great work to bring Science and Love to the aid of the sick. Showing Faith in Works and Working in Faith makes a perfect circle with which to efface the vicious circles of disease.

Give my best wishes and thanks to the nurses who have helped me in the past.

Yours sincerely,

E. P. S. MILLER, M. D.,

Chicago.

Never do what your conscience condemns, however you may be urged by others, or whatever immediate pleasure the act may promise. A wounded conscience will give you pain, and the pleasure of sin will soon turn to worm-wood and gall.



**ANXIOUSLY LOOK FOR IT**

FROM THE NEBRASKA PENITENTIARY

"There is one magazine we boys in prison really enjoy and anxiously look for—THE LIFE BOAT. It is what the name implies in every sense of the word.

"I am taking a correspondence course in theology and expect to devote the remainder of my life, when released, to prison work, and the betterment of the conditions of my fellow men, morally, mentally and spiritually. I am serving a life sentence."

"A family without prayer is like a house without a roof, exposed to all injury of weather, and to every storm that blows."

Never judge a man by his relations, but rather by his companions; his relations are forced on him, while his companions are his own choosing.—*Franklin*.

**MAKE SOME LIFE BRIGHTER**

ROBERT HARE

Make life brighter for some one,  
Some one whose heart is sad,  
Giving to others the sunshine,  
Will make your own heart glad!  
This is the law of the harvest,  
The law of the field and plain,—  
The seed that you cast in the furrow,  
Comes back to you again.

Make life brighter—just try it  
And see how the gloaming will smile;  
Your heart will rejoice in the sweetness  
That other's cares beguile.  
And ever the law of the harvest  
Will meet your soul in its quest,  
For grain will come from that sowing  
The richest, the brightest, the best.

Yes brighter, for some one—just make it  
The pledge of thy soul today;  
Numberless hearts are weeping,  
Along by your side in the way,  
And if you should fail to offer  
The song of your heart in their pain,  
The darkness around them may deepen,  
And evermore remain.

**Bringing Relief to the Sufferers**

Beulah Sarber

**A**N outbreak of a condition which seems to have been smoldering for some time began in Chicago the last of July and continued for more than two weeks.

This condition, prejudice between the black and white people, according to the leading newspaper authorities, has grown not a little during and since the war. It has awakened the colored people to a keener sense of their rights due them and at the same time aroused the envy, hence, harsher treatment by the whites upon their colored brother.

The climax was reached when a colored boy crossed an imaginary line on a bathing beach into the space occupied by the whites. The boy was pushed from the pier by a white and later died from injuries received. Thence, the riot spread rapidly and black and white alike died from each others' blows.

Next to the loss of life was the loss of property and homes by fire on the south side, kindled by whites who refused to work with the colored and were enraged against those white people, Lithuanians, who were trying to go on in peace with their colored neighbors.

This district, we had the privilege of visiting

and lending a helping hand. However small and feeble our efforts, we know the Lord will bless in relieving those in distress, for Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Thursday, August 7, four of us, Mrs. Clough, Mrs. Cobb, Miss Knowles and myself, with more than a hundred pieces of clothing, left Highlands for a relief station on the South Side, which was in a large school building well guarded by soldiers. We received a hearty welcome, I assure you, not in words but actions of mothers just arriving in search of clothing for themselves and babies. I think, within fifteen minutes, the supply which we had brought was practically gone. Several gave us their addresses and we expect to call on them at their homes soon.

We left the relief station for the burned district and our hearts were touched more than once as we watched mothers and children searching in the ruins of their homes for lost treasures.

Just today Miss Knowles and Mrs. Cobb went back with twenty-five pieces of clothing

THE LIFE BOAT



## AFTER- THE- RIOT SCENES

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1. The little boy and sister in center of picture are standing on the steps of their ruined home. Notice the guard near by.
2. The "bread line" waiting for supplies.
3. All that is left of their old home.
4. Rear view of ruined home and woman at left who lost all.
5. A scene of ruin from the fire.
6. This family escaped by jumping from window on second floor.
7. A glimpse of the devastation made by fire.
8. Mothers and children in the possession of clothing which we took them to replace the burned ones.
9. Children investigating the ruins.
10. Trying to find his playthings.
11. Digging for her treasures on the site of her former home. Everything this family possessed was burned.

to a family whose home and contents were completely destroyed by the fire. Our sympathy was aroused to no small degree when a worried and careworn faced mother who had apparently forgotten the art of a smile led us back to the charred posts where her home once stood and in tears told us how she had dropped her little year-old baby and three-year-old girl into her mother's apron below, then jumped from the second floor herself to escape the flames which had already destroyed the stairway. Her married sister and husband lived just beside them and their home, though

damaged from fire and water not a little, is furnishing them shelter.

This is only one instance in a district where practically every home in the block was destroyed and only a few blocks away all the houses on one street for a block are in ruins.

Can you, as you review these riotous conditions here in Chicago, in Washington, and in addition the strikes on every hand, avoid comparing these times to the last days in 2 Tim. 3? And in view of these conditions, are you protected by the armor of God and sword of the Spirit which is the word of God?

## Unusual Days

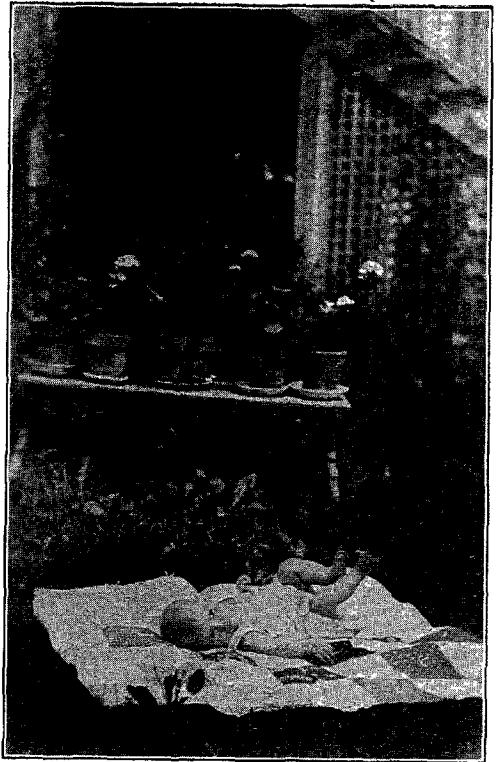
Maud Wilson Cobb

THE sun rises and sets every day in the year. A day is a day the year around, but there is such a thing as an unusual day. Life has many more things to offer for one toiling for the Master than just a job or position—innumerable experiences, a variety of days and a crown of success.

On the first of last week was the beginning of some of the unusual days that come to those engaged in the work of rescue. A call came to us that little Violet May, our baby we have written about so often, had developed whooping cough and her little mother would have to leave her position and come home with the baby and, in fact, was on the way home. We knew we could not keep the child in our home with the other babies, so arrangements had to be made to meet the train, take the mother and child back to Chicago, engage a room for them, then begin to hunt a place for the baby. No home was open to the child. The mother was sent back to our home to remain as she had no home to go to.

I wonder how many of our readers would know what to do or how you would feel to go from one public office to another trying to find a place for a sick baby. Hospitals and nurseries do not take whooping cough babies. Contagious hospitals would, but there are other contagious diseases more serious kept in such places and one would not want to expose the child to more than it had already. The county hospital must limit its cases, and as whooping cough lasts so long it is difficult to have a child accepted. After sitting in the

waiting room of our county hospital for hours with the sick child, it was finally accepted.



Violet May on a sunny day

The next day another helpless baby with its face and head covered with sores came.

The same experiences were met. The hospital doctors did not consider the case infectious and said it could be treated at home, but there was no home to go to, and we could not place it with our healthy babies. Again, after a day's work of trying to place the child in the county hospital, it was received for a short time.

Then comes a mother and baby to be placed in an institution who because of conditions would not remain in our home, thus another difficult problem to settle. But it was met. The same day a young girl had to have a suitable position where the hours would not be too long and also a proper boarding place must be found for her among first-class people. That problem was cared for.

Now was the time to visit the riot district in Chicago, after the fire had destroyed block after block of homes at three o'clock in the morning. Hundreds of families stood on the street with only night clothing. The next day the Red Cross spent over \$1,000.00 for clothing, and then that much more was needed.

While visiting this district, we found a mother and her one-year-old baby and a three-year-old child still in their night clothes and not able to go to the Red Cross for help. Also an old grandmother who had stood under a second-story window and caught the baby and the little girl in her arms as the frantic mother dropped them from the burning room, and then the mother jumped to the ground, the flames burning face and hair as she leaped.

When the sun rose that morning, it was an unusual day for these thrifty Lithuanian people who had bought and built their homes. The next day we took over 100 garments to these discouraged people. We have our LIFE BOAT friends to thank for the nice clean clothing they have sent to us. Also it would have made the sender of the box of new hats happy to see those mothers look so proudly at their little daughters as we placed the brand-new hats on their heads. The same afternoon spent in the midst of the black belt made us realize it was a very unusual day to see hundreds of guards and police patrols and ambulances standing side by side for blocks. We were glad to speak a word of encouragement to those we met.

Now another day dawns and we find ourselves keeping a promise made to a group of little orphans a few days before, to encour-

age a little girl who cried night and day for over a week to go home to the home where she had lived with her two little sisters and a father and mother. But her mother was lying in her grave, and this child, ten years old, did not realize there was no home. I took her on my knee and told her how many hearts were aching for just what she was crying for and told her that every heart that ached did not show the world its grief by crying.

She said, "What do they do?"

My answer was, "They try to make someone else happy and lighten some one else's burden." She wanted to know how to do it. I told her there were fifty other little ones about her. And all wanted their own homes and mothers, but they could not have them, and now it was some one's duty to make them happy, and did she want to join the band that made children smile instead of cry? Yes, she wanted to. I asked her what she thought would make them all smile.

At once she said, "I believe a piece of candy. Orphans' homes don't have much candy, for food cost so much, and we must be fed."

I promised her if she would not cry for one week I would help her make fifty children smile. To keep that promise, our good Mrs. Abrams had to be consulted. She knew the remedy as she always does. And on the day set, a box filled with fifty-seven sacks of salted peanuts, a big bag of candy kisses, wrapped in pretty papers, and peanut brittle a-plenty, was on its way to the children. When Gladys gave it to the little ones, how they did enjoy it? The happy songs they sung for us paid us for the trip. Gladys has learned a lesson. If she laughs the children laugh with her, and if she cries, she cries alone. No more letters are written every day begging to go home. She is now making little faces shine that have been wet with tears, and her own heart is light.

How many of us have learned that the secret of a happy life is in making some one else happy? Today we have more needy ones than we can help, for it takes money and clothing. Who will remember us in our work of mercy so we can show more little ones the way to smile?

Did you ever see a little twelve-year-old girl standing alone in a big office room where children are taken to be placed in foster

homes, and hear her say to you, "Lady, see that little bundle, that is all I have in the world. I am going to be adopted now. I wish you would be my new mamma, for I want one so much. Mine died and so did daddy. I never have seen sister and our baby boy since we went to live in the big home. Lady, do you pray? Pray that my new mamma will love me?" With tears in my eyes, I told her that any one could love her and that Jesus loved her best of all, and I would pray him to keep her sweet and pure.

Friends, help us who give our strength and means to carry on this work. The harvest is great today, and will soon be gathered. Are you laying up some sheaves for the Master, so He will not find your hands empty when He comes?

### BREAD ON THE WATER

FROM HOME GIRLS

One girl in writing of her experience, says: "No one knows how hard such a thing is to bear and how hard it is to overcome it and live it down, who has not had the same experience, but I know it is safe for me to say that others can help a great deal and you people at the Home are doing your real share in helping. God surely shows His love and tender care when he guides such unfortunate girls as we are to your home. I am trying so hard to live up to the new teachings and inspirations I received while there. Pray for me, Mrs. Clough, that I will keep firm in my new hold on Christianity. No one knows how much Miss Erickson, my nurse, has helped me both when I was sick and since I have left. She has won my deepest love. May God bless her and bring her all happiness.

"I am so glad that the work at the Home is getting along so well. I hope to be able

sometime to help in some way. If the girls are always as nice as the ones were when I was there, I am sure the home has no cause to complain.

"I want to thank you once more and ask you to please write to me again sometime in the near future. I know you are very busy, but I do love to hear from some of you people once in a while."

"How I thank God for letting THE LIFE BOAT come to me in my hour of trial. It has been like a great light that led me to a peaceful home. I am happy now." This was from a deceived, ill-treated mother, who, with her little child crossed the country to find a hiding place. Now she has a good position with her little boy.

Another letter: "God is good and never will I forget him. I am glad I know he will never leave nor forsake me. Pray for me that Satan will not be able to tempt me above what I am able to bear." This girl did not know how to pray when she came to us.

Another girl writes: "Can I always come back to the Home to see you? I am alone in the world. It will be the one bright thought that I have a Christian home to come to. That thought will keep me right. Pray for me."

### COAL WANTED FOR OUR RESCUE HOME

To be sure of having the coal to keep our family of girls and babies warm this winter we must buy coal *now*. Seventy-five or eighty tons of coal are needed during the season. By getting the coal in carload lots we save a large sum on the expense, but even then we must pay this year five dollars a ton delivered.

A fund must be started at once to pay for this coal. The names of the contributors will



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"NO BUDDY LOVES ME."

be published in the next number of THE LIFE BOAT. Send check for one or more tons as the Lord impresses. We shall not limit you to the number of tons you pay for, but we want to assure you that the money will be used to keep our girls sheltered from the wintry blasts and to keep our babies warm and comfortable. May we hear from you?

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH, Supt.

### THE RESCUE HOME PICNIC

ANNA L. CASE,

Housekeeper

On the morning of July 28th, the girls of the Life Boat Rescue Home were busily preparing a picnic lunch, for the opportunity had come to lock up the house that we might all enjoy a day's outing.

of Hinsdale, Mr. Hess of the Sanitarium, with my daughter and myself.

At 5:30 we returned home, all well and satisfied with our day's outing and with the promise that we would have another such day in the near future.

It makes us happy to gladden the hearts of those girls who are shut in from the world for a time, and to welcome any girl looking for the protection of such a place as The Life Boat Rescue Home of Hinsdale, Ill.

Our sorrows do not spring out of the ground. God "doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." When He permits trials and afflictions, it is "for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness."

—Mrs. E. G. White.



BY THE PLACID WATER  
The home family enjoying a picnic.

This morning was beautiful and clear—a perfect day for a pleasure trip—even one that the little ones could enjoy. How happy our girls were that they might avail themselves of the opportunity.

The scene chosen for the day's outing was a spot under the shady trees on the shore of Salt Creek. It was a mile and a half from the Home—too far for the girls to walk and carry the baskets, so a gentleman from Hinsdale kindly consented to convey us there and back in his autotruck.

We had a merry crowd of ten girls and six children, accompanied by Mrs. C. L. Clough, Mrs. Maud Wilson Cobb, Mr. Pfeifer,

### COMING AGAIN

PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD

There's a strain of sweet music abiding with me,  
It maketh my spirit unharrassed and free;

'Tis a balm for earth's pain;

"He is coming again!"

And soon my Redeemer's dear face I shall see.

'Tis my song in the night, 'tis my joy when I wak

It cheers and it sweetens each step that I take;

'Tis my anchor and hope,

And when storms interlope

It holdeth my bark where no tempest can shake

"He is coming"—ah, yes, He is coming agai:

It is grief's antidote and a solace for pain.

Such a hope, truly "blest,"

To the weary brings rest:

The Saviour is coming, forever to reign.

## A MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN

OLIVE FIELD.

[Six or eight of our first year nurses at Hinsdale are now spending their time selling THE LIFE BOAT magazine in the adjoining towns. That they are having rich experiences can be seen from their faces each day as they return from their work. Are there not others who would like to share in these experiences?—Ed.]

I had never tried selling LIFE BOATS until about four weeks ago, but now that I have begun the work I find real pleasure in it.

I feel a great burden for the girls the Rescue Home is trying to save, so as I go out with the magazines I speak of this work and I find that many, many people are deeply interested.

## PHYSICAL LABOR A NECESSITY

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

The importance of systematic physical exercise in the maintenance or development of a healthy, vigorous body and mind, is not appreciated as it should be. By the majority, physical work is performed in a mechanical manner, not from choice, but because of necessity.

A young man in New Zealand found fault with the government. He complained of the inability to get work. A gentleman stepped up to him and said, "My friend, if you will accompany me I will secure you a job in two hours," to which he replied, "It isn't work I am



OUR LARGE COMPANY OF MAGAZINE AND CITY WORKERS IN THE FIELD THIS MONTH

Wherever I go, I find THE LIFE BOAT has made friends. One man said half a dozen times, "Don't forget us when you come with THE LIFE BOAT."

Many of the people in the Naperville couch factory had missed the magazine because our workers understood they could not go there with papers to sell, but now the factory management has given us permission to work there during the noon hour, and we shall see that they get their LIFE BOATS regularly again.

I am thankful for every magazine sold, for it is so much seed sown. Let us pray for the harvest.

"The older I am," says habit, "the stronger I shall grow."

after, it is money I am after." When work is regarded as mere drudgery and money is the thing men are after, the full benefit that should result from exercise is not gained. The woman at the wash-tub, laughing and good-natured, is seldom ill. The mother who toils for her loved ones and deems it a pleasure to do so usually keeps well.

The principle laid down in the Bible is one that should be followed: "Let him that stole, steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Eph. 4:28. This should be the motive which prompts to work. The amount of good we get out of work depends in a great measure upon



the good we see in it, and the amount of mental and physical energy we invest. The wise man said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it with thy might.*" Eccl. 9:10. That is, put your heart into all you do.

Walking, the best of all exercises, may be taken in a listless, aimless way, and very little good be received therefrom. But by taking a brisk walk in the open air, in a cheerful spirit, with shoulders back, head erect, throwing some life into it, expecting some returns for the means of vitality invested, we are never disappointed. The life current flows more freely, and every organ of the body is benefited thereby.

Many go to the seashore or to sanitariums to regain health; some are greatly benefited, others are not; if you should follow the two classes in their treatments you would find that the one class are mere mechanics, they go through the treatments and exercises prescribed in a mechanical way, while the other class make a study of diet and the treatments. By doing so they are able to reason from cause to effect and expect results. They make a business of getting well; they expect much and receive much.

There is something wrong with our education. Honest labor is by few considered an inestimable blessing. The Egyptians evidently had a wrong conception of labor; for fear lest the children of Israel multiply and become a people more powerful than they, and join their enemies and fight against them, they said, "*Let us deal wisely with them.*" Thinking that hard work was the surest way to cause physical degeneracy and to weaken the race, they placed task-masters over them and afflicted them with the hardest kind of labor. They were sadly disappointed in the results. The record tells us, "But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel." Ex. 1:12.

The good derived from food, or the air inhaled, depends on a good vigorous circulation of the blood. It is the blood that carries life from the food, air, and water, to the different organs and muscles of the body, and it is through the blood the tissues are freed from impurities.

The arm of the blacksmith becomes well developed and strong. By constant exercise the circulation of blood is quickened, and

more life is carried to it. Upon the other hand, inaction of any organ will cause a sluggish circulation of the stream of life through it and inevitably results in decrease in its size and strength. Not only does physical exercise build up, develop, and strengthen the muscles, but it also develops the brain. A leg or an arm amputated causes atrophy, or a wasting of that portion of the brain which has control over those muscles. This shows that a well-developed and well-balanced mind depends on a well-developed body, and that physical health and mental strength are intimately associated.

Gladstone's clear-headedness and success as a statesman depended in a large measure upon his systematic physical exercise. We are living in an unfortunate age—an age of specialization. A few years ago only all-round men and women were in demand. Clerks in stores were supposed to handle everything, groceries, clothing, hardware, machinery. Light and heavy, inside and outside work, were combined. The women did housework, made the clothing for their children, worked in the fields, etc. This variety of labor compelled the use of nearly all the muscles of the body.

Now we have bookkeepers who lean over the desk ten hours each day and handle only the pen; stenographers, who operate only the typewriters; telephone operators; in fact, every one has his specialty. Thus while some muscles and certain cells of the brain are constantly exercised and wear out from overwork, others lie idle and rust out from disuse. This in a great measure accounts for the increase in mental and other diseases and is one of the causes of physical degeneracy.

Work cheerfully engaged in daily in the open air would obviate the necessity of business men to take a prolonged vacation each year in order to keep in health.

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The wisest and most interesting men talk little, think much, complain never, but travel on. How far have you come to-day, brother?  
—*Ralph Waldo Trine.*

---

"Don't waste other people's time while you are wasting your own."

---

"If there is no good in a thing it is pretty safe to let it alone."

# Pointed Paragraphs.

J. G. LAMSON

Yes, the word "doubt" is in the Bible.

\* \* \*

So is the word "devil" in the Bible.

\* \* \*

And these words are related to each other.

\* \* \*

One is the "father" and the other is the "son."

\* \* \*

There are a whole lot of sons of that same father and the entire family are a bad crowd.

\* \* \*

Doubt,—doubt of the truth of God's own spoken word,—was the occasion of the fall. God said, "But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." (Margin of Gen. 2:17, "dying thou shalt die.") "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not *surely* die." And the woman doubted God, believed the devil, tempted Adam, he yielded, and the whole family of Adam were plunged into ruin.

\* \* \*

Doubt did it, and doubting God will do it every time. It makes no difference whether we doubt God, (that is, doubt that he is,—that he exists) or whether we doubt his word that is written out in the Bible, or the incarnate Word who once lived on the earth and is now exalted at God's right hand, or the Holy Spirit who is sent by the Father and the Son to convince of sin and of righteousness and of judgment. If we doubt either, any, or all of these or their word to us it spells RUIN to the doubter.

"Doubting" never got anybody "anywhere worth going to."

\* \* \*

Peter one time started for the Saviour and he had to walk across some water to get to his Lord. He started to doubt and he started to sink. If you doubt that, just read the story in Matthew 14:28-31. Anybody else who starts to doubt starts to sink.

No one ever learned anything by doubting. The most elementary knowledge we possess is by faith. Jack, holding one of his little building blocks up to his mother asks, "What is that?" and mother answers, "That is the letter A." Jack believes it and his store of knowledge is increased by that amount. Jack believed, that's all. Now, suppose Jack had responded to his mother's truthful statement, "I doubt it." Suppose to every bit of instruction his mother gave he had said, "I doubt it," or even if he did not say so, what if he doubted just the same. He would grow up an idiot,—a "fool," if you like that word better, and that is just what the word of God says. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Ps. 14:1. "Fools despise wisdom and instruction." Prov. 1:7.

\* \* \*

And yet there are a lot of folks who are not ready to admit that they are fools, that behave very foolishly, to speak "ladylike" and mildly. I read of one who is a college professor or lecturer; in a college or university where they advertise a "divinity school," and where young men go to learn how to preach and what to preach; and this particular professor in the opening talk to those embryo "ministers of the gospel" is reported to have spoken as follows: "In every sphere of investigation he (the student) should begin with doubt . . . we ask that every student of theology take up the subject precisely as he would any other science; that he begin with doubt. . . . We believe that even the teachings of Jesus should be received from this standpoint, and should be accepted or rejected on the ground of their inherent reasonableness."

\* \* \*

Never doubt. It is of the devil.

\* \* \*

BELIEVE.

## TERSE SAYINGS OF SPURGEON

Meek spirits are in high favor with the Father of the meek and lowly Jesus, for he sees in them the image of his only begotten son.

If we make our will God's will, God will let us have our will.

He who fears God has nothing else to fear. He will lodge in the chamber of content.

He who toils in the harvest field of prayer should occasionally pause and refresh himself with a meal of meditation.

To pardon a great sinner will bring thee great glory, therefore for thy name's sake pardon me.

Generations of sinners come not into the genealogy of the skies. God's family register is not for strangers, but for the children only.

Toiling servants of God be glad at the thought that the eternal purpose of God shall suffer neither let nor hindrance.

The hiding of the Father's face from Jesus was but temporary, and was soon removed; it was not final and eternal.

Some one has said that when there is a shadow there must be light somewhere, and so there is. Death stands by the side of the highway in which we have to travel, and the light of Heaven shining upon him throws a shadow across our path. Let us then rejoice that there is light beyond.

What a mercy that we may pray in the day of trouble, and what a still more blessed privilege to know that no trouble can prevent the Lord from hearing us! Troubles roar like thunder, but the believer's voice will be heard above the storm.

What is in the well of the heart is sure to come up in the bucket of the lips, and those are the only true prayers where the heart's desire is first, and the lips' request follows after.

Augustine in his older days wrote a series of Retractions; ours might well make a library if we had enough sense to be convinced of our mistakes and confess them.

Sun, moon, and stars are God's traveling preachers.

God takes notice of intentions. He who would but could not is as guilty as he who did. The clefts of the Rock of Ages are safe abodes.

Our weakness is a reason for divine help.

Love is the universal debt of all the saved family; who would wish to be exonerated from its payment?

Dwellers at the foot of the cross grow callous to the sneers of the haughty.

Pride is a barbed weapon.

The wounds of Jesus distil a balsam which heals all the scars which the jagged weapons of contempt can inflict upon us.

Gratitude is never short of subjects; her Ebenezers stand so close together as to wall up her path to heaven on both sides.

We generally speak amiss when we are in a hurry. Hasty words are but for a moment on the tongue, but they often lie for years on the conscience.

The goodness of the Lord is great. If we cannot measure we can marvel, and though we may not calculate with accuracy we may adore with fervency.

The Lord has laid up in reserve for his people supplies beyond all count. In the treasury of the covenant, in the field of redemption, in the caskets of the promises, in the granaries of providence, the Lord has provided for all the needs which can possibly occur to his chosen.

God owns his saints when others are ashamed to acknowledge them. He never refuses to know his friends. He thinks not the worse of them for their rags and tatters.

Better spend our years in sighing than in sinning.

Those who are nearest can stab the sharpest. We feel most the slights of those who should have shown us sympathy.

Self-interest rules the most of men; ties of the most sacred character are soon snapped by its influence, and actions of the utmost meanness are perpetrated without a scruple.

The milk of human kindness curdles when a despised believer is the victim of slanderous accusations.

He who can say what David did need not envy Cicero his eloquence. "Thou art my God," has more sweetness in it than any other utterance which human speech can frame.

Providence is a soft pillow for anxious heads, an anodyne for care, a grave for despair.

Give me the sunshine of heaven in my soul and I will defy the tempests of earth.



# EDITORIAL

**EDITORS:**

Mary W. Paulson, M. D., Percy T. Magan, M. D.,  
D. H. Kress, M. D., Caroline Louise Clough

**DECREASE OF CRIME IN CHICAGO**

A recent number of the *Union Signal* gives the following facts concerning the drop in the number of crimes committed in Chicago since July 1st as compared with the same length of time in June. Prohibition is having a chance to demonstrate what it can do toward cleaning up the crime centers of our cities and transforming the homes.

We read:

"If this record keeps up I'm in favor of prohibition," tersely remarked Chief of Detectives James L. Mooney of Chicago, after the first ten days of aridity in that city. "We are only averaging one or two holdups a night, where formerly it was a common thing to have seven or eight reported. Besides that, the patrol men don't have to pass all their time looking after drunks, but can devote more to their regular work."

"It is reported that police records show a decrease of 101 crimes in the first eight days of July as compared with the last eight days of June. Non-support complaints fell from twelve to one, burglaries, robberies and larcenies decreased.

"*The Chicago Evening Post* is publishing some of the letters it has received in answer to a request of its readers to write and tell 'What July 1 Has Meant To Me.' The wife of a drinker gratefully declares that in seven days from the going into effect of the dry law her husband's entire disposition has changed. Money has begun to flow in and drive away want and misery, and in their place have come contentment and happiness."

C. L. C.

**HOW MANY WILL YOU ORDER?**

One of our agents has practically ordered three thousand copies of this number of **THE LIFE BOAT**. Others are placing large orders ahead. New agents are taking hold of the work with enthusiasm. We prophesy this number will have the largest circulation in months. **THE LIFE BOAT** sells itself. Have you tried selling it? Now is a good time to start the work. Send fifty cents for ten copies to show to your friends.

**THE KEY TO SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN LIFE**

It is not so much what we know *about* Christ, it is not in possessing a knowledge of the history of the Christian religion, it is not even in obtaining a working knowledge of the Word of God or in having memorized large portions of scripture, that gives us success in the Christian life. All these things are good and well, but the soul that depends *alone* on these things will not make progress. A personal heart connection must be established between us and Heaven through which the soul can speak to his God and hear God speaking to him. Prayer is the connecting link.

Our Saviour was found much in prayer and his greatest miracles were performed after spending whole nights in prayer.

"But," says one, "what is the use of my praying when it seems like a mockery. I know my prayers never go any higher than my head." That may be true, but pray anyway—persist in prayer and the clouds will break away. "The self-sufficient worker may seem to move the world, but the humble wrestler moves heaven."

It is not necessary to weep and groan and agonize in prayer all the time. Malachi speaks thus of a class of people who do that: "And this have ye done again, covering the altar of the Lord with tears, with weeping, and with crying out, insomuch that he regardeth not the offering any more, or receiveth it with good will at your hand." Mal. 2:13. If there were more obedience there would be less need for agonizing groans. It is God's desire that our lives should be more beautiful than the flowers and He is not pleased when our experience is made up of groans and tears and regrets because we have failed in obeying Him.

Sometimes the answer to our prayer may be delayed, but that is when we pray for earthly blessings. When praying for forgiveness, we can be sure of a prompt answer.

Secret prayer is the soul of religion, but the darkness of the evil one surrounds those who neglect to pray. Every sincere soul who takes the name "Our Father" upon his lips will be heard in the courts of Glory and his prayer will fall like music on the ear of God.

C. L. C.

### IS THE GIFT TOO CHEAP TO ACCEPT?

After reading G. Campbell Morgan's illustration of the great price paid by the living God to sink a shaft that can rescue and save every lost man, you will not think the gift too cheap.

"A collier came to me at the close of one of my services and said: 'I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot believe that he will forgive them if I just turn to him. It is too cheap.'

"I looked at him and said, 'My dear friend, have you been working today?'

"Yes, I was down in the pit.'

"How did you get out of the pit?'

"The way I usually do—I got into the cage and was pulled to the top.'

"How much did you pay to come out of the pit?'

"Pay? Of course I didn't pay anything!'

"Were you not afraid to trust yourself in that cage? Was it not too cheap?'

"Ah, no,' he said, 'it was cheap for me, but it cost the Company a lot of money to sink that shaft.'

"And without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him, and he saw if he could have salvation 'without money and without price' it had cost the Infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men."

### HOW DO YOU COUGH AND SNEEZE?

Dr. W. A. Evans, who writes for the *Chicago Tribune*, tells us how to cough and sneeze. The public has become accustomed to shunning the public drinking cup, to swat the fly that formerly traveled complacently over the mouth of milk pitcher and washed his feet in the cream, and even to refrain from spitting in public places, "but here come men who tell us that about the only forms of contagion left that are of any importance are those due to infection of the upper respiratory tract. They call our attention to the fact that pneumonia and bronchitis are getting worse instead of better, and that we must change those of our habits which are responsible for these diseases.

"Maj. Soper says that 'to talk eye-to-eye and mouth-to-mouth is a careless habit, which can and should be stopped. . . . In earnest conversation men sometimes stand so close to one another that they can feel the impact of the speaker's breath. A large measure of safety against this germ bombardment can be obtained by standing back a distance from the too earnest person.' He advises standing a little distance away or else standing in a position which means that the forcibly expired air and its bacterial flora goes over your shoulder.

"Another harmful habit is that of coughing in public places. Most coughing is unnecessary. We cough because those around us do so. However, if a person must cough, let him cough into his handkerchief.

"Sneezing is likewise often unnecessary. Here, too, if sneezing must be indulged in, the person affected should move apart, turn his head, and sneeze into his handkerchief. Coughing and sneezing in which other persons or food, tableware or desks are aimed at, spreads much infection.

### IF YOU HAVE MONEY TO LOAN, READ THIS

The Hinsdale Sanitarium has had the largest patronage for the past year in its history. For many months it has been possible to accommodate only a small percentage of those who have wished to come here for care and treatment, therefore we have decided to build a fifty-room addition this summer.

This will make it necessary for us to borrow a few thousand dollars. We will give the note of the Sanitarium, signed by the president and the secretary, bearing interest at six per cent, payable semi-annually and running for whatever length of time may be desired—one, two, three or more years.

We will give as additional security Sanitarium Bonds, if desired.

Anyone having money to loan us or who may wish further particulars, address The Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.

"Maj. Soper discourages shaking hands and wishes we could adopt some safer form of salutation.

"It was the major, then a New York City health officer, who discovered Typhoid Mary—, a lady who spread much typhoid through her hands. His warnings against hand habits, which spread disease, are entitled, therefore, to consideration."

C. L. C.

### NEWS HERE AND THERE

The Doctors R. S. and Olive Ingersoll of Madison, Wis., and Dr. and Mrs. Maynard, called while on their way to a convention at Madison, Tenn.

Dr. J. F. Morse, of Porto Rico, was a welcome visitor at Hinsdale August 9-11. He gave some very profitable and interesting talks on his experience in medical missionary work in Porto Rico.

Mr. B. N. Mulford of Fountain Head, Tenn., spent a night at the Sanitarium. While here he spoke to the helpers and guests of his work in the southland.

Prof. J. G. Lamson and wife are enjoying a pleasant vacation this month in northern Michigan. Professor Lamson is the Sanitarium chaplain.

Miss Ida Peterson, one of the 1919 graduates of Hinsdale Sanitarium, left for her home in Webster, S. Dak., on August 10.

Dr. H. G. Hadley of Washington, D. C., was a recent visitor at the Sanitarium.

Mrs. A. S. Steele, founder and superintendent of the Needy Home for Children, Chattanooga, Tenn., has been a guest at the Sanitarium for the last two weeks.

Miss Pearl Diment, one of the Sanitarium workers, is visiting relatives and friends at Joliet, Ill., for a couple of week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Eason, of Chicago, who were formerly connected with our Chicago Medical Mission, spent a day at Hinsdale recently.

Miss Anna Pedersen left recently for an extended vacation with friends and relatives in Oregon.

Mr. Forrest Bliss, a graduate of the Hinsdale Sanitarium, who has just been dismissed from army service at Camp Taylor, called at Hinsdale recently while enroute to his home in Iowa.

### GOD KNOWS

PEARL HOWARD WAGGONER,  
Moho, Peru, S. A.

God knows, God knows, not we,  
The meaning of the bitter trial  
Which leaves the heart so numb the while.  
He feels with man each cruel loss,  
And bears with us the heavy cross;  
Through every change He loves us still,  
And naught can happen but His will  
To those who love Him and who trust.  
His ways, though hidden, all are just;  
He knows, then why need we?

God knows, God knows, not we,  
Which turning in the path ahead  
Our minds must choose, our feet should tread;  
To us the way is dark,—obscure,—  
To Him the whole is light and sure.  
Though both might lead to Home and rest,  
He knows which way for us is best,  
And knows just where the souls abide  
Who need our help to find a Guide  
He knows, then why need we?

We do not need to see,  
When on His wisdom we may lean  
To whom our whole life's way is seen,  
Who from beginning knows the end  
And where the road must sudden bend;  
And not a step mistaken is  
If we but leave our hand in His.  
With such a wondrous Guide so near  
What should we dread? Why ever fear?  
God knows, then why need we?

"Please find one dollar enclosed for THE LIFE BOAT which I have so thoroughly enjoyed. Could not get along without it. It is just like getting a letter from home, every month. I surely enjoyed this last one."

Goodness expands the heart and makes it humble. The larger, the better, the nobler your heart is, the more you will be inclined to make allowance for others, and the more you will say and feel, "God be merciful to me a sinner."—Robertson.

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**BOOKS WE RECOMMEND**

If this magazine has interested you, we would refer you to the following books and magazines for further study. They can be procured from our office or ordered direct from the publishers:

**The Marked Bible** is a new booklet by the late Prof. C. L. Taylor. It brings out Bible truths in story form, being an actual account of a missionary's experience on shipboard. The book is having a remarkable sale. Price, 15c per copy.

**Soul-Winning**—G. B. Thompson. A splendid book to encourage professed Christians in personal soul-winning work. 192 pages, 75c.

**Steps to Christ**—Mrs. E. G. White. A splendid book for the unconverted and the seeker after God, and a constant guide to the Christian. Published in several bindings from 25c paper or khaki cover to a \$1.00 gift book.

**Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing.** An application of the principles of Christ's sermon on the mount. A real gem of truth. 218 pages, 85c.

**Ministry of Healing.** One of the most remarkable books ever written on the subject of health and healing, with instruction for the upbuilding of the Christian home. We have a few copies of this splendid book on hand which we will furnish at \$1.50 each.

**The Signs of the Times** is a weekly periodical which deals with Bible truth and its relation to the times in which we live. \$1.50 per year. Published at Mountain View, Cal.

**The Watchman Magazine.** A live up-to-date, illustrated monthly magazine dealing with world-wide current topics from the Scriptural standpoint. \$1.50 per year. Address, Nashville, Tenn.



**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. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1919.*

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The Life Boat is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, Incorporated.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

Do not send currency in your letters, as The Life Boat will not be responsible for receipt of the same.

Single copies, 10 cents.  
Yearly subscriptions, \$1.00.  
Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

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

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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.

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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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**Rates for Advertising**

Full page, single issue, \$20; three month, \$50.  
Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.  
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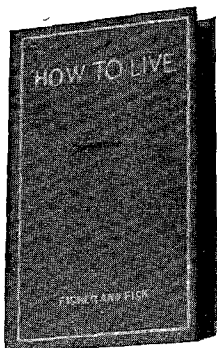
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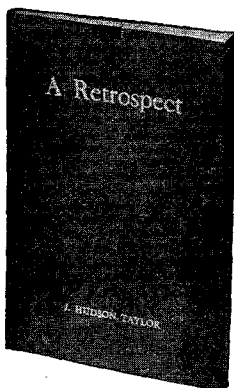


## “How to Live, or Rules for Healthful Living, Based on Modern Science”

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 two new subscriptions and 25 cents additional. Induce some one to subscribe for The Life Boat the coming year and receive this most excellent book.

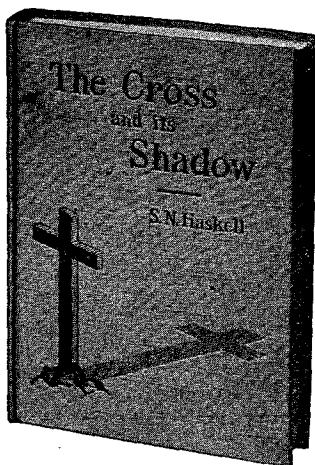
## The Cross and Its Shadow

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.



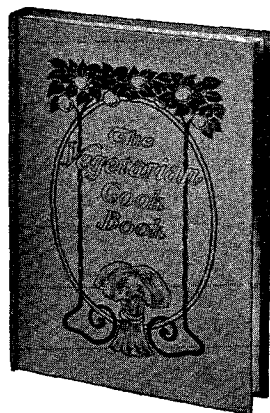
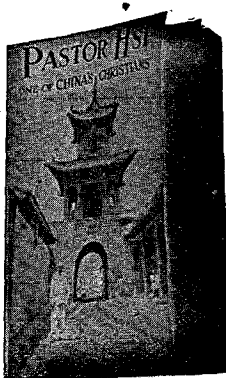
## A Retrospect

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

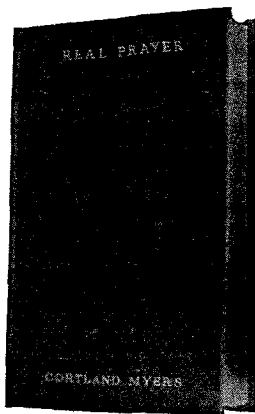
This charming book, “Pastor Hsi,” by Mrs. Howard Taylor, daughter-in-law of the late J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, has found such a warm reception by The Life Boat readers everywhere that we are offering it again this year. The author gives in a most fascinating manner the remarkable 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.





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## A New Webster's Pocket Dictionary

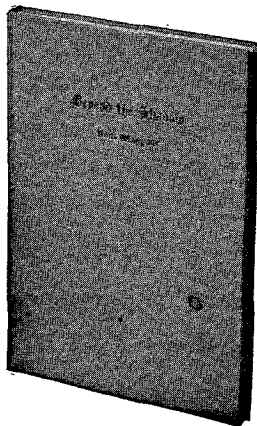
for only one subscription or renewal at one dollar. This book is really five books in one. It is not only a dictionary but a complete parliamentary manual, a rapid calculator, a compendium in business and social forms, a letter writer and literary guide, and a pronouncing and statistical gazetteer of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



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

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

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"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.

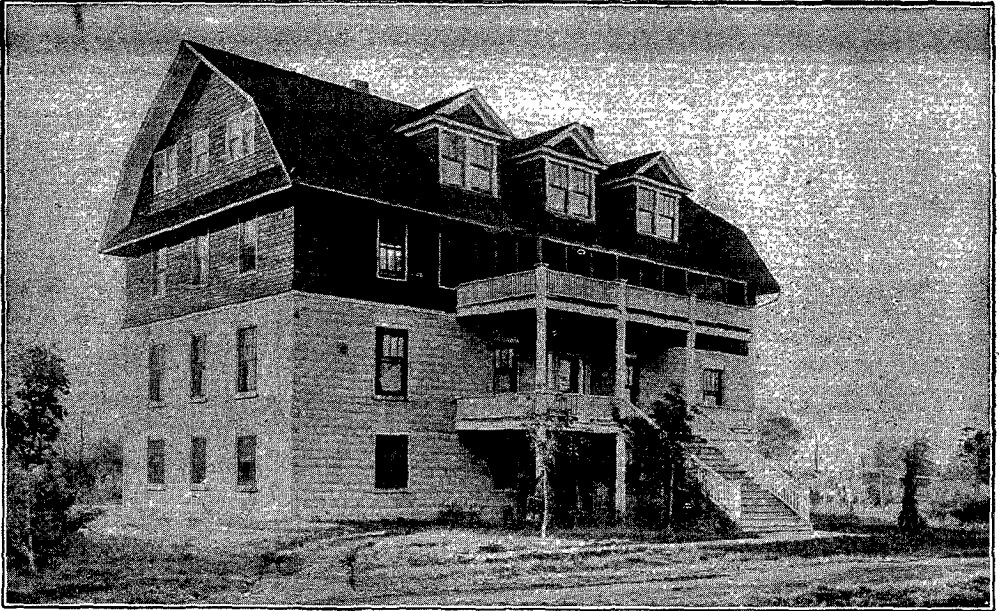
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1 Pint .....	\$0.45	Shipping weight.....	2 lbs.
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It is put up in tin cans so that it can be sent by parcel post. These rates do not include transportation charges.

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 your 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.



*The Main Parlor*

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

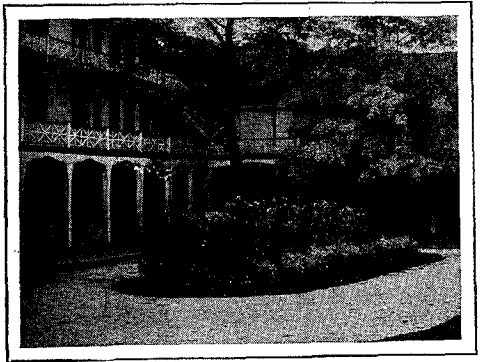
It is completely descriptive and beautifully illustrated. Once you read this book and note the location, the charm of Hinsdale and the ability of this institution to benefit the sick, you will realize that we offer you every possible means of restoring your health and of becoming completely rested, among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

**The Hinsdale Sanitarium**  
Hinsdale, Ill.

Phone  
Hinsdale 645

## 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.



*A Glimpse of the Lawn*