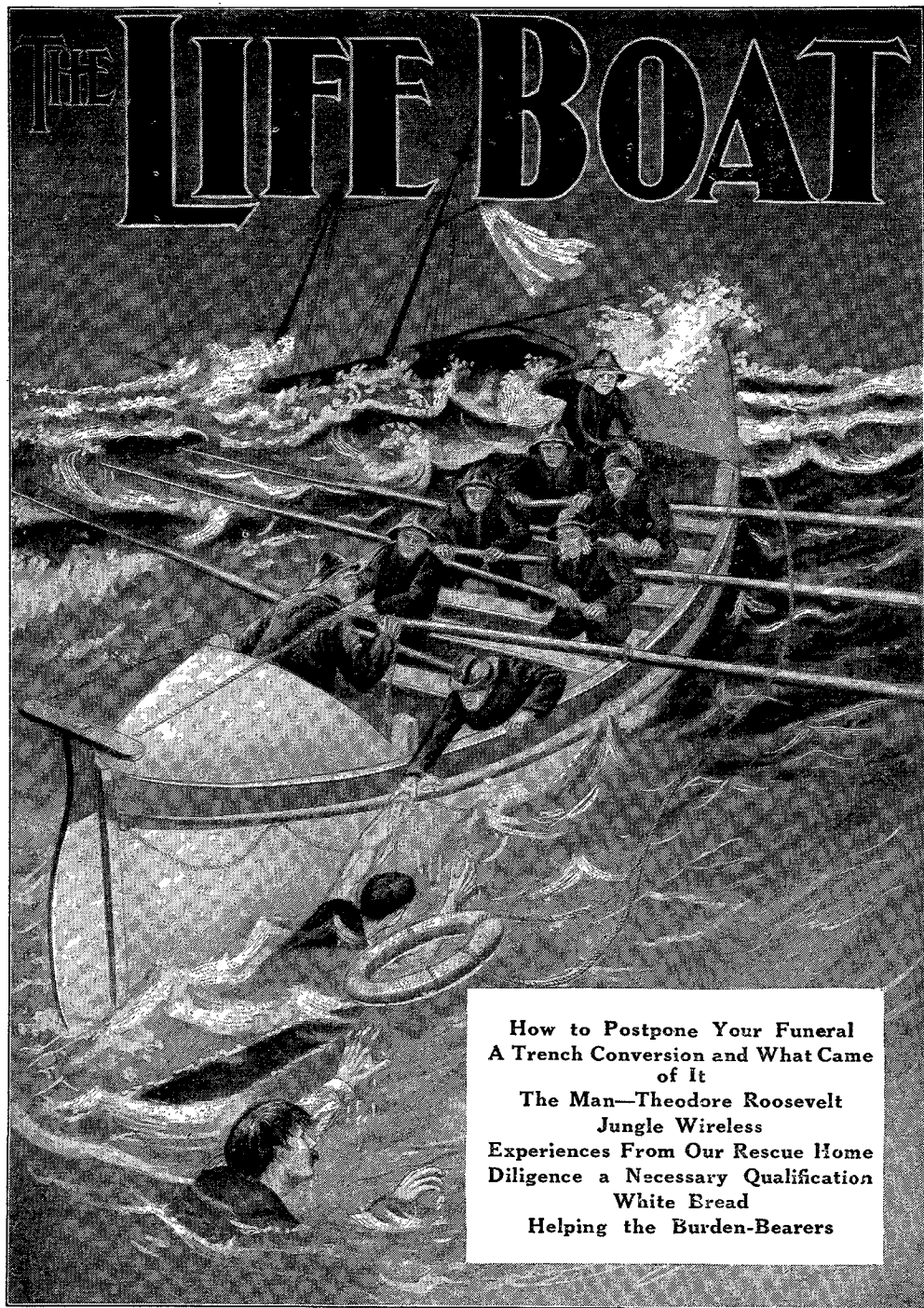


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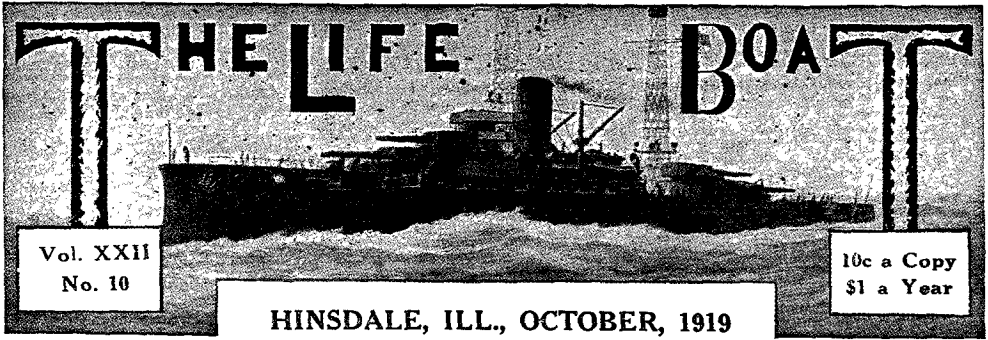
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**T**he leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is "Spend and be spent". It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT



## How to Postpone Your Own Funeral

Dr. R. M. Clarke

Dr. Clarke and his family of Santa Barbara, Calif., were welcome guests of the Hinsdale Sanitarium for a few weeks. Dr. Clarke was formerly superintendent of the Nashville Sanitarium. While with us, he gave the patients and guests of the Sanitarium a talk on this subject which we are passing on to our readers.—Ed.]

WE READ in the Bible that the days of Adam were 930 years and he died, and Methuselah was 969 years, and he died. Men lived to be pretty old in those days, but now men, instead of being able to postpone the day of their funeral, they hasten it. If there is any means whereby we can change this, we need to know about it—not only for the purpose of putting off that evil day, but to live better while we are alive. We ought to feel every day as though we could jump a nine-foot fence and never touch it. That inability to have the “pep” as boys call it, is one of the biggest causes I know of for present-day failures. Failures in business, failures in different lines of profession, as ministers, lawyers, doctors, and every other vocation is usually due to something that is wrong with the human machinery and most often this is in the stomach and bowels.

Now the process of change in the food that is on our plate before us today, to body tissue which it becomes tomorrow, is one of the most complex processes that human minds have discovered. It is failure to understand this process that has caused the average length of life to drop from Methuselah's 969 years to our time when about forty years is the average.

There are three kinds of food, and those three kinds of food cover everything that you and I eat. They are: Proteins, fats and carbohydrates. Proteins we get out of the heavy food, such as peas, beans, meats, etc. The fats are found in cream, butter, olive oil, nuts, etc. The carbohydrates are starches and sugars,

found chiefly in grains, fruits and vegetables. And these three kinds of food cover everything.

The digestion of protein, as I have said before, is a very highly complex matter and the by-products of its digestion are proportionately complex and toxic. Now, if we eat only the amount of protein that is necessary for our body needs, we still have quite a job to handle the by-products of its digestion; but on the other hand, if we eat more protein than is necessary for the needs of the body, we are, therefore, handling more by-products than is necessary to handle, and it is these by-products of protein digestion that are the sand in our machinery. We need to understand that only enough protein should be taken to meet the body needs and then see that the system is “well drained” in order that the land may not be “swampy.” It is the meat-eater that is taking more protein than is necessary to sustain his body; he is, therefore, handling more toxic by-products than his excretory organs can stand.

Fortunately, the first time we break down we can sometimes regain our health and hit the same old sixty-mile gait as before, but if we are not careful, we are eventually going to come into the garage for the last time.

I want to speak once more about the protein question before I leave it. The great protein supply is from meat. This is a protein that we receive second hand. It is a protein that is one of the heaviest we can eat, and it is the quickest to ferment. The food remains in the

body for the same length of time, and so we continually go on with too much protein and we reap the result. "As we sow, so shall we reap."

Dr. David Paulson not long ago compiled some very interesting statistics regarding people that are large consumers of meat and those who do not eat so much. People who eat a lot of meat, produce the highest percentage of cancers. So it is of vital importance that we know some of these simple things pertaining to our diet. One of the greatest evils that befall us is the holding of these by-products too long. As long as they are in the body we can still absorb poison from them.

The drainage of the system is very important. If the drainage is imperfect, it is going to be "swamp" land. This, I believe, is the second greatest evil. Constipation is a great evil and a serious trouble, and we need to attack it. We don't need medicines—we need to stop doing the wrong things and start doing the right things. The majority of people who come with nervousness, neuritis, headaches, etc., if they would learn to eat simple food and live as God intended them to live, they would not need to be running to the doctor all the time. If we can only learn to get at these basic principles and follow them, we would enjoy life.

The good Book says: "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" 1 Cor. 6:19. And, "If any man *defile* the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." 1 Cor. 3:17.

### SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION DESTROYING A ONCE NOBLE RACE

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

Probably nowhere on the face of the earth could there be found a century ago a finer race than that of the Maori of New Zealand. In physique they almost reached perfection. The habits of these people at that time were most simple and primitive.

The islands previous to the entry of Captain Cook contained no domestic or wild animals of any kind. A native in relating their curiosity to ascertain the food of the white man, said that, after killing the crew of a ship, they went on board and looked through the cargo for the white man's food. First, they dis-

covered a barrel of sugar; this they tasted, but being disagreeable to their unperverted palates, they threw into the sea; next they sampled some soap they dispatched in like manner. Then they found some flour, it was so dry and fine that they concluded it could not be the white man's food, so they cast it overboard. Among all the cargo they could find nothing that to them had the appearance or taste of food.

Captain Cook tells us that when he first visited New Zealand, he found the Maoris enjoying perfect and uninterrupted health. That he never observed a single person who appeared to have any bodily complaint. Nor among the number that were seen naked, was once perceived the slightest eruption of the skin, nor the least mark which indicated that such eruptions had formerly existed.

Another proof of the health of these people was the readiness with which wounds they at any time received healed up. In a man who had been shot with a musket ball through the fleshy part of the arm, "His wound seemed well digested and in so fair a way to be healed," says the Captain, "that if I had not known that no application had been made to it, I should have inquired with very interesting curiosity after the vulnerary herbs and surgical art of the country." "An additional evidence of the healthiness of the New Zealanders," he says, "is in the great number of old men found among them. Many of them appeared to be very ancient, and yet *none* of them were decrepit. Although they were not equal to the young in muscular strength, they did not come in the least behind them in regard to cheerfulness and vivacity."

Since the introduction of so-called civilized habits, especially the use of alcohol and tobacco, this noble race has rapidly degenerated.

Having been reduced in numbers from 120,000 to 40,000, skin and other more serious diseases are now common among them.

Chief Justice Stout of New Zealand, in delivering judgment in a case where a drunken Maori had been convicted of theft, said:

"As in at least half of the criminal cases coming before me, drink was the cause of this crime. The case shows how the Maoris are being degraded by contact with so-called civilization. *If this drinking habit continues, we are in measurable distance of the time when the Maori race, one of the noblest races with which we Anglo-Saxons have ever come in*

*contact, will be exterminated. The new environment and the vices of the white race are killing out the native race only too surely. I do not know what the future historian will have to say as to the part the white race has*

*played in the degradation and destruction of so noble a race as the Maoris. A grave responsibility rests upon us. We are allowing the Maoris to be decimated by strong drink, and doing little or nothing to save them."*

## The Man—Theodore Roosevelt

William Boyce Thompson,

President, Roosevelt Memorial Association

THE PUBLIC mind may have not identified Theodore Roosevelt as a religious man, but he was essentially that. When in Washington he was regularly an attendant at the services of the Dutch Reformed Church, but he made no practice of discussing his religious beliefs. When he was asked to address audiences more or less religious or denominational in character, he was accustomed to state what he believed should be the life conduct of the decent man or woman.

From his earliest years in public life he was distinguished by his broadness and toleration of men and their religious belief. All he asked was that their belief should not be something put on and off with their Sunday clothes but a vital thing which should be observed and carried into practical execution in their workaday lives.

He was distinctly intolerant of any attempt to draw racial or religious lines and in his writings and speeches he constantly made it plain that a man counted with him for what he was, not for what his ancestors were or the creed which he professed. Thus, in his very early days as Police Commissioner of the City of New York, he was invited to state his

views on the excise law requiring the closing of the saloons on Sunday to an assemblage of men, most of whom were of German extraction. The chairman of the meeting was in high indignation because he said one of the newspapers had accused the Germans of being opposed to the enforcement of the law.

He engaged in a long defense of the Germans. When Roosevelt was introduced, he prefaced his address by saying: "Just a word in the beginning, suggested by what has been said. I come here to speak to you, caring nothing for creed and nothing for the birthplace of those whom I address, because I speak as an American to fellow Americans."

A similar instance Roosevelt tells about in his Autobiography. While he was Police Commissioner, a preacher named Ahlwardt came over from Berlin to start a crusade against the Jews. On the night of the meeting in Madison Square Garden, the anti-Semitic

preacher found himself facing a score or more of Jewish policemen under command of a Jewish police sergeant, whom Commissioner Roosevelt had detailed to protect him. Needless to say, the crusade was short-lived.

No man who knew and loved Nature as



Roosevelt knew and loved it and who preached and practiced as ardently as did he the gospel of hard work could have been without serious religious feeling. But he had little patience with passive Christianity or with negative good conduct. He was distinctly practical; and he believed and preached the necessity of continual exemplification of one's beliefs. A good idea of his creed of conduct is obtained from the words he addressed to members of a certain church organization, at a meeting in

wrong to others. I want to see each man able to hold his own in the rough work of actual life outside, and also, when he is at home, a good man, unselfish in dealing with his wife, or mother, or children. Remember that the preaching does not count if it is not backed up by practice. There is no good in your preaching to your boys to be brave, if you run away. There is no good in your preaching to them to tell the truth if you do not. There is no good in your preaching to them to be



The reception room in Col. Roosevelt's home at Oyster Bay, L. I., showing the President's desk and chair

Oyster Bay: "If you are to be effective as good Christians you must possess strength and courage, or your example will count for little with the young who admire strength and courage. I want to see every man able to hold his own with the strong, and also ashamed to oppress the weak. I want to see each young fellow able to do a man's work in the world, and of a type which will not permit imposition to be permitted upon him. I want to see him too strong of spirit to submit to wrong, and, on the other hand, ashamed to do

unselfish if they see you selfish with your wife, disregardful of others."

Theodore Roosevelt was a notable preacher. What he believed he constantly preached and he had the merit of practicing what he preached. This is no better illustrated than in his doctrine of work. To quote his own words, "There is no room in our healthy American life for the mere idler, for the man or woman whose object it is throughout life to shirk the duties which life ought to bring. Life can mean nothing worth meaning unless

its prime aim is the doing of duty, the achievement of results worth achieving."

The same sentiment he expressed in an address to an assemblage of locomotive firemen and their friends:

"Your work is hard. Do you suppose I mention that because I pity you? No, not a bit. I don't pity any man who does hard work worth doing. I admire him. I pity the creature who doesn't work, at which ever end of the social scale he may regard himself as being. The law of worthy work well done is the law of successful American life. I believe in play, too—play, and play hard while you play; but don't make the mistake of thinking that that is the main thing. The work is what counts, and if a man does his work well and it is worth doing, then it matters but little in which line that work is done; the man is a good American citizen. If he does his work in slipshod fashion, then no matter what kind of work it is, he is a poor American citizen."

For this man, who certainly did "live in the true sense of the word," so far as hard work is concerned, the country will be asked in the week of October 20-27 to raise a fund of \$10,000,000 to establish appropriate memorials. All his utterances breathe the love of country; to his mind the good man and the good citizen were inseparable. The Roosevelt Memorial Association, which is made up of friends and admirers of Theodore Roosevelt, hopes therefore to attract the support of Americans everywhere who love their country and appreciate what Roosevelt did for it. The memorial plans contemplate the erection of a monument in Washington, which will fittingly characterize his work as American, as citizen and as president, and the establishment at Oyster Bay of a park for the people, which may eventually include his home at Sagamore Hill and which will be a constant reminder of his love of nature and devotion to healthy outdoor life.

## A Trench Conversion and What Came of It

[An actual experience of a soldier in the army of the Allies in the great war, as told by Mr. P. J. Laird in morning worship at Hinsdale, who afterward wrote it out for THE LIFE BOAT.—Ed.]

A YOUNG Christian man, after entering school and finding he would not be allowed to take extra studies at another institution, refused to attend that school any longer, and left in a questionable frame of mind, little realizing he was "advancing backwards." This experience continued until he was conscripted for service in the war in Europe.

One day while in the trenches his Surgeon Captain received a wound caused by the explosion of a shrapnel shell. Sensing his perilous condition the Captain called this young man to him and said, "I have been watching you for some time, you appear to be of a serious turn of mind. I am wounded unto death. I feel I am soon to die, but I am not ready to die. Will you point me to Christ that I may die right?"

The young man was staggered at such a proposition, knowing not what to do or say, for the moment. But recovering himself, his mind immediately went back to the day he left school and the blessed experiences he had lost there and not yet regained. Telling the Captain to wait a moment, he withdrew to a secluded spot in the trench and falling on his knees he confessed his sin to God, asked for-

giveness, and then for grace to help his Captain in his dying moments. It did not take long for the soldier to get right with God. And with a heart touched and tendered by God's good spirit, he returned to the officer. Feeble and few were the words he used, but it did the work. The Captain found the joy and peace which comes to the soul who accepts Jesus as his Saviour and as coming King.

When the boy had commended him to God's care, the officer motioned he also wished to pray. Slowly the words issued from his dying lips as he thanked God for his new found joy and peace, and as he concluded he said, "Lord, I thank thee for what this brother has meant to me. I am passing away, but if ever he should get into a hard place, help him as you and he have helped me."

The Captain was carried to his last resting place, but the battle went on. One day this young man himself was found unconscious on the cruel battlefield and was carried to a first-aid station. The seriousness of his condition caused him to be removed away behind the lines and eventually he was located at a large hospital. But still his case baffled the physicians so that they gave him up as hope-

less. A beautiful young nurse standing by heard their report and going up to the senior surgeon begged to be allowed to take this desperate case to nurse. The Colonel remonstrated with her, in what appeared to him and his colleagues an unnecessary demand. She refused their request to go and take her rest after being on duty for several days and nights with but scarcely time for repose and recuperation. "Doctor," she said, "that may be true enough, but somehow, I cannot explain. I cannot let that young man die without another effort." Her pleading won consent and she took the case in hand.

The efforts and treatments were rewarded and consciousness returned, followed in due season by freedom from pain. The nurse was given the reward of her importunity and as her patient convalesced they began to converse together. One day they discovered that she was the sister of the Captain whom he had pointed to Christ and whose dying prayer had now been answered.

Now he began to tell the sister of the Saviour who had manifested His love to her brother and himself. As they talked together, she, too, yielded her young life to God for the work of soul winning.

When the soldier boy had recovered sufficiently, leave of absence was granted to them both and the nurse took him to visit her home, where the glory was again rehearsed with the result that several others besides the entire family were led to accept the Saviour, and thus prepared to meet him at his coming.

Dear reader, how is it with you? Are you drifting away from the Saviour? Are you unprepared? Go alone and tell Jesus. Get right with God so that you may be ready to meet your next emergency call.

## A LION IN THE PATH

W. H. ANDERSON

[Taken from Pastor Anderson's new and interesting book, "On the Trail of Livingstone."—Ed.]

One day, when traveling along by wagon in the Bwengwa District, I saw a white trader's camp near the road, and got off the wagon to visit him. Telling the native boys to make their camp where the river crossed the road about five hundred yards ahead, and gather a quantity of wood for the fires at night, I visited with the trader until sundown, then went ahead to my wagon to spend the night.

When I arrived at the place where the river crossed the wagon road, the wagon was not there; the boys had gone ahead about a mile to where the stream crossed the road again, as wood was more plentiful at that point, and thus they would save themselves a little extra work in gathering enough for the camp fire.

In the tropics, there is no twilight, and within twenty minutes after the sun goes down, the stars begin to appear. I hurried along after the wagon to see that everything was ready for the night, for I knew that lions were plentiful in that part of the country. I had two large dogs with me, and pressed on as rapidly as I could go.

When I came to within about a hundred yards of the wagon I was greeted with a growl from the tall grass, and looking to the side of the path, saw a lion no more than ten or twelve feet from me. I certainly had the scare of my life, and that may be why my hair has turned gray before its time.

## A Record Run

Placing my hand on the neck of my big dog, Whisk, I said, "Sic'em!" The one dog went for the lion, but the other dog and I went for the wagon, and I think I made a record in that hundred-yard dash. The dog that had worried the lion came in about half an hour later, tired out, but without a scratch.

Soon the lion came back, and started roaring about the camp. About eleven o'clock that night, one of the lead oxen became frightened by the roar just beyond the fire, broke his strap, and away he went through the tall grass. That was just what the lion wanted. He soon sprang on the ox's back, bit him through the back of the neck, and killed him.

## The Sick Trader and His Dog Whisk

I must tell how I came into possession of the big dog that held the attention of the lion by the footpath, and gave me time to get to the wagon in safety.

In 1906 while at the Barotseland Mission, in Northern Rhodesia, we had a visit from C. H. Hayton, now practicing medicine in London. As we were going toward the mission, after leaving the railway station, we saw a number of native carriers traveling along a parallel path, with goods belonging to a white man. They stopped under the shade of a big tree, and I got off the wagon, and went across to see who the man was; for there were very few white people in the country at that time.



I found a man lying under the shade of the tree, delirious with black-water fever. He was a Russian, a trader whom I had known in Southern Rhodesia; so I asked the native boys where they were taking him. They said their master had given them instructions to take him to his trading camp, about forty miles farther north. I told them that if they took him there, he would die, and they might be held responsible. It would be better to bring him to the mission station, six miles away, and we would see what we could do for him.

Late that afternoon they arrived on the Mission station; and we cared for the man for three weeks, nursing him through a hard siege of black-water fever. At the end of that time he was ready to leave us, almost his usual self again.

When I shook hands with him to say good-bye, tears came into his eyes, and he said, "Mr. Anderson, you have saved my life, and I

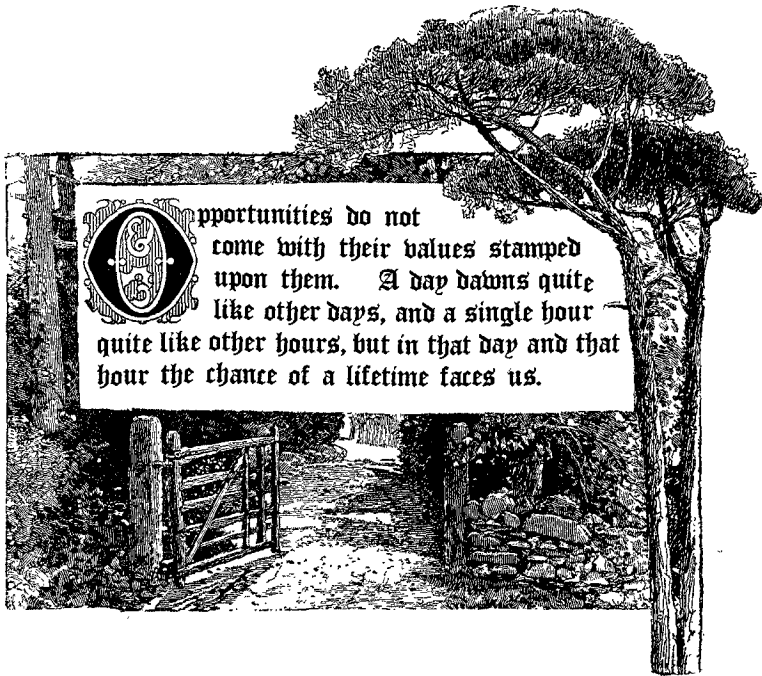
am a poor man, and cannot pay you for what you have done."

He was living alone in Africa, working very hard to get money to send for his wife and children; so I told him that the fact that he was well again was sufficient reward to me for the little effort I had put forth.

Still he felt that he must do something in return for the care he had received, and finally he asked if we would not like a good dog.

I said we should be grateful indeed to have a good dog on the farm, as the only one we possessed was practically worthless to us.

Not long after he returned to his camp, he sent us a crossbred greyhound and boar hound, which he named "Whisky." We dropped the "y" from the name, and called the dog "Whisk." Now it came about that this dog given me by the man whose life I had saved, preserved my life when the lion was just ready to spring upon me.



# Jungle Wireless

A Missionary's Connection with Heaven

M. D. Wood

[From Mr. Wood's charming new book, "Fruit from the Jungle," we give this account of marvelous answers to prayer. Such experiences of faith and reliance upon God and his miraculous working power are not confined alone to the jungles of India, where Brother Wood has labored, or to any heathen clime; but the mysterious Hand of Providence is at work in your life and mine as well. The question is, are you recognizing it, and moulding your life to meet the divine plan for you? These experiences are not a mere delusion of some befogged brain, but the actual facts as Mr. and Mrs. Wood experienced them. We can furnish this book for \$1.00 to those who desire to read further of the experience of these good people.—Ed.]

WHILE living at a mission station and laboring daily among the people, I was constantly impressed to undertake a certain line of mission work. I consulted several other workers upon the matter, but did not secure their co-operation or approval. Feeling that "in the multitude of counselors there is safety," and that doubtless my own desire actuated me more than the desire of the Lord, I decided that perhaps it was best to drop the matter altogether. But I could not drop it; for the plan was always in my mind, and day by day the need for that special work seemed greater. Still everything in the world seemed against it. Would it not take money? And I did not possess a cent for such a purpose.

In order to test the matter, I wrote out in detail the plan with which I had been impressed, and literally obeyed the command of the Lord, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret;" trusting the promise, "And thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Placing on a chair the paper on which the plan was written, I made the special request: "O Lord, if this is Thy plan, and if we should take up this special work, then be pleased to prove it to us by sending the needed money, even if it takes three months. If the money never comes, then we shall be sure thou dost not require it of us."

There I left the whole matter, my heart at rest in the peace of faith, content if the answer came as a refusal, and went back to my daily tasks without a concern as to the matter. About three days after that, a cablegram came, and with it an order for over one thousand rupees, or about \$325.

I was indeed thankful that this special request had been answered in a special way, and that God had thus proved His willingness to do "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." The way of duty now seemed clear, and I undertook the work without a doubt or a fear. And whatever of difficulty

was met in its prosecution, I was always able to look up and say, "Lord, Thou didst give us this duty, the plan, the call, and the means." The cablegram was evidently sent about the time we were pleading with the Lord for clearer light and guidance. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

## Saving the Believers From Disgrace

At another time, one of our native Christian families had some personal difficulty in their home, resulting in gossip, and finally in a separation. This was sad indeed, and likely to hinder greatly a revival that had just begun among us. We knew that the heathen would rejoice, and would ridicule this family and the whole Christian community, and say that we were no better than they, and that it would be better not to become Christians. Heathen men beat their wives and keep them shut up, but Christian men may not lawfully beat their wives.

I endeavored to settle the trouble by advising the distracted persons, but without success; for they both had grievances, and both preferred separation to constant trouble. We knew that this state of things must not continue, or the whole mission would suffer, and the Spirit of God would be grieved away from our work. The more we prayed, the more this scripture suggested itself to us: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." We had never met just "this kind" before; but our hearts responded to the challenge, and if it meant fasting and prayer, we were ready for it. So we set to work on our knees to straighten out the trouble that threatened our church, realizing that the forces of evil were strong against us, and that we were indeed in a battle.

But the Lord gave us his spirit of prayer, and we were assured we should prevail. For a week we ate only enough to keep our strength for the work; and at the end of that time, feeling that "the iron was hot," so to

speak, and that we must "strike," we quietly approached the contending parties, and in a few cautious words showed them that they should beg each other's pardon and make their hearts right before God. Then we laid down the burden; for we had pleaded with the Lord, and were sure he was even more interested in the outcome than we. At once, without argument, they saw their wrong, and, after prayer, agreed to consent to live together as Christians. The wife made a good supper, the father clasped his little boy in his arms with all the fondness of days gone by, and so far as we know, that family have lived together united and happy ever since. God answers prayer.

#### Exposing a Deceptive Stone Mason

A native stone mason had been engaged to do a certain piece of work for the mission; but before he completed it, the monsoon rains came, and in the middle of the night we were aroused by an awful crash. At once we thought of the wall of the new building; but the night was dark and wild, and we did not go to see. In the morning we found that the wall of the building in the process of construction had fallen flat to the ground.

Then we called the mason, and questioned him about his work. He agreed to complete the job, and leave it in good condition, but asked for an advance of money. Very reluctantly we complied. Again, in the next heavy shower, his work fell. Now we tested his materials, and found that he had mixed white clay with the lime. Of course, the adhesive quality of clay was not equal to that of lime, so the whole thing gave way when it was tested by rain.

Again we called the mason, and after remonstrating with him, refused to let him go on with the work or to pay him. He was angry, for he had been detected in his wrong doing. Had the rain not fallen just then, we might not have discerned the defective work until the roof of the building had been constructed, and an even greater loss sustained.

Soon a defiant letter came from the mason. He tried to intimidate us by saying that if the money he claimed was not immediately forthcoming, he would prosecute us. What money we had all belonged to the Lord, and we were but His stewards. It was not worth while to deal with that deceptive mason; so I spread the matter before the Lord, and especially

asked Him to block every plan of the enemy. We had no desire to parley with him either in court or out of it. I confess that my request seemed a bold one, but I knew that my object was right. That season of prayer brought the desired victory. The mason never came to us, nor wrote us again, until he came to apologize for his conduct, and proved his sincerity by sending us a tray full of delicious fruit. Thus again we proved bending the knees before the God of prayer a better plan than trying to adjust matters by litigation.

#### How the Lord Paid for the Cattle

The mission owned a large herd of fine buffalo cows, which supplied our mission school with fresh milk for the children, and curds for the older ones. A fine lot of butter was also turned out twice a week, and sold for grain. In India, the cattle must be constantly watched, as the pasture is not fenced or hedged in. One day while the *gowlie*, or herdsman, was taking a noon-day rest under a shade tree, our cattle wandered off into forbidden pastures.

The native *sepoys*, or police, are ever on the alert for stray animals, whose depredations are among the most common annoyances in a land where fences are seldom erected; so when our cattle were discovered out of place, they were driven off to the pound, and it would cost more than the month's wages of the herdsman to get them out. Just as we were about to begin our regular afternoon service, the *gowlie* came in, greatly excited, to tell us his troubles. We replied that he was responsible for the care of our cattle during the day, and for their safe arrival at night; therefore he must return them by sundown.

We knew he had no money, but we also knew that the mission could not afford to pay for the negligence of its servants, and if we excused him, we should have no end of trouble all the year. A congregation were waiting in the meetinghouse for service, and the *gowlie* waited at the door, not satisfied with my reply. He wanted me to pay the fine and free the herd. I was perplexed. The cattle must be cared for and milked that evening, and I had also to minister to the waiting congregation.

Deliberately I took time to closet myself in prayer, and said, "O Lord, if Thou canst afford to pay for all these cattle now in the pound, amen." There we rested the matter, assured that all would be well. I went to the meeting, and the Lord met with us and blessed

us. The cattle came home all right, and the bill had been paid. The *gowlie* borrowed the money himself and paid for them. But even in this little matter I learned anew to cast all my care upon Him, knowing that "He careth for us," and that in moments of trial and testing, He hears, answers and delivers.

#### Interference in Behalf of the Children

One more instance: The heathen parents of some of our children sent for their little ones through the court. We had taken these children in time of famine, and had cared for them for several years, and it was hard indeed to think of parting with them. They had become Christians, and their relatives were heathen. For them to quit our school after the training we had given them, and return to heathen homes and villages, would be detrimental in every way, and our labor would be

dren home with us, and not give them up without written orders from the government. This was another special answer to prayer.

Many other instances might be cited where in sickness and danger the Lord looked upon us in mercy, and delivered us in answer to prayer.

#### HELPING THE BURDEN-BEARERS

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

The other day while out looking after the interests of an abandoned baby, we learned of another child in need of a home. As we knew just where to place a boy baby like the one described to us, we went out to the Sarah Hackett Stevenson Memorial Lodging Home on the south side of Chicago, where the child and its mother were



The Day Nursery at the Sarah Hackett Stevenson Memorial Home

practically lost. But what could we do? Nothing but pray most earnestly. We had a long and tedious journey to make with these children to attend court—almost eighty miles in springless bullock carts.

However, we made the trip; and on the day appointed, and at the proper hour, we were at the court with our little charges. Not one of them wanted to leave the mission school; and they, as well as we, had prayed most earnestly. When we came before the English judge in court; he called for the parents who claimed the children. To the surprise of all, not one of them was present to press his claim. The judge very kindly advised us to take the chil-

sheltered. We were interested at once in the splendid work carried on at this place.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson was a woman of national reputation and one of the foremost woman physicians in her day. She died some fourteen or fifteen years ago after a long period of illness, a part of which time she spent at the Hinsdale Sanitarium in the early days of its history.

After Dr. Stevenson's death, a Mr. McKinley founded this splendid institution to her memory. The work is housed in two large buildings. One is the lodging house proper and adjoining that is the day nur-

sery. Here we found ourselves face to face with rows of white cribs, each one with an occupant—twenty-eight babies in all. The nurse in charge told us with much pride that she had cared for all those babies during the summer without having one case of bowel trouble. By exercising the greatest of care in their feeding and keeping them screened from the flies, she had been able to make this splendid record in spite of the fact that the home is located right in the heart of Chicago.

When you think of the splendid care these babies are getting as compared to the conditions under which they might have been living, you cannot help but say, "God bless the work."

But let me tell you something more. We found over in the lodging house next door to the nursery, poor abandoned mothers whose physical condition or lack of training or both have made it impossible for them to make a proper living for themselves and little ones. Here they can place their children in the day nursery while they go out to work by the day. They are given lodging at fifteen cents a night and meals range from five to twenty-five cents each. This price does not cover cost of food, but it helps and the girls and women do not lose their self-respect.

The superintendent, Miss Nora Edmonds, and her assistant, Miss Shay, told us of the many cases of need which they have helped. They minister to those who are alone in the world, the homeless without means and employment, the crippled, the blind, the abandoned mother and her children, the unmarried mother, the young girl adrift in a large city, the mental defective, in fact, any and all cases of need. The mother, in whose infant we were interested, had three other children to support while her husband had entirely neglected them. With a sad face she handed over the baby to us, but there was a ray of hope as the superintendent told her she could go the next day and get her other two children from the Home for the Friendless.

What a blessing that there are homes of this kind, and that someone is willing to help the helpless, and care for the shelterless!

"'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,

The touch of your hand and mine  
Which means far more to the aching heart  
Than shelter and bread and wine.

For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,  
And bread lasts only a day.

But the touch of the hand and the sound of the  
voice,

Sing on in the soul away."

## Diligence A Necessary Qualification for the Worker

Mrs. E. G. White

TRULY earnest men are few in our world, but they are greatly needed. The example of an energetic person is far-reaching; he has an electric power over others. He meets obstacles in his work; but he has the push in him, and instead of allowing his way to be hedged up, he breaks down every barrier.

Especially should those who are engaged in teaching the word of God cultivate a steady, unyielding energy in their labors. There are thorns in every path. All who follow the Lord's leading must expect to meet with disappointments, crosses, and losses. But a spirit of true heroism will help them to overcome these. Many greatly magnify seeming difficulties, and then begin to pity themselves and

give way to despondency. Such need to make an entire change in themselves. They need to discipline themselves to put forth exertion, and to overcome all childish feelings. They should determine that life shall not be spent in working at trifles. Let them resolve to accomplish something, and then do it. Many make good resolutions, but they are always going to do something and never get at it. About all their resolutions amount to is talk. In many cases, if they had more energy and accomplished something in spite of obstacles, they would have far better health.

Every one should have an aim, an object in life. The loins of the mind should be girded up, and the thoughts be trained to keep to the

point, as the compass to the pole. The mind should be directed in the right channel, according to well-formed plans. Then every step will be a step in advance. No time will be lost in following vague ideas and random plans. Worthy purposes should be kept constantly in view, and every thought and act should tend to their accomplishment. Let there ever be a fixedness of purpose to carry out that which is undertaken.

Success or failure in this life depends much upon the manner in which the thoughts are disciplined. If they are controlled as God directs that they shall be, they will be upon those subjects which lead to greater devotion. If the thoughts are right, the words will be right. If the dreamings of the mind are of great purposes in which self figures largely, self and self-exaltation will be revealed in the words and actions. Such thoughts do not lead to a close walk with God. Those who move without thoughtful consideration, are almost sure to move unwisely. They make fitful efforts, striking out here and there, catching at this and that; but their efforts amount to nothing.

It is better, far better, to die of hard work in some home or foreign mission field, than to rust out with inaction. Be not dismayed at difficulties; be not content to settle down without studying and without making improvement.

Those who teach the word should not shun mental discipline. Every worker, or company of workers, should by persevering effort establish such rules and regulations as will lead to the formation of correct habits of thought and action. Some minds are more like an old curiosity shop than anything else. Many odd bits and ends of truth have been picked up and stored away there, but they know not how to present them in a clear, connected manner. It is the relation that these ideas have to one another that gives them value. Every idea and statement should be as closely united as the links in a chain.

The Bible is the best book in the world for intellectual culture. The grand themes presented in it, the dignified simplicity with which these themes are handled, the light which it sheds upon the mysteries of heaven, bring strength and vigor to the understanding. The mind must be made to penetrate beneath the surface. This is compared to digging for the truth as for hidden treasures.

To the diligent Bible student new light, new ideas, new gems of truth, will constantly appear, and be eagerly grasped. Even through eternal ages the truths of this wonderful book will continue to unfold.

To you who have ceased to be Bible students, and who have become intellectually lazy, I would say, Begin now to redeem the time. You may not be able to do this entirely, but you can to a certain degree accomplish it. Begin at once to harness up the mind for effort. Say, "In the strength of Jesus, I will study for eternity; I will overcome my sluggish temperament." And then engage with greater earnestness than ever before in the work of God and in the study of His Word.

### LOOSING THE BANDS OF WICKEDNESS

MRS. M. LECKLIDER

Quite to my surprise, the leader in the City Jail work insisted that I write a few words for *THE LIFE BOAT*, as I have gone with them a few times to these meetings.

It surely makes one's heart ache to see these unfortunate creatures in such distress, to hear them ask for certain songs to be sung, ask to be prayed for, and then kneel while we pray. My heart was touched for one young girl who told us her story through sobs and tears. She then asked us to pray for her, and with a penitent heart, she, too, prayed.

When I saw so many young men in the jails the thought came to me, if these young men were in the service of God, what a grand work they could do instead of being where they are.

As we stood at the door Sunday morning and saw the officers coming in with five more boys handcuffed together, I could not refrain from tears. Each was some mother's child, who perhaps loved them as we, who are mothers, love our children. I wished as I looked at them, that I could loosen them, and tell them to go free in Christ Jesus and sin no more.

You who are cold and indifferent in your Christian experience, go with these jail workers and I assure you that you will be revived and appreciate your children more. You will thank God and acknowledge that it is only through His goodness

to you that He has helped and given you knowledge to lead your children right.

The fact that our children have escaped these places impresses me with the thought—what a kind and loving heavenly Father we have, who cares for those who put their trust in him.

This is the service that God has chosen, "To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, that ye break every yoke." Isa. 58:6. When you see yourself as sinners, saved only by the love of your heavenly Father, you will have tender pity for others who are suffering in sin, you will be in sympathy with God, and will share His joy in the saving of the lost.

We offered to wash and dress the baby but she refused us, saying that a neighbor was washing for her and it would have to wait until the clothes were returned. We felt so sorry that she had so few clothes for the little one that the next day we carried in a number for her. Our hearts went out to her as she told us how her husband drank and two children had died.

We were called to another place to attend to the baby's sore eyes; but as this call had been three days reaching us, our baby in the meantime had recovered so we were not needed. In this family there were five children, the oldest seven years. You see our work this month has been largely among babies and children.



A family of six children, and the new arrival which is shown in Miss Sarber's arms. Our nurses have had several tiny babies and their mothers to care for this month

## OUR CITY VISITING NURSES' WORK

MISS MILDRED KNOWLES

Little Fritz, just eleven, worked untiringly for the rest of the family. His patience with the children in the morning as he dressed them and then his hard work all day at the washing or ironing, was a lesson to some of us older ones.

The mother could not understand English, making it impossible for us to talk with her; but we were able to leave her some reading matter which she seemed to appreciate; and also some clothing for her children.

Again we received word to go visit a sick woman and on our arrival found a baby a week old and the mother up but suffering from asthma. This was her fifth baby in six years.

Our readers will be interested to know that we have been back to the riot district several times with clothes, and in visiting them have found two other families sadly in need of help. Right here I would like to put in a plea for clothes of extra large size. We have three women now who need clothes but so few things are sent in of a size that fits them.

We had a letter from a colored family a few days ago asking for clothes. They had lost everything during the riot. The house was on fire when they awakened and they had to grope about in smoke to find their little ones in bed. They are Christian people and prayed God to deliver them, which he speedily did. They escaped in their night clothes without a single injury while those living above and

below them were stoned and shot by the whites.

A friend has sent ten dollars with which we will buy shoes for those children. The furniture that was not burned was most ruthlessly destroyed by the people next day, but their faith in God has not been shaken and they realize he ever watches over his people.

This has been a real baby month for us. About the eleventh of August a call came for our nurses to go in and care for a mother and two days old baby. Miss Carleson, one of the nurses, came in and helped us out on that case, while Miss Sarber and I went on with our regular visiting.

On the following evening we received a call to return to the city. Here we had to act in the capacity of both doctor and nurse until the doctor could arrive and care for the mother and her new baby.

This was a family of seven children (the oldest being only twelve), in very much reduced circumstances; and as we went there from day to day we could not help noticing the self-sacrificing spirit of those little ones that the sick mother might have the best the house afforded her to eat. In all the time we were there, never did we see them touch a thing to eat but bread without butter and coffee without milk or sugar.

### MINISTERING COMFORT TO THE RIOT VICTIMS

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS

We are living in a time of trouble. 2 Tim. 3:1-5 tells us of the conditions that exist in the world in the last days, and we are surely living in the closing scenes of this earth's history.

During the race riot and the street-car strike in Chicago, I was brought to realize the times in which we live as never before. I live in the zone where there was shooting and killing going on,—ambulances going by carrying the dead and injured to the hospitals. Police patrols were kept busy going here and there to the scene of the riot.

One of my neighbors was standing on a street corner and was shot and reported killed, but we learned later he was getting well. I visited his wife and talked with her about the times in which we live, and I talked with many of my neighbors at this

time about the coming of the Lord. They would say they believed it; and I had prayer with some.

I was glad I knew God's power could keep us if we could only trust Him, and if ever I felt my need of God it was at this time. Some of my neighbors did not go to bed at all some nights. Others said they never went to bed until along toward morning, as they were afraid. I was so glad for the precious promises of God found in the ninety-first Psalm. They were such a comfort to me and I could quote them to others, so that amidst the trouble I had no fear, but could go to bed and sleep, knowing that God was with me and would keep me if I would only trust him. Oh, how glad I am that Jesus is a never-failing friend, and that he will never leave us nor forsake us, not in the sixth or seventh trouble. I praise the Lord for his keeping power and for his love and goodness to me, and I want to love and serve him better so that he can use me to help others.

I am interested in a girl who is sick in the hospital. She may not live, but as I talked with her about her soul, she wept and said that if God would only spare her life she would love and serve him, and that if she had only taken my advice she would not be there. Mr. Abrams and myself had prayer with her and she prayed and I believe she will be saved to save others. Oh, there is so much to do for Jesus. Souls all around us are longing for something they have not, and we are to let our light so shine before men that they will see and know that we have been with Jesus and learned of him.

I just received two letters from two women who are in prison. They are in trouble and sorrow because of sin, but Jesus loves them and will save them if they will only let him, but we must help them. They need our love for he that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.

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Why not subscribe for *The Life Boat* at once. You cannot afford to miss the next twelve numbers. Watch for later announcements concerning *The Life Boat* for 1920.



## GLAD FOR A FRIEND

Written to Mrs. Abrams by a woman prisoner of Joliet, Ill.

"I was truly glad to hear from you and to know you arrived home safely.

"Yes, I know it is right to do right, and that we answer to God instead of man. I know if I had listened to mother and my sister and the Word of God, I would not be here today, but I let sin creep in and the result,—a broken parole. It's not that I care so much about being here myself, as it is the shame and disgrace I have brought on my poor mother and sons. But I can only ask God to forgive me and live the better life, and maybe some day I will be allowed to go home again. I can only hope and pray that I will get to go home soon, and I'll always stay there, for surely my children need me. My oldest boy was twelve years old last Sunday, and in mamma's letter she said he had fallen in a barn and broke his arm. Of course, trouble always comes double, it seems like.

"You don't know how happy I was when I received your letter yesterday. I hunted up the Scripture text at once and it applied to me so much, and I am surely going to reason it out with the Lord. I know he forgives freely. I want you to write as often as you can. Your letters are such a comfort and mean so much to me, and also visit us when you can, and by all means send the Scripture text, so I may have food for thought. I surely appreciate your kindness in writing to me. I am more than thankful to have you for my friend. It was a wonderful day when you came here to me. You have shown how I can rise above this condition. I ask an interest in your prayers."

## WONDERS AT GOD'S LOVE

From a prisoner in the Illinois woman's prison. Written to Mrs. Abrams after her recent visit to the institution.

"I am very much interested in your wonderful mission work and I feel sure that you are doing a great deal toward making this world a fit place to live in.

"I feel that Christ is soon coming and that it is time that all Christians should be trying to help the poor unfortunate sin-

ners to save themselves before it is too late.

"I never forget to pray, and I pray for the whole world that it may be saved. How I wish I could join some Christian association and minister for Christ. I am sure I could never be any happier than when helping others. I shall never forget the tenth chapter of Romans and the thirteenth verse. I learned it when nine years old and yet, how far I have strayed from His mercy and love, he alone knows, and how justified God would be if he never loved me again. But he is a just God and he knows that I am truly sorry for all the wrongs I have done and that with his help I will never do such a thing again.

"I get THE LIFE BOAT every month and surely enjoy it. It truly spreads the light of truth and softens the hearts of its readers. I hope it will not be long until you come again to see us as all the girls enjoyed our meeting together. I must close, with love and a prayer always for the good work you are doing and God will reward you greatly for it."

## HAVEN'T YOU FELT THAT WAY?

Haven't you often worn goggles of blue,

And seeing life's sham and its shame,

Felt it was all a big scramble, and you

Might as well get into the game?

That nothing much mattered but a big bunch of cash,

And the man who was good was a jay,

And the whole blooming country was going to smash:

Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

Haven't you felt it was hardly worth while

To try to live up to your best?

And haven't you smiled a cynical smile—

And something way down in your breast

Whispered life had a prize that was higher than gold

And sweeter than fame or display?

And the faith that had slipped took—brand-new hold:

Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

And didn't a peace come near that was far

And urge you to strive toward it still?

And didn't a peace come near that was far

And didn't you say: "I will."

And weren't you stronger, and didn't you find

The world was better, and didn't it pay

To be brave and patient and cheery and kind:

Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

—MAURICE SMILEY.

Will you help us replenish our Life Boat Prison Literature Fund? Five Dollars will pay for 100 Life Boats to send the prisoners.

## Experiences from Our Rescue Home

Maud Wilson Cobb

**E**ACH DAY brings with it new experiences. Some of these make our hearts glad and others make us sad, and we long for the day when sorrow and trouble will be forgotten.

A few days ago a 'phone message came to our office telling us that little Inez had just died. For a moment I could not understand how it could be possible, for only a few days before her mother had visited our home and at that time we had no thought that she was not perfectly well. An attack of acute indigestion caused her death, and she was only ill a few hours.

The little one was brought to our home with its father and mother, as it was their first experience with death, and we knew unless some one remained with them, the lonely hours alone with their little dead baby would make the days so long before it was taken to its last resting place. All that we could do was done to make the shock lighter for the young parents, and we were thankful for the help and encouragement that we were able to give these young folks during the last year. Their hearts are tender, and as they knelt over the little still form the father said with tears coursing down his face, "Nothing this side of Heaven will prevent me from living such a life that when Jesus comes I will have our baby given back to us. I know she is asleep in Jesus and we will meet her." And the young mother, although her heart was broken, said, "This sorrow only binds us closer together and gives us a greater incentive to work harder for eternal life. It will be worth every effort to know we will have her again if we are faithful until the end."

This father and mother were married through our influence and are making an effort to maintain a Christian home.

### Placing Jimmie and June as Twins

We had sorrow and joy in the home at the same time. While little Inez lay in her little white casket covered with rose buds and ferns like a doll asleep, Jimmie boy and our little June were brought to the parlor to be shown to a gentleman and his wife from a near-by town. The gentleman wanted a girl baby to take to their home and his wife also wanted a girl, but I knew they were strong, well-to-do

people, and had enough love for more than one child. I had Jimmy dressed and brought down stairs and placed in the man's arms. When Jimmie began to jump and reach for the man's face, and when those soft little hands touched him and Jimmie smiled, the man's heart was won. Then our sweet little June so dainty and modest was brought to the wife. June pressed her little soft face against the woman's and clung closer to her and smiled at Jimmie, and then their fate was sealed. The couple at once said, "We shall take both of them for our own." So the papers were arranged as investigation had been made previous, and that evening new clothes and thermos bottles for their food was brought, and we watched the new mother dress their children. As we looked on the arrangement for the trip for the babies, every care had been taken to make them comfortable.

### A Mother's Heart Torn

But another scene was going on in another part of the house. The sixteen-year-old mother of Jimmie, who has been in our home seven months, and who had asked to do my laundry work to buy milk for Jimmie, so she could be independent, was weeping because she knew that it would be a proposition to find work in a private family and keep Jimmie. Now she has been away from her home for nine months, and she knew her father and mother would never let her come home with Jimmie, but could come if she left him. She wanted to see her own mother, and when she saw the future for her little one, and knew all the advantages he would miss if she attempted to face the world with him, she made the sacrifice of her love for him. But the roses have gone from her cheeks and her eyes were dull with weeping, and she wonders if she can ever laugh and be happy again. But she is only a child and time heals a wound even if the scar remains. She is now working to earn enough money to return to her home. She will be baptized on the Sabbath day, and she says, "After I see my mother, I want to come back to work near you, for you have been so good to Jimmie and me, this place will always seem dear to me because of my baby having been here."

June's mother is older than Jimmie's mother, but is far from well. She stands alone in the world with her little girl. It has been an effort for her to even care for the baby, let alone to work and support her. Under the best of our care she is able to do light work. No home had opened for her and the child, so we thought best to place the baby where it could have the best of care. So June's mother trembles, but tries to be brave as she watches

asleep, and their hearts are touched by the sorrow of the others, and so three of our babies leave a vacant place in our home.

#### Providence at Work

In a few hours comes the call, "Come to the hospital for Violet May," our sixteen-months-old baby who has had whooping cough. At first my heart beat with fear for it may be she has died, but no, she is able to be brought home—nearly well, is the answer over the



Jimmie and June ready to start for their new home

the baby being dressed to go to its new home.

In the dim lighted corner of the large parlor lies Inez awaiting the morrow to be taken to the cemetery—in the other lighted part of our parlor the foster parents are overjoyed with Jimmie and June, and standing inside the office the babies' mothers are signing the last claim to their babies and in the next room the little mother and father of Inez are comparing their position with the mothers who are giving their little ones away. They say their lot is the easier, for they know where their own lies

phone. Arrangements are made to go for her.

Then a call comes, "Can you find a good home for a three-months-old baby girl that has been abandoned?" In less than thirty minutes another call came, saying, "Have you a three-months-old baby girl for a home where the parents are burying their little adopted baby this morning?" Their hearts are broken. They took a very delicate child whose mother died three months ago. The baby has never been well, now it has died, and they want another to take its place.

These people have their own home and love children, but they have always taken sick, delicate children and have lost two out of five in the last few years. The other three were returned to their parents after they were well. Now their home is empty and the call comes "Can you find them a child?" At once we thought of the three-months-old abandoned baby, and arranged to get it. But on our way to get Violet May, we stopped to investigate the home and found it an ideal home for Violet. After proper papers were filled and references given, we persuaded the people to take an older child than one three months old, and we succeeded. So we went to the hospital for Violet May, kept her in our own home over night, and the next evening took her to the new home.

#### **An Interesting Family Greeting the New Member**

It was an interesting family that met us—at least one-half dozen new cousins for Violet, aunts and uncles, grandmother and grandfather and a father and mother. A little rocking chair, teddy bear and dolly awaited her. At first she clung to my neck, but after the doll was put in her arms, she went to the new mother and was satisfied, although her big brown eyes followed me until I left the house. I thought of the many times the last year and a half I had tried to better her condition. This was the first time she had been placed in a foster home. We were fully convinced that her mother could not care for her, for we tried it out, but failed to be satisfied with the care her mother gave her.

The mother of this child is the girl who was found two years ago, deserted, sick, and alone on the streets of Chicago—an orphan girl, without a penny. We have cared for her during this time. Now she can care for herself, but is not able to care for the baby because of lack of training in her own case.

The same day a call came to take little Delees from the Hospital, where he has had a bad case of eczema and has been under a physician's care. He is now well and must be sent with his little Austrian mother back to Austria. Four years in this country has brought sorrow to her, now she returns home. Think of the American man who would promise a poor foreign girl a home and marriage, and then instead let her bear her trial alone. Helen sails from New York in a few days.

#### **Helping a Deserted Mother With Four Little Ones**

Next comes a call from a deserted mother with four babies. The youngest five weeks old and the oldest six years. She says, "I cannot pick up coal and wood this winter and wash and iron and feed five of us. Baby must be given up so I can care for the other three. Although I love him, I cannot see him suffer, so get a good home." We were already in touch with a wealthy farmer and his wife who want a baby boy. They came to us and have legally adopted the boy and are now on their way to a fine farm in Minnesota. These good Christian people are worth many thousands of dollars, and the boy is now their own, and Mr. and Mrs. Benson are delighted with him. The baby is a Swedish child and they are Swedish people of fine reputation.

Mr. Benson was in Chicago on business the latter part of May, 1919. One of our workers sold to him a LIFE BOAT magazine. In it he read an article, "The Homeless child and the Childless home," and he carried our little paper back to Southern Minnesota, and after three months, has returned for the homeless child to fill the childless home. Our little paper did its missionary work in this case and years can only tell the result.

The little mother gathers her other three closer to her and hopes to be able to support them and keep them warm this winter. We are planning to help clothe them.

#### **More Clothing Needed**

Now a call comes for clothing for five children,—under ten years of age. The riot fire has robbed them of all they own. How glad I was to go to our storeroom and select clothing for each child, enough to start three of them to school. They need shoes badly, which we did not have.

We must begin to fill our storerooms, for calls come daily. Our missionary nurses can carry clothes to needy people any day. We have given hundreds of garments to those made destitute by the big riot fires.

Four of our girls who have been with us for several months are now working in Hinsdale and board in our home, for they know no other Christian home, and they want to do right. We will have several baptized on Sabbath,—they will start on a new life. These girls have been under our care for some

months, and I know the step they are taking in the Christian life.

Such is a little part of our work for Jesus. We pray for the privilege until he tells us our work is finished. May he say, "It is well done."

### COAL FOR THE RESCUE HOME

We need some eighty tons of coal to supply the Rescue Home for the winter. Coal in car-load lots is now \$5.00 a ton, so we must raise \$400 to keep the home warm. Our unfortunate girls and fatherless babies must be sheltered and kept warm and comfortable.

Last month we said we would publish the names of those who contributed to this fund, and the amount given, so here are the names of those who have started the list:

Mrs. L. L. McCamley.....	\$ 5.00
Mrs. Peter Christenson.....	10.00
Ruth Blackman .....	10.00
Stella Peterson .....	20.00
N. E. Hause.....	3.00
A friend .....	10.00

Total .....\$58.00

One dear woman came to our office and handed us \$10.00 saying "I want to have a part in keeping your girls warm at the Home. This will buy two tons of coal." Will you be one of the thirty-five more to do the same?

Other donations will be coming in, we are sure, as we have asked the Lord to provide the coal and we believe he will. If he impresses you to give, do not hesitate, but send in your check at once and the Lord will bless you.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH, Supt.

### FROM A MODERN MAGDALENE

A Girl Who Was in the Rescue Home Last Year.

One can hardly realize what such a life as I have had means unless they really know it or have had the experience. It has taught me many things that I hardly think I would know unless I had gone through it myself. It seems that I went through much for some one that does not care for me. As I look back just one year and a half, I wish I could be back there for a short time to know the sweetness of that life. Now I wonder, is there any who have gone as far as I have? I know I have strayed far, but beyond all, I think there is

hope, at least I hope so. Sometimes I have prayed for death because I think it would be sweeter than this life.

Why is it when one tries so hard to do right that is when they face the greatest temptations of all? It is so hard for me to fight; but fight I must, and fight to keep right.

You have much on your mind and many girls there to care for, but I'm way off here and it seems now as though I am alone in this large world. Can you remember me in prayer? I need it.

### THE PLAINT OF THE FALLEN

Yes, once I was pure as the driven snow;  
A too innocent girl, not allowed to know,  
A different harvest might have been reaped,  
If someone had warned me before I leaped.  
If the seed of ignorance hadn't been sown,  
And I'd only known, I'd only known.

No, I wasn't wicked, I wasn't bad;  
I was only innocent, and only sad,  
I wanted freedom; to me denied,  
I wanted counsel, the truth beside,  
A different harvest might have been grown,  
Had I only known, had I only known.

—Selected.

### "NEVERS" FOR GIRLS

The following necessary advice was sent out by the Scottish National Vigilance Association, and is reprinted for the benefit of girls:

1.—Never speak to strangers, either men or women, in the street, in shops, in stations, in trains, in lonely country roads, or in places of amusement.

2.—Never ask the way of any but officials on duty, such as policemen, railway officials, or postmen.

3.—Never loiter or stand about alone in the street, and if accosted by a stranger (whether man or woman), walk towards the nearest policeman.

4.—Never consent to accompany a woman home who apparently faints in the street, but call a policeman, and leave the case to him.

5.—Never accept a lift offered by a stranger, in a motor or taxi-cab, or vehicle of any description.

6.—Never go to an address given by a stranger, or enter any house, restaurant, or

place of amusement on the invitation of a stranger.

7.—Never go with a stranger (however dressed) who brings a story of your friends having suffered from accidents or been suddenly taken ill, as this is a common device to kidnap girls.

8.—Never accept sweets, food, or drink offered by a stranger.

9.—Never take a situation away from home, and especially abroad, without first making strict inquiries.

10.—Never go to any town, for even one night, without knowing of some safe lodging.—Selected.

### CLOTHING THE NEEDY

LEETA CULVEYHOUSE

As I am one of the first-year nurses at Hinsdale, I am glad to do my part in canvassing for and selling *THE LIFE BOAT* magazine. Although I have had but little experience, I am thankful for the little part that I have been permitted to do in the great work that lies before us.

The first two days of my experience I was permitted to go to the city with Miss Knowles, our leader in the City work, and help in visiting the sick, the poor and needy ones who escaped with nothing but their lives in the race riot. Before starting out we were informed of a letter that had been sent to the institution asking for help for a poor family of seven small children. In visiting this family we found them destitute of clothing and living in a house furnished with just the bare necessities of life, and wearing clothes loaned them. We were able to furnish them with enough clothes to help them until they were able to get more and while there the husband told us a part of their story.

In the middle of the night they were awakened by the cry of "Fire." Upon investigating they found the house filled with smoke and everybody running to get out of the flat. After waking the children, they started to leave the house and got out safely, but losing nearly all they had in the fire. Many were killed as they came out of their homes by people standing on the other side of the street, shooting. One little baby's head was crushed by a man in passing. But this family got out

without mishap and thanked God for His ever timely help. We find many such cases and are doing all in our power with the help of God to relieve them as much as possible.

In selling *THE LIFE BOAT* I find it has many friends, and I enjoy meeting the people with such a magazine filled with such good things as *THE LIFE BOAT*. I will say in closing that I am thankful in having a part in scattering the precious seed and being a worker in God's great vineyard.

### "NEVER WILL FORGET"

From a Former Home Girl

"It has been sometime since you have heard from me. I don't have much time to write; I am busy working hard and harder every day of my life. But some day I am coming to Hinsdale as I really am homesick to see you all. I think of you often and I also keep praying the way you dear people have taught me. I know you would be glad to see my baby now. She is four years old now and it has been three years since I have been to see you dear folks. I will never forget your kindness to me. I pray to Jesus to give you people your health so you can help others the way you helped me.

"I am sending you one dollar in stamps. Will you kindly send me *THE LIFE BOAT* magazine for one year? Pray for me, will you, as I have to work so hard to make a living for my baby. I am praying that the day will come when I will see you dear people again. Please send *THE LIFE BOAT* to me for I miss it and no one sells it here.

"With love, from baby and me."

If you feel yourself to be the greatest of sinners, then Christ is just what you need; for he is the greatest of Saviours.

The apple is perfect when green just as much as when ripe, but not reached maturity. We can be perfect in *growth*.

### 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.

## HOW ONE PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

MAUD WILSON COBB

A mother and father with their four babies lived on one of the west side streets of Chicago. Trouble had come to their home. The father had been ill for three months, then not strong, was not able to do hard work for a time. The cupboard was bare many times and the clothes were scant. During the illness of the father a colored family had aided them



The four sweet children who were robbed of their home and clothing by the rioters

by helping pay their rent. During the riot this poor family let the colored family hide in their home for a time. After the colored people had left the father and mother had put their little ones to bed and had just prayed that Jesus would help them leave this neighborhood and have some Christian people come to visit them and teach them how to live.

This was about 1 a. m. All seemed quiet in the neighborhood. There was only one stairway in the house, and these people lived on the second floor of a two story house. They heard a creaking sound and when the man

opened the stair door the whole hall and stairway was filled with smoke. By the time the little ones were taken from their beds the flames were appearing. The wife begged the husband to try and save the baby buggy for it was not paid for and did not belong to them. In his effort to take the buggy the older boy ran from his side back into the bed room. The father dropped the buggy and groped his way to the front of the house to find the frightened child and had to jump from the second story window with him in his arms, for the stair case was breaking down. It was a narrow escape, indeed.

A man who owned a hotel came in his car and took the family to his hotel for the night and later placed three well furnished rooms and bath at their disposal until a home could be found for them. We saw the pictures of the children in our morning paper and called on them as soon as possible and found the children still dressed in their night clothes as they were carried from the burning building. The hotel keeper was collecting money from his friends for the family for furniture and clothing, but in the meanwhile we took in several suit cases full of nice clothing and new hats for the children. How happy they were! The mother said, "Now my prayer is answered. We have new clothes and live near a Sunday school. Jesus did answer our prayers even if evil people tried to burn us up because we sheltered a colored family in their distress." As one of the little tots cried to keep her new red hat on, the father said very softly, "Dear, you must be good and put your new hat up, for Jesus doesn't love to see you naughty." It proved to me that that man was not hardened by his ill luck but still trusted Jesus.

On our first visit to the family we introduced ourselves by handing the mother one of our LIFE BOAT magazines. She at once said, "Oh, one day when we first moved to Chicago I picked up a book just like this one, and I asked the lady whose home I was in if I might have it. She gave it to me. I took it home and kept it a whole year and read it many times. When we had to sell some of our furniture to buy bread, a dresser was sold and my little book was in the drawer and it was taken away. I hope whoever got it will get as much good from it as I did, for I know some of the stories yet." She had saved a few Sunday School quarterlies and those with

THE LIFE BOAT comprised her whole library.

We intend to keep in touch with this little family and try to be a real spiritual help to them. The father is now at work. We thank the Lord that he saved every one of this family and we pray that each little tot will learn by faith to follow him as their mother is trying to do because she trusts him.

### I KNOW NOT WHY

R. HARE.

I may not tell why He permits the storms to blow,  
But still I rest upon the changeless word.  
That sometime, in His fullness, "we shall know,"  
When day smiles radiant in the afterglow,  
And faith beholds its Lord.—  
'Tis then "we, too, shall know"!

I may not see through all the mists that float around,  
Hiding the distant hills and lofty skies,  
But still the skies are there; no sight or sound,  
But meets His knowledge, all profound  
The stars shine on, the mountains rise,  
And faith has solid ground.

I cannot tell why He permits the bitter blast,  
To wreck, with wintry hands, love's templed shrine,  
Why buds the fairest, sweetest and the last  
Shattered upon the heath are cast,—  
But still a Hand that is divine,  
Will hold till storms are past.

### WHITE BREAD

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

Civilization has brought about many changes in the methods of furnishing food for our tables. The time was when the wheat and other grains used in the making of breads was ground at home between two stones by the wife and mother. This is still the custom among many of the uncivilized races of Africa and the Islands of the Pacific. As civilization advanced this primitive method disappeared. The early settlers of this country carried the wheat to the old country mill, where it was ground between two huge stones. The flour they carried back home was made out of the identical wheat they brought to the mill. Nothing was taken out of the grain. It was the whole wheat flour. Bread was then the staple article of food. It was the staff of life. Out of it were built the sturdy sons who felled the trees, cleared the land and prepared the soil for the coming generations. They were men of brawn and of brain.

As civilization advanced the old fashioned mill was replaced by the roller process mill. A demand came for whiter flour, and gradu-

ally this demand was met. Each mill aimed to outdo the other in turning out the whitest product. To do this the outer portion of the wheat was removed, and in time they went even so far as to bleach the product which remained. The mills were merely catering to a popular demand. This demand was not based on wholesomeness of the product, but merely upon its appearance.

### Selecting Foods by Color

It is really surprising how much dependance is placed on appearances in the selection of food and how little upon the wholesomeness of it. A young Newly Wed, in making her first purchases for the table, selected all the foods to match the color of her dishes. She was evidently of a highly artistic turn of mind, but was totally ignorant of the nutritive value of foods. While few go to this extreme, there are many wives who are governed wholly by appearances in the selection of foods for their husbands and children. The flour must be of the whitest, and the rice must have a pearly appearance.

Today it is difficult to obtain whole wheat bread. Bread is no longer baked in the home. Bread making is in fact numbered among the lost arts. Not one woman in twenty knows how to bake a good loaf of bread.

White bread is inferior to the whole wheat product, not because it is deficient in the proteins and starches, but because it has been deprived of at least three very essential elements. Seven-eighths of the phosphorous out of which brain and nerves are formed is removed with the bran. Eleven-fourteenths of the potash and lime contents, out of which bone and teeth are built, is also removed.

White bread is a starvation diet. Children that are fed largely upon white bread are apt to have dyspepsia. They are nervous, restless and irritable. This calls for narcotics to allay these disagreeable symptoms. Their teeth are usually soft and readily undergo decay. The prevalence of dental decay in America may be largely attributed to a deficiency of material out of which to construct teeth in the food which is furnished them. We employ dentists to patch up the children's teeth. It would be better to aim at the removal of the causes of dental decay.

Several years ago, when in England, I was invited to attend an outing which was given to some children. When the sandwiches were



served, I noticed that the bread was different from any I had ever eaten. It had a flavor and sweetness all its own. Hoping to ascertain where I might obtain it for my family, I made inquiry as to where it could be purchased. The lady who furnished it took me to her home and showed me a small mill. She said, "I purchase the very best wheat I can get, and my little boy grinds the flour while I do the baking." Small hand mills may be procured at a nominal cost. The best wheat may be purchased and a boy aged eleven to thirteen years can grind the flour while the mother can do the baking. This greatly minimizes the cost of living. In addition it furnishes a food which is perfectly wholesome and relished by all. Flour which is ground at the modern mills is not merely lacking in the food elements mentioned, but it is also lacking in the sweetness found in freshly ground flour. Flour that has been kept for any length of time has lost its flavor. From exposure it absorbs odors from the air. If your children have lost their relish for the ordinary baker's bread, try them on the home made product. Whole wheat bread is the staff of life.

I have spoken merely of the salts which are removed with the bran. There is however, another very vital product which is also removed in the process of milling the ordinary white flour. I refer to the vitamins. These elements, while present in small amounts only, are very essential to health. Their absence in the food is responsible for many of the constitutional diseases, the causes of which have heretofore been so perplexing to the medical profession. Beri-Beri, Palagra, Scurvy and other constitutional diseases are traceable to the absence of this element in food. The importance of this element has only recently been appreciated. We now know why pigeons fed on rice from which the outer portion has been removed die quicker than do pigeons which are given no food, and why a dog fed on the ordinary white bread alone dies quicker than does the dog from which food is entirely withheld. My advice is for every family to have its own flour mill and for every mother to be her own miller and baker, from the standpoint of health and economy.

A grudge is like a coal of fire; the longer you hold it the deeper it burns, and it burns nobody but you.

## LED INTO PATHS OF USEFULNESS

One of our correspondents in the Deer Lodge, Mont., penitentiary was an interested reader of *THE LIFE BOAT* while in prison. At that time he wrote:

"I realize the good work *THE LIFE BOAT* has done and is doing. Oh! that it had a gratuitous circulation. It is almost my only source of comfort by way of reading material, and thus it happens to be my companion in loneliness, and in my state of isolation is very dear to me. Words can scarcely express the comfort I derive from the perusal and meditation of its pages. Am almost alone in the world, and have no one to write me even a letter of encouragement."

Then came the good news:

"I have returned to God as a backslider and He is willing and able to save me. I often think of His injunction, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all of these things will be added unto you.' I thank you from the depths of my heart for your kindness."

Later he wrote:

"I cannot refrain from writing to you today. It gives me so much pleasure to tell you that I am growing in grace and that God is blessing me in my present surroundings.

"I have a great field here to work in, yet it is a hard one to get people interested in their souls' eternal welfare. How comforting when He says, 'Return thou backsliding people.' Jer. 3:12-14. Hosea 14:4. It is so good of God that he did not cut me off in my wickedness, and I feel that he has a mission for me to fill. It is said, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' I feel that this is one of His chastisements, for it is a blessing in disguise."

After release from prison we received the following letter, which indeed brings us much courage. He writes:

"As I read your good letter, tears came that could not be restrained. Tears of joy, in the thought that you, an instrument in the hands of God, helped to set my feet on the solid rock—Christ Jesus.

"Am devoting a part of my time to the gospel work. I work ten hours as cook in a restaurant, from 5 a. m. to 3 p. m., and in the evening we hold a short street service and go to a vacated store building which is kindly donated by an old pioneer. I solicit no funds, but a free will offering is taken to maintain

light and necessary expenses. The crowds are very good, and people are becoming interested. Have been here two weeks, and up to date nineteen have been reclaimed. My heart is full to overflowing with the goodness of God, and I am glad that He is giving me strength to perform my duty in His cause."

If you would like to have a part in get-

ting some other discouraged and down-hearted man transformed by the grace of God and started out in the path of service for his fellow men, why not send a club of THE LIFE BOAT each month into some prison nearest you? Three dollars will send five copies each month for a year. That is our special price to prisons only.

## Our National Asset

"A healthy cobbler is a better man than a sick king," and "A live dog is better than a dead lion." As humanity becomes weaker, and diseases multiply, and epidemics increase in numbers, it becomes more and more important that we take every precaution to safeguard our health and the health of those about us.

Health is a precious thing, as millions have realized only when too late. With it, life is a joy; without it, life is a burden. With it, one can be a blessing and a help to others; without it, one becomes a burden to others.

Have you good health?—Use every possible means of keeping it! Are you sick?—Let nothing stand in the way of your getting well as soon as possible!

The millionaire who is sick all the time is poor. The poor man who is well all the time is rich.

Sickness results in the loss of millions of dollars each year in our nation alone. It is said that for each death in a community there is an average of two years of sickness.

Here are some good health hints:

Be regular in eating, sleeping, and working.

Eat slowly. Some people are said to be digging their graves with their teeth.

Be sure you get plenty of exercise in the open air.

Never eat or drink anything which you know is injurious.

Keep good-natured.

Remember that health does not come in bottles, and that drugs never cure.

Hundreds of thousands of people die a premature death because they do not carry out these great principles of health.



## EDITORIAL

**EDITORS:**

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

**100 WORKERS WANTED**

As we look about us and see to what lengths the masses are drifting—as we see the unrest, the spirit of greed and of strife, we are led to realize the need of more of the softening uplifting spirit of Christ in the hearts of men. It is because the sweet spirit of God is being driven out of the heart that we are seeing so much of the working of Satan these days. Was there ever a time more than now when the army of God should work to stem the tide of evil?

The saving truth of the Gospel is published in *THE LIFE BOAT* every month in such a form that even those who spurn the name of God are attracted by its heart to heart messages. The magazine is reasonable in price and within the reach of all. Why not try to extend its influence in your neighborhood. Order some sample copies and get your neighbors to subscribe, or, sell *THE LIFE BOAT* in your community. Read in this number of how the Lord blesses the reading of *THE LIFE BOAT*, and then write us. You will receive a rich experience in doing so. One hundred workers are needed at once to take up this work

C. L. C.

**AN UNUSUAL BANQUET**

We quote the following from a recent copy of the *Youth's Instructor*:

"A banquet was recently given at the Waldorf-Astoria by the New York Milk Show to a Jersey prize-winner valued at \$60,000. There were five hundred other guests. The guest of honor, after having his horns and hoofs manicured, his tail combed, and his hide steamed and rubbed, was led through the rotunda of the hotel to the elevator, by which he was carried to the great dining-room. A special table was provided for him. The

courses were the same in number as provided for the other guests, but differed according to bovine taste. Bran mixed with delicious relishes, clover cut fine and ornamented with tender alfalfa leaves and sweet clover buds, were so appetizing that he licked the huge silver platter and bawled for more. A large table cloth was fastened about his neck to keep him from soiling his hide. Two waiters stood beside him with napkins to wipe his mouth after each course."

**WHY THE REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF THE LAST CENTURY**

Not much more than one hundred years ago the world was moving along as slow and easy as it had been for many centuries before. The people of those days never saw a match, but had to build their fires with flint and steel, by rubbing sticks together briskly for some time, or with borrowed coals.

Their clothing was home made. They read by candle light. The news in their papers was weeks or months old before they got it. To send a letter composed of a single sheet a distance of forty miles or less cost eight cents in 1806; and to send such a letter from three hundred to five hundred miles cost twenty cents, while the cost of sending two sheets was twice as much.

Where newspapers were turned out then by the tens, they are now turned out by the tens of thousands. News travels farther in a few minutes than it traveled then in a few months.

While people then traveled from two to ten miles an hour, they now travel from forty to a hundred or more miles an hour, and think little of it. Where one person had crossed the ocean then, many have now been around the world. Where thousands then rode behind oxen, or on horseback, millions now ride in fast trains and automobiles.

Only fifty years ago people were writing by

hand at the rate of from fifteen to thirty words a minute, while now the typewriter is operated at from seventy-five to a hundred forty-three words a minute, by the hour.

Hundreds of inventions could be named now which were entirely unknown only half a generation ago.

What do these things mean? What is the explanation of this sudden and remarkable increase of knowledge, this tremendous running to and fro? Without any question, it is a fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy written about 2500 years ago, of the time when "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased,"—"the time of the end," as he calls it in Daniel 12:4.

Some commentators think this verse refers especially to an increase of knowledge of the Bible. If so, it has been fulfilled just as truly, for during the last generation there has been a marvelous increase of knowledge along this line. The book of Daniel has been unsealed, as it were, by the events that have followed one another in such rapid succession; and the book of Revelation is becoming better understood each passing year. Many people now read the Bible who scarcely ever looked into it a few years ago, and there has been a remarkable increase of Biblical knowledge as well as of knowledge in the industries, arts and sciences.

Whereas not many years ago there were only a few thousand people who believed in the soon-coming of Christ, there are now millions who believe that this event is near at hand; and the number is increasing with each new fulfillment of prophecy. Without the slightest doubt we are drawing very near to the greatest event in the history of the world—that event to which all true Christians look forward with solemn joy, while all others look forward to it with hearts full of fear and nameless dread.

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In order to grow in grace, we must be much alone. It is not in society—even Christian society—that the soul grows most vigorously. In *one single* quiet hour of prayer it will often make more progress than in days of company with others. It is in the desert that the dew falls freshest and the air is purest.—*Bonar.*

### "JUST LOVES THAT BOOK"

"THE LIFE BOAT is doing such a good work that I feel I must keep right on selling it. I had just sold the last book of the few I took downtown the other day when I met a man, an old customer who always buys a LIFE BOAT, and he said, 'Have you a LIFE BOAT left? Sister, I just love that book.' And he was very much disappointed because I had sold out. Many praise the good book as it seems to lift them a few steps higher, and they highly appreciate what you are doing to lift up the fallen.

"There is a man who plays at one of the theatres here. When he sees me, he just says, 'A LIFE BOAT,' and hands over the dime. I never have to say a word. He too, 'just loves that book.' He says, 'Everybody ought to buy it, as it is a very fine book.'"

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### HAVE YOU TRIED THIS PLAN?

A LIFE BOAT reader in Massachusetts sends a check for the work with this letter:

"We had a meeting one Sabbath devoted to the LIFE BOAT work and the collection you will find enclosed with some other which I have solicited here and there,—six dollars and twenty cents in all. I hope it will send the magazine to some who will appreciate it. I wonder if you have been successful in getting it into the institutions at State Farm, Mass.

"What I can help is but a little, but I am glad to do my 'bit' to uphold you who are doing the fighting at the front, robbing the enemy of his prey by helping souls into the kingdom of Heaven.

"May your work be of such enduring character that it will 'shine as the stars forever and ever' is the prayer of a friend."

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"The man that everybody likes usually likes everybody."

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A light that doesn't shine beautifully around the family table at home is not fit to take a long way off to do a great service somewhere else.—*J. Hudson Taylor.*

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Remember that a smile is stronger than a frown; a frown sends others away from you, a smile draws them to you.

**CLEAN UP THE BOGGY LAND**

As I am writing this there is a swampy, boggy piece of land in the distance from which arises a constant smoke. For days and weeks this land has burned and still the fire is not quenched. It is interesting to learn that the decayed vegetation combined with the water slowly passing over it has formed what is called "peat"—a substance valuable for fuel after it is dried.

By accident a fire was started in this swamp and I am told it will continue to burn indefinitely, unless checked by plowing around the area which is burning, thus keeping it from spreading. The plowing I notice has now been done and we trust the fire will steadily die out.

As I have watched this fire burn I have thought of the little seeds of sin that get into the heart and life and how they are nourished and protected until a moral infection is started which will continue to burn and spread until the whole life is charred and ruined.

How important that the soil of the heart should be thoroughly plowed to prevent the spread of the infection. It is not a pleasant thing to see this land burning day by day and it is still less pleasant to smell the burnt odor. So the life all charred and smoldering with the leprosy of sin looks in the sight of God. But he says, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18. Why not come to Jesus and let him clean up the old boggy ground of your heart.

C. L. C.

"When you make a mistake, don't think of it too long."

**NEWS HERE AND THERE**

Pastor Wm. Guthrie of Berrien Springs, Mich., a member of the Hinsdale Sanitarium Board, called recently.

Among the recent arrivals to enter the nurses' course are Miss Hattie M. Walker of St. Louis and Florence Utter of Joliet, Ill.

Pastor Hirlinger of Brookfield, Ill., visited the Sanitarium recently.

Mr. Chester L. Rogers, formerly our Sanitarium stenographer, now located at Washington, D. C., called recently. Mr. Rogers is now under appointment for China to assist in our Missionary activities in that country.

Professor and Mrs. Robert K. Richardson of Beloit, Wis., are among the recent arrivals.

Mrs. C. L. Taylor and her son George B. Taylor, now of Bethel, Wis., were recent visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Klug, former workers in the institution, have just returned from San Francisco, where Mr. Klug has been serving in the Presidio, the army training camp at San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Paulson and daughter Maud, Dr. Mary and Mr. N. W. Paulson spent a couple of days attending the Convention of Evangelists at Winona Lake, Ind., recently.

Professor and Mrs. Frederick Griggs of Berrien Springs, Mich., were recent callers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Walters and daughter, Wilma, called while touring through from Madison, Wis., to Michigan.

The carpenter work is now going forward on the new addition north of the Sanitarium which will furnish new treatment rooms, nurses' class rooms, and medical offices. Also the foundation is being laid on the west side

**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.

of the building for the extension of the dining room and business offices.

The Sanitarium is full to overflowing. Every sun parlor and waiting room has been converted into a bed room to accommodate the patients.

A large new Sanitarium green house is now under construction.

The Sanitarium preparatory school started Monday morning, September 8, with an attendance of twenty-three pupils and two teachers—Miss Louise Dedecker and Miss Fyrnn Ford giving their full time, and others teaching special classes. This school is only for employees in the institution who are either preparing to enter the nurses' course or are thrown upon their own resources and wish to advance their education while supporting themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Manson and family of Oak Park, Ill., who were among the first patients at Hinsdale, returned for a brief visit recently.

Dr. R. M. Clarke and family of Santa Barbara, Calif., are now guests at Hinsdale.

Drs. Henry Harrower and Pliny Haskell of Southern California were recent callers.

Mr. D. Nicola and family of Attleboro, Mass., stopped at Hinsdale while passing through for the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Attwood, Miss Gertrude Saunders, and the Misses Ina and Bertha Reimer and Katie Crowler, also of Attleboro, Mass., have recently connected with the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Dr. Mary Paulson attended the meeting of the Tri-State Medical Society at Rockford, Ill., September 3 and 4. Mrs. C. L. Clough accompanied her.

Mr. E. C. Waller, who is in charge of the Pisgah Industrial school near Asheville, N. C., visited Hinsdale recently, and gave an interesting stereopticon lecture on the educational work among the mountaineers of the South.

Miss Maud Paulson left on Tuesday, Sept. 16, for Fox River Academy, where she will attend school the coming year.

Recently twelve young people of our Sanitarium and Rescue Home family were buried with their Lord in baptism, at a beautiful baptismal scene on the banks of the Desplaines River near Hinsdale.

One of our LIFE BOAT workers, Miss Hazel Nelson, reports splendid success while on a magazine trip to Peoria, Galesburg, Moline and Rock Island. She says the people are interested in THE LIFE BOAT. In one town she sold 200 copies in four hours. She reports that numbers are subscribing for THE LIFE BOAT by the year.

The coal fund for the Rescue Home is beginning to grow. We want to raise \$400 in less than four weeks. Notice item on page 307.

Be sure and subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT before Jan. 1st, as we are planning a series of articles giving the wonderful development of THE LIFE BOAT and Hinsdale work. You will want to save every one of these numbers. Subscribe now and watch for further announcements.

Six of our little Rescue Home babies were satisfactorily placed in homes during the last couple of weeks.

---

*Our disposition counts for more than our position. Our mind is of more moment than our money.*

---

Evil thoughts are like weeds—they are conceived in the dark, but they soon creep up to the surface.

---

### KEEP A BRIGHT FACE

ROBERT HARE

Keep a bright face, it is well worth your while  
To capture the sunshine, that others may smile;  
Your face is a mirror, then let others see  
How pleasing that face in its gladness can be!

Keep a bright face, it is worth more than gold;  
Bright like the sunshine, when tempests unfold  
Their dark wings of strife! The sun's cheery smile  
Can brighten their blackness, their shadows beguile!

Keep a bright face, it is worth more than fame;  
Falsehood may tarnish or spoil the best name;  
But sunshine and gladness we hold as our own,  
However the pathway may be over-grown!

Keep a bright face; it is friendships best gift;  
Its sweet inspiration has power to uplift  
The holiest visions that earth can impart—  
Then keep a bright face, with its gladness of heart!

---

### THREE BEAUTIFUL SACRED SONGS

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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.

**On the Trail of Livingstone.** By W. H. Anderson, pioneer missionary to the heart of dark Africa. A thrilling and inspiring book for young people, and one of deep interest to all. Published by the Pacific Press, Mountain View, Calif. Price, \$1.00.

**The Home Dietitian.** By Belle Wood-Comstock, M.D. This book fills a long-felt need for scientific instruction in dietetics for the home, discussed in such a simple, practical style that it is suitable for the busy housewife as well as the student of dietetics. The book can be procured by writing the author, Pasadena, Calif., and enclosing \$2.00.

**Bible Readings for the Home Circle.** A compilation of Bible readings touching all the leading points of Bible topics. A valuable book for young converts who desire to learn more of the wonderful Book of Truth. Price, \$1.50.

**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, Calif.

**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.

# The Life Boat

**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.*

Mary W. Paulson, M. D.....	} Editorial Staff
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D. H. Kress, M. D.....	
Caroline Louise Clough.....	
N. W. Paulson.....	Business Manager

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.

### Expirations

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

### Change of Address

When writing to have the address of the Life Boat changed, be sure to give the old address as well as the new one.

### Mistakes

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

### Premiums

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

### Rates for Advertising

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

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

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

### The Life Boat Magazine Agencies in Chicago

The Life Boat magazine can be secured in quantities at wholesale rates from the following agencies in the city of Chicago:

D. K. Abrams, wholesale nut store, 3529 Cottage Grove Avenue. Phone Douglas 6743.

Chicago Book & Tract Society, 812 Steger Bldg., 28 East Jackson Blvd.

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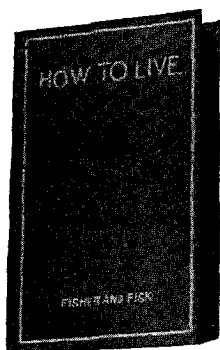
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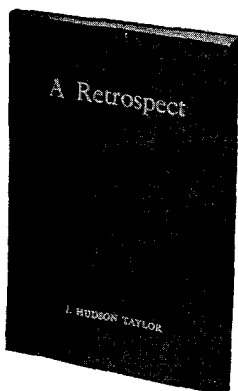


## "How to Live, or Rules for Healthful Living, Based on Modern Science"

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.

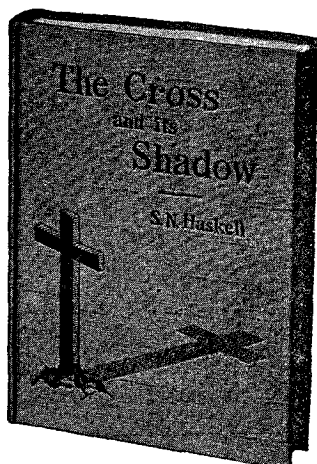
## The Cross and Its Shadow

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.



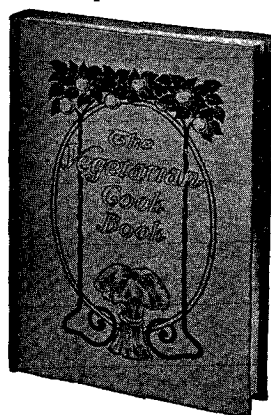
## A Retrospect

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

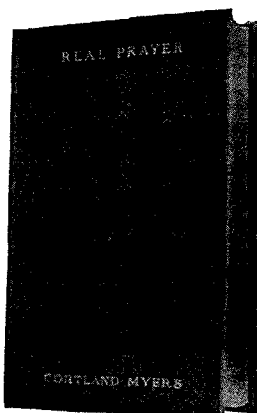
This charming book, "Pastor Hsi," by Mrs. Howard Taylor, daughter-in-law of the late J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, has found such a warm reception by The Life Boat readers everywhere that we are offering it again this year. The author gives in a most fascinating manner the remarkable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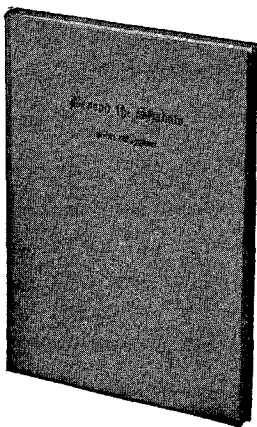


for only one subscription or renewal at one dollar. This book is really five books in one. It is not only a dictionary but a complete parliamentary manual, a rapid calculator, a compendium in business and social forms, a letter writer and literary guide, and a pronouncing and statistical gazetteer of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

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## Beyond the Shadow

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

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



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# 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.

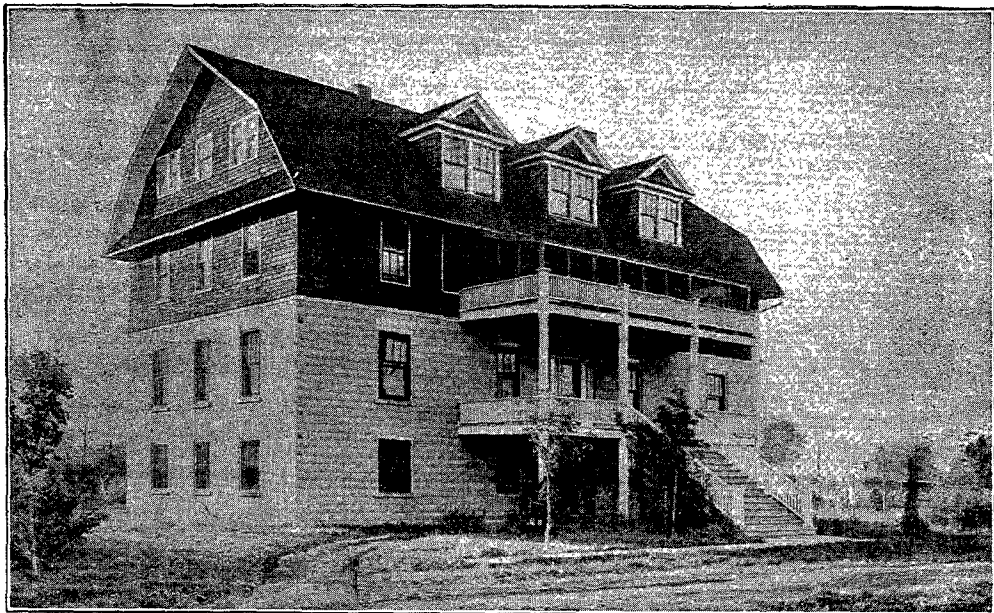
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1 Pint .....	\$0.45	Shipping weight.....	2 lbs.
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It is put up in tin cans so that it can be sent by parcel post. These rates do not include transportation charges.

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**

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*The Main Parlor*

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

**The Hinsdale Sanitarium**

Phone  
Hinsdale 645

**Hinsdale, Ill.**

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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*