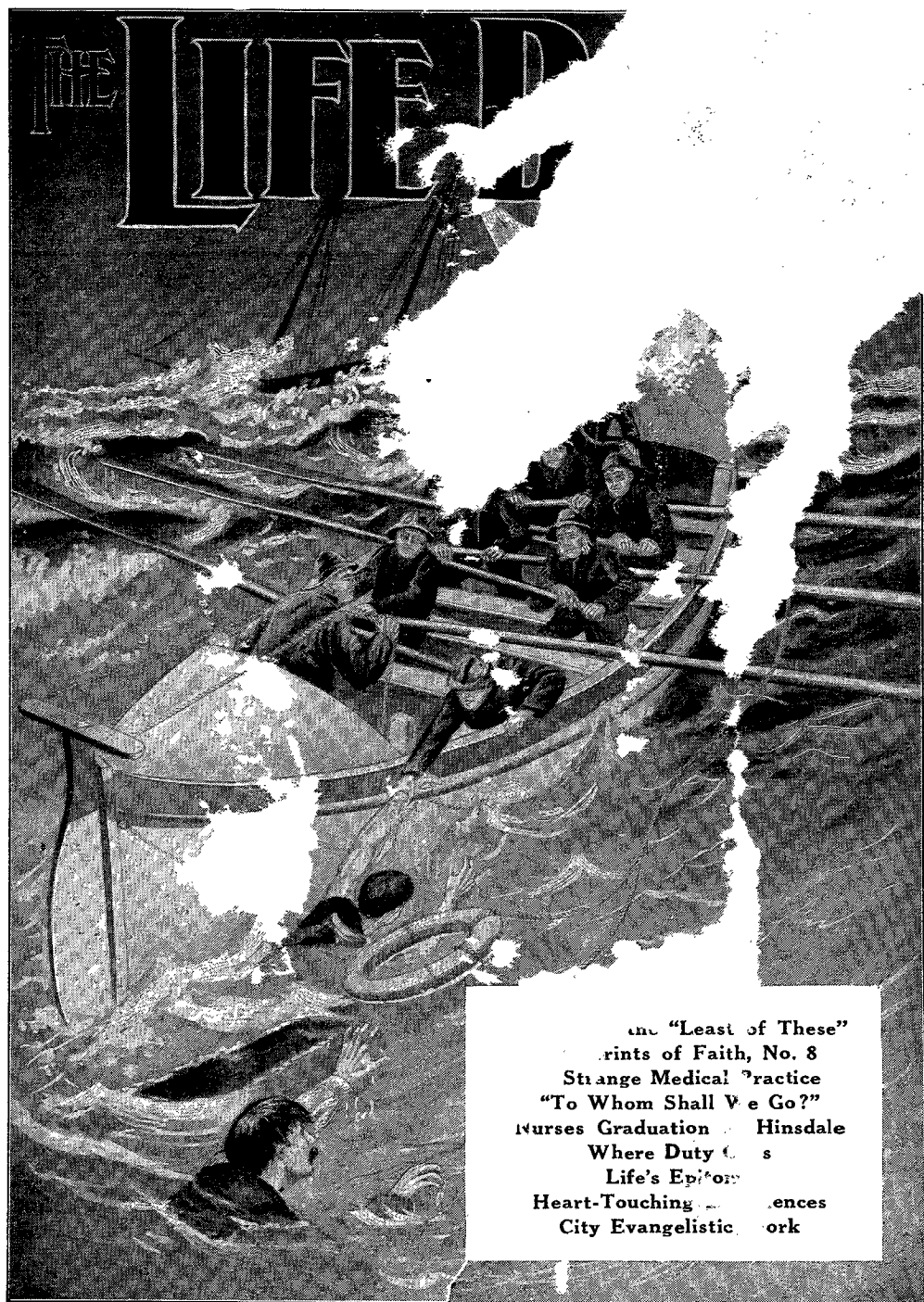


One Dollar a Year

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The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations

the "Least of These"
Prints of Faith, No. 8
Strange Medical Practice
"To Whom Shall We Go?"
Nurses Graduation Hinsdale
Where Duty Calls
Life's Epitaph
Heart-Touching Scenes
City Evangelistic Work

Volume Twenty-three
Number Eight

Hinsdale, Ill.

August, 1920

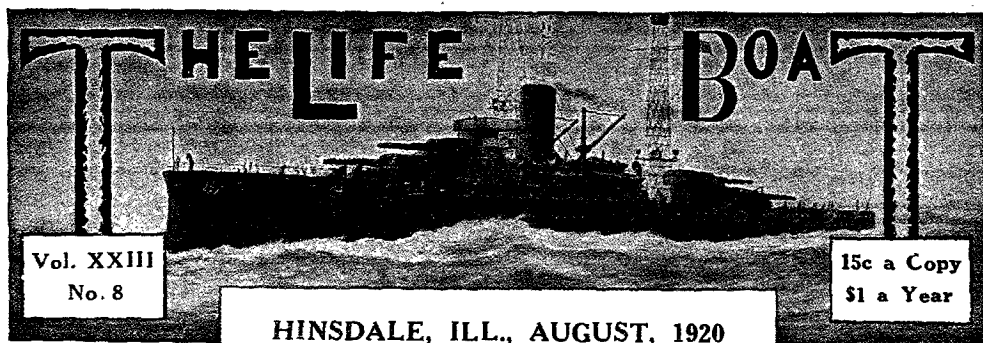
Pasteur and God,—Alfred W. McCann



THE HINSDALE NURSES GRADUATING CLASS OF 1920

Seated, left to right: Estella Lalendorf, Lulu Rose, Fern Fisk, Mildred Imschweiler, Anna Johnson, Jessie Benedict. Standing: Neil Martin, May Brownell, Rebecca Ford, Mary Marsh, Ethel Coley, Olive Benedict, Harry Lausten. Top row, standing: Ethel Carey, Ruth Henrickson, Margaret Hazelton, Gladys Jeffers, Sophie Knutson.

See page 236



Vol. XXIII
No. 8

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HINSDALE, ILL., AUGUST, 1920

Pasteur and God

Alfred W. McCann

[Alfred W. McCann, who has written extensively on our nation's food, the author of the book, "Starving America," has now published a new and enlarged edition of his book, "This Famishing World," under the new title, "The Science of Eating," from one chapter of which we take the liberty to quote McCann's tribute to Louis Pasteur, possibly the greatest scientist whom the world has ever known. The book is published by George H. Doran Co., New York, and sells for \$2.50.—Ed.]

THE handicaps of ignorance under which our grandfathers struggled, suffered and died, have been lifted from modern life through the application of many scientific discoveries, beginning with the achievement of that most brilliant, unselfish and idealistic of earth's benefactors, Louis Pasteur.

One does not have to go back fifty years to witness the typhoid epidemics that swept helpless communities to the grave. Yellow fever counted its victims by the thousands. Smallpox kept pace with this dread disease as a slaughterer of men. Surgery knew nothing of antiseptics. Gangrene, blood poisoning and tetanus fought for the lives of those who were cut, mangled or bruised. Convulsions of infants with cholera-infantum destroyed hundreds of thousands. Child-bed fever, due to the ignorance of the medical world, was the nightmare of every physician.

It was not so long ago that piles of garbage, filth and decay were to be seen lying about in the camps, hamlets, villages, towns and cities of the nation. Today every town has its health officer, every city its health department.

As much money is spent on public health in the United States as upon education. We control the sanitary conditions of floating baths, stationary pools, bathing beaches; we operate day nurseries; we promote the progress of industrial hygiene, regulating public laundries, disinfecting passenger cars and omnibuses, requiring the removal of harmful gases from work rooms. We compel the owners of marsh lands and sunken lots to fill in or drain them, to prevent the breeding of mosquitoes. We look after the sanitation and

ventilation of theatres, and oblige physicians to report occupational diseases and injuries. We prevent persons suffering from communicable diseases from working in their homes on articles intended for general consumption. We regulate the free distribution of vaccines, antitoxins, serums and cultures. We conduct contagious disease hospitals and tuberculosis clinics. We inspect slaughterhouses and control the disposal of their offal. We condemn the use of the common drinking cup and the common towel.

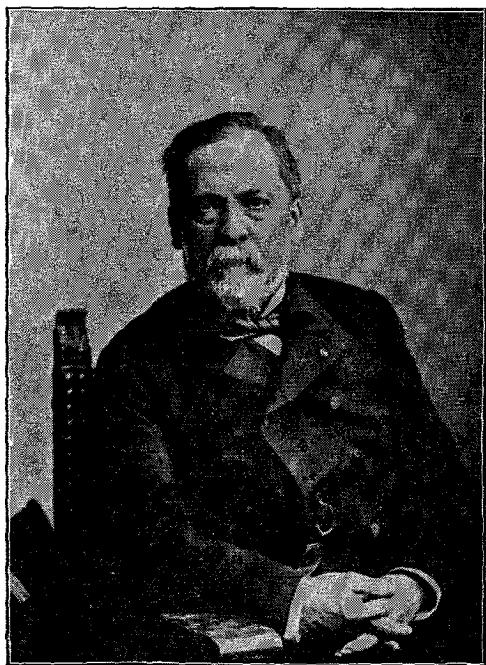
Until Louis Pasteur arrived, our ignorance was abysmal. He taught us the relationship of micro-organisms to disease. He unfolded for us the mysteries of fermentation, decomposition and putrefaction. His discoveries now permeate every province of practical life. Until he came, the world knew nothing of the complications of elemental reaction; of the growth and diseases of plants, of the nutritional and pathological processes of animals, of the canning, drying, refrigerating and spoiling of food, of the treatment of water supplies, of the disposal of sewage, of the manufacture of vaccines and serums.

Prior to the birth of this God-sent messenger there was no guiding hand to lead the way out of the wilderness of disease. Wine soured; silk worms died; food rotted; children perished; anthrax killed cattle; men succumbed to rabies; until Pasteur, with an almost intuitive insight into the operations of nature, gave to the world his knowledge of micro-organisms. Cow's milk could not then be made safe, as it is now made safe, thanks to Pasteur, in

a few cities like New York, Chicago and Washington.

Klein, inspired by Pasteur, had not yet wrestled with the fact that diphtheria is communicated through milk.

Koch had not yet discovered tuberculin. The toxic substances which microbial life produce, extending to the poisoning of food through decomposition, were not even hinted at in dreams. Prior to the war, 1914, the terrors of the European herdsmen had been put to sleep.



Louis Pasteur, the scientist who had a simple faith and trust in God.

All these forces glorified still further by the introduction of Lister's aseptic and antiseptic surgery, have fought death with a conquering hand. Infectious diseases no longer scourge the world. Yet it was only in the early "eighties" that they were traced to their origin; the organisms responsible for them isolated and studied in the light of prophylaxis.

Medicine in these few short years has grown out of an ignorant mysticism into a science, and public health has become a tangible reality. We even boast of a serum therapy for hog cholera and vaccine for black leg. Yet, notwithstanding the genius of Pasteur, who fought to preserve the life of man, many diseases are on the rapid increase.

In the past fifteen years typhoid has been

reduced from 32.0 to 17.9, diphtheria from 29.6 to 18.8, but cancer has increased in the same time from 67.9 to 78.9, diabetes from 11.5 to 15.3, heart disease from 124.2 to 138.6, ulcer of the stomach from 2.9 to 4.0, Bright's disease from 87.4 to 92.5.

Why do these diseases increase? Alas, Pasteur, the idealist, who refused to profit commercially through his genius, who worked alone for God and man, who made no retort when the German scientists who afterwards established Pasteur Institutes in his honor, mocked him, flaunted him and sneered at him, is dead, and the scientific world today, profiting by all his achievements, stands in humiliation as unbridled disease laughingly gallops before their eyes in its ride to death.

"Happy the man," he wrote, "who bears with him an ideal of beauty and obeys it; an ideal of art, an ideal of science, an ideal of country, an ideal of the virtues of the Gospel." Above his tomb in the Institute Pasteur these words are graven. It was Pasteur who wrote: "These are the living springs of great thoughts and great actions. Everything grows clear in the reflection from the Infinite. The more I know the more nearly is my faith that of the Breton peasant woman." He could not understand the failure of scientists to recognize the manifestations of God that lie everywhere in the world around us. He, the believer in God, could see God in the laws of life. His benefactions emerged from his spiritual vision. Today, in spite of his science, death continues to reap its harvest, because his successors have not only stopped where he left off, but in pride have dismissed God from their equations, smiling when Pasteur is devoutly described as "a child of God."

If modern science would bow its head it would ask these questions: "With epidemics stamped out, why do we point with pride at the mortality records of the present day, when, they disclose to us that in spite of all our wisdom, in spite of the army of public health workers who devote their lives to the control of disease, we permit the deaths of 400,000 children under ten years of age in the United States every year? Why are diabetes, Bright's disease, appendicitis, cancer of the stomach, heart disease, constantly increasing, when Pasteur, the author of our glories, placed in our hands the weapons that conquer death?"

"Why do tuberculosis, malnutrition, anemia, nervous prostration and constipation still destroy hundreds of thousands annually?"

"What would have been the vigor of our grandfathers had they possessed the scientific knowledge that Pasteur placed at our disposal?"

"In their day man's food was not denatured.

"With all the influence now at work in his behalf, what would be the effect upon his health if it were not denatured today?"

"In giving man his food, is it possible that God prescribed? Why, then, do we tolerate the distortion of His prescription?"

"Shall we go on, baffled in our vision, or like that child of faith, Pasteur, shall we journey back to God?"

DOING FOR THE "LEAST OF THESE"

P. T. MAGAN, M. D.

[Dr. Magan, a true friend of the Hinsdale work and who for several years served on THE LIFE BOAT editorial staff, spent a few days in Hinsdale recently, and we publish here some beautiful thoughts which he presented to the family of workers. In the last few years Dr. Magan has, under God, built up a large and interesting medical missionary center in Los Angeles, which is called the White Memorial Hospital and Dispensary. Here thousands of cases of the sick poor receive Christian medical and surgical attention each year and young men and women are receiving a training for medical evangelistic work.—Ed.]

I just want to call your attention to one verse this morning in the 19th chapter of the book of Judges and the 20th verse, "And the old man said, Peace be with thee; howsoever let all thy wants lie upon me; only lodge not in the street." And that chapter, if you remember, is one which tells the story about a Levite who had had considerable trouble in his life. He was taking a long journey back to his own people, and those that were with him kept urging him to turn in for the night with any kind of people along the way, and he didn't do it, but when the old man said, "Peace be with thee; howsoever let all thy wants lie upon me; only lodge not in the street," then he was willing to accept of his hospitality.

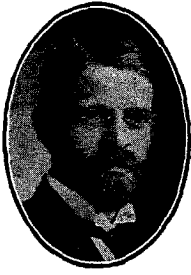
Now I want to bring this one thought to your minds. That man had been traveling. He was in a hard place. No one asked him to come in or cared for him, until he met this old man, and this old man used that expression, "let all thy wants lie upon me." We all have wants, and there are some things that come to all of us that we feel greatly distressed about. If you will make it your business in life as far as you possibly can, to let everybody's wants lie upon you—carry everybody's burdens every way you can—help

everybody else, God in turn will take your wants and your burdens and let them all lie upon himself. That is the principle of the Lord. One reason we don't get the Lord to take our own troubles is because we have never cultivated taking other people's burdens. Make that the business of this day, every place that you can pick up a burden, little or big, help somebody else; for inasmuch as you will do that, God in turn will fulfill that need to you; "Let all thy wants lie on me."

Here at Hinsdale you have a very superior class of patients and you deal with an intelligent class of people. They are ladies and gentlemen, and most of them are deeply appreciative of all that you do.

We do not have that kind of people. We have the most ignorant Armenians, Chinese, Japanese, Polish, Bolsheviks, and all kinds under heaven. You go into our dispensary in the afternoon, and it is like the tower of Babel—every language under the sun is spoken. And you know the more ignorant people are, the harder they are to get along with. The other morning in worship we took up these words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Some of these people that you and I meet are what you can classify as the "least of these." It is easy to do for people who appreciate everything we do and every move we make in their behalf; but when we deal with some one who always finds fault, then just remember that word, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Sometimes it is hard in our dealings with one another. We get stirred up about something with one of the leaders and in our minds they are the "least" of our brethren, but just apply that scripture. It is always easy to do unto those who are kind and appreciate our services, but the great thing in life is to be able to apply that spirit to those who do not.

Remember the words of the old man, "Let all your needs lie upon me." If you and I will let other people's needs and wants lie upon us, God will be sure to let all our needs and wants lie upon Him. It may be many times the people we are dealing with seem to be hard to get along with. Just remember how much God appreciates how much we do for the least of these our brethren.



Footprints of Faith No. 8

David Paulson, M. D.

[If there is one part of Dr. Paulson's experience more interesting than another, it is that of pioneering the splendid work at Hinsdale. This month we begin to unfold the wonderful chain of providences that led to the building up of the institution. This series of articles will continue throughout the year. If you have not secured the full set, subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT now and get this story of Hinsdale, which is taken from a lecture that Dr. Paulson gave in the Sanitarium parlor some time before his death.]

WE came out here to start a sanitarium, and moved into a little house on the grounds; the tramps had carried away the doors. It was the greatest joke to my friends, they thought I was a lunatic. They said, "There is Dr. Paulson moving out to a rich residence town without money enough to take his bed along." They had infallible proof that I was a lunatic; but by the way, several of those same friends have been around here since and wanted a job. The institution is here. Why? Because I knew God wanted this sort of a thing near Chicago, and I had the willing heart and God helped us to do it. Much has been accomplished. Not what might have been accomplished if we had been closer to the Lord, but it has not been an absolute failure all these years. Something told me it was the thing to do. No one had lived on these grounds for seven years, so the weeds and underbrush had grown up to the lower branches of the trees. Parts of it were a perfect jungle.

Mrs. Paulson and I knelt down on that hillside and asked the Lord to send us a hundred dollars to help clear up the grounds. Two days later a business man whom I had never seen but twice, and whose name I did not know, walked into my brother's office in Chicago and said, "Doesn't the doctor need some money out in Hinsdale?" He said, "Yes, he *does* need money, he always needs money." He pulled out a hundred dollars and handed my brother and walked away. My brother brought this money out to me. I said, "That is *quick* return; I rang up 'Central' for that the day before yesterday," and I took that as a sort of omen that there was going to be something happening out in

Hinsdale. It was to me an indication, an earmark that I was on the right track.

Shortly afterwards an old lady I knew in a general way, that belonged to our church in Chicago, sent for me. She said, "I have just got \$2,500 in on a loan and can just as well let you have that for a while, and will lend it to you." I gave her my note for that and my stock was beginning to go up in the market, but I had a good many other difficulties in the way.

I ran up against one particular obstacle I *could not* surmount. Then it came to me that on these premises we ought to do something especially for the sick poor if this sanitarium work got under way, so I told the Lord that if He would help me to surmount that special obstacle, I would see to it that the poor of earth were blessed here, and that *very day* that obstacle gave way and I was able to go on. When our board was finally organized I told them, "Unless you are going to help me do something for the poor here, there is no use to go on, because I am going to do something for them. Let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when I cease to be a missionary to earth's sorrowing and distressed multitudes. We are going to *act* in Hinsdale what we preached in Chicago. Those who sit in darkness will see a great light and the poor shall have the gospel acted to them as well as preached to them. There shall be one There shall be one spot left on this selfish spot left on this selfish earth where a man cannot be so poor but where there is a helping hand extended to him. We shall herald it far and wide and shall fill this whole ten acre lot with the sick of earth and shall

minister to them the healing forces of nature."

On my bended knees I promised God that if he will help me to build this sanitarium, I would make it a blessing to the sick poor and I shall do so, as surely as there is a God in heaven.

Mr. Kimbell, the good man who had helped us get the grounds was president of our first board. He said, "I am interested in the poor, I also am interested in the rich. Why not let's start to do something for the people first of all who can afford to pay, and then when we get under way we can establish a work for the sick poor," I agreed to that. The establishment of the Good Samaritan Inn, to which I will allude later, is the fulfillment of my vow.

We issued bonds on the grounds here, but the problem was to sell the bonds. Some of you know what kind of a proposition I had in selling bonds in a work that was not started at all except in anticipation.

Impressed the Old Gentleman

I knew a gentleman nurse who was traveling with a wealthy old gentleman who had been up at Battle Creek, and he gave me a tip that the old gentleman might buy some of our bonds if he was approached right. So I went in to Chicago and took dinner with him and told him what we were going to do here and that I wanted him to buy \$5,000 of my bonds. He listened to me patiently, and then said, "Oh, you folks are really a pack of grafters. I have been in Battle Creek and they charged me \$75.00 a week and I didn't get much benefit either. I don't want any of my money in *your* work." He said it good-naturedly enough, but you know even if you apply a mustard plaster good-naturedly, it will still raise blisters, and his remarks were beginning to have the same effect on me. I felt impressed to say to him, "When you get over on the *other shore* you will wish you had some of your money in my kind of business, for I am going to do some kind of work for God out in Hinsdale." He got up from the table and when he got off five or six steps, he turned and said to me, "Say, I rather like the looks of your face, and when you have to have five thousand dollars, let me know." I did, and I got the five thousand dollars all right enough. Then we were ready to begin business, so we began to break ground for a small building.

Mr. Kimbell said, "Now, you folks start the sanitarium work in a small way, and when you get that under way I will help you to build a hundred thousand dollar building higher up on the hill. I think there is a good deal more sense in spending my money in building a sanitarium than investing it as Carnegie does in building libraries."

We organized the Hinsdale Sanitarium & Benevolent Association on a charitable, non-dividend, non-profit sharing basis, in such a way that no one could ever get anything out of it except their mere salaries; the constituency or membership being made up of those who come here and have been connected with the work for a year, provided they are over twenty-one years old. They lose their membership when they disconnect permanently. These members elect the board, so all who are connected with the work really have a voice in its management and a personal responsibility for its welfare. So we started in with a good deal of enthusiasm in the fall of 1904. We broke ground and built during the winter.

Mr. Kimbell went out to Glendale, Calif., to spend the winter, and while there was suddenly stricken down and died after a few days illness. His arrangements about our grounds, of course, remained, but that was all the help we received from him. I felt as though my last friend on earth, financially speaking, was dead. There was no one else I could look to, to take hold and help us. I naturally could not look to the Battle Creek Sanitarium people, and my church people had a sanitarium in Moline which they were struggling to pay the debt on.

We thought we had money enough to build what is now the first wing containing seventeen bedrooms, but as usual the expenses exceeded our calculations and when we reached the roof, our money gave out. The workmen were clamoring for pay and I knew no one that I could appeal to for the necessary thousand dollars to finish the roof.

Knew the Lord Would Hear the Boy's Prayer

So I gathered together our few workers and we prayed for a thousand dollars. The last one to take part was Carl Clough, who was at that time about nine or ten years old. I will never forget how he prayed, "Lord, send some money to the sanitarium." As I walked up over the hill following that season

of prayer, the conviction came to me that if I had drifted so far away that the Lord couldn't hear my prayer, He would hear the boy's prayer and answer. A few days later I received a letter from a young man out in Kansas who said, "I hear you are trying to start a sanitarium at Hinsdale. I have just sold my farm and I have \$1,150 that I can just as well let you have for a time as not." That put the roof on the building.

A little later we needed more money before we were actually ready to take in patients, but just then a good woman up in Stevens Point, Wis., lent us a few hundred dollars which helped to tide us over.

The First Patient

Our first patient came before the front steps were built. She had to be carried up from the depot on a stretcher, but she was gloriously restored; went home to be a gynosium teacher in her home town. Somehow, like the first hundred dollars that we received in answer to prayer, I took her restoration as an omen for good—as a sort of first fruits of a great army of invalids that was to follow, and so it has proven to be.

(Continued in next number.)

THE DAVID PAULSON MEMORIAL COTTAGE

There is being built at Madison, Tenn., this year, a students' cottage which will

be dedicated to the memory of the late Dr. David Paulson, who was intensely interested in the Madison school and its many smaller schools for the hill and mountain people of the Southland.

The Hinsdale family of workers, at our last mid-winter convention, voted to raise the twenty-one hundred dollars necessary to build such a cottage. Any who are interested in establishing such a fitting memorial to the memory of this great man can send their contribution to the editor of this magazine.

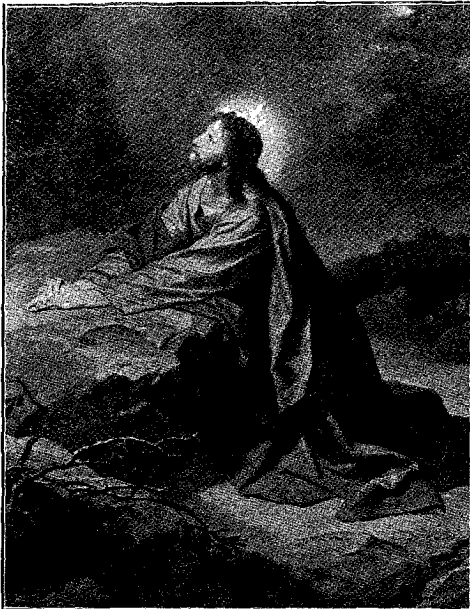
THE BEST YET

From a Prisoner in New York.

"I wish to thank you for your very kind letter of May 24th, also for the "soul food," which I found in THE LIFE BOAT, that you sent me under separate cover. I have received none better, if as good, reading since I have been in prison. There will be little left of it when four or five of us get done with it.

"You people are surely doing a great work for the Master. I see by THE LIFE BOAT that you are hard at work.

"You write that you would be glad to correspond with me if you could be of any help to me. You may be sure that a letter from you letting me know how the good work is going on, would do me a lot of good."



GETHSEMANE

"Father take this cup from me!
 Bid these bloody drops be staid!
 Hangs the world so heavily
 All its weight on me is laid."
 In that bitter hour of woe,
 Heard he yet no answer there;
 Still from 'sad Gethsemane,
 Softer rose his earnest prayer:

"Father, let thy will be done,
 Only keep thy sorrowing Son!"

"Father, take this cup from me!"
 Oft my burdened soul would say,
 "Let this hour of agony,
 Father, let it pass away!"
 O, my soul, when cares oppress,
 Bitter weight, too hard to bear,
 From thy own Gethsemane,
 Softly breathe this gentler prayer:

"Father, let thy will be done,
 Only keep thy sorrowing one!"

—Ella MacAfferty.

A Strange Medical Practice

Mrs. M. D. Wood

[Hinsdale had the pleasure of a visit recently by Mrs. M. D. Wood, wife of the author of the new missionary book entitled "Fruit of the Jungle," who for years has carried on medical missionary work in the jungles of India. She gave our nurses a vivid picture of her work, a portion of which we are passing on this month to our readers.—Ed.]

I WOULD like to speak to you this afternoon of Eastern methods of medical work in India. What is known as the Eastern methods or the systems that are being carried out in India today, are the same systems that have been carried on in India for centuries. We have the Western system there. We have men who have gone to Oxford and Cambridge who come out to India and practice according to Western methods. Eastern methods have during the last fifty years been pushed aside and Western methods have taken their place. But I want to tell you something about this Eastern system and I hope you nurses will realize that there is a great need, a great call to India for nurses.

Not the People But the Needs Are Calling

Do not think it is the people who are calling for missionaries and medical missionary workers. It is not the people but the *needs* that call missionaries to India. I think people get the idea that Indians are sitting along the road side and calling out for missionaries. That is not true. The people are satisfied in many ways but those who have become educated are not satisfied. Superstition has been wiped out and they are calling for Western methods.

Picture of a Nurse in India

I would like to give you a picture of a nurse in India. The Indian nurse compares with the nurses of the days before Florence Nightingale. You remember reading about the nurses of those days two hundred years ago. I suppose you have all read in history how two hundred years ago the nurses were all convicts. They had no instruction whatever but followed the instruction of the man in charge. Today nursing is a profession but then they thought the convict good enough for that kind of work. The nurse, or the *dees*, as she is called in India, is any old woman—the majority have been religious prostitutes. These old women are anywhere from fifty to sixty years of age, their hair is never combed, they are dirty, and yet they are considered

necessary to take care of the sick in India. They will go to the home and sit on the side of the bed of the patient and smoke. They have had no training and know nothing about what to do, yet some of them pretend to be exceedingly wise.

These nurses are all taught how to brand. They have no instruments to do this with but they simply go out and get an old iron and heat it, and then burn where the pain is. They have great faith in anything that burns. It will do the work.

Observe the Medical Man Next

I want to speak to you about the surgeons of India. We will take an Eastern one, a medical man or a surgeon. He does not need a fine office and mahogany furniture, you can find him anywhere in the streets of Bombay. He simply carries a sack which he spreads down and sits by it with his feet crossed. He puts out a number of bottles filled with, I don't know what, and I don't believe he does. Some of them contain ground snake skins, ground sheep manure, cow manure and different things of that kind. The cow is sacred in India and the five extracts of cow are sacred and some of these are bottled up. If anybody wants medicine, they go there and he gives it to them. He examines them right there on the street but it is not a very rigid examination. He asks to see the tongue and it is stuck out, but what he sees I don't know.

Next he catches the hair on the top of the head and pulls it and if it stands up the patient is filled with the devil. If it does not he isn't. Most all the women patients are filled with the devil for their hair is long and will stand up, but the men's doesn't. He sits there and tells them to take this and take that and gives them the greatest concoctions, and they pay for them.

That is the medicine man. He is also the priest. If there is a woman who has been suffering for sometime with a high fever the priest is called and he pulls the hair and as it is long and stands up he says, "Yes, she is

filled with the devil." That woman with a high temperature, caused, it may be, by small-pox or something else, is taken out and placed on the ground with the face down. While some one beats the drum, because the devil likes music, the medicine man sits down beside her with his feet crossed and begins to beat her up and down the back to drive the devil out. She lies there submissively and does not dare to scream. She soon gets in a perspiration and he then collects his fee and immediately goes. He doesn't wait to see how she gets along, but says the devil is now out so he goes at once.

I remember once one of our buffaloes was sick and the medicine man tried his methods on it. Before I could do a thing he came right into our compound and walked right up to the buffalo and tried to jerk its mouth open. He then pulled its tail and said, "Filled with the devil." He was going to go through all kinds of performances on him, for the buffalo is sacred in India. But I stepped up to him and told him to go, as I thought I could attend to the devil myself in that case.

These medical men do all kinds of things like that. I will call on a patient and leave things for them to take and immediately along comes a man of that kind, and says, "You take those pills and you will become a Christian tomorrow." It is a terrible thing in India to become a Christian. When I come back the next day we have it out between us. I insist that they take my medicine and he begs them not to. I then give it to prove to them that the patience is not a Christian the next day. That is the kind of medicine man you meet in India. We have a great deal of rheumatism there, especially during the rainy season. The patient will come and when you ask him where the pain is he says it is air that gets into the muscles and that produces the pain. I remember this nurse of mine. She came to my desk one day and she said, "I have a man in the treatment room who has a wonderful disease. He has a tumor in the same place on both legs." I went out, and there sat the man with an old dirty rag tied around each leg just below the knee. She tried to take this off but he said it was put on by the priest or medicine man and he would not take it off. She told him he would have to take it off or I wouldn't look at it, and so she got it off.

When he went to the medicine man he said the air was traveling all up and down his legs and making the pain. He said all he would have to do was to make a break and let the air out so he sat down on the floor, the patient beside him. He always has to have someone help him, so this man's wife had to heat the iron red hot. He took this hot iron and made a hole on the inside of each leg just below the knee. The patient had no right to cry out, for had he not come to the priest to be helped? When the hole was made he pushed into the hole with his thumb a dry pea and then bandaged it. He told the patient he put the pea in to keep the hole open. He used a piece of the cloth that he wore for the bandage. When he had one leg fixed up the patient said he didn't have pain in the other leg. He had had enough, so didn't want to have the other leg done because of the pain it would cause, but the doctor told him he would have to have it done so he burned a hole in the other leg also. When the patient came to us he had had the peas in his legs for a month, and his wife said he had become very irritable. The nurse said he had two movable tumors and I told her we would remove them. She made the preparations for the work and I took a pair of forceps and took out the peas and cleaned out the pus.

This gives you a few ideas of how they get rid of disease. Could not a nurse have come along and told them how to remove the peas, how to eat, and how to avoid this disease of rheumatism? When they have ear ache they say "My ear is bursted." When a patient told me her ear had bursted I thought her head was open, but found she had the ear-ache. Another patient told me he had a worm in his mouth. I told him to wash out his mouth with cold water, but I couldn't see any worm. The cold water made the pain worse and come to find out he had the toothache. There are so many things like that that you have to get accustomed to.

They can be helped mentally and spiritually and there is a great opportunity to do it.

The true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.
—*Phillips Brooks.*

“To Whom Shall We Go”?

Evangelist A. V. Cotton

[Evangelist Cotton of Detroit, who has been spending several months at the Hinsdale Sanitarium recovering from a serious illness, was asked to give the Baccalaureate sermon at the recent graduation of the 1920 class of missionary nurses. Space does not permit our publishing the sermon entire, but we give here an extract, knowing our readers will be as interested in reading it as we were in listening to the talk.—Ed.]

MY MIND, when asked to take the time this morning, went to the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to John, 63rd to 68th verses. The sixth chapter gives the setting of the text—an incident in the life of Christ and his ministry—that I wish to emphasize particularly this morning.

“From that time many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.”

Jesus had uttered some hard sayings—hard to understand—and many of those who had been following turned away and left him. The turning away was so noticeable, that it probably had some effect upon the disciples, and they were deliberating whether they would also turn away. Then, at that psychological moment Jesus turned and said, “Will ye also leave me?” “Will ye also go away?” Simon Peter stepped in that very important moment, the ever-ready Peter with whom we find fault as being somewhat vacillating. But somehow my estimate of Peter and love for him has risen a great deal. He said, “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou only hast the words of eternal life.” In other words, he said, “Lord, where can we better ourselves? To whom can we go? Thou only hast the words of eternal life.”

When the disciples responded to the call of Christ to follow him, they made an important decision. They left *all* that they had dear in life to follow Christ. And when they decided to go with him it was an important moment in each one of their lives. But you know how it is in every crisis that comes. When you gave your heart to the Lord, you made a good decision. But as you look back on your life you find you have met some crisis that called for a re-decision. We all have had such experiences. So with the disciples. They had decided once, but the time

came for a second decision. And this was not the last time. It came again and again.

So when these graduates decided to come to the Hinsdale Sanitarium to take the nurses' course, it was an important decision. They had reached a crisis in their lives, when they decided to receive a medical training to fit them for medical missionaries. They worked hard during the three years now ended. But I feel that this moment, this day, this step in their lives is more important than that one they took when they decided first to receive this training.

When the crisis came in the disciples' lives, they said, “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou only hast the words of eternal life.” It settled it for them, that that work which they had begun, by the grace of God, should be finished. It was not consummated when Christ rose from the grave but the end of that three years and a half was just the beginning of a life which meant more to them and to the world than the three years they spent in training with Jesus Christ.

So today, we have come to a time of re-decision for our life's work. Jesus uttered some hard sayings that the disciples and others could not understand. And because they could not understand, they left him. Now there are today some things in Christianity that we cannot understand. We must take such things believing in them through Jesus Christ, that they are true.

The Greatest Thing in the World

Christianity is the greatest thing that ever came to this world. We must believe that it is whether we can reason it out or not. It has a great past. But it has a still greater future. So today we have reasons to be encouraged, and to say with Peter, “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou only hast the words of life.” Nature has endowed us all with a desire to better ourselves. Stagnation is deterioration. We are either going forward or going backward. If we do not seek to develop these minds God has given us we go backward. So, in religion, when we give our

hearts to God, many of us do not get any further. The thrill we first felt, we soon lose, and make but little progress. The Christian who does not grow is losing from day to day. The young man who plans to take training for God is growing day by day. As we delve into physiology, work in the laboratory, by the bedside, we are learning day by day.

So when we receive our diplomas, let us not believe that we have reached the mecca of our experience, but that we have just begun to learn, and we will continue to learn. We should never be satisfied with "good enough." Never be content to think "I just pulled

the other hand was the man who chose the life of the despised people of the world, when he might have sat upon the throne of Egypt. That man had a true perspective of life. Pharaoh's corpse lies in a glass case and you can see it for the paltry sum of twenty-five cents. And if you look into his face you would think how he withstood the commands of God. When over yonder, in the portals of heaven, there stands near the throne of God, Moses who lived before God. He chose the better path, and he lives in a country where death has never entered, and to him is assured eternal life.



A South View of the Large New Addition to the Sanitarium, which will be dedicated in the near future.

through on my examination." No, let us try to excel.

There is one thing I feel to be thankful for of all others, and that is that as a mere child I gave my heart and life to God. As I look back I think, where would I be today had I not made an early decision.

A Glass Case vs. a Place Near the Throne

There are great men. There have been kings many, statesmen many, scholars many. There was Pharaoh of Egypt, who was the ruler of the greatest nation at that time. On

I have noticed some of our nurses who graduate seem to lose this perspective in life. The training which they have received for missionary purposes is forgotten, and they are satisfied with just the meager things in life—satisfied with what they need to wear, and that which they need to eat. I want to emphasize the importance of keeping before you that missionary goal, the service of humanity. Colonel Peck in his book, "The Kingdom of Light," states that "The ox and his master differ but little in dignity if neither rises

above the level of the stomach and the manger." If we can see little else than what we wear and eat, what difference is there? We must seek to ascend higher and higher.

I pause as I think of my immediate surroundings. I cannot fail to give tribute to Dr. David Paulson. I became intensely interested in this place when I read its history. How that Dr. Paulson started without money—nothing but faith and grit. How he came out in the woods here, and how God was with him every step of the way. I read the story when I first came here. I remember Judge Kamrar said, "It seems like a fairy tale, because of the wonderful things." He started out believing God was in this enterprise, and would lead the way. When they came up to the place where everything seemed to be barricaded, God opened the way. If you start out with great hopes to serve Jesus Christ, God is bound to prosper that enterprise. As I see how this institution is growing, surely God is still here in this place. Every day I have been here I have felt thankful for this place. Upon these men there rests a tremendous responsibility of making the missionary enterprise the chief and all-important thing in this work.

One more thought. This day can never come back again when once the sun is set. It is gone forever. My friends, our lives go on. Yesterday we were boys and girls; today we are men and women. Time is going. How am I spending these days, these weeks of life? The harvest truly is great.

The other day I was out in Kansas, and I looked over the field of grain, thousands and thousands of acres, and I thought how good the Lord is. The harvest is ripe, but there are no men to gather the harvest. The Master is calling for reapers to gather His harvest. Shall he call in vain?

JUST WISHING FOR IT

From Jefferson City, Mo.

"I was just wishing for a special prisoners' LIFE BOAT, and sure enough when I came in my cell yesterday evening I found one on the floor and I read almost all of it. Part of the contents almost made me cry.

"I am longing to be free so that I can enter into the reformation work with you or some other good people. God has re-

vealed a grand and glorious work to me. I have often thought of you people."

LONGS FOR CLEAN READING MATTER

From a Prisoner in Jefferson City, Mo.

"Your letter of the 3rd received, and I am very glad to hear from you, and also to know you will send the literature which I ask for, and I assure you I appreciate your kindness to the utmost of my esteem. I enjoy reading THE LIFE BOAT very much and learn much from it. A man in an institution of this kind longs for clean reading matter.

"I read the book 'Ministry of Healing.' I also agree with Dr. Paulson in regard to cigarettes. I was a slave for many years, but, thank God, I am now free from the habit of tobacco—have been for the past four years."

WANTS A CORRESPONDENT

From the Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary.

"It is now some time since you heard from me.

"I was a reader of your little magazine, THE LIFE BOAT, and that little magazine made a change in my life here. But it is some time since I saw one of them and you got a man to correspond with me, but I do not know if he lives at that same address or not.

"The reason I am writing you this letter is that I had no one to correspond with, and by looking my things over I came across your address. I thought by writing you I would get some one to correspond with me."

"A COMFORT TO ME"

From a Lincoln, Nebr., Prisoner.

"I will answer your letter of recent date, and will say that I was very glad to hear from you.

"You spoke about me having a Bible. I have a New Testament, but have tried to get an Old and New Testament together, but have not one yet.

"I am glad I wrote you people, for I am sure you are willing to help me find Christ, and I begin to see the brighter side of life. It just seems that I can't find a book I like to read as I do the Bible and your LIFE BOAT, for they are surely a comfort to me when I am in my cell.

"Remember me in your prayers."

Nurses Graduation at Hinsdale

Caroline Louise Clough

EIGHT o'clock Monday evening, June 28, found the new sanitarium chapel filled to the doors with patients and workers, friends of the graduating class and friends of the institution, numbering more than five hundred in all. After the speakers and faculty had taken their places on the platform the large body of student nurses marched in, following them came the sanitarium alumni in single column carrying banners containing the year of graduation each in their class colors. Although this is the thirteenth class to graduate from the Hinsdale Sanitarium, yet there were present one or more members of each class but one. Mrs. Hannah Swanson, the present matron of the Good Samaritan Inn and formerly matron of The Life Boat Rescue Home, was one of the first class of four to graduate from the Sanitarium in 1908. Mrs. Swanson led the march for the alumni. Following them came the class of 1920 who took their seats on the platform.

The class colors of silver and old rose in the motto and floral decorations lent a softened hue to the occasion akin to the beautiful rays of the setting sun on a summer night. But the idea of the motto suggested the opposite, for just over the shoulders of the class in the center of the background appeared the glowing figures of "1920." From this the rays extended upward and outward to the motto "Where Duty Calls," encircling the whole above. And indeed is not this a class of trained medical missionaries whose sun is just appearing above the horizon, the warm life-giving rays of which will reach, we trust, to the uttermost parts of the earth wherever there is a call to duty and to minister?

The class have already demonstrated their willingness to answer the call of duty by their faithful ministry at the sick bedside in the sanitarium, among the sick poor of Chicago and in caring for influenza victims in college and army training camps.

Miss Hazelton very beautifully represented the class sentiment in her paper

entitled, "Where Duty Calls," which appears on the opposite page.

Dr. J. F. Morse, the new medical superintendent of the Hinsdale Sanitarium, gave the graduation address entitled, "Life's Epitome." He said that Dryden in one of his poems describes "A man so various that he seemed to be not one but all mankind's epitome." That is what the model nurse should be.

The music was the best that could be procured. Prof. William J. Osborn of La Grange presided at the piano. The well known violinist, Ralph Michaelis of Chicago rendered two delightful violin solos. Mr. Harry O'Laverty also of Chicago gave two tenor solos, and a male trio, Mr. O'Laverty, L. C. Metcalf, and Paul M. Campbell, rendered a selection.

Mr. Julius Paulson, president of the Sanitarium Board, then presented diplomas to the eighteen members of the class.

The class then sang their song entitled, "Where Duty Calls," the words of which were composed by members of the class. The Sanitarium chaplain, Prof. J. G. Lamson, and Pastor A. J. Clark of Chicago were seated on the platform and assisted in the program.

These occasions give evidence of the remarkable growth of the sanitarium enterprise. From a mere handful of friends who gathered together at the first graduation in 1908 when only four young women received their diplomas to the present when over five hundred people met in the new chapel to see a splendid class of eighteen finish their work, there has been a steady growth and best of all the Sanitarium can now number at least seven of its graduates in foreign lands engaged as the Master of old in unselfish ministry, healing the sick and saying "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you," and a large percentage are doing a similar work in this country. May the spirit of the Master who "went about doing good, for God was with Him" continue to control the lives of these young people as they go out to bless humanity.

WHERE DUTY CALLS

MARGARET HAZELTON

When the thought and desire first entered our hearts to become medical missionary nurses, we believed God was calling us to duty. A fitness to perform a specific line of work acceptably entails preparation, and for such training a school is necessary.

That the Hinsdale Missionary Nurses Training School was the place God wanted each of us to receive our training will be verified by every individual member of our class.

The vision accompanying our call to duty disclosed scenes of sickness and suffering, destitute homes, miseries caused by intemperance, hearts bleeding and crushed under sin's weight. Added to these were glimpses of the thousands in the homeland who know not the message for this time, and again, the unfinished work for the teeming millions in the regions beyond, for "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

We were led to see that we must first surrender our lives to God in obedient service. That being done, to Him belonged the training which was to shape and mould our lives that those with whom we associated or unto whom we ministered could read far more plainly than if written in gilded type that we indeed wished to be "Where Duty Calls."

Eighteen, instead of thirty-five who met as freshmen three years ago at the beginning of our course, are here tonight at its close. Many of the missing ones were not permitted to finish because Duty called them elsewhere.

When our Nation—for the upholding of all that is dear—called to the Service the boys of our class, they were ready to go where duty called. It mattered not were it to be in camp hospital, sanitation detail or the dressing stations in dugouts back of the trenches, our Country found them ready.

"What is it," you ask, "that makes the medical missionary nurse distinctive from the well-trained professional nurse of today?" There is as much difference as between the one who lays up treasures where moth and rust doth not corrupt and the other who pursues untiringly the gathering of wealth for the mere sake of possession. The one consists of the tender unselfish ministry of a loving heart warmed and inspired by the

Christ life to which it is linked, while the other places its service, no less skillful, perhaps upon a commercial basis at so much per—. They ignore the fact that sickness and suffering are the result of sin; thus they fail to lift up Christ as the one who taketh away the sin of the world.

By thus pointing out the root or the cause of the sad harvest, medical missionary work has attained great success in that many escape the pitfalls and submit both their spiritual and physical being to the Divine Healer.

This is the object of the city workers, going in our freshman year from house to house, up narrow rickety stairs, entering dark dingy rooms, ministering to the sick and dying, giving treatments, having prayer, tidying the homes, holding Bible readings, giving away food, clothing and literature. This acquainted us with the awful results of sin and the deplorable condition in the world today.

But along with such knowledge, these experiences have made us more kind and gentle, more forbearing, patient and thoughtful toward humanity. We learned to keep close to God as we found our way in vice-filled districts, and often at our whispered prayers did He send angels of protection to our rescue.

Thus we learned the power of prayer, faith filled prayer. God's greatest agency for winning men to himself are the prayers of His people for others. Working through the power of prayer for the salvation of souls is work for angels, but God gave it to us.

Ours has been the privilege to relieve the cry of distress which arose from this old world to the vaulted dome of Heaven, when in addition to the death-dealing blows of the nations came the pestilence of Influenza. We as juniors plunged into the work of helping to check this plague which soon spread everywhere leaving its trail of death behind.

In homes of both wealth and poverty, in army camp or college hall, God blessed the treatments and answered our prayers. Thus we have come to know Him as our friend and helper in every environment to which duty called us.

As we look back over the period of our training there have been some sad days, some happy days and some days of burden bearing. We have looked forward to the day in the future when our course here would be finished,

the final reviews made and the last examination written. As we pause here tonight to receive our diplomas we view the future with hopeful hearts for the succeeding days will find us still in the training school of duty.

During the nurses' course we have received a technical training, moral instruction and practical vision of the world's great need. No doubt our paths of duty diverge from this time on toward all points of the compass, to the uttermost bounds of this old earth.

"Where duty calls" may have a different meaning to the individual members of our class. The work of a Christian nurse is far-reaching. It matters not where we are called to labor, our one purpose is to set a standard of right living and to have an undisputed connection with God so as to demonstrate to all that our kingdom is not of this world and that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him. Everywhere God is calling for volunteers.

"If we are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high
We can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by.

We can visit the afflicted
O'er the erring we can weep
We can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet."

We will ever be learning in Christ's school and we will again and again find ourselves on the mountain tops and in the valleys. We will experience Pentecost and pass through Gethsemane. Daily tests shall try us. Earthly power and position will appear before us. Gold as bright as the streets of the New Jerusalem may glisten before our eyes. The ragged rock will wreck our ship of life if we so permit. Worldly pleasures may entice us, but our desire is to follow the example of Moses who "Chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Our experience will oft remind us of Job, of David, Moses, Elisha, Luther, Calvin, Wycliff and others who suffered persecution for their faith and for doing their duty. Mary Reed was stricken with leprosy and sent to the desolate mountains where through kindly ministry she brought comfort and hope to those afflicted people. She went where duty called.

Florence Nightingale was obliged to blaze

a new trail and went where duty called. We, too, want to be ready to hear and answer the call of duty and to say as did Isaiah, "Here am I send me." This means that there are no obstacles so large, no difficulties so hard, no trials so severe that will hinder us in our onward march.

We have learned that success comes only to those who work for it. And if we make Jesus the guiding star in life we will know "where duty calls."

A SUNDAY IN PRISON

NINA WILLIAMS

Member of the New Nurses Class.

Early Sunday morning we left Hinsdale for Chicago to hold our services in the Police Stations.

As we passed between the cells we saw many types of faces behind the bars. Many of the young men, more sinned against than sinners, men who had been raised in Christian homes, but had fallen into sinful ways.

We gave them each a hymn book, set up our little organ and held a song service,—songs of love and praise to Jesus. Many were touched as we sang the old hymns they had known in childhood. One of our band talked to the men on Jesus' great love for sinners—his willingness to forgive, and his soon coming to take the righteous to a new home away from all sin. Many requests for prayer were made, and we all knelt together to ask Jesus to enter our hearts, to take sin out of our lives and bring us closer to him. When we arose one poor man begged us to come and pray with him. He wept as he told us his sad story. Spiritulists had him under their control. They had used the black art on him and led him into sin. He was weak, and could not resist them, for Satan was stronger than he. We prayed with him and then closed our service with a solo, and went to the women's lockup.

At the end of the service there, one young girl, who had been crying wished to give her heart to Christ and asked us to pray with her. We knelt beside her and prayed earnestly that the all-seeing God would forgive her for her sin, if she had sinned, and would help her to lead a Christian life. We noticed she wore a wedding ring, and she told us she had only been married three weeks. Her husband had been taken to another station, and

she knew nothing of him. We told her we would pray for him that he might come through this experience and lead a better life with her as his help-mate. Later we found that her husband was a young man in the first station we visited, who had resolved to live a better life, and we had promised to pray for him. At the time, we did not know our prayers were for the same young man, and we felt that God was surely working with these young people.

It was a wonderful experience, though sad, to go among those unfortunate people, and we felt as Christ, when he said to the men that had brought a sinful woman to him, requesting that she be stoned, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." John 8:7.

NEW RED CROSS UNDERTAKING BY RURAL CHAPTERS

Americanization work of a unique kind is being carried on in Arizona, where the Red Cross Public Health Nurse in the town of Morenci has organized "The Little Mothers' League," which is performing a service of invaluable benefit. Nearly all the girls are Mexicans, and as fast as they learn at school the modern, American way of doing things, they carry home that knowledge and practise it in giving their baby sisters and brothers their baths, in popularizing tooth-brush drills, personal hygiene, and other prophylactic accomplishments.

A community league which is all that the name implies has been formed under Chapter auspices in Nicholasville, Ky., which serves as a co-operative council of all the social agencies in the town and outlying districts. Its aim is to promote plans for the betterment of the citizens, and, thanks to the team-work made possible through Red Cross amalgamation public enterprises never before within reach bid fair to be speedily realized.

A combined rest room and baby clinic has been established by a chapter in the Pennsylvania-Deleware Division, and the same division has started, in Oil City, a card file of peace-time information.

New Bethlehem's rest room, established in the Red Cross headquarters for the use of country mothers when they come to town, is another welcome innovation created by this division.

The practical value of a knowledge of dietetics was demonstrated recently in the Red Cross Chapter, District of Columbia. All the young women in a class taught by the teacher of Dietetics were government employees, many of them boarding away from home. To their dismay nearly all of them discovered, upon investigation, that they were under weight.

"Just what did you have to eat yesterday?" each member of the class was asked.

From the answers given it developed that the young women were spending their money for foods below par in caloric value. In the discussion that ensued each one learned how to select menus that would be generally nourishing. And the following week, when the class reported its status as to weight, all who had been below par had gained one or two pounds.

"The Red Cross Shop" on one of the principal streets of Orange, N. J., is not only a veritable mecca to bargain hunters, but a lucrative source of income to the Red Cross chapter of the Oranges. Second hand articles, of a much higher grade than those usually to be found in the regulation "rummage sale" are sent there by any one in the community who wishes to help Red Cross. The merchandise runs all the way from furniture to fans, and its standard of excellence combined with the reasonable prices charged brings many customers at all seasons of the year.

FROM A PRISONER IN STILL- WATER, MINN.

"I suppose you think I am a fine one for not answering your kind letter I received some time ago. I was not only glad to hear from you, but your letter is worth more than a gold nugget, as it surely did make me happy to think that we still have some good friends like you. I will be glad to have you to send me THE LIFE BOAT when you can.

"Can you tell me the best way to locate my brothers and other relatives. It has been so long since I last saw any of my people that I lost all the addresses.

"Let me thank you for your good work in helping us to make good, and don't forget me in your prayers. I will be looking for another letter from you soon.

"I am one of your boys."

Life's Epitome

Dr. J. F. Morse

Address given at the graduation of the Hinsdale Nurses Class of 1920.



THE occasion that brings us together tonight has been long looked forward to.

It is the culmination of days and weeks, yes months and years of study, toil and expectation. To each member of the class these closing days of their course have been, more than ever before, days of busy preparation. This is the last time they will ever meet as a class of pupil nurses; one short hour more and they will be graduates. What has been accomplished? What are they prepared to do? What is the need of the world of mankind today? The great apostle to the Gentiles struck the key note of the situation when he said, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." I Cor. 9:22.

The class motto is, "Where duty calls." And what is duty? The evident necessity for service that you can render. Training so broadens, deepens, and quickens ones ability to recognize the signs and signals of distress, that one may give to each person one meets just that which shall satisfy the soul hunger and supply the needed power for higher living and holier thinking.

Dryden describes one of his poetical characters as "a man so various that he seemed to be not one, but all mankind's epitome." That is what the model nurse should be. The word epitome is derived from the Greek *epi*-upon or over, and *tome*-a cutting. In ordinary language an abridgement, an abstract, a compendium. Then our nurse should be a compendium, ready to supply any and all the needs of humanity—Life's Epitome—a spirit-

ual father, a spiritual mother of all mankind—sharing every woe and pain. "In all their affliction He was afflicted and the angel of his presence saved them." Isa. 63:9. What an opportunity to be "all things to all men" from the moment of the first baby wail to the last faltering breath—the nurse in herself Life's Epitome of comfort.

Let us think for a moment of the doors open to the Missionary Nurse. I say missionary nurse because one who is trained to minister to the bodily needs of humanity without the idea of the soul preparation for the spiritual service is not half fulfilling her destiny. For, as one has said, "No one comes near us or across us but it is through an intention of God that we may help, sooth or cheer him."

The Pioneer Nurse

Florence Nightingale was inspired to lead the way in noble service to suffering humanity. Her's was the work of the pioneer, blazing the trail. It was not merely dressing the wounds—though the terrible stench of putrifying flesh was sufficient evidence of that need. She was compelled to be both the quartermaster and the medical supply department. With our present system of adequate supplies at emergency dressing stations at the front, and efficient base hospitals in the rear, we can form no conception of the lack; the entire absence of all needed supplies in the Crimea in those days. Florence Nightingale provided everything, water, food, medical supplies, linen and bedding, and was always ready to read a letter from home to any of the sick



A group of the entire Nurses' Training School. Here are shown the first, second, and third-year students, with the graduates and head nurses seated in the center of front row.

or wounded, or to write one, or after closing the eyes for the last time to send the farewell message to dear ones far away. Literally she was all things to all men in their need.

In our own Civil war Mother Bickerdyke was the Angel of Mercy to hundreds of suffering humanity. During the great war the trained nurse came into her own as a loyal, skillful assistant of the surgeon, as a welcome reminder to the sick and wounded, of "home and mother" or sister and the things most worth while in life. In the devastated regions the children, the aged and helpless, in many instances the entire remaining population, looked to some trained nurse or other person who voluntarily assumed the position of dispenser, for all that made life possible. The response to this motto, "Where duty calls," was made by queens and royal ladies as well as by those of humble station. The laurels for queenly achievement were impartially distributed by recipients to those who strove with high resolve and keen endeavor to be all things to all in need.

Worlds of New Endeavor Open to the Nurse

Ah, but you say "The great war is over. No chance like that is awaiting us." And do you really think that with the signing of the armistice all the hungry souls and aching famished bodies were satisfied for all the days to come? Would to God it were true! As we look around us, what do we see in the home land and in the foreign fields? Entire worlds of new endeavor are open to you as factory

nurse, as school nurse, as community or visiting nurse, in the home land and in every country of the globe as well as in sanitarium, hospital and private nursing. In some needy place each graduate may be the epitome of comfort not only for those necessities of the physical type for which one receives a livelihood—but more than that, the things of the spiritual life that are so much more worth the soul's endeavor. Wm. Carey said, "My work is to preach the Gospel. I cobble shoes for a living." Well may we do nursing for a living, but let our work, our profession be saving souls. Morale, that's the thing! In the great war the victory was determined, not by men or guns, or supplies, but by the spirit, the unconquerable spirit of the non-combatant population of the allied countries as well as the soldiers.

Is disease more prevalent today than before? Yes, according to Public Health Service reports, the 1917 census figures show that 61,000 persons died from cancer in that year in this country, 81,000 from kidney disease, 110,000 from tuberculosis, 112,000 from pneumonia, 115,000 from heart disease. In the last four years 1,500,000 children under ten years of age have died in the United States. There are 150,000 cases of pellagra. There were 80,000 men, women and children killed by accident in the United States last year, and 250,000 seriously injured—a larger casualty list than in eighteen months of war.

Is crime increasing? At such a rapid rate that the strongest hearted might quail before

the awful avalanche. In foreign countries, beginning with revolution-racked Ireland, strike-smitten England, France and Germany, through the struggling, seething provinces of Russia and her neighbors, through Austria-Hungary and all the kingdoms and countries bordering the blue, placid waters of the Mediterranean, through the smouldering villages of India, China and Japan—in a word, in the entire world with all its needs, two colossal needs loom large above all the rest: the need of regeneration by the Holy Spirit of God, holy thinking, godliness with contentment, which is great gain and clean living and physical right doing with patient economy and conservation of the necessities of life that God gives to us from the great storehouse of nature.

The One Best Fitted to Supply the Needs

Who is better fitted to supply these needs of a dying world than the Missionary Nurse who is accustomed to lead the sin-sick soul to our waiting Redeemer while she relieves the physical suffering and carefully guides the invalid back to physical health, one who can be "all things to all men that by all means some may be saved."

The winds of strife are being held, the world pauses, stunned for a moment by the

awful chaos of the last few years. In the onrushing cataclysm there will be only two classes in the world: those who by riotous squandering of the much or little they may possess shall push to lower depths of bitter, murderous despair those less fortunate than themselves, and those who choose to be co-laborers with the meek and lowly Jesus and the heavenly angels in the ministry of uplifting and saving love that leads to eternal life and the endless service of the saved. I cannot ask in which class shall *we* be? In which class will these nurses be? Only one choice is possible of consideration. We must be "the saviour of life unto life." How can we do it? "My grace is sufficient for you." One's soul rises to accomplish the humanly impossible. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4.13. Let us accept the Divine call and "Where Duty Calls" joyfully carry the message. The poet has put the thought beautifully:

"Oh, may I be strong and brave today,
And may I be kind and true,
And greet all men in a gracious way,
With frank good cheer in the things I say
And love in the deeds I do.
May the simple heart of a child be mine
And the grace of a rose in bloom;
Let me fill the day with a hope divine
And turn my face to the sky's glad shine,
With never a cloud of gloom."

Heart-Touching Experiences

Maud Wilson Cobb

Matron, Life Boat Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

OUR HOME has had many experiences during the month of May and June.

Today many faces are missed in morning worship and about our table. I wonder if our friends realize what it means to have a family of girls and children for a few months and then to have them leave and have their places at the table and their rooms filled with someone else. This is not like a boarding house nor a hospital. When a girl enters our Home, she comes with weeping eyes and a heavy heart. Every one is strange to her. She must adapt herself to the new surroundings. Some times it is very hard for her to do so, then we must encourage her, try to have her look hopefully into the future, step by step we must gain her confidence.

Many nights a girl has come quietly to

my bed room and awakened me because she could not sleep. She did not even want to live, because her mother or father, sometimes both, have forsaken her in her distress, or maybe they do not know and she wants them to know but cannot tell them. So with a throbbing brain she will want to know what to do to find peace again. It means much to watch such a girl develop each day until she smiles again. Then she leaves our Home to take up life anew,—a stronger, better girl. But *we* must begin our work all over with the new ones who come.

Today Our Hearts Are Sad

We have lost one of our girls by death. To all appearances Alma was the strongest girl in the Home,—always ready to help lift the heavy burdens. But for two

weeks she hovered between life and death while all that medical aid could do was done. Four physicians gave their aid to help save her life if possible.

Alma asked that our Chaplain from the Sanitarium might come and pray for her. He came, and Alma gave her heart to God and prayed that His will might be done. Many times she would say, "I have no pain, I feel that I may get well." But she grew weaker and at different times before she died she called me to her bed, unburdened her heart, and she said, "Tell my friends not to pray any more for me. I feel that



Happy parents with their adopted baby girl.

I am nearer Jesus today than I have ever been, and I don't want to go back into the wicked world. I want to rest in Jesus.

"I have a few words I would like to say to my friends before I go. Tell my brothers to be good to our mother. Tell my stepfather I forgive him for not being kind to me. I love everybody now.

"Call someone to sing for me. I want to hear the songs, 'Let the Lower Lights Be burning,' 'Tell it to Jesus,' and 'We Have an Anchor That Keeps the Soul.'

Keep the Light of Love Burning

"Mother Cobb, the song, 'Let the Lower Lights Be Burning' is for you. Let the light of love burn in the Home so when other wrecked, lost girls come to you, let that love guide them to Jesus as it has me, for I am going to sleep.

"I will soon sing my last song and say my last prayer. I am not afraid to go, but I wish you would hold my hand when the end comes. I will not feel alone, and Oh, Mother Cobb, on that morning when Jesus awakens those who sleep, I want to see you. Will you be there? I will be sad if you are not, for you have led me to Christ, and I will be saved. You broke my hardened heart because you smiled, and said, 'Jesus knows all about your troubles and He will guide till the day is done.' I believe that Jesus cared, and now I am going home."

Alma's wishes were carried out as far as we could do so. Her two brothers, fourteen and sixteen years of age, came to her bedside. Her mother was with her several days. She talked to them of her hope in Christ and would say, "It is all right." Two girl friends and a young gentleman friend came to her the night before she died. She asked for prayer. While they knelt at her bedside and wept, her lips moved in silent prayer. She begged her mother not to weep for she had no pain, and would soon be at rest. As she bid these three friends good-bye, she never talked any more, and quietly went to sleep without a struggle.

An Impressive Service

We followed her wish, in having a service in the Home before she was taken to her last resting place. Many friends and relatives attended this service. The three songs were sung as she wished. I might say these songs were sung several times by Alma and friends of the Home who called to see her while so ill. Her alto voice grew stronger as she would sing with them. She found it a comfort to call them her "songs to Jesus."

Alma rests we know, in Jesus. Another thing we know, and that is, there will be one soul saved in the Kingdom of God as a result of the effort our friends have made

to keep the Home open. We do not know how many more have been saved or will be saved, for many hundreds have been cared for. Many have made professions of Christ. God knows their hearts, and only in the judgment hour will we know how many more will be saved.

We know that Alma had a change of heart, before her death-bed confession, by these letters we found after she was gone:

April 19, 1920.

Dear Mother and M.:

How are you getting along? I hope you and mother are in the best of health. I never thought I could be so homesick for mother and you and the boys and M. I cry every night. But still I have to get used to the place out here. The girls are so nice. Now I will tell you what I do all day. Each girl has something to do. We eat breakfast at seven o'clock, then we go to worship and pray, then we do our work. In the afternoon we have time to read or go to sleep for two hours. I think when I get back home again mother will like me very much. I will know how to cook and do everything the right way.

Mother, why don't you come to see me? I think I'll die if you don't come pretty soon. Well how are the boys getting along? I hope they are behaving themselves so you don't have to worry. I miss you so much. Well, I'll be home before long and then we will all be happy together. I am learning a lot about the Bible and God. I like it very much. Well, mother dear, I pray every night that God will tell you to come and see me. I must close as that is all I have to write. With love and God bless you,

Your loving daughter,
ALMA.

April 22, 1920.

Dear Mother and M.:

I am feeling much better since I saw you mother dear and M. Today I have been helping Mrs. Clough, the lady that the doctor knows, clean her home and she likes me very much. And tomorrow I must get up and get breakfast with another girl. Well, when I get back home, mother, I will think you have another daughter because I'll be so different.

Well, dear, how are you getting along? I hope you are well and happy because it would hurt me not to see you well and happy. I'm sorry mother I didn't work more but when I get back I'll make up for all I lost and be a good girl because that is the best way, I have found that out. Well, I guess I will close as I am very tired to-night. Well good night and God bless you all with love.

ALMA.

May 23, 1920.

Dear Mother and M.:

How are you getting along, mother dear? Please take good care of yourself because you make me worry about you. Dear mother, I wish you would come to see me this week because I just can't stand not seeing you often. I heard that you have so much trouble mother dear, but don't worry, when I come home I shall help all I can. I am crocheting something for you, mother. I know you will like it. Tell my brother to be a good boy because if he don't God'll not like him and **will make** him suffer for it some day. M, dear, how are you? I feel better when I see you oftener. If you bring something, bring cake and fruit only. Don't forget; no meat. And bring me some crochet cotton. Send my best regards to grandmother. Well, don't forget to come and see me please mother and M.

God bless you all,

ALMA.

Friends, these letters were written to her mother, and now I know she had no stamps to send them. She did not ask me for stamps nor did I know she had written the letters. All our girls realize that every cent in the Home is counted to make it go as far as possible, and they will not make a want known unless it is necessary. How glad we would have been to have sent these letters, but they show what was in the girl's heart.

Willing Service

During the past six weeks we have placed many babies in homes of relatives or foster homes. We are now expecting several new girls who have made application for admittance into the Home. We have several babies who are in a hospital in Chicago, going through a siege of the whooping cough. Two homes are open now for two children with the whooping cough. The other three babies also have homes waiting for them.

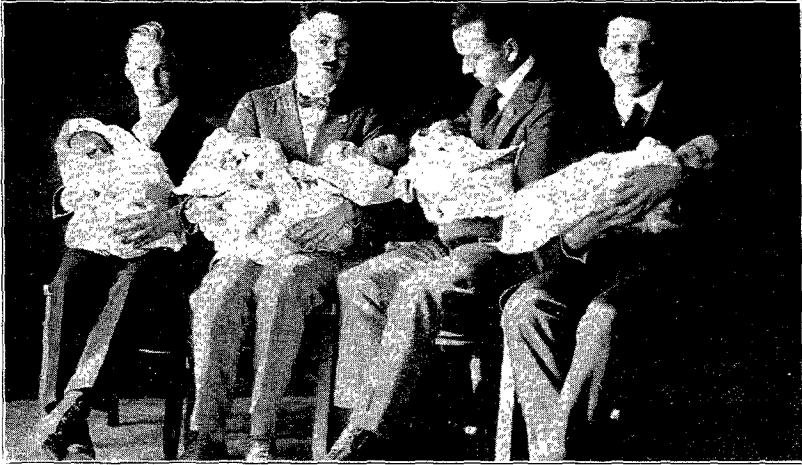
We are just now having a general house cleaning while we have but a few in the Home, knowing we will soon have every room full again.

We have had a very serious time the last few months. We find that many girls who have had the influenza have been left with some complications hence we do not have the quick recoveries that we have had in the past. The expense of the Home has been great. Nurses have been on duty day and night, and have given most faith-

ful service. Their time has been donated except enough for their room rent and laundry. We have furnished their board. But if they had been paid fifty dollars a week they would not have given more willing service. Neighbors were kind to us also. We have had babies to care for that were born here, and we have been asked to take twelve other children not born here, and have given them our care. Some we

have brought to the Home and others we have transferred to other homes, and they are still under our care to place in proper homes. This means twenty-four children have had to have the best we could offer.

We thank Jesus for the privilege. Help us friends, to be faithful to the trust that these helpless ones have in us, and in that glad day Jesus will show us the results of the sowing.



Big Brothers from the Swedish Seminary visiting nobody's babies.

City Evangelistic Work*

Caroline Louise Clough

CHICAGO with its more than three million souls is our call to service.

The congested condition in the city is a problem. In some parts of the city people number 750 to the acre. There is the foreign problem. More than forty foreign languages are spoken in Chicago. Every third person you meet on the streets is a foreigner. Then there are thousands of men, women and children each year who stand before the courts of justice,—guilty of some grave crime or petty misdemeanor. Think of the thousands of homes that are facing tragedies that might be averted by the divine touch of sanctified human ministry. We are here to bless Chicago by our ministry.

Listen to this message from one whose

heart was burdened for the lost souls in our large cities:

"The spiritual darkness that covers the whole earth today, is intensified in the crowded centers of population. It is in the cities of the nations that the gospel worker finds the greatest impenitence and the greatest need. In these same wicked cities there are presented to soul-winners some of the greatest opportunities. Mingled with the multitude who have no thought of God and heaven, are many who long for light and for purity of heart. Even among the careless and indifferent, there are not a few whose attention may be arrested by a revelation of God's love for the human soul.

"The record of crime and iniquity in the

* Report of talk given at the opening exercises of the new nurses' class, July 11.

large cities of the land is appalling. The wickedness of the wicked is almost beyond comprehension. Many cities are becoming a very Sodom in the sight of heaven. The increasing wickedness is such that multitudes are rapidly approaching a point in their personal experience beyond which it will be exceedingly difficult to reach them with a saving knowledge of the truth. The enemy of souls is working in a masterful manner to gain full control of the human mind; and what God's servants do to warn and prepare men for the day of judgment, must be done quickly.

"The work in the cities is now to be regarded as of special importance. Let the workers be carefully selected, to labor two and two in the cities, in harmony with the counsel of experienced leaders, and under the direction and commission of Jesus Christ.

"There are great blessings in store for those who fully surrender to the call of God. As such workers undertake to win souls to Jesus, they will find that many who never could be reached in any other way will respond to intelligent personal effort.

"The ordained ministers alone are not equal to the task. God is calling not only upon the ministers, but also upon physicians, nurses, canvassers, Bible workers, and other consecrated laymen of varied talent who have a knowledge of present truth, to consider the needs of the unwarned cities. There should be one hundred believers actively engaged in personal missionary work, where now there is but one. Time is rapidly passing. There is much work to be done before satanic opposition shall close up the way. Every agency must be set in operation, that present opportunities may be wisely improved."

What We Have Done

Since the summer of 1914 our beginning class of _____ each year has been trained in this splendid work of city evangelism. House to house work has been the chief means of reaching the people, and since 1914 the people in more than four hundred large city blocks have been visited and service rendered where needed. The sick have been treated, the Bible has been introduced, and thousands of our truth-filled magazines and tracts have been distributed

each year. Schools of health have also been held.

The lawless and criminal classes have not been neglected. Each week the gospel story is told in the dingy police stations where are found all classes of criminals. More than two thousand souls a year are told the simple story of the Cross in these places. Many unfortunate girls who because of the lack of love and training in the home have fallen prey to the attacks of the evil one have been rescued and reclaimed. Neglected children have been cared for and placed in Christian homes. The needy and destitute have been clothed.

What We Should Do More

Visit the blind and read the Bible to them. We should have a circulating library for the blind including a copy of the Word of God, the price of which is almost prohibitive for the ordinary blind person. The American Bible Society is now publishing the Bible in nineteen volumes at a price of \$77.50. The gospel truth should be carried to the blind of Chicago.

There are more than one hundred hospitals with their thousands of sick and suffering. These should be visited regularly,—a splendid opportunity for personal soul-winning work and for the distribution of literature.

There are the mothers' meetings and children's meetings in the densely populated districts. And cooking classes should be held.

A larger number of police stations, jails and detention homes should be visited. The harvest truly is ripe but the laborers are few.

I want to say a few words to this class of new recruits. You have entered upon a work which calls for complete consecration,—a life of prayer and self-sacrifice. If you have found the way to the Throne yourself, you can lead others there. If you have nothing to take to these dying millions, tarry here in Hinsdale until you have a new experience with God.

There are many Sauls who are praying in the "Streets of Damascus." You can be an Ananias to whom the Lord said: "Arise and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus, for behold

he prayeth." Acts 9:11. You can bring light to the praying ones.

Go forward. Remember Eliezer, Abraham's servant, said: "Being in the way the Lord led me." Gen. 24:27.

And the Lord's message to Joshua was: "Arise, go over this Jordan. As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1.

THE SPIRIT OF HINSDALE

[This beautiful poem was left on Dr. Mary Paulson's desk the day of the opening of the new nurses' class. It was signed merely "A Patient." It expressed so beautifully the high ideal which the Hinsdale work has always held, that Dr. Paulson read it in her speech on "Ideals" given before the new class and entire family the same evening. —Ed.]

And what may the "Spirit of Hinsdale" be?
So often the rich phrase comes to me
Ah, what is it hidden about these walls,
And the cool fresh rooms, and the quiet halls?

What gives to our Hinsdale, the atmosphere
Of grateful comfort and bright good cheer?
What training gives to our nurse the art
To ease the pain, and to soothe the heart?

What gives our doctor in dread disease
The knowledge of all from the bit she sees?
What gives our surgeon the quiet power
To turn Death back in the threatened hour?

What gives the greater and rarer skill
To teach submission to Heaven's will?
And give assurance of victory won
When the battle is over and Life's day done?

Just how do you get it, Hinsdale dear,
This feeling of angels' hovering near?
This spirit may not be had for pelf,
The "Spirit of Hinsdale" is God Himself.

—A Patient.

THE LIFE BOAT IN SENATOR HARDING'S HOME TOWN

HAZEL NELSON

A LIFE BOAT WORKER

I want to say I am glad the Lord led me to Hinsdale, as there is where I found my work. I have always wanted to do something that I could feel it was the Lord's work, and I know there is none better than to get this little paper into the hands of the people. THE LIFE BOAT, I find, makes its way into places where other papers are not allowed to be sold.

I was glad to have the privilege of attending

the Home Coming of Senator Harding in Marion, Ohio. How glad the people were to see him! It brought to my mind the great resurrection day, when we who are faithful will look upon the face of our coming King. I had the privilege of selling many LIFE BOATS to the people on the streets of Marion that day, including the father and brother of Senator Harding, of which I am sending a picture. I enjoy this work very much and find



Miss Nelson selling a LIFE BOAT to Dr. Harding, brother of Senator Harding, the Republican presidential nominee.

great pleasure in it. When I start out on my trips, it is sometimes hard to say good-bye to the ones who are nearer to me, but I always think of the Saviour who left all for the people, and I know the Lord knows the way I take. I am often asked, "Don't you get lonesome, alone?" I do not, as I find that Christ is nearer to me when I am working in His vineyard.

I am planning on taking a trip through Michigan and I want your prayers, as it is a great help to know someone is praying for me. I never leave home without asking my friends to unite in prayer with me, and I always have success.

I am thankful for a small part in this great work. It will not be long till the Lord will come and reward every faithful one. Let us work and pray for those who are in darkness.

A LIFE BOAT EXPERIENCE

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS

While waiting at the depot for a friend, I got in conversation with a middle-aged lady, and told her about our Home for girls and some of its needs, and also about the LIFE BOAT magazine, and she became interested and asked if she could not subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT. I said "Yes, I would be glad to have you." Now I didn't have a LIFE BOAT with me nor anything to identify myself,—not even a card or billhead with our business address on, but God gave me favor with the woman. I can't remember the time when I did not have something with me, either THE LIFE BOAT or a tract or card, but in my hurry to make the train I forgot to take some tracts and papers to give away. But I can assure you I was sorry that I had nothing with me to give her to read as she had a long time to wait before her train left, and I promised God if He will forgive me, that I will try not to forget to carry something with me, for there are hungry souls everywhere longing for truth. I also told her about some of the experiences the Lord gives me, and how I was on my way to the Home for girls, that one had died, and I was going to her funeral, and how she had given her heart to Jesus and was prepared to die. This woman seemed interested. Pray for her. I believe God brought me in touch with her and that she was seeking for light. My friend came, and we bid her good-bye, but hope to meet her again, for she was a dear sweet woman.

When my friend and I arrived at the Home, we met the Matron who told us about Alma's experience with the Lord before she died, and our hearts were made glad to hear of the good news of salvation, and the hymns she sung, "Tell it to Jesus," and others she loved, and wanted them sung at her funeral. All showed us that she had been with Jesus and learned of him.

Pastor Cotton's remarks were beautiful and comforting, and as I listened, I thought, Oh, what am I doing for Jesus, for he has done so much for me, and I thought as I looked at my sister who was sleeping in Jesus; only for the mercy and love of God, I would not be living, but Jesus spared my life and gave me a chance to love and serve Him. Oh, how I thank Him for it. My friend felt the same

as I did. The quartet sang the pieces she requested, and those she had sung. We laid her to rest to await the Life-giver's return, for we know her peace was made with God and that it was well with her soul.

May God help us to be faithful and endure unto the end, for the same shall be saved.

ELEVEN YEARS ON THE LORD'S SIDE

An Inmate of Ossining, N. Y., Penitentiary

"Your letter of the 2nd inst. received. I was a little surprised at first in seeing the postmark, as I have no friends so far West that I know.

"I have on several occasions taken men aside and spoken to them about reading the Bible, and taking it for their rule and guide for the future, and shown them the difference from what Satan gives them to live in and what God our Father in Heaven gives them as a home from what we read in Revelation, 21st chapter. Oh! what a comparison, and oh! what a glorious Saviour, to tell us what our Father has prepared for us and for those that love Him and come to Him for guidance.

"I am on the Lord's side and have been for the last eleven years, and I thank God, through our Lord and Saviour that he has called me to be one of his children. God be praised. I have read and seen your LIFE BOAT here quite often, and I have enjoyed the reading of it, and pray that it will be the means of saving many others who have not yet come to the light."

MET BY SATAN WITH HANDSOME OFFERS

From the Trenton, N. J., Prison

"Today is the Sabbath, and a beautiful day it has been. I was awakened bright and early by hearing the birds singing, and the distant chimes of a church bell ringing, but the immediate sound was a pounding upon the wall of my room, or cell as it is called, and a voice old and feeble, yet cheerful, requesting me to kindly return his copy of THE LIFE BOAT. But, dear kind friends, I thank my Heavenly Father I did not have to return your wonderful book before I had completely perused its contents more than once, and I wish to assure you that it is indeed a Life Boat here in the prison.

"There is no class of people calling so

piteously for spiritual aid as the man behind the prison walls, and I write to convey my devout thanks and gratitude for having the privilege and pleasure of reading of your wonderful work. Were I free to do so I would gladly join your ranks as a humble servant of our blessed Redeemer.

"I am under thirty, and like lots of others who have fallen by the wayside, I was brought up by good Christian parents and received a fair education, but was not content with a good home. I went away to be met by Satan, with handsome offers, with a life of sin, and I soon landed behind these gray walls. I had a fine position as a bookkeeper, and plenty of friends, but now I have none, and when I saw your invitation to write, I was overjoyed, for I sincerely hope there is someone in your midst who as a Christian brother or sister, might care to send me an occasional letter, as I would deeply appreciate it, and I ask you from the bottom of my heart to please remember me in your prayers, as I am at times completely discouraged."

"The Earl of Shaftsbury, who gave sixty-five years of his life to working among the costermongers and the fallen and the submerged and mudsills of London, was won to Jesus Christ by a servant girl in their home."

QUESTION BOX

Conducted by A. B. Olsen, M.D.

The readers of THE LIFE BOAT are invited to send questions pertaining to hygiene and health and they will be answered in this column. Enclose a two-cent stamp and address the Editor, THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Illinois.

53. What is the cause of dry eczema and is there any cure?

Ans. Eczema is one of the most common diseases affecting the skin and the causes are doubtless numerous. It appears that the main trouble is to be found in some disturbance of nutrition such as irregular eating, overeating and the free use of animal flesh, sugar and sugary foods. Sometimes the external irritation of the skin helps to provoke an attack and there-

fore the clothing must receive attention. Constipation probably plays a role in the causes and also autointoxication. As a rule eczema is curable, but patients should use careful discretion with regard to diet. The best course is to go to the nearest sanitarium and undergo proper dieting and treatments under the directions of a competent doctor.

54. Would having a stroke affect one's eyesight and make things look hazy and gloomy?

Ans.—Yes, this is possible; but the development of a cataract seems more likely. You should consult your family physician.

55. What is the best treatment for muscular rheumatism, and can it be cured?

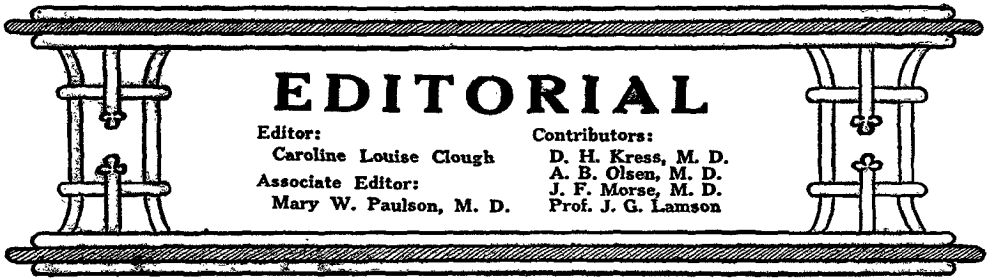
Ans.—Rest, free water drinking, taking from three to four pints every day, a non-flesh diet, avoidance of tea and coffee, together with warm baths, fomentations, hot packs, and electric light treatment, bring the best results. Generally speaking, there is nothing better than suitably applied hot fomentations or hot packs wrapped around the joints and kept in position for five to fifteen minutes, and then renewed as required. The hot treatment should continue from twenty minutes to a half hour or more, and then be followed by a tepid or cool sponge and gentle drying. This treatment may be repeated three or four times a day. Muscular rheumatism is curable in the majority of cases.

56. Is there any cure for enteroptosis?

Ans.—Yes, as a rule, and the best treatment consists of fomentations to the abdomen, deep abdominal massage, and various abdominal exercises for the purpose of strengthening the muscles.

57. What is good for rheumatism?

Ans. Heat in one form or another, and especially moist heat, usually gives the quickest and most satisfactory relief from pain. Fomentations, hot leg packs, or even a hot water bottle wrapped in a moist cloth and applied to the joint, are all useful measures. You would do well to take hot baths and also drink hot water freely so as to perspire, taking pains afterwards to administer a tepid or cool sponge bath and vigorous friction. Take no tea or coffee, and avoid animal flesh in your diet.



FAMINE-STRICKEN SPIRITUALLY

A few years ago during the great war, a large German war vessel that was sailing in American waters and destroying all the English boats possible, saved from these boats the fancy food which they had on board. Hence, the soldiers and sailors of the German vessel lived entirely on fancy canned goods and sweets. They were soon taken ill, and when about 500 men on board were stricken, the vessel pulled into an American port. Alfred W. McCann was the man who was called to help them out of their difficulty. They were said to have had beri-beri, a disease which results from the absence of certain food elements. The men were saved by feeding them food containing these elements.

It is easy enough to get famine-stricken spiritually. The soul and the mind must be fed from the word of God in order to have a well developed spiritual nature. Feeding on the husks of human theology will never save us. Like the German sailors, we soon show signs of emaciation. We need to feed on the Word of God daily just as we need to take natural food daily to keep alive our physical natures.

SHE CARRIED MUD FOR JESUS

Bishop Tugwell, of the English Church Mission, on the Niger River, relates the following incident as illustrating the spirit of devotion shown by many of the native Christians of Africa:

"There was a woman belonging to the household of King Ja Ja, and formerly one of the king's wives. She was seen carrying mud with other women to prepare a foundation for a church which was about to be erected.

"Her heathen neighbors scoffed at her, and cried, 'What, the wife of Ja Ja carrying mud! Even a slave of Ja Ja cannot do such mean work!' 'It is true,' she said, 'I was the wife of Ja Ja, and as such could not carry mud;

but I have a new Master now, and I can carry mud for Jesus Christ!'"—*Selected.*

A SIXPENCE MULTIPLIED

An old Scotch woman used to give a penny a day for missions, and for the sake of so doing went without things that she might otherwise have had. One day a friend handed her a sixpence so that she might buy herself some extra food as an unusual luxury.

"Well, now," thought the old woman, "I've long done very well on porridge, and the Lord shall have the sixpence, too."

In some way the story came to the ears of a missionary secretary, who told it at a breakfast. The host was much impressed by the simple tale, and saying that he had never denied himself for God's Word, subscribed \$2,500 on the spot. Several of the guests followed his example, and \$11,000 was raised before the party separated.

This old saint of God, because she was faithful in doing the little that came to her hand, was the direct cause of putting into the missionary coffers of the church enough money to support twenty-seven native preachers and Bible women for ten years.—*Selected.*

STEER AWAY FROM THE ROCKS

A pilot who was guiding a vessel up a narrow, rock-bound channel was congratulated, when he docked the boat, on his skill.

"It must be pretty hard to learn where all the rocks in the channel are," said the admiring passenger.

"I don't know where all the rocks are," said the pilot.

"Then how in the world do you keep off them?"

"Easy enough. I know where the deep water is."

Locating deep water was all the pilot needed to do. There were thousands of rocks beyond and behind the channel, but they didn't

worry him. If he knew the deep water he could keep the vessel in it and guide his ship safely to port.

NEWS HERE AND THERE

The Sanitarium faculty and senior class of nurses, making a party of forty-five people in all, enjoyed a delightful picnic on the shore of Lake Michigan, at Rogers Park, Ill., on June 15.

Mrs. Lucy E. Taylor who was connected with the Hinsdale work for a year or more, now from Ooltewah, Tenn., called at Hinsdale while passing through to the Pacific Coast.

Professor C. A. Russell, of Washington, D. C., was a recent visitor.

Mr. J. D. Reavis, of Berrien Springs, Mich., called at the Sanitarium.

Miss Hattie Andre, formerly missionary to the Pitcairian Island of the Pacific, and recently instructor in the Pacific Union College at St. Helena, Calif., is now at Hinsdale, and will spend a year with her sister, Miss Rose Andre, Matron of the Sanitarium. Miss Hattie Andre has already taken charge of a part of the Bible instruction for the nurses.

The Sanitarium workers enjoyed a few days visit from Mrs. M. D. Wood, who has spent several years in medical missionary work in the heart of India. Her talks to the family of nurses were inspiring.

Dr. J. W. Hopkins, of Washington, D. C., was a recent visitor at the Hinsdale headquarters. Also Dr. Elmer Otis, of Moline, Ill.

Miss Wilda Smith, of Germantown, Ind., who put in years of faithful loyal service in the Hinsdale institution, returned for a visit.

On June 28th the class of eighteen Senior nurses received their diplomas, many of whom have already scattered to their various homes.

Dr. B. E. Nicola, of Attleboro, Mass., was a recent caller.

Our former Sanitarium chef, Mr. C. A. Cole, who has more recently served in that capacity in the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles, spent a few days with his family at Hinsdale while enroute to South Africa to connect with the Sanitarium at Capetown, South Africa.

Professor Frederick Griggs, of Berrien Springs, Mich., made a brief call at the Sanitarium.

Pastor W. J. Kneeland, of Kalamazoo, Mich., formerly a missionary to the Canal Zone, Panama, was a recent caller. Also Miss Sarah Peck, of Washington, D. C., formerly Missionary to Africa, called recently.

Dr. Ruth Meritt-Miller, who was formerly connected with our Chicago Medical Missionary work, is spending a few days at the Hinsdale Sanitarium, visiting old friends.

On Sunday evening, July 11th, the opening exercises for the new nurses class were held. A large number of the class members were present. Several speeches given by members of the faculty, and special song comprised the program. The meeting was one of real inspiration to the members of this new class.

Miss Florence Jones, stenographer of the LIFE BOAT office, spent three weeks' vacation visiting friends in Wisconsin.

Mr. Julius Paulson, and Mr. N. W. Paulson, and families, are enjoying a few weeks' vacation touring through Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Prof. J. G. Lamson and his wife are also away from the Hinsdale work during the month. They are visiting relatives in Northern Michigan.

Pastor W. H. Holden, of Springfield, Ill., was a welcome guest at Hinsdale.

The corridors and halls of the Life Boat Rescue Home are once more ringing with the sound of merry children's voices. Just at present we have six young children in the Home.

Mrs. Anna Case, the former house-keeper of the Rescue Home, donated a large, splendid gas range to the Home, which is much appreciated by the family.

A HELPFUL WORK STARTED

Major F. M. Culver of Salina, Kans., and his co-workers are endeavoring to do a splendid work for the outcasts and criminal classes, under the name of "The Good Samaritans of America."

As far as we are able to ascertain, Mr. Culver is honest and earnest in this endeavor. He writes us as follows:

"We want Christian men and women everywhere to work among the outcasts and criminal classes. Those who come must have heart and soul in the work. Experience is not necessary. Write, Good Samaritans of America, Postoffice Box 460, Salina, Kans."

The Life Boat

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

Entered as second-class matter July 17, 1903, at the
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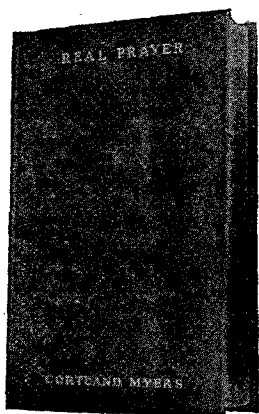
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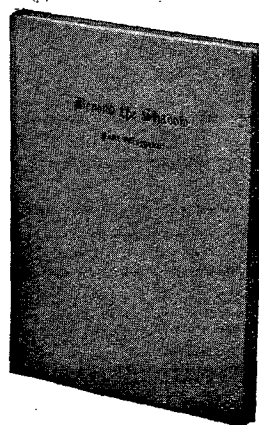
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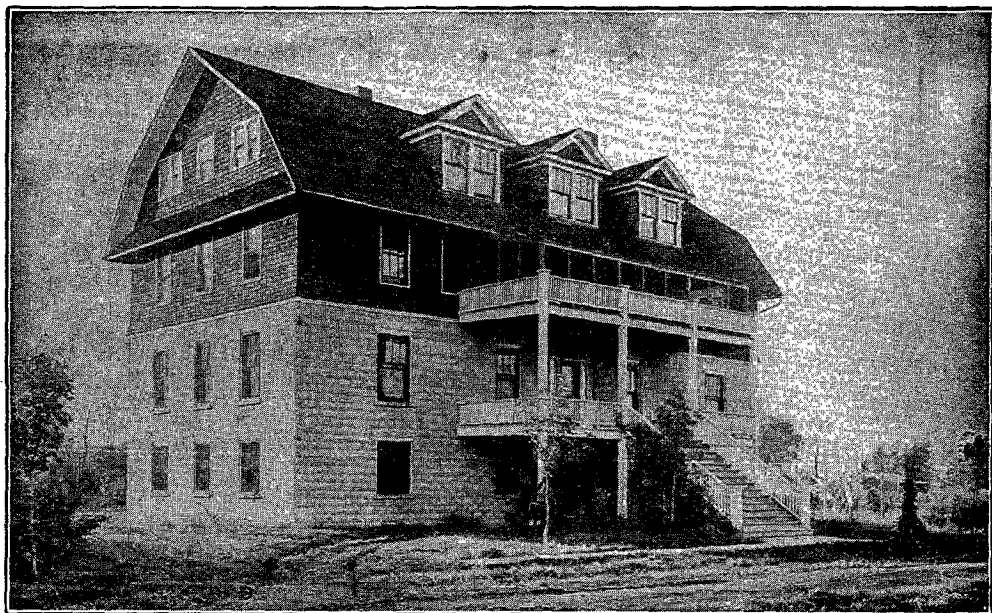
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THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



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

During the past eleven 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

Life Annuities with Interest

The **Life Boat Rescue Home** is now in a position to accept **life annuities** and to pay interest to the annuitants while living.

Annuity means the placing of your money while alive, where you will want it to be after you are dead. You will thus have the satisfaction of seeing your money do good. You will be saved the trouble of having to make out a will and the possibility of having it contested afterward.

One Annuitant writes: "The purchase of Life Annuity Bonds has been a **SOURCE OF GREAT BLESSING TO US**, providing an **ASSURED INCOME**, a share in the good work you are doing, **FREEDOM FROM CARE** and worry, and, without doubt, lengthening the life of the writer. Annuitants can provide an assured income for themselves, relatives and friends and at the same time lay up for themselves treasures in heaven."

Write for full information and particulars of this plan.

Address

LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME
Hinsdale, Ill.

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The PATRICIA GARMENT is a PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CORSET and a great improvement in other respects, as it permits natural circulation, perfect respiration and freedom for every muscle, with no bands or strings. There is no opportunity for girding the soft parts of the body, as it follows the natural curves, preserving the contour of the figure.

We are now able to furnish the Patricia health garment in stock sizes from 32 to 40 bust measure, made from the very best of materials and carefully shrunk before making. Price \$5.00. Write for further particulars and description of garment.

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

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

Liquid Paraffin

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

Liquid Paraffin, or what we called White Russian Mineral Oil when we imported it from Russia before the war, seems to be a veritable godsend to thousands of these cases. Being a mineral oil it is not absorbed by the body. It merely lubricates and softens the bowel contents. It can be used with perfect safety as it does not create any laxative habit. The dose is from one teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls three or four times a day as may be necessary. It can be procured in any town, but by buying it in large quantities we are able to furnish it to our readers at about one-half the prevailing retail price.

Prices

1 Pint	\$0.45	Shipping weight.....	2 lbs.
1 Quart75	Shipping weight.....	4 lbs.
2 Quarts	1.25	Shipping weight.....	6 lbs.
1 Gallon	2.00	Shipping weight.....	10 lbs.

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

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

The New Hinsdale Sanitarium

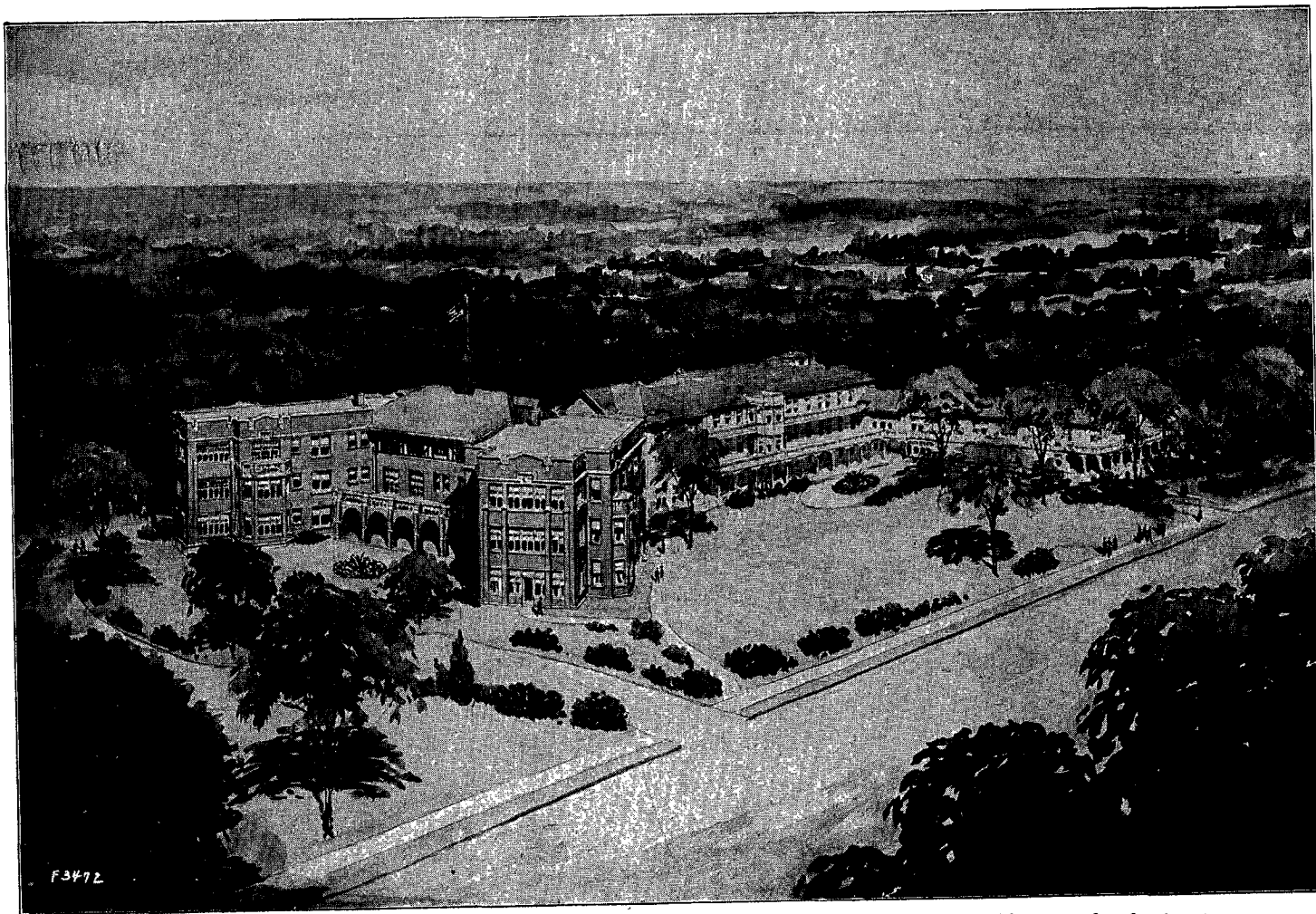
THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM has had the largest patronage for the past year in its history. For many months it has been possible to accommodate only a small percentage of those who wished to come for care and treatment, therefore, it was decided to build a substantial three-story addition to the south of the present building, consisting of fifty patients' rooms, parlor, writing room, library, special treatment room, sun parlors, "work cure" and a chapel large enough to accommodate 350 people; also to enlarge and thoroughly equip our present ladies' and men's bath and treatment rooms, building over them complete new offices for our physicians, to remodel and enlarge our kitchen, serving room, patients' and helpers' dining rooms, and business offices.

When completed, the Sanitarium will be well equipped to do thorough work and will be able to accommodate about 160 patients.

Have You Money to Loan?

We have most of the money on hand for the completion of these additions, but still wish to borrow a few thousand dollars. We will give the note of the Sanitarium, signed by the president and secretary of the institution, bearing interest at six per cent, payable semi-annually, running for whatever length of time may be desired—one, two, three or more years.

Anyone having money to loan on the above conditions, or who may wish further particulars, address The Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Illinois.



The Hinsdale Sanitarium, showing the present building with the new fifty-room addition. See inside this cover for further information.