

Man Then and Now
Keeping Time with Providence
From Chicago to Peking
An Institute for Women
A Responsive Audience
A Visit to The Life Boat Home
An Invitation to You
Carrying Light to the Dark Corners

The Withered Hand

The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations



"Children Toddlng on Their Pavement-Hardened Feet"

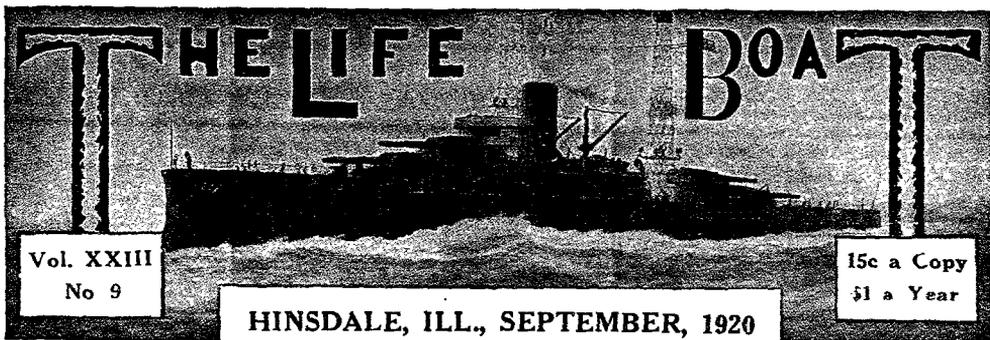
MILLTOWN

COME with me down to Milltown, where the air is dark and dense;
Where the paint falls off the palings and the palings off the fence;
Where the earth has put on mourning and the sky is never blue;
Where the tenements are dingy and the people dingy, too;
Where the water-pail and scrub-brush and the shrinking bar of soap
Forever fight the battle of a faith, but scarce a hope;
Where the soil is choked with cinder and the air is charged with gas,
And God himself has clean forgot to grow a patch of grass.

LOOK you, here are children, toddling on their pavement-hardened feet.
Hark you! these are children's voices strident of the cobbled street;
And each little face is sharpened and the little eyes are hard,
For they have not seen the softness nor the greenness of the sward.
And how may any mind grow sweet or any soul be clean,
Which is not summer-freshened by the touch of God's own green?
And how shall we reproach them, if their brows become as brass,
When they are asked to grow, where God has given up his grass?

OH, maybe men may half way live, with no clear sky above;
And maybe where no posies bloom, still blooms the flower of love.
And there shall men and women mate and children come to earth,
With curses in their baby cries that they are given-birth.
Not curses on their mothers, but on you, my friend, and me,
For we are of the nation, which has let it come to pass
That children grow where even God would not trust a patch of grass!

—Edmund Vance Cooke.



Walking With a Broken Staff

Alfred W. McCann

THREE TIMES each day for three hundred and sixty-five days each year a table is spread in each of twenty million households in the United States. This means that sixty million meals, however simple, are served for the pleasure and nutrition of the family between the rising and setting of every sun.

At each of these annual billions of occasions—the exceptions are too few to count—\$21,900,000,000, to be exact, the housewife places one article of food on the table. Whether that table be set in a mansion or in a hovel, whether it be loaded with an abundance of luxuries of life or whether its contents be confined to one or two simple articles of food, there is one food always present.

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that bread is called the "staff of life"? What, then, if the staff on which humanity leans so trustingly be broken.

The flour advertisements with which the magazines are crowded tell us peculiar and wonderful things about flour. Millions of dollars are spent annually to inform us that our flour is washed, brushed, scoured, screened, and sifted through grits gauze and silk bolting cloth until nothing leaves the mill but utterly perfect flour! As late as August, 1918, *The Saturday Evening Post* published an advertisement of the Quaker Oats Company, frankly telling the public that "Quaker Best Corn Meal" contains none of the fibrous outer coat, none of the oily germ, nothing but the flinty starchy part.

Millions of dollars are spent annually to exploit the virtues of anemic crackers, denatured biscuits, and foodless cakes. De-

voted mothers, believing the statements made to them through the highly colored printed page and the gaudily decorated billboard, rely with profound faith upon the demineralized nutriment which advertising art extols. Their babes, from the very beginning, are taught with a broken staff to walk.

Thus is reared a race of such vigor that it sends in one year nearly 400,000 children under ten years of age where white bread and starchy biscuits are no longer needed.

Nature never made a white grain of wheat and man never knew the meaning of white flour until he conceived the fetching idea of startling his guests with bread as white and lifeless as the aristocratic napery on which it is served. The unrefined grain of wheat as it comes from the field contains in organic form the twelve mineral substances needed for the health, growth and life of the animal body. Chickens, guinea pigs, white mice, or monkeys fed on bread made from the unrefined wheat thrive indefinitely; but chickens, guinea pigs, white mice, or monkeys fed on an exclusive white bread diet perish in from five to seven weeks.

Wherefore the whiteness of white bread? How is this whiteness obtained? These are questions which we have set out to answer. White bread becomes white because from the ground grain of wheat three-fourths of the mineral salts and colloids, including the salts of calcium, phosphorus, iron, potassium, chlorine, fluorine, sulphur, magnesium, manganese, etc., are removed. These mineral substances are contained in the brown outer skin, the

cells underneath this skin and the germ of the wheat berry. They are sifted and bolted out of the ground meal, leaving behind the white starchy cells and the refined gluten of the interior part of the berry. Nature, in her most benevolent efforts to teach man that he cannot trespass with impunity against the laws of life, through thousands of years of agricultural experience, has failed to impress him with the priceless value of these subtle substances in the assembling of which for his needs she travels through so many subtle and divers paths.

In the whitening of flour not only are the mineral salts and colloids removed from the wheat, but its ferments or vitamins, one of which was discovered by M. Mege Mouries in the inner cortical part of the wheat, are rejected.

The millers who make our flour and our corn meal assure us that they are conferring a great blessing upon humanity in preparing a refined white product. To obtain a still whiter whiteness they even go so far as to bleach by an electro-chemical process the demineralized flour which passes through their silk bolting cloths.

To confront them with 400,000 children under ten years of age who died in the United States last year, notwithstanding the daily familiarity with white breadstuffs which these children suffered without resistance, is but to provoke a smile fortified by "proofs" of the benevolence of their conduct. These "proofs" usually bear the signature of scientists.

What scientists' signatures can open up those little graves and deliver back to the fond and empty arms of grieving parents the million five hundred thousand children

that have died in this country during the past four years? What will scientists' signatures do for the enfeebled soldiers who survive the European war or for their half-fed widows and orphans during the reconstruction period that faces them? In the many public controversies which I have had with the millers they have frankly admitted they do not give the people white flour or white bread products through their own choice. They say that because the people think they want white flour and white bread they are obliged to cater to such wants. These admissions are nevertheless usually accompanied by a statement that white bread as contrasted with bread made from the whole grain possesses "superior digestibility."

Nothing is said of the alarming increase of cancer, diabetes, Bright's disease, heart disease and hardening of the arteries now causing so much concern among life insurance companies on account of the fact that their chief victims are found in middle age. Nothing is said about the fact that at the age of forty, when man should be at his best, and continuing until his fiftieth year the increase in these diseases is at its height.

There is much evidence to indicate that middle-age mortality is directly associated with denatured food. All of such evidence will be submitted here in its proper place.

Of course there are other causes also at work in the production of some of these increasingly prevalent middle-age diseases but the facts which will be treated with sufficient detail indicate conclusively that demineralized and refined food is chief among these causes.

—From book "The Science of Eating," published by George H. Doran Co., New York. Price \$2.50.

Man Then and Now **The Causes of Degeneracy**

D. H. Kress, M. D.

THE first chapter of Genesis embodies facts of surpassing interest and educational import regarding the human race. Man was made in the image of God. Gen. 1:27. A "little lower than the angels." Heb. 2:7.

To him was given "dominion over the fish

of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Gen. 1:28. We see from this that the Bible gives no warrant for the belief that man's intellectual and educational development began from the plane of the savage or the monkey. The primitive pair were of a

highly intellectual type. This will be seen from the fact that Adam was able to call every creature God had made by name. The name indicating the nature of each—"Whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof." Gen. 2:19.

Physically Adam was a superior being. In referring to the race, even sixteen hundred years after the creation of man, when sin had already made its degenerating impression upon man, the inspired writer said "There were giants in the earth in those days, and also after that." Gen. 6:4. One thousand years later, the record is given "Only Og king of

Men also lived to a much greater age. The average age during the period before the flood was over 900 years. The record runs, "All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years: and he died." "And all the days of Seth (the son of Adam) were nine hundred and twelve years: and he died." "And all the days of Enos (the son of Seth) were nine hundred and five years: and he died." Gen. 5. "And all the days of Noah were nine hundred and fifty years: and he died." Gen. 9:29. This in brief is the record given of the lives of men from Adam to Noah.

In referring to the period following the flood we find that Shem, the son of Noah, lived but 600 years, and his son to the age of four hundred and sixty years. This was only one-half of man's existence during the first 1,500 years. Degeneracy after the flood was more marked than before the flood. Coming down to the time of Terah, the father of Abraham, we find that he lived merely to the age of two hundred and five years, and Abraham is said to have "died in a *good old age*,—at "one hundred and seventy-five" One hundred and seventy-five was then regarded as "a good old age."

Isaac the son of Abraham, however, attained to the age of one hundred and eighty-one years, but his son Jacob died at the age of one hundred and thirty-seven years. At the age of one hundred and thirty, then a feeble man when brought before Pharaoh, to the question, "How old art thou?" he replied, "*Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers.*" Gen. 47:9. Compared with the ages his fathers attained, his one hundred and thirty years seemed short indeed.

Degeneracy has since continued. Seldom now do we hear of any one attaining the age of even one hundred years. Centenarians have, like the giants, about disappeared.

Fifty years ago Germany could boast of over six hundred centenarians. Before the war began she had less than one hundred. Bulgaria, a country only a short distance from Germany, possessed over three thousand centenarians with a population less than one-half that of New York City. It is doubtful whether in America today, with a population of one hundred and five millions of people, that many centenarians could be found.

- This is not a mere happen-so. There is



Dr. D. H. Kress

Bashan remained of the remnant of giants," and to enable us to understand what was meant by the term *giant*, then, he said, behold, "his bedstead was a bedstead of iron; nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it." Dan. 3:11. This bedstead thirteen feet and a half in length, and six feet wide, was evidently intended for a being about as long as the bedstead.

Man at the beginning was undoubtedly more than twice as tall as the tallest men of today are. A giant of today would have been a mere pigmy standing by the side of a giant in that day.

a reason why Bulgarians lived longer than did the Germans and the Americans. It can be readily ascertained by a study of the habits of the people of these countries. It was not the sour milk that prolonged the days of the Bulgarians. It was their freedom from the health and life destroying habits of the peoples of these other countries.

Civilized races are dying out. Civilized men are committing suicide. They are doing it on the installment plan. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Eccl. 8:11. It is not the thing of today or of yesterday that is responsible for the many sudden deaths at the age of forty, fifty and sixty years. It is the continuous doing of that which apparently does little or no harm. Men are today dying at an age when they should be at their best. Old age has reached down into middle life and even below. The vital organs whose work it is to deal with the poisons that gain entrance into the body from continuous over work, wear out prematurely. It is the rule to find in men of forty the degeneracy of the vital organs and various glands of the body that we should find only in extreme old age.

Two hundred years ago epidemic diseases weeded out the physically degenerate adults and the feeble infants. The strong and robust natures were spared to propagate of their kind. Seventy-five per cent of the deaths were due to germ diseases. This mortality has been lowered greatly by preventing the spread of germs of disease. This has increased considerably the average age of life. But it has lowered the vitality of the race. The physical degenerates by marriage and intermarriage have produced of their kind. Their offspring inherited weakened constitutions and also the habits of parents which were responsible for them, and as a result there are fewer today than ever before who reach the age of ninety, seventy or even fifty years. The majority now die, not of epidemic diseases as formerly, but of diseases of degeneracy.

The mortality from heart failure, apoplexy, kidney diseases and diabetes, is rapidly increasing year by year. There are many causes for this degeneracy. Alcohol, coffee, tea, the free use of meat, have all contributed toward it, but tobacco, more than any other one cause, is responsible for it.

The most effective way of introducing a poison into the blood is by inhalation. For this reason this mode of producing anaesthesia in surgery is employed. The delicate membrane separating the blood in the lungs from the air readily admits an interchange of gases. It permits the carbon dioxide to pass off and takes on the life-giving oxygen. Unfortunately, it takes on poisons from the air as readily as it does the oxygen. The most successful way of poisoning and destroying the human race is by poisoning the atmosphere. There are poisons that can be given off, nearly as readily as they are taken on, by the blood. They injure merely while within the body. When removed, the system has an opportunity to make repairs. This is true of alcohol.

There is *one* poison of which this can not be said. The poison is known as Carbon Monoxid. This poison is due to incomplete combustion. Numerous cases of almost instant death in closed garages, from the fumes of the automobile, are on record. *Harper's Weekly* recently in an editorial called attention to this source of danger to those living in congested parts of our large cities where large numbers of automobiles are giving off this poison known as carbon monoxid. The editor attributes the fact, that the mortality from heart disease which "has doubled in the large cities of America in the last four years," to this cause. Carbon monoxid is doubtless one of the causes of the increase in the mortality from heart failure. But carbon monoxid is produced also by the *pipe*, the *cigar* and the *cigarette*. Every grain of tobacco smoked produces from sixty to eighty cubic centimeters of carbon monoxid. The modern method of inhaling tobacco smoke as practiced by all cigarette smokers, permits this poison to pass readily into the blood. It enters into a fixed combination with the red blood cells and thus disables them in the performance of their function. Oxygenation is interfered with and degeneracy of all the tissues of the body results. It also causes paralysis of the nerve centers which control the heart, and in time paralysis of the heart and sudden death.

Furfurol, another deadly poison, caused by the combustion of glycerine, and other products added to the tobacco to produce that velvety smoke, is found chiefly in the cigarette. This poison seems to select chiefly the brain and nerve cells, causing at first stimulation. This is followed by a period of

great mental and nervous depression when the first effect of the smoke has disappeared. It is this depression of the brain cells and the cells controlling the heart's action, and the function of other organs, that makes the demand for another and still another smoke. In this respect "furfurol" acts very similar to cocaine, and it is for this reason it is about as difficult to give up the cigarette habit as it is the cocaine habit.

The habits of civilization are health and life destroying. Should in the future, women take up with the smoking of cigarettes, the race would degenerate much more rapidly than it is even now. The world would in fact in a few more centuries depopulate itself. The present degeneracy is a call for reforms in the habits of civilized man.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AND THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Times have certainly changed. It wasn't so many years ago that when a crowd of Sioux Indians got together of an afternoon there was usually a considerable amount of battle, murder and sudden death in the air. According to the story books, the proceedings usually opened with firewater and scalplings, and closed with an entertainment in which a paleface tied to a stake was the chief performer.

But nowadays things are different. When the Sioux Indians in Minnesota get together it is to listen to public health lectures delivered in their own language, and frequently by members of their own tribe. There is a great deal of tuberculosis among these Indians, and the American Red Cross is endeavoring by means of these lectures to educate them in preventive measures against the disease. One old chief, Two Hawks, is an eloquent lecturer for the Red Cross. And a certain squaw, who had never before appeared in public, prefaced her remarks with the statement that if her audience were not composed of ladies and gentlemen she wouldn't talk to them.

A hundred years ago it would have been a brave paleface who would have delivered a lecture to an audience of Sioux. Some such lectures were delivered, but they were usually in the nature of deathbed remarks. Today, however, the Indians look upon these things differently, and they are eager to learn all the good that the Red Cross can teach them.

LITTLE ACTS BUT GREAT MOTIVE

Do not wait to do great things; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive—for the glory of God, to win his smile of approval, and to do good to men.

It is harder to plod on in obscurity, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and ultimate recompense of Christ.

To fulfill faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chaffing and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and stake, to find the one noble trait in people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers or now and then a thirsty sheep; and do this always and not for the praise of men, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.—*F. B. Meyer.*

A REAL TEST OF CHARACTER

There is something finer than to do right against inclination; and that is to have an inclination to do right. There is something nobler than reluctant obedience, and that is joyful obedience.

The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweetness to the heart that loves it.

The real test of character is joy. For what you rejoice in, that you love.

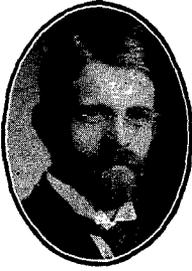
And what you love, that you are like.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

LIVE FOR SOMETHING

"Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.

Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide
Might have now been safely riding.
But they drifted with the tide."



Footprints of Faith No. 9

Keeping Time With Providence

David Paulson, M. D.

[The problems and perplexities that confronted Doctor and Mrs. Paulson at every turn of the road while building up the work at Hinsdale were enough to stagger the stoutest heart who is a stranger to the operations of Providence, but the doctor at every crisis looked straight to heaven and went forward by faith. This experience now running as a serial in THE LIFE BOAT is one of the strongest evidences of answered prayer in modern times. If you are not already a subscriber, send one dollar for a year's subscription.Ed.]

THE Hinsdale Sanitarium building was dedicated on Sept. 20, 1905. Judge Orrin N. Carter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, gave the principal dedicatory address. The best people of the town came to bid us God-speed. Within three weeks every room was filled.

Needed More Room at Once

It was very evident that we needed more room, so we lay plans for a substantial addition—the wing containing our gymnasium, surgical department, etc. We did not have a dollar ahead, but we persuaded a mason to put in the foundation on three years' time. If he had known how beggarly poor we were, he would have shown good judgment in hesitating to do so. But we knew it was easier to build after you had a foundation than without one. I will not take time to tell you the many interesting experiences we had in securing the necessary \$10,000.00 to put up that wing. When completed, we had then forty guest rooms. That very summer we had fifty-six people here. Beds were put up in my office, and Mrs. Paulson's office, and we had several people on our waiting list begging to be admitted. We prayed earnestly for God to show us whether we should in our poverty attempt another enlargement, or build some cottages to provide for the overflow.

We discovered that there were four patients here who were willing to build each a cottage on our grounds with their own money; and then live for a time in their own cottage and board with us and take treatment until

we could earn the cottages back again. A simple problem you see, but it proved a God-send to us at that juncture, and since our greater enlargements, these cottages have served a useful purpose for rooming some of our help.

Prayer Kept a Man From Building a House

In the spring of 1908 there was a man in Chicago who had let us have a couple of thousand dollars who sent word to us that he had decided to build a house for himself and was coming out on a certain day to get the money. We were not prepared to pay it back to him and so a group of us got together in my office and prayed to the Lord to change his mind and convince the man he did not need the money at all. And sure enough, after he came out here, after a few minutes' conversation, he decided that he wouldn't build his house after all, and left the money with us.

Went for Money, But Won a Soul

In the fall of 1908 you remember the financial panic came. You can imagine what that meant to us. There were some folks who had let us have money subject to demand and now they wanted their money. We did not know what we were going to do. We had a special season of prayer and Mr. Hoyt, our business manager, felt impressed to go up to Wisconsin and see the woman who had already let us have a few hundred dollars. When he got up there he found her down with nervous prostration and her husband was intoxicated, so she was not disposed to let him in the

house at all. But he talked with her, and he said:

"Well, if you can't do anything for me financially I still believe the Lord sent me here,—perhaps I am to do something for your husband."

She said, "Oh, I have lost all hope; you can't do anything for him. He has been this way for fifteen years."

By and by the man staggered in and Mr. Hoyt introduced himself, saying:

"I am Mr. Hoyt from Hinsdale," And he said, "Oh, yes, you have quite a wad of my wife's money down there."

After a bit Mr. Hoyt got this poor man down on his knees and prayed with him and the man himself prayed. Then he said, "Now make my wife promise she will read the Bible and pray with me every day," which of course she was glad to do.

York City and knew that the place where he was was in a cheap part of the city and I thought we had better go down there. So we got our family together down in the gymnasium and Mr. Hoyt told this story and said, "I feel we ought to pray." We had a season of prayer, and Mr. Hoyt and I left that afternoon for New York on the Twentieth Century Limited. We went to the address and asked a cheap looking woman who came to the door for Mr. Blank, and she said, "He is not here." I said to her, "Go up and tell Mr. Blank that Dr. Paulson from Chicago is here to see him." By and by she came back and said, "All right, he is ready for you up on the third floor." There we found the man half intoxicated and a bright lawyer trying to lead him to make some kind of a settlement in behalf of half a dozen distant relatives. Ten minutes later he probably

A fixed purpose is of far more value than the most brilliant impulse.

The man who is led by impulse will be completely chilled by the first cutting wind that comes along.

If we are led merely by impulse God will find it necessary to keep us continually working in a small capacity.

Our personal influence does not amount to much unless measured by principle.

Those who, like Daniel, "purpose in their hearts" to do right, will pass through both fire and water rather than sacrifice principle.

The secret of landing a great providence is in being willing to discern the smallest thread.

True love is such a scarce article in thousands of homes that multitudes of children grow up without getting even the flavor of it, and later in life they mistake the devil's chaff of sentimentalism for genuine affection.

The personal worker who regards it as a sign of weakness to manifest genuine affection in its fullest sense in his own home will accomplish more by handing his neighbor some good literature than he can by any personal effort.

It is not enough to simply lift up Christ in words; he must be lifted up in deeds. When Christ has been acted out before the people, but few words are needed; and how readily they find their way to the heart already made tender by the practical exhibition of Christ.

—David Paulson, M. D.

Nine months passed away before Mr. Hoyt heard from them again. Then this woman wrote that her husband had not drunk any liquor since he was there, but he had now gone to New York to settle up the estate of a brother of his who had died in the slums under very disgraceful conditions. This brother had been a sort of black sheep in the family. In the letter she said, "I just wish that 'Van' (that is her husband) and I were out of this nasty world and the little we have were in the Hinsdale Sanitarium, which has tried to do us good."

On Time With God's Clocks

Mr. Hoyt wrote at once to this man in New York to find out if there was anything he could do for him. I graduated in New

would have been gone. We got there just on time. God's clocks always keep time, you must remember.

He sat down and told us his experience the best he could. He could not find out how much property there was. But there was a will leaving everything to this Wisconsin brother and making him executor of the property. But Mr. Hoyt went to work and helped him to get things started properly in the Probate Court, and they found in that man's safe \$50,000 and some other things. A few weeks later he sent for Mr. Hoyt to come up to Wisconsin, and he and his wife each made a will leaving all their property to their surviving member, and at their death to go to the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Died a Christian Man

A few weeks later she wrote to us that her husband was sick nigh unto death. Mr. Hoyt and I went up there and found him in a desperate condition. Way up in that back woods' town we could do nothing for him and we brought him here and did everything we could, but in three days he died,—a Christian man,—and I had the privilege of kneeling beside him in prayer, and I firmly believe he had given his soul to the great Lifegiver. That was in December, 1908.

We got \$30,000 at once on the annuity plan and the rest was deposited in one of the Chicago banks to safeguard her until her death. Then we let the contract for this main part of the building and finished this new part. Of course it required twice as much as we received on this annuity basis, but Providence gave us enough courage so that we felt clear to go on with the contract; and in the fall of 1908 this splendid addition was completed.

The Importance of Prayer and the Surrendered Life

I want to emphasize the importance of prayer and of following the guiding hand of providence in all your work for God.

Once I had a very sick patient under my care, and I did not know whether he would live or not. I was just going to a class at seven o'clock in the evening, and I felt that I must go to this patient and find out whether he was a Christian or not. I met his wife and asked if he was a Christian. She said "No, and that is just what I wish somebody would do, talk to him about it." I asked him if he had ever given his heart to God and he said "no." I tried to show him that God was ready to forgive him; in fact, had already forgiven him and he did not know it. I prayed with him and when I finished praying he said "Amen" in a way that I knew what it meant. I know that he meant it and he felt it. That night that man died. Now if I had smothered that impression as I have smothered other impressions, I would have been remorseful ever after. I tell you it is a solemn thing to live. Things are not running loose in this world.

I believe that God is leading in such matters. The plans will be carried out, but you and I here must watch for the opportunities.

When there come to us opportunities to minister to others, if we neglect them we

meet with a greater loss than those who need our ministry, and it makes no difference who it is, the drunkard, the outcast woman, the orphan child, the poor or the suffering, Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I feel as though I cannot work a day without prayer for Divine guidance and that power that keeps one's heart. His power will guide you if you will let it. The grandest thing in this world is a surrendered life. A man may have ever so correct ideas but it is not worth a snap if he depends upon those alone. To be divinely led is the best thing in all the world.

(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.

Exaggeration is another form of lying.

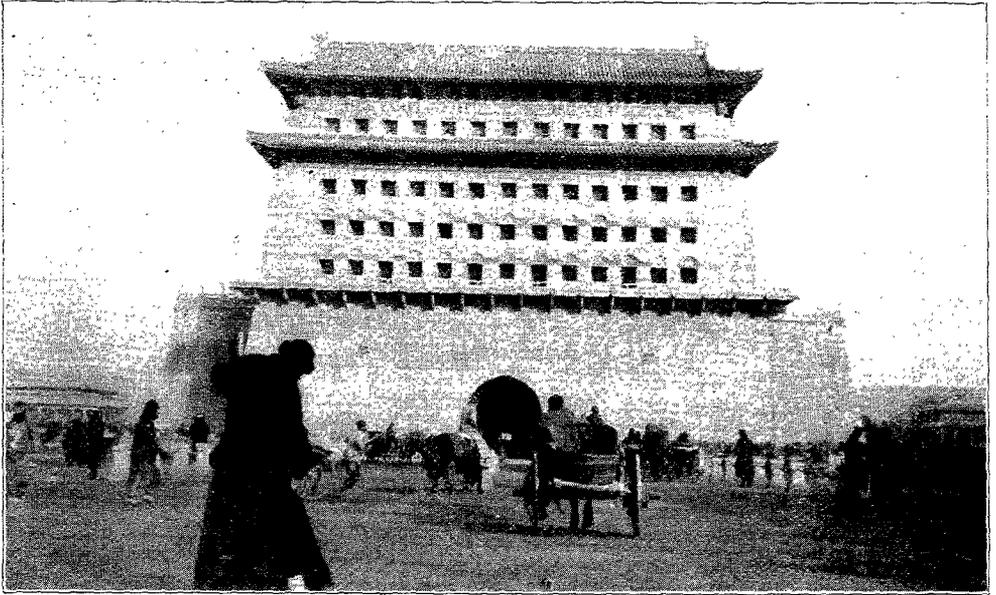
A dry heart needs the well-spring of salvation.

Man's opinion never changes the purpose of God.

Christ is God's remedy for all and every kind of trouble.

A preacher's words may be good, but his acts count for more.

Followers of men and man-made creeds may flourish before the world, but will be failures at the judgment.



Front Gate to the City of Peking

From Chicago to Peking, China

Wm. J. Harris

A DRIZZLE-DRAZZLE rain was falling and a few scattering snow flakes contending for the mastery over the rain drops sprinkled the air as our train pulled out of the Union Depot at Chicago on the morning of March 4, 1920. The last trunk had been packed, the last farewell visit made and we had bid good-by to our friends in the Chicago Conference and were on our way to far off China.

"If we never meet here again may we meet in the kingdom of our God—goodby."

"Good-by—— Here is a box of candy for you—good-by, be good—I'll see you again."

Thus a fond farewell to a life long friend was given. God gives us nothing sweeter—so cheering on life's highway—than true, whole-hearted friends. But they, like father, mother, brother and sisters, a missionary must leave behind.

As our train sped westward, one by one old landmarks slipped by. All the way from Canal and 16th Streets to the Mississippi River old memories passed in review before our minds. When we reached Western Springs we began to watch for Highlands to get one

last glimpse of Hinsdale Sanitarium which had played no small part in moulding our life work.

After a short stop at Denver and a few days at San Francisco we alighted from our train at Los Angeles where we spent several happy and instructive weeks at the College of Medical Evangelists. Some of the aids that nature has provided for the care of the sick were here studied and a little more preparation for our mission work was made.

At last, like all other days that have come, the day our boat was to sail arrived. It was not the most pleasant task to bid farewell to the land of our nativity, though I admit it was not as severe a test as I had imagined it would be. While the band faintly whispered "Farewell to Thee" our boat began to slowly glide from her moorings. Amidst a jargon of voices, both sad and joyous, the great ship slid out upon the waters of the Pacific ocean and for 26 days we steamed westward over a calm, pleasant and quiet sea.

A week's cruise brought us to famous Honolulu with its waving palms and mermaid bathers, then a couple of weeks to Yokohama, Japan, a short stop at Nagasaki, from

thence over to Shanghai, China, our destination. There was hardly a rough day all the way across, though a couple of nights we had to brace ourselves in our tiny berths in order to keep from falling out upon the floor.

Once in China one immediately forgets all preconceived opinions and sets himself to obtain an intelligent understanding of its queer people and strange customs. China is living today where Europe lived in the Middle Ages. It is an interesting country; its walled cities, its unsanitary conditions, its quaint customs, its seething millions of people—all go to make up a story the half of which has never been told.

The streets are narrow, so narrow that one can nearly span them with outstretched arms. They admit the circulation of a ceaseless flow of wheel-barrows and springless mule-carts of jinrikishas and an enormous pedestrian traffic. The narrow street is not due to the lack of foresight of the founders of the cities but rather to the shopkeeper who builds his counter at the expense of street space and the food vendors who line the streets with their dishes and baskets till there is scarcely room for traffic to filter through.

After a few days at Shanghai we boarded a train for Peking, the capital city of China. To travel some 800 miles through smoke and dust—with a superabundance of the latter—in a second class compartment of a Chinese train gives one an experience that will not soon be forgotten. It is well to note here that everybody in China, including women, smokes. I should add too that because of filth and unsanitary conditions all drinking water must be boiled and food cooked by Chinese is positively unsafe for the foreigner. Another factor that made our trip a little less pleasant than a similar trip in the States was the fact that we were traveling through a portion of the country that had had no rain for more than six months. Clouds of dust seemed to vic with one another in obtaining an entrance into our car window. Personally I think they were very successful as dust covered luggage and clothing fully attested. Having no means to boil our water or prepare our food, not being accustomed to the smell of Chinese tobacco, of the taste of Chinese dust, we were indeed thankful to end our two days train trip when we arrived in Peking.

Our trip had taken just 90 days. It was not the most pleasant—due largely to the fact

that we had just laid a baby girl on the hill-sides of far away Wisconsin—but our hearts were made glad as we gathered the next morning in the little chapel at 62 Ta Fang, Chia Hutung, with a goodly company of earnest Chinese Christian men and women, men and women who had been snatched from the grasp of heathenism to be candidates for the Kingdom of God.

At home we give our money for the missionaries and then too often feel our duty done. Were it possible to transplant a little of that which surrounds me into your streets in far away America I know the feeling toward missions would be far different. Every day about me I see babies blind, babies deaf, babies with great sores upon their bodies, babies with a withered hand or a withered foot; men and women with disease and filth sapping their life energies. And—what is worse than all this—thousands yea hundreds of thousands of such and not a hand lifted for their help. China is a land of great need.

At home we sometimes hear the taunt of "rice Christians" but only, I believe, by the misinformed or the ignorant talker. "Perhaps the best proof that the missionaries are not gathering hypocrites is the fact that ten thousand Protestant and thirty thousand Catholic converts perished in the Boxer uprising. Many of these could have saved their lives by trampling on a piece of paper bearing the character for 'Jesus'." What more glorious work can men and women do than to give of their means and their lives to the furtherance of a work that changes darkness to light, turns sorrowful lives into beautiful characters—jewels in the Kingdom of God.

"Can we whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's name."

AN INSTITUTE FOR WOMEN

PETRA TUNHEIM

It was my privilege to attend an institute held by Sister Miller at Nansiang, China, and to learn many things about the wonderful work that this faithful Sister is doing among the Chinese women. It certainly gave me a new glimpse of the great need of work to be

done, and what can really be accomplished when one's heart is in it.

A number had come from Shanghai and other parts. They lived in a rented house during the ten days, while the sisters in that place also attended daily. One old sister, seventy years old lived seven and a half li (1 mi. is 3 lis), from there, and she walked back and forth that distance every day in rain or shine. I felt my effort in going there was well repaid by seeing Maata's beaming face, but she lives with the Lord and the angels, in fellowship and communion night and day. She said she saw always two angels going before her in the way. They were beautiful and white she continued, with golden wings. She said they were much more beautiful than the three on the prophetic chart. She also saw them hovering above us in the meetings, and one standing beside the speaker.

Sister Miller gave studies on the gospel message every other day, bringing it out in a clear light while the sisters put down the texts and took notes. Then the alternate days in turn the sisters gave the studies to the class. The most of them did remarkably well, learning how to give the message to others. They also had an hour for instruction in reading, for those who could not read much.

I also gave a study each day on spiritual subjects. Sister Miller interpreted for me. We had some consecration meetings, and one of these was certainly a sitting together in heavenly places. We had a study on the "latter rain" which touched all our hearts, until we felt we had a foretaste of it. Oh, the confessions! and deep heart searching testimonies, that were given one after the other, touched my own heart. The Spirit of God works just as powerful in their hearts, as in ours, when we make a full surrender. It reminded me somewhat of those wonderful consecration meetings we used to have in the homeland years ago. In some way or some how our meetings of late seem to have lost out some of this real fire and zeal. We must get into the upper room more, then we shall soon have the experiences of the apostles of old. "Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning." Joel 2:12.

Early in the cold mornings before daylight we could hear the women in the different

corners pleading with God for victories. One sister near us, who had been a slave of opium for nineteen years, and who had gained the victory, would often be on her knees for an hour seeking for further victories over every besetment.

A great work could be done throughout this large Eastern field, if many of our sisters as well as our brethren would take hold of this kind of work. Then very soon a great army of workers could be prepared for a quick finishing of the work. Rom. 9:27.

READ WITH PLEASURE

From Trenton, New Jersey, Prison.

How infinitely kind of you to publish my previous letter in *The Life Boat*, and how I rejoiced when I read not only my own plea for enlightenment, but also others, who like myself, wish to live a life of goodness instead of a sinful one. And I am sure that they, like myself, realize that "Greater faith is necessary to the salvation of this country, for, without God, vain is the work of the builders."

St. Paul said we must, "Love as brethren; be pitiful, be courteous," and that is far different from the life I once lived.

Since I first read your wonderful little book, I cannot get enough of it, and it may please and interest you to know that I read my Bible every morning, noon, and night, and I find it filled with the glorification of God, and in the place of the novels I used to gloat over, I now am reading "The Manliness of Christ", written by Thomas Hughes.

Dear Friend, in mere words I cannot depict my sincere gratitude for your kindness to me, in sending to me individually your wonderful little book, *THE LIFE BOAT*. And I want to say that you and your worthy co-workers are dedicating your lives to something worthy of the highest honor and respect, and I read with unending pleasure every article written therein.

To conclude, my earnest prayer is that God may always bless you abundantly for sending out rays of sunshine and hope to people placed where His words are exotic.

The Spirit-filled preacher faces the foe, therefore is never shot in the back or back-slides, or slides back.

A RESPONSIVE AUDIENCE

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

On the third of August a small company of our workers at Hinsdale, including Evangelist A. V. Cotton who was acting as Chaplain at the Sanitarium at the time, visited the State Penitentiary at Joliet.

As some of our party had never visited the Institution or any institution of its kind, we went to the large men's building where we were very kindly received and shown special favors, and were permitted to go through the various departments.

Although there were some fourteen or fifteen hundred men behind the great stone wall,—men whom society has placed under the ban, men who are restrained by the iron hand of the law because of their misdeeds, yet men who have hearts capable of aching, and hearts which can be touched by kindness,—still there was order and system in every department, due to the experienced and efficient management of Warden Murphy.

As it was on a week day the men were about their various tasks of making wicker chairs, building furniture, caring for the lawns and flowers and doing the work necessary in an institution of that kind. The men looked just like other men, except occasionally there was a sad countenance, but the flowers everywhere, even in the shop window and on the workbench,

"They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part."

And they spoke to me of the spark of love and gentleness in the heart of their caretakers.

In the splendid women's building across the street the women were hurrying through their heavy day's work to spend the afternoon in the yard with us. The Superintendent, Miss Fuller, whom we believe was sent by the Lord to take charge of that work, met us with her usual warm-hearted cordiality and made us comfortable in the beautiful parlors of the institution while the women finished their work and prepared to meet us.

We were soon ushered through to the large open yard and there in the summer house were more than forty women prisoners. Such greetings, such hand-shaking, such a welcome as we received from more than half of those present who remembered us from the visit of a year ago on the same date, as we learned from Hulda who reminded us that we were

honoring her birthday again this year. Her story is a sad one, but God has forgiven, and her face seemed a little more cheerful than a year ago.

Some song books were brought and soon all were singing the songs of their choice. As we sang, the spirit of devotion took the place of the happy greetings. Then Pastor Cotton talked to them about the love of God. When he asked for the hands of those who wished to be remembered in prayer, nearly all hands were raised, some specifying especially that they wished us to remember them,—in fact, the whole company. One woman who had small children at home broke down as she asked our prayers for these children. We presented each one with a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT* which all were eager to get. Hearts were softened and tendered by the spirit of God and our own souls were refreshed by the visit.

LIFE BOAT EXPERIENCES

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS

I have so many experiences I hardly know which one to tell you about first, for God is so good to give me so many blessed experiences that I want to honor and glorify Him by passing them on to others. First I want to thank Him for the little part he gives me in his work, for there is joy in service. And I am so glad I know what the joy of the Lord is.

Last Sunday we held our service as usual at the Harrison street police station. A friend of mine went with me. It was her first time and she was interested. Brother Hess gave a fine talk on the wonderful love of God, and the prisoners were interested. Hearts were touched and tendered by the Spirit of God in the words that were spoken and the songs that were sung. And when the invitation for prayer was given, hands went up for prayer; also hearts were lifted to God. I talked with some personally in regard to their souls and had the privilege of hearing one man pray the publican's prayer, and I believe he was sincere and earnest. We find honest souls in these places.

We also talked with a young man only fifteen years old—a boy from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He wept when we prayed and promised with the Lord's help to live a Christian life. Oh, there were others

there that I know will never forget that service, and who knows but what some of the seed that was sown has fallen on good ground and will bring forth fruit, meat for repentance. We know God has promised that his Word will not return unto him void, praise his name. During our service two of my sisters who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, came in and helped us.

Then we went with the workers to Hinsdale to visit the home for girls and we found Sister Clough in her office. She had us eat dinner with her and then we told her how we would help to paint the Home, for it needs it so badly, and my sisters that went with me

These homes are God-sent. Thank God for ever putting it in the hearts of men and women to start such a work. Pray for the Home and the workers; also the girls.

I had some good personal talks with the girls and when I asked them if they had given their hearts to God, they said "yes". That did me so much good to know that they were trusting in Jesus. I played the piano and sung some hymns, and then we said good-bye, and came home happy, thanking God for what we had seen and heard and for the little part we had in trying to bring cheer and sunshine into the lives of those who were in trouble and sorrow.



A GROUP OF OUR CITY WORKERS

Members of the first year class now engaged in city work on the front row, with the Hinsdale Ministerial Band, who are assisting with the jail services. Dr. Morse is shown in the center of the picture, and Miss Hibben, the leader of the city work, is at his left.

gave \$5.00 each and I will give something, and then I will interest others in helping, for we do want this Home to rightly represent God. We know it's the work of God and I am praying that God will put it into the hearts of the people who read *The Life Boat* to send in means that this Home may be kept open for unfortunate girls, where they can come and find help in time of need, and also find Jesus precious to their souls. We know if it were not for these homes, many a girl would go farther down and be lost,—eternally lost.

ONE OF MANY IN CHICAGO

MESSRS. C. J. COLLINS AND E. ERICKSON

Our city worker, Miss Hibben called on a gentleman on the west side of Chicago while on her rounds of regular city mission work. This man was a vaudeville actor, and in one of his acrobatic acts he fell and injured his spine so that he has been a bed patient for four years, not able to use his limbs. He was impressed at this visit to ask for a Sanitarium nurse who would visit him once a week and give him treatment. We were given the priv-

ilege of helping this man, and having made four calls to his home and given as many treatments, we saw a marked improvement in his physical condition, and he with us gives the honor and glory to God who is working in him.

When we first visited this patient he was not able to control his limbs. They seemed



Some Chicago Lads with their dog

absolutely helpless. After the third treatment he was able to move and control himself very much better. He is very hopeful about his recovery and we expect with the Lord's help to fulfill and satisfy his hope if it is the Lord's will.

He says he believes the Lord brought him into this condition so that he might teach him His will, and he feels too, that the Lord's help physically has been the opening wedge to his heart. He is receptive to all the Lord's goodness and truth, and encourages us to continue the Bible studies with him.

WANTED: A NEW COAT OF PAINT

The Life Boat Rescue Home Speaks

When I was erected in the year 1908, just twelve years ago, they were very careful to cover all my shingles, and porches and windowcasings with plenty of paint that I might last longer and look attractive. The Lord in answer to the faith of Dr. David Paulson and his co-workers planted me here to represent the spirit, love and sympathy of Christ for those who have wandered from the right path. Since I was brought into existence I have sheltered more than seven hundred storm-tossed souls, many of whom have found a permanent shelter in Christ Jesus. When I see a sad, tear-stained face come to my door and find a welcome, then later see that same face out in the garden or on the lawn, but with a happy smile of contentment, I am glad that I am here and can serve the Lord in this way.

During these twelve years I have noticed several times that the painters and paper hangers have come with their paint cans and ladders and have fixed up the rooms inside, and each time I hoped they would give me a new coat outside, but every time I have been doomed to disappointment, and now I am looking so shabby and weather-beaten that my courage is beginning to fail. I somehow feel that I cannot rightly represent the Lord's work in this condition.

A good Christian brother in California by the name of Loughborough, who, I am told is about ninety years of age and has given his entire life to God's service, is interested in my work and every year pays for five ton of coal to keep my girls warm. He has just sent me a check for \$10.00 to pay for some paint. Some ladies who learned of what he had done, also gave money, and you can see by this list how much money I have already:

Donors to Paint Fund

J. N. Loughborough.....	\$10.00
Mrs. D. K. Abrams.....	25.00
Mrs. Emma Kemp.....	5.00
Mrs. Edna McGovern.....	5.00
A Friend	24.00
Total	\$69.00

Now, will you help me to get fixed up like new again? I am sure the Lord will bless you, for I cannot continue my work in this dilapidated, run-down condition, as it takes away all my nerve. Then too, I know I am not representing God aright.

Sanitarium,
 Califormeri.
 July 27, 1920
 Mrs. C. E. Clough
 Hinsdale Ill.
 c/o Sanitarium,

Dear Sister Clough,
 voting the call for
 help to build the "Rescue Home!"
 I enclose a P.O. Order for
 \$10.00 to be used in that
 work,
 yours in the blessed work.
 J. N. Loughborough

We reproduce here the letter we received from
 Brother J. N. Loughborough

MY VISIT TO THE LIFE BOAT HOME

HATTIE KNAUTH

For years I have been deeply interested in all lines of charitable work, especially when it concerned children and old people. One line of work never appealed to me very much and that was rescuing the fallen girls. I have passed them by with a feeling of pity, but never any interest in their condition or concern enough about them to ask the why and the wherefore of said condition. Pity

these unfortunate girls received from me, but never enough to make me take any active part in that line of endeavor. How was I aroused out of this indifference? My visit to the Life Boat Rescue Home.

Mrs. Maud Wilson Cobb, the matron, and I have known each other since we were girls, in fact, we were playmates and have always kept in touch with one another. We have shared joys and sorrows as they came to us in life. Our joys seemed more enjoyable because of the mutual sympathy we bore each other. I was always interested in what Maud was doing, but my own interest was never awakened for the rescuing of fallen girls. I could never understand why Mrs. Cobb should be so deeply interested in this work and I not. I thought I'd visit her and thus perhaps come to some conclusion. I wrote her saying I had intended coming to Chicago this summer and would like to see her, would it be agreeable to visit with her a short time. A most cordial answer came, inviting me to come and spend some time with her.

Mrs. Cobb met me in Chicago and our trip out to Hinsdale was certainly a recreation after spending a day in a hot stuffy train. I arrived in the evening after the supper hour, but Mother Case met us so kindly and cor-



Mrs. Cobb and her friend, Miss Knauth, each holding a pair of twins which were cared for in the Home for a time

dially asked us if we wouldn't wish something to eat as their supper hour had passed. I was introduced to the different girls and found each one interesting and glad to be of service and really wanting to make this institution a home. Not one member of the family was left un-introduced, not even the very sick girl Alma. I was very much interested in her for Mrs. Cobb had told me about Alma on our way out. She felt there was no hope for the poor girl. Much to our sorrow we have had to lay Alma in her final resting place.

Upon arising the next morning, it seemed every one's first thought was, "How is Alma?" No one was able to partake of a mouthful of breakfast until they had heard of her condition. I wended my way to her room and found her ready to greet me with a bright, "Good morning."

After breakfast each day, morning worship is held. I was interested and surprised to see how earnestly and devotedly each member of the household took part in this service. I could see, too, that it wasn't lip service, but service coming from the heart. Mrs. Cobb led in the service and as she on this particular morning told of the rescuing of a certain girl whom she had found in a jail, because of circumstances over which she had no control, moved me so that it won me over. How glad I was that God had put it in the hearts of some of his human family to establish a home of this nature where girls may be rescued and saved for the Master's cause. My tears had to come in spite of myself as Mrs. Cobb described the plight in which this girl was found, but joy came with the conclusion of the story for it ended in the marriage of this unfortunate girl to the man that had the right to shelter her, and one home being founded upon principle and right living.

The girls living here in the Life Boat Rescue Home cannot live the same life they did before coming to it. The girl who enters its doors because of weakness in the hour of temptation will go forth having been made stronger and more capable to battle with the storms of life because she is learning to know that Christ is her strength and that of herself she can do nothing.

The unfortunate one who because of certain surroundings over which she has no control learns this lesson also. The poor headstrong disobedient one learns to know obedience must be given, for it is Heaven's first

law and she goes forth ready to dare and do for the Master's kingdom, and makes a good soldier in the battle. Sorrow purifies us, sometimes the fire through which we pass is a very hot one, but we come out all the more pure and clean. These girls go forth having been remade because of the atmosphere they



Little Leon, one of our babies who is now with us for a time

have breathed during their sojourn here. How do I know this? I visited the poor dying girl's home and know out of what she came and know her unfortunate condition was the result of her environment and disposition. How do I know she would have lived above these environments and conquered the disposition for serving self only? Because of the life she lived just before becoming ill and because of the plea she made to her brothers and friends to be good. It was a very simple plea, but it made an impression and her family will be a better one because of her passing away.

Does it pay to have an institution like the Life Boat Rescue Home? It most emphatically does. Do they reach just one or two with whom they come in contact? Oh, no, but every girl is reached in some way and every one is made just a little better for having stayed at the Home. Life has a different

couragement. A word of sympathy goes a long way. May this holy work and these splendid workers never give up, but go on and on and as the dear Father calls one after the other to their long home may He inspire others to continue the work they have so splendidly begun.

The LIFE BOAT magazine is truly doing its share toward the maintenance of this God inspired institution and may its editor never grow weary in well doing, for in my personal contact with these girls they one and all praise her faithfulness and the inspiration she gives them. They look to her and find her kind, womanly, sympathetic, an anchor in the hour of their sorrow.



Miss Reinmuth, the Home Nurse, holding a tiny three-months-old boy

meaning for them. They go out trying to live the life they have been taught while here. Having found Christ they can never again live as they did before He came into their lives. They still have problems to solve, but they have found one who helps them solve them.

They have also tested the character of the people who manage this institution. They have weighed them in the balance and have not found them wanting. Therefore, they go forth to again battle with life knowing they have friends here in Hinsdale who will lend them kindly and sympathetic help and en-

THE PRODIGAL GIRL

We all have a heart for the Prodigal Boy,
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy
But what of the Prodigal Girl?

For him there's ever an open door,
And a father's bounteous fare,
And, though he is wretched, sick and poor,
He is sure of a welcome there.

But what of the girl who has gone astray,
Who has lost in the battle with sin?
Say—do we forgive in the same sweet way,
We've always forgiven him?

Does the door stand ajar, as if to say,
"Come enter, you need not fear.
I've been open thus since you went away,
Now close to the second year?"

Or with a hand of bitter pride
Do we close and bolt the door,
And swear, "While heaven and earth abide,
She will enter here no more?"

O Christ! it seems we have never learned
The lesson taught in the sand,
For even yet the woman is spurned,
And stoned in a Christian land.

Down into the slough, we hurl her back,
Then turn around with a smile,
And welcome the boy from the sinful track,
Though his was the life most vile.

We all have a heart for the Prodigal Boy,
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the Prodigal Girl?

—H. J. Bryce.

Notice the appeal on page 270 from the Life Boat Rescue Home for money to paint the building.



Some of the Home children who are now spending the summer in the country.

HAS ANYONE MISSED A CHANCE?

MAUDE WILSON COBB
Matron, Life Boat Home.

In the three years just passed we have asked many times for homes for some of our little ones. I know that many of our friends considered answering the call, some did answer, and we have recently seen the results of our call. A few weeks ago a proud foster father and mother came to our Home with their two adopted children and spent a few days. While they were in the Home another proud mother came with three of her adopted little ones. About the same time a mother came with her one little adopted daughter. Then by the invitation of a few of the proud foster parents we visited the homes of some of our little ones. A visit was made to a very wealthy home where two of our children

have been since they were a few days old. Everything that could be done in the way of correct training was being carried on by competent help under the care of the foster parents. Then three of our little ones were visited; two in one family and another one in the near neighborhood. A little farther down in the State we found seven of our little ones, two in one family, all greatly loved by every member of the family.

A visit to another family in Ohio brought to our mind the winter trip we made nearly three years ago with three tiny infants,—each one of these is in a different family; all are walking and talking and the parents say they cannot believe their own children could be any better or brighter. A year ago a dear little boy of two years was placed in one of the Ohio homes with another one of

Three dear little ones who have found permanent homes in Ohio.



our little ones. The foster parents love him as if he were their very own.

While attending a service in a church one of our children was brought to us,—a fine healthy child. The fond parents declared that there was not enough money in the world to buy the child. My thoughts go back to days when these children were nobody's children, and they were not so promising either, but these parents took the chance and everyone of

the little ones is to be admired. Four of our little ones are now on a farm for the summer and are happy. Our little twin girls are to be placed in a home together. Their little hands were stretched out to some one to take them, and love them. Also more clothing and money for food is needed, so that all our little ones can be kept in the best of health, so they can in turn bring sunshine and love into some lonesome homes.

An Invitation to You

Pastor A. J. Clark

I WISH TO read as a basis of our study Isa. 55:1. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

I wish to speak particularly from the first clause of the first verse. There is no other word in the English language that means more than the word "come." The soul that is discouraged, the one that is sick, or one that has some great sorrow in his life, receives help and comfort when somebody says "come." If we are away from our homes in a strange place, and someone invites us to their home, it brings cheer. If we are sorrowful and some sadness has crept into our midst, there is nothing that we like more when we are passing through trial, than to have somebody say "come." The best of all the invitations that have been given is the invitation that we read this morning. It means much to every human soul.

There comes a time in all our experiences when we pass through trial, and the darker the trial the more we appreciate the invitation of God to come. When we are far from those that we love in this world Jesus says "come." Oh, what a wonderful invitation it is! We accept the invitation from a friend because we expect to get what we go

for. We like company when we are lonely. It may be that sometime we are in some way-off place where it is impossible to hear someone say "come." But there is never a time in our lives, nor a place in this world, that we cannot hear the invitation of our Heavenly Father when he says "come." We can have company when we are alone. We can have light in the darkest hour. We can get comfort in our greatest grief, all by "coming." And sometimes it seems as though it is something in the expression of the word "come" that helps. How is it that we can get the comfort and the help when we cannot see or hear Him, as far as physical seeing and hearing is concerned? It is not words that bring the relief, it is not simply the bringing out of our lives and out of our experience some explanation of fact that brings help. That is all that there is in prayer and yet by going upon our knees and pouring out our souls we can get help when we cannot get it from any other source on earth.

We may have been separated from some loved one and in our sorrow there is not an individual on earth that can speak a comforting word. But when we lay the burden upon the Lord, it satisfies.

I am so thankful that that invitation is always extended—"come." There is never a time in our lives that Jesus does not hold out that word.

Let us take another look at our text. I wonder if we have ever known what it is to really "thirst." I sometimes doubt if we ever know what "thirst" is. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye." We have all been penniless, no doubt.

I tell you, beloved, that the same power that was in the word "come" in those days is the same today. It means just as much today as it did back there, when he said "come." We don't begin to realize what there is within our grasp, because we do not accept the invitation "come."

In the eleventh chapter of Matthew, the 28th and 29th verses, He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." What are the words of the Saviour? "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." We have all experienced in this world what it is to be tired and weary. Did we ever know what it was to come to the Lord and get rest? I have seen the time when it came prayer-meeting night, and I would be tired and I would think, "I believe I will stay home and rest tonight." But then when I would think it over, I would go, and I found rest. The tired mother can come and find rest. They that labor earnestly and hard come to Jesus and find rest. I don't believe we come enough. There never was an individual that came to Jesus that didn't receive help. The man that was sick with palsy came under great difficulty in order that he could see Jesus. They had to tear up the roof and finally when he was let down to the Saviour's feet he received a blessing.

There never was a sorrow so great that Jesus couldn't help, and there never was an hour so dark that he couldn't bring light, and never a soul so tired that he couldn't give rest. And the same Jesus that was in the world years ago to give rest is the same today.

We forget Christ sometimes. We see his mighty works and yet we forget that he is Jesus, the one who loves us. Back in the days of Christ he healed the one that was sick, he gave those mighty sermons, he did those mighty deeds, and yet they didn't see in Jesus what there was then. They witnessed all these things. They stood by the pool and saw the lame man walk. They saw all these mighty deeds. They sat and listened to his won-

derful words on the mountain top. They listened to his mighty prophecies, telling what things would come to pass in the future, and yet they knew him not.

It is the same in the world today as it was back there. There are many who do not come. I am impressed with the words that Pilate said in Matt. 27:22, "Pilate saith unto them, 'What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?'" That is a wonderful question. I believe that it is a question that everyone of us has got to answer, "What will I do with Christ?" What will you do with Christ today? Pilate didn't realize what were in those words. Barabbas was also there and they chose him instead of Christ. I believe that is the very thing that every individual on earth faces today. "What will I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" The world rejected him, and that is what many individuals do today.

How many there are that do not come. It is because we do not believe. "Oh," but you say, "I believe that there is a God. I believe that Jesus came into the world 1,900 years ago to save the world from sin. I believe in God and Christ." Yet, brethren, we certainly have to say we don't, and I think it will take but little to prove that we don't. The individual is perfectly willing to go on the surgical operating table in order to receive help. Believing that thing, he is willing to run the risk to get a little more life in this world of sin. If the people in the world today would manifest that same faith in God there would not be a soul lost. We do not believe far enough to reach out and answer the invitation to come.

The world today seeks for money. They seek for the things that this world has to give. A man is willing to sacrifice all he has for money. If individuals today would believe the promises of God, every soul would be in the kingdom of God to enjoy its blessings and its riches. Brethren, we don't believe. To the individual that is poor, Jesus says, "Come" and he does not say it in vain. He has riches that are far greater than the riches of this world, and the poor may have them. To every soul that comes there will be life. If we had

the faith we would come in our hours of need.

How many people partake of the blessings that God does give them, and seek not for further blessings that He has promised. We sit at the table and partake of the bounties of life, and go to bed and get rest. We go to our business in the world to receive of this world's goods, and every one of them are gifts that God has given to us. Instead of realizing that we live because God permits us to live, we have homes because He has given them to us, we forget them all. Oh, the blessings that we get from God day after day and we don't recognize them.

I believe that if everyone of us will come continually, we will find ourselves constantly in that place where God can give us the things we need. We will all see the blessings in this world and in the world that is to come.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22:17. Oh, may we accept, each and every one of us, the mighty invitation of God to come, and it will bring the richest experience here and the greatest comfort here and all that heart could wish, and it will also give us the pleasures of the world that is to come by and by.

GEMS OF TRUTH

H. E. SAWYER-HOPKINS

There are many rich promises left on record for the benefit of every child of God; and he should never cherish the thought that they were not meant for him; for it is his privilege to claim them all as his own. As had been said "The power of Christ lies in the promises of God. We cannot of ourselves stand against Satan. Grasp the promises of God by faith and the victory is ours. When we rest upon the sure promises of God, angels will be around us."

A well known writer says, "The Bible promises are the lilies, the pinks, the roses, and the violets in the garden of God; and He wants us to look away from the briars and thorns that lie in our pathway, and look to the roses and the lilies." But these precious

gems are only on conditions,—that we live in obedience to all of God's divine commandments. This will be a pleasure for every true child of the King to do. Like David, we can say, "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight."

EVERLASTING ARMS

ROBERT HARE

What if the way be dark and rudely wild the blast,
While distant day is freighted with alarms;
Why should I fear with star-lit heavens above
And underneath the "Everlasting Arms"!

What if false friends betray and flattering cynics frown?

The Master that I serve found earthly hearts untrue!

His love is pledged, and in that holy thought

I walk the darkness with heaven's clearer view!

STARTED ON THE RIGHT TRACK

From a Prisoner in Lincoln, Nebr.

"I received your letter of recent date and was surely glad to hear from you.

"I am doing fine in my new life, and I owe all my blessings to you and to Christ. I would not give up my Lord for all in this world. I am reading my Bible every day. I am surely glad I wrote you. Please remember me in your prayers. I am praying for you and your work."

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, Ill.

58. What form of heart trouble am I suffering from? I have shortness of breath, even without exertion, and the heart beat is very feeble and weak, yet there is no pain in the region of the heart.

Ans. It will be necessary for you to consult a competent physician and take his advice. Shortness of breath does not necessarily indicate heart trouble, although it is not unlikely that you are suffering from a weak heart.

59. What is the cause of the valves of the heart closing up?

Ans. Inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart, which is known as endocarditis also affects the valves and causes them to shrink, and thus interferes with the passage of the blood from one part of the heart to the other or to the large blood vessels. The inflammation is usually due to some form of germ infection.

60. Is there any hope or relief for neuralgia of more than half a century's standing?

Ans. We do not think you ought to give

up, even though you have been suffering for fifty years or more. It seems to us that if you were able to go to a sanitarium or rest home for a course of hydropathic treatment and careful dieting you would get relief. From your letter it appears that you are suffering from some form of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. A severe and protracted neuralgia of the head is sometimes relieved by an operation upon the nerve, and the results are uniformly satisfactory.

Carrying Light to the Dark Corners

Pastor E. E. Andross

[Pastor and Mrs. Andross of Washington, D. C., spent a few days at Hinsdale recently. Our Missionary Volunteer Society enjoyed a talk by Mrs. Andross, and all our family listened to the pastor tell of his recent trip around the world, especially of his visit to Africa. Our stenographer has furnished us a brief report of his talk which we give here. The gospel message is going very rapidly to the uttermost parts of the world and when "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14.—Ed.]

IT IS A pleasure to me to speak to you tonight about Africa. That was one of the last fields I wanted to visit. There were other fields that I was much more anxious to see than Africa. But in the providence of God I was permitted to go there and spend some time, traveling more than eight thousand miles. Of course that is only a short distance when we think of the vast area of the country itself. Africa is about six thousand miles in length from north to south, and about four thousand miles from east to west. It is very, very, interesting.

Before going there I really thought much as the school boy does of Africa,—that it was a great continent composed chiefly of sand and elephants, until I visited it and found it so different from what I expected. It has a population of about two hundred million, and these represent many nations. It is said that there are 834 languages and dialects spoken in Africa.

The religions of Africa are not very numerous. They worship the spirits of the dead. They believe that everything possesses a spirit. They especially worship the spirit of their ancestors and it is necessary that they should keep them in good favor in order to keep them from executing and punishing them. There are about sixty million Mohammedans in Africa, and in the south central part are the Pagan religions of Africa where are seventy million people who have never so much as heard the name of Jesus mentioned.

They have no printed matter in their language and know nothing about the gospel. In the Southern part and along the Coast are represented the Christian tribes of Africa. They have been Christianized, and many mission stations have been started.

We have quite a large work in Kaffirland, among the Kaffir people on the South East Coast. Our missionaries suffer on account of the climate. Ordinarily speaking, they don't suffer so much from the fevers, but toward the tropics they are more prevalent.

Some of our natives are fairly well educated. One man who gave his heart to God had quite a number of cattle, and the first thing after he learned the Gospel, especially the tithing question, he gathered his cattle together and every tenth animal he separated from the rest and drove them over to the mission station and gave them to God. That shows that he was deeply in earnest.

Shortly after my arrival in Africa we had a large gathering and it was a splendid meeting. We have a large number of young people and many of them are very devoted and seeking for an education to go into the interior of Africa and establish mission stations. Some of our most successful missionaries that we have in Africa today among the white people, are those who were born in Africa. They are acquainted with the native races and most of them are acquainted with more than one of the foreign languages.

Some of the colored people are making most excellent missionaries.

We spent four days at Livingstone, then we went to another mission where we have about ninety students training for teachers. These are among the Batonga people. These young men, after spending some time in the school, give their hearts to God. As I listened to their testimonies Sabbath afternoon, it certainly did my heart good.

We held our first campmeeting with the Matabele people. We had about 450 people who came for hundreds of miles on foot, carrying their provisions on their backs, and on their heads, and remained with us the full ten days.

Isaac, a very fine young fellow, well educated now, started by studying in our training schools, but now he has gone beyond our schools and is taking the ministerial course and will be a minister. He will make a very good worker. We have some very devoted young men.

One Friday evening at campmeeting, some of the natives walked hundreds of miles just to attend this meeting. It seemed as though the Holy Spirit fell upon those natives. One woman especially, it was wonderful the power she manifested in her training. She had learned to read her Bible, and the Spirit of God came upon her and she went everywhere to preach the gospel, and a wonderful work was accomplished through her.

Witch doctors have a wonderful power over the natives. But one of these witch doctors was converted and has brought many to God.

During the influenza epidemic many died down there. I suppose it is safe to say that thousands of thousands died of the "flu." It was terrible. I arrived there just afterward.

There are hospitals there now, and our missionaries are doing splendid work for the natives. The natives would come there by the hundreds to be relieved.

The morning after we arrived at the station we started to visit the out-schools to get acquainted with the missionaries. We have from fifty to two hundred students in each of these schools that we visited, and nearly 2,400 students were attending different schools in this one mission station, with about ninety teachers. Mothers come with their babies on their backs and sit through the day to learn to read their Bibles. After they are con-

verted they begin to clothe themselves. The natives live mostly on corn meal. They have two meals of this each day with just a little relish. They don't make bread, but they grind some of the meal into flour and make it into mush.

One of our boys started out to attend a campmeeting, and on his way he saw a lion step out from the bushes just a few feet from him. But this boy was a Christian boy and he lifted his heart to God and prayed that God would spare his life from that beast, and he said that animal stepped right off into the forest and didn't touch him at all. He believed that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." There were about 1,400 most of the time in attendance at this campmeeting.

Thursday morning we gathered our candidates for baptism together, and I had the privilege of assisting in baptizing 132 people. It surely was inspiring. That brought our membership up a great deal.

It was a wonderful experience to see how God does work through those people. May God hasten the day when the light of the gospel will reach all the people of dark Africa.

MAN'S TRUST

PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD,
Quito, Ecuador.

Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst visit him,

That Thou shouldst be so mindful of his needs?

But yesterday so filled with eager plans,
With body quick and active to obey
The dictates of the mind; today brought low,
Yea, laid aside from out life's busy way,—
The body racked with pain, the plans upset,
With vigor but a memory and a dream.

E'en so is man; no innate power he has;
When seeming strong, yet only strong in Thee.
And whether worlding or a child of Thine,
Yet not one whit of power can exercise,
Or do life's smallest act, or live one hour.
Except from Thee comes power. Oh, happy he
Who maketh not the arm of flesh his aid
But in the Lord Almighty puts his trust!

Religion is like a bicycle—you must keep it going or it will fall down.

BARBED ARROWS

Truths trusted and tried cannot be denied.

The love of God is true and always tells the truth.

Arguing *about* what is right is easier than to *live* it.

Those who profess, but cannot deliver the goods, are no good.

When a man is taking his first ride in an airplane he don't need to be told to hold on.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for anyone else.

It is better to rejoice and grow under trials than to find fault and complain about them.

The more one sees the power of God, the less confidence he has in himself and others.

Keep the corners of your mouth turned up if you want to be happy, popular, or useful.

The preacher delivers the goods when he lives what he preaches and walks like he talks.

The Gospel of Christ informs the sinner, reforms the profligate and transforms the believer.

If church membership is all that is needed to make a Christian, heaven would be overpopulated.

Because some church members try to counterfeit Christianity is an evidence that there are Christians.

The present condition of the food market gives plenty of food for reflection, thought and study concerning the last days in which we are now living, according to the Bible and its prophecies.

To l-i-v-e the wrong way is e-v-i-l.

We cannot compromise with sin without drawing just that much away from God.

That man cannot be called upright before God who is unjust in his dealings with men.

It is a great mercy to enjoy the gospel of peace, but a greater to enjoy the peace of the gospel.—*Dyer*.

The beauty of our faith is that it can be successfully lived. It works, and it works better than anything else offered.

Allow no day to pass without rendering some positive act of service to others, and, if possible, seek to lead someone to Christ.

Many indeed think of being happy with God in heaven; but the being happy with God on earth never enters their thoughts.
—*John Wesley*.

When home is ruled according to God's Word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.—*Spurgeon*.

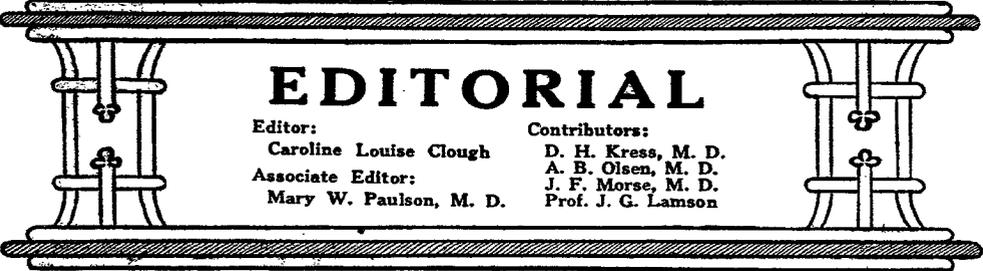
Whosoever would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whosoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.
—*Calvin*.

No one was ever lost on a straight road.—*Dr. Cuyler*.

Fear has shut the door of success in the face of millions.—*Seaton*.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

Love others by ceasing to love yourself, and in doing so you live intensely; for you will have within you not only your own life, but also the lives of all whom you bless by love. That is the best religion, the life of Christ, the very life of God.—*Stopford A. Brooks*.



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THE WITHERED HAND

It seems that there was a man in the synagogue in Christ's day with a withered hand, for the record says, "And he entered again into the synagogue, and there was a man there which had a withered hand." Mark 3:1. But there really seems to be more people in the synagogue or church today with a withered hand than in Christ's day, and frequently a foot becomes withered also. Especially when the church member is asked to go on a missionary errand, to bring help to those in need, or to carry the blessed gospel page to those in darkness. Then is when the foot becomes paralyzed and withered. "Oh, it is too warm and dusty to make that trip, and my feet hurt now from doing my regular work here at home. I do not think I will go. Get somebody else to do it." So the opportunity is passed by and somebody else steps in and gets the blessing, or the needy one is neglected and that church member is responsible. So with that withered hand—the Christian's hand that should minister healing balm to the sick and weary. The wellsprings of love have ceased to flow, and the hand that otherwise has within it great possibilities for service, hangs withered and lifeless at the side. Even when the appeal for funds to carry on greater work in the earth is made, the hand is too near dead to respond.

Christ recognized at once the man with the physical deformity in the Synagogue. And even though it was the Sabbath day, and he knew he would be severely criticized by the Pharisees about him; yet, he spoke the word and the man was healed. No diseased condition could remain so in His presence. So there is only one remedy today for you if you have a spiritual withered hand and foot. Come back to your Saviour if you have lost him. You have been so busy with your own affairs that you have forgotten Jesus, and like Mary of old, must start back to hunt him even though it should take you three days' journey.

BY WHAT LIGHT ARE YOU STEERING?

A father and his daughter were out on the sea one night and were making for the shore when a violent storm arose that threatened to upset their little boat. They were in great danger and likely to be dashed against some rocks.

The mother seeing the storm coming, knew of the danger they were in, and lighting a lamp she started with it to the attic window.

"It won't do any good, mother," said her son.

The mother did not heed what the boy said, but put the light in the window and knelt down and prayed. While yet a way from shore, the daughter thought she saw a glimmer of small light. "Steer for that," the father said.

"Thank God," said the mother, as she heard voices, for she knew that they had seen the light and had reached the shore in safety.

"We steered by mother's light," said the girl, "although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah," thought her brother, who was a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by mother's light." That night he surrendered himself to God.

One stormy night a few months later as he lay on his deathbed and saw them weeping, he said, "Do not be afraid for me; I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by mother's light."

Friend, by what light are you steering? Are you looking to some false light off in the distance? Listen to the voice of the Psalmist, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." The apostle John said, "Jesus is the true light." He will light you along life's pathway, if you will but accept Him.

When you are being tossed about on life's stormy sea; when all is dark and the tempests are raging and it seems you will lose your way, look unto Jesus, the Light of the world.

He will help you to steer for the harbor—the haven of rest, where the storms of life will no longer toss you about, but where you can enjoy eternal bliss and peace with all the redeemed.—*Selected.*

AN AGE OF LUXURY

"Miss Edith Strauss, of the women's activities division of the Department of Justice's high cost of living campaign, has made a compilation of the amount Americans spend for luxuries. She computes the total at \$8,710,000,000 annually, which is \$318 per year per family, or about \$7 per week.

In these days the rich are becoming richer and the laboring classes, because of the high wage scale, are also forming habits of luxury.



The Sunday School Times

Money is being spent for selfish purposes and the poor and needy are left for organizations to look after. But there is coming a time when the tables will be turned, for God's word tells us, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."

And the reason for this curse upon the rich with his riches is given in the next two verses: "Behold, the hire of the labourers who have

reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter." James 5.

The follower of Christ is definitely admonished to lay up his treasure in heaven. Christ says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." Matt. 6:19, 20. And those who do so will find that their interests, instead of centered on the things of the world, will be on eternal things, and "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

A WORKER'S EXPERIENCE

"I canvassed a lady for *THE LIFE BOAT*. I stepped in the room and told her what I was doing. She said, 'You have *THE LIFE BOAT*, I see. That is a good magazine and such good people that have charge of the Home you are conducting, and you are doing a good work.' She wanted two *LIFE BOATS*."

FROM A SUBSCRIBER

"I have taken *THE LIFE BOAT* about eighteen years, and would not want to be without it. I think it one of the best books I ever read. What a good work you and all the rest of *THE LIFE BOAT* workers are doing.

"I loaned some *LIFE BOATS* to a friend some time ago, and she stated she never thought such people lived until she read *THE LIFE BOAT*. I often lend them to friends and neighbors and they all think it is a very good magazine, and that you are all doing a good work for the Master."

"Most men find it easier to hold a runaway horse than to hold the tongue."

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WHY NOT SEND YOUR LIFE BOATS?

For several months friends have been sending us magazines to use in missionary work here in Jamaica. During the past month we have received no papers, so our supply is almost exhausted, and unless we receive more, we shall have to greatly reduce our mailing list. We thank all those who have sent papers, and earnestly solicit further help.

JOHANNAH DAW,
Mandeville, Jamaica,
B. W. I.

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Mr. Herbert Votaw of India called at the Hinsdale headquarters recently.

Pastor E. E. Andross and wife, of Washington, D. C., spent a few days at the Hinsdale Sanitarium during the month.

Dr. A. B. Olsen who was connected with our sanitarium work during the past winter and is now located in Columbus, Ohio, visited Hinsdale on Sunday, Aug. 15th.

Mrs. Hannah Swanson, Matron of the Good Samaritan Inn, is enjoying an extended vacation with relatives in Chicago.

Mr. A. C. Gaylord, former business manager of the Sanitarium, called recently while passing through Chicago.

Dr. N. E. Friedenberg of Boulder, Colo., spent a few days at the Hinsdale institution recently.

Mrs. D. K. Abrams and her friend, Mrs. Emma Kemp, of Chicago spent a day at Hinsdale recently.

Pastor A. V. Cotton of Detroit, who has been acting as Chaplain of the Hinsdale Sanitarium during the absence of Professor Lamson, the regular Chaplain, has now returned to his home, and Professor and Mrs. Lamson have again taken up their regular duties in the institution.

Mrs. M. W. Cobb visited friends in Saginaw, Mich., and her people in Akron, Ohio, recently.

The Life Boat Rescue Home makes a strong appeal for paint for the outside of the building. Who will respond? Notice article on page 270.

The second and third floors of the new South addition to the Sanitarium are fin-

ished and occupied. The painters are still working on the first floor, however, several rooms on that floor are completed and occupied.

Pastor B. G. Wilkinson of Washington, D. C., was a recent caller at Hinsdale.

Miss Hattie Andre, who is assistant Bible teacher in the Nurses Training School, recently attended a convention of teachers, held at Hutchinson, Minn.

Mrs. Louise Peterson of Vermillion, S. Dak., visited her brother, Julius Paulson, recently.

Rev. W. P. Pierce of Appleton, Wis., was a welcome guest at the Hinsdale Sanitarium during August.

Dr. J. F. Morse and Mr. Julius Paulson attended a large summer assembly held at Marshall, Mich., recently.

Dr. Mary Paulson and Mrs. C. L. Clough visited the Misses Carrie and Ruth Elmer of Wilmette, Ill.

Miss Hazel E. Nelson, one of our LIFE BOAT workers, walked into the editorial office the other day and ordered one thousand magazines to sell on a trip through Michigan and Ohio. Miss Nelson is enthusiastic over THE LIFE BOAT. If you happen to meet her, give her your subscription for a year if you are not already a subscriber.

Miss Rose Andre, the sanitarium matron, has just left for a much needed vacation.

NOTICE THIS

"We are carrying on a tent effort in this city. The Providence penitentiary is located here and I would like to introduce THE LIFE BOAT in the penitentiary. There are only a few members in our company here and we cannot subscribe for it, but we wondered if someone would be so kind as to pay for some to send us.

"If you know of anyone that will help us, we will greatly appreciate it."

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Charitable, Philanthropic, Health and
Soul-Winning Work

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subscription expires. We do not continue any
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promptly.

Change of Address

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

Mistakes

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

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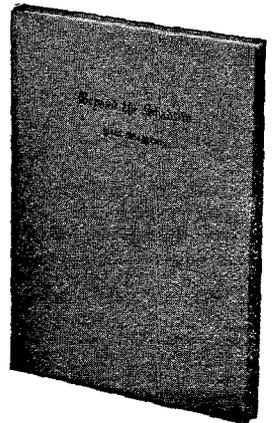
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THE LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



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.

Are You Wearing a "Patricia"

A SHIELD TO HEALTH

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

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

"Once in possession means never without it."

"Just the Garment for health conservation."

"A splendid step in advance over corset wearing."

WHAT WOMEN SAY OF THE PATRICIA

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

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

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

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

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

Liquid Paraffin

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

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

Prices

1 Pint	\$0.45	Shipping weight.....	2 lbs.
1 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

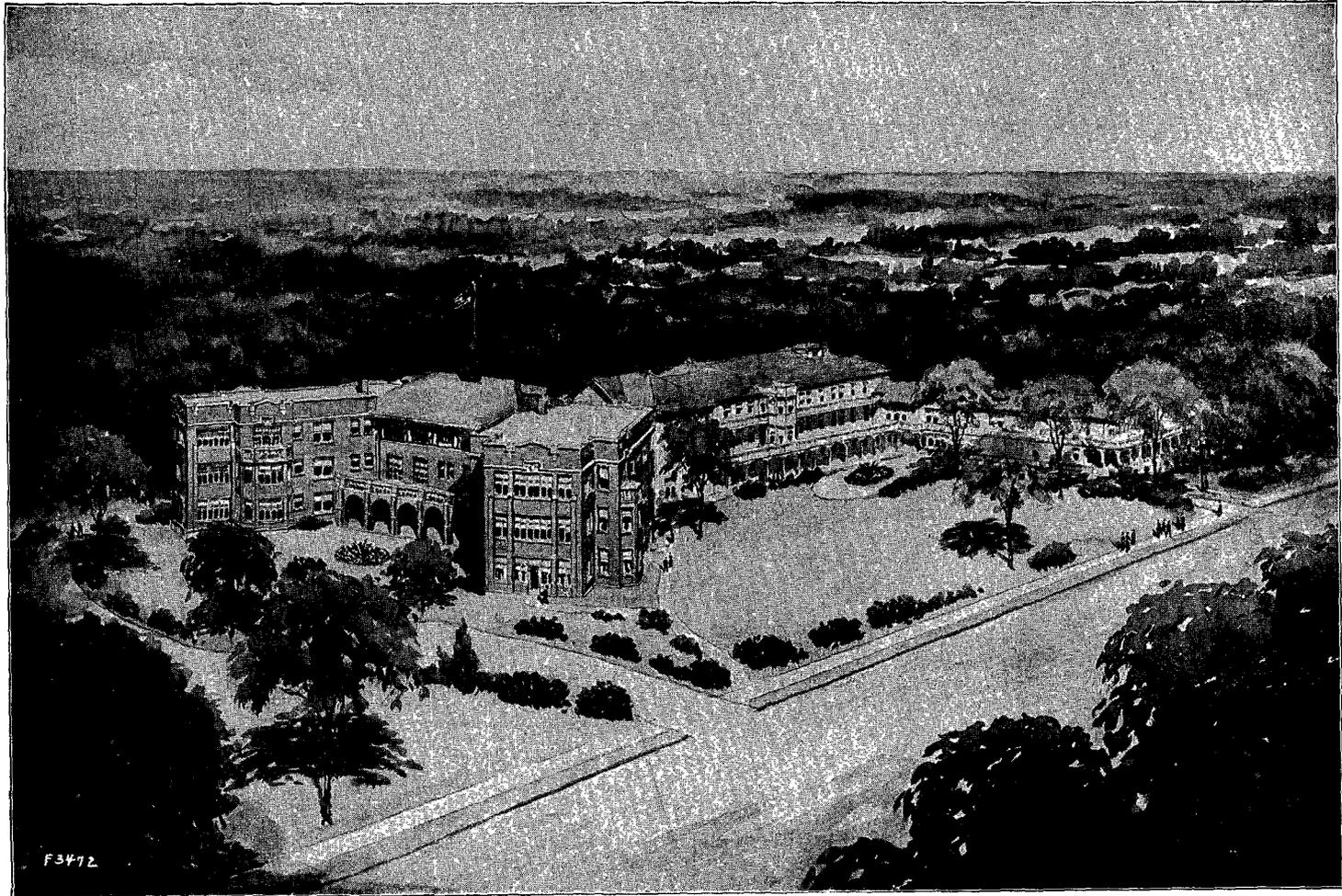
THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM has had the largest patronage for the past year in its history. For many months it has been possible to accommodate only a small percentage of those who wished to come for care and treatment, therefore, it was decided to build a substantial three-story addition to the south of 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.