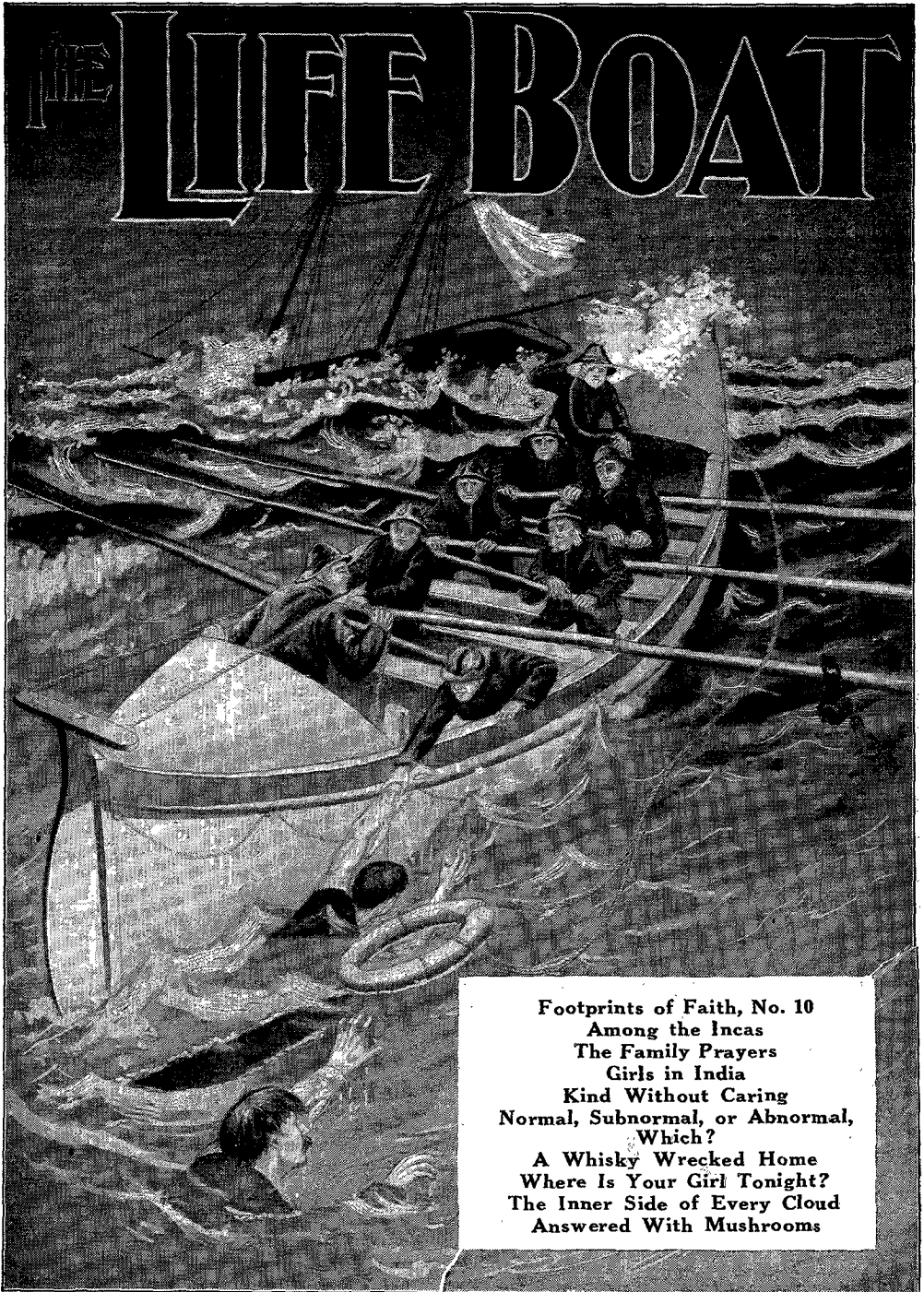


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The Life Boat Employs No One to Solicit Donations

Footprints of Faith, No. 10
Among the Incas
The Family Prayers
Girls in India
Kind Without Caring
Normal, Subnormal, or Abnormal,
Which?
A Whisky Wrecked Home
Where Is Your Girl Tonight?
The Inner Side of Every Cloud
Answered With Mushrooms

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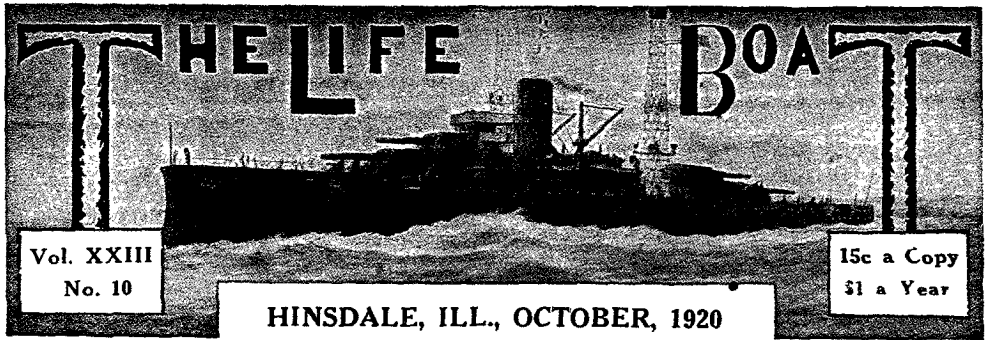
Avoiding the Road to Inefficiency—D. H. Kress, M. D.

A Special Number Next Month

The November number of The Life Boat is going to be one of the most interesting numbers ever issued. In this age of skepticism and departing from the Word of God there is need for a campaign to turn the hearts and minds of the people back to the only source of truth, God's Word. This number will be replete with vital truths concerning the Bible, with choice selections from the Word; presenting also the attitude of great men toward this one Book which has stood the test throughout the ages.

The magazine will be illustrated and will be especially interesting to all who love the Word of God; it will also be valuable to place in the hands of the unconverted, the skeptical, and the indifferent ones.

Send in your order early for a large supply for missionary distribution.



Avoiding the Road to Inefficiency— Take the Clean Path to the Right

Dr. D. H. Kress

A CROSS the Atlantic comes the following "Special Cable Despatch" from London: "Smoking allowed from 9 to 11:30 in the morning and from 3 to 4:30 in the afternoon." Then follows the statement, "This printed rule has been posted in the shops of the Dick, Kerr Co., famous throughout Europe for the excellence of their electrical and engineering supplies. The company has found that smoking helps workers do more work. Three months ago the men were granted permission to smoke fifteen minutes in the morning and for the same period in the afternoon. Result—more production. The company has now decided to allow ninety minutes' smoking, both in the morning and afternoon."

This bit of information will be welcomed by many of the addicts to the smoke, as well as by the tobacco interests, for it will by them be employed to encourage the innocent to resort to the use of tobacco in order to attain and maintain a state of real efficiency. It seems like a very remarkable discovery, and yet it is no more than what we would expect. It would be difficult, in fact, to expect anything else. Notice the report says, "The company has found that smoking helps workers do more work." What it really means is, "Smoking helps" smokers "do more work." Of course it will. *Workers* who had never smoked would not be helped; in fact, they would be able to do less work after ninety

minutes spent in smoking morning and noon.

Deprive the cocaine, or morphine, or heroin fiend of his favorite drug and he is good for nothing. Work is out of the question. He is all unstrung nervously. Give him his accustomed dose and he is able to go about the performance of his accustomed duties. Should Dick, Kerr Company's workers be composed of cocaine addicts, the firm would find that it could get more work out of them by giving them their habitual dose of cocaine morning and afternoon. Tobacco smoking, and especially smoke inhalation, as practiced today in cigarette smoking, is a drug addiction, just as are the use of cocaine or heroin drug addictions. And a smoke in the morning and afternoon helps the smoker in the same way that the dose of cocaine helps the cocaine fiend.

"Only Cigarette Smokers Employed"

At best, however, the owners of the shop made up of employees addicted to the use of cocaine could expect only inferior work, even if the accustomed dose should be given them morning and afternoon, because cocaine users are never as fit as are non-users of cocaine. This is equally true of the shop whose employees are cigarette smokers. Cigarette smokers are never as fit as are non-smokers. If cigarette smoking increased the fitness of our young men, cigarette smoking would be encouraged by professional baseball team managers among

the players they employ, and cigarette smoking would be encouraged among athletes. If it is true that better work can be done by cigarette smokers, then why do not manufacturers and other employers everywhere put up notices, "Only Cigarette Smokers Employed"? Or "Non-smokers of Cigarettes Need Not Apply". Such notices are never seen. The facts are, cigarette smokers are not in demand anywhere. In the city of Chicago a wholesale tobacco house advertising for young men employees rejected thirty-eight out of forty of the applicants for no other reason than that they were cigarette smokers. Smoking is an injury. It makes less fit for work its devotee.

But we have come to a time when practically everybody smokes, and manufacturers and merchants are up against a difficult proposition. They have to employ smokers or go without employees. Since they can get only smokers, and the aim is to get out of them all the work they can, they may find it to their advantage to allow their "smokers" a period off each morning and each afternoon for the accustomed smoke.

If this practice continues to increase, the time may come when all the athletes will be cigarette smokers and when the professional baseball teams will be made up of smokers. When that time does come, it may then be found that in order to get the best out of baseball teams, it will be necessary to allow a short period during each game for the players to smoke a cigarette or two.

Efficiency on the Battle Field

Smokers had to be allowed their smokes in the trenches. They could not fight without them. The best way to defeat an army made up of cigarette smokers is to deny the men their accustomed smoke. Because smokers called for their smokes in the cantonments and on the battle field, the tobacco interests made the readers of their well-written-up ads believe that cigarettes increased the fitness of all the soldiers. Should we compel non-smokers to smoke before going to battle, it would certainly not increase their fitness as marksmen and neither would it increase their powers of endurance. On the battle field, as in the

shops of Dick, Kerr Co., it was the smokers who were able to do more fighting by being granted their accustomed smokes. The marksmanship of soldiers is lowered by smoking and their power of endurance is lessened. This is well understood. An army made up of non-smokers will always be in every way superior to an army of smokers, and a shop made up of non-smoking men and women will turn out better work than will a shop made up of smokers, even though they are granted the ninety minutes each morning and each afternoon to indulge in the accustomed smoke.

The "Soldier's Heart"

The effect of the cigarette upon the young men was clearly seen during the examination for the army and navy. Many were culled out because of the crippled condition their hearts were in from the use of cigarettes. "Soldier's heart," so common in the army, which led to the rejection of so many at the battle front, has been found to be due to cigarette smoking. "Soldier's heart" and "tobacco heart" are synonymous terms. "Shell shock," so common in the army, has also been diagnosed by the best European specialists as due chiefly to the prevalent use of cigarettes. The nervous system is shattered by the cigarette more than by the explosion of the shells. It was cigarette smokers who suffered from "shell shock."

Lowering the Standard

On account of the prevalent use of cigarettes the governments were compelled to enlist cigarette smokers or go without an army and navy. But not one of these governments was able to maintain its former high entrance standard. Everywhere the standard had to conform to the physical condition found among the young men, and consequently it had to be lowered. At the East Twenty-third Street Station, New York City, the officers, in attempting to maintain former standards were compelled to reject over 1,000 out of less than 1,200 applicants. Only about 316 out of over 11,000 were able to measure up physically to the required standard. Thirty-four out of every thirty-five applicants were rejected. The standard had to be lowered in order to get an army at all.

There can be no question that "Dick, Kerr Co., famous throughout Europe for the excellence of their electrical and engineering supplies," are not getting the good work out of their cigarette-smoking employees that they would out of non-smoking employees. The firm is undoubtedly aware of this. But they are compelled to employ smokers or close up shop. Since they have to employ smokers, there can be no question but that they can get more work out of them by allowing them time off morning and afternoon to smoke, for "smoking helps" *smokers* "to do more work."

This well-known firm unquestionably deplores the fact that they are forced to employ smokers, but we are fast becoming a world of smokers, and of necessity the world's work will have to be done by smokers. All well-informed men and women deplore this, for it lowers the standard of efficiency in all trades and departments. The time is certainly coming when we shall be forced by law to suppress this evil, which is sapping the best out of our youth as in China they were compelled to suppress the use of opium among its people.

BEAT THE MOTHER TO CURE THE CHILD

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Among the Rumanian peasants, and particularly among the gypsies, there is a superstition that the death of a child is caused by an evil spirit having entered the body of the mother, and that beating the mother will drive out the devil and cure the child. Consequently these peasant mothers beat themselves frightfully when one of their children is ill.

Recently a doctor attached to the American Red Cross commission was called to see a Rumanian gypsy woman. She lay on a thin

straw mat on the bare ground, with nothing but a tattered tent to shelter her from the cold wind. He found that she was suffering from pneumonia, but he also noticed numerous bruises on her chest, and upon inquiry was informed through an interpreter that one of her children had died two weeks earlier.

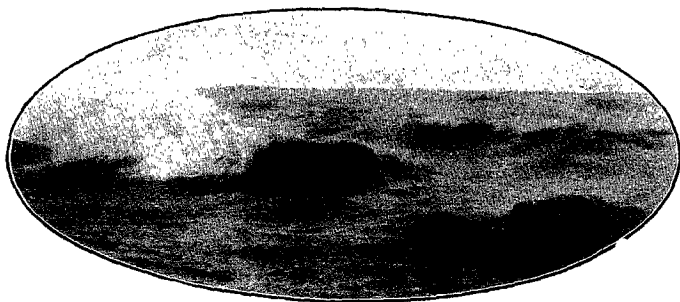
The superstition is common among the peasant folks of Rumania, and the Junior Red Cross has been carrying on a little educational propaganda on its own account to eradicate this and similar beliefs. In numerous instances, the self-inflicted chastisement has led to permanent disability. Death has been known to result from the beating. The ignorant men folk of the villages are as eager to throw the blame on the devil as the women themselves.

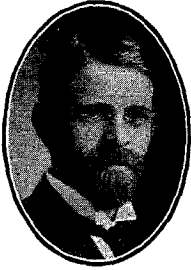
THE SECRET

MRS. E. E. ANDROSS

There was an old teacher who was living such a beautiful life that the students wondered how he managed to do it. He had a wonderful influence among the students. And so, one day, the boys said, "Now we are going to find out the secret of this man's wonderful religion. Now tonight one of us will go to his room and conceal ourself in the room, where we can see him." It was nine o'clock that night when the Professor came home. He opened the Bible and read, then he closed it lovingly and patted it and knelt down and prayed, and finally he got up and patted the Bible and said, "Well, Lord Jesus, we are on the same old terms, aren't we?" And so the boy saw what was the secret of this man's wonderful life.

Learn as if you were to live forever;
Live as if you were to die tomorrow.





Footprints of Faith No. 10

“We Will Build a Rescue Home”

David Paulson, M. D.

[We give this month an account of the providences connected with the building of our splendid Rescue Home in 1908. This interesting story is taken from a talk which Dr. Paulson gave in the Sanitarium parlor to a large audience of patients in the year 1914. This wonderfully helpful work which was so signally blessed of God at the time of its founding is today being conducted along the same lines, and many wayward girls are turning their faces toward their Saviour today and finding peace in Him. And today we often reach the place where our coal bin is empty and our larder is bare, but we know that God knows, and we take our needs to Him in prayer, then wait for the answer to come. Dr. Paulson's articles will continue throughout the year. Subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT now and receive these splendid articles.—Ed.]

WAY BACK in the old Chicago days we had carried on an extensive rescue work for girls. The Lord had wonderfully blessed this effort, but we found that we were leaving the fish too near the shore, so even before we moved our Sanitarium work out to Hinsdale we had rented a little cottage out in West Hinsdale as a Rescue Home. But it was not properly equipped. We could not persuade the owners to make the necessary sanitary improvements. It was nearly two miles away from our sanitarium work.

I began to appeal to charitable people to help us do something better. Little by little money came in in various ways until we had a thousand dollars in our treasury. But one day when I was down to the Rescue Home I found three girls occupying one little bedroom, two or three babies in Mrs. Swanson's, the matron's room. The need of something better impressed me so strongly that I came back and told our people, “We will build a Rescue Home—the best in the State of Illinois, and we will do it now.” We paid a thousand dollars for a piece of land near the sanitarium. That took all the money we had.

Then we let the contract for a four-story building containing thirty rooms and agreed to meet the bills every thirty days. Something told me we would get the money. You remember we had this extensive enlargement of the sanitarium on

our hands at the same time, but we went to work. Our Sanitarium family lifted to the breaking point. We raised \$900 in one evening from our own family, and



The condition of the unfortunate girl, who has been cast out by society and often by her folks because of her wayward life, appealed to Dr. Paulson's spirit of helpfulness, and was one thing which led him to build The Life Boat Rescue Home.

then God put it in the hearts of other people to help us.

Providence Led to the Right Home

I happened to go up to the Battle Creek Sanitarium; was invited to give a talk on Sabbath afternoon. I told something of what we were trying to do. Some of the patients helped generously, and so did some of the doctors and others. The next day I felt impressed to go up the street and visit

the mother of one of the lady physicians. When I rapped on the door she came and said, "I know what you came for—to get twenty-five dollars from me." I said, "Yes, but how did you happen to know?" "Well," she said, "I attended your meeting yesterday afternoon and I promised the Lord that if He sent you to my house I would give you twenty-five dollars." That was the only private residence I visited.

A very poor woman gave me \$25.00. The next person who saw her name said, "Doctor, you ought to go and return that money. That woman can't afford to give twenty-five dollars to the Rescue Home." So I went and saw this donor again, and she said, "You don't need to let anybody worry you about that, Dr. Paulson. That wasn't my money at all. Some one let me have that to give to some worthy cause, and I never found anything that just appealed to me till I heard you tell about the Rescue Home project." To make a long story short, I brought back \$1,025.00 with me.

Then a sick woman wrote me from St. Louis to come over and see her. I replied that I was too busy, she would have to come and see me. She wrote back she was too sick to come, but if I would come over she would give me a hundred dollars for the Rescue Home. I went; could do nothing for her medically, had a word of prayer at her bedside and she wrote me a check for \$200.

A very worldly contractor who drank heavily gave me \$400; said he believed in that kind of religion.

Hinsdale Citizens Rallied to the Work

It was remarkable how in various ways God raised up people to help. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, the great pulpit orator of Chicago, came out and gave a magnificent lecture in the auditorium of the Hinsdale Club house at a mass meeting, entirely in the interest of the Rescue Home. The invitation to this meeting was signed by the president of the village board, president of the Woman's Club, president of the Civic League, and each of the pastors in town. We raised \$1,800 that night, eight men giving \$100 apiece, among them such men as John C. Fetzer, Mr. Butler of the Butler Paper Works, ex-Congressman Childs, and Mr. Beidler and others. All told, forty different people gave each \$100.00 for the

Rescue Home. Widows and orphans sent in their little mites, and finally different people each undertook the expense of furnishing a room, and there were more people who wanted to furnish rooms than we had rooms to furnish, and the building was dedicated free from debt.

Ninety Per Cent Making Good

It is not a home for degenerate girls, but rather for those who have been more sinned against than have been sinners.



The abandoned child also appealed to Dr. Paulson's generosity.

The one shown here was sent to the Doctor all the way from Manila, and enjoyed the comforts of our Home for two years.

Some of them came from homes that would astonish you, as far as good opportunities are concerned—but something was missing; the mother had not had time to help her daughter, but she had plenty of time later to have her heart broken over her

girl. We have taken them in and helped them over this dark hour in their experience, found work for them as domestics, found good homes for their babies where they could not keep them themselves, and if for any reason they lost their jobs they would come back until we found them work again. Of the last hundred girls that have gone through the Home we know 87 or 90 are making good.

We have not merely been kind to these girls, we have brought the gospel of Christ to them. Eight girls were baptized in the Home last year, and many others had deep spiritual awakenings.

This Home has absolutely no income except the little that some of the girls can pay, yet it never gets behind but a trifle, and rarely has much of anything ahead. When they run short, somebody prays and God puts it in the heart of some-



This child was found by the police in a garbage can where it had been left by its inhuman mother in order that she might go to the saloon. It was cared for in our small Home in West Hinsdale, and later was permanently placed.

body to answer those prayers. Just the other day the matron bought a sewing machine for the Home. The company sold it for half price and promised to wait until the money could be raised. Our people prayed, and a few days later a stranger up

in the Sanitarium who had heard about the sewing machine wanted to have an opportunity to pay for it.

"The Lord Knows the Coal Bin Is Empty"

Several years ago when we were maintaining a branch of the Home on the South Side in Chicago they needed coal. They told me they ought to have a whole carload, as that was the cheapest way to buy; that would cost a hundred dollars. I told them to pray. They said, "Pray for coal?" I said, "Yes, why not? Don't you suppose the Lord knows the coal bin is empty?" They prayed and I prayed. A few days later I received a letter from an old lady down in Illinois written in a tremulous hand—just three lines. I had never heard from her before, nor since. She said: "I felt impressed you needed a hundred dollars for your work in Chicago, so I am enclosing it herewith." When I took that letter and the hundred dollars to the workers in Chicago, tears came in their eyes. They knew their prayer had been specially answered.

The trouble with some folks is, their prayers are so *general* that if they were answered, they would never know it, and if they were not answered they would never miss it. The Lord doesn't always answer our prayers directly. He sometimes has a special purpose in the delay. At other times He gives us something else that is better for us; but God hears every sincere prayer offered in the name of Christ.

(Continued next month)

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.



A group of Incas who are calling for help.

AMONG THE INCAS

A. N. ALLEN

[Our Hinsdale workers enjoyed a visit recently from Brother Allen, who for several years was a missionary in South America, working among the Incas and other Peruvian Indians. Brother Allen's daughter has connected with our work in Hinsdale, while he has already gone to his new field of labor in Old Mexico. This article is taken from a stenographic report of Brother Allen's talk to our workers at morning worship.—Ed.]

We have a splendid band of workers down in South America. Some have been in that country all their lives, others have come from the States and from England.

We train our missionary workers and medical workers in a college. We also have smaller schools in these countries.

The mission station that we were connected with has outgrown the first building and we have had to build another.

We taught the Indians to sing different hymns, and I wish you could hear them. We have quite a large chorus down there. Instead of spending their nights in drunkenness and revelry, they come to our mission station and sing there for hours. And if they live too far to go home that night they lie down on our floor and sleep.

The medical hour is always an interesting hour. People would come for fifteen and twenty miles. Sometimes they would be on the road for days, and would have no medical

attention whatever, and when they came in some of them were in a sorry condition. One man came who had his arm all broken out with small-pox, another came up with typhoid fever. We make them a bed on the floor, for we don't have beds for so many. This one man who came so far with typhoid fever laid down and in a few minutes he was dead.

On one occasion we examined thirty candidates for baptism. Twenty-eight were baptised. The two that were rejected, one tried to deceive me, and one of the other Indians said, "he no good."

The gospel has taken hold of some of these old men and they are very anxious that none should be in the church unless they are in earnest. Their religion means a great deal to them.

Their faces would be bathed in tears when we told them the great sorrow and agony Christ went through for them.

They live in little huts and have all their animals, sheep, cattle, etc., right in their huts. so that when you go in one of these huts, you are always glad to get out again and get some fresh air. The air inside is very foul. When we would treat the sick in these huts, we would have to run out every little while for a breath of fresh air. We have taught them to build better houses.

Whenever they get any gold they bury it. They change all their money into gold and then bury it.

The Indians do their marketing right on the street. They spread their blankets on the street and then spread their articles on the ground. They dress well so that they do not freeze in winter.

One old man is nearly 100 years old and makes his living by weaving. There is no cotton in their woolen blankets. It is all wool. This old man always wanted to walk beside my horse, and it didn't seem to make any difference if the horse trotted or walked. He kept right beside him.

The Indians receive about eight or nine cents a day for their labor. They come to church barefooted summer and winter right through the snow. I wonder how many of us would go to school or church barefooted? They have no fire in their homes, and life is very cheerless. You may wonder how they can stand the severe cold. I don't know but one reason, and that is that the Indian lives upon the natural foods as God gives them to us. They have physical endurance. They can carry a three-hundred-pound sack of sugar great distances, and can do that all day. These Indians have the physical resistance that even animals do not have. It seems that where man lives on a natural diet, he can resist the cold and also bear heavy burdens.

HINSDALE EXTENDING THE LIFE LINE

MRS. W. P. CASE

Because so many millions of people are still wrecking their lives on storm-tossed waves of superstition and sin, it was with mingled feelings of regret and gladness that we bade God-speed to this party of five adults and four children who left us on Sunday, August 29th, for South America, to answer the "S. O. S." call that comes from that land where the Indian people are calling for help.

Mr. and Mrs. Colburn, with their two children, and Mrs. Field locate in Peru to connect with our educational work. Mr. and Mrs. Clark and children will enter evangelistic work, using their nurses training as the means of getting in touch with the people. A reception was held for them in the Sanitarium gymnasium on the evening before their depart-

ure. To Mr. and Mrs. Clark the Sanitarium family presented a check, and to Mr. and Mrs. Colburn, who have been connected with our work here for some time, was given a Corona typewriter.

And so, while we, who cannot go, stay



A group of HinSDale workers now Enroute to Peru.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Colburn at the right, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Clark in the center, and Mrs. Field at the extreme left.

behind to hold the ropes, these dear ones, whom we shall sorely miss from our midst, go with brave hearts and a trust in God to fulfill the commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

LOST AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS

R. HARE

At the foot of the stairs you waited
And toyed as the moments passed.
You did not dream that the atoms of time
Would make up hours at last.

We pause too long in our toiling,
Forgetful of pleasing snares.
So the blessings that you should have shared today
Was lost at the foot of the stairs.

The task that lies before you
Is, making the best of life;
This is not done by wasting time,
Or playing amid the strife.

Your manhood is in the question—
Your manhood with all it bares—
Don't lose the grit of your life in dreams,
Down at the foot of the stairs.

THE FAMILY PRAYERS

MRS. E. G. WHITE

If ever there was a time when every house should be a house of prayer, it is now. Infidelity and scepticism prevail. Iniquity abounds. Corruption flows in the vital currents of the soul, and rebellion against God breaks out in the life. Enslaved by sin, the moral powers are under the tyranny of Satan. The soul is made the sport of his temptations; and unless some mighty arm is stretched out to rescue him, man goes where the arch-rebel leads the way.

And yet, in this time of fearful peril, some who profess to be Christians have no family worship. They do not honor God in the home; they do not teach their children to love and fear Him. Many have separated themselves so far from Him that they feel under condemnation in approaching Him. They cannot "come boldly unto the throne of grace," "lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." Heb. 4:16; I Tim. 2:8. They have not a living connection with God. Theirs is a form of godliness without the power.

The idea that prayer is not essential is one of Satan's most successful devices to ruin souls. Prayer is communion with God, the Fountain of wisdom, the Source of strength, and peace, and happiness. Jesus prayed to the Father "with strong crying and tears." Paul exhorts believers to "pray without ceasing"; in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, making their requests to God. "Pray one for another," James says. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Heb. 5:7; I Thes. 5:17; James 5:16.

By sincere, earnest prayer parents should make a hedge about their children. They should pray with full faith that God will abide with them, and that holy angels will guard them and their children from Satan's cruel power.

In every family there should be a fixed time for morning and evening worship. How appropriate it is for parents to gather their children about them before the fast is broken, to thank the Heavenly Father for his protection during the night, and to ask him for his help and guidance and watchcare during the day! How fitting, also, when evening comes, for parents and children to gather once

more before him, and thank him for the blessings of the day that is past.

The father, and, in his absence, the mother, should conduct the worship, selecting a portion of Scripture that is interesting and easily understood. The service should be short. When a long chapter is read and a long prayer offered the service is made wearisome, and at its close a sense of relief is felt. God is dishonored when the hour of worship is made dry and irksome, when it is so tedious, so lacking in interest, that the children dread it.

Fathers and mothers, make the hour of worship intensely interesting. There is no reason why this hour should not be the most pleasant and enjoyable of the day. A little thought given to preparation for it will enable you to make it full of interest and profit. From time to time let the service be varied. Questions may be asked on the portion of Scripture read, and a few earnest, timely remarks may be made. A song of praise may be sung. The prayer offered should be short and pointed. In simple, earnest words let the one who leads in prayer praise God for his goodness and ask him for help. As circumstances permit, let the children join in the reading and the prayer.

Eternity alone will reveal the good with which such seasons of worship are fraught.

Fathers and mothers, each morning and evening gather your children around you, and in humble supplication lift the heart to God for help. Your dear ones are exposed to temptation. Daily annoyances beset the path of young and old. Those who would live patient, loving, cheerful lives must pray. Only by receiving constant help from God can we get the victory over self.

Each morning consecrate yourselves and your children to God for that day. Make no calculations for months or years; these are not yours. One brief day is given you. As if it were your last on earth, work during its hours for the Master. Lay all your plans before God, to be carried out or given up, as His providence shall indicate. Thus the life will be moulded more and more after the divine example; and "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." Phil. 4:7.

—From the *Australasian Record*.

GIRLS IN INDIA

MRS. M. D. WOOD

[Mr. and Mrs. Wood for a number of years have conducted a most interesting medical missionary station in the heart of India. At a recent visit to Hinsdale Mrs. Wood told of the oppression of girls and women in India. We reproduce here a portion of her speech.—Ed.]

I will tell you something about babies in India. Babies and young mothers there have no care. I will just read a little about it. "In the first week of February there were born in the city of Bombay four hundred and twenty babies, but in the week there were three hundred and sixty-four deaths. Sixty infants die in every hundred deaths of all ages in that country. One child in every five born in India dies within twelve months." The average length of life is twenty-three and one-half years. That is due to the high death rate amongst the infants.

Here is a man who has spent six years in England studying medicine and he comes out from England to India, a heathen still, to reform India. He is shocked when he realizes the death rate there and he wants to do something to stop the awful mortality. He sees here under the circumstances rising out of child marriage in India which requires every woman to marry from six to ten years of age and to go to her husband at ten years, it is desirable to preach the control of births as an essential preliminary to stop the death rate of infants and child mothers. Legislation has been passed in India to prevent child marriages under the English government, but in practice it has failed, as it was bound to, the reason for which it is not hard to see. No amount of legislation, however strong, can produce a revolutionary change in the customs of people sanctified for ages past. Education even up to the university student has equally failed. Now we see what to do. It is evident that it may take centuries before there will be any reform to prevent child marriage.

That gives you an idea of an educated Indian's standpoint of conditions. One of you young ladies could go out there to work, go into the homes and be able to teach them the proper and decent way and protect them as they go through the travail and bring them out of that condition a mature woman, that is what the nurse could do.

The government has hospitals over in India, but they are manned by Indians and Mohammedans and they have no feelings at all.

What is a woman anyway? When she is a child she must obey her father, when she marries she must obey her husband, and when she is old she must obey her son.

I have had them to ask me strange things. Did my husband eat with me? They do not eat together. Why should a wife presume to eat with the husband and sons? They eat first and then the woman and daughters eat what is left. They come and ask to see around the house. They are really curious. They will look at our table and say, "You eat here? Where does the husband eat? There? And you sit here? Does he let you eat with him?" I tell them yes, if he didn't there would be nothing to eat. So they learn something right there. The questions they ask are wonderful.

Suppose for weeks and months all-day long and even for years they are asking you questions just like that continually! My first baby was a girl and they wondered how my husband would take it and treat me. When the second came I went to the hospital and a little woman who had not seen me for some time came and embraced me and said, "Madam, God is good." Her way of telling me she was glad. Then she asked what the baby was. I said, "A dear little girl." She said, "What did the Sahab do? Did he beat you?" If they have three girls it is sufficient excuse for the husband to get another wife and they could not understand why my husband did not feel the same way.

It is all in the way they are brought up. We are taught that we should reverence our husbands, and husbands are told by Paul to love their wives, but in India the wife must obey the husband so this is one of the greatest ways of giving lessons to the Hindoos. If we walk side by side they look on in amazement. If he were an Indian he would walk ahead and I would follow along behind perhaps with a great bundle on my head, thus putting the woman where she belongs.

The Holy Spirit has gone out into all the world. It matters not if you go to the hot-tentot in Africa or to the heathen in India, you will find the Spirit has gone before to convict the people of their sins. They have sacred things and how do they know they are sacred? Because for generations they have been taught that. Jesus expected that we would go into every part of the world and give them the Gospel. The Holy Spirit has

done its part to convict people of their sins, but the church has failed or the people would be Christian instead of heathen, and that is the reason the Lord delays His coming.

KIND WITHOUT CARING

MAUD WILSON COBB

A homesick girl among strangers for the first time in her life, wrote to her mother, "Everybody is kind, but nobody cares." There is a great deal involved in that remark. It reveals just the thing that is lacking in much of our helpfulness. We can be polite and kind, without caring. Just to be polite is not what people want. They want to be sure that there is something personal back of the service we perform automatically. A scolding from a friend who loves us and is disappointed because we fall below our high standard, warms our hearts more than merely a pleasant, polite remark made by some acquaintance to whom our welfare means nothing.

All the world is like the homesick girl. Many almost resent kindness when they are sure that nobody cares. The world is dying today for kindness and somebody to care. Our jails, detention homes and children's homes are filled to overflowing. These inmates look forward to meeting someone who really cares. How quickly they can discern the one who cares. It is often a problem in our jail and city work to know how to reach those who are down deep in sin—those who feel and know their condition, they hate everyone and even hate themselves, and they think nobody cares for them.

"Met One Man Who Would Not Fight"

While attending a mission meeting a few nights ago and listening to the testimonies of some of the converts, I heard one man say, "Before I was converted, if any person looked twice in my direction, I thought he wanted to fight, and I was always ready for a fight, but the night I staggered into this old mission and heard the leader plead with men to give their hearts to God I knew I had met one man who would not fight." He told the story of how Jesus had forgiven him when he was an outcast—was in rags and almost insane from drugs and drink, and how for sixteen years before that he had earned his living by robbing men and women, even stealing from his own mother her shoes, and selling them for

drugs and whisky, and how he crawled into the old mission one night and a man carried him to the altar and knelt by his side and plead with Jesus to save his soul, and how his brain began to clear and he could think something was going to happen. Many times he thought of the way he had been beaten over the head with a club and thrown into a patrol wagon and hauled to jail and sentenced to prison. He could also remember when every man's hand was against him, for he was an outcast and had for company only men like himself.

"At Last Found a Man Who Cared for My Soul"

"But now," he said, "here was a clean, sober man with no odor of whisky or dope or tobacco about him, who was calling to Jesus to save me before it was too late. Then my heart melted; I felt my helplessness; I knew I could not steal that man's watch that was within reach of my dirty hands. I knew I could not put my hand in that man's pocket and steal his purse; and I knew that the earnest prayer and the tears streaming down that man's cheeks were for my own good, and at last I had found a man who *cared* for my soul.

"As that man plead with me and told me the Spirit of God was there and that it would not always plead with me, and if I left that altar without putting my trust in God, it might be forever too late and I would be with the company that would hide from the eyes of Christ and cry for the rocks and the mountains to fall on them and hide them from his sight,—then I remembered there would be a company that would say, 'Lo this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us.' Isa. 25:9.

"I tried to show that I was willing to give up and try the new cure. I had tried many cures for the drug and drink habit in times past, and all had failed; but now I wanted to trust Jesus.

Encouraged by the Testimony of Another

This man listened to another speaker who told how Christ had bled upon the Cross for his soul, and that he also had been led to believe while at the mission that somebody cared, and this other speaker left the mission that night for his mother's home.

At midnight he staggered into her home on the West side of Chicago where he had lived as a boy, but for years had not visited her,

as the police had warned him not to come back to the neighborhood. But this night his stomach was burning as though on fire for whisky, his nerves were trembling for the drugs that had made his brain wild, and no food had passed his lips all the day. Many other nights he had been in this condition, and he would beg a quarter to get whisky or some drug and while under the influence he would hold some man or woman up and rob them, and he would often steal from a newsboy on the street.

Found a Welcome in Mother's Arms

Tonight he only wanted home and mother, and though almost dead he reached her door and there on the table stood the lamp burning—the light shining through the window for her boy. The door opened and when he crept into the room and mumbled the word "Mother," she came quickly from her bed. She knew it was her boy, for had she not prayed all these years for Jesus to bring him home to her? Her faith had not been in vain. At last the Spirit of God had guided the poor weak boy through crowded streets, rushing automobiles, street cars and trains, and into his mother's arms. And the red, bleared eyes, the swollen lips, the tangled hair, the dirty clothes, did not mean anything to her. His mother only knew she was awake and her boy's head was on her breast again. She heard him say, "I have found Jesus, your Jesus, my Jesus. After I thought nobody cared, a man led me to Jesus and I have come home to tell you. I will leave again, only I want you to know I have found Jesus tonight. I will now go before the neighbors see me and tell the police. But I want you to pray for me. I only know one prayer and that is the one you taught me,—let me say it now, mother, before I go away.

He knelt at his mother's knee and prayed the prayer of his childhood. With his head on his mother's lap he went to sleep. She could not awaken him. In the early morning the man's brain was clear. He could think, and he determined with the help of Christ, the encouragement of his mother, and the man who led him to the altar, to start that very day to serve Christ.

He grew stronger day by day, until again he could gain the respect of his fellow men, and he became the support of his aged mother,

who was with him this very night in the mission.

The first speaker, after listening to this testimony, said, "I was sure that my condition was no worse than this man's, and I believed Jesus died for me, and by faith I determined I would try the same method. Today I am sure the same Spirit has led me into peace and hope, and I in turn can lead others to Christ."

We Are Our Brother's Keeper

Friends, not a one of us have a right to say we have no care for our brother or sister. Christ trod the path alone for them and we must help the fallen one to see Him.

Christ may be trying to send someone to you for help,—possibly not your own boy or girl, but some mother's child. Does your light shine brightly? Does your life so shine that the weak one will know you *care* and are not merely polite? Christ will bless the one who *cares*, for he gave his life that all might be saved.

It will mean much in the new earth to have someone say, "Your kindness to me in the hour of temptation, the day of discouragement, made me feel that someone cared for me, and that is why I am saved today. Except for that, I might have been lost."

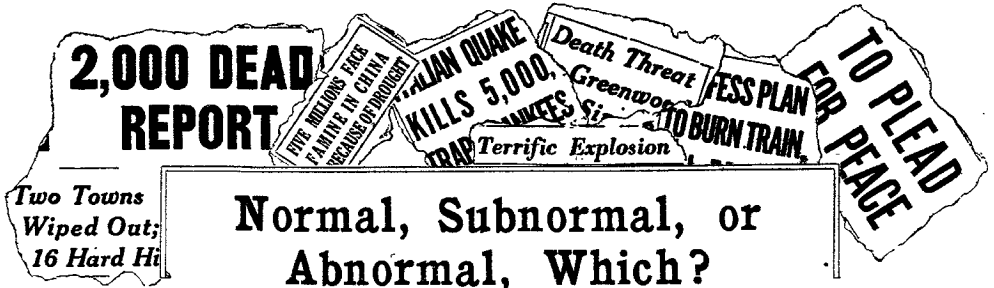
Not only in the new earth will we hear the words of joy from someone who has been redeemed, but here in this life we who are in the life-saving work often hear these words, "I thank God for the Life Boat home. I thank God for Dr. David Paulson. I thank God for the mission, for the jail workers. It was because of these I am a Christian today with the hope of eternal life."

So let us who say we are Christians trim our feeble lamps, for many a storm-tossed soul is trying to reach the harbor and all he will need is to know somebody *cares*. Let us keep our light burning. It may keep your boy and girl at home out of the storm and darkness if they know somebody *cares*.

If God treated men as they treat others the earth would soon require a new race of people.

"Christ is the source of every right impulse. He is the only one that can implant in the heart enmity against sin."

"The less we see to esteem in ourselves, the more we shall see to esteem in the infinite purity and loveliness of our Saviour."



Two Towns
Wiped Out;
16 Hard Hi

Normal, Subnormal, or Abnormal, Which?

Prof. J. G. Lamson

IN the last few weeks we have been hearing very much about the words, "Getting the United States back to 'normal.'" Another word has been put strikingly before the American people, and much comment, both favorable and otherwise, has been given to the scheme of bringing "normalcy" back to the affairs of mankind.

One who knows the Bible prophecies and still believes what they say, and that they say what they mean, knows that normal conditions will never again prevail in this world; that is, if we take as a standard conditions as they were before the great world war. "Normal" means "according to, or in harmony with a rule." The other word, "norm," signifying rule, indicates that it is far more probable that we shall have to adopt some new rules before things become normal.

Standards Have Passed Away

This is clear as to financial values, as the writer has heard no one of recent months predicting that we would ever again have pre-war standards in the financial world. The mind of man can become accustomed to what has to be and we are beginning to think in the terms of new values. Heretofore when we have mentioned street cars we immediately thought of five cents; we will soon learn to think ten cents. The men who patronize the barber shop always thought ten cents, now they must think twenty-five cents, and he will be a thoroughly self-controlled man if he doesn't think more than that.

What has taken place in the financial world has also taken place in the moral world, in the general world of civilities, and very apparently in the great physical world. A little while ago when a man came into certain clubs smoking a cigarette he prob-

ably would have been fired bodily amidst execrations of the members of the club. Most men not given to the use of tobacco were unsparing in their condemnation of the cigarette and the cigarette users. The war has glorified and about deified tobacco and cigarettes, and men who were once courteous have become discourteous and impudent and even boorish in their ways.

The other day I was standing at a ticket window in one of the large depots in Chicago waiting to purchase a ticket. A being in the shape of a well-dressed man crowded up to my side puffing away at a cigarette and deliberately poured the smoke into the open space between the ticket agent and myself. A little later as I was waiting for the gate to open so I could get out to my train another animal who looked like a man, yes he looked like a gentleman, opened up his cigarette case, struck a match and puffed directly into the faces of women and children and other men near the gate. On that train the smoking car was some distance ahead of the coach in which I was riding. One young fellow, a "newly wed," apparently unable to leave his lady long enough to get to the smoker, went out in the vestibule of the coach to smoke, as smoking was not allowed in the coach, but the door was open and the draft from the train caused the smoke to come right back into the coach until we might as well have been in the smoker. The brakeman and conductor both passed this young volcano in the vestibule with never a word of rebuke or instruction.

Standards of Morality Changed in Many Ways

That which five years ago would have aroused disapprobation, if not the disgust and utter condemnation of the majority, is

now acknowledged by the majority as "normal." Not alone in these things do we see great changes, but all kinds of crime are increasing and all kinds of wickedness and vileness. In the language of another: "The daily papers are full of indications of a terrible conflict in the near future. Bold robberies are of frequent occurrence. Strikes are common. Thefts and murders are committed on every hand. Men possessed of demons are taking the lives of men, women and little children. Men have become infatuated with vice, and every species of evil prevails.

"The enemy has succeeded in perverting justice and in filling men's hearts with the desire for selfish gain. 'Justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter.' Isa. 59:14. In the great cities there are multitudes living in poverty and wretchedness, well-nigh destitute of food, shelter and clothing; while in the same cities are those who have more than heart could wish, who live luxuriously, spending their money on richly furnished houses, on personal adornment, or, worse still, upon the gratification of sensual appetites, upon liquor, tobacco, and other things that destroy the powers of the brain, unbalance the mind and debase the soul. The cries of starving humanity are coming up before God, while by every species of oppression and extortion men are piling up colossal fortunes."

All these things are but a fulfillment of the sure word of prophecy. The Apostle James prophesied of the selfish rich men who keep back the wages fraudulently from their employees who toiled for them. The Apostle Paul wrote Timothy that hard times would come and gave a long list of these conditions that would prevail in the last days (2 Tim. 3). Jesus himself said that the wars and commotions between the nations would be the beginning of sorrows, and we know from that statement there will be no let up until He comes again. Evil deceptions will be so great, if it were possible, that the very elect will be deceived. The Bible says, however: "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"

The prophet, in describing conditions in the world, said that the time would come

when the crops would fail; beasts would groan on account of the lack of food, and several of the prophecies clearly point to the time when famine and pestilence will be on every hand. The recent earthquake is but a sample of what will often occur in the near future and many contests soon will be staged between the turbulent unemployed and the well-to-do non-producers.

Surely the time is here when every man should take heed to his ways and know of a certainty that he is accepted of the Beloved. There is no safety outside the ark.

MAKE ME STRONG

R. HARE

Oh, Father, make me strong,—
Too many weak ones fail and shrink,—
Just strong to labor and to think!
Oh, make me strong.

Oh, Father, make me true,—
Falschood, in twice ten thousand forms,
Parades in sunshine and in storms.
Oh, make me true.

Oh, Father, make me kind,
For selfish hearts are everywhere,
And weak ones stumble in despair.
Oh, make me kind.

Oh, Father, make me brave,—
A million cowards walk the sod,
Devoid of courage and of God.
Oh, make me brave.

Then, Father, only then,
Can weakness tread the distant way,
And share the burden day by day,
A blessing unto men.

FRUITS FROM THE SHANGHAI SANITARIUM

PETRA TUNHEIM

It is now a year since, on account of my health, I had to give up my work that I loved so much in Java. The doctor told me that I must go home quickly and die, and another one said I could never do any more work. But I could not believe that my work was finished in the West, among the people that I loved so much. I had full confidence in the Great Physician who can heal every disease, however hard it may be.

Nine months ago I came here to the Sanitarium, where I received the best of medical

help, as well as encouragement that I could get well again here without having to return home. This surely has been proven, as I have been in the best of health all winter and am able to carry on full work. It is the first time in these seventeen years in the mission field that I have come up to about the same weight as when I left America in 1903. "There is nothing too hard for Thee." Jer. 32:17-19.

I had been but a few days at the Sanitarium when a Chinese lady patient was put with me in my room, owing to the lack of room. She could speak a little English, so at once I began to talk to her about our dear Creator and His precious word, about which she knew nothing. Every day we studied the truth together and she became more and more interested. One day she invited me to eat dinner at her brother's home—one of the richest men in Shanghai. He lives in a palace costing \$100,000. But the poor man is a slave to opium and smokes about \$10 worth a day.

Two of her cousins came for treatment and they joined our study. A few months later, when they got well and did not come for any more treatments, Sister Miller continued the studies at their home in Chinese. They became thoroughly converted and such a hungering and thirsting for the truth I have hardly ever seen, as they studied early and late. One of the sisters had to leave home for some months but a nephew of the other joined Sister Miller's class. This young man, also well educated, found his Saviour with the deepest of joy.

Last week I attended an institute held by Sister Miller near Shanghai. There were about thirty sisters who met from day to day. Some of them were Bible women and others learning to become such. They were drilled on the message every day, and they in turn had to get up before the class and give the studies. The two sisters above mentioned were there, and also took their turn to give the readings. They stood up with such freedom and joy, pointing out the prophecies, how they had been fulfilled. As I sat there and listened and remembered that only some months ago they had come into the Sanitarium, without God and without hope in this world, I could but exclaim, "What hath God wrought."

At the close of the institute I had the joy

of seeing these three precious souls, with sixteen others, buried with their Lord in baptism. Their faces were beaming with joy as they went into the water. What a solemn occasion! Angels were watching the scene. The young man is planning to go to the Pacific Union College in America next summer, and the sisters want to prepare for Bible work. The other sister who was away has returned and is also anxious to get ready for baptism. I am now studying with a number of others, and some of these are also on the point of accepting the truth of the Gospel. Our earnest prayers are daily ascending up to God, that not only these, but also many others, may be gathered out through this same channel as witnesses for God among the millions in this benighted land to gather others into the fold of safety. Then in a little while with the loved ones from every clime they will shine as royal diadems in the hand of their God through eternal ages. (Isa. 62:3.)

Dear readers, pray for the Sanitarium in Shanghai that the dear Lord may put the burden upon many people who may be willing to help with their means, so that we may soon be able to get a building of our own, in order to help the multitude of sufferers who daily come for help. The Red Cross Hospital has kindly given the use of their buildings for a time, but new quarters must be obtained.

The Lord has surely blessed these faithful doctors in helping so very many hopeless cases who have come here for help, and who are now in vigor of health. I myself am a living witness to this fact. The Lord can do greater things in the future than what has been done in the past through this institution that He has ordained. Let us therefore rally around it with our prayers and help, then I fully believe that we shall have the joy of seeing hundreds of souls healed, both physically as well as spiritually, through this very God-given instrument.

The men and women who are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticize.—*E. Harrison.*

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.



A LITTLE WAIF'S APPEAL

This abandoned waif from a home in the slums of Chicago was photographed by the *Chicago Tribune* and published in the Sunday paper, Dec. 19, 1915, an appeal to the generosity of the people of Chicago to give the children of the slums a joyous Christmas. The child was an inmate of the Cook County Hospital at that time.

Two sisters who occupied a large home together on the North Shore saw this appeal to the people and sought out the child and took it home. They are now giving her love and a careful Christian training.

The Hinsdale student nurses who visit among the poor in the city from day to day often find little ones like this child who are neglected and in need of help.

STILL WORKING MARVELOUS THINGS

HILDA BUEG

On one of our usual Sunday morning visits to one of the many jails in Chicago we had the opportunity of witnessing the marvelous power of the presence of the Spirit of the Lord.

As you all know, in going to a place like this we do not meet the cream of humanity, but the outcasts of society. Many of the men who are brought here are so intoxicated that they have lost all control of themselves; also all regard for others. One thing very common is that they are so nosy one can hardly hear what is said, because of all the cursing and drunken raving that goes on.

This morning before starting our Sunday services in the cell rooms, we all joined in prayer, asking that the Spirit would go before us and quiet these men. On entering, everyone was quiet or asleep. Those who were awake seemed to have been waiting for something like a message from the Lord.

Well, we went on with the service as usual and after just a few moments an officer brought in a boy about eighteen or nineteen years of age who resented very much being put behind the bars, but with no avail. The officer showed him to a cell, closed the door, and left. When the lock clicked the boy knew it was final; he had to stay. This was too much for him; he cried and paced the cell, crying between sobs, "I'll get even with him. I didn't do a thing. He just grabbed me and brought me here."

The more the boy thought of it the more desperate he became, so our leader went to his cell and asked him to sit down and listen to her. This he did and found to his surprise that she had an interest in his case. But he could not control himself and continued crying. We then continued our service with a song, and had just finished one hymn when he slid over on the end of his bench just as close to us as he could get, and before the second verse was finished he had stopped crying. The men who were asleep woke up and listened too. They heard something this morning which they surely would not have heard had they continued sleeping in their drunkenness, or had they been on some street corner or in a saloon instead of in the jail. I believe

the Spirit of the Lord awakened them and they drank in every word that was said.

We asked the different men if they wished us to pray with them. Every one replied, "Yes," and followed along in the Lord's prayer. Surely this scene is recorded in the book of heaven. It is a scene which will always be an inspiration and encouragement to me as I go on in the Lord's work while here on earth. These prisoners were not forgotten in the prayers of the workers' band for strength to stand before the judge in court. Let us remember our dear ones who are out of the ark of safety before the great Judge of all the earth comes to judge all nations.

A WHISKY-WRECKED HOME

MISS NINA WILLIAMS

[Often our city missionaries find just such homes as Miss Williams describes here. We want to thank the friends of the work who keep our store room well stocked with clothing for such families and we always welcome more if sent prepaid.—Ed.]

The family I will speak of tonight I visited about a week ago today. The husband has always been very kind to his family. He is an intelligent man and earns a very good salary, but about three or four years ago he started drinking. Since then he has been going down and down and although his wife says he has never treated any of them badly such as striking them or anything of that kind while under the influence of liquor, but he has used a great deal of profane language.

This poor mother of eight children, ranging from two weeks to eighteen years, became very indignant because he came home and was so boisterous. She told him if he could not leave drink alone he should go away and not come back until he was sober. He went away and stayed. He promised to send her some money but the money is not very regular in coming. This summer has been a trying one for that mother of eight children. Now it is time for them to start to school and these children haven't the clothes to go to school with. The mother is very cheerful about it and only when asked would she tell us how it was. She said she had one gingham dress for each of them and she would wash the dresses out at night and get them dry for the children for the next day.

We saw from the time that we entered that she was a woman who was very conscientious and was doing what she could for

the children. That was the reason she asked her husband not to come home when drunk because she did not want them to hear the bad language he would use when drinking. She cannot go out and work because she can not leave the baby. She loves to sew and can make clothes for the children to go to school if she can get the material. She said the children needed underwear for the winter as they were out, and clothing is so very expensive she did not know where she was going to get money for such things for them this winter. She was very cheerful about it all and we felt she was one who needed help.

THE CITY WORKERS

VIVIAN SALEEN

(A first-year nurse)

In the morning very early, when the sun begins to rise,

If you wait and watch and listen, you will notice with surprise

That the busy City Workers, with their hats and coats all on,

All go marching to the office, when the day is just begun.

There they plan, and there they practice, tell of work they'll do that day;

Pack their grips and mark their papers, never once forget to pray.

There they kneel and humbly ask Him to protect them as they go,

Guide their steps and keep them near Him, as they wander to and fro.

Then they start with happy faces, down the walk and o'er the hill;

Knowing that their great Protector is beside them watching still.

In the noisy city's turmoil, there they hurry back and forth,

Help the sick and cheer the sad ones, bringing sunshine where 'tis dark.

In the gloomy walls of prison, where there's not a ray of sun,

There they come with joy and singing, pleading till the hearts are won.

There to those whose aches and burdens all seem much too hard to bear—

They tell the story of the Saviour, who will all their burdens share.

Thus each day, though dark and gloomy, all their rays of light are shed

From the dark and gloomy prison to the richest patient's bed.

May each day some soul be lifted from the miry paths of sin,

Through the busy City Workers, may they in their efforts win.

GOD'S HELP IN THE LITTLE THINGS

H. E. SAWYER-HOPKINS

In taking the third trip to the Pacific Coast—this time in company with Pastor H. and a young lady from the East—we stopped over at Chicago, Kansas City and Salt Lake City. At this place we spent several days, and improved the time in sight-seeing. Late Friday afternoon we decided to visit the great Mormon Temple, which many of you have heard much about.

As we passed out of the gate from our boarding place, we noticed across the street a little log house. Soon the street car came along, and we stepped on. After turning two corners to the left we soon reached the heart of the city; and, leaving the car, walked up to the temple, which was in plain sight. On reaching it, to our disappointment, we found that only on certain days was any one allowed to enter the temple.

We decided to walk home and thus have leisure to view the lovely gardens along the route. But on reaching the first turn, we did not know which way to follow, there being two street-car lines—one opposite the other. A car came along and Miss O. said, "There, that's the way, for I remember seeing the name on the car." As she seemed to be so positive about it, of course that road was taken.

On we went, turning corners until we came back to the same place where we started. "Now I am sure I was right," said Miss O., "only we turned too soon. We will go farther on this time." To me every step seemed to lead us farther away from the right road. "Suppose we inquire of someone. You, of course, know the name of the street and number of the house where we are staying, don't you?"

"No, I do not," replied Miss O.—"I never once thought of it. Why, what shall we do?"

Here it was plainly to be seen that my friend's courage was wavering, and my heart, too, began to grow faint. Suddenly, David's beautiful promise flashed across my mind: "The angel of the Lord encampeth 'round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7. I lifted my heart upward for guidance in this our time of need.

Suddenly Miss O. said, "Well, I guess we

had better try your road this time and see where it will lead us." So we turned around.

As we had a long distance to walk, we hurried on. Finally coming to a street something within told me not to take that but turn and take another which we did. When, lo! off at a distance we spied the little log house. Then we knew we were all right. What a joy and what a relief to our anxious hearts, when we discovered this, and as we passed through the gate we were as happy as anyone could be that we were not compelled to spend the night in a strange place—perhaps in the "lockup."

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him. Ps. 91:15. This promise was verified in our case.

WHERE IS YOUR GIRL TONIGHT?

MARTHA E. WARNER

[This article was originally published in *The Watchman of Nashville, Tenn.*, and republished in *The Light Magazine*. We are presenting it to our LIFE BOAT readers because of its splendid advice to young girls and their mothers.—Ed.]

I wonder how many mothers know where their girls are tonight, who they are with, and what they are doing!

Did you say, "Mary has gone down the street, Arlene is with Alice, and Helen has gone to ride with a party of young people?"

And is that all you know about them? If it is, I feel sorry for you, and wonder if you would not like to know how some girls amuse themselves.

Just below my house down in the hollow, where the trees throw a deep shadow, stands an automobile with its lights turned off. It has stood there for over an hour, and it is now after ten o'clock.

From time to time I can hear peals of laughter, an occasional word or two, just enough for me to know that the young people have no chaperon.

For some time it has been very quiet down there at that automobile. Your Helen went for a ride. I wonder if she has returned.

One moonlight night, just as the clock was striking twelve, a girl, accompanied by a young man, was seen going into an open shed by the barn.

When asked what they wanted, they made no reply, but turned, ran out to the road, jumped into an auto, and were off. Of course the girl was not your Mary, for Mary went down

street, and she is not allowed to be out after midnight.

One evening a man going to the city in his car overtook a girl who was running. Seeing her haste, the man stopped and asked her if she would like to ride.

Sobbing, the girl replied, "Oh, yes, yes, but will you promise to be good to me?"

"Of course I will be good to you," the man said, as the girl climbed into the car.

The appearance of the girl puzzled the man, and so he asked her how she came to be out there alone.

Then the girl told her story. She was out walking with her chum when they met two men who invited them to go for a ride. As her chum assured her she was acquainted with one of the men, and it was perfectly all right, the invitation was accepted.

Everything went well until they left the car and went for a walk into the woods. And then—here her voice broke and the tears came. When at last she gained control of herself, she abruptly finished her story by saying, "Oh, I didn't know there were such awful people in the world. And somehow I got away from them and ran and ran. Please take me home."

The man took the girl to the address she gave him, and had the pleasure of giving her into her mother's care, who thought because she was with Alice no harm could come to her.

Down back of Lillian's house is what the young people call "a swimming hole."

One night Lillian and her three girl friends went for their daily frolic in the water.

Nine-ten-eleven, chimed the clock, but the girls were not at the swimming hole; neither had they returned home. Twelve, chimed the clock. Still no girls appeared. One, chimed the clock; and Lillian's father began to get cross. At one-thirty Lillian stole in, but was met by her irate father, who demanded an explanation.

It seems the girls had had their swim, and were returning home, when they met some of the summer boarders from the hotel, Mr. Brown and his friends.

Mr. Brown dared them to go for a ride; so, clad only in wet bathing suits, they went.

After a ride, one of the men suggested going to the city for supper, and that made them late home.

After seeing these incidents multiplied over

and over and over, do you wonder I ask if mothers know where the girls are tonight, who they are with, and what they are doing?

If mothers do know where their girls are,

well and good; but if they do not know, then I entreat of them not to rest until they have turned on the searchlight and found them; for girls are worth finding—and saving.

“The Inner Side of Every Cloud”

Maud Wilson Cobb

Matron, Life Boat Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

THE HOME for girls located at Hinsdale has sheltered many hundreds of girls and children since its doors were first opened. If we did not know and believe that the clouds that almost smother the very life of some of our helpless ones have two sides, and one side is bright and shining, our work would be hopeless. If our readers could be here and meet the girl or forsaken wife and take her into our Home they would see her hopeless condition, with not one ray of light. The cloud of doom seems to have settled down over them. Take, for instance, the young girl, hardly out of high school, the petted child of the family. A mother or father will write us stating:

“Our youngest child is in trouble; she is not through school. She has older brothers and sisters who do not know of her con-

dition, and we must not let them know. Our girl has been given too much freedom. Her older sisters never caused us trouble. We felt as though this one would be the same, but I see the mistake. We were in different circumstances when our older children were this girl's age. We did not have our home paid for. They all helped to pay for it and did not go to as many entertainments nor on automobile rides at night. Their mother and I spent more time with our older children. Now we are older and more lenient. We never thought a child of our own would be led astray. Today her mother's heart is breaking. We must send the girl away. Will you take her at once?”

Then the clouds begin to gather. The girl must be sent to strangers, make her home with those she never met before and she must adapt herself to conditions she



Two Treasures, whose ages are only a month apart, are called “twins” in their new home, which they share together.

never expected to meet. How different the situation to what her leaving home meant in times past. Now Mary doesn't sing.



This little girl is still her mother's joy.

More often she hides her falling tears. **Mother's** eyes are heavy—father doesn't seem to want to stay in the house.

Finally the time comes to start on the trip. The older boys in the home are sure everyone is worried and wonders what is wrong and why Mary is leaving, for mother surely needs her. When Mary enters our home not many letters are written, and when the letters come from home, who knows better than Mary the blotches on the paper—yes, they are mother's tears. Not a word of censure, only her hope that her child may again be restored to her. The long months are trying to the young girl. No mother or father to lean on. The clouds are dark and heavy during these days. Often the face grows pale, often a restless night after watching for mail all day, for father has dropped only a line saying, "Your mother is ill, your sisters wonder why you cannot come home," or often the word comes, "One of the family has died."

One would think the sun would never

seem to shine again into this family, but life had to be taken up anew. The girl-mother has gone back to her father's home. She has learned by bitter experience to share the grief that has fallen on her family.

Our Blue-Eyed Twins

In our Home is a fair blue-eyed baby, in another private home in the city her twin sister is being cared for. We are trying to nurse and care for this little one until the holidays. Then we expect to take it to the home of its baby sister. We are so anxious for the two to remain together in one home, and we find it very hard to place them together while they are so young. These little ones will bring sunshine to the home, although their birth brought dark clouds into more than one life.

In one of our rooms lies a young mother



These young brothers were glad to share the hospitality of the Home for a while.

and her baby. The mother wonders what life holds for her. The clouds have been thick and dark in her life. First she lost her father and mother by death, then she managed to secure a business education, and after a few years she became a wife, and in less than a year after she was left worse than a widow. Her marriage started with hope and every appearance of happiness, then the clouds began to gather. Her husband had proven he was unfit to live with and be respectable. At last she found a place to rest in our home.

The Dark Clouds Turned to Gold

Now her golden-haired baby is here, a lovely child, and all the grief the mother had to bear does not seem to affect this little one as it lies on her arm. The world looks dark no longer. It is with hope she counts the days when she can sew for the little one and dress it and work for it. She says: "Mother Cobb, look for a good home where we can both stay. I must work, but my little daughter must be with me every moment outside of my working hours. I could not, and I will not give her up—no, not for a thousand worlds. I will face the world with her. She is my very own." Now the darkest cloud of this dear girl's life is showing the silver lining. She can well say with some of our other girls who have passed through the dark shadows of grief:

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show their silver lining."

THE HOME NEEDS A NEW COAT OF PAINT

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH

As the result of an appeal in the September number, funds are beginning to come in to paint the outside of the Life Boat Rescue Home. This month we received the following donations:

Reported last month.....	\$ 69.00
Mrs. Erlandson	10.00
A Friend	25.00
Two Readers	5.00
Addie Roat	30.00
Chas. Franklin	2.50
Sarah M. Saunders.....	5.00

Mrs. E. E. Barden 10.00

Total\$156.50

We shall need at least three hundred dollars, and possibly more. May the Lord bless those who give to the advancement of His work and to His glory.

MESSAGES FROM BEHIND THE BARS

"I would like to have THE LIFE BOAT every month. We only get it here every six months. I am observing the Morning Watch every day. May God bless you all!"

—From Indiana Penitentiary.

"I pray every day and put my trust in the Lord. I hope you will not forget me in your prayers. I wish I was in a position to buy your magazine." —From Michigan City, Ind.

"I sincerely endeavor to lead a Christian and upright life. THE LIFE BOAT is indeed a life-saver to us who have been tossed by sin."

—From Stillwater, Minn.

"I was more than pleased to receive the little LIFE BOAT. I praise God for it. I have been in prison for nearly twelve years, and it is more than five years since I first began writing to you. I hope to be out soon. All my faith is in God.—From Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary.

"I have received with pleasure your very kind Christian letter, and your teaching has stimulated me to serve my Master. I take much pleasure in reading THE LIFE BOAT. I see the thread of truth running through every page, beginning at the Cross and extending on to the throne of God. May you improve the shining hours of grace before the shadows of evening overtake you, and the time of working is no more.—From the Michigan State Prison.

ENCOURAGING WORDS

FROM A LIFE BOAT AGENT

I feel encouraged in working for THE LIFE BOAT and delighted to be connected with such good work.

While out one evening working I met a man who, after making several inquiries concerning the magazine and its work, told me that while in prison he had received a copy every month free. Now in the last days when Jesus shall come to judge the world he will pronounce a blessing on those who visit the

prisoners, saying, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And He pronounced a curse on those who did not visit the prisoners, saying, "I was in prison and ye visited me not." "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Now it may be impossible for all to visit the prisons in person, but is it impossible to visit them through THE LIFE BOAT.

There is also another phase of THE LIFE BOAT, namely, the Life Boat Rescue Home for unfortunate girls. There is also a great blessing in this work and to those who engage in it. Jesus will say in that day, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me." Matt. 25: 34-46.

WAYSIDE EXPERIENCES

MRS. A. E. LOUNSBURY

THE LIFE BOAT always warms my heart and gives me a deeper determination to live and work for the saving of souls.

Surely we are living in the time of the end. People are seeking and running after the things of the world. Therefore, I desire to be watchful that no man take my crown.

Some of the customers in our store call for and appreciate this magazine. I asked a man to purchase a LIFE BOAT. After my trying to explain the work, he said, "I have no time to listen, but if you were talking about oil I would listen, for oil is all I can think of." I replied, "That is what I'm talking about—the oil of salvation, which you need to be anointed with." He said: "You know how to tell it. You should be where you could do a greater work."

A middle-aged man was drinking at the soda fountain. I failed to sell him the magazine, for he had been unmercifully dealt with in youth and had become somewhat skeptical. I told him he should pray. He said, "Lady, I have prayed almost from my infancy. The result has been unanswered prayers. I have lost nearly all faith." He said, "My mother died before I was two years old, and I also lost my father. I was then given to an uncle who bestowed no mercy on me and made me work too hard.

I had to carry heavy pitchwood on my shoulder until my shirt would be saturated with blood and my body so tired, my mind so troubled, that my sleep was broken at night, and I would pray and ask God to lighten my burden, but the next day my work and burden was no different. Why did not God answer my prayers?"

He gave me his address. I promised to pray for him, that God in his own way would reveal Himself to him, that he might by a personal knowledge know that he was God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. May all praying people who read this pray that he may be touched by the love of God.

On the Fourth of July, while selling LIFE BOATS, a man came to me and said, "Are you selling such books on the Fourth?" I replied, "If I haven't religion enough to sell them today I'll not be prepared to do the work on Christmas." We are told to "be instant in season, out of season." 2 Tim. 4:2.

HEARD AT THE VOLUNTEER'S MEETING

MISS MARIE HILL.

[Miss Hill is one of the four first-year nurses who are at present engaged in medical missionary work in Chicago.—Ed.]

I am going to take you on an imaginary trip to some of the homes we visit in our Chicago work.

First, we come to a darkened hall through which we find our way to the second flat where lives a little girl about twenty years old who is suffering from a nervous breakdown due to too much study and too much work. When we first went there she was under the care of her doctor and she would not take our treatments. About two weeks ago she asked me if I would give her some fomentations, which I was glad to do. Now she is willing to let us help her.

Here is another woman whom we had visited about two weeks ago. Her daughter was very sick. Today we gave her the medicine that the doctor ordered in connection with some of our treatments. We tell these people in every case that we are trying to do Christian help work and are trying to find those who really need us.

We have certainly had some wonderful experiences. Some of the people are much interested and are willing to try what we have to do for them. Sometimes I get weary and tired, but every day I have some new experience.

SPARKS FROM SPURGEON'S ANVIL

"For God is my defence," my high place, my fortress, the place of my resort in the time of my danger. If the foe be too strong for me to cope with him, I will retreat into my castle, where he cannot reach me.

God who is the giver and fountain of all the undeserved goodness I have received, will go before me and lead my way as I march onward. He will meet me in my time of need. Not alone will I have to confront my foes, but he whose goodness I have long tried and proved will gently clear my way, and be my faithful protector.

It argues great faith on David's part, that even while his house was surrounded by his enemies he is yet so sure of their overthrow, and so completely realizes it in his own mind, that he puts in a detailed petition that they may not be too soon or too fully exterminated. God's victory over the craft and cruelty of the wicked is so easy and so glorious that it seems a pity to end the conflict too soon.

It were a pity for good men to be without detractors, seeing that virtue shines the brighter for the foil of slander. Enemies help to keep the Lord's servants awake. A lively, vexatious devil is less to be dreaded than a sleepy, forgetful spirit that is given to slumber.

Men must not think because their hatred gets no further than railing and blasphemy that therefore they shall be excused. He who takes the will for the deed, will take the word for the deed and deal with men accordingly. Wretches who are persecutors in talk, burners and stabbers with the tongue, shall have a reckoning for their would-be transgressions.

Pride, though it show not itself in clothes, but only in speech, is a sin; and persecuting pride, though it pile no faggots at Smithfield, but only revile with its lips, shall have to answer for it among the unholy crew of inquisitors.

To be cast off by God is the worst calamity that can befall a man or a people; but the worst form of it is when the person is not aware of it and is indifferent to it. When the

divine desertion causes mourning and repentance, it will be but partial and temporary. When a cast-off soul sighs for its God it is not indeed cast off at all.

Dark signs of present or coming ill must not dishearten us; if the Lord had meant to destroy us he would not have given us the gospel; the very fact that he has revealed himself in Christ Jesus involves the certainty of victory.

God's beloved are the inner seed, for whose sake he preserves the entire nation, which act as a husk to the vital part.

We may by faith ask for and expect that our extremity will be God's opportunity; special and memorable deliverances will be wrought out when dire calamities appear to be imminent.

When divine interposition is necessary for the rescue of the elect it must occur, for the first and greatest necessity of Providence is the honor of God, and the salvation of his chosen.

When a man knows assuredly that the Lord is his salvation, he cannot be very much cast down; it would need more than all the devils in hell greatly to alarm a heart which knows God to be its salvation.

Flattery has ever been a favorite weapon with the enemies of good men; they can curse bitterly enough when it serves their turn; meanwhile, since it answers their purpose, they mask their wrath, and with smooth words pretend to bless those whom they would willingly tear to pieces. It was fortunate for David that he was well practiced in silence, for to cozening deceivers there is no other safe reply.

Unmingled faith is undismayed. Faith with a single eye sees herself secure, but if her eye be darkened by two confidences, she is blind and useless.

We should desire nothing but what it would be right for God to give; then our expectation would be all from God. Happy is the man who feels that all he has, all he wants, and all he expects are to be found in his God.

To find all in God, and to glory that it is so, is one of the sure marks of an enlightened soul.

Ignorance needs but few words, but when experience brings a wealth of knowledge, we need varied expressions to serve as coffers for our treasure.

Observe how the Psalmist brands his own initials upon every name which he rejoicingly gives to his God—*my expectation, my rock, my salvation, my glory, my strength, my refuge*; he is not content to know that the Lord is all these things; he acts faith toward him, and lays claim to him under every character.

Faith is an abiding duty, a perpetual privilege. We should trust when we can see as well as when we are utterly in the dark. Adversity is a fit season for faith; but prosperity is not less so. God at all times deserves our confidence. We at all times need to place our confidence in him. A day without trust in God is a day of wrath even if it be a day of mirth.

Sympathy we need, and if we unload our heart at Jesus' feet, we shall obtain a sympathy as practical as it is sincere, and consolatory as it is ennobling.

As well build a house with smoke as find comfort in the adulation of the multitude.

The absence of outward comforts can be borne with serenity when we walk with God; and the most lavish multiplication of them avails not when he withdraws. Only after God, therefore, let us pant.

AT THE HEART OF THE EARTH

MRS. D. A. FITCH
Caracas, Venezuela

Venezuela has in its territory the most northern portion of South America. It is a republic in name if not fully so in fact, but to us Americans it of course falls somewhat short of the good old U. S. A., and yet in some respects is superior. Although so near the Equator, yet the northern portion is so mountainous that the altitude gives a delightfully cool climate. The sun shines with an intense heat but if one is in the shade he can be comfortable. Caracas, the capital, a

city of 100,000 population, is in a valley 3,000 feet above sea level. All winter and spring we have been able to obtain most of the garden vegetables, strawberries, blackberries, peaches, and a good supply of the tropical fruits.

It would be impracticable to write of all the interesting things to be found here.

The Presbyterian mission is the most thriving of the Protestant missions established here. There are several others but the only one in which the English language is used is the Anglican, or Episcopalian.

There are some Americans in the city but probably the majority of those who use the English language are from Great Britain. There are representatives of many nationalities and it is not uncommon to see an Arab on the streets. There seem to be very few Jews and they have no synagogue in the city.

The British and Foreign Bible Society are selling many thousand copies of Bibles in and around about Caracas, and about \$10,000 worth of our denominational books were sold last year.

Nearly all ordinary industries are carried on, as the manufacture of starch, cloth, tile, pottery, soap, etc., and there is a glass factory employing 400 hands. Cattle raising is one of the most important industries and also the raising of corn on which to feed them. It also forms a good part of the sustenance of the people. Mills for grinding the corn and otherwise preparing it are quite numerous in the city. It is made in a variety of forms and can be obtained in fresh condition.

Evidently the temperance question has not been agitated much for it seems to be a part of the life to partake of intoxicating liquors of some sort. Every grocery is also a liquor store. The health question is at low ebb and the idea of night ventilation is considered one of the absurdities that can be dispensed with.

There is plenty of religion, such as it is, but it has little of Christianity intermingled with it. What is needed most is the religion of Jesus Christ, which will make life worth living and fit its adherents for His soon-coming kingdom. Many missionaries will be needed to give the message of the present day to this people.

"Because the Father is everywhere wherever I am is home."



EDITORIAL

Editor:

Caroline Louise Clough

Associate Editor:

Mary W. Paulson, M. D.

Contributors:

D. H. Kress, M. D.

A. B. Olsen, M. D.

J. F. Morse, M. D.

Prof. J. G. Lamson

NEXT MONTH'S LIFE BOAT

The November number of *THE LIFE BOAT* will be a Special Bible Number.

In this age of departing from the Word of God, of setting up man's standard of life and discarding the true standard, while at the same time we see crime, wars, strikes, unrest and disaster increasing on every hand, it is time above all times when the Word of God should be placed first and foremost in the hearts of the people.

We are preparing an especially interesting Bible number next month. Leading pastors, missionaries, and men of long experience with the Word will contribute to the success of this number.

Plan to order a good supply for free distribution. Write early for terms.

ANSWERED WITH MUSHROOMS

On the evening of September 15th the Pacific Garden Mission of Chicago celebrated its forty-third anniversary. This old mission, where such leading evangelists as W. A. Sunday, Harry Monroe, Mel Trotter, Dick Lane, Tom Mackey and others found their Saviour, was crowded to the doors by clean Christian people who had been lifted heavenward through the ministry of this mission.

During the service some of the early struggles Col. and Mrs. Clarke had in founding this splendid beacon light in the heart of what was then the criminal center of Chicago were spoken of. Col. and Mrs. Clarke often would reach the end of their resources but at such times the Lord was a never failing helper. At one time when the rent was due the next day, that evening many homeless people had to be cared for, so what little money they had in the treasury was used to lodge the unfortunates. Col. and Mrs. Clarke as they went home that night discussed the

propriety of such benevolence under the circumstances. But they asked the Lord to send them the rent money in some other way. The next morning they arose to find their yard and garden nearly covered with mushrooms, a special variety, and when they called the proprietor of a large hotel and restaurant they were told that this variety was worth seven dollars a pound. When these were gathered and sold there was sufficient money in the treasury to pay the rent which was due. It was said that no mushrooms were ever seen in their yard before nor since.

The Lord has many ways of caring for his children and his work. He says, "He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and will honor him." Ps. 91:15.

A GOOD LOSS

The advent of prohibition has brought about a remarkable change in the inhabitants of the underworld. The transformation has been so marked that the Salvation Army, which, of all Christian charitable organizations, has come more closely in touch with the baneful effects of drink, is now practically free to render service in other directions.

Quoting from Col. Wm. Peart, the Army's Commissioner of the Middle Territory in the United States, in *The Literary Digest* of September 18th: "In the year before the war we had about nineteen thousand men working in our industrial shops, 75 per cent of whom attributed their status to drink.

"The war ended. Then the prohibition law went into effect in July, 1919. Our warerooms, except for those whom we always will have with us, were soon deserted. The drunkards had disappeared.

"Christmas came. That was the time when our halls were always filled to the

last square inch with men who were picked up in the streets in all states of inebriety. But last Christmas we could hardly corral a handful."

Now that the services of the Army are not needed to care for the "drunks" and their families, Col. Peart says: "It will free our hands to perform other service which is necessary. Up to the present the drunkard has been the type most in need of help. Now he has virtually gone from us, but he has left another who is just as sorely beset as he is, if not more so. That is the drug addict. It is true that the number of addicts does not in any way come up to the number of drunkards of the past, but it is not a matter of numbers in which we are interested. It is human beings. If they need help we are ready to give it to them.

"The Salvation Army is not going to worry because the young man is not getting any more booze. We are going to worry because some young men are getting drugs. Just now we are planning a building for the housing of drug addicts."

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Dunn of Chamberlain, South Dakota, formerly connected with the Hinsdale Sanitarium, spent a few days at Hinsdale recently.

Miss Sarah Peck of Washington, D. C., was a welcome visitor during the month.

Brother H. H. Hall and wife of Mountain View, Calif., called recently at the Sanitarium. Brother Hall is connected with the Pacific Press Publishing Association.

Mr. Claude Holmes of Washington, D. C., now located in Oak Park, Ill., visited Hinsdale recently.

The Sanitarium enjoyed a visit from Leaton Irwin and family. Mr. Irwin is owner of the large Irwin Paper Company of Quincy, Ill.

Mr. A. E. Sarber of Claypool, Ind., visited his daughter Beulah, a student nurse at the Sanitarium.

Dr. Harry C. Nelson, last year a member of our medical staff, called recently while visiting relatives in Brookfield, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Aalborg and son, missionaries to Jamaica, West Indies, recently paid the Sanitarium a visit, which was enjoyed by

all. Mr. Aalborg gave an interesting report to our workers of their work in Kingston, Jamaica.

Miss Florence Jones, one of THE LIFE BOAT stenographers, has recently entered the Emmanuel Missionary College, where she will attend school the coming year. Miss Helen Loth of Chicago will take her place in the Editorial Office.

Professor J. I. Beardsley of the Oakwood Junior College, Huntsville, Ala., was a recent visitor at the Sanitarium.

Professor J. G. Lamson delivered the address at the graduation exercises of the nurses' training school at the Wabash Valley Sanitarium, Lafayette, Ind., September 5th.

Mrs. Dr. O. M. Hayward of Reeves, Ga., was a recent visitor at the Sanitarium.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Wagner of Shreveport, La., spent a few days at the Sanitarium before going to their new field of missionary labor—the Inca Mission Field, South America.

Pastor William Guthrie of Berrien Springs, Mich., Ira J. Woodman of Madison, Wis., and A. J. Clark of Chicago attended a board meeting of the Hinsdale Sanitarium Association on the evening of September 12th.

A farewell reception was given recently to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Colburn, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Clark, and their mother Rovilla Field, who are now en route to the Inca Indian Mission, South America, where they will labor for the Master.

Evangelist A. V. Cotton of Detroit, who acted as Chaplain of our Institution this summer during the absence of Professor J. G. Lamson, called recently. He was on his way to Kansas to take up evangelistic work there.

The Hinsdale Intermediate School conducted by the Sanitarium for the benefit of the young people employed in the Sanitarium, opened September 15th with an enrollment of forty-seven students. Miss Fyrm Ford, Miss Louise Dedeker and Miss Hattie Andre are the three teachers who are giving their entire time to this school; others are teaching certain subjects.

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The Life Boat

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

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A. B. Olsen, M. D. Prof. J. G. Lamson.
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promptly.

Change of Address

When writing to have the address of The Life
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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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Chicago Book & Tract Society, 312 Steger Bldg.,
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of the new Hinsdale Sanitarium. We
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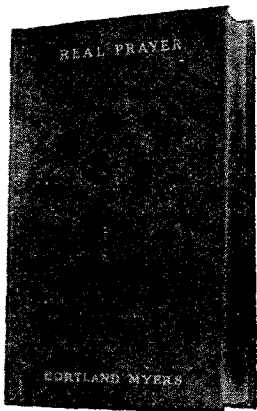
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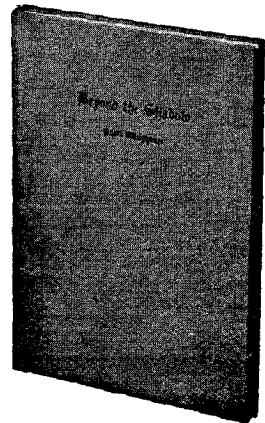
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Real Prayer

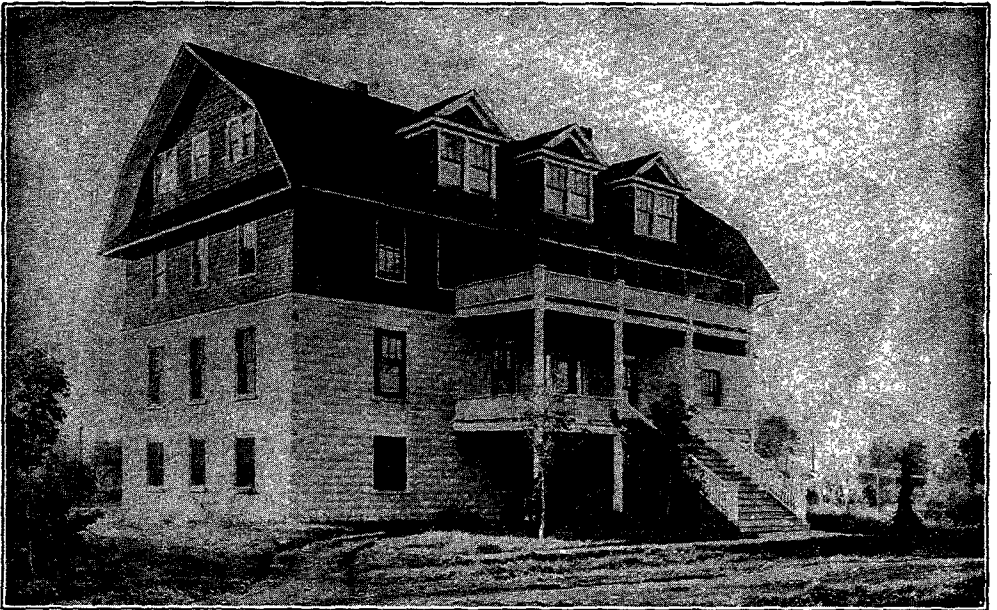
By Courtland Meyers. A most inspiring book on prayer. It will make you hungry for a personal experience in the power of prayer. This book will be sent you for only one subscription and fifty cents extra. Send us \$1.50 and receive The Life Boat for one whole year and this splendid book.

Beyond the Shadow

Pearl Waggoner Howard, The Life Boat poet, has collected some of her best poems and published them in book form. The book contains ninety-six pages. We will send a paper-covered copy for only one subscription to THE LIFE BOAT and twenty-five cents extra. Subscribe now—before you forget it.



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.**

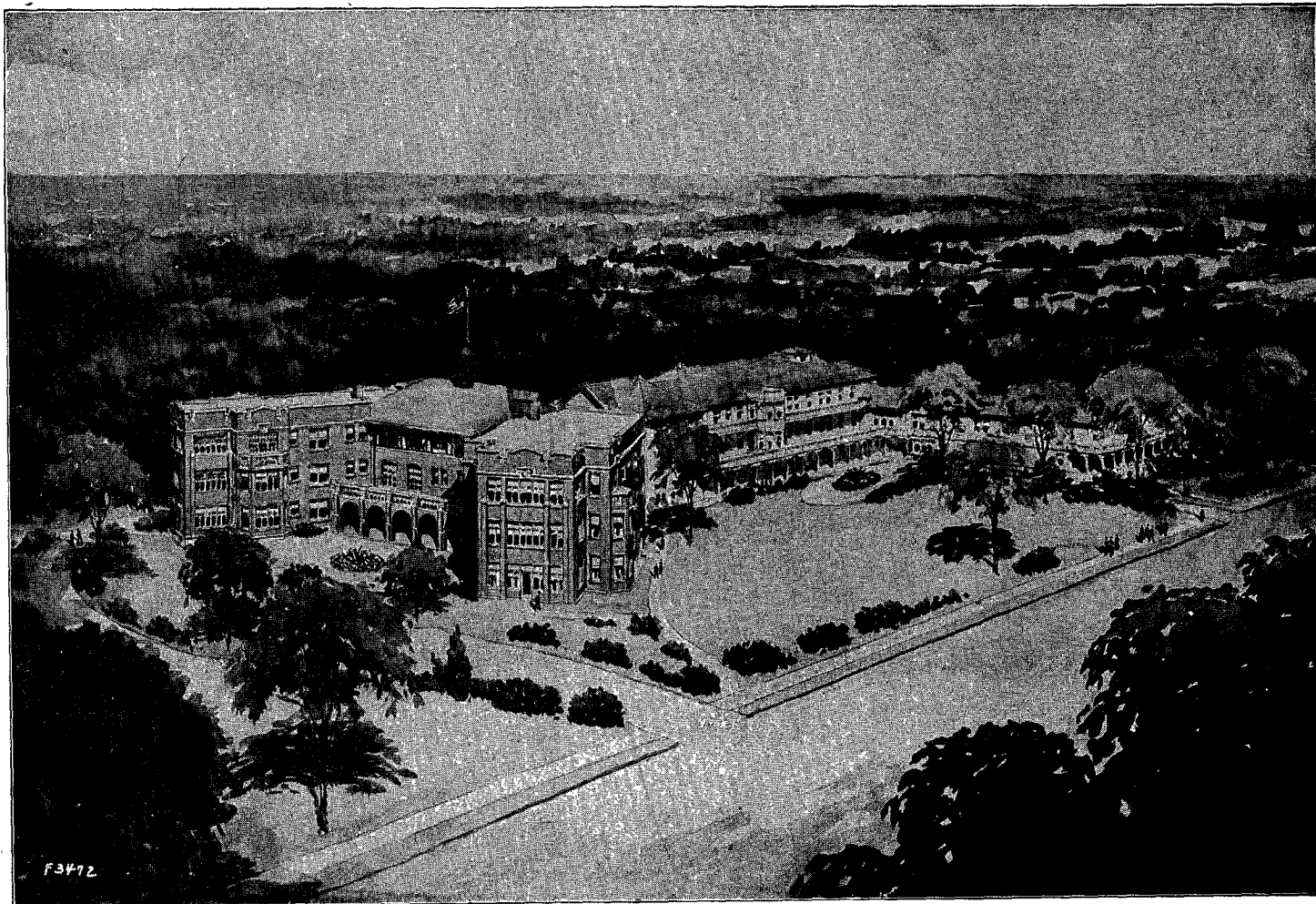
The New Hinsdale Sanitarium

THE new fifty room addition to the Hinsdale Sanitarium, together with numerous other enlargements and improvements, have now been completed. Nearly all the new rooms are occupied. A large amount of splendid new equipment has been installed. The sanitarium is able to accommodate about 150 patients.

Although the construction is completed, we still have unpaid bills and wish to borrow a few thousand dollars to meet these obligations.

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.