A STREET IN SHANGHAI

JANUARY, 1914
Battle Creek, Michigan
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EDITORIAL NOTES

Those who believe in God should not mourn at the passing of the years, no matter how rapidly they may seem to go, since we are away from our Father's home, and each year is a long step toward our eternal reward. But the passing of the years brings increased weight and value to the lessening opportunities that are to be given us. Let us therefore at the beginning of each New Year renew our zeal and enlarge our efforts in preparing for the Master's coming and kingdom. Such is the spirit with which the Medical Missionary greets 1914.

A "Race Betterment Conference," the first of a projected series, is appointed to be held at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, January 8-13. It is too early to speak of this Conference except prospectively, but at the present writing, everything indicates a notable gathering both of scientific and philanthropic men and women, and also of far reaching results. The President of the Conference is the celebrated surgeon and public health officer, Stephen Smith, A. M., M. D., LL. D., of New York; and honorary presidents: Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver; Governor Ferris, of Michigan; Sir Horace Plunkett, of Ireland. Among the vice-presidents are, Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale; Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Brooklyn; J. M. Hurty, M. D., Commissioner of Health of Indiana; Hon. Robert L. Owen, U. S. Senator from Oklahoma; Jacob Riis, of New York; President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard; W. A. Evans, M. D., Chicago; S. S. McClure, New York; Gifford Pinchot, Washington; Dean Sumner, Graham Taylor, and Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Chicago. The program embraces a large number of prominent men and women who are giving their lives to the betterment of the human family. The avowed purpose of the Congress is "to assemble evidence as to the extent to which degenerative tendencies are actively at work in America and to set in action agencies by which they may be counteracted." And it is anticipated that the Conference will end in some permanent results in measures to be taken for meeting the grave dangers which now threaten the integrity of the race. In our next number we hope to present details of the meeting.

We are well pleased to learn of the safe arrival in this country of Bishop
Joseph C. Hartzell, the apostle to Africa, after a tour of eight months during which he attended the Sunday-school Convention in Zurich. He reports “the best tour in comfort and administrative success since my appointment to Africa seventeen years ago.” The Bishop says he is in excellent health, “and the good I received at the Sanitarium has been of value beyond words to express. I hope to spend a short time with you as soon as I can arrange.” He will be most welcome.

Concerning the workers who recently went to Portuguese East Africa from this institution Bishop Hartzell writes appreciatively as follows: “You will be glad to know that Dr. and Mrs. Stauf-facher are proving excellent people. He is a rare man as well as a good physi-cian. He stopped in London for a course in the London School of Tropical Med-i-cine and besides the rare opportunity of study, he formed valuable relations with leading men and physicians especially interested and of high standing in study and practice of tropical diseases. He saved the lives of two missionaries within a few days after his arrival. We se-cured a property adjoining our central mission station in Portuguese East Africa, of twelve acres with a good brick building for a dispensary. The prop-erty is paid for and the dispensary fairly well equipped and the daily treatments are many. Why could not Battle Creek adopt the medical center as one of its family and call the attention of its friends to it. The next need is a small hospital.”

The holiday season at the Sanitarium promises to be of special interest this year. An unusual number of guests are remaining with us, though the home ties pull strongly at this season of the year. Among those who are spending the time with us are Rev. Joseph K. Greene and wife, of Oberlin. Dr. Greene is a nestor of missionaries, having spent over fifty years at or near Constantinople, and gained a most intimate and extensive knowledge of the Turks and their affairs. At the age of eighty-four Dr. Greene reads without glasses, speaks with a vigor that fills large auditoriums, and his ad-dresses are charged with an attraction and a power that renders them truly remark-able. We have also with us Miss Anna L. Cartwright and her associate singer, Miss Gould, who for twelve years have carried on evangelistic work through the central states. These ladies came for a period of rest and at the same time contributed much to the pleasure and profit of Christmastide. Rev. John Hay, of the South American Inland Mission, was also with us for a few days and spoke twice upon his unique and thrill-ing experiences among the uncivilized and often cannibal Indians of the far in-terior of that as yet unexplored continent. Still another contributor to our Christmas cheer was Rev. F. W. Swift, also engaged in evangelistic work, who paused here for a rest during the holidays after a very successful campaign in Germantown, Ohio.

Rev. R. L. Bush, of the Methodist Mission in Portuguese East Africa, has been for some time a patient at the Sanitarium, arriving here in a reduced condi-tion from repeated attacks of the African fever. We are glad to say that this brother is making a very satisfactory re-covery of his health and strength with a prospect of soon being able to return to his field. We are glad to present in this number a report of an address given in
EDITORIAL

the Sanitarium parlor by Mr. Bush, in which he recounts in a graphic manner many of his experiences on the field.

We received a very brief visit from Rev. John Lake, of Canton, China, who is connected with the work of the Southern Baptist Mission and engaged in educational and evangelical work. Mr. Lake brought his wife to the Sanitarium for needed treatment but himself was obliged to hurry on to his field where he has important engagements awaiting him. He spoke on Sunday evening in the Sanitarium parlor, giving a very lucid and intelligent view of conditions in China. Unfortunately this address was not reported. Indications are very favorable for Mrs. Lake's satisfactory recovery, when she will follow her husband to their adopted home.

We acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of a Crow Indian saddle from Rev. W. A. Petzoldt, of the Baptist Mission at Lodge Grass, Montana. This will be added to the curios of our missionary museum. This collection is located in a large room on the fifth floor in the Sanitarium main building, and although it has had a history of only four or five years it already presents a very attractive and interesting appearance. Contributions of curios are always thankfully received and are sure to be observed by the large number of visitors who daily inspect the museum and its contents. We are glad to learn that both Mr. Petzoldt and his wife are in very satisfactory health and pushing on their work with usual vigor.

The belief of many people that bouillon cubes are concentrated meat essences and of high nutritive value has been shattered by a recently issued bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, which says that while they are valuable as a stimulant or as flavoring agencies, they have little or no real food value. The ordinary commercial bouillon cubes, according to the bulletin issued by the Department, consist of from one-half to three-fourths table salt. As they cost from ten to twenty cents an ounce, purchasers of these cubes are buying salt at a high price. Many housewives believe that they are concentrated beef and possess high nutritive value, especially for invalids. This is not the case. The fact would be more clearly stated if they were denominated “concentrated extracts of excretions” as analysis has frequently proved that beef extract is almost identical in composition with the secretion of the kidneys.

A very timely addition to missionary literature has recently been placed before the public by Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago and New York, under the title of “The Appeal of Medical Missions,” the author being R. Fletcher Moorshead, M. B., F. R. C. S. The book presents a well directed and concise study of the whole subject of Medical Missions, abstractly considered, embracing the attributes and considerations that cluster around this important subject. There is an introduction by Sir Andrew Fraser, who has very greatly distinguished himself by his public services at home and abroad. Thirty years in Indian affairs has given him a close insight into all missionary effort, and it is very encouraging to read his tribute to the value of medical missions. The author is secretary to the Medical Missionary Auxiliary of the Baptist Mission Society, and presents his theme with marked ability under ap-
The appropriate heads such as: “The Character and Purpose of Medical Missions; The Origin and Authority of Medical Missions; The Need for Medical Missions; The Value of Medical Missions; Women’s Sphere in Medical Missions,” etc. The price of the book is not given in the volume itself, but an inquiry of the publishers will bring it.

THE POWER THAT UPHOLDS

The power that upholds the universe is the same that created it. The old Sadducees held that God, having created the world, withdrew from his work and became from that time nothing more than an interested spectator of what took place. Certain laws were established which controlled the lives and destinies of all intelligent beings, and from that fiat there was no escape. Fatalism transfixed the details of every man’s life, and set the hour of his death, and from that decree there was no appeal, and from that fate there was no discharge. Such a view excludes faith and puts a damper upon all aspirations and ambitions. Shut up to a definite program, hopelessly limited to a fixed fate, there is but little left to live for, and there is nothing better than the stoical conclusion, "Let us eat and drink today, for tomorrow we die."

But the Christian is not shut up to such disconsolate ideas of living. By faith he is connected with the ever-living and loving God and Father of all men. He knows that God is immanent in all his works, is present at all times with his children, that he is continuously operating in nature, working still those miraculous changes through which we exist and sustaining those vital processes in and around us through which we live and move and have our being.

The Bible abundantly supports this kind of faith, and encourages us by every means of persuasion to trust in a Heavenly Father who thoroughly knows and understands us and our wants, and who has made abundant provisions for every human need. The whole spirit and tenor of the sacred Word is to lead us to repose our confidence and entire trust in the infinite Power that cares for us. “Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.” He hath said, “I never will leave thee, nor forsake thee. so we need not fear what man can do unto us.”

In Christ, we are told, “all things consist.” He is the express image of his Father’s person, “upholding all things by the word of his power.” All power in heaven and upon earth is delegated to him; and in him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily. By him the worlds were made, and, “without him was nothing made that was made.” Enthroned in power, far above angels and principalities and every name that is named, reigning conjointly with the eternal Father in universal dominion, he, the Son of God, espoused the cause of lost mankind, and in order to become the Saviour of the lost relinquished all his glory and was made flesh and dwelt among men as the poorest of them.

With his arm of infinite strength and love he encircles the race of men and draws them to the Father. The most effective power ever exerted in this world is the love of Christ. From this one great impulse of unselfish devoted love for us radiates every benign force that operates in the natural and in the spiritual world. With the tenderest and gentlest care, and yet with irresistible force he “gathers the lambs in his bosom,” he supports and upholds his children, he surrounds them on every side with his protection, he seeks the lost and straying;
he defends and directs his children, even in the smallest details of their lives.

In that beautiful chapter where he says he is "the Good Shepherd," and tells of the care he has for his sheep, the Saviour declares, "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me; I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Blessed assurance is this! No matter what may come to us, or what dangers may appear, those who follow Jesus Christ as his children are safe. His infinite and unchanging power is pledged for the safe-conduct of everyone who bears his name in truth.

A REFORMATION IS DUE

Like a farewell salute and message the Old Testament closes with the following words, which embrace a prediction, a promise, and a solemn admonition: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Elijah was a reformer who at Mount Carmel was the instrument in the hands of the Lord in turning the hearts of the children of Israel from Baal and his seductive and loathsome worship back to their Father in heaven. He seemed to stand alone, and he verily thought that he was the only loyal follower of God left alive. When Jesus the Christ was about to appear upon the earth a similar state of apostasy prevailed, and John the Baptizer came "in the spirit and power of Elijah" to prepare a people for the coming of the King. Jesus testified of him that "He is that Elijah which was for to come."

But in the mind of the prophet who was the inspired penman of the words quoted above, there was still another Elijah message to be given just before the coming of that great and dreadful day when sin and wickedness will meet its doom. In that day the truth will be vindicated; the voice of rebellion will be quelled; the cries of suffering and the shout of the oppressor will forever cease; and all the world will stand in judgment before the God of all the universe. It is a day of reckoning, of retribution, of ruin and destruction; and a day of rewards and restoration and restitution. But just before that day a stirring message will ring out over all the world, heralded by agents called of God. Parents will remember their children; children will seek to their parents; the broken bonds of filial and parental love will be restored; fathers and mothers will resume the places they should occupy in their own families and children will once more respond to the calls of duty and domestic regard.

That Will Be a Happy Day

for this world. Among the burning questions of today not one is eating its way so painfully into the very vitals of our happiness and security as the question of what our young people are coming to. Those who love their race and are looking into the future are filled with the intensest anxiety in regard to the rising generation. Inspiration has predicted that in these days children would be disobedient to parents, unthankful and unholy, and families would be destitute of natural affection; and truly we have reached that time.

After night-fall our sidewalks and street corners are peopled with young
girls and boys, whose place is at their own firesides under the paternal roofs; but they are wandering away from home, which has no attractions for them. Their associations are to be found on the streets and in questionable places of amusement, where they meet with those of kindred minds and congenial spirits, youngsters who are simply out for a good time, and are utterly regardless of anything except the things which tend to the gratification of their passion for exciting amusement. Parents have no knowledge of the whereabouts of their boys and girls, they know nothing of their associations, practically nothing of their characters, nothing of the influences which are really shaping their lives. They are troubled by certain outbreaks of insubordination and exhibitions of unruly tempers; but they are not prepared for the calamity that surely comes sooner or later, and when they agonizingly strive to mend matters find that it is too late, that their son or daughter is hopelessly lost. And nothing but the infinite power of God can save them.

Our land is filled with such experiences, our newspapers overflow with dark deeds that are hatched up and executed by these young outlaws who have recently come from homes that ought to have shielded them and led them to better things.

Parental Neglect is Responsible

In view of all that is passing before our eyes it is not traducing the fathers and mothers of this generation to say that parental neglect is one of the crying sins of this generation, and one of the greatest sources of danger that threaten the future of our race. No other defect in our social life is so seriously impairing the integrity of our society, and the moral tone of our communities; no other evil is eating into the vitals of our very existence as a race as the failure of fathers and mothers to perform their duties as parents.

Superficiality is bound to characterize an age that is living at the pace we are traveling. The work that once was performed by hand is now done by machinery; the burdens of life are borne by proxy; the responsibilities of life are shifted to paid operatives. Men and women are seeking to be eased of responsibility in order that they have more time for amusement and gratification of ruling passions. Money is easily obtained, and as rapidly expended in the complexities in which society is involved, while the simple duties that claimed the attention of the fathers and mothers who laid the foundations of our civilization, of our country and our institutions, are laid aside; and our commodities are bought and paid for. Our charities are carried on by paid servants, gifts to benevolence are not presented by the givers but by a system that leaves the giver and the receiver as wide apart as the poles.

Bearing Children by Proxy

Sad it is that the bringing up of families has passed very largely into the same system of doing things by proxy. While it is true that no one has yet discovered a method for producing human offspring by a mechanical process like an incubator that relieves the mother from all trouble, it is also painfully true that since there is no such process, our birth-rate is being fearfully reduced because of the trouble it imposes and because the process of bearing children interferes with the more pressing calls of social life.

After children are born it becomes comparatively easy to enter upon a career of neglect of the duties and privi-
leges of parenthood. The father is so busy and comes home so weary and has so little time for recreation that the children must not trouble him. His newspaper and then his social engagements claim all his time, and he is never more than a stranger on good speaking terms with his children. He never searches and knows them, he never inquires into his son's life and habits and associations, he does not know the books he is reading, he is not on intimate terms with his boys or girls, and trusts their welfare entirely to others except that he pays the bills for their support and comfort.

The mother entrusts the little one to a nurse if she is able to employ one; the child derives its life from a bottle instead of that natural fountain of life through which the mother is entitled to impart her very self to her offspring. As soon as the law will permit, the child is sent to school to be out of the way, and the state takes up the work of laying the foundations of character and spirit for that human life. The Sunday-school is expected to furnish spiritual instruction, the housemaid attends to the needs, and the child is made to understand that he or she is an added incumbrance to the family happiness and is left free to seek outside the home the companionship that the home does not afford, but which is an absolute necessity to the life of the child.

Probably the child makes sundry attempts to confide its secrets and tell its little experiences to mother or to father only to be repulsed by the oft-repeated information that there is no time for such nonsense, and thus barriers are erected between parents and children that grow into mountains, and finally become impassable.

How Can it be Possible?

As we see girls of tender years upon the streets after nightfall in company with boys who have no moral sense, who are only seeking for the gratification of the lower passions, and know that they are able to find congenial companions in the girls of their age, we can but shudder, and wonder how it is possible for any mother to become so insensible of the danger to which her daughter is thus exposed as to allow her to be out from home at night with absolutely no knowledge of her whereabouts or companions. Such a thing could not be supposed of a careful mother or a thoughtful father. Think of a father sitting down in the evening in his comfortable chair with his newspaper and cigar or pipe while his boy or girl is out on the street playing with the devil of licentiousness and degradation, or, perhaps, being led through the steamy, seething mazes of the dance by companions who reek with vileness! No wonder the hearts of such fathers and mothers are so often wrung with anguish and their heads bowed with shame. No wonder that our police records reek with the deeds of darkness perpetrated by sons and daughters of respectability.

This awful condition is not produced in a moment, but it begins in the tender days of infancy when the obligations of parentage are shunned by parents, who fail to take and to hold the first place in the confidence and love of their children. Our public authorities and our philanthropists begin to see the dreadful pit that yawns before our race. They are alarmed and are racking their brains for remedies, and for means that will work the betterment of our race. Juvenile courts, houses of correction, schools and homes are being provided for those who have fallen victims to evil influences, and a host of good men and women are at
work building up a magnificent public school system. Teachers are being trained to provide for every point of training and education in the development of the child; and we should certainly appreciate these noble efforts.

It Does Not Heal the Hurt

But public institutions and municipal paternalism does not heal the hurt, the open sore of society. Where is the messenger who will come to turn the hearts of our fathers and mothers to their children? Who will preach the gospel of domestic salvation? Machine-made men and women may be better than none, or they may be worse, but a man or woman who has been reared under the sacred influence of a godly home is always a success, and an immeasurable blessing. No boy who grows up with the blessed secret in his heart that his mother is his best lover and friend, his most trusted companion, can ever get far away from the path of virtue. No boy or girl around whose heart the love strings of home have been tenderly and carefully woven can ever escape from that sweet thralldom. They never want to escape. Home always remains their earthly heaven, their refuge, their haven of rest.

If the state would do the greatest thing for the race let it provide for the proper education of competent mothers. Let a test of domestic qualification be applied to candidates for marriage licenses even before the doctor’s certificate. Let the municipalities provide, if necessary, public laundries, bakeries, cooking establishments, house-keeping brigades, to relieve the mothers and leave the care and education of the younger children to their natural teachers and guardians. Let the state see that mothers are made competent to take up the duties of their most sacred obligations and then do them. Let the school be only and always the auxiliary of the home, and the father and mother stand as the guardians and guides of their children until with characters fixed, with affections centered upon the pure and the good, they can be sent forth to graded schools and to higher education armed with principles of righteousness that are incorruptible, and then the gravest of our dangers will be forestalled.

According to the Word of God such a reformation is now due. Where is the voice in the wilderness? Let the pulpit awake, and give the message. We say almost unthinkingly that the home is the defence of our social life; but many, many of our homes today are for the children simply places for lodging and meals, and not homes at all in the best sense. Let the Reformer arise; he is now due.

The protracted struggle in Mexico seems likely to result in the utter exhaustion of the participants of all classes. There appears to be no way open to the United States government but to look on and see them fight it out until one or the other or perhaps all parties have to quit because there is nothing left to fight. Let us indulge the hope that when at last the end of the war is reached, the way of the Prince of Peace will have been prepared, and out of their distress the people of Mexico will be led to seek in Jesus Christ the relief of their woes and burdens. May we not also hope for the same sequel to the terrible wars that have desolated the Balkan States? If it shall be so, they will not have suffered in vain; and surely there is balm in Gilead, there is a Physician there.
HOSPITAL, CHENG'TU, WEST CHINA, ERECTED THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF H. L. CANRIGHT, M. D.
CHENGDU, WEST CHINA

REV. ROBT. L. SIMKIN

So much has happened since I last wrote that I must go back a few months and bring history up to date.

At the close of last autumn term we moved into the city, expecting that others would take up the work at the University, and that we should have charge of the church interests. The decision of our annual meeting changed all this, and we therefore found ourselves again in the residence at the University site. We were scarcely settled and well started in the term's work when Mrs. Simkin was seized with a sudden and very dangerous illness and was removed to the hospital immediately. An operation, which proved to be the only hope of saving life, was successfully performed, and my wife made a fairly good recovery. She is still far from strong, however, and has to exercise care not to overtax her strength.

As for our work, we have thus far had

A Very Happy Year.

I am teaching some hours in the University and some in the Union Training School for Evangelistic Students; but my chief work is in the Middle School, in which I am acting as principal this year. This corresponds to the High School in America, and prepares students to enter the University. During the past term we had 118 students, which is the largest enrollment the school has yet had. There are about twenty teachers, some of whom are foreigners who divide their time between the Middle School and the University, and others are students in the University who help to pay their way through college by teaching a few hours per week in the Middle School. One need not wish for a better opportunity than we are getting for influencing the China of the future. I find an especially good point of contact in football, which I play with the boys nearly every afternoon.

We have just registered the Middle School in the Provincial Board of Education, and if we may judge from the number of applications received for entrance, this will bring to us more students than we can accommodate. Indeed, we were crowded last term, so that if the number of applicants increases it will give us an opportunity of raising the standard. This registration marks a new attitude on the part of the government authorities toward mission schools. Some years ago an attempt was made to register the school and the application was refused by the authorities. We have therefore been laboring at a disadvantage in procuring students, for although the education given by us is fully equivalent to that given in the government schools, yet the student was much less likely to come to us because he knew that our certificates would not be recognized by the government and he would be debarred from many of the privileges to which a government certificate would entitle him.

In the further development of the University we are also hoping to secure the co-operation of the Chinese. We have invited three Chinese gentlemen to act as advisers on the Senate or governing body, and they have consented to do so. They are the ex-Commissioner of Education, the president of the Provincial Assembly, and the head of the Provincial Department of Justice. We have had one meeting, at which their advice was very helpful, and we shall probably request other Chinese gentlemen to become advisers also.

The University grows slowly, the present number of students being eighteen. We are still carrying on the work in temporary and very unsatisfactory buildings, and it is generally felt that our greatest need is the speedy erection of some of our permanent buildings. These are only awaiting the coming of a practical builder to superintend the workmen. A few good buildings would undoubtedly attract many students who now hesitate to enter a University which is still without permanent buildings. The University architect, Mr. Fred Rowntree, of England, paid us a visit in May and sketched plans for some of the buildings and for the general lay out of the plot which delighted us all. Since Mr. Rowntree's re-
CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

A part of the summer holidays has been occupied by meetings of the Church Union Committee, and a

Plan of Union Much More Complete

than that of 1911 has been prepared and will be submitted to the various churches for their consideration. We are therefore making progress.

As regards the political situation, we have been receiving rather disquieting reports from down river, and our own province is not without its rumors. Governor Pu seems to be a strong man, and from what we can hear he is handling the situation as well as anyone could. How much of these rumors is to be believed we can not tell, as we have learned by experience how generally untrustworthy rumor can be in China. We do not anticipate any great disturbances, for the Chinese have a happy faculty of coming to the point of fighting and then at the last minute finding a means of compromise whereby the whole trouble is avoided. In any case both parties show a desire to do their utmost to protect the foreigner, and we are afforded far better protection than are the Chinese themselves.

To illustrate, about three months ago we were awakened in the middle of the night by shooting and the cries of women and children, and our watchman told us that a band of robbers was attacking our nearest neighbors in a farmhouse just at the edge of the University plot. I hastily hid the bag containing our ready cash and then went back to bed. However, there was no need for my precaution, for the robbers did not molest us. They had learned—for nothing can be kept private in China—that our neighbors had that day received the money for their spring crop, so they shot up the compound and relieved them of about twenty dollars gold and whatever else of value they could carry away. The local militia arrived just as they were departing, but

turn to England we have purchased an additional plot comprising about fourteen English acres which will be used for the group of science buildings. We had been trying for more than a year to purchase this plot and have only now succeeded in securing it.

Negotiations had been in progress for about five years for another smaller plot and our securing it seemed almost hopeless, but this also has now been added to the site. Up to the present the University has been carried on by the

Union of Four Missionary Organizations,

but now the Church Missionary Society is considering whether it may not be able to provide the necessary funds to join with us, so it is a possibility that we may soon have five missions in the union instead of four.

Nearly all the students in the University are Christians, and one of the boys in our dormitory who took the highest average in the University last term has just joined our church. In the Middle School two of our boys from Tungchwan came out first and second respectively among 118, and several others are not far behind. Both of them are good Christian boys.

Immediately at the close of the school term a Union Convention composed of representatives from all the Protestant church organizations in northern Szechuan was held here on the University site. We have long had a great deal of co-operation with one another, but this convention was unique in that it was probably the first large and important gathering to which representatives were appointed directly by the various churches. We had over four days of prayer meetings, addresses, and discussions by which many were very greatly helped and were sent back home with a broader vision of the work of the church and a deeper realization of the unity which exists among us. The University site with its buildings otherwise unoccupied during the holidays proved an ideal spot for the holding of a convention, and this one may very probably be the forerunner of many important gatherings in the future. On the Sunday morning the Christians from the five congregations in the city met here for a large service, awnings having been put up to protect the people from the sun.
as the robbers possessed firearms far superior they all got away with their booty. For some time after this a guard of more than ten men was sent to patrol the University property at night, but this number has gradually dwindled to only two or three. The robbers know that if they should attack the foreigner the government would employ every means to bring them to justice, whereas they can rob their own countrymen without so much fear of being hunted down.

LETTERS FROM DR. AND MRS. H. L. CANRIGHT

It is now nearly one year since Dr. H. L. Canright and Mrs. Canright left us for their work in Chengtu, Szechuan, Western China. Dr. Canright’s home is Battle Creek, and during his furlough, extended somewhat by the prevailing troubles in China, we had the privilege of many pleasant associations. We are glad to present in this number some views of the hospital which Doctor Canright was enabled to build for his work before coming home on his furlough. It was very difficult to get from his own lips the story of the building of this magnificent refuge for the sick and suffering of Western China, or his native modesty forbade his speaking of the part he bore, and this part, indeed, comprehends practically the entire tale. Doctor Canright struggled alone with this great problem planning, executing and financing the erection and equipment of this splendid monument to Christian devotion and philanthropy.

From private letters written to their son and other friends since their leaving us we gather a few extracts showing something of their subsequent experiences. They took one child with them and left four behind in this country to finish their education. This is the most painful thing in a missionary’s life—the parting for long years from children.

Writing to their son Cyril, from the Yangtze River, Doctor Canright says: “We carry with us in our minds an indelible picture of you four standing face to face with the world as we parted and our train pulled away from Battle Creek. The pain of that parting has shadowed us ever since as we rapidly crossed mountains, plains, continent and sea.” After a few days in Shanghai the letter reads as follows, giving an account of that peculiarly tedious and trying experience,

A Trip Up the Yangtze River:

“We went on board ship after attending the reception in honor of Dr. John R. Mott, who reached Shanghai with Bishop Bashford. We had an exceptionally pleasant voyage of four days up the river to Hankow, in a large steamer, reaching Hankow in the morning. That same evening we embarked on a smaller steamer for Ichang. This is the most remarkably easy escape from Hankow that we have ever made. You will doubtless remember twelve years ago when we had to wait eight days for a boat and had no place to go until finally we got into a little foreign inn. We have our seven boxes of household goods, our operating furniture and fifteen boxes of groceries..."
on board the boat now. It is just three years ago today since we left Chengtu. The water is very low and you may imagine that we are having a most uninteresting trip. Instead of watching the smoke from the funnel which was our only scenery on the ocean, there is now nothing to watch but the mud banks on either side of the river which are higher than ever at this low state of water.

At Ichang another change was made and the little family embarked on a house boat which was propelled up stream by pole or by ropes pulled by "trackers" on shore.

A Subsequent Letter Continues:

"We soon came in sight of the grand mountains; the second day from Ichang we remained tied up to the bank on account of the rain and snow and the following morning for the first time we saw those grand mountains covered with a white blanket. It was a beautiful sight, but we could not enjoy it very well because we had made no preparations for such a drop in temperature. We asked the cook to buy some charcoal to burn in a razzier but he claimed he could not get any until the next day, so we pretended our furnace had gone out, or that there was a coal famine, or that the miners had gone on a strike, etc., and so comforted ourselves as best we could. The third day we entered the rapids and from that time until we reached Chunking, not a day passed that did not bring its times of anxious suspense. If nothing else worried us the question as to whether the rope would stand the strain or not and what would happen if it broke was constantly upon our minds. We could imagine our boat swirling in the rapid current, dashed against the rocks below, but providentially none of these things happened, although we saw plenty of things happening to other boats. But each morning we commended ourselves to
God and asked that our lives might be precious in his sight today; and even little Ted learned to add a little postscript to his evening prayers by saying, 'and keep our boat from getting wrecked.'

A Wreck

"On March 10th we were making good time sailing before a stiff breeze when suddenly we struck a submerged rock with such force as to throw us off our feet. We all knew at once that there was 'something doing,' as their native boats are frail crafts at best. The deck hands at once began pulling up the decks to discover the location of the leak and found water pouring into the two front compartments. They called for help as loudly as they could, and I ran to the ports on either side to see how close we were to the shore and found we were almost in mid-stream. The water kept pouring in and the men kept shouting for help.

"After what seemed an endless time, a small boat was coming in toward us and presently one of the red life boats to be found at dangerous places along the river appeared from somewhere and soon drew alongside. We had hastily gathered together a few most needful things into a suitcase and taken what money we had with us, snatching up a couple of steamer rugs, and lost no time in getting into the life boat. Doctor Canright helped the man get some of the boxes and fruit out of the hold where the water was coming in and these were transferred to the small boat which had now gathered around us. After lightening the houseboat of its load, it floated over the rock and they were able to pull it ashore.

"It seemed strange to find out that not one of those boxes was wet at all and that we had received no injury and by opening up the boxes which were wet and drying the things out, the loss was reduced to a minimum. It took the men a day and a half to mend the boat and when the job was finished it had a very bungling appearance indeed, but we felt relieved when at last we were back on the boat and the men came on board, the sail was again hoisted, a few fire crackers were fired off complimentary to the demon of the river that had sought to work us harm, and we started up the river. At first the boat leaked badly, they had to bail it out very frequently, but gradually the cracks closed up with the swelling of the timber and we could only marvel at the Chinese way of doing things. We made the journey from Ichang to Chunking in eighteen and a half traveling days. We always stopped for Sunday, resting and making preparations for the over-land journey to Chengtu. We had had quite enough of the river so decided to finish our journey by land. The goods went on by boat.

"The overland journey would make an entire chapter by itself so suffice it to say that at the end of ten days we rode in through the great East gate of Chengtu. Passing along the familiar streets, we soon found our own compound, a royal welcome was given to us by our fellow missionaries and the native Christians and friends, and it did seem good to see them again. We have now settled into the old busy life and it almost seems as though we had not been away. The doctor was besieged with patients almost before he got his hat off."

Changes

From a subsequent letter, we take the following concerning changes that have taken place during their absence:

"First and most notable is the change in the spirit of the Chinese. They are so independent, not to say impudent, in their manner now and seem to have entirely dropped their custom of polite deference among themselves and toward us. They are now preaching the doctrine that 'all men are equal' and practicing it to the extent of lawlessness. The dress has changed also, the style of the sedan chair has changed, the prices in everything are changed, advanced of course, manners and customs have been altered to quite an extent. For instance, they no longer practice the low grace-bow with the hands to the forehead but instead
give a stiff jerky bow that is anything but graceful. The men are fond of sporting a little 'Sun Yat Sen mustache,' with about three hairs on a side. They never used to allow a beard to grow until after forty years of age and then seldom. You will be glad to hear that the attitude toward Christianity has also changed to some extent. The church now is not looked down upon. It is no disgrace to become a Christian. But they have as much to learn as ever as to what it means to be a Christian.

'The people are under a cloud of anxiety all the time as to the future and dangers seeming to threaten; the cities are comparatively quiet, but out in the country anarchy prevails. Anyone who has an old score to pay takes advantage of these conditions and pays it now. Almost everyone seen on the streets wears a malicious-looking countenance. We have noticed but few of the nice faces which we used to meet. Perhaps this appearance is enhanced by the fact that natives have cut off the queue and have no popular way of cutting or dressing their hair. Each man is a law to himself, not only in hair dressing but in almost everything else. Many of the people have allowed their wicked passions to control them until it has become stamped on their countenances. This has been so different from my idea of the Chinese that it has been depressing to me. China is certainly suffering a terrible retribution. Only thirteen years ago they were killing Christians by the thousands. Now these same Chinese are just as industriously killing each other. Many of the men seem to have gone crazy over plunder, gambling and greed for quick gain.'

The last letter received, states that,

"Affairs Are Now Settling Down rapidly. The rebellion which arose in the Eastern Provinces extended to Szechuan, but it looks as though the bottom
had fallen out of it. The leader of the rebel forces in the West, has disappeared and he got away 'to save his face' and probably his head too. This has been a very useless, senseless war. Soldiers went into it only for the sake of pillaging and plundering. The unoffensive non-combatants were the ones who suffered. Many homes have been laid waste. During all the trouble there has been great consideration shown to all foreigners, though some of our missionaries have been injured. We are now led to hope for a peaceful resumption of our work."

THE AMERICAN CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL AT KONIA, ASIA MINOR

WILLIAM S. DODD, M. D.

The second year of our work in Konia has been made memorable by great events in the political history of the country. The Italian war made little impression on the nation at large. The Balkan war has pierced almost to the heart, and its consequences have been tremendous. The first effect manifest upon our work was the marked diminution of income from patients. It was not fewer patients that came, but they came with less paying power. We have done much more free work this year, and have seen more of poverty. But by far the greatest influence on our work from the events that have taken place has been the extended opportunity that has come to us of working for the nation at large.

In the first dreadful days of the war, when the wounded were brought into Constantinople by the thousands, there came a call from the Constantinople branch of the American Red Cross to come to the capital to help. Dr. and Mrs. Dodd and Miss Cushman, with our last graduate nurse, Yegsha, went there at once. A large Turkish school had been turned into a hospital by the Turkish Red Crescent Society and fitted up well. We were stationed there, and for three weeks had the satisfaction of relieving much suffering, not only by surgical work, but more especially by the nursing and care which the ladies gave to the sufferers. The influence of their presence, of their sympathy and nursing skill, no less than of the order and system which they brought in place of confusion, and executive management in place of red tape, was such that the "house was filled with the odor of the ointment," and from pasha to door-boy the most appreciative thanks were rendered.

Immediately on our returning from this service in the first week of December, Dr. Post was called by the Red Cross Society to take charge of the relief work for the Mouhajirs, that is, refugees, which had sprung into such large proportions in Asia Minor. It was one of the most striking results of the great Turkish defeat that a large part of the Moslem population in the regions immediately affected in Macedonia felt compelled to leave their homes and

Seek Refuge Under a Moslem Government.

Transport by sea there was none. The only route of escape was through Constantinople across the Bosphorus to Asia. It is estimated that 200,000 such Mouhajirs left their possessions except such as they could take on their ox-carts, and threw themselves on their fate. Constantinople could not retain this horde and large numbers were passed on to the interior. Brousa was a natural stopping place for them, and thousands encamped in that region. To care for such a multitude was beyond the resources of the Government. It was to this object that the Red Cross turned its attention as soon as the terrible demand of the wounded soldiers became less. In the city of Brousa and its neighborhood some 35,000 were concentrated, and there Dr. Post remained during the most of his absence of three months. Under his care there were distributed to these over a thousand beds, 1,200 quilts, nearly 4,000 pairs each of shoes and stockings, 21,000 metres of cloth for underclothing, and 1,600 other articles of clothing. Nearly a thousand attendances on patients helped to fill up his time there. Over $13,000 passed through his hands for this work.

Meanwhile the Government was en-
deavoring to distribute this mass of refugees into other parts of the country where there were unoccupied lands, and where they could be absorbed by the population. Thus there have come to Konia and its province about 10,000 people, most of them with nothing except the clothes they wore and those too often hardly enough to cover their nakedness. Again the Red Cross under the presidency of our Ambassador in Constantinople, Mr. Rockhill and his wife, came to their aid, and with them also the kindred organization, the British Red Crescent. From these two sources we have had entrusted to us over $10,000 to use in relieving the misery. We have had the pleasure of giving 2,478 beds, 2,342 quilts, 2,917 pairs of shoes, 2,955 pairs of stockings, and 2,757 other articles of clothing, a total of over 13,000 articles. In every case this was done only after personal investigation by ourselves or our agents.

One of the Most Pathetic Things

we have had to encounter in our doings with these immigrants has been the cases of separation of members of families, the true Evangeline stories that we saw before our eyes. One man had lost his wife and child and had heard nothing of them for three months. The government authorities had kindly telegraphed for him to every place where he could see any hope, but no such persons were to be found. After our distribution of aid at Ak Shehir, he came to our agent and asked if he could give him any news. No, he could not, but he offered to read over to him the list of names of all the mouhajirs there as put down in our records. They were going through the monotonous list of Ahmets, and Alis and Fatimes, when suddenly the man sprang to his feet and shouted, "There they are, those are mine!" and so the death-like separation came to an end.

The outstanding event of the year is the completion of our building, which we ought to call the Dispensary, for that is its object, but which is commonly called the Hospital. For this also it has a right, since we now have twenty beds, and expect to make that number up to thirty. The native building which we purchased had but one story. This constitutes the out-patient department, with large waiting-rooms, examining-room, operating and dressing-room, and dark room, beside kitchen, dining-rooms and offices. Upon this we have built two stories, the second being the hospital, comprising wards and operating-room with sterilizing-room and diet-kitchen. The third floor is entirely for sleeping-
rooms for missionaries, nurses and servants. A separate building on the corner of the street is our Pharmacy, which with its glass front, iron shutters, tiled floor, and counters, presents a marked distinction to the shops of the oriental bazaar.

As usual our patients have been of all sorts, from the beggar almost naked to the high and mighty "Palace Lady," Serairu Hauum, who had been an inmate of Abdul Hamid's harem and was purchased therefrom by a wealthy merchant of Konia for £600 to be his wife.

**The Superstitions**

that we run across are always interesting. Ayishe had been operated on for lupus of the nose and eye-lids. One eye was gone, the other half closed by scars, but she was cured. On leaving she came and bowed down before me and asked me to spit. I asked her why. "So that the disease shall not come back," she said. I supposed she meant to make the sound of spitting, one of their expressive signs which may be freely translated, "God forbid." So I did so. "No," she said, "spit on my nose." So I spit mildly on my fingers and touched her nose. "Rub it in well," she pleaded. So I rubbed it in. She beamed on me with her one little scarred eye, and poured forth her thanks, and went away happy and secure.

A little Greek boy five years old was left by his father for an operation for calculus, and proved to be the worst case of intractable howling that we have ever had. Screaming steadily from eight o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, toys, candy, spanking, tying down in bed, were all equally ineffective. He had to be honored with a private room for the sake of the other patients. He refused his dinner, he made repeated efforts to escape. At supper time his meal was put beside him and we hoped that hunger might reconcile him.

**Two Minutes Later He Was Gone**

A hasty search showed him pattering through the men's ward, stopping to look at the faces of the patients as they lay in bed. Then he came to Kadir, a rough-looking Turk who was laid out by a combined operation for double hernia and acute appendicitis. Stopping there he looked at him, then put up his hand and touched his face. The man held out a morsel of food which was instantly accepted, and then the child began to devour Kadir's trayful of food. The nurses, overwhelmingly thankful for quiet, piled on extra pilaf until the boy was satisfied, then he lifted up the bed-clothes and popped himself in beside his adopted father, and fell happily asleep. Of course the beds were pushed up side by side then, and after the child's operation, the man's hand stretched out quietly the little fellow, and there is no prouder, happier patient in the wards than this adopted father.

The course of our finances for the year is worthy of remark. The condition of the country owing to the war has been one of stagnation. Trade and business have been at a standstill, and among the people apathy, a general attitude of "Let us wait and see," carried over their diseases also. The effect upon our work was marked. Our income diminished so that we had to borrow to meet running expenses. Then our friends in America came to our rescue in the winter, and special contributions brought us safely through. During the first eight months of the year our income from patients was a thousand dollars less than during the same period last year. But now comes the encouraging part, for during the last four months our income has been nearly eight hundred dollars more than during the same time last year, so that we have nearly made up the loss. On the other hand expenses have been heavier, both because of the larger number of patients cared for and because of the still higher prices prevailing. Our thanks are due over and over again to the many generous friends whose gifts have brought the work through and put it on such a sound basis as at present.

On a table in the waiting room all through the week are laid out Bibles and portions of Scripture and picture cards with verses and tracts in the language characters of three nationalities, and the door-boy offers to sell to patients who pick these things up to while away the
time of waiting. In the last two and a half months more than a hundred of these printed portions have been sold, mostly in one and two cent sales. To inpatients leaving the hospital twenty Bibles and portions have been sold in the same time, five being the whole Bible in Osmanli-Turkish. The influence of a Bible sold is worth many times more than that of a Bible given away.

Eomer was a man who had both hands frozen in the winter when the train was blocked by the snow, and he tried to save his small baggage by carrying it in his saddlebags through the blizzard. He had to have eight fingers amputated. He was very ugly, bigoted, and disagreeable when he first came, but later he took pride in saying, "I can tell that story about the sheep; there were a hundred of them, but one got lost, and the Shepherd went to find it." He used to prop his Testament up in front of him on the pillow while he knelt or squatted in the bed, and turn the leaves with his elbows or with his lips since both hands were bound up helpless.

Recognition of the Motive of all this Hospital work comes out in most unexpected sayings. There was a Turk for whose bad leg much time and care had been given. Afterwards one of his friends said to the native nurse, "I know why you are so kind to us, it is because Jesus Christ is born in your hearts." Our desire is that that might be said of all our nurses and employees so that this might be the constant influence exerted on all patients.

A Turk came into the Pharmacy and seeing the sign, "No smoking allowed," asked why, for it was a strange idea to him. The druggist told him it was because tobacco was harmful. He came into the waiting room and the first thing that met his eye was another sign, "No smoking allowed." He began to think, "There must be some good reason for this. I smoke all the time. I wonder if that is the reason I am not well." So he came to Dr. Post and asked to be examined as to the condition of his health. After examination he was told that he must give up tobacco because it was injuring his health. He went home anxious, his mind was in a turmoil. How could he give up his closest companion? The next day he was back and came to Dr. Dodd as a new patient. Again after examination, and with no knowledge of what had gone before, the doctor gave him a prescription but told him that it would do him no good unless he gave up tobacco. Then the man broke down and told the whole story. "I have been struck from four sides, there is no refuge for me, I can not stand against it. I will do as you say. I see that you are thinking not merely of our physical health, but that you want to do good to the whole man."

The outlook for the future is still obscured by the clouds of war. "Oh, for peace and good government," is the longing sigh of the people of this land. But as we have often said, whatever the government shall be, whatever changes may take place in the political conditions of the country (and it looks as though these might be many and great) the people of the land remain, their needs are the same, it is for them that we are here, and we have been given a position in the very heart of the Turkish nation that lays an unshirkable responsibility upon us.

ORIGIN OF SOME BATTLE CREEK IDEAS

[From a lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D.]

What is known as the "Battle Creek Idea" did not originate in Battle Creek. That is one reason why we recommend it. Had it originated here, I should not be quite certain whether it was all right or not, but all the ideas presented here and known as "Battle Creek ideas" are very very old. They are as old as the race. The underlying principle of all these ideas is, that Nature cures. When we say that Nature cures, we do not mean this great abstraction that people sometimes refer to when they talk about Nature, we do not mean the picture, the panorama we see spread before us as we look around us, we do not mean that this is the thing that cures, but we mean the power that is in Nature, the creative force that has given existence to this great
universe, and to which we owe our own existence, that great force is the power that cures. It takes the same power to heal that it does to create, for healing is restoring creation. You sometimes see a bottle labelled with a remedy that is guaranteed to cure diseases. I want to tell you that there is no bottle that contains the power that cures diseases; for the power that heals can not be bound up in a bottle. The recognition of this Power is the great foundation principle of our work here at Battle Creek. It is the fact that Nature heals, or rather that God heals, that an intelligent force that is within us is the power that heals.

The question that we should consider is, what can we do to help Nature? The first thing is to get

"Into Tune with the Infinite."

That is why we talk here so much about diet, dress, exercise, fresh air, and other natural conditions. It is not simply because there are specific virtues in these, but because it is necessary for us to be in harmony with law. If a man wishes to dodge the penalties exacted by the law of gravitation he has to keep his balance. If he does not, gravitation will ground him right away. We have to keep in mind this law of gravitation and obey its principles or gravitation will destroy us. If a man on top of a high building steps off the roof without regarding where he is walking, gravitation will dash him to pieces on the earth. So, if a man refuses to recognize the great biologic laws that rule his being, and goes contrary to them, they will destroy him in the effort to maintain their-supremacy and to repair the damage done.

In the treatment of disease the first principle of treatment that we employ here is to find out what Nature is trying to do.

We Speak of Mother Nature, but we may just as well say father Nature, for it is neither father nor mother Nature, but that great Being that made us that is working for our restoration, and the thing to do is to get into harmony with, and to work in harmony with that great Power.

To illustrate, here is a man that has high blood-pressure, and we want to reduce it. We can give him a drug that will weaken his heart and thus lower his blood-pressure, but we inflict an injury upon his heart. So in the case of a man who can not sleep, we can give him a drug that puts him to sleep as effectually as though we hit him on the head with a club. That is exactly what we do when we give a person any narcotic drug. That drug smites him, poisons and paralyzes his sensibilities, and in that way puts him to sleep. If we give him just the right dose it will put him to sleep for a few hours. If we give him just a little larger dose it would put him to sleep for a longer time, perhaps too long a time.

Mr. Tyndall's wife gave him so much chloral and cannabis indica that he went off to sleep and never awakened. And that has happened many times, so there must be a better way than that, and the better way is to

Find Out What Keeps a Man Awake.

Why is this man sleepless? We must find that out and then remove the cause. Sometimes it is because he has too much blood in his head. If that is the reason why he is kept awake, it is evident that if we can get more blood into his heels he will have less in his head, and that will help him to sleep. By putting the feet into hot water we get the feet well filled up with blood, and that will relieve the head.

The head can be relieved by various other means. A moist abdominal bandage placed around the stomach will act like a poultice, bringing the blood down into the abdominal region, and that will relieve his head. Such measures are natural remedies, and they do not do any harm. There is no bad after effect. If a man takes a drug to produce sleep he does not obtain natural rest and awakes without feeling refreshed; but a man put to sleep by a simple physiological method wakes feeling renewed and refreshed. He has had real, natural sleep and not a poison stupor. He has simply gone to sleep because the cause of his wakefulness was removed, and that is rational.
That is the difference between rational medicine and empirical medicine. That is the difference between physiologic medicine and pathologic medicine. Professor Liebig, the great German chemist, said more than half a century ago that with the use of drugs we only cure one disease by producing another.

**Cure One Disease by Producing Another.**

I used to say it in a whisper thirty-five or forty years ago, for I suspected that a man who said it aloud would be put out of the medical society. But I do not hesitate to say it out loud now, because it is not very long ago that the president of the American Medical Association in New Orleans in his address at the Annual Meeting of the Association said, "Drugs do not cure" and he mentioned only two or three drugs that might cure in some special instances. He said that mercury cures a nameless disease, quinine cures malaria, and some other drug something else; but as a matter of fact, none of them cure anything. What quinine does is to help the body kill the malarial parasites, but it is the body that cures, and if the body does not do its part the quinine can do nothing at all; so with mercury and with all drugs. It is the power in the body that heals but drugs sometimes help. There are very few drugs that are really of any use, many of them are harmful; but the natural physiologic remedies do not do any harm if they are used rationally. They help Nature. They cure disease without producing a new disease. If a man takes strychnia to tone up his nerves the first thing he knows he has another and worse disease. I found a man in my office one day whose muscles were twitching as if he would have gone off into a convulsion, and in reply to my first question he said, "I suspect I am taking too much strychnia." Investigation showed that his doctor had prescribed big doses of strychnia and he had been taking twice as much as the doctor prescribed, bringing on strychnia convulsions, and was on the border line of an utter collapse.

The most important thing you can do here in getting rid of the troubles that have been produced, is to find out what caused them, then go home and keep clear of them.

You have already discovered that
The Great Remedy of This Institution is Water.

You have a cold shower in the morning and a cold douche to the spine, and cold rubbings, and all sorts of cold applications; and I want to tell you that it is the cold water that promotes the cure. The warm water applied in various ways gives relief and comfort from sufferings of various sorts, but it is the cold water that stimulates the curative processes. Now this idea of using cold water is not a new one at all; it is a very, very old one; in fact, it is instinctive. All animals have the knowledge of the use of cold water instinctively. Some of you have read Seton Thompson’s story of the “Pacing Mustang,” a pony down in Texas that was such a wonderfully agile and enduring creature that it took several days and several relays of men with fast horses to run it down. You remember that when the animal would come to a river, no matter how near its pursuers were it went very slowly through the water and took little sips as it went along, walking very slowly. It was taking a cold bath and it took that every little while and then it would go on fleet as the wind completely refreshed. It knew the virtues of the cold bath. At our house we have a little bathing place arranged especially for the birds and it is very interesting to see the robins, the blackbirds, the jays and the various groups of birds come to this bath. They all come and have their morning bath as regularly as people ought to. A farmer friend told me many years ago of a valuable horse he had which was injured by backing upon a mowing machine, and cutting off the tendon of one
of its hind feet and he thought the animal would have to be shot. But this horse went straight to a brook flowing through the pasture and walked up and down that brook for six weeks, and ate the grass off the banks and stayed there with that foot in the water until it recovered entirely and was not left useless as they expected it would be. The animal had the instinctive knowledge that led it to adopt the most valuable remedy which it could possibly apply.

Away off in the hills of Graefenburg in Austrian Silesia over 100 years ago, there was a boy who saw in animals this instinct to recognize the remedies of Nature so clearly that he developed a system of using water. His name was Vincennes Priessnitz.

This boy was one day driving a team hauling down from the mountain a sled load of logs and the horses ran away. One of the logs rolled over him and crushed his side and it looked as though he would be a helpless invalid the rest of his life. The doctors said his case was hopeless, but he found that by the application of water he was able to relieve the pain and in a few weeks was well, and was run over again and hurt very badly; but he made an excellent recovery from this accident also by laying on cloths wet with water. He was led to do that by observing the custom among animals of healing their wounds by means of water. This method was first successfully used in treating domestic animals. We have rude pictures of these treatments. One shows a pig with a wet girdle and a cow and a horse having a cold mitten friction. That is what we were taught by the peasantry of Germany and Austrian Silesia. I have found traces of these methods in old Germany reaching back into the fourteenth century. Priessnitz had such success with water treatment on himself that the people hearing of his cure imagined that this boy must have the magic power. So they came from far and near to be treated by the boy. He had his tub of cold water and with his sponge he bathed the limbs and bodies until he was known as
That was the name by which he was known all through that part of Austria, and the people thought there was magic in that sponge, or that he put some magic powders into the water, and that he had some magic words that he repeated. He was finally arrested for practicing magic and he promised he would use no more of his magic work. He closed his lips, and he used a cloth instead of the sponge and thus evaded the charge of conjuring. He conducted the cold water down from springs in the mountains through hollow logs forming a douche or shower, and that was the first that was ever used for medical purposes, and this was still in use in 1830. In fact, I saw that very apparatus still operating, though they have built a little house around it now instead of leaving it in the open.

This was originally in a secluded place in a thicket and they have a couple of bars by which the patient can support himself, for the stream of water is about three inches through and it falls some fifteen feet so it is really necessary to have something to hang onto to keep from being washed away. These facilities were in use more than 100 years ago and hundreds of people flocked to see Priessnitz and to be treated by him. I have met several people who have been there. We had with us some years ago an old white-headed nurse who had been the bath man at this place. I learned from him many interesting things about the man and his work. I am sure many of you have admired those beautiful works of art, colored lithographs, published by the L. Prang Art Company of Boston. Louis Prang told me that when he was a boy he was taken by his parents to Graefenburg to be treated by Priessnitz and he knew him well; he told me interesting experiences he had there and here are some of the crude appliances.

Bulwer Lytton, whose name is familiar to you as a noted author of the last cen-
Local treatments used by Priessnitz.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND SELECTIONS

This patient with Priessnitz and he wrote a very charming little book on the confessions of a water-cure, telling of his experiences at Graefenburg. His patients were sometimes wrapped up with wet garments on and then with dry garments, and it was their duty to go out and exercise until those wet clothes were dry. That was a part of the system of Priessnitz. It was very vigorous and thorough-going and very effective too. The patients of Priessnitz did one thing or the other. They Got Well or Died.

Priessnitz devised various ingenious methods of relieving different forms of disease. He discovered that cold water was an excellent remedy for drunkenness. He found a drunken man in the street, so with a big syringe filled with cold water he fired a stream upon the pit of his stomach and that produced profuse vomiting, and so brought the poor man round.

He was a marvelous genius, and believed in other things besides in water. He believed in exercise, so he had his noble patients saw wood for the house. Some of the people he treated worked for his father on his farm. The mountain was covered with fifteen or twenty miles of walks and there were fourteen or fifteen different springs. Every patient carried a drinking horn, and they were supposed to drink a hornful of water at every spring and some drank as many as twenty-five or thirty glasses a day. The people were most enthusiastic. They went home cured of maladies which the doctors pronounced incurable, and the result was, flocks of people gathered from all over the civilized world.

Walking in the morning in the wet grass was prescribed by Priessnitz, and was practiced more than fifty years ago, though this idea was practiced by a doctor more than two hundred years ago. Many people are practicing this at the present time under the teachings of Pastor Kneippe, who got his ideas from Priessnitz, who got his ideas from the
peasantry of Germany and some others who lived before his time.

At the time of the death of Priessnitz, in 1854, the therapeutic use of water had become known throughout the world. Water-cures were started in this country and various parts of Europe. More than fifty years ago the water-cure era began in this country and there were some very famous water-cures. There is not one of them existing at the present time for the reason that they were all purely empirical, they did not stand on a scientific basis.

Water Was Not Used with a Rational Method.

The patient was treated first one way then another way, then some other method was applied; so they continued trying different methods, and if the patient survived, they might hit the right thing after awhile. Some methods were so crude and drastic that patients were damaged by their use. About fifty years ago, a doctor in Vienna, a very prominent man, became greatly interested in this question of hydrotherapy, went to Graefenburg and studied under Priessnitz’s successor, and Dr. Schott devoted his life very largely to developing a scientific method in the therapeutic use of water.

Professor Winternitz of Vienna is now one of the most eminent authorities on this subject. Thirty years ago I spent a little time with Professor Winternitz and became acquainted with him and his work which has been of great service to us in building up this department of our institution. Every time I go to Europe I see him, and whenever I say to him, ‘‘Professor, is there anything new?’’ he always makes this reply, ‘‘Nothing new, I always follow Priessnitz, colder water, colder water, always colder water!’’ On one occasion I asked him if there was anything new and he took me into the bath room. ‘‘Yes,’’ he said, ‘‘I will show you something new,’’ and he showed me one of our own electric light baths. He then introduced me to the First Lord of the Treasury of Germany who was a patient under his care, and whose head was projecting from the cabinet.

In this place we have

Undertaken to Perfect Hydrotherapy.

Winternitz employs cold water, but we have undertaken to elaborate the uses of hot water in connection with cold water and have added from our experience, a considerable number of methods and a good many refinements of older methods, and I believe that we are employing a larger range of methods in the use of water at this place than is in use at any other. And certainly of the various methods we employ, there is none so powerful as water, and at the same time this remedy has the great advantage that it is so simple and universal that it can be used anywhere, and I hope everyone of you will while here become acquainted with the rational use of water for healing.

THE WOMEN OF KOREA

MRS. W. O. JOHNSON

[Address given in the Sanitarium Parlor.]

I had not been in Korea a day before I began to realize what the lot of the Korean woman is. We had travelled from the little seaport town where we landed, for four days, in a chair, up to the town where we were to live. The chair was carried by four coolies, and was simply a box covered with screens and in that I sat Turkish fashion, and kept the screens down whenever there was a man in sight. Then I realized what it was to be a Korean woman. After four days’ travel we arrived at the large city of Taiku which was to be our home, and began work, and the women came to us and were very friendly. We entertained them in our little guest room sitting on the floor with them, and I may size up my impression of the Korean woman in a few words.

They are mere children, simple and child-like, full of curiosity, and it was really rather distressing at first to have these women examine our garments and whatever ornaments we might be wearing. They did not know how to read and really did not know anything but their own domestic concerns. I was invited out a good deal by the Korean fami-
lies, some of whom were very poor and some were of the richest in the city, and always I was a great curiosity. In many ways this was a pleasure, but in some ways it was a trial, as we had to eat their food and some things were so hot with red pepper that the tears stood in my eyes. I tried hard to do it because you know how you feel if a guest does not like your food. Well, at first I had to eat their food and in time I became fond of it.

One of the ladies who sent for me because she wanted to see an American woman, bade me sit down and then

Offered Me a Pipe.

I told her no, that I did not indulge, and then she had some questions to ask me. She said, "You people say this world is not flat-topped but round like a ball." I said, "Yes, it is round." "Then," she said, "where do you live?" I said, "We live on the other side of the earth about as far away as you can get." Then a happy thought struck her. "Well, then we must be aristocrats for we are on top."

I started in by trying to get little girls to teach. I had a hard time in some families. I remember one old lady who said, "I will be perfectly willing to let you have my boys, but it is not necessary to let the girls go. They only need to cook." Some of the names they give to their girls are very striking, such as Mussikie, which means What-you-may-call-it. It all shows the way they regard the girl.

I am now trying to give you an idea of what the conditions were sixteen years ago. We had not been there very long when I went out one day from our house which was near the city wall, to the top of the wall for a walk, and when I returned I saw a large crowd of men in long white coats; they looked from a distance like a flock of birds, and I had an idea there was something very important going on. I hurried back to the house and said, "O, come out, do come out." It was the first time I had seen such a demonstration so I was very much excited. Mr. Adams who had been in Korea a longer time said,

"O, That is the Annual Rope-Pull."

The men of one half of the city pull against the other half. It would not do for you to go out there in that crowd. But I had not been there long and had not seen anything of the sort and I must confess I was so disappointed that the tears came into my eyes, and my husband, who was willing to indulge his wife, said, "I will take you." I put on my hat and coat and we went. I learned I had made a mistake, for we heard one man say to another, "Do you see that foreign woman over there with nothing over her face? Has she no modesty whatever?"

I want to tell you a little anecdote which will perhaps introduce to you more intimately the attitude of the Korean woman. One day the Koreans came in and said there was something great going to happen that day. The governor who had been recently elected and who had not his wife with him had had her sent down by a long seven days' trip, and she
The medical missionary

Blind men at Taiku.

was about to arrive. We went out on the hill and what I saw was well worth looking at. First the Korean children came two by two in long white robes. Then some dancing girls on ponies, all dressed in gay colors and with any amount of false hair, for the way a Korean woman dresses up in her best is to put on as many switches as possible. Then followed the musicians and then last of all came the chair of the governor and the governor’s wife.

I felt really sorry for the lady so I sent her a little note with some sweet peas and asked her if she would come to see me, if possible, though I did not know if it would be possible. But missionaries are supposed to be great people and our women are called great ladies. I received a very pleasant note from her. I do not know whether it was written by her or her husband. I have it now and I will read it to you:

To the Great American Lady:

A thousand, yes, ten thousand times beyond the expectation of my highest dreams, your honorable epistle has been received and perused. My gratitude completely fills my liver like the eye with flowing tears. How am I able to reply? From the farthest parts under the Heavens having come we sit together as sisters. There are no such words as far and near between you and me. You the guest and I the hostess of this great province. But the guest first sent her compliments. How is it possible but that my breast should be filled with sorrow on this account. I have no words to express my great lack of courtesy. Tomorrow face to face I shall express what here I can give but a faint idea of.

"Sent by the humble consort of 
"The Governor of Kyung Sang Province, Korea."  

Then as a footnote:

"Today at the fourth hour I await the coming of the four great ladies together, to my low, dirty and altogether unpresentable habitation, squeezing in though it be with bent body. If you bring with you the children and the little woolly dog the sight see for us will be much greater.

"Sent by the humble consort of 
"The Governor of Kyung Sang Province."

I omitted one part of it. In speaking of the flowers I sent her, I must say that the sweet peas I had all fixed up and tied with a ribbon but I could only find a shoe box to put them in. There was the smell of leather in it so I dashed perfume all over it and this lady said later that the fragrance was such that it "made her insides go round and round."

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Well, she came to see us, came with a crowd of dancing girls and stayed four hours. She sat on the chair Turkish fashion, and then leaned forward and patted my hand and tried in every way to show her appreciation. Of course this was our opportunity, so we gave her a
Bible and told her what we had come to the province for. She wanted to see the upstairs in our house as theirs had no upstairs and though we told her there was nothing there but boxes and lumber she was determined to go. But when we started to come down she didn’t know what to do. She was afraid of the stairs and the dear lady slipped down step by step as a child does. That was the beginning of a very pleasant acquaintance with that lady and I was often invited to her house.

Helpless in Sickness

If there is sickness in a family of the common people, they do not know what to do. They have no doctors and there is no one that knows very much and they resort to all kinds of things for help. They sometimes call in sorcerers, and one of the most gruesome sights I have seen is a sorcerer performing incantations. One night shortly after my arrival we heard a din of tin pans, etc., and looking over the wall we saw the incantations going on. A woman was dancing around a fire singing dreadful songs, trying to drive the evil spirits away. Sometimes a woman will tie a bright-colored rag on a bush where she thinks the spirit may reside in order to get his good will. They try in every way to placate the bad spirits.

I sometimes thought when I first went there that Korean women were immodest. Their clothes were so different from ours. The women always correct anything that they are told is not modest, and I have found that they are modest. I want to say, if you will pardon me, that in coming to America I have had more shock to my sense of modesty than I ever had there, and I honestly think that we American women have something to learn of the women of the Orient. They never exhibit themselves unnecessarily.

I have told you of the women of Korea as they were sixteen years ago. In those intervening years much has taken place. It is not the same place at all. When we went there they knew nothing of Sunday. Now we go to a large church built largely by Korean money, and we find a large room divided by low curtains, on one side of which sit the women and they come in with little packages in their hands. When the minister gives out the hymn they open the packages and take out their hymn book and Bible and sing and read the alternating verses and one wonders how this has come about.

Because These Women Have Become Christians.

The Bible is practically the only book they have. There are some tracts, but it is practically the only book. I would like to take you to some of our church services, and let you hear them sing.

When we went there there were no churches, no Christians. Now in that province there are nearly 200 churches. We can not claim that we have done that work, because as a fact the Koreans have done the most of it. As soon as a man or woman becomes Christian he or she goes around and tells it to their friends, and that is the way the work is growing. Once a year we call a large class of women from the surrounding country to come in to study the Bible for about a week. They carry their babies on their backs and bring rice enough to eat. They come to study the Bible, and I can tell you they learn it pretty thoroughly.

My husband in time established a hospital and it was one of my greatest pleasures to go and talk to the patients. I went one day to talk to a woman who was very ill. She was a woman of bad character. I was talking to her and trying to awaken her interest and finally she said, "Well, all you say is very righteous, but I don’t believe you know what kind of a woman I am." I opened my Bible to read to her the passage about Christ and the woman who was guilty of adultery and I did not seem able to turn to it. Finally a Korean woman said very kindly, "I think you will find that in the 8th Chapter of John." That is an example of what occurs often. In coming to these classes they walk so far and their shoes are so thin that their feet are bleeding; and at the last class they had a committee to bind up the feet of the women when they arrived.

When Koreans come to my house, they always bow their heads and have a
word of prayer before they have refreshments. To them the social life is intermingled with the religious life. You do not see any place where one begins and the other ends. When I was coming away an old lady said, "I am sorry to have you go, but I will see you up in Heaven," her face just beaming, "and I will tell you how to find me. Just ask for the Mother of Tori, that will be I."

The point I want to make in my talk is that the Korean woman has found herself. They now want their little girls. They are giving them better names. My cook's little girl's name was Righteousness.

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN HONAN IN THE EARLY DAYS

REV. J. FRAZER SMITH, M. D.

The place and power of medical work in missionary effort, has been recognized by the different branches of the Church for a considerable time. It is not surprising, therefore, that when our Church was planning for the opening of a mission in Honan, so much attention was given to this department of work. The only regret has been that the provision made was not more adequate, and that all the departments of the work have too often been hampered owing to lack of funds.

Amid the many drawbacks and difficulties that confronted the pioneers in these early days, the medical men had to encounter their full share, and the medical work was carried on under the most trying conditions.

Touring

Until an opening was secured for permanent residence in Honan work was carried on by touring, the missionaries going out two and two, a medical man and a minister, each accompanied by a Chinese helper.

When possible, two rooms were secured in a Chinese inn, in one of which the doctor opened up his medicines and instruments. Generally the room was small, ten feet by twelve, with brick or mud floor, two small paper windows and a rickety door opening on the inn yard.

When all was ready a chair was placed right within the door, and the first patient was invited to take a seat.

Why place the chair in the doorway? It acted as a barrier to the over-curious, surging crowd without; it also afforded better light, and, besides, which was a matter of considerable moment, it was an attempt to assure the people that all the work was going to be done above board and in the open.

While the climate of Honan is fairly good and the people, as a rule, are as vigorous as can be found anywhere in that vast empire, yet diseases of all kinds are prevalent. Daily the inn yard was thronged with a vast number of poor, halt, maimed, lame, and blind, suffering men, and women too, waiting for their turn, hoping that something might be done for them in their distress and despair.
Native doctors both near and far had already been applied to and native nostrums of all kinds had been tried, with the usual result—that much injury had been done, and seldom if ever any benefit received.

**Plenty of Clinical Material**

In that inn yard, almost any day, was to be found clinical material sufficient for five or six specialists in as many different departments. Tumors of all kinds, sizes and shapes were much in evidence; while abscesses, ulcers, wounds and running sores, together with loathsome skin diseases were never absent.

Look around and you will find probably twenty patients or more, from the infant in arms up to the old man of eighty years, who have been blinded by one cause or another. There, too, are numbers of cases that may be classed under the head of "general," both medical and surgical.

The doctor will attempt to do the best possible for one hundred and fifty or more of these poor sufferers during the next ten hours.

If the people, themselves, were suspicious their officials were doubly so, and the cynical sneering busy-body was ever present, ready to scoff and jeer at the patient for being so foolish as to allow himself to be bewitched by the hated "foreign devil's magic pill." Thus much of the medicine given was never used by the patients.

Many of the chronic cases under the most favorable circumstances might be expected to be helped only after a lengthy course of the most careful treatment.

The surgical cases formed the most satisfactory part of the work, but even here the majority of the operations were performed under conditions that no surgeon at home would dream of attempting.

**Hand in Hand,**

the Medical and Evangelistic work thus went on, for five, ten or fifteen days. Just as soon as the people became too boisterous, and began to show signs that an unfriendly outbreak was imminent, the missionaries moved away to another place.

The immediate result of such work was that large numbers of those sorely afflicted ones, and many of their friends who had accompanied them, returned to their homes much happier and more hopeful because of the sympathy shown and the encouragement and help given in their helplessness and often abject despair.

Little by little also deep-rooted prejudices were being removed, the confidence of a few here and there was being won, and the door to residence in Honan was swinging a little more widely open.

But this was not all. One day in the spring of 1890, a man was led by his son and grandson into the inn yard at Hsui Hsien, and took his seat in the doctor’s chair. This man, who was called Chou (Joe), had been told by the other mission doctor when on a short visit there a few months before to come back the next time the doctor came and possibly something might be done for his blind eyes.

He was now told that

**Nothing Except Cutting With the Knife**

would do his eyes any good. On hearing this he became angry and stormed and reviled. He had heard the false stories freely circulated about these foreign doctors taking the eyes of the Chinese to make medicine, but to be told it to his face was an effrontery beyond words fittingly to describe.

In this case "a little child shall lead them" was literally fulfilled. The grandson, a little boy of ten, had been spoken kindly to by the doctor, and he pleaded with the old man, and ventured to suggest that as his eyes were no use now, it would be worth while trying.

If sight were only restored what did it matter what became of the old eyes, and if perchance they were turned into good medicine and did other people good would it not result in all the more credit to him.

Eventually he was willing to have both his eyes operated upon for cataract.
Day by day he was kindly spoken to by the doctor and encouraged to commit to memory the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes and the Lord’s Prayer, all in Chinese. When at length he knew that sight had been restored his joy knew no bounds.

When about to leave for his home he asked what he could do to show his gratitude. The doctor answered, “Believe on my Saviour, read the portion of Scripture given you (the Gospel of Mark in Chinese), pray daily to the Living God, thank him for all his goodness to you and ask him as he has given sight to your eyes to take the burden of sin from your heart. Keep on praying until the answer comes.”

He promised to do so, and the next time the doctor arrived at Hsiun Hsien the first man to greet him was old Joe, now able to use both eyes and move about freely.

He thanked the doctor for what he had done, adding, “But best of all, I did as you told me and your God heard my prayer and lifted the burden off my heart and I am so happy all the day, and read the Word of God and pray three times a day.”

In due time the doctor had the pleasure of baptizing old Joe and his son, and receiving them as the first members of the native church in North Honan.

For over twenty years

Old Joe Has Remained Staunch

and true, and has proved himself a great preacher of the Gospel.

One such life won for the Lord Jesus Christ is worth the whole life time of any minister or doctor and is surely an encouragement to others to consecrate their all to the Master in this needy field.

After work was commenced in Honan in rented premises the medical and evangelistic work still kept closely in touch with each other. The waiting room of the dispensary was turned into a chapel and every day the Gospel was faithfully preached to the waiting patients and their friends for several hours at a time.

Many of these patients came from long distances, and carried back to their homes portions of Scripture and religious books and not infrequently a fair knowledge of the Gospel, learned in the dispensary or chapel and in the hospital wards.

Afterwards the evangelists, on visiting these distant places, were cordially received and found quite a number ready and willing to receive further instruction.

As in the beginning so it has continued throughout the years. God has abundantly blessed the ministry of healing. Scattered throughout North Honan today are scores of communities and thousands of homes where individuals and families are grateful to Almighty God for health received, strength regained, sight restored, and above all for the knowledge they possess of Jesus Christ as their own personal Saviour and the joy of service for him.

And those who have had the joy of taking part in this glorious work never cease to praise his name, that he led them to heed his own command “Go ye into all the world,” “Heal the sick and preach the Gospel.”—Presbyterian Record.
The Battle Creek Sanitarium

RATES TO MISSIONARIES

Beginning July 1, 1913, the rates to foreign missionaries of all evangelical denominations who are home on furlough and are in need of medical care and treatment will be as follows:

BOARD AND ROOM

For the first four weeks, per week...... $6.00
including the entrance examination, which covers physical examination, urinary, fecal and blood analyses, blood-pressure and strength test.
For the second four weeks, per week ...... 9.00
For the third four weeks, per week .... 12.00
If further treatment be considered expedient, special arrangements will be made.
The above rates include, in addition to the board and room, the regular treatment, consisting of morning spray, one treatment daily in bath-room, treatment daily in mechanotherapy department (Sabbath excepted), use of gymnasium for physical development under competent instructors, and physician's counsel.
In those cases in which special examinations and extra treatments are necessary, a charge will be made at one-half the regular rate.
In the case of persons whose circumstances are very limited, this charge will be remitted.

CHARGE FOR NURSING

Day or Night Nurse (ten hours), each, per week ...........................................$10.50
Meals in Room, 10 cents (extra) each, or by the week ................................. 1.50
Exclusive use of wheel chair, per week .... .50

Patients requiring surgical care will receive operations free, but a charge of $5.00 to $10.00 will be made to cover ward fees.

For maternity cases the fee for professional service will be $10.00.

Patients will be expected to meet the regular charges for personal laundry, purchases made at the pharmacy, and similar incidentals.

Patients are given rooms in East Hall or in cottages with board at East Hall. East Hall is a large steam-heated building near the main building.

Attention is called to the fact that the above rates are offered to invalid missionaries who are home on furlough and who expect to return to the missionary field. The limited accommodations in the institution, as well as its financial situation, make it impossible to extend the rates named to friends or relatives of missionaries except husbands or wives, or children of patients, also in need of medical care and treatment. Only a limited number can be accommodated at any one time.

During the busy season, from June 1 to October 31, only patients requiring immediate medical attention can be accepted.

Those who contemplate coming should first correspond with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.

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