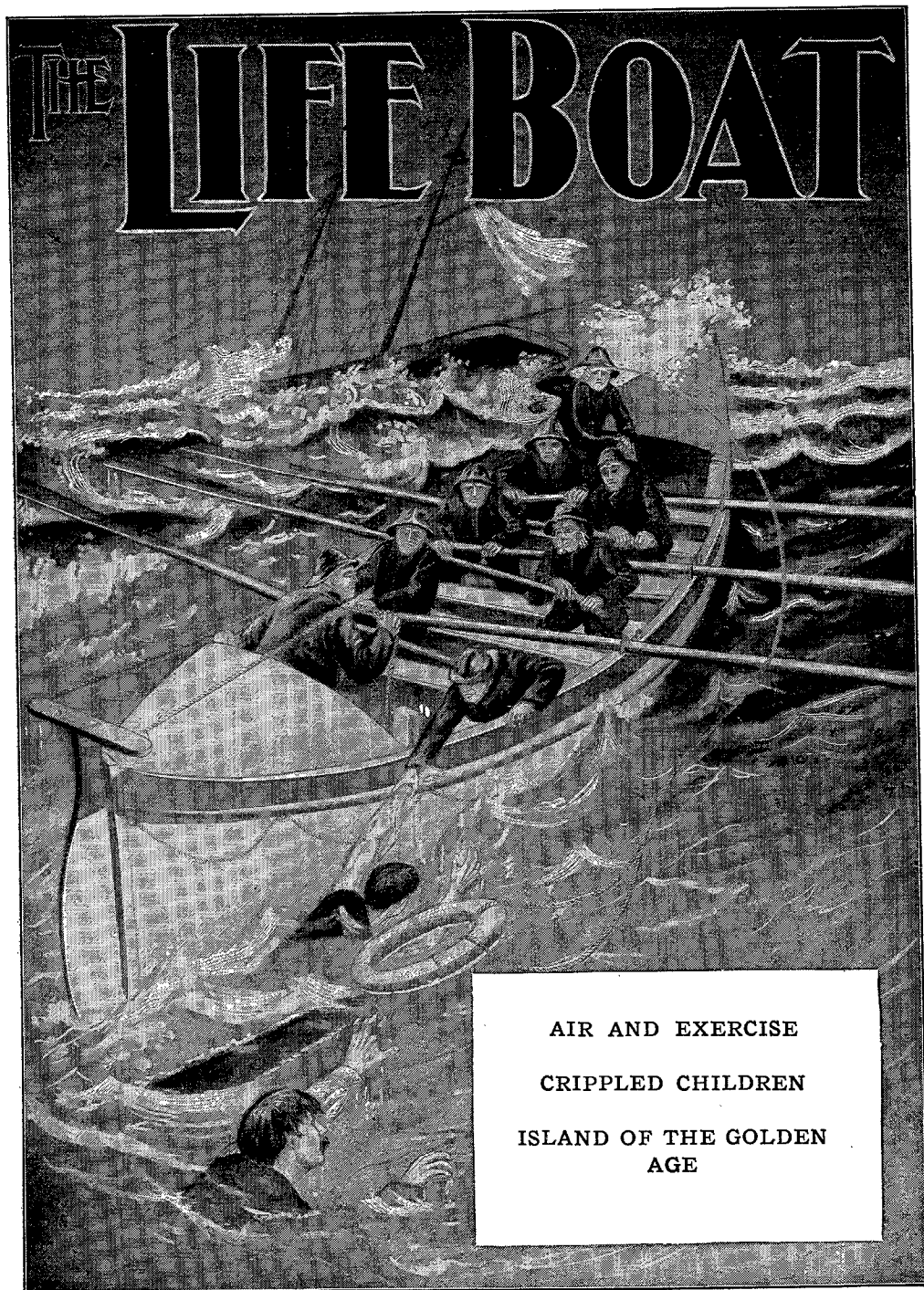


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## **Curing from Yon to Hither**

**Elizabeth Cole**

**S**OME persons never seem to go hither and yon in the well-regulated manner. They go through life from yon to hither, wondering why others about them are progressing happily and with more successful results. Ignorance sometimes holds them back, their stubbornness is frequently the cause, and occasionally it is circumstances. Anyway they are the ones who go around in circles instead of "following through."

In business, people have to "follow through." Athletes also must, and in social life one certainly cannot go from yon to hither with friendships.

One business of life that everybody has to meet is the business of health, for only the healthy man can feel he is truly getting the most out of his life. And when one has lost health he most decidedly cannot go around in circles to get it back.

Curing for tuberculosis oftentimes must necessarily be a long, hard pull. An active person who has been told by his physician that he has this disease and should rest, flat on his back, will naturally feel panic-stricken at first. If the patient is the mother of a family she will feel there is nobody who can undertake the countless tasks in her household during her inactivity. If the patient is a father he will not be able to see how his wife and the children are to be fed and keep the roof over their heads. Even if, through his local tuberculosis association it has been made possible for him to go to a nearby sanatorium for treatment and instruction on how to care for himself and protect his family after his return, he may chafe under the rules and wish to hurry up the long tedious period of curing. He may not realize his comparative good fortune and, like many who have had no help, will seize eagerly at almost any

straw of hope. These straws of hope for tuberculous persons make problems that in the end may mean failure to be cured or at best long-drawn-out set-backs.

There are two straws that often lead tuberculosis patients a merry chase from yon to hither. The first, the most serious, is the aluring fake tuberculosis cure. Of these there are many on the market. Glowing testimonials appear in advertisements for these. They may state that so and so was benefited at once by the fumes from a marvelous little stove that will be rented for so much a month, —or that "after consuming the contents of one bottle my husband was able to go back to work." Although the testimonial writers may long since have been in their graves, such enthusiastic endorsements lead to the purchase of a bottled liquid which has no more power to cure than tomato ketchup. "Electronic reactions" often beguile with their temporary stimulation. Secret recipes and offices for treatment where fake "doctors" hold sway have brought millions of dollars to the pocketbooks of quacks and emptied the already too-slim purses of tuberculosis victims.

Another deceptive quick route to cure which has so often proved to be but a flimsy straw of hope has been the climate lure. High altitudes in some cases are better for helping along the prescribed treatment but other elements in the real cure are far more important and only the consulted physician is able to decide what is best for the individual case. Yet the old idea that one must go West persists and we find countless climate chasers in some of the western states. These have become hopeless problems. With money all gone, families deserted, the poor victims are known as "indigent migratory consumptives." They

must be supported, hence they have become a burden to the state. In the beginning of their sickness, had they remained at home, carried on a strict regimen of rest, proper diet and much fresh air they might have become well and helpful citizens. As it is, many of these who would never have considered begging for help in the east have gone to the west and have become paupers. A situation thereby has been created which is a most serious economic problem.

Within the past twenty years, since the organized tuberculosis campaign has been carried on by the National Tuberculosis Association and affiliated agencies, tuberculosis problems have been more and more systematically and intelligently coped with. There is an educational campaign. Through education, fake cures are slowly but surely losing their insidious popularity and climate chasers are not found in the West in such great numbers. Yet in a recent report on the Indigent Migratory Situation in certain cities of the southwest, the National Tuberculosis Association points out that in six cities studied (Colorado Springs, Denver, El Paso, Phoenix, Los

Angeles and San Antonio) 63 per cent of all the tuberculous had resided there less than two years at the time when they applied to an agency for help. Municipal agencies in those cities cared for a total of 7,319 tuberculous individuals in the course of a year so that it was concluded there was an average of one indigent or pauper tuberculous person to every 155 of the entire population in those six cities. Investigations such as this when exposed will eventually help in meeting the tuberculosis cur-chasing problem.

By constantly emphasizing the need for (1) consulting an expert physician and (2) following strictly his advice it may be possible to overcome the yon to hither method of curing in tuberculosis. Free clinics where physicians may be consulted and tuberculosis sanatoria where proper treatment is given at little cost are two important media in the campaign that seeks to stamp out tuberculosis. They are made possible by Christmas seals. Many more clinics, tuberculosis specialists and sanatoria are needed. Christmas seals purchased in December will help many patients to follow through in curing for tuberculosis.

## The Importance of Air and Exercise

D. H. Kress, M. D.

**F**OR many years it was considered dangerous to expose the sick to out-of-door air, especially was this the case if something was wrong with the lungs. The sick room as a rule was kept hermetically sealed. Drafts were thought to be deadly. The mortality was high. During the last few years special attention has been called to the importance of pure air in the treatment of tuberculosis. Sleeping out of doors is now the remedy employed for such cases. As a result the mortality from this disease has been greatly reduced. We now know the air is what the tubercular patient needs. When God created man we are told He "Breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul." It was the breath of God that gave him life. God still "gives to all life and breath," and man must continue to breathe in order to live, for "the body without the breath is dead."

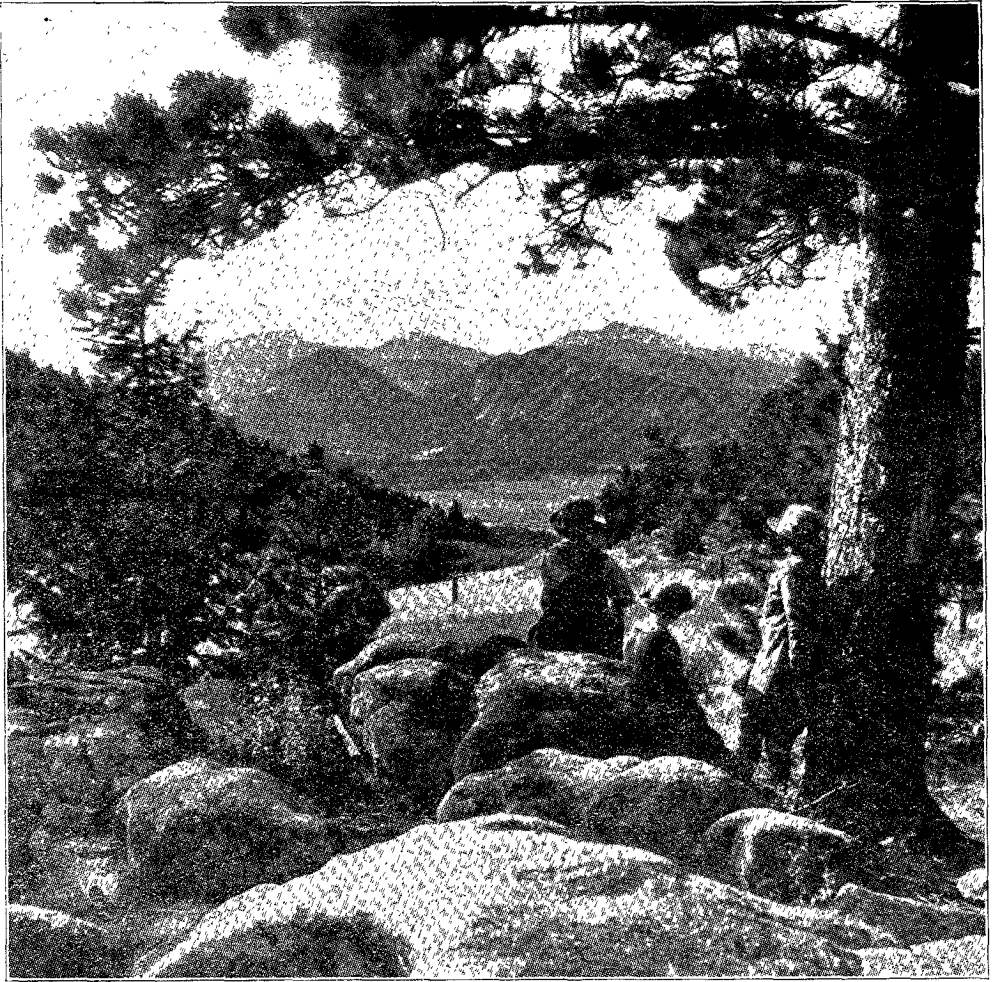
The sick must have air in order to regain health, and the well must have it in order to keep well. Men, women and children are often huddled together in churches, theatres, school rooms, bed rooms, etc., and adequate provision is seldom made for the admission of out-of-door air, or for the removal of the impurities eliminated by those assembled.

The importance of air may be better appreciated by the fact that we can do without food for several days, but to attempt to do without air for only a few minutes results in death. Food we take but twice or three times during twenty-four hours, while breathing is a continuous process. While we would not depreciate the value of pure food, more attention should be given to the purity of the air supply than to the purity of the food supply.

There is no more rapid or effective method of introducing poison into the system than

through the lungs. This is recognized in surgery in the administration of ether, chloroform and other anaesthetics. If poisons are taken with the food, they pass through the liver before being permitted to enter the general circulation. The liver is capable of destroying them partially. Much of the poison taken with the food is disposed of in this manner. When poison is taken into

rudely and loosely constructed homes through which air was freely admitted on all sides during the night. The windows were really "wind doors." They served the purpose of admitting wind as well as light. Very little thought needed to be given in regard to the purity of the air. But since this simple rural life has been exchanged for city life, and the loosely thrown together hut, for



Enjoying the invigorating air of the Rockies at Estes Park, Colorado

the lungs it passes directly into the general circulation. The effect is felt almost instantly, and the result is much more serious.

The time was when little attention needed to be given to ventilation. People worked in the field during the day and slept in

the modern air-proof dwelling, some plans have of necessity had to be adopted whereby the foul air could be removed or at least diluted. Inside air is never as pure as outside air, no matter how perfect the ventilating system may be.

The beneficial effect of light and pure air may be witnessed by exposing foul smelling bedding containing impurities to the air. How sweet the bedding becomes after a few hours' exposure. People huddled together in bed rooms often have the same old blanket smell. Sunlight and air have the same beneficial influence on the tissues of the human body that they have on the blanket. They cleanse the tissue. The organic impurities which are constantly forming in the body and oozing out through the pores of the skin remain on the surface, and in the absence of light and air they tend to undergo putrefactive changes, and thus develop foul and offensive gases, which when absorbed through the skin, or inhaled, render the blood impure and cause disease. Bad smelling feet are due to the organic impurities cast off but are not removed. They undergo decay. The body needs the same daily exposure, as does the blanket, in order to be kept sweet and clean. The inside of the body needs exposure to air more than the outside.

There are those who religiously exclude the *night* air from their dwellings, believing it to be harmful. There are two kinds and only two kinds of night air, *pure* and *impure*. It is only a question of whether we will open our windows and breathe the pure night air or keep them closed and re-inhale the impure night air. In cities the night air is in fact purer than the day air. The city dwellers during the night shut up in their closely sealed bedrooms. This keeps the air outside from contamination. There is also less traffic. There are fewer smokers on the streets. There is less smoke from chimneys. Less carbon monoxide is given off by automobiles and there is less dust. The night air is therefore purer than the day air. He is wise who recognizes this and keeps his windows open at night to welcome the night air.

In order to keep the air in rooms fairly pure, it is necessary to have more than one opening. There must be an inlet for the pure air and an outlet for impure air in every ventilating system. The outlet should as a rule be twice the size of the inlet. These openings should be as nearly opposite each other as possible. There must be a gentle draft through the room. Air must be kept circulating or in motion in order to be kept

pure. If the air is not circulating, impurities from the body soon impregnate it. Sleeping in rooms in which the air stagnates is responsible for the lack of ambition and good-for-nothing feeling, frequently experienced early in the morning by city dwellers. The vital fires burn so low at night that the impurities are not burned up. The dampening of the vital fires decreases energy. No one can be at his best physically, intellectually or morally, who is content to dwell in poorly ventilated rooms.

The furnace fire burns briskly when the drafts are open. If either the lower draft, which admits oxygen to the flame, or the damper, which controls the exit of the smoke and carbon dioxide is closed, the fire burns slowly, and combustion is incomplete. To have free combustion there must be a free admission of oxygen, and the gases produced by combustion must have free exit, for the carbon dioxide if re-inhaled tends to extinguish the vital fires.

The human body is a furnace. Food is the fuel needed for the production of heat and energy; oxygen is needed to make combustion possible and to keep alive the vital spark. The more oxygen admitted the brighter the vital fires will burn, and the more pronounced is the energy experienced. To admit but little oxygen will cause the fires to burn low, and will result in the retention of partially oxidized waste products. These retained products clog the living furnace. Lack of energy does not indicate always that more food is needed; very frequently too much food has been eaten and too little oxygen has been admitted.

The fires in our furnaces would not burn long were there no provision made to carry off the gases which are formed as the result of oxidation. The presence of carbonic acid gas causes the fire to burn low, and ultimately it extinguishes the flames. A candle will not burn in a deep well, because of the presence of carbonic acid gas. The lungs serve not merely as an inlet for oxygen, but also as an outlet for the harmful carbonic acid gas.

In the lungs the oxygen absorbed by the blood, is conveyed to the remotest parts of the tissues of the body. The gases and the wastes, formed as a result of the oxidation

which takes place in the tissues, are brought by the return flow of blood to the lungs and kidneys to be eliminated. In this way the vital fires are kept burning and the body is kept in health. Exercise creates the demand for air. Exercise regulates both the inlet of oxygen and the outlet of the carbonic acid gas, and the organic wastes.

Exercise is the means provided by nature for purifying the blood; and he who is in search of some mysterious remedy to accomplish this will meet with disappointment. There is no other blood purifier. He that will not work, ought not to eat. Should we give the stomach less to do and the lungs more, we would all be healthier.

Breathing, like eating, is under the control of each individual. It is left with each to determine how much life-giving air shall be inhaled, and how much of the life-destroying and disease-producing products shall be exhaled.

For men or women whose habits are of a necessity sedentary it is well to take a few breathing exercises the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, and at midday.

Useful exercise connected with ordinary duties of life, if properly taken, is far superior to any of the breathing exercises so highly recommended in the development of lung capacity. Going up-stairs while keeping the body erect and the shoulders well back, and energizing the muscles of the legs and trunk, may be made a most excellent exercise to encourage full and deep respiration. A brisk, cheerful walk in the open air, with an erect posture and chest well forward is exhilarating and affords one of the best of breathing exercises. Hill-climbing, swimming, rowing, etc., are excellent ways of increasing lung capacity, but they may be overdone. This danger does not exist by bringing physical culture into the performance of our daily duties. Even those who are compelled to sit in offices will experience great benefit by keeping the body erect and the muscles energized while writing or doing other office work. The proper energized posture in sitting makes possible deep breathing. This aids in keeping the blood pure and the brain clear, so that better mental work may be done.

There are conditions where sufficient exercise cannot be taken with safety. In such cases hydrotherapy may be employed with excellent results. Cold mitten friction is an excellent means of relieving internal congestion by inducing the blood to the periphery and improving the circulation. Massage is also of great benefit, but it should be prescribed by one who is acquainted with the patient's condition.

The circulation should in every case be encouraged, remembering that the life is in the blood. The blood carries healing with it if it conveys to the tissues the needed amount of the life-giving oxygen.

### KINDNESS

GRACE KNECHT

Hinsdale Sanitarium Academy Student

There is nothing more essential to life and happiness than kindness. Kindness is the performing of those acts of love that help to brighten another's way.

True kindness is not kindled by love of display or the performing of some deed just to raise a name. It is not to do unto others and expect them in return to do some kindness for you.

Kindness is to help those who are in need of help, in need of a word of cheer, in need of a friend to help them in their difficulties.

Each kind act should be prompted by love and performed regardless of whom the receiver may be, regardless of the wealth or fame you may reap in reward. Kindness reaches farther than to friends and kindred; it reaches even to our enemies.

Kindness is not merely the placing of flowers upon the coffin when life has taken wings, leaving a sad, cold stare; far better to have placed them by the bedside and brightened the life while yet there is opportunity.

Besides acts of kindness we find kindness displayed in a simpler form yet and that is just as effectual,—that of kind words.

Many a life has been darkened by sorrow because of the unkind word of a friend. Many a choice has been helped or hindered by the kind or the unkind word. Unkind words lead to ruin; kind words lead to life.

We soon forget the unkind things we read, we may even forget the unkind deed, but we can never once forget the unkind words that

we heard said. Unkind words are like arrows that pierce the human heart.

The pouring of a little kindness upon a fevered brow will brighten the face like the dew that falls at even refreshing the wilted flower.

Perhaps you feel you are too busy with the toiling of daily life to bestow the little kindnesses that help to settle strife.

My friends, if we're all too busy to help make this world better still by adding bits of kindness, then our place we do not fill. We only pass this way once, why not make it better for having passed.

The sun that shines to warm this earth to give us life and health is not composed of one large beam, instead it is the blending of millions of beams. One sunbeam could not do the work a million sunbeams do. Just so it is with us, my friends. No matter how noble, how good and kind, one life could not do the work of a million lives combined.

Be kind to mankind. We are all of a kind, all of kin; therefore we should be kind to each other. If we are kind at all times and in all places we will find that the greatest blessings we receive will be those received from deeds of kindness.



Two hundred crippled children from Chicago at their summer camp

## Chicago's Destitute Crippled Children

### Olive Field

**S**INCE leaving the dear old Hinsdale Sanitarium with its home-like atmosphere, I have had many varied and interesting experiences. Sometimes I have been called into the hospitals' ether perfumed halls or the call may be from a home where poverty's hand holds sway or it may be a home of luxury and wealth. One never knows where next the call will come to serve. Sometimes we are called to welcome the new-born babe which brings joy and happiness to all. What could give a nurse more pleasure? Then the sad part comes when we are called to stand by the bedside and see the last breath ebb

away and close the eyes for the last time,—but here the missionary nurse has more work to do. She has a "Blessed Hope" and surely there is no better time to give it, than to help to heal and comfort the broken and bleeding hearts.

I think my work this summer with the crippled children was the most interesting of all. The Board of Education sent nearly two hundred crippled children from Chicago to Burlington, Wisconsin, for a two-months' vacation. These children were taken from the Chicago hospitals and Day Nurseries and some from their homes. Most of these



children attend the crippled children's schools. This is a charitable work. One could easily see by the undernourished little bodies and the scanty supply of clothing that many of these children were from homes of extreme poverty.

We had a beautiful location for the camp on the bank of Brown's Lake. The lake and surrounding scenery was beautiful. The children spent many happy hours boating, swimming, hiking, etc.

It is a pitiful sight to see so many poor little tots all wearing the traces of suffering upon their faces. Some of them are in constant pain, others are outgrowing the results of past illnesses. Many will never overcome their deformities. We had several wheel-chair cases who could not help themselves at all; then there were many who could not walk without their crutches or braces or both.

It surely was interesting to work with these children and needless to say I was busy as I was the only nurse there. Besides the numerous little ills such as headache, toothache, sore throat, cuts and burns, etc., which you will always find in a crowd of children, I had about thirty-five bad heart cases which had to have their temperature and pulse taken daily. I often wished I could consult a good physician when these would come to me for permission to go into the water or to go for a hike, etc. But we had no doctor except in serious illness I called the town doctor a few times.

Then there were about twenty-five of the children who had open abscesses; these had to be dressed from one to three times a day. These cases were especially interesting. I had the children lie down and expose these sores to the sun for two or three hours every day and I wish you could have seen the results.

One boy had nine angry looking abscesses below his knee; these all healed up but two and they were nearly gone. Others were all healed long before the camp season was over. So even though it was a cold cloudy summer we do not feel that our time and efforts were spent in vain.

We had many individual cases which were very interesting but I will have time to briefly mention only two of them here.

First I must tell you about our little "Becky." She is the little girl with dark curly hair. She is a little Jewish girl about ten years old. Every one loves Becky because of her sunshiny disposition. She has



Becky and her playmates

to walk with crutches but can run as fast as any little girl. It was about four years ago when Becky had a street car accident and had to have her foot amputated. Since that time she had an open sore reaching nearly to her knee which refused to heal. We were more than pleased as this healed up more than half and had been getting worse just before coming to camp.

Poor little motherless, homeless Margarete is the little blond girl standing in the back. She lost her mother when only a baby and has spent nearly all her life in the Cook County Hospital. It surely was a treat to her to be outside to play with the other children.

Margarete does not know what it is to

have a home and a mother's love, but there is a craving in her little heart for a love which she cannot get at the hospital. Many times she would come to me and ask if I couldn't be her really mamma so she wouldn't have to go back to the hospital. We are at present trying to find a private home for this little girl. But where will we find one? It takes a person with a real missionary spirit to take a child like this into their home. The

other two little girls in the picture are play-mates. They can neither of them stand alone without their braces.

It makes me sad when I think of the future for these children for it is not so easy for them when they grow older and have to meet life's problems.

May we be more ready to help these helpless ones and remember the Golden Rule, to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.



A group in front of Miss Field's open air dispensary

## The Sequence of Life

Chas. E. Rice

**L**IFE, at its best, is a profound mystery. A few men have peered a little way into its mystic realm and have been able in a limited sense, to appreciate its significance, but no giant mind is able to fully fathom its mystery, or measure its possibilities. To the masses, it is a great kaleidoscope of conditions and events—a great game of chance—a strange commingling of sorrows and joys—a struggle with circumstances for a few short years—then the candle is snuffed and the struggle is over.

To the student of God's Word, who has looked through the great telescope of Faith into the realm of the Infinite, every life is a plan of God. To the one who believes in the God who created the worlds and who upholds them by the power of His might, and who directs and controls all their orderly

movements with such exact precision and harmony, it takes but a small stretch of faith to grasp the fact that every individual life is definitely planned of God in all its multitude of details.

It is easy for us to concede that the God who controls the universe has absolute control over all the circumstances that touch our lives and that everything that He permits will work out for our ultimate good if we leave ourselves in His hands and graciously submit to the process. Romans 8:28 tells the simple story: "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

The apostle Paul knew that statement to be the exact truth. Do you? Have you tested it so that you know it to be true—not alone in theory but in actual experiment and prac-

tice, as well? It will stand every honest and unprejudiced test.

Notice, it does not say that all things are good in themselves, but that they work together for good. Everything—even the efforts of the enemy to defeat God's plan for us—is so controlled and shaped and wrought upon that it becomes a tool in the Divine Sculptor's hand to work out His infinite and perfect plan. The things that sometimes perplex and confuse us here would all be clear and plain if we could see life in its entirety and could have unfolded to us the beauty of the plan that God is trying to work out in our lives. We quote from a Christian writer as follows:

"God never leads His children otherwise than they would choose to be led if they could see the end from the beginning, and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as co-workers with Him."

No doubt Moses was many times perplexed during his forty years of sheep herding in the wilderness. It seemed to him that his career was shattered and that his life was a failure, but he was in God's school during those years—a precious post-graduate experience—to prepare him to do a mighty work.

A faithful performance of today's tasks is the very best preparation for tomorrow's duties. This is the secret of the sequence of living.

A series of years in life's stern school was required before Joseph, the petted son of an indulgent father, was prepared to serve as prime minister of Egypt. Some of the lessons were, no doubt, hard to learn, but not a day too much was required in the course. Even the prison experience under false charges became one of the "all things" to perfect his character and fit him for his great responsibility.

These are striking examples but it is no less true that the "all things" in our own lives are permitted so that God's divine purpose may be realized. We chafe and question and rebel in the process. Sometimes we fail to make our grades and must take our lessons over and over again before we can pass on to the next. Every lesson mastered, prepares us for the next sequential test.

In scientific study, the fundamental principles must be mastered before the applica-

tions can be made. Our lessons in mathematics are arranged in sequential order. We cannot reverse the order. Even one lesson missed, blocks the way of further progress. It is even so in life's school. We must go back and learn the lesson that was missed before we can proceed.

Some of us have been dull students, going over the same lessons day after day, before mastering them so that we may be advanced to the next grade. The Bible speaks of such people as ever learning but never coming to the knowledge of the truth. What a sad treadmill experience this is!

The world's work is being done by the few—by the ones who are making their grades in life's school and passing on to higher attainments. The masses are moving around in a circle—dazed, stunned, only half alive, groping in the dark, and making no progress forward. They say circumstances are against them. They have never had a chance. Their opportunity has not come. And, it will never come to the one who is too drowsy to observe it.

It takes keen eyes to discover opportunity and a firm determination to pursue it against opposing circumstances until it is overtaken. Success is within reach of every one who is willing to pay the price. The tuition may seem high and the rules rigid and arbitrary in this higher school, but the prize is worth all the effort.

Are you, dear reader, marking time with the masses, or marching forward with the few? If you are with the crowd, you had better stop, get your bearings, correct your course and begin to really live.

The very winds that oppose, will push you forward if the rudder is firmly set and the sails are properly trimmed. The way may be dark as we look ahead, but if we have Christ the Word—the lamp of life—our pathway will be plain. We may not see the path in the distance, but the next step is clear, for the Word is a lamp to our feet.

And that is all that life really means—just one step at a time, and that step forward. Then, as we advance, the way that looked so dark in the distance, is lighted, for we have the light of life. And thus onward, the pathway is gradually revealed until we reach the Father's House.



**I** AM wondering how much good it does a man to be redeemed if he does not know it. Will you please turn to the book of Habakkuk, the second chapter, reading the first verse only, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reprov'd." My friends, I recognize that I have to give an account in judgment for what I shall say today and I recognize that you will have to give an account as to what you hear and how you hear. It is not so much what the speaker says in your ears, but what the Holy Spirit says to you by the still small voice that speaks in you while this meeting is going on. None of you will escape from this tent today without there being another voice talking to you and I know that voice will be the voice from heaven.

You are to watch yourself to see what answer you make to God when He speaks. If He shall reprove you of sin what shall be the answer? When you talk back to God and He argues with you, what shall be your answer? Some of you are impressed that you should make a forward move today in Christian things and you are going to answer, "Not today, Lord." Some of you are going to say, "I am like other folks. I am going to do like somebody else." There is only one answer to it, say, "I am a sinner." There

## What About It? \*

J. G. Lamson

is only one answer that will suffice when the Spirit of God comes to you and wants you to come into a closer relationship with God. You should see to it that you are going to obey the voice of God. May God give you the courage to win out and follow the Lord's leadings.

Let us read a few verses in the fifteenth Psalm. I am not going to read it as it is. I want to bring out the contrast. Black is black beside the white piece. I want you to catch the contrast as I read something here. Verse 1, "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" The answer comes in the following verse. I am going to give you some other answer: "Anybody who is straight upon the question of the *daily*, anybody who knows all about the beasts of prophesy, anybody who knows who will make up the 144,000, anybody who is absolutely straight on who Melchisedec is. I will let him live on my holy hill. Any one of you who can back a neighbor up in the corner and tie him all up with Bible and prove that you are right, you can abide in my holy hill." Let us read what is there, "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." There are a lot of people that talk, merely speaking the truth with their lips, and there is a great big lie down inside. "He that backbiteth not with his tongue." Then he that does stands no chance at all of abiding with God. My friends, it does not make one difference what provocation I have had. The backbiter will not get into heaven. There is only one way to get there and that is to cease being a backbiter and then he will not be a backbiter any more.

In my ministry I have learned from experience that the only way to get troubles fixed up is for the individual to be born over again. You cannot plaster over a lot of loose laths and have a good wall. There is only one way to get into heaven and that is to be absolutely born again. One of the worst elements to get into the church is to feel

\*From talk given at The Broadview Camp Meeting, August 30, 1924.

that one's dignity has been touched; that you have had your toes stepped on. There is always a disposition to fight back. Church members are thin-skinned. You cannot touch them even with your coat sleeve. They are not like the man when the little boy was riding a bicycle and the little fellow struck him and knocked him down. He got up and said to the boy, "That's all right. You never touched me."

"Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor." The true Christian will not pick up a reproach if he should find it in the middle of the side-walk. It is time that we learn to quit taking up reproaches against anybody, it matters not what sort of thing it is that is being reproached. We have no business to pick it up and to take it along. Would you not believe that God will forgive sins? Do you not think God forgives your special sins? and then do you know when a brother has confessed his sins and gotten rid of them? Still you go on carrying that reproach. Just as long as the story of the woman is in the Bible who was brought to Jesus for committing a sin, so long you have no business to pick up a reproach against anybody. It is so that men and women who profess to love God stand around and take God's name in vain. We have noticed evil so much, we have become so familiar with it that we are saying good speeches to people who are doing wrong.

"He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." The kind of man God wants is the man who will stick to his word.

I want to read another verse in James 1:26: "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." You and I have a perfect right to put in there a lot of other things. If any man seems to be religious and takes 17 oz. for the pound when he is getting and gives 15 oz. when he is selling. That man's religion is vain. There has to be something beside a form to stand the test. James 2:17: "Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." Profession and religion must be together. You show me a man or a woman that has faith to get forgiveness then I will show you a faith that shows itself in works. Righteousness by faith does the

work for things that are past. James 2:19; "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe, and tremble." If I do not get any further than that I am lost. "The devils believe and tremble." They have more sense than we have. We must go further than the trembling stage. We must endeavor to have our lives in harmony with God's will. When a man says, "I am free from sin; I do not sin any more," I have a right to ask for a testimony on that. Profession does not make it true. Faith, belief in God comes just as quickly as I accept, but when I have been forgiven for the sins that are past there is another step, and that is to walk in the path of the Lord Jesus Christ.

There are a lot of people that have it in their minds that all they had to do was to say, "Lord, I believe," then they are going to be wafted away with never another struggle. Right there begins the battle of the life, right there is the place where you and I have failed over and over again, and the Lord wants you and me to reach the place where failures are in the past. If I mention to you about the sufferings of Christ you think of the cross of Christ. His sufferings were not what you think. Turn to the last verse of the second chapter of Hebrews to prove my point. "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." In the garden of Gethsemane He was tempted to throw down the cup and not drink it, but my friends, He won, and He did it because He suffered. On the cross when those men said, "Come on down," He could have come down, but He did not. He stayed there and suffered, being tempted.

Do you know why a lot of people are not going to be saved? I will tell you. It is because they are too lazy. They are too lazy to make a struggle. It is not more truth this people needs. They need the strength to live up to the light they already have. Your conscience is better than you because you would not live up to the light you already have. The things of the world are no temptation to me. A big fat job might be a temptation. I am afraid that would be some kind of a temptation. The things that bring the trouble are the things that we know are

wrong and we yield to them. When are we going to quit them? Isaiah 4:1, "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." Those false churches take hold of the one man, Christ Jesus. "We will eat to please ourselves and we will dress just as we want to. All we will ask of you is that we would like to be called Christians." Is it not true that the churches today are doing that? Are you doing the same thing? The fathers and mothers are just as responsible for this business as the girls themselves. How long are you going to put off getting ready for Christ's coming? I am going to be ready today. So far as I know every sin is forgiven. I want to know if you do not stand there today.

There are young men and women who have gone away from this blessed message who are going to the world and today are hearing my voice pleading to come back again. I want to know if you are coming today. When I was seventeen years of age

the world grasped me and I was out in the desert of the world for eight long years. I used to go to camp meeting and a good old brother would see me and start for me and I would get away just as fast as I could. I knew what he wanted. But God in His mercy let me live long enough to return. I sat out in the carriage under the apple tree and heard the voice of God speaking to me, "If you do not yield today you never will." I thought it over. I had thirty-three votes as circuit judge. I was headed straight up as I thought, but I was really headed straight down. I came back to the Lord.

There was brought to my knowledge this morning a very, very wonderful incident of the Lord doing work at the right time. When the call came a woman gave her heart to the Lord and that following Wednesday she was killed by a train. I see the fingers of the dial going around in the Chicago Tribune of those that were killed by automobiles.

I will tell you what would be a blessing to God today. That is just in the quiet of your own life definitely settle it to give yourself to God. Think it over, friends.

## Does Jesus Care?

Maud Wilson Cobb

**W**E WISH our readers could spend just one day in our Life Boat Home for discouraged girls and helpless little children and see the many ways Jesus shows His love and care. If little Reuben could talk today he would say, "God is good because He said one day a long while ago, 'Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of heaven.' And because God loves little children He put the spirit of love into the hearts of big men and women to love little children and through that love, when my mother and father had forsaken me and left me with strangers to live or die, every effort was made to make me live and grow. From a little, weak, sick, pain-racked body—kind doctors, nurses, and foster parents have stood by my little white bed and prayed and worked,—until today I have come into my own, free from pain—a well developed body and brain and a happy smile. I have the

wonderful privilege of having a new home, a father and mother and my own high chair and ivory bed and walker and all the other necessities an eighteen-months-old boy should have. And best of all love has come to me that money could not buy, because Jesus said He loved little children."

Friends, Reuben could well sing the song, "Love Lifted Me." And another one of our dear patients, M—— who came to us with bowed head and eyes dimmed and almost blinded because the tears would not cease falling for days. Alone in this big world with no mother to guide her, no father to protect her from the time she was eight years old, she just existed. She kept herself pure and free from sin and one day she obtained a position in a big State hospital as a helper. Day by day she was true to her duties as an attendant. Each day by her side was a man whom she learned to know. He finally won



"Now then! I'm Happy!"

her confidence. He made her believe he loved her and would protect and marry her, and promised her a home and love. At last she believed she would never walk alone again and looked to this man for her very life's long wish—happiness and love.

But one day a dread came to her and in less than twenty-four hours our little girl knew and believed that all hope in her life was blasted and the whole world would know her shame. She had trusted a man who had deceived her and without a care said, "I did not tell you, but I have a wife and two chil-

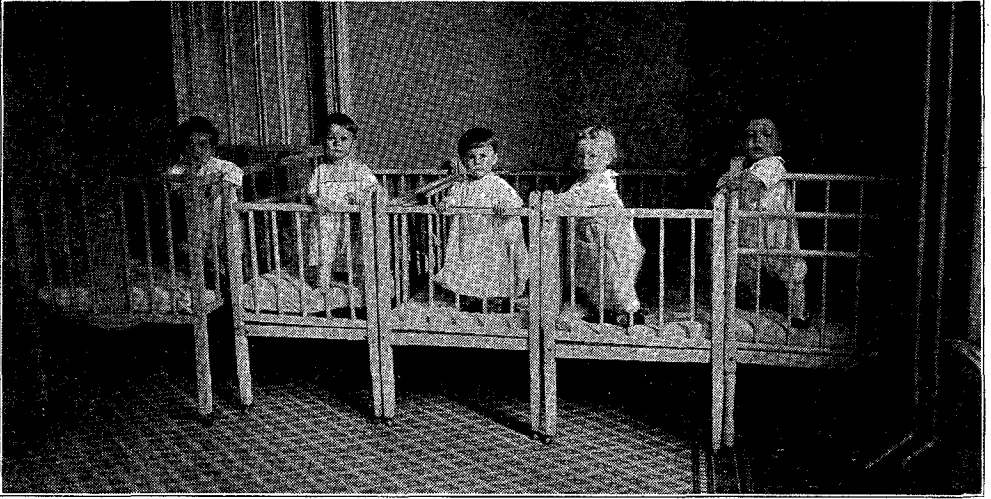
dren. You will have to go away to protect me and my family. Go somewhere. I will pay your expenses, but don't bother me with your troubles."

Friends, do you wonder why this poor girl could not stop crying? Do you wonder that the thought of trying to live on was like one whose soul had died? But we watched this girl and gave her all the hope and courage we could. One day we laid a beautiful baby girl in her arms. She wept and said, "My baby girl! All I have in this world is just you." It is now many months since this little one whom the world calls an unwelcome child came to the lonely, sick little mother. But a few days ago I heard the mother say, "Me give my baby away! Not for the whole wide world. No, not me. I would work until my fingers bled before I would consider the thought. If baby is my shame then the world will have to see it for I shall keep her by my side."

Friends, how about the unfaithful father? Would good kind Christian men and fathers say that he, the man who gained this homeless, fatherless and motherless girl's confidence be marked also that all who see him might



"Good morning, I'm glad I'm here."



A corner of our second nursery

know his part of the story? Could he not carry part of the blame, if only to protect the innocent victims like our girl. Billy Sunday says to paint him red and let him carry a bell in each hand to warn the public that he is coming. There is One who can read the heart, One who knows every man and woman and

child. He will do the marking and some of us will be marked with a mark that will give eternal life while some will be marked with a mark that will give eternal death. To-day Jesus is reading the hearts of men and women fitting them for His eternal home. To-day is the time for us to know ourselves.

## Almost, but Lost!

G. B. Thompson

**T**O be almost saved, is to be wholly lost at last. A hunter who almost shot a deer, missed it. A passenger on a sinking steamship who is almost saved, is drowned. A patient who almost recovers from pneumonia, dies. A man who almost reached success, just misses it. A traveler who almost reaches home, dies on the way.

"Almost persuaded; harvest is past;  
Almost persuaded; doom comes at last!  
'Almost' cannot avail; 'almost' is but to fail!  
Sad, sad that bitter wail, 'Almost—but lost!'"

Nothing but salvation "to the uttermost" will avail in the end; but this is what the Saviour promises us through the merits of His life. We are near the end. The sun of human probation is approaching the horizon. Our High Priest in the heavenly sanctuary is about to lay down the censer, and the place of His ministration to be "filled with smoke from the glory of God."

Some have long borne heavy burdens. They have sacrificed much; they have given their children to God; they have sat in their old age, and looked at the vacant chair by the fireside. On their knees around the family altar they have prayed, not that the absent one might return, but that he might be kept faithful where he is. Great sacrifices in other ways have been made. Now as the gospel ship is making port in storm and stress, amid reefs and rocks and dangerous shoals, it is no time to lose heart, grow discouraged, and cast away our hope. "Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

Nothing is more sad than a wreck near the shore—a noble ship that has headed into the wind and breakers and plunged on in the darkness, wrecked in sight of port.

The Royal Charter had been around the world, and was at last homeward bound. She



had reached Queenstown, and then sailed for Liverpool; the message was telegraphed to Liverpool that she was almost home. Dr. William M. Taylor, a great New York preacher, was then in Liverpool as pastor, and the wife of the first mate of the Royal Charter was a member of his church. You may remember that the Royal Charter never came into Liverpool. An officer of my church told me that he waited on the dock all night, straining his eyes to catch a first glimpse of the vessel. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool was there. Bands of musicians and thousands of people waited to give her a welcome home. But the Royal Charter never came in. She went down in the night with almost all on board.

They came to Dr. Taylor, and said, "Will you go and tell the wife of the first mate?" So he started off to tell her. As he laid his hand upon the doorbell, the door flew open, and a little girl sprang out, crying, "Oh, Dr. Taylor, I thought it was my papa. He is coming home today." The preacher said he felt like an executioner as he walked into the house. He found the table laid for breakfast, and the wife of the first mate stepped forward, her face shining, as she said, "Dr. Taylor, this is indeed a privilege, and if you will wait a little while, perhaps you will sit at our table with us, for my husband was on the Royal Charter, and he is coming home."

Dr. Taylor says he looked at her a moment, while he steadied himself and held on to a near-by chair, and then said, "Poor woman, your husband will never come. The Royal Charter went down last night, and your husband is lost." He says that she threw her hands to her head, staggered for a moment, and then fell, and as she fell she cried, "Oh, my God, so near home, and lost!"

Some who read this, perhaps, are almost in the fold. You have almost decided, yet hesitate to yield your heart to God and keep His commandments. To be almost persuaded is not enough. You must yield to the pleading of the Spirit, and become, not almost a Christian, but wholly the Lord's. Why not now?

Are you in the fold, yet doubting and undecided, fearing that after all you have made a mistake and the Lord is not coming? Are you looking about for something else to

cling to? It is too late now to jump overboard, and perish in the angry billows that beat the foam-crested shore.

No matter how great the storm, those who believe God will reach port. "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."—From The Signs of the Times.

### LIKE THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

"Man liveth not by bread only." This is a scientific truth that is not generally appreciated. Something more than physical food is necessary in order to enjoy the best of health. The other day a patient came into my office, an intelligent, well informed business woman, fifty-seven years of age. She said to me:

"Doctor, do you know, I feel the need of something that I do not possess. I know that I cannot enjoy real health without it, and yet it is not for me. My father was an avowed agnostic, and I was reared in that atmosphere. I am now too old to undergo any change." I said to her, "You remind me of a man who came to Christ one night. He, too, felt his need of something he did not possess. Jesus told him he needed to experience a new birth, but he said, 'How can a man be born again when he is old?' Jesus assured him that this was possible, and essential, although it could not be explained by human reasoning or human philosophy. 'That which is born of the flesh, is flesh.' He said, 'and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.' The Spiritual birth He assured him, was just as real as the natural birth. The one who is born of the spirit has been twice born. He has been born again, 'not of corruptible seed, but by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever.'"

Man is sustained by nature's food, the Spiritual man is sustained by Spiritual food. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." What physical food is to the body, the word of God is to the soul. The prophet said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them." Jer. 15:16. To John on the Isle of Patmos in Revelation, a "little book open" was presented, and the words were spoken "take it and eat it up." Rev. 10:1, 2, 9. To

(Continued on page 309)

# The Island of the Golden Age

Robert Hare

[Evangelist Hare, of Australia, who has written many beautiful poems for The Life Boat, recently made a visit to the remarkable island of Pitcairn which has been cited the world over as the only place on this earth over which sin and crime has no control, being inhabited by Christian people. On the faculty of our Hinsdale Sanitarium Academy we are fortunate to have Miss Hattie Andre who some years ago spent more than three years on this island. Hence, this interesting island of the South Pacific seems near to the hearts of The Life Boat workers and this picture of life on the island will be read with deep interest.—Ed.]

**P**ITCAIRN, perhaps the smallest of the world's Island kingdoms, lies about midway between New Zealand and Panama. It is centrally located, about 3,000 miles from each country. It is but a little "dot" in the great ocean of many waters, and quite unknown to most of the world.

Its history, however, has been a very remarkable one. In fact, the most romantic of all island histories. Its people are the descendants of the Bounty mutineers and some native women from Tahiti who settled on Pitcairn in 1789.

The inhabitants now number about 170. They are a strong, healthy people who use neither tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol, nor swine's flesh. In fact, little of any kind of flesh is used on the Island. An abundance of fruit is grown through the forest, while in the gardens supplies of pumpkin, sweet potatoes, yams, and vegetables of various kinds are cultivated.

The Island is about two miles long and one across. It rises in the center to over 1,000 feet above the sea. The shore, all around is rocky and steep with only one small bay to serve the purpose of landing place.

The community lives a happy and industrious life. They are governed by a chief magistrate and four representatives. These are all elected annually. No police or jail are required. A deep spirit of religious feeling prevails among this people of simple, honest faith.

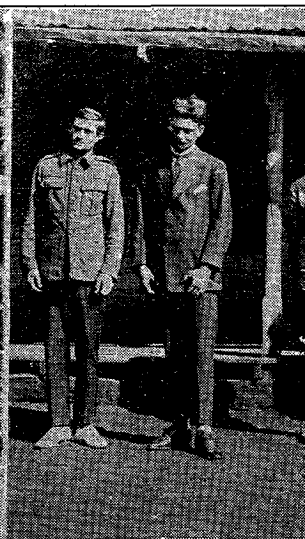
I was asked to visit this Island and spend a few months with them, hence my wife and I sailed from Australia about four months ago.

## Across the Sea

It was calm most of the way from Wellington to Pitcairn. Ten days of travel across a wide sea, 3,000 miles without one object visible but the sea, the stars, the sky, and the sun, then a little "dot" rose out of the ocean



Pulling up their boat



The chief mag

before us. The moments passed and it grew more distinct, rose to a loftier view and greater proportions, and before noon our good ship had stopped before the little kingdom of romance—Pitcairn Island.

The day before we landed the sea was rough, and heavy rain fell most of the day. The question of landing was assuming a serious aspect, but on Sunday morning the sea was as a great mirror of glass, for the storm had gone by.

On the voyage across Captain Cameron, of the *Remuera*, had very kindly given a lantern lecture on "Pitcairn and Her People." This story had awakened quite an interest in the minds of the passengers, so long before reaching the island the deck was lined with eager watchers looking out over the cliffs and groves of the little world that had grown out of the sea.

Boats were now visible, coming across the water. Reaching the side of the steamship, the people soon scrambled up the ladder with their oranges, bananas, and curios for sale. Quite a lot of business was done. A boat load of tourists was taken ashore, another load of fruit brought out, then the things for Pitcairn were loaded into the boats. We were sent down in a large basket, and then with a sweet farewell song, the islanders said

good-bye and three boats pulled for the shore.

The landing-place consists of a narrow strip of sand between the cliff and a narrow ledge of rocks that serves as a breakwater. Great skill is required in navigating this part of the journey. The boat must wait until the wave lifts her into just the right position, and then every oarsman must pull with his strongest stroke. As the boat strikes the shore, several of the men jump out into the water and draw the little craft up as far as possible, and then as the wave recedes the others get out. My wife was carried ashore, but in trying to jump my foot lighted in the water, and a wetting was the consequence.

A home had been kindly prepared for us, and after watching the men draw two of the boats up the slip into the shed, we were led up the winding path that leads to the village on the eastern side of the island. We were astonished at the richness of the vegetation, and the beauty of the steeps that rose before and beside us. On the way up we passed through a cocoanut grove where the trees towered to the heights of fifty and seventy-five feet. Each bore its cluster of nuts just underneath the leaves that must battle with many a storm. Vegetation is luxuriant, and both sugar cane and sweet potatoes flourish.



of the island

Basket industry on Pitcairn

We were glad to reach the end of our journey on the sea. As we reached the top of the village and looked out over the deep, the last vision of the departing vessel was seen. Then there came a little thought of solitude—life on a little dot with 90,000,000 square miles of great ocean all around. But there is every comfort in the realization that there is no part of our little world beyond the reach of our Heavenly Father.

There is no place on the earth where the human heart might live more oblivious to the world's cares and annoyances than on Pitcairn island. Here the rush and struggle after personal gain does not appear, neither does the rise and fall of tomorrow's markets press the heart.

Some forty-eight homes nestle among the cocoanut and orange groves on the northern slopes of Pitcairn. Of these dwellings some are thatched with leaves from the palm trees, but others, of more modern style, are roofed with corrugated iron. Most of them are provided with open windows, having shutters that may be closed in case of storm. Locks and fastenings are unknown and unnecessary in the simple home life of this little kingdom.

In their domestic life some of the homes are provided with ovens built of stone. In these a fire is lighted, and when sufficiently heated, the ashes and embers are removed, and the bread, made of corn and sweet potato grated, is readily and perfectly baked.

When requiring salt, large tin dishes are filled with salt water and placed over a furnace. Here the boiling process is continued until the water evaporates and the salt is left behind. To supply the place with sugar, the sugar cane is ground up and pressed, and the juice thus secured is boiled in a vessel similar to that used for making salt, till it becomes a thick syrup that will keep for any length of time.

The homes have wooden floors, and sides built of boards cut by pit-saws in the forest. Water is caught in tanks, but a permanent supply is obtained from a spring far up on the hillside and carried down in a long line of open pipes formed of the hewn-out stems of palm trees. The water is thus brought to a place convenient to the village. Here the little boys and girls bring their wheelbarrows and fill their vessels with pure, sweet water.

On wet days, and odd times when not engaged in the forest or about the gardens, the men and boys take an interest in making small boats, walking-sticks, small boxes, and various souvenirs of Pitcairn. Many of these articles display both skill and patience in their workmanship. The women and girls are very expert in making baskets from the cocoanut leaves. Smaller baskets are also made of strips obtained from the palm leaves. Some of these are perfect works of art. Various forms of hats are also made from fibres obtained from leaves that grow on the island. The work in some of these is of a very fine quality, and much time is required for the making.

Many of these things are sold to passing ships, and tourists, who sometimes land for an hour from passing steamers. Home life on Pitcairn is full of activity, and sometimes, as in the case of manning the boats on a rough sea, it requires both skill and courage. As a rule the climate is very enjoyable, ranging in temperature from 85 degrees in summer down to 58 in winter. Storms sometimes blow fiercely, though as a rule climatic conditions are mild.

Child life on the island is interesting. About fifty boys and girls attend school daily. They all appear to be bright and healthy. It is amazing to see the boys climb the cocoanut trees. Their efforts in that direction certainly appear to equal anything that Darwin's ancestral progenitors of our race could hope to accomplish.

There are wild goats on the island, but they keep away from the place of settlement. There are also a number of hens and chickens, but they too appear devoted to the forest solitudes.

#### Sabbath on Pitcairn Island

The activities of the week are set aside and all have opportunity to prepare for holy time. One step in this preparation is the sweeping of the streets. Each family has a portion of the street near their home allotted for their attention. So when Sabbath comes all is clean and tidy.

At nine o'clock Sabbath morning the bell rings for Sabbath school. All attending are in their places ready to begin at 9:30. One brother told me he had not been once late for fifteen years. Last Sabbath the register

numbered 149 in attendance, and that is the usual number.

The Sabbath School is one of the best regulated that I have ever seen and it is altogether under the management of these natives.

A passing vessel sometimes interferes a little with the attendance at some of the meetings on Sabbaths, as a boat's crew usually sets off with gifts of fruit and papers for the people.

There is a sweet stillness and homeliness linked with the meetings here that cannot be found in the anxious hurry of city life. With nature around, the quiet hills rising behind, and the great shoreless sea stretching into the far away before you, it is easier to give the mind to devotion. Strikes might occur; cities be ruined by earthquakes; Europe might ring with the boom of battle-guns; in fact Gibraltar itself might go down, but here men would plant and dig, gather fruits and worship just as though the great world beyond was not!

In contrast with this simple life we are able to see how artificial modern life has become. Surely the Lord did not design that the soul should lose itself in all the rush and hurry and din that has so nearly succeeded in making man forget his God!

The bell that calls to meeting on Sabbath has a large part to play in the routine of island life. Certain strokes call to work,

others to school, others again tell of the arrival of a ship. There are, in fact, quite a code of rings that perplex the new arrivals with their multiplied messages; but to the islanders the calls are well known, and the community quickly gathers in answer to their chimes! The bell has a deep clear tone, and its sound reaches all over the village. For more than seventy-five years it has been on duty, having been presented to the people of Pitcairn by Captain Stephenson, commander of the warship *Basilisk*, in 1844.

Passing ships form the only means of communication with the world. Since the opening of the Panama route, ocean liners have called more frequently than formerly. Boats go off to these passing ships and exchange curios, baskets, and fruit for supplies. When time and occasion permit a song service is held on board and when departing in their boat a farewell hymn is sung. Many missionary conversations are secured with the passengers.

The vegetation of the island is very luxuriant and cocoanuts, palm trees and bananas flourish. It is also a land of peace where the world's selfishness and struggles do not come!

Speaking of this community Sir Cyprian Bridge says: "The story is one. . . of a community originating in crime and nursed in lawlessness giving to the world the one and only real example of a Golden Age."

## Pitcairn

Robert Hare

**ONLY** the sound of the wild, wild waves

Dashing against the shore;

Only the sigh of the wild, wild winds,

Whispering forevermore!

But glad in the thought of service sweet,

We turn our eyes to Him,

And all the echoes passing by

Change to a holy hymn!

**THE** wild waves, rolling forever on,

Rolling by night and day,

Till of the Hand that curbs their might,

And the voice they all obey!

Pale moonbeams wear their sweetest smile,

Shaded by love divine;

And hope points on to the glory-light

Where "suns immortal shine!"

**ROLL** on wild waves, 'tis freedom's home,

Roll on in tireless glee,

Whisper to us the endless praise

Of Him who rules the sea!

Echo ye wild wind—sweet and low

Faith chants her evening prayer—

There's not a place our feet may tread

But love can find us there!

## AN APPEAL

From a Chicago Shut-in

Mrs. McQueen who has written before of her appreciation of the Hinsdale nurses who visit her home, wrote the following upon learning recently that the present leader had asked to be released. She writes:

"I am sending this letter to tell you how much I have appreciated the city workers. I am perhaps only one of the many who are sorry the city work has no leader at present. I could write many pages of praise for the dear girls who have visited me for several years. Every week they are so faithful and kind, doing work for me that some of them had never done before; but all of them are so willing and anxious to do their best. By their loving service my rooms have been kept orderly and clean, for their leader has allowed them to come once a week.

"Several weeks have passed since they have visited me and a kind letter coming from Miss T. tells me they have as yet found no one to take the place as leader.

"It has been my daily prayer for God to send some one who will take the responsibility and also for some one who can spare some money to help them continue this city service to the helpless and poor. I am sure there would be many who could spare a few dollars to help with the work if they only knew what kind Christians they all are. If any are walking in the Master's footsteps it is these student nurses in training at the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

"Twenty years ago last March, Drs. David and Mary Paulson prayed for a successful missionary center. They had no financial backing and only a small house in which to begin their work. Their faith in God's assurance to provide and earnest prayer brought courage to push on with the work. They had many weeks and months of sacrifice and no money, but prayers brought the needed money many times.

"Additions have been built as the years passed and now where once a small house stood there stands a wonderful Sanitarium, one of the best in the States. Young people come there to train for medical missionary work. So God has completed their dream for a missionary center. Each student gets sev-

eral weeks of city social work and they come into the city each day for several hours.

"Dear friends, prayer will bring a new leader and money to go on with the work. I feel assured, and hope I may soon see the dear girls at my door for I am an invalid and in need of kind friends.

"May God bless you all for your past kindness."

## A GOOD WORD FOR AN AGENT

By a Life Boat Worker

I have been an agent for The Life Boat for nearly five years and have found the work very interesting. One who enjoys meeting different faces, will enjoy selling this little paper. In the five years I have worked in California, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Tennessee, and have always found the people willing to buy.

I am not ashamed to say I am an agent. I have met hundreds of traveling people. Men, women, boys and girls, and they have always acted as real gentlemen or ladies. The poor traveling man or woman has not always a happy life. We get up Monday morning early, (pack our suitcases the night before) and away we go from our loved ones to be gone a week, two weeks, or a month. We travel alone, meeting strangers only or just business acquaintances. Sometime during the day we reach our stopping place. Many times we are greeted with a smile and many times not, but even so we must keep on the sunny side. Our lunch time comes. We have to go to a restaurant eat our meals in silence thinking of home, then work again until time to retire for the night. That is the traveling person's daily routine.

So after all, it is much more pleasant to remain at home where we can get three good meals of home cooking. But there must be a traveling man and a traveling woman to accomplish the work as well as a minister or physician. An article is made perhaps in England or Chicago. Many would never have the chance to buy it if it were not for a traveling man or woman. So please don't close the door in an agent's face or spend your time knocking him, for

an agent has a heart and is doing his best. I often hear a man or woman say, "That agent is a fake." How do you know he is? Friends, have you realized what agents have done for us all? Think of our lovely concrete or cement roads. The agents go from city to city in cars and in time you see a good road. It isn't the people who go out for a little drive after supper or on Sunday that the roads are being built for. It is the traveling agents who travel day after day, week after week, and year after year.

So after reading this please remember an agent needs a smile and friends.

### A DAY IN THE CLARK STREET POLICE STATION

MAUD WILSON COBB

A visit to the old Clark Street Jail reveals the same number of cells and the same atmosphere that we have become acquainted with for the last twenty-five years of our Life Boat Jail work.

A few days ago our workers talked to 110 men and young boys, white and black, confined in cells. We met in the jail about nine o'clock in the morning; after a few moments spent in the little room on the third floor of the jail where our organ and song books are kept, we went down to the cells. We call the little room our prayer room, for it is there we ask the Lord to help us conduct the service for the men in the cells.

One would ask, "Does the effort pay?" This morning 110 removed their hats and bowed their heads in prayer and in a chorus repeated these words, "God be merciful to me a sinner and save me for Jesus sake." Many asked for special prayer and to be remembered in prayer after we had left the jail. Men bowed their heads and wept as we talked to them of the sacrifice Jesus made on the cross that we might live victorious lives. In the girls' cells we talked to four girls privately and learned why they had been arrested. Some were there because of shop-lifting, taking dresses from the counters of big department stores. One of these girls had no folks nor mother and was alone in the big city and through sickness and loss of work had no clothes to present herself to any one for a position and when she walked

through the big store the temptation was too great and she picked up a dress and slipped it under her arm. But she was detected at once and arrested. This girl cried and the very flesh on her arms trembled and with a dread in her voice said, "Will I have to go to the county jail for my first offence? Oh! Pray God to forgive me and let me have a chance to make good without a jail sentence. I will never attempt to steal again, and I am so sorry and so ashamed."

Friends, I believe God was sorry for her wrong and somewhere this girl will find friends that she will not have to stand alone. If the girl is discharged she will come to our Home. Who will help to buy her some clothing so she can work and not be ashamed of her ragged shoes and dress? Won't some one help her to be strong in face of temptation?

### LIKE THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR

(Continued from page 303)

the unbelieving Jews, Jesus said, "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. . . . I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." Jno. 6:49-51. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." v. 63. This was the true bread. "The word which ye hear," Jesus said, "is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." Jno. 14:24.

God's word has in it creative power. "By the word of God the heavens were of old" and "through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." Heb. 11:3. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made. . . . for he spake and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." Ps. 33:6, 9. In referring to God's word, the Lord says, "It shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please." Paul thanked God that those who heard him preach the word, received it not as the word of man, but "as it is in truth, the word of God which effectually worketh also in them that believe."

To live a true Christian life, the conscience must be quickened by constant contact with the word of God. To refuse to eat this spiritual food results in spiritual death.

Physical food we must partake of daily, in order to keep physically fit. It is just as essential to partake of this Spiritual food in order to keep Spiritually fit and to be at our best physically.

Exercise is an important aid in appropriating the food we eat. "He that works little should eat little, and he that will not work, neither shall he eat," has a scientific basis. Many a dyspeptic could be helped by merely spending a portion of each day in some out-of-door occupation. Exercise creates a normal appetite for food, it improves digestion, and aids assimilation. The man who buries himself in his books, even if that book is the Bible, and fails to live to be a blessing and benediction to his neighbors, friends, and enemies, soon becomes a spiritual dyspeptic or a fanatic. "He that will not work shall not eat," applies spiritually as well as physically. It is in this way that man receives the full benefit of the Word, and that man liveth "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

"Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

### FAITH'S SUNSHINE

R. HARE

Could we but see the far-away,  
Clear as the visions of today,  
How many sparkling eyes would weep,  
How many shudder at the steep?  
Ten thousand trembling hearts would sigh,  
Forget the song in sorrow's cry,  
And lose the blessing of each passing day  
In dread of that dark far-away!

But Providence has kindly willed  
A cup of blessing, daily filled,  
Yielding its sweetness hour by hour,  
As springtime paints each opening flower.  
Chill winter does not dare to place  
Its icy hand on summer's face—  
Enough, the Marah-branch will surely be,  
Placed by a kindly hand for thee!

Refrain thy tear. Enough of gaul  
Is portioned to each morrow's call.  
Accept the brightness of today  
With thankfulness and ever pray  
For faith both confident and clear,  
That dares to trust without a fear,  
Let not the shadow of some far-away  
Darken God's sunshine for today!

The world is but the shadow of your mind.

## The Prisoners Department

### TWO SONS

From Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary

"One night as I read the Bible in my cell I turned to the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke. I did not think of what I was reading at first, but at the end of the passage I was struck by the reference to God's great love for His wayward children. I retraced my steps and re-read the chapter starting with the 11th verse, and compared it to my life and home. Most of you know the story as it is told in the Bible, but have you ever tried to apply it to your own lives?

"Since coming to prison in the fall of 1922, I have been studying a course which has been life to me, but when I read the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke a short time ago, I was struck with how closely my past life compared to the Bible story of the prodigal son.

"The story as told in the Bible is:

"A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father,

give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father



saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

"The story goes on to tell of the joy of the household at the younger son's return to the fold and the jealousy shown by the older son. I am the younger of two sons. Several years ago my brother died, leaving me as my parents' only solace for their sorrow; today, I am behind the bars. Why? Because I sinned.

"The Bible story says the younger son asked for his portion of the property before his father's death; I was never satisfied with what my parents did for me. I always wanted more.

"The younger son went to a far country and spent his life in riotous living; that far country is present with all of us—SIN; and I took my journey that way.

"While the younger son's money lasted, he had plenty of friends; when he had spent all, his sinful and false friends left him and others, remembering his past life, passed him by. But when he came to himself, he said he would go to his father and confess his sins. Was that all he did? No! He arose and returned to his father and confessed. But before he had reached his father, his father had seen him returning and forgave him and ran to meet him.

"Prison bars and a copy of The Life Boat brought me to myself a year and a half ago. Since that day, I have been studying the course I referred to before. The day I turned to that course, God, the Father, saw me, as He sees all who turn to Him from sin, and had compassion on me and has through His Son, our Lord, guided me from that day to this. By that step, what once had been long dreary months were turned into months full of joy and peace, for I knew He was with me.

"Truly the Father showeth great love and mercy to all prodigal sons who willingly return to Him, through Christ Jesus.

"I thank God I found the light that leadeth all men to salvation, and I pray God may bring you, my brothers, who are still groping in darkness, into the rays of the Light of the world."

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The ascent of any mountain begins at the foot.

## GETTING LIGHT

From a Prisoner in Marquette, Mich., Prison

"My dear Friend:

"I feel blessed when I get a letter from you. I can surely thank you for the good friends you have gotten for me.

"I received The Life Boat a few days ago and it surely is good. You have a nice piece in it about Charley Langsman. It gives me a great deal of light how one can become a man in works and deeds when he finds God.

"Who is Mrs. Maud Wilson Cobb? The articles that she writes for The Life Boat just soften my heart and I always have to shed a few tears. It was so good in the last number. It brought me way back home to the old country just a few weeks before I left it. I shall always be a subscriber for The Life Boat, it has done so much good for me.

"I trust the Lord will bless you and the Lighthouse Crew."

## A SAD LETTER

Our boys in bonds will be pained to learn of the death of Miss Friede Puck of St. Paul, who has been such a faithful correspondent. This letter has just been received from Minneapolis, bringing us the sad news. We pass it on just as it is. But in doing so we want the men behind the bars to know that they have friends here at headquarters who will be glad to correspond with and encourage those who have been corresponding with Miss Puck, and to put you in touch with other good Christian correspondents. The letter follows:

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 16, 1924.

Dear Mrs. Clough:

I am sure it will interest you to know our dear Sister Friede Puck, 690 Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn., passed away September 5 from a stroke of paralysis. She was rendered unconscious instantly, so there was no suffering. She died so peacefully, just stopped breathing and went to sleep.

Hers was a consistent Christian life, faithful in every detail. To know her was to love her. Her generosity and unselfishness was unusual in these days, and won her many friends. She corresponded with a number of the "boys" in bonds and helped them in every way she could and I am sure they will miss her very much, and it is hard

to find anyone that can take her place in their hearts.

The funeral was held at the St. Paul English S. D. A. Church, Elder Weatherly officiating. It was well attended. The casket was well covered with flowers. She is resting now at Lakewood Cemetery in Minneapolis. She took such an interest in your work, and The Life Boat was the most welcome of all her periodicals. She intended to visit you if her health permitted. Her friends do miss her so. But we are not without hope, as I am sure she will be one of those who will be in the first resurrection.

Will you kindly mention her death in The Life Boat, as there will be several boys who will wonder what has become of "Auntie."

Sincerely your sister in the message.

MRS. W. PINKHAM.

### TO THE SHUT-INS

From a Mother

"My dear Shut-ins:

"I have just received another Life Boat and have read letters from a few of you. And how I wish I could go with this little Boat into each of your rooms tonight, and hear you tell your story of struggles and strife and disappointments and how you long for just another chance in life. To some of you this chance may come soon, as you are looking forward to that day when the iron doors will open for you and you will walk out a free man, facing the realities of life again, and the future will reveal what this chance will mean to you.

"Then to others of you the day is far distant and you must wait, wait and wait. And to still others there is no day when this chance may come to you.

"But, my dear friends, there is a chance for each of you if you will only believe it. If I should tell you that in a few days or a few weeks each of you would have another chance, that your term would be pardoned and you could walk out a free man, you would be interested right away, would you not? And yet that would be an unbelievable thing.

"But I can truly tell you tonight—each one of you—that you have another chance—a chance to live a new life. You do not have to serve two or three months or a few years for the mistake you made. You do not have

to have anyone plead your case. Just you and Jesus tonight; and all He asks of you is to tell Him you are sorry, sorry for the mistakes you made and that you would like to have just another chance to live the life that counts. Then He has promised to pardon you, and you are free. He also promises to help you live that life. Isn't that a wonderful sentence! A wonderful Judge to give such a pardon instead of a long term of years. But we must serve a time to make it right to our fellow men. Even then Jesus makes this time pleasanter and easier and many times a parole is granted sooner because Jesus has come into the hearts of the boys and made new men of them. A new chance, a new life, and then Jesus can do wonderful things for you. There are many hearts longing to do something to cheer our boys; but we are here and you are there, and the only way we can reach most of you is by the written words. So this little Boat comes into the hands of many of you.

"These few lines are sent in hopes that it may bring cheer to all who may read them, as it is a personal invitation to each of you to take another chance, and I am wondering how many of you will accept it tonight and be free and happy; and soon Jesus will come and take us all home. We will know each other there. We will all be happy. There will be no more prison walls, and we will be free from worry. You want to be there, don't you?

"If any of you are lonely or discouraged please write me. I will find some way to cheer you.

"Address The Life Boat."

### "IT CAN BE DONE"

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D.D.

A man in a country town in Massachusetts was arrested for breaking into a house, though he did not understand it was burglary. But he broke in with bad motives; and consequently he was arrested, tried for burglary, convicted and sent to prison for five years.

When that young man, only twenty-two years of age, came out of that prison every one told him, "your life is blasted for all time." They had said it to thousands of others and they believed it, but this young man did not believe it. Not one of his friends

would listen to him; no one but his old mother, none of his family relations would have anything to do with him. They told him he had disgraced them all and to get out of town. But he said, "I am going to live right; I am going to stay right here and face the disgrace and live it down."

He went to the preacher, and the good preacher said, "I would advise you to go somewhere else, if you come into my congregation the Christian people will shun you. No good family will speak to you. You cannot get along in this town." But the young man, believing that it could be done, said, "I will sit in the back pew or stand by the door; I will go down these streets here where I have lived, and I will go to church every Sunday and win back the respect I lost since I have

been in prison." Thousands of men have said, "That is impossible." They have come forth from the prisons of our own city; I have seen many of them in the years past when in the sorrow of their irrepressible grief, they say, "There is nothing more for me but go on in crime again or die of starvation." But that young man believed it could be done. He began to live down his old life, and now in the Congress of the United States he has been for fourteen years one of our great statesmen, he has accumulated large wealth and rebuilt the very church where people would not welcome him. He is one of our noblest men, although he spent five years in prison for burglary, but he lived it all down because he said, "It could be done!"—*From Book, Unused Powers.*

## EDITORIAL

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Mary Paulson Neall, M. D.  
Associate Editor

Contributors: D. H. Kress, M. D., J. F. Morse, M. D.,  
J. W. Hopkins, M. D., A. J. Clark

### AN EXPLANATION

Occasionally we are asked if we have workers in the field who are authorized to receive or solicit donations for The Life Boat Rescue Home.

Just recently a woman was described to us who is soliciting funds for the Home in Chicago and is receiving funds and has been for several years. Inasmuch as no such money has reached the work for which it was intended we want to warn our Life Boat readers against giving donations to any solicitors. We employ no solicitors.

This magazine is sold on its own merits at fifteen cents a copy. The agents receive a commission for their support and the balance is used to pay the publishing expenses of the magazine. While the columns of this magazine are open for reports of charitable work, yet the magazine itself is not supporting any charity.

Our Life Boat agents are instructed not to ask for donations for The Life Boat Home.

All such donations should be sent direct to the Home, Hinsdale, Illinois, by the donor. Buy a Life Boat of the agent who asks you, but do not give a donation to any one who comes to your door soliciting.

### WHO HAS THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE?

Ever since The Hinsdale Sanitarium was founded twenty years ago, and a missionary nurses training school was organized, a city service department has been conducted, giving student nurses an opportunity to get in close contact with homes of real need and with the sick poor. This work has drawn to Hinsdale young people whose hearts have longed for just such unselfish ministry. Those who have entered heartily into this work have looked upon it as the most blessed part of all their training.

There are millions at our doors who are perishing for the touch of kindness and sympathy—millions to be told of Christ's love by the example of service. We are looking

right now for some one to take the leadership of this branch of our work. We need a trained nurse who is willing to enter this service for the good she can do. There is a blessed opportunity for some one, as our present leader is giving up the work. If this reaches your heart, do not turn this appeal down for it may be the Lord speaking to you.

**TWENTIETH-CENTURY CIVILIZATION IN NEW YORK**

The sentencing of Edward and Cecelia Cooney of New York to twenty years imprisonment for their crimes brought to light this striking example of present-day civilization which is discussed in a recent number of *The Literary Digest*. Walter Lippman of *The New York World* sums up his views of this girl who, at twenty was married, had borne a child, had committed a series of robberies, and is condemned to spend the rest of her youth in prison, writes as follows:

"This is what twentieth-century civilization in New York achieved in the case of Cecelia Cooney. Fully warned by the behavior of her parents long before her birth, the law allowed her parents to reproduce their kind. Fully warned when she was still an infant, society allowed her to drift out of its hands into a life of dirt, neglect, dark basements, begging, stealing, ignorance, poor little tawdry excitements and twisted romance.

"The courts had their chance and they missed it. Charity had its chance and missed it. Schools had their chance and they missed it. The Church had its chance and missed it. The absent-minded routine of all that is well-meaning and respectable did not deflect by an inch her inexorable progress from the basement where she was born to the jail where she will expiate her crimes and ours.

"For her crimes are on our heads too. No record could be clearer or more eloquent. None could leave less room for doubt that Cecelia Cooney is a product of this city, of its neglect and its carelessness, of its indifference and its undercurrents of misery. We recommend her story to the pulpits of New York, to the school men of New York, to the lawmakers of New York, to the social workers of New York, to those who are tempted to boast of its wealth, its magnificence and its power."

It is interesting to note a description of Cecelia's home life:

"The parents were born in New York City. The mother can neither read nor write and never went to school. The father has had very little education and has been an habitual drunkard all his life. He has never worked steadily and never supported his family. What little support came into the family came through the mother. The children were sadly neglected; were sent out to beg; they had been known as little children to sleep all night on the coal in the cellar, and in the early morning aroused and sent out on the street. Half the time the children were scantily clad and had very little to eat.

"In the twenty years she has lived in New York, it is evident from this report that Cecelia Cooney has come at one time or another within reach of all the agencies of righteousness. At the age of four years she came into the custody of the Children's Society; six months later, on the recommendation of the Department of Public Charity, she was turned back to her mother, who promptly deserted her. The mother was always heartless and unnatural to the children, the report explains."

When this girl was sentenced she scrawled a note to the Judge which contained the words: "To those girls who think they would like to see their names in the paper as mine has been, or think they would like to do what I have done, let me say: 'Don't try to do it; you don't know what you suffer.'"

**WANTS FIFTY COPIES PER MONTH**

Mr. Brooke, the ship missionary in San Francisco Bay, is calling for a club of 50 Life Boats per month for distribution on the ships. Here is a report of his work so far this year:

**Port of San Francisco, Calif.**

Papers distributed .....	14,125
Papers mailed .....	26
Books given away .....	64
Ships visited .....	380
Army posts, hospitals, reading rooms, sailors' homes, etc., visited.....	354
Automobiles visited .....	1,314
Letters received and sent .....	15
Total distribution .....	14,215

"Silent messengers go ye forth, from ocean to ocean, from south to north, seed of the word, it shall not be sown in vain." "Let literature be distributed judiciously, on the trains, in the street, on the great ships that ply the sea, and through the mails." Vol. 9, page 123.

Our club has run out and everybody likes the Life Boat so well and asks for it so much, that we could use double the number, or 50 copies per month. Last Sunday we placed 1,400 pieces of literature on Pacific fleet, also 28 books on 14 ships. Yours in the work,  
CHAS. H. BROOKE.

Who will respond to this appeal for literature by sending all or a part of the fifty dollars needed to supply this request? Send the money to The Life Boat.

### NEWS HERE AND THERE

Mrs. Anna Case of Jeffersonville, Indiana, and her daughter, Mrs. Annie G. Smith of Whitman, Mass., spent a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Case of the Sanitarium.

Mr. J. D. Reavis and family of Springfield, Illinois, were recent guests.

Mr. Leon Whitford of Melrose, Mass., called at the Sanitarium recently.

W. R. French, one of the teachers of Berrien Springs, Michigan, College, was a visitor.

J. M. Howell and Emily Howell of Argentina, South America, were recent callers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Holt and Mr. H. H. Votaw of Washington, D. C., were guests of the institution recently.

Mrs. J. C. McChesney and daughter, Lavina McChesney of Bethel, Wisconsin, are among the recent arrivals.

Mr. J. D. Snyder of South Bend, Indiana, was a welcome guest.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Pearson of Glendale, Calif., visited friends in the institution.

Mrs. Winifred Rowell, teacher of Broadview College, La Grange, Illinois, is at present a patient in the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ruskjer of Bemidji, Minnesota, stopped at the Sanitarium while passing through to connect with work in Florence, Alabama.

Pastor W. F. Martin of Glendale, Calif., Prof. Frederick Griggs of Berrien Springs, Michigan, Pastors C. H. Watson and J. W.

Mace of Washington, D. C., were recent callers at the Sanitarium.

Evangelist D. D. Fitch and wife and mother spent a couple of days at Hinsdale while touring from Florida to the west.

F. C. Gilbert, the Jewish Evangelist from South Lancaster, Mass., called recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Bliss of Asheville, N. C., who are engaged in self-supporting missionary work in that city, visited Hinsdale while touring to Wisconsin recently.

Miss Mary Lamson, connected with Berrien Springs College, looked in on the Hinsdale family recently.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium Academy began the school year Sept. 9 with seventy-one students.

A new class has just entered the Sanitarium nurses' training school of some forty-seven members.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium had the pleasure of entertaining recently six of the eight police matrons of the Clark Street Station, Chicago. Some of these women have been connected with the service for many years and have shown their kindness and co-operation in every way with our Life Boat workers who visit the station every Sunday morning. It was a great pleasure to us to entertain these women who are themselves sacrificing their freedom and spending eight hours every day behind the bars that they might care for and help the wayward women who become their prisoners.



LIGHTHOUSE CREW MEMBERS!

Here is our field for 1924. Every dot on this map represents a prison to which must be sent one or more copies of The Life Boat every month during 1924. For two years you have supplied these prisons with Life Boats. Prisoners have found Christ. Their lives have been transformed, and some of them are now on the outside working for the Master. Others are preparing to go out. Every one of these men and women appreciate your efforts to give them gospel literature.



The Lighthouse Crew headquarters is at Hinsdale. We have drawn a line to every one of the prisons that are receiving The Life Boat for 1924. Will you help us leave a Life Boat at everyone of the other prison ports not supplied that those who are struggling in the sea of life may be rescued? You can help this good work by sending a dollar which makes you a member for 1924. You will receive a neat little button which you can wear and in that way interest others in joining.

One of the best ways to work for prisoners is to get memberships for the Lighthouse Crew. Read the wonderful letters of appreciation from the prisoners themselves in the prison department of this magazine. Fill out the coupon below and send it to us with your dollar, and we will send you a button. This means that a Life Boat will be started on its way towards some prison library. Why not interest your friends in supplying your home institution? Write us about the prison nearest your home that you want to supply.

Help us put this task across this year so that no prison will be left without a Life Boat. Fill out coupon below.

The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.  
Gentlemen:

Date.....

I hereby enclose my remittance of \$1.00 to join the Lighthouse Crew for the year of 1924, as I desire to assist in sending The Life Boat to prisoners and other shut-ins.

Sincerely yours,

.....  
.....  
.....

# TheLifeBoat

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

Entered as second-class matter July 17, 1905, at the  
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HINSDALE, ILL., OCTOBER, 1924

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address.

## Expirations

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

## Change of Address

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

## Mistakes

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

## Chicago Agency

Chicago Book & Bible House, 619 S. Ashland  
Blvd.

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

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

## THE WATCHMAN MAGAZINE

If after reading this magazine through,  
your interest has been awakened in the  
things of God and in a study of His word  
we would recommend you procure a copy of  
the Watchman Magazine which deals with  
Bible Truths for this time. Send twenty  
cents to the Southern Publishing Asso-  
ciation, Nashville, Tennessee, for a sample  
copy.

## Have You a Camera?

Let me do your developing and printing.  
Many years experience has taught me how  
to turn out first-class prints with a "finish"  
to them.

Send me your films and be sure of the best  
results. Developing Roll Films—V. P. and 6  
expos. 15c.; 10 and 20 expos., 30c.

Developing Film Packs—Any size up to  
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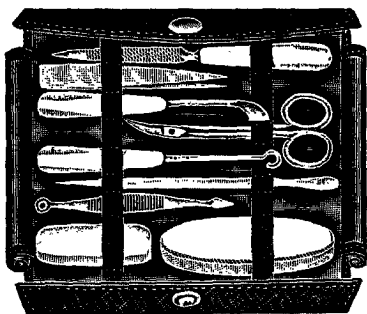
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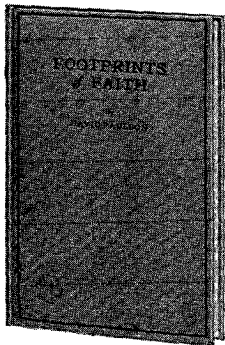
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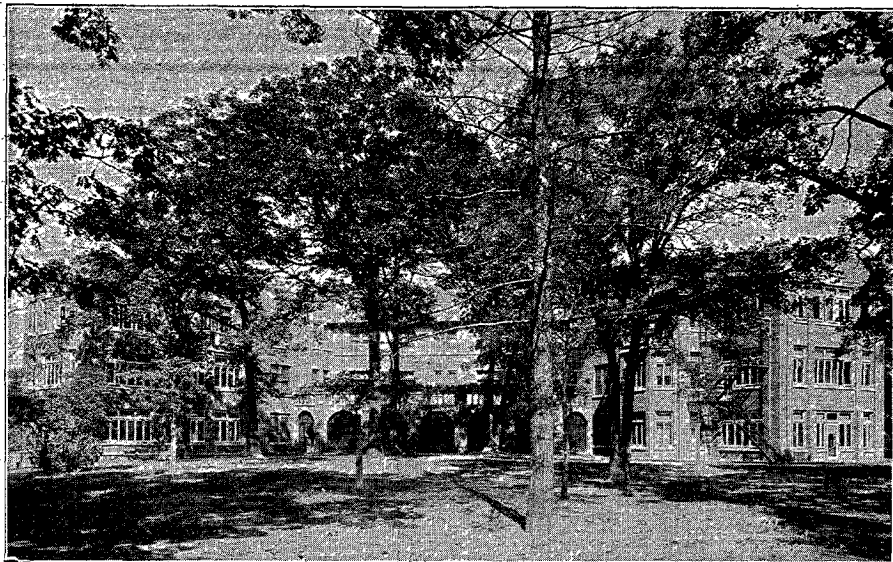
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