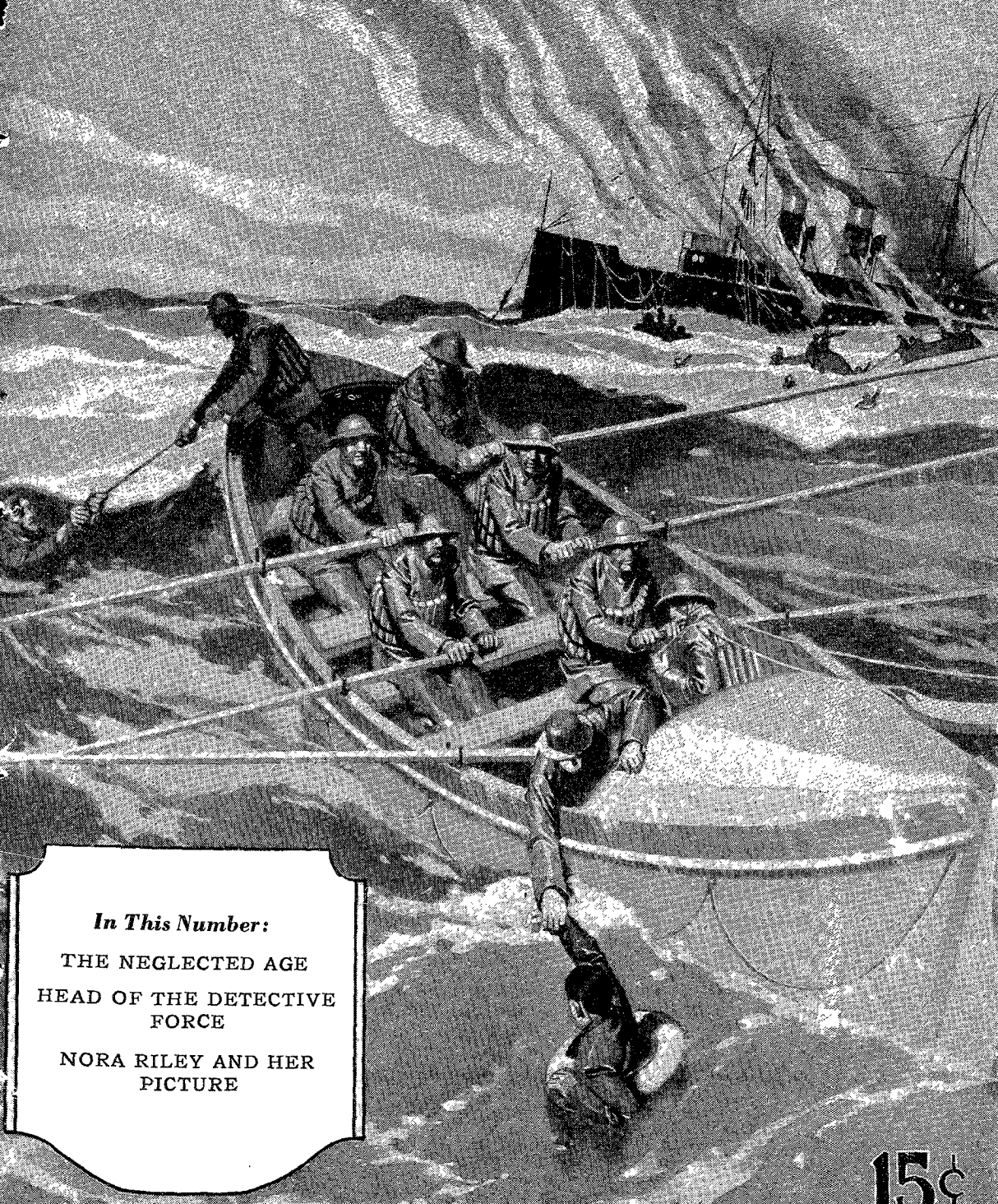


# THE LIFEBOAT

MAGAZINE



*In This Number:*

THE NEGLECTED AGE

HEAD OF THE DETECTIVE  
FORCE

NORA RILEY AND HER  
PICTURE

15¢

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

---

Just a little heart to heart talk!

Is there a sad, discouraged one in your family or your community? Is there one who has fallen behind in the race for righteousness? Is there one who feels lonely and forsaken? Is there one who seems to be bound by the injurious habits of a life-time and unable to free himself? Do you know of one who is held by the iron hand of the law and is shut away from friends and loved ones?

Our Master came down from His home in Glory to minister to us,—poor, frail, weak, erring humans. Should we not therefore minister to the precious souls about us?

The Life Boat magazine has the personal touch. This magazine not only instructs you how to labor for souls, but it also brings a message of hope and cheer to the discouraged soul. Just the magazine you need for yourself and to pass on to those who are especially in need of encouragement.

Let us suggest that you find five homes in your own community (including your own if you are not already receiving the Life Boat) and send these names and addresses to us with five dollars. We will send the Life Boat into these homes for one year and the Lord will use it to reach hearts. Please write us.

EDITOR.

# THE LIFE BOAT

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic, Health and Soul-Winning Work  
NO ONE EMPLOYED TO SOLICIT DONATIONS

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*Send in your subscription NOW.*

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Starred forget-me-nots smile sweetly

Ring, blue-bells, ring!

Winning eye and heart completely,

Sing, robin, sing!

All among the reeds and rushes,

Where the brook its music hushes,

Bright the calopogon blushes—

Laugh, O murmuring Spring!

—*Sarah F. Davis.*

# "The Neglected Age"

Elizabeth Cole

**T**HE neglected age" is a term that we are hearing with increasing frequency—at lectures, in newspapers and magazines. What is the neglected age?

Two years ago, Miss Jessamine S. Whitney, Statistician of the National Tuberculosis Association, in analyzing tuberculosis deaths by age groups, found that while the death-rate from tuberculosis in general had declined 36 per cent in the last decade, the death-rate at the ages 15 to 25 had declined only one-half that amount or 18 per cent for the same period. The greatest decline was shown for children under five, while in the age group 25 to 44 it had declined 42 per cent. For children between the ages of 5 and 14 it had declined 41 per cent. It was the group from 15 to 24 that had made little progress in overcoming tuberculosis. This period she therefore named "the neglected age."

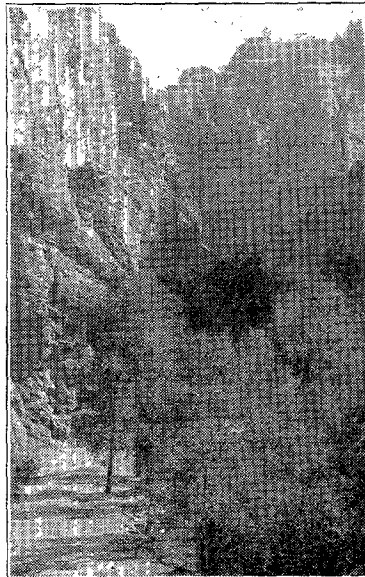
Why is it that with better living conditions, increased knowledge of sanitation and health rules these younger people are not benefiting as they should? This is a question that at present cannot be answered. Conjectures have been made and the problems presented by this group are in the embryonic process of being solved.

Over one-third of the boys and girls from 15 to 19 years old are in high schools. As students they are not supposed to suffer hardships that are often forced on their less fortunate brothers and sisters who are out earning money at this age. It is known, of course, that the physiological changes taking

place in the adolescent period tend to weaken the resistance of boys and girls. And girls who at this age think it proper to diet and keep slim, as their mothers are doing, really are injuring their chances for health. Late hours, fatigue, scanty clothing (for, after all warmth outside is as necessary as is the inside warmth furnished by the fuel, food), extra strain and responsibility that oftentimes come with student life, as well as with factory or industrial life, all help to influence this high mortality from tuberculosis. For that disease attacks the run-down body. The healthy person readily overcomes the tuberculosis germs that invade the body.

What can be done to help the situation? We do know the answer to that question. During these years, whether your boy or girl is in school, college, or out in the business world, careful watch should be kept over the general health. Teeth should not be neglected, infected tonsils and adenoids

must be removed, defects of vision and hearing must be corrected, skin disorders treated, frequent colds must be considered serious. Above all things, good nourishing food with plenty of fruit and vegetables to prevent constipation and sufficient rest plus a well-balanced diet and fresh air will go far toward building strong bodies and a physical system that is fortified to throw off sickness. In other words prevention, that plays a far more important role in modern medicine than cure, will anticipate the attack of tuberculosis.



# Recollections of the Chicago Medical Mission

D. H. Kress, M. D.

**D**URING the World's Fair held in Chicago in the year 1893, the Lord put it into the heart of Dr. J. H. Kellogg to open up in the city a medical mission, the purpose of which was to help the unfortunates known as the "down-and-outs."

At that time there was a mad rush into the city from all parts of the United States of all classes of men and women. Some came hoping to obtain work in erecting the buildings at the Fair, but many came having no special objective. They came merely to see the World's Fair. The little money they possessed rapidly disappeared and they were left stranded. Others came with criminal intent.

## Conditions in Chicago in Early Days

Chicago was filled with an undesirable class. No provision had been made by the city for an influx of undesirables. It was said, and I think truthfully, that it was impossible for any one to obtain a free bath in the city at that time unless he should have accidentally fallen into the lake. Without food and no place to lodge, some of these men became desperate. Crime was common. It was, in fact, unsafe to walk many of the streets of Chicago alone after dusk. Saloons of the lowest type were to be found in great numbers along the streets. Red lights were seen above every other door. Prostitution was winked at by the police. Every other door being closed to these unfortunates, they naturally frequented the saloons and these places of ill repute, if they managed to scrape together a few pennies to get a glass of beer with a free lunch thrown in. On leaving, partially intoxicated, they would from the saloon enter houses of ill fame.

It was in this part of the city where our medical mission was located in a basement back of the Pacific Garden Mission conducted by Mrs. Clark, one of Chicago's ministering angels. Harry Monroe had charge of the evangelistic services. It was in this mission that Billy Sunday, John Callahan, Harry Monroe, Tom Mackey and a host of others, who have since been instrumental in

the salvation of hundreds of other souls, made peace with God.

## Physical Needs Provided in a Dark Basement

Our medical mission was in a dark, uninviting, poorly ventilated, basement. Here we made provision to keep those who had none to help. We provided them with bean soup and zwieback. A good substantial meal could be obtained for three or four cents. Those who were unable to pay for their soup were served free. Free baths were given. Disinfecting chambers were provided in which the clothing could be gotten free from body lice and other vermin. Those who needed medical attention were cared for. Clothing was shipped in to the mission to provide for those whose clothing had become unfit to wear.

A place was also opened where lodging was provided. Each applicant before retiring was given a good bath and then furnished with a clean night gown. In this way the beds were kept clean and the lodgers were able to begin the day clean in body with a possible prospect of obtaining some employment. In front of our basement treatment rooms men could be seen lined up at any hour of the day waiting their turn to enter. When the mission was opened Dr. Kellogg called for volunteers from our senior medical students. Since it was purely a work of charity those who should volunteer to work in the mission were provided only food and lodging. Three volunteered, of which I chanced to be one.

I shall never forget the time spent in that basement ministering to these men physically and spiritually. I look back upon it today as one of the brightest experiences of my life. It was necessary for us to take a bath each evening before leaving the mission and leave the clothing worn during the day behind and put on clothing that we knew was free from anything undesirable in order to associate with our friends.

## "Too Much Kindness"

This work was something entirely new



in Chicago. It was difficult for these poor fellows to understand why we should take such an interest in their welfare. I remember one evening after locking the basement I started for my room, when I saw a poor fellow leaning against the railing in front of a saloon. His eyes were closed and he could hardly keep on his feet. The blood was trickling from his face down on his filthy shirt. I pitied the poor man, but I was tired and felt I had done my duty for the day and must go to my wife and children who were waiting for me, so I passed him by. After walking about a block I thought of the poor man who on his way from Jerusalem to Jerico had fallen among thieves and was left half dead and how priest and levite passed him by. I turned around and went back. As I stepped up to him, I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "If you will come with me I will clean you up." Without opening his eyes, he merely mumbled, "Who are you?" I said, "Never mind, I am a friend and I want to help you." He then partially opened his eyes and said, "too much kindness, too much kindness." He evidently could not conceive of any one manifesting an interest in him in that part of the city.

I took him by the arm and led him to our basement, unlocked the door, gave him a bath, and a hot and cold spray which helped to sober him up. It was really surprising to see the effect these hot and cold alternate showers had in sobering up drunks. His clothing was so filthy that I had to throw it into the furnace. I gave him an entire new outfit. After a word of prayer he left

the mission a clean man physically. Afterwards he went to the evangelistic mission above us conducted by Harry Monroe where he gave his heart to God and as far as I know left that mission clean within. This is merely one of the many interesting experiences with these unfortunates which brought joy to us and made life worth living.

Had I to live my life over I should again spend some time in work among this class known as "down-and-outs." The Lord here taught me that this class of men have tender

hearts and are responsive to sympathy and to call not man common or unclean. They felt their need of something, they knew not what. It was to this class Jesus evidently referred in addressing the self-righteous class who felt rich and increased with goods, in need of nothing, when he said, "The publicans and the harlots enter into the kingdom of heaven before you."

The closest co-operative harmony existed between the Pacific Garden Mission and the Medical Mission. The medical mission ministered to the physical needs of these men. They were then invited to spend their evenings at the mission above where they could listen to

talks by Evangelists and receive spiritual help. During the cold nights, having no other place to go to keep warm, these invitations were usually accepted. Many were in this way brought under spiritual influences and were led to forsake a life of sin.

#### An Experience With Harry Monroe

The most enjoyable friendship sprang up between Harry Monroe and myself. A couple of years elapsed. I was connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium and Harry was still carrying forward his work at the Mis-



D. H. Kress, M. D.

sion. He was naturally of a nervous temperament and very energetic. He put his whole being into the work he was doing. He did not take time to eat as he should. Everything was done in a rush. He never had given much thought to the matter of diet. The time came when his health failed. Learning of this, we invited him to come to the Sanitarium for an examination and treatment. While there we discovered that he was really a very sick man and needed in addition to the treatments he received to make some reforms in his habits of living. I remember the day he came to my office and as his physician it fell upon me to give him some good advice. I called attention especially to the need of his being more careful in the selection of his food. I told him of the relation the diet question sustained to the craving for drink of many of the unfortunates he was aiming to help. In his impulsive way he said, "Doctor, stop right there, let us kneel down here. I want to thank God for the light He has given me." I shall never forget the simple prayer he offered. The part of his prayer I shall always remember was this,—“Lord, I want to thank Thee for this light. Help me to give up beef steak and pork chops and coffee and do things temperately.” Six months after he had returned to Chicago, he wrote me a letter, characteristic of the man, in which he said, “Dear Doctor, I thank God that I am now feeling well. By the grace of God I have not eaten any meat, or taken any coffee since we had our prayer together in your office.”

Sometime later I happened to pass through Chicago. I stopped off and called at the mission. It was a bitter cold night. The long hall was well filled with men. I merely intended to step in and remain a few minutes. I stood at the back where I thought I could evade observation, but nothing escaped Harry's keen eye. When he saw me he put his head on the shoulder of the evangelist who was speaking and stopped him and said, “I see my very dear friend, Doctor Kress, back in the rear. Doctor come forward, I want these fellows here to see you.” I could not dodge this invitation so I meekly obeyed. When I reached the high platform, he took me by the hand and boosted me on to the platform. He then

introduced me and told his audience of our experiences together some years before this and then asked how many wanted to hear from Dr. Kress. Of course, they all shouted “Dr. Kress.” The evangelist of the evening was crowded out. This explains Harry's way of doing things. No one who knew him



A recent picture of Tom Mackey

could take offense, not even the evangelist who was unable to deliver his message.

#### **Tom Mackey's Miraculous Healing**

Tom Mackey and I also became very close friends. Tom carried on a splendid work in Chicago. He had a mission of his own. God blessed him greatly in his work among the unfortunates. The time came when his health failed. We invited him to come to the Sanitarium. He came and shortly after his arrival he developed pneumonia. He was a very sick man. It appeared as though his chances of making a recovery were against him. One day his nurse came down to my office and said, “Doctor, come quickly, Mackey is dying.” I at once went to his room. He was gasping for breath. A cold sweat stood out on his pale forehead. I had exhausted my resources and could think of nothing more to do so I fell down upon my knees and offered a prayer for him asking God to raise him up if His name



could be glorified and His truth advanced by so doing. It was a simple, ordinary prayer. One hour later Mackey was up and dressed and was ready to go back to his work. I tried to persuade him not to go, telling him it would be dangerous for him to do it, but he said, "It is all right, Doctor, God has a work for me to do in Chicago. He has heard your prayer and has raised me up." He went and was able to resume his work in Chicago. Ever after this Mackey in bearing his testimony to the grace of God would refer to his marvelous conversion and his miraculous healing as the two great outstanding events in his life. I might say that it was a bowl of that bean soup given to our Mackey when under the influence of drink he came to the medical mission shivering and cold and hungry that opened his heart and paved the way for his conversion later. He could not quite understand why young men students should come to the slums of that large city and labor so unselfishly for such as he was, for if Chicago ever had a real "down-and-outer", Tom Mackey was that man.

The Salvation Army in its work evidently recognizes God's power to save to the uttermost in such cases, hence the saying "down, but never out." Tom Mackey at the age of seventy is still engaged in active rescue work in Los Angeles, California.

#### Visiting John Callahan's Mission

John Callahan was another brand that was plucked from the burning fire at the mission. He has for years been doing a most excellent work in New York among

the outcasts. Hundreds have been rescued from a life of sin and ruin through his influence. Whenever I visit New York City and have time to do so, I go to his mission. I somehow like to be with these men. The last time I was there I was on the platform with Mr. Callahan and assisted him in his endeavor. When the invitation was given for those who were tired of leading a life of sin to come forward, about thirty responded. In kneeling down to pray my attention was riveted on one poor fellow, who while on his knees would bend forward touching his head to the floor and then make the cross on his breast. He had evidently been reared in the Catholic faith. He felt the need of help and this was the only way he knew of expressing it. I came down from the platform and knelt down by his side and prayed with and for him. This man gave his heart to God that night.

Among the men who came to these missions were both "down-and-outs" and "up-and-outs." Some of them were illiterate men who had never had much of an opportunity in life, reared in the midst of sin, while others were from homes of wealth and refinement and were once men of culture and learning. Sin makes no distinction. It is no respecter of persons. It deals with the one class as cruelly as with the other. It is a real joy to see that God too is no respecter of persons. With Him one soul is of as great a value as another. His love is the same and his willingness to save is the same. One soul to Him is of more value than a world.

## How the Head of the Detective Force Was Run In

George Soltau

**I**T was Tuesday morning, and I had made my way to an institution in Dublin, which had been provided for the use of the military and police when off duty, where were reading and writing rooms, etc., and where at any time they could make appointments to meet friends. Expecting to find the room unoccupied, I intended to write some letters, but I found a lady in deep conver-

sation with a tall, handsome and powerfully built man. The moment I entered, she said, "I am so glad you have come, for I have such a curious man here; he says he cannot understand how it is possible for the Lord Jesus to keep a man if He saves him. Do please try and make this plain to him, for it is all important that he should understand this." Before I could say much she

had slipped away, and left me alone with her friend to resume her conversation. Having no idea who this gentleman might be, nor what might be his attitude towards the things of personal religion, I approached him somewhat cautiously, and drew him into conversation. Some observations I made elicited the remark from him, "But I am not a Christian, and make no profession of being one."

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon, I thought you were a Christian, and I am sorry I have made such a mistake. I should never have thought of addressing you as I have, if I had known what you have just told me."

"But I assure you, sir, you need not apologize, no harm has been done."

"Oh, yes, there has. It is a terrible thing to talk to a man as a Christian when he is not one. One can never know the incalculable harm that might result. It is a very serious thing, and I am so sorry."

"Well, sir, I am sure you need not feel at all put out, for no harm can possibly have been done in this case. How can it matter?"

"How can it matter? Why, sir, to talk to a man as if he belonged to the Lord Jesus Christ, when all the time he belongs to His greatest foe, is a tremendous mistake to make. A Christian is a friend of Jesus Christ. A man who is not, is His enemy, whatever he may say or think, and God regards him as such. Don't you see it must be so?"

"I cannot say I had ever seen it in that light."

"So you are not a Christian, and never have been, and have not, perhaps, any desire to be one."

"Well, no, sir, that is so. But then, of course, there comes a time in every man's life when he has to think about these things."

"Yes, you are right there. A time comes, as you say, when a man has to face these things, and then he will need to seek the Lord Jesus Christ, who, alone, can make him a Christian. Have you thought what time would be most convenient for you to think about these things, and to see Him? If not, why not take a few minutes right now, and settle when you would like to have this matter adjusted. Twenty years hence—ten years hence—one year hence—what time will suit you best? Tell me and I will tell it to the Lord Jesus, whom I have known for years, and I will then beg Him to hear you,

and to undertake this great matter for you."

After a long time of perplexed thought and battling with his self-will, he slowly said, "I—suppose—I—had—better—say—today."

"Yes," I replied, "that will be an excellent time, I am sure, for there is in the old Book a verse which runs something like this, 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.' I am certain that today will suit the Lord Jesus to hear you. You could not have chosen a better day. Any future day would have involved you in a large degree of uncertainty, inasmuch as you have no guarantee that you will live to see it. It is now about half past eleven, what time of the day shall it be?"

Another long pause and serious thought, accompanied by much wrestling within, as he had for the first time in his life to face these questions with a business-like definiteness. Presently, he replied, "I—suppose—there—is—no—time—like—the—present—moment. I—had—better—say—now."

"Do you really mean 'today' and 'now'?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then one thing I can assure you of, that you could not have chosen a better time, for another verse in the same old Book says, 'Now is the day of salvation,' and your choice is in full agreement with the Mind of the Lord Jesus. But before we proceed any further, would it not be well for you to understand perfectly what becoming a Christian means? For if God does anything it cannot be undone, and it would never do for you to be sorry five years hence that you became a Christian, and to wish this change undone. Such a process might be found pretty well impossible."

"That sounds very reasonable, sir, and, of course, I ought to know what it all means before I go in for it. Tell me, please, what it all means, and what I shall be involved in, and then I shall distinctly see what to do."

"If you presently give yourself to the Lord Jesus, to be made a Christian, four things will happen:—

"The whole story and record of your past life up to today—thought, word, deed—will be effaced by the Lord Jesus from the Book of Remembrance, so that it can never appear against you under any circumstances. This is called the blotting out of sin. Only One Person can touch that record. Tears cannot

blot it out, prayers cannot blot it out. Christ only can touch it. How does that strike you?"

"Why, that sounds splendid; just what I need. What next?"

"At the same moment that the record of sin is taken away, the guilt of sin is removed from your conscience, and you have peace with God. Further, the peace of God passing all understanding will begin to guard and possess your heart and mind, because you will have become a pardoned man. What could never enter into your heart before, enters now to remain. How does that appear to your mind?"

"That is better and better. I had no idea that to be a Christian meant such things as these."

"Into a pardoned heart possessing the peace of God will come the power of the Holy Spirit of God. All that seemed impossible become possible. A man can not be a Christian by his own will and energy; the forces of evil within and without are too strong for him. God's own Spirit must take him in hand and reverse the habits of his life. As He is Almighty, it becomes perfectly easy for Him to accomplish all that is necessary for the future of that believer's character. You will be able where you have been unable."

"Why, that's A-1 for a man like me."

"Not only will all these things occur, but another thing will come to pass, namely, you will henceforth be a son of God. There will be formed a new relationship, into which you will enter by the Spirit of God, one that will never be broken. God will be your Father forever; and none shall be able to pluck you out of His Hand. Now, tell me, is it worth while for you to put yourself at the disposal of the Lord Jesus Christ, as a helpless guilty sinner, that He may accomplish all this, and more, and for you?"

"Of course it is. I am ready, tell me what to do next."

"Let us kneel down at the Feet of the Lord Jesus, and I will tell Him what we have talked about, and that you have come to Him, to ask that He will do these four things I have told you of, and that you may be His from henceforth."

We knelt down together, and then there came one of those solemn, indescribable mo-

ments when the Lord unseen draws near to the inner consciousness, and simply does what He has promised. Into that sinful heart there entered the life-giving Spirit of God, and the man rose from his knees a Christian, made so in response to faith in the Lord Jesus. As we stood up, I said to him, "I have one thing more to say to you. It is expected that every true Christian shall confess Christ."

"Well, now, that is strange. Why do you say that to me? It was only last Sunday that I happened to meet a friend from England, one of the chief detectives in the city in which he lives, and to my utter surprise he told me he was a Christian, and how it had just come about through a conversation he had had with some gentlemen in a meeting he had dropped into. You might have knocked me down with a feather, it so surprised me. That man, of all men that I knew, to up and say that, and to mean it, too." I am delighted you have told me this, for now I know that my friend of Sunday afternoon has kept his word of promise to me. It was with me he had the conversation, and he said he would confess Christ to the first person with whom he came into conversation.

"And do you know who I am, sir?"

"No, I have no idea who you are."

"I am the head of the detective force, and it is my business to track the leading criminals of this city. How is it possible for me to confess Christ in the work I am engaged in? I am quite willing to do so, if only I know how. Mine is a difficult and peculiar work. It seems almost, if not quite, an impossibility."

"I grant you it is most difficult. But then, it is not for me to tell you how it can be. In fact, I cannot. This you must pray about, and your Lord and Master will guide you in the way of it."

After a pause, he added, "Suppose I find I cannot confess Christ in my present position, and I throw it up for His sake, do you think He would find me another, in which I could be able freely to confess Him?"

"Certainly, He would, for His promise is, 'Them that honour Me I will honour.'"

"Then, sir, I will certainly do it. Anyhow, I must and will confess Him, after all He has done for me."

We shook hands, and as we parted I said, "You have run many a man in, but today you have been unexpectedly run in yourself. A stronger Hand has laid hold of you, and now you are His forever, no longer to live for yourself, but for Him who loved you and gave Himself for you."

This man was soon promoted. He was given charge of a suburban police station,

where without hindrance he could serve His Lord, and speak for Him.

The same Saviour is ready to do just the same for any one who will call upon Him, and put himself honestly at His disposal, trusting Him for His great salvation, because the Lord has laid down His life and taken it again that He might give the pardon of sins to all who draw near to Him.



## Pioneering for the Orphans

Mrs. D. Kapuczin

(While in Southern California this winter we met Mr. Harry Hoffman and listened to his interesting story of establishing a home for widowed mothers and their children in central California. At our request this article was sent us for publication in *The Life Boat*. We are glad to pass on to our readers this story which is largely of pioneer experience. Ed.)

**T**HE story of the establishment and building up of the Lone Pine Mothers' and Children's Home is filled with so many direct providences of God, that we pass it on to the readers of *The Life Boat*, hoping that it will be an inspiration to someone to trust the Lord, and prove His promises more fully.

Early in the summer of 1926 a group of earnest Christian men and women, having a common burden to help the widow and the fatherless, met together to plan for the establishment of a home. As they did not have much of this world's goods, they laid their burden before the Lord, and waited for Him to open the way before them. True to His promise in the Word, He rewarded their faith far beyond their highest expectation.

A Christian brother who had heard of their work in another center, after visiting that place felt impressed to offer his hunting lodge in Owen's Valley, near the township of Lone Pine, California, for the establishment of another such institution. The property was valued at \$18,000.00; and besides the natural resources of several sparkling mountain springs, there were quite a few improvements on the property, consisting of a new modern five roomed cottage, fitted with all the conveniences of electric lights and piped

water; a three roomed cottage; two one roomed cabins, a work shop, and a barn. There were also a few horses, a cow and some chickens.

After praying over the matter, they all felt impressed to go and visit the property. A drive by auto of 235 miles brought the workers to the place, somewhat tired from the trip, but soon refreshed by the grandeur of the scenery and the glories with which nature had surrounded it. Sloping before them were hundreds of acres of green, while close behind stood those sentiel-like rocks of brown stone, as though they had been sent out to guard the coming brood of orphans; in summer casting their long shadows over the valley and in the winter, breaking the cold winds that sweep occasionally down from the mountains. The majesty of the view of Mt. Whitney rising far up into the blue behind can better be imagined than described.

All were unanimous in the opinion that they should accept this generous offer, and with this beginning, they moved in, taking their first two orphans and one family as workers. Oscar, their first orphan boy, was bright and dependable, and although he was but twelve years of age, he did much to pioneer in the establishment of the Home, and worked up a fine milk route in Lone

Pine Canyon. About this time another worker of extensive experience in connection with a city hospital, with his wife, who was a trained nurse, moved his family up to the Home, and entered heartily into the work of shepherding the flock.

The only remuneration that was assured the workers was their food and necessary clothing, and a place where each family could live. This first year was filled with many and varied experiences, but the Lord blessed these hardships and trials to the benefit of all in the Home. The springs were on the hillside, and when wash-day came the women had to carry the water down to the cottages, suffering much inconvenience, but bravely performing the tasks allotted to them.

As the enterprise became known, help began to come from various sources. One woman who had heard of the work, but did not know any more about it than that it was in California and that it was for the care of the orphan, bequeathed the institution \$500.00. Then a doctor gave \$500.00. Another friend donated \$300.00 toward the piping of the spring water to all the buildings. Many other gifts were received from different sources, thus making it possible for the work to develop.

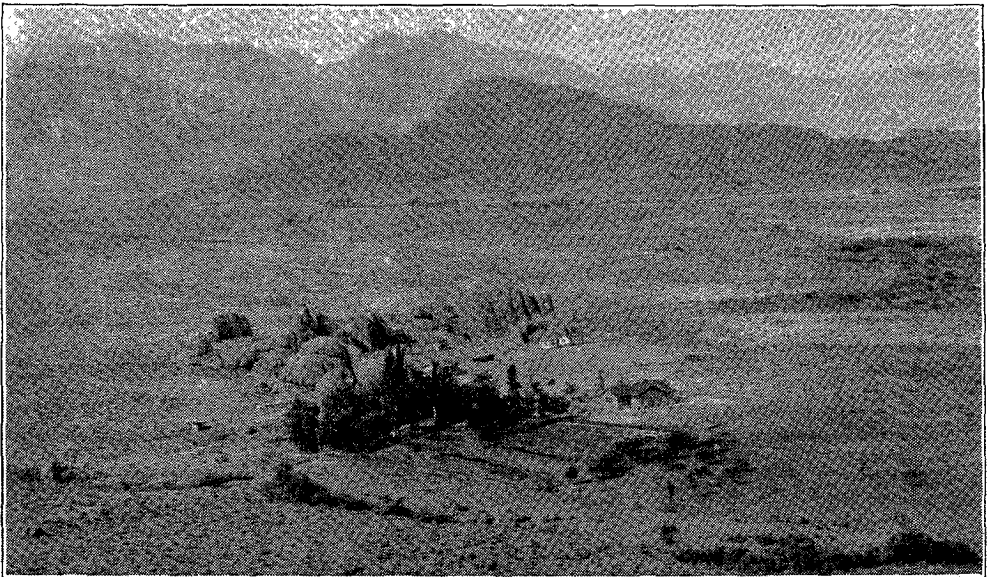
With the growth of the Home came the urgent need of a school, and so this need was taken to the Lord in prayer, and the workers were rejoiced to receive a gift of money to provide a school house. Even the equipment and most of the supplies were donated, and soon a capable teacher, who was looking for just such a refuge for her children, volunteered her services. This teacher proved herself to be just the type of worker needed. Eight grades are being taught in the school, and the present family of 34, including workers, is a busy and contented company.

A recent addition to the Home consists of a large building, which is divided up into kitchen, dining room and general assembly room, where the families meet daily for worship and study.

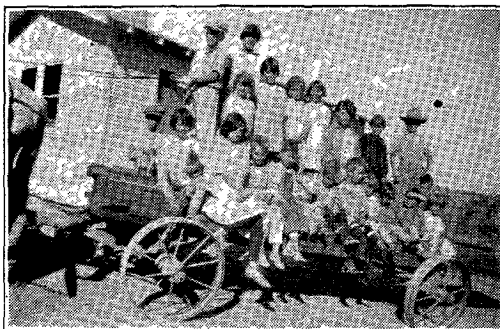
One cottage is being reserved for a little sanitarium, where the sick of the neighborhood may come for treatment and rest. This will give profitable employment to the mothers who are there, and in addition will be a source of income for the Home.

A few expressions of gratitude from some of the mothers in the Home are here given:

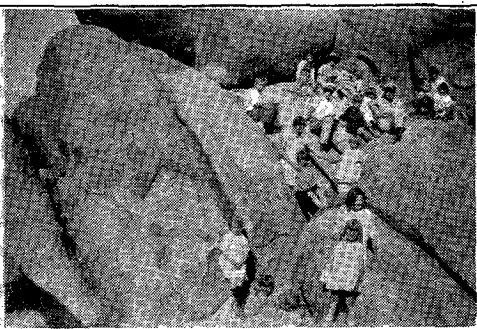
"O, how thankful I am to have my girls under Christian influences, away from the city. I will do anything that I may stay



A Bird's-eye View of the Lone Pine Home in Owen's Valley, Calif.



A Wagon Load for the Home.



On The Rocks.

here at least until my girls are able to care for themselves." When it is known that this woman is left a widow with six girls to care for, one can better understand her concern and appreciation.

The mother of Oscar, our first boy, who had been separated from her children for several years, said "I am very glad to have the children brought here from the city, where they may have the freedom of the outdoors and learn to enjoy work. My boy is growing into worthy manhood, as all of the influences here are good." This woman is now a patient, and she is gaining in health. The doctors say her condition is due to overwork and worry, trying to care for her children.

Another mother who is a graduate nurse, with two bright little girls expressed her thanks for this wonderful open door and for the help that seemed to come to her just at the right time. She was ill when her case came to the notice of the city social worker connected with the Home. When the worker went to investigate the case, she found a situation that demanded immediate attention, as the only alternative the mother had was to place her children in some institution, while she sought to regain her health. She endured this separation for two months, and the strain was more than she could bear. After a little further investigation of the case, she with her children, was taken up to the Home. In the bracing climate and with good care, she soon regained her health and energy, and has proved herself a valuable worker. Quoting a widely-read Christian author, we read:

"Many a widowed mother, with her fatherless children is bravely striving to bear her double burden, often toiling far beyond her strength in order to keep her little one with her, and to provide for their needs. Little time has she for their training and instruction, little opportunity has she to surround them with influences that would brighten their lives. She needs encouragement, sympathy, and tangible help."

Should you visit the Home some morning you would see a happy family working and studying together, enjoying life with the freedom of country surroundings. Surely you would agree that it is worth while to help these people to help themselves.

With the growth of the Home and its larger family there is a need of many things not yet supplied; but they believe that God is going to provide for them. Often they have seen the fulfilment of Jer. 33:3: "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."

"Is there anyone will help us when a baby needs a home,

Must we search in vain for shelter, food and care?  
Will you reach the hand of pity to the helpless and alone,

The neglected and the homeless everywhere?

"Is there anyone will help us, who will heed the widow's tear,

When she sees her children suffer with the cold?  
When she hears them cry with hunger and no friend or kindred near,

And her heart is wrung with agony untold?

"Is there anyone will help them when their mothers are away,

And they have to roam the streets or stay alone?  
Let us all unite together and these helpless children save;

Let us give them both a shelter and a home."

## Nora Riley Has Her Picture Taken

Susan Hubbard Martin

**S**HE took her hands out of the rinsing water as young Mrs. Chalmers came into the kitchen. She was stout and rosy cheeked, with hair streaked with gray. She wore a blue calico dress with sleeves rolled up, and a big apron. The perspiration dotted thickly the tired lines of her face.

Young Mrs. Chalmers had not been married long, and Nora Riley was her first washerwoman.

"Well, ma'am," said Nora cheerily as she smiled at her, "I've got the last of the washing on the line, and it looks nice, if I do say it."

Young Mrs. Chalmers smiled.

"You wash so beautifully, Nora. No wonder the clothes look well."

Nora's tired face beamed.

"'Deed and I try to do my best, especially for you, who is not above speaking kindly to the woman who washes your clothes; but it's a bit blue I am today, ma'am, begging your pardon."

"Blue! Why, Nora?" questioned young Mrs. Chalmers, standing slender and erect in her becoming house gown, her clear grey eyes full of interest.

"I got a letter from my son, Tim, yesterday, who lives in Idaho, and he's begging for my photograph. I'd like to send my boy my picture, but somehow there's a place, and more too, for every dollar I earn. With Tim's father helpless from that rheumatism, and Ellen, my daughter, married so poor, with so many babies, it would seem a sin and a shame for me to spend money to have my picture taken and then a-needin' bread. Sure and I realize I ain't much to look at. I've worked too long over a washtub for that. And there's lines and seams in my face brought there by worry and trouble, and these hands all rough and red and work stained, but maybe in a picture they wouldn't need to show—and my hair gettin' so grey, too; but if I am not beautiful, I'm Tim's mother, and he wants a picture of me. I'd like to please him, but, really, Mrs. Chalmers, I don't see how I can. That pink waist never faded a bit, and that edge on these new towels kept their colour fine. I was afraid

of them. Shall I scrub now, Mrs. Chalmers, or would you like the pantry cleaned first?"

All the rest of that day young Mrs. Chalmers could not banish from her mind the honest, kindly face of her washerwoman. How cheerfully she did her work, how well it was done, and how patient and unselfish she must be to toil year after year for an afflicted husband, and give every spare cent to the daughter who had married poor. How hard life had been for her! How much courage it must have taken to face the world with only a pair of hands! There might be other and more beautiful pictures, but in the photograph of Nora Riley there was sure to be something fine. The soul could not but shine through, and shed a glory over the tired face that had smiled bravely in spite of hardships. It was no wonder her son wanted her picture.

That evening young Mrs. Chalmer's husband came home early. He laid some money on her lap.

"Your share of the Hampton Street lot," he said. "The buyer paid for it today. Go get yourself a party gown or anything you may happen to want. I don't often have lots to sell, so enjoy the money as much as you can."

Young Mrs. Chalmers took the notes and nodded brightly. "I will enjoy it," she replied, for she knew at that moment what she would do with a part of it. Tim should have that picture of his mother.

She took Nora to the studio herself the next week.

"No, no, Nora," she said when Nora begged for a cheap place. "You haven't had your picture taken for thirty years, you tell me. We must have a good one."

And together they had gone to the finest studio in the city.

She, herself, gave a last touch to the grey hair and adjusted the lace collar she had bought Nora.

"Now," she smiled as the artist arranged his camera, "look your best."

It was evening a week or two later, and Mr. Chalmers was at home.

"I have a picture, Donald," young Mrs.



Chalmers said gently, "that I want you to look at."

"An aunt or a friend or an old sweetheart?" he replied laughingly.

"Neither. Look at this, Donald, and tell me what you think of it."

He took it. The face of a woman looked at him, neither young nor beautiful, but the eyes were true and steadfast, the firm mouth curved with a smile, the grey hair, simply arranged, waved back from a broad forehead. It was the face of a woman who had borne the burden and heat of the day. Yet there was no bitterness written there, only a great courage, a fine zeal, and all the sweetness of patience.

Young Mrs. Chalmers' husband studied it.

"That's a great picture, my dear," he said.

"I don't know who it is, but it's the face of a mother as well as a woman. One can see the brooding tenderness in the eyes and in the curve of the mouth. It is certain she is no curled darling of society, but it is a face that appeals by its gentleness as well as its strength to all the world. I can just imagine her being kind to children and treading softly by sickbeds. Who is it, Muriel?"

And then she told him about it, and of the son who wanted his mother's picture, and the mother who was a washerwoman and was too poor to have it taken.

"And then, when you gave me that money," she added, "instead of spending it for something I really did not need, I had Nora Riley's picture taken. It is the first one in thirty years. Don't tell me I was foolish. I—I so wanted to do it."

Donald Chalmers took up the picture again.

"I'm not going to say a word, dear heart," he said gently. "And I'll tell you one thing. It is a good face, not only to put on cardboard, but to photograph on the tablets of the heart. She may be only Nora Riley, washerwoman, but she is Nora Riley, conqueror, as well."

Young Mrs. Chalmers nodded.

"I'm so glad," she cried happily, "that you, too, have set the seal of your approval on Nora's picture. I'm going to keep it always to remind me of one who, though only a poor washerwoman, was always faithful in the part of duty, maintaining ever a cheerful outlook on the world. Washerwoman or

not, Who can act a nobler part? She is, as you say, Nora Riley, conqueror."—Home Department Magazine of Southern Baptist Convention Series.

### THE FEVERISH HAND

It was Monday morning, and a rainy one at that. Mother was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed, at the first sound of the rising bell. Others besides children get out of bed "on the wrong side," as this mother can testify. She began by thinking over all that lay before her. It made her "feel like flying!" Bridget would be cross, as it was rainy; there was a chance of company for lunch, so the parlors must be tidied, as well as the dining-room swept, dishes washed, beds made, and children started for school. Her hands grew hot as she buttered bread for lunches, waited on those who had to start early, and tried to pacify the little ones and Bridget.

"My dear, you're feverish," said her husband, as he held her hands a moment. "Let the work go, and rest yourself; you'll find it pays."

"Just like a man!" thought the mother. "Why, I haven't time for my prayers!" But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses before ten o'clock each day; so, standing by her bureau, she opened to the eighth chapter of Matthew, and read these words: "And He touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto them."

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus Himself stood ready to heal her—to take the fever out of her hands, that she might minister wisely to her dear ones. The beds could wait till later in the day, the parlor might be a little disordered, but she must feel His touch! She knelt, and He whispered, "My strength, not yours, My child, is sufficient. As thy day, so shall thy strength be. My yoke is easy; this yoke you have been galled by is the world's yoke—the yoke of public opinion or housewifely ambition. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me. Thou shalt find rest."

The day was no brighter, the work still had to be done; but the fever had left her, and all the day she sang, "This God is our

God, my Lord and my God." It is true that when the friends came to lunch, there had not been time to arrange the parlor, and no fancy dishes had been prepared for the table; but the hostess's heart was filled for them as members, with her, of Christ, and they went away hungering for such a realization of Him as they saw she had.

"Ah," said her husband when he held her hands once more, "I see you took my advice, dear; the fever is quite gone."

The wife hesitated—could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Yet, it was the secret of the Lord, not hers, and would glorify Him. Later on, when the two sat together, she told him who had cured her fever, and said quietly, "I see that there is a more important ministry than the house-keeping, though I don't mean to neglect that."

"Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands," said her husband. "Mine grow feverish in eager money getting, as do yours in too eager housekeeping."

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mothers, busy, anxious house-keepers, let us go again and again to the great Physician, that He may touch our hands, lest they be feverish, and we cannot minister in the highest sense to those about us.—Hope Ledyard.

## FOLLOW THE BLAZES

Jimmie's father had taken up a residence in the bush. He built a slab hut of two rooms in a great gully near a stream of water. It was a beautiful place with its giant trees towering into the sky, and a riot of flowers growing amongst the scrub.

In the morning they were wakened by the laughing of the kookaburras and the carolling of the magpies. The stream of water was Jimmie's delight, leaping and laughing amongst the stones and making deep pools, where Jimmie could lie on the banks amongst the ferns and look at his image in the pool, as if it were a mirror.

But a time came when the stream became a terror instead of a delight. It rained for days—torrents of rain—with thunder crashing and rumbling amongst the hills. The little stream became a rushing torrent and began to creep over its banks and up the slope towards the little house.

Father was camped away in the bush, where he was working. Mother was sick, and Grannie, the only other person in the house, was old and could not walk far. When mother saw the water creeping up and up towards the house she said to Jimmie, "You must go and bring father." But Jimmie said, "I don't know the way to father's camp."



### THE PACKAGE OF SEEDS

EDGAR A. GUEST

I paid a dime for a package of seeds  
And the clerk tossed them out with a flip.  
"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs,"  
He said with a smile on his lip,  
"Pansies and poppies and asters and peas!  
Ten cents a package; And pick what you please!"

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store, —  
And the dimes are the things that he needs;  
And I've been to buy them in seasons before,  
But have thought of them merely as seeds;  
But it flashed through my mind as I took them this time,

"You have purchased a miracle here for a dime!"

"You've a dime's worth of power which no man  
can create.  
You've a dime's worth of life in your hand!  
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,  
Which the wisest cannot understand.  
In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?  
You've a dime's worth of something known only  
to God!"

These are the seeds, but the plants and blossoms are  
here

With their petals of various hues;  
In these little pellets, so dry and so queer,  
There is power which no chemist can fuse.  
Here is one of God's miracles soon to unfold,  
Thus for ten cents an ounce is Divinity sold!  
—Selected.

"Just follow the blazes, Jimmie," mother said.

Now Jimmie knew what the blazes were. When surveyors go through the bush marking out the way, where a new road or railway line is to be made, they cut slices out of the bark of the trees along the line. And the trail which they leave behind them is called a "blazed trail." It was one of these blazed trails which led to the camp where Jimmie's father was. So mother said, "Follow the blazes, Jimmie." And Jimmie started off. Up the hill there was a big tree with a blaze on it, from that one he could see another, and so on he went always having a blazed tree in sight.

There were several trails leading off into the bush, but they had no blazes, so Jimmie knew they were not the right ones. "Follow the blazes," his mother had said, and Jimmie was too good a bushman to lose sight of them. At last, just as it was getting dark, he saw a fire away through the trees, and knew that he had reached the camp. He ran forward, told his father about the flood, and they got back in time to save all their precious things from the hut before it was carried away in the rushing torrent of water.

Now life is like a forest. There are many ways in which you can go wrong and lose yourself. But there is a safe way. Jesus says, "I am the Way." And no one who takes that way ever gets lost. And there are blazes which mark it, so that you can know you are on the right track.

These are some of the blazes along the way which lead to God our Father—the true thing, the honest thing, the kind thing, the unselfish thing, the loving thing, all the things which you find in Jesus. These are the "blazes" which mark the way to God.—*Rev. Alexander Crow in "Gum Leaves."*

### A WHISPER

ROBERT MACGOWAN

I know not how the tale will end,  
So silent is the coming day,  
But, oh, I have the dearest friend  
Who says, while tears with laughter blend,  
Tomorrow will have more to say.  
I know not where the road will lead,  
So wilful through the night I stray,  
But I have Someone in my need  
Who tells me, while I humbly plead,  
Tomorrow finds a better day.  
I know not if the sun will shine,  
Or tempests with my fortunes play,  
But, oh, there is a Voice Divine  
That whispers, while I beg a sign,  
Tomorrow is a lovely day.

### THE CACTUS COMING TO ITS OWN

RALPH PARLETTE

Why am I not happier? Am I a cactus? People avoid a cactus. They admire them from a distance, but they do not embrace them. I tried to fondle a cactus when I was little, but I got my hands full of stickers and learned better. Even the animals learn to avoid the cactus. They don't like the stickers, either. I was born a good deal of a human cactus. I had stickers all over me; I was cranky and fault-finding. When people did things for me I didn't thank them. I didn't try to meet the world halfway, and I wondered why the world did not love me. Later I discovered that I was a human cactus, and people kept away from me in self-defense. I used to wonder why people were so "grouchy" towards me; I discovered it was because I was so "grouchy" towards them. I find so many other human cacti around me, and they wonder why people do not press them to their bosoms and invite them home to dinner. But the world can't stand their stickers.

The cactus is full of good stuff. They grow all sizes, from the little ones in the flower pots to the tall tree cacti out in the desert. They are admirable in many ways. They can grow where nothing else can, can thrive on aridity and sand, and are full of food and juice. But the world keeps away from them because their food is on the inside and their stickers are on the outside. Burbank answered the question of the cactus, "Why am I not happier?" He is teaching it to shed its stickers that keep it out in the desert fraternizing with jackasses and rattlers, and now it is moving to town and becoming a great neighbor.

I am learning to Burbank myself and am surprised at how my friends multiply as my stickers diminish.

The cactus is just coming to its own. In South Africa it is producing motor fuel at one-third the cost of gasoline. A farmer turned his misfortunes into blessings. He found his farm covered with this cactus nuisance and he experimented with it until he produced motor fuel, and found that his acres of cactus were really "acres of diamonds."—*From Making the Most of Me.*

"Time works for you only if you work."

## Some Things Not to Be Forgotten

Myrtle Foreman

Nurse Supervisor, Life Boat Rescue Home.

**P**ERHAPS there isn't an hour in the day but what some girl who has gone from our doors looks back to the days spent at The Life Boat Home and offers up a silent prayer that God watch over the precious bundle she kissed good-bye for the last time. That four-story building, in a secluded valley, looms up in many a dream—that building which has sheltered many a girl through the darkest hours of her life. Can such be forgotten?

One of our girls who returned to her home last winter is very faithful in writing us. "You know it was just a joy to remember the folks there I love with Christmas and Easter cards even though I didn't get a card from some of them. I am just getting along fine although I am at home.

"Poor little Wilma Jane, she must have suffered a great deal before her death. I have a big spot in my heart for Wilma because many a time I felt as though I were going mad after my little lady was placed for adoption. I think it was Wilma Jane that saved me. I don't imagine the people who took my little girl have brought her back to see you lately or Miss Foreman would have told me.

"There are only two things I am not forgetting and that is my little girl and the Home. You know there are some things you never forget."

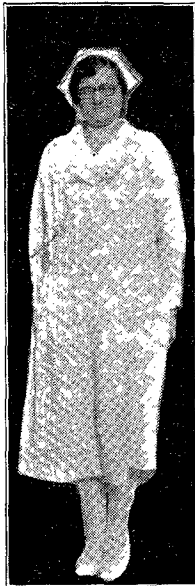
A little girl was born in our Home and her mother took her home with her but after two years she found the struggle too much so she gave the little girl to us to place. We have found a most wonderful home for her but her grandmother often writes us to find out how she is getting along.

"Just a line to see if you have heard from my darling baby.

I have had so many dreams about her that I worried for fear she was ill. There has been so much sickness this winter. Would you please write and tell me all about my little darling? I surely never can forget the little darling. I surely will remember you if you will only let me know about her. I have been trying to put off writing but I just can't.

"I look at that little picture. Would it be asking too much if you would send me one once in awhile of her so I can see her little face? If I could only see her little face for she used to love me so. My dear friend, this is a terrible burden on my mind. I think of her all the time. Please write and let me know how my darling is."

Several months ago there came to our home a girl about nineteen years of age who had been in this country just about a year. She had no relatives here and felt that she was much alone, although kind friends stood by her in her trouble. She was soon to become a mother and how our hearts ached for her as in her broken English she told us her story.



The Nurse Supervisor

After her little boy arrived, it was such a hardship for her to have to part with him for she surely loved him. We tried to make it easier for her as we told her of the advantages her child would have, but after all has been said it is hard to part with the one we love best, our very own. She left us to go back to her work and we trust that the severe experience she passed through has only been a stepping stone to higher things.

We are always glad to hear from our girls and to know how they are getting along after they leave us. One of our girls, a high

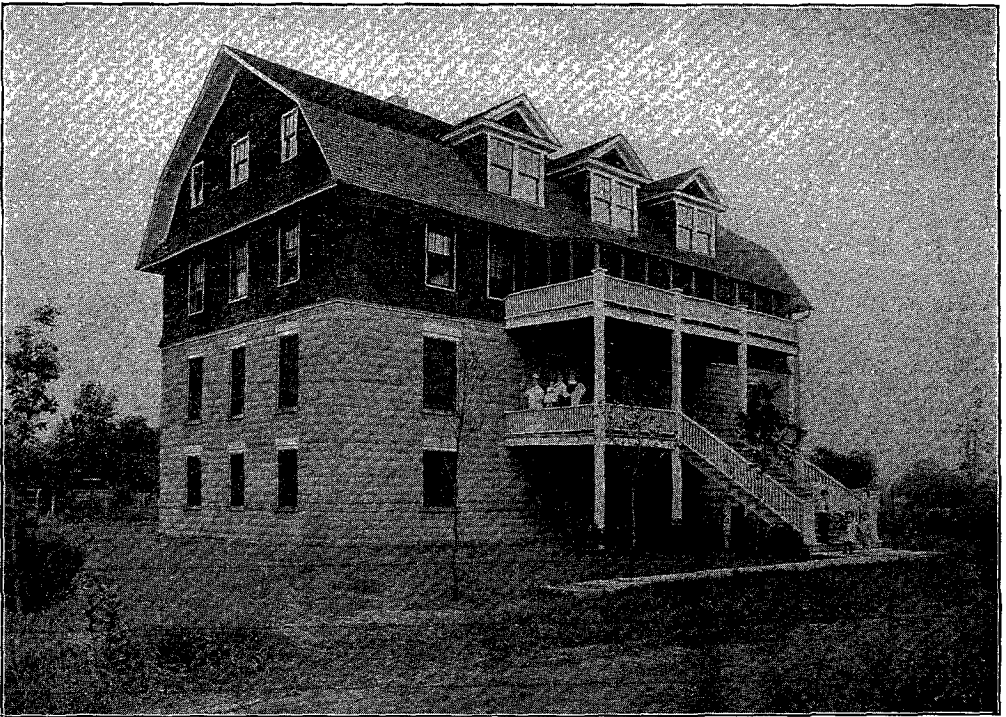


The nurses are happy in caring for the Home babies.

We are indeed very happy now that we have a light, bright nursery for our little ones. We have at the present time twenty-two little ones and how much happiness it brings to go to the nursery in the morning and be greeted by their smiles and happy faces.

school girl, has written that she has all her studies made up and that her school work is going well, but that she will never forget the kindness shown her at the Home and the lesson she learned while here.

Our family of girls number nine now and we are glad we can have the opportunity of helping them, not only do we want to help them in this dark hour of their trouble but our one prayer is that we can teach them



The Old Home Building which is being remodeled for the Home. Several thousand dollars are still needed for repairs.

something that will help them after they leave us to be better girls and that they will be able to save others from making the same mistake.

How happy we would all be if the time would ever come when there would be no girls in need of our Home, but we want to keep our doors open just as long as there is such a girl. The springtime holds for the young folks a lure to love and romance and adventure. If not properly curbed the fall may find you with only the dying embers of a betrayed romance and your feet seeking the shelter such as our Home gives. Our only hope is in Christ for "the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak." Virtue and right should so guide us that the days to come will not come back to haunt our memories as days never to be forgotten.

Another thing that is filling our Home is broken homes or no homes at all. An ideal home is the God-designed place to rear a child but we must have institutions like ours to fill in what is lacking in a real home. Just the other night two little tots were hurriedly brought to us. Both father and mother lay dying in the sanitarium as the result of a quarrel. The little baby, four months of age, put its head on my shoulder and you could tell it was used to being loved. What a blessing that these dark shadows which fall over the lives of most of our babies come when they are too little to realize what the tumult is all about. Their little crafts are anchored before they sense the storm.

### "BE YE READY"

A. Carter

What are the two most important events in the history of this world? The first and second advents of Christ. This is true because the eternal destiny of human beings depends on them. The first one is past

and the second is near at hand. Are you ready to meet it? Are you ready to meet the Lord Jesus with gladness when He comes? Remember this, you must see Him then. There is no possible escape from it. He says, "Behold I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Rev. 22:12.

Among the many millions of our race not one man will be overlooked. What a momentous question is this. What will my record be? Will I be rewarded for anything done in this life? Will I be saved and share in the blessings of the redeemed in the earth made new? This earthly life will soon end but the eternal life the Lord wants all of us to enjoy will never end. That will begin when He comes. How do we know that Jesus is soon to appear in the clouds of heaven? He himself tells us how we may know. Matt. 24:29-44.

A writer in the Signs of the Times dated January 29, says, "Have you noticed that between 1914 and 1928 the world has experienced the greatest war, the greatest famine, the greatest pestilence and the greatest earthquake in all history?" These calami-



One little craft who has found an anchor in a lovely home.

ties as we know have been experienced for hundreds of years but they have been getting worse and worse as time goes by. Their frequency and intensity is proof of the approaching end, especially when other evidence is taken into account such as the marvelous increase of knowledge, both scientific and religious, and the terrible increase of crime and infidelity. The increasing number of earthquakes for example should be noticed:

In the 14th century..... 137

In the 15th century..... 174

In the 16th century..... 253

In the 17th century..... 378

In the 18th century..... 640

In the 19th century.....2,119

The universe awaits the second advent of Christ. The Bible is full of the subject. D. L. Moody has said that Paul speaks of it fifty times. In the 260 chapters of the New Testament 318 passages refer to that event.

"Be ye therefore ready for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12:40.

## A Step Forward in the Care of Prisoners

Viola F. King

**"E**XCEPT the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." This was the keynote to the talks given at the opening of the new Criminal Court and County Jail Buildings of Cook County, Chicago, Illinois, March 8. Brief addresses were given by Dean Shailer Mathews, Monsignor William A. Cummings, Rabbi Gerson B. Levi, Rev. Duncan H. Browne and Mrs. B. F. Langworthy.

The people of Chicago for a long time have felt that the old jail on Dearborn street was a disgrace to the community and nothing more than a school for crime. Public agitation for a new jail therefore began a number of years ago and although the general public little understood the need, many earnest people, including ministers, social service workers, public officials, and grand juries condemned the old jail and advocated the building of a new one. The Council of Social Agencies was anxious to have as many persons as possible see the finished product before the seething mass of humanity flooded its doors. After all, the best jail is one with no occupants and many were glad to inspect the empty building before it began to pulsate with men and women behind its walls.

Dean Mathews, in his address, said he was not so much interested in jails but the forces that keep people out of jails. He remarked that when men prefer jail to heaven we should provide persons to minister to them in a spiritual way. Rev. Browne be-

lieves the only hope of the City of Chicago with its well-known crime wave lies in the church members who are trying to make the city what it should be.

The hope of all is that out of this prison will come the urge to go out and be better and higher idealistic citizens. While John Bunyan was in prison he lived in a different world because he was putting his very life into the book "Pilgrims' Progress" and looking forward to that city of Hope which is heaven. This vision all should receive behind the bars but "how shall they hear without a preacher?" Monsignor Cummings' burden for church members was that after such an experience people should become better citizens of the United States and a credit to the church they represent.

"This new jail is a magnet that will draw the attention of the world to Cook County—it is the model from which the modern plan of rehabilitating the criminal derelict to a respectable place in society will be molded. Aside from being the most modern jail building and largest jail in the United States, it is of the most fool-proof construction in the world. It is jail design par-eccellence."

H. H. Hart, in his address, said that jail accommodations all over the United States have not kept pace with the increasing population.

"In times past little boys were sent to jail. Now they are sent to school instead of having to associate with hardened criminals. This new prison is well lighted, ventilated



and heated. Five men used to be kept in a cell intended for one. Now there are 1,300 cells and each man has his own cell. The men and women were dealt with like beasts,—herded in “bull pens.” When huddled together with nothing else to do the vices of which human beings are capable were practiced. Now each inmate has a thorough examination and an effort is made to remedy any defect that may exist. Shower baths and sanitation are ridding the place of vermin. The prisoners are being classified. The first offender is not treated as a hardened criminal. In the old jail the men lived and slept in the same cell; usually with all their clothing on. Now separate sleeping quarters have been provided and all beds are made during the day. The food has been improved and recreation in the open air provided.

Dr. George W. Kirchwey, of New York, who is probably America's foremost criminologist, was guest of honor and speaker. He summed up the advantages of the new jail and reminded those present that when we are dealing with prisoners we are dealing with human beings with individual personalities. This work calls for insight, understanding and sympathy. There are hearts and souls and spirits behind these iron bars. We should serve in the name of Jesus Christ. We cannot afford the degradation of common prisons that makes habitual criminals. The community must work for decency, for law-abiding rather than criminality. Dr. Kirchwey said he was more interested in prisons than in churches because redemptive labors are more effective in jails than in churches. Our own United States is the most criminalized country in

the world, yet here lies the greatest opportunity for reform. Protective crime rather than punishment of crime should be our aim.

There are seven cardinal requirements that were adhered to in planning the construction of the new jail. There were (1) protection (of society); (2) segregation, (individual, sex, color, and nature of offense charged with); (3) sanitation; (4) education; (5) occupation; (6) reasonable recreation, and (7) inspiration (social service and voluntary religious worship.)

John F. Delaney says that, “The day of the ‘dark hole’ or modern dungeon has passed into oblivion. Restoring to society the man or woman who has infringed the laws cannot be most fruitfully accomplished in dark and dismal, unsanitary, and vermin-ridden cells or jail buildings.

“Crime-germs cannot exist under the intensive rays of sunlight and sanitation. They hibernate in hidden-away places, in the treachery of solitary confinement and under unwholesome conditions and inhuman treatment by jail or penal authorities.

“Officials, business men, bankers and citizens, who realized the necessity for a modern method of housing and handling men and women accused or convicted of various crimes against the criminal code, should feel a high degree of happiness and satisfaction today at having achieved an objective to which they gave unsparingly for years and years until success was obtained.

“This is a humanitarian contribution by the citizens of Cook County to the program of restoring the good name of our community to the world.”

## ECHOES FROM BEHIND THE WALLS

(All these letters were received from prisoners within the last ten days. Ed.)

**Y**OUR letter was received and read with much care. I thank you for your kind letter and also for the Morning Watch Calendar which I know will be

a source of comfort in all my trials. Mrs. Clough, I know that you wish me joy, comfort and success in all my undertakings. Thank you.

"You told me to tell you how I like the little magazine. Really, I have not seen one since last October. I have no money and no one sends The Life Boat to me, so I have lost my friend, The Life Boat, but I think of the Lighthouse Crew. I pray for the members of the Crew and the kiddies in the Home.

"I am enjoying a real Christian experience. I am in prison, but I am happy, oh, so happy, that I shall not be in the prison-house of sin.

"The writing you sent me, 'God's Love for Man' is beautiful. I just love to read the good news of Jesus and His love and I know you do too. I have an article you wrote, 'Straightening Out Charlie' and I just love the story. That was my case, but, thank God, I am straightened out and the one ambition of my life is to go out now and help make bad men good and good men better. I shall work for Jesus the rest of my life. You know I was converted here in prison on the 20th of May, 1920, and have been working for Jesus since then and am not tired yet.

"I shall be glad to have you put me on your list for The Life Boat for a year and I shall try and send you an article once in awhile. Please have someone write to me."  
—Lancaster, Lincoln, Nebraska.

"It is with greatest pleasure and thankfulness that I write to you dear friends in regards to your kind deeds which you have done for me. I am always thinking of you folks wondering how everything is. I thank you more than I can write for the little booklet which I received in your letter. It surely is real nice and I shall spend lots of time reading it over.

"I have just one Life Boat which I brought up here with me and haven't received any more. I shall thank you all for sending this little magazine and some day I shall be able to show you my appreciation.

"I am trying to make good and all I can ask of you is your prayers for me and your wonderful friendship. With these I can pull through.

"You really do not know how much you have done for me in regard to my future life as I was just drifting. Now I can prepare myself for a future work. I hope to be do-

ing a work like you folks are doing. I am surely glad I did not turn The Life Boat magazine away when it was given to me. I think I am a very fortunate man to receive a treasure as The Life Boat is. I have never found a magazine that can compare with it. God bless you kind friends. Remember me in your prayers."—Bellefonte, Pa.

"I received the little magazine that you were so kind to send me. I like it very much and I have read it all. I thank you for your kind offer to place my name on the subscription list for I shall always be glad to receive The Life Boat magazine. I shall try to do better in the future."—Stillwater, Minnesota.

"I received the Morning Watch Calendar you sent me and I thank you for it. I shall study the texts in it every day of the year and I know they will be a guide and will bring me strength and enjoyment and will help me live a clean Christian life.

"I wish to thank you each and every one for remembering me. I thought you had forgotten me but I am glad you are still my friend. Friendship means more to a man than anything else in the world.

"The Life Boat is a book next to the Bible. The Christian life is the best life to live. I am praying for you all at Hinsdale and it is wonderful how God answers our prayers."—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"Your kind and welcome letter was received and I thought you had forgotten me as I very seldom get any letters from the outside world.

"You asked me if I get the magazine each month. I do not but I would like to have it for it was the turning point in my life. I hold that little magazine, The Life Boat, just as precious as the Bible to me for if it had not been for The Life Boat I would not have started to read the Bible.

"I am a lover of music and played the violin before I was sent here. My instrument was taken from me when I was arrested and when I hear the others play I get to longing for the one I had. It is just like losing your friend. If you know of anyone who has a violin to spare they would

make my heart glad if they would send it to me. I would never forget such a kindness as long as I live.

"We have a Bible class here and it is wonderful how men get up and tell how the Lord came into their hearts and how other fellows make fun of them. They made fun of our Lord and Saviour when He went around doing good. One must expect that when he wants to do the work of the Lord. Our friends may turn us down and forsake us but the Lord's hand is stretched out to lift us up."—Auburn, N. Y.

"The Life Boat is about the best Christian magazine printed, in my estimation, and I know there are a lot of other boys behind the walls will agree with me."—Thomiston, Maine.

"I received your letter and booklet and I wish to thank you very much and especially for your kindness to me in the past. I receive the magazine every month and enjoy it. I read of the kindness and love shown by the children and Mrs. Small of Chebeague Island, Maine, in sending their love offering for the boys in the Maine State Prison. I am sure every man there had a high sense of gratitude and it is very pleasing to know there are kind people outside who believe and practice the teachings of the Master. I have found so many kind friends through you and it has brought me a different feeling than I formally had. I am sure everyone you have ever helped has appreciated all you have done for him. I am doing my very best to be worthy of your kindness to me.

"Now, I am going to ask you if you can do me a favor. First, of course, I want you to believe I am writing this letter to thank you for your kindness and to tell you how much happier I have become since I have come to know you and the kind friends you have brought me. Now, if you can not do the favor I ask it will not make a bit of difference for I am satisfied with what you have already done for me. You see, I have quite a few years yet to serve and I thought I might as well put them to some good use. I am going to take up a course and I need a portable typewriter. I know this is a very big thing to ask for, but perhaps you know someone who has a used one he can't use.

I assure you I shall appreciate it very much and do my best to be worthy of it. I hope you will not think I am too bold. If you think I am asking too much just forget I asked for it and I will not be one bit hurt.

"Before Easter you will hear from someone who is dearer to me than life itself. I am sure you will be glad to know how good they are and how they love God and so I'll let them tell you in their letter to you.

"I promise you always to do my best and to try and be worthy of all you have done for me. I am your grateful friend."—Auburn, N. Y.

"As to your splendid and inspiring magazine, The Life Boat, I may say that I have the great pleasure and privilege of distributing them as they come to our library in the mail. I find joy in handling The Life Boat for it is such a wholesome Christian magazine which ought to reach more than it does. I thank you very much for sending it so freely and faithfully. I place them just where I think they will be appreciated the most.

"Since I came to know Christ in 1918 as my personal Saviour and Lord, I have had the great privilege of distributing many thousand of Bibles, Testaments and fine Christian books like The Moody Bibles and good Christian magazines like yours. All of these have been given us by kind friends like yourselves who wish to be a blessing to one and all behind bars as well as those outside who are behind the bars of sin."—Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I take great pleasure in answering your wonderful letter which I received last night. I am sure I can never repay you for all you are doing for me. It makes me feel so happy to think that I still have a few left that I might call my friends.

"The Life Boat is certainly a wonderful little magazine. I used to see it quite often here but lately I have not seen it and I must say I miss it. There really isn't anything that I could say which would be good enough for The Life Boat. I like it more than any other magazine I have ever read of its kind. My wife told me she thought it was wonderful.

"I certainly do appreciate your kindness in wanting to do something to help me, but as

for myself I am not worthy of any help, but you may send my wife and three little boys a line of cheer if you wish. I am sure she would be glad to get one of your nice letters. If praying for me would help me to be a better man, I wish you would pray for me. I still believe and love God. I was sent here for two years and I have seven more months to do yet then I am going back to my little farm a better man, I hope.

"I would be very glad if I could hear from some of the readers of The Life Boat. I have plenty of lonely hours to pass here and I find great pleasure in writing letters. I have written to several of my friends, or what used to be my friends, but they do not answer. Even my own brothers and sisters will not write to me. If you can find a little corner in The Life Boat, please put my name.

"I compose poetry and so I am going to send one in this letter and you may use it

if you wish. I sent you one and I saw it in The Life Boat.

#### KEEP ON KEEPING ON

"Did you ever feel discouraged  
When your last hope seemed to die?  
And the whole world seemed against you,  
Things grow worse the more you try?

"Did you ever feel so lonely,  
That your heart seemed almost still?  
And the smile that showed out through your tears,  
Was there against your will?

"Did you ever feel like giving up,  
When all seemed lost and gone?  
Well, if you have, don't yield, t'is sin,  
But keep on keeping on.

"There are times when hope seems gone from view,  
There are times when all seems lost.  
That's just the time you want to fight.  
Hold fast, at any cost.

"Fight on, my friend, fight gallantly.  
God's love will guide you through,  
And you will be the winner, if  
You'll let God be with you.

"There are many hardships in this life,  
And on us all they dawn,  
But the only way to peace and love,  
Is to keep on keeping on."—Thomaston, Maine.

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### ETERNAL SPRINGTIDE

It is springtime. Nature has removed her white cover from the earth and bids her sleeping ones to awake. The tiny seeds, which hold mysteries known only to God, are stirring with life. The trees are opening their hands and spreading forth their leaves to protect man and beast from the rays of the sun. The early spring flowers are raising their heads to scent the air. Birds are flitting from tree to tree hunting suitable places to feather their nests.

Springtime calls us forth from our dreams to action. There is something that should be awakened in the heart of youth and age, of peasant and king which is akin. That something should speak to every living creature.

Somewhere it is not springtime. It is not springtime in the heart of the man or woman

who is discouraged with life. The external beauties only remind him of the barren heart within, of lost opportunities—of the things that might have been. It is not springtime to the old gentleman looking backward upon a mis-spent life and forward to an unknown future. It is not springtime even to the young lady who finds herself left with only the dregs in the cup of life wrung from betrayed affection. It is not springtime to the young man who has lost his way on an uncharted sea and finds himself behind grey walls where seasons mean nothing.

It is to such classes as these who need to look to the eternal springtime in that world without end; in that city where there is no night; where the river of life flows through eternity; where the springtime of life rises eternal in the hearts of all.

Here the springtime lasts only a short time. The blasts of winter have followed every springtime and summer since man first sinned. How often poor mortals almost pray for night not to come. Things seem so much worse at night. Over there God himself will be the light and all will be springtime. Sad heart, take heart. The eternal springtide awaits all who endure to the end.

### PHILIPPINE DAY MAY 1ST

The Leonard Wood Memorial of New York City has come into existence for the purpose of eradicating leprosy in the Philippines, where the largest colony of lepers in the world are living under the Stars and Stripes. Cullion, an island south of Manila, is called the "Island of the Living Dead." Here there are already facilities for caring for 6,000 lepers. Out of 3,000,000 lepers in the world, 12,000 are in the Philippines.

On May 1st, 1927, Major General Wood appealed to the American nation for \$2,000,000 to eradicate leprosy in the Philippines and secured one million. This year on May 1st it is planned to raise the second million, thus completing the fund Gen. Wood considered necessary to care for these thousands of pitiful human beings and their children. The Chaulmoogra oil treatment seems to be the only hope for these poor souls and of the 6,000 in Cullion, eighty cases were pronounced cured in January and February of this year, yet it is hoped completely to eradicate this terrible scourge in ten years in the Philippines if the necessary funds are raised.

A committee has been organized in every town and city in the United States to further this campaign. If you desire to give and are not in touch with these representatives, send your check to the Leonard Wood Memorial, 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

### THE PROTECTING ARM OF THE RED CROSS

The people of America are constantly shadowed by the great National Red Cross which is ready at a moment's notice to throw its protection around any individuals who suffer through disaster of any sort. The Red Cross is always there to relieve the suffering. When you give to the Red Cross, you are giving to a noble cause that some

day may serve you when in dire distress. The following from the Red Cross gives you a glimpse of the great work they are doing. Help them all you can.

"The service of the American Red Cross in disaster during the past 48 years has been spectacular and dramatic, competent, purposeful and to the point. Great caravans of medical supplies have been rushed to the scene of disaster, tons of food have been purchased, thousands of meals have been cooked and set before the hungry, and sufficient shelter set up to make a hundred busy towns. Money in the amount of \$49,594,000 has been expended in 938 disasters within these United States.

"Through her 3500 Chapters, the Greatest Mother in the World has a hand in every calamity which besets her children. In cyclone, tornado, hurricane, storm, fire, flood, epidemic, building collapse, wreck—wherever the elements run riot or man in his race for a goal has endangered his fellow men, she is there. There is her standard, the flag of the Red Cross, set solidly as a sign of hope in the midst of the chaos of calamity, and under her banner springs up a new civic leadership, having a place in it for people of every political, social, religious, national or racial complexion.

"When there is need, every town and hamlet joins in the outpouring of concern. Industries and business groups everywhere give lavishly of their time and products, and there is widespread enlistment of sympathy and generous spirit of our people.

"Florida, the Great Valley of the Mississippi, New England and the West Indies, scenes of the four most recent major disasters—widely separated geographically but closely knit through bonds of suffering and misfortune, received tangible evidence of the generous giving of the American people, through their Red Cross. During 1926, following winds of hurricane proportion, a fund of \$4,777,170.07 was provided by the people of the nation and the Red Cross for relief operations in Florida. In 1927 relief for Mississippi Valley flood sufferers called for the expenditure of \$17,498,902.16 to carry through to completion the work begun early in the year. Of this amount the Red Cross furnished \$100,000 from its own treasury. In November, 1927, heavy rains in New Eng-

land brought about the most destructive flood ever experienced in that section of the country, and for the furtherance of this work the relief fund totalled \$1,269,541.56, of which \$529,312.93 represents a donation from the treasury of the National organization. Again, in September, 1928, gifts were made to the West Indies hurricane sufferers by the public of \$5,908,146.54, and of that amount the Red Cross furnished \$50,000 from National treasury funds that it might facilitate the emergency handling of the situation.

"In every community the local Chapter stands for a fraternity of service, working for neighborhood, state, country and for the world. Every Red Cross unit stands ready at a moment's notice to help at home or abroad. Trained intelligence may better cope with threats of obliteration by natural forces. Thorough-going team play and constant alertness of leading officials, business industrial and professional folk may result in great saving of life by enabling the Chapter to offer immediate relief where delay means despair and added misfortune.

"Even before disaster strikes, the Red Cross realizes that where there is no disaster it has an important day-by-day work to do in preserving health, teaching ideals of service to the youth of America, helping in distress, and in preventing disaster.

"It has made this prevention and the strengthening of its disaster preparedness committees in Chapters the keynote of its contemplated work for the coming year. The Red Cross realizes that as the idea of prevention is carried out the Chapter will perfect its skill in the handling of disasters through added knowledge gained by study of the particular problems and hazards contained within its field. This is the goal set for our Red Cross, and is the plan upon which the work for 1929 will be based.

"During the coming year the Greatest Mother plans to stretch out her protective arm and trace with the finger of humanity a circle of prevention round about her children everywhere. Disaster relief programs embody extensive surveys of all hazards—and evaluation of the type and number of risks present in communities. Public attention is to be called to existing dangers, and well laid plans of action are to be developed to anticipate every emergency.

"Whether the community be small or large, National headquarters offers information and skilled leadership in working out plans to ward off calamity and to prepare for undertaking relief tasks. Through years of experience, supported by trained personnel, the organization is truly fitted to serve in an advisory capacity.

"Mines, factories, munitions plants, rivers, lakes and streams that may be apt to overflow are all to be charted, and all Chapters of the Red Cross are strengthening their disaster preparedness committees for constantly improved service when called into action. Skill and public interest will gradually surround the local problems until a new sense of security is justified.

"The Red Cross has a great responsibility by virtue of the people's faith imposed in it, and it knows that greater disasters than those of the past may come to test it. It is ambitious to perfect its present disaster relief equipment and, through its Chapters, is constantly striving toward the betterment of its administrative and operative functions. It will never halt in this purpose, as there is no vacation in coming to the aid of stricken people. From that responsibility there is no relief and no falling back."

### NEWS HERE AND THERE

Fred Green of Detroit, Michigan, has connected with the Hinsdale Sanitarium as desk clerk.

Elder W. A. Westworth, radio pastor of Station WEMC, Berrien Springs, Michigan, was a recent visitor at the Sanitarium.

S. T. Shadel was another visitor from Berrien Springs, Michigan.

Floyd Bralliar, a noted author from Madison, Tennessee, spent some time at the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

L. E. Christman from Argentine, South America, and Tillie E. Barr from Shanghai, China, were missionaries who were with us for sometime and told of the mission work in the field each represents.

The Editor of The Life Boat magazine and President of the Life Boat Rescue

Home, has returned from Long Beach, California.

Dr. Davenport of the Washington Sanitarium, Washington, D. C., called at Hinsdale recently.

E. K. Slade, president of the Atlantic Union Conference, who many years ago was connected with the Chicago Dispensary and Life Boat Mission, enjoyed a day at Hinsdale visiting the two institutions located here, namely the Hinsdale Sanitarium and The Life Boat Home.

Beatrice Harter, supervisor of the Hydrotherapy Department of the Hinsdale Sanitarium, was called to the bedside of her mother in Rockford, Ill., who passed away on Sunday, March 10, and was buried in North Star, Michigan, on March 13.

Miss Laura Neal, the Sanitarium anaesthetist, and Mrs. C. L. Clough, spent a day at Berrien Springs, Michigan recently.

G. F. Wolfkill, president of Emanuel Missionary College, located at Berrien Springs, Michigan, spent a few hours at the Hinsdale Sanitarium recently.

George McCready Price, a noted scientist, and author of many scientific books, gave a talk at the Hinsdale Sanitarium on the latest scientific developments and their relation to the Bible.

### THE INFLUENCE OF WORDS

Jesus Christ laid great stress upon the exercise of the gift of speech. "By thy words," He said to His disciples, "thou shalt be justified, and by thy words condemned." The possession of a human tongue is an immense responsibility. Infinite good or mischief lies in its power. (With the tongue we should include the pen, as being the tongue's deputy.) Who shall say how great is the sum of injury, the waste of time, the irritation, the enfeeblement of mind and dissipation of spirit, the destruction of Christian fellowship that is due to thoughtless speech and writing? The apostle does not simply forbid injurious words, he puts an embargo on all that is not positively useful. It is not

enough to say: "My chatter does nobody harm; if there is no good in it, there is no evil." He replies: "If you cannot speak to profit, be silent till you can."—Professor G. G. Findlay.

### ESSENTIALS OF LEADERSHIP

How do you rate? Dr. H. H. Horne, of New York University, lists these thirty-three questions to be answered, allowing three points or a fraction of three points on each question.

1. Have you a strong body?
2. Did you ever break yourself of a bad habit?
3. Can you exercise self-control when things go wrong?
4. Are you cheerful and free from grouchy spells?
5. Do you think for yourself?
6. Do you keep your head in an emergency?
7. Do you remain calm under criticism?
8. Do your mates respect you and co-operate with you?
9. Can you maintain discipline without using authority?
10. Can you handle a group of dissatisfied persons successfully?
11. Are you a successful peace-maker?
12. Are you patient in dealing with nervous and hard-to-please people?
13. Can you get people to do things without irritating them?
14. Can you stand being opposed without saying things you regret later?
15. Are the delicate situations ever turned over to you to handle?
16. Do you make and keep friends easily?
17. Do you catch yourself quarreling about petty things?
18. Do you adjust yourself to strangers easily?
19. Are you free from embarrassment before superiors?
20. Are subordinates at ease in your presence?
21. Can you express your ideas without appearing overbearing and narrow-minded?
22. Are you interested in folks?
23. Have you tact?
24. Have you a reasonable amount of self-confidence?



25. Have you confidence in your cause?
26. Have you the co-operative and not the competitive spirit?
27. Are you adapted to the group you seek to lead?
28. Have you a steady will?
29. Do you have vision, that is, can you see the better order coming?
30. Have you the power of the single motive?
31. Do you wear the leader's white flower of the sincere life?
32. Are you sometimes alone with yourself and God?
33. Can you sense yourself as an agent of the world-purpose?


### LIFE BOAT WELCOMED BY U. S. NAVAL STATION

"It is very gratifying to learn that friends of The Life Boat magazine have enabled you to renew our subscription to this magazine. Let me assure you that the Life Boat magazine is a very much appreciated addition to the periodicals of our library, and I am very sure that a large number of our young men are helped by reading it."

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# The Life Boat

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

Entered as second-class matter July 17, 1906, at the P. O. at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1919.

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS, APRIL, 1929.

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Special discounts when a number are sent to one 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 subscription, 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.

**Rates for Advertising**

Full page, single issue, \$20; three months, \$50.  
Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.  
One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

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## THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW

THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW, with headquarters at Hinsdale, Illinois, sends THE LIFE BOAT into all the large penal institutions of this country. The prisoners enjoy THE LIFE BOAT and many are led to give their hearts to Christ through its influence. Prison authorities recommend THE LIFE BOAT. A prisoner writes: "The boys who read THE LIFE BOAT seem to have a different spirit from the others. They are trying to be good to their associates in prison. Their opinion and attitude is on the right side of every question because they are under the spiritual influence of THE LIFE BOAT. THE LIFE BOAT seems to say to us, 'When your father and mother or friends forsake you, we will take you up.'"

The prison field is a neglected field. Our Master bids us to visit the prisoners. What have YOU done for them?

## More Money Needed

We have been making a special effort to raise funds for our Lighthouse Crew and today we have renewed the subscriptions of 170 Life Boats going into prisons. We find there are still 141 needed in twenty-four large prisons that are today without the cheering influence of The Life Boat. Are you a member of the Lighthouse Crew? If not, why not join this Crew by sending a donation to The Life Boat? In response, you will receive a beautiful hand-tinted bookmark. Help us to raise this money at once as there are souls going down into perdition who otherwise might be rescued. We must hasten to reach them.

You can be a member of THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW by signing your name here and donating \$1.00 or more. Don't stop with one dollar; send more. Please fill out the coupon below and hand or send it in with your donation.

Date .....

THE LIFE BOAT,

Hinsdale, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I hereby enclose \$..... (one dollar or more) to join THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW for this year, as I desire to assist in sending THE LIFE BOAT to prisoners and other shut-ins.

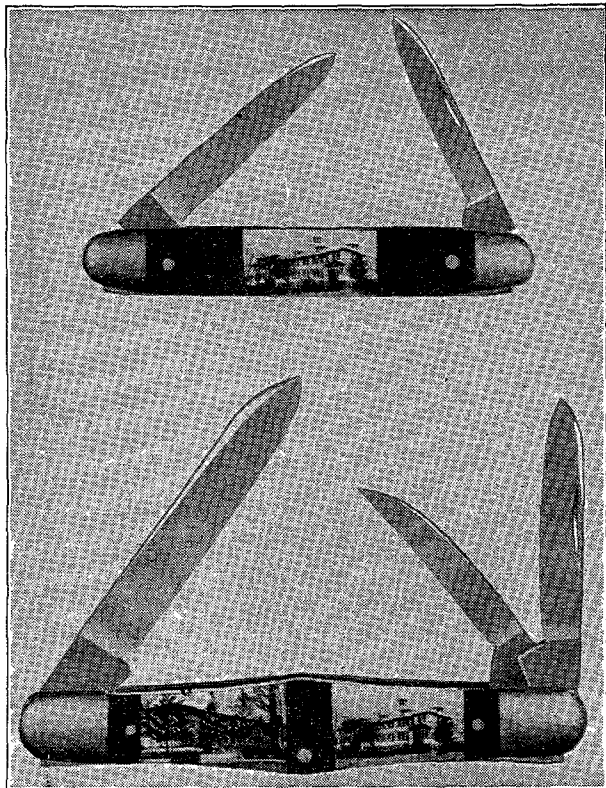
Sincerely yours,

.....

.....

.....

# THESE ARTICLES



With only a little time on your part you may secure one or more of these high-class, guaranteed articles for yourself or for gifts to your friends.

Great care has been

(Illustration shows exact size of knives.)

**SOUVENIR POCKET KNIVES** for men and women. The Canton Cutlery Co. manufacture knives of the famous "Car-Van" steel which combines hardness, flexibility, toughness, and ability to hold a keen cutting edge and is capable of taking a wider range of temperatures than heretofore known. The knife will have a picture of The Hinsdale Sanitarium on one side, your name or your initials can be placed on the other side.

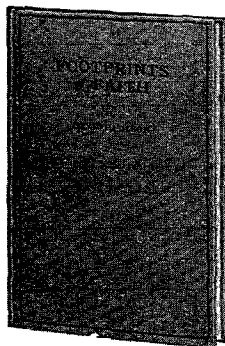
Note what some say of these knives:

"I have owned one of the Canton Cutlery Knives and carried it for ten years in all kinds of weather and places, and it has proven to be of the very best quality and material."—W. F. Adams, New Buffalo, Mich.

"The Canton Cutlery Knife is a gift to me. I have had it fourteen years and I have never had to sharpen it. The knife has always a keen edge. It is the very best material."—L. E. Metcalfe, Singing Evangelist, Battle Creek, Mich.

"These knives will hold a keen edge for a longer length of time than any other knife I have ever carried."—W. H. Ferciot, Supt. Horticulture Dept., E. M. C., Berrien Springs, Mich.  
This wonderful quality knife can be yours by sending in only **TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE LIFE BOAT AT \$1.50 EACH**. The ladies' size will contain a ring attachment, not shown in illustration.

## "FOOTPRINTS OF FAITH"



Everybody likes it! This new book by David Paulson, M. D., given free with one subscription to The Life Boat magazine, and fifty cents. It is a true story of a poor boy who attained great success, told in such a fascinating way that it captures and holds the interest of everyone reading it. C. L. Paddock, Manager of Winnipeg Branch Canadian Watchman Press, says, "I haven't read a book in a long time which has helped me more than 'Footprints of Faith.'"

"I think it is a very good book. I have passed it along to several people for reading and they also enjoyed it," says H. M. Bigelow, Superintendent of Bullocks' Department Store, Los Angeles, California.

Don't miss this splendid opportunity to have this good book in your home. \$2.00 brings The Life Boat to you for a year and this charming book.

## INGERSOLL MIDGET WATCH

Every one knows the value of the Ingersoll. It is inexpensive, yet is the best time keeper of any watch of its price in the world.

A ladies' model will be given free with four subscriptions at 1.50 each.

A Radiolite model which shows time in the dark is furnished with five subscriptions at \$1.50 each.

**SEND YOUR ORDERS DIRECT TO**

# ABSOLUTELY FREE

taken in the selection of these premiums and we are presenting to you the very best of materials and quality,—goods ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to be FIRST-CLASS.

## Manicure Set

Five pieces. Contains flexible knife, with French ivory handles, cuticle scissors, nail buffer, nail file and emery stick.

Put up in black karatol folding case, with assorted colored linings. Two subscriptions to The Life Boat at \$1.50 each, brings you this useful manicure set absolutely free.



**WAHL PEN**  
hard rubber barrel. Ladies size Eversharp pencil with gold cap and point section, packed in a beautiful velvet-lined gift box. The retail price of this set complete is \$6.50. The set is yours if you send us seven yearly Life Boat subscriptions at \$1.50 each. This makes an ideal gift.

**EVERSHARP**

A beautiful fountain pen and Eversharp pencil set. Ladies Special Signature Wahl Pen in hard rubber, with gold band and ring in the cap combined with Eversharp pencil with gold cap and point section, packed in a beautiful velvet-lined gift box. The retail price of this set complete is \$6.50. The set is yours if you send us seven yearly Life Boat subscriptions at \$1.50 each. This makes an ideal gift.



## Aluminum Ware

This set of "Life-Time" Aluminum Cooking Utensils will be furnished for eleven subscriptions to The Life Boat at \$1.50 each:

- 1 Cake Tube
- 1 8-cup Percolator
- 2 Bread Pans
- 1 6-quart Convex Covered Kettle
- 1 3-Quart Sauce Pan
- 1 2-Quart Pudding Pan
- 2 9-Inch Pie Plates
- 1 6-Quart Panelled Tea Kettle

This ware is manufactured by The Aluminum Products Company and is guaranteed to be absolutely of substantial weight, nicely finished, the very best wearing aluminum. We have used this ware for a number of years and can guarantee it absolutely. The set is yours for eleven \$1.50 subscriptions to The Life Boat.



**THE LIFE BOAT, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS**

# **Life Annuities with Interest**

---

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

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

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

Write for full information and particulars of this plan.

Address

**LIFE BOAT RESCUE HOME**

**Hinsdale, Ill.**

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## Liquid Paraffin

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

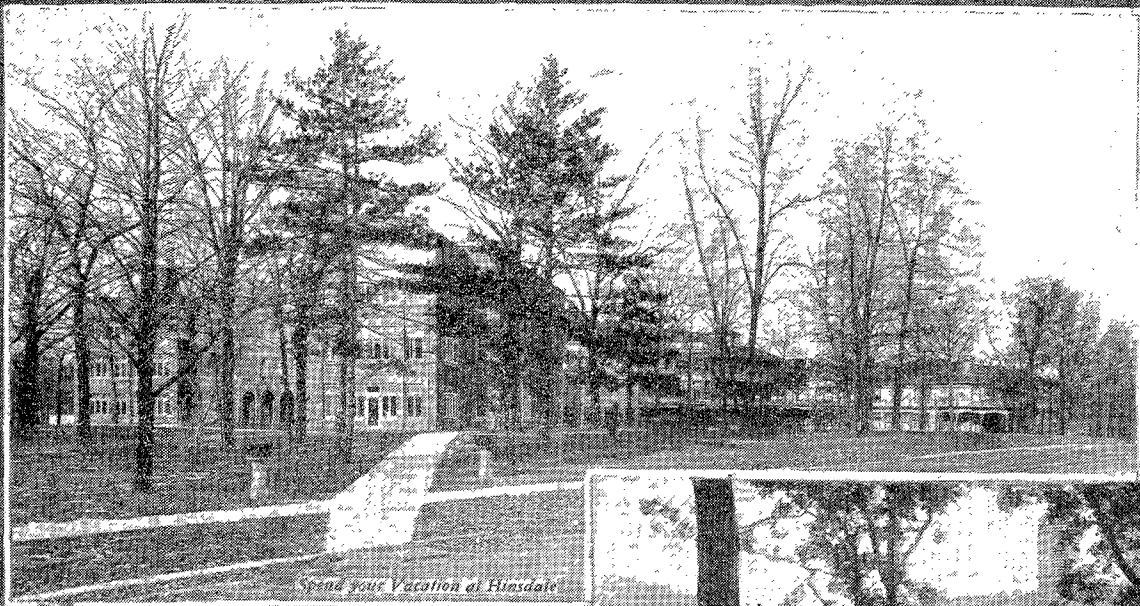
Liquid Paraffin, or what we called White Russian Mineral Oil when we imported it from Russia before the war, seems to be a veritable godsend to thousands of these cases. Being a mineral oil it is not absorbed by the body. It merely lubricates and softens the bowel contents. It can be used with perfect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

### Prices

1 Pint	\$0.45	Shipping weight	2 lbs.
1 Quart	.75	Shipping weight	4 lbs.
2 Quarts	1.25	Shipping weight	6 lbs.
1 Gallon	2.25	Shipping weight	10 lbs.

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

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



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# THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM

HINSDALE - ILLINOIS