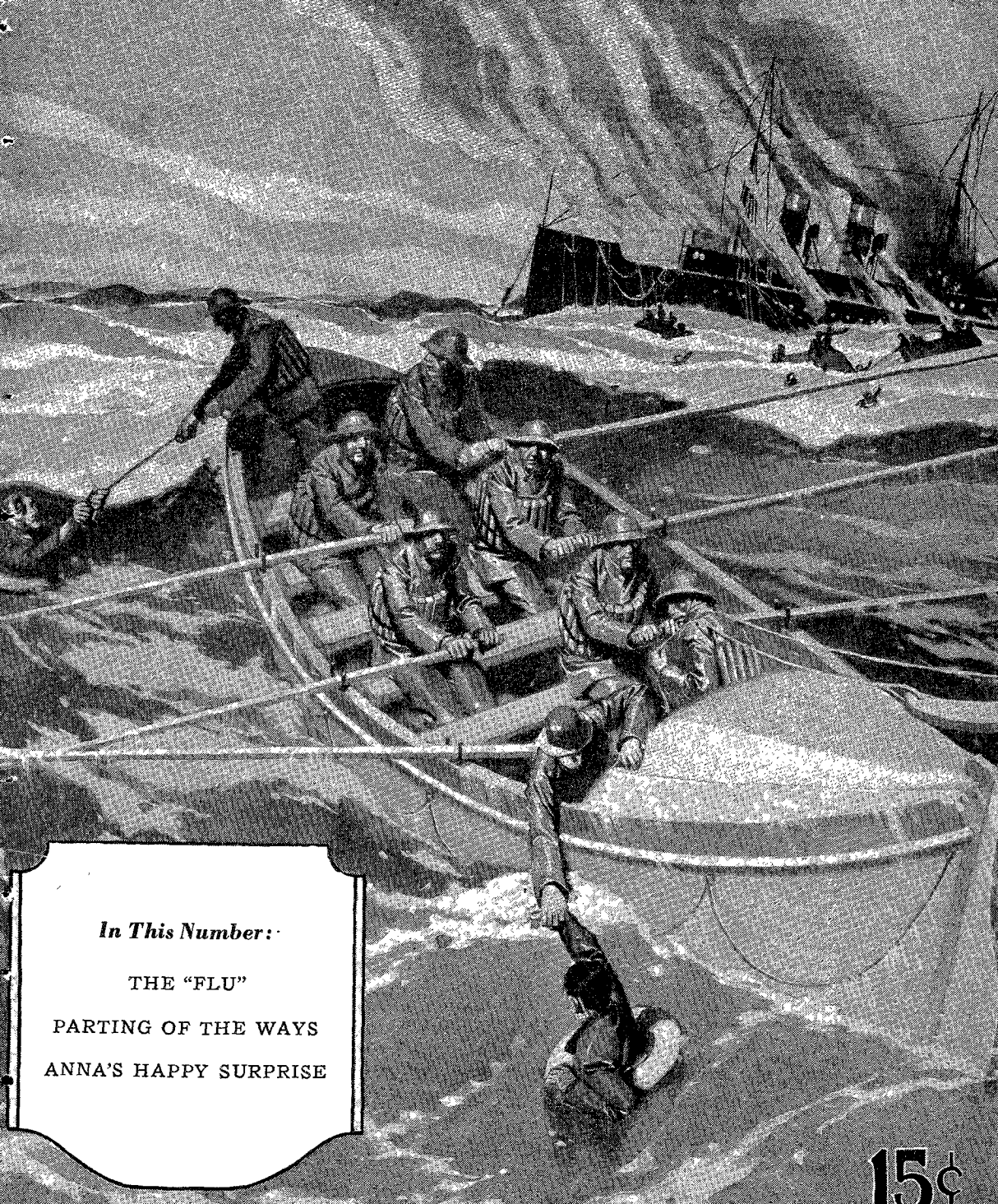


THE LIFEBOAT

MAGAZINE



In This Number:

THE "FLU"

PARTING OF THE WAYS

ANNA'S HAPPY SURPRISE

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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Her Malady

It's been the awful longest while
My mother's been away!
You see, my grandma's pretty sick,
And don't get well so very quick;
'Course mother has to stay.

Aunt Nan is kind, but she don't make
The rightest kind of curls.
Or know just how to button me;
She isn't used to it, you see—
She has no little girls.

And father, well, he doesn't know
Just how I go to bed.
He gets things all hind side before,
And hangs my clothes up by the door,
Away above my head.

There's some things father does I like;
When I have said my prayers,
He tells me stories in the dark;
They're full of whist! and hist! and hark!
And lovely creepy scares.



But then when I have snuggled down,
All comfor'bly in bed,
I wish that mother would come in,
And cuddle me, and then begin
To sing, and smooove my head.

Of course Aunt Nan and father do
Their best—I know they've tried;
And everybody's very kind—
I try my hardest not to mind,
But it sometimes aches inside.

I don't believe it's homesickness
That makes my eyelids prick;
I wish I knew what 'tis I've got—
'Course, home's right here—but
mother's not!

I b'lieve I'm mothersick!
—Edna Kingsley Wallace, in *The Century*.



The "Flu"

D. H. Kress, M. D.

THAT much-dreaded disease known as Influenza, or popularly spoken of as the "Flu," is again with us, and as on its former visitations, it has in a very brief period covered the face of the earth. Like its predecessor, it has also shown itself to be no respecter of race or of person. Black, yellow and white, rich and poor, old and young, the well nourished and the weakling, are among its victims.

What can we do to check the disease? What measures may we employ? Unfortunately very little is known about the disease itself. We are fighting an enemy in ambush; an enemy which no one has ever seen. The "flu" is supposed to be and it is spoken of as a germ disease, and yet this assertion cannot be made with any degree of positiveness, since science so far has been unable to isolate or discover the organism that is supposed to produce it.

Just where the disease has its origin, and how it is communicated, we do not yet fully understand.

Unlike other germ diseases, it appears to be an air-borne disease and is not wholly dependent upon a personal contact. We seem to be certain that it is not conveyed through the water, through the milk, or through dust as is the case in germ diseases generally. Typhoid fever, for instance, we know how to combat, because we have been able to isolate the germ which causes it, and we know how the germ is cultivated and how it is communicated. Knowing this, we have been able to almost conquer the disease. Our large American cities seldom have a case of typhoid fever. An epidemic would be attributed to unpardonable negligence. We no longer fear epidemics of typhoid. The same may be said of many other germ diseases. Tuberculosis, a disease which a few years ago was responsible for more deaths than any other one disease, is being conquered.

The means we employ in affording protection from these diseases seem to be of little

value in affording protection from the "flu." We really stand helpless before the onward march of this disease.

There are some things, however, which we can do to obtain the mastery of this enemy, in case of an attack, that are worth knowing. It is said in time of peace we should prepare for war. This certainly applies to our preparedness for a "flu" epidemic. We may never be able to prevent an invasion of the "flu," but it is possible for us to build up the barriers of bodily defense to a point where little harm will be suffered from it.

While it has not been absolutely proven that influenza is a germ disease, until it is, it is well to treat it as such, and to observe all the precautions we do in other germ diseases. During the time of an epidemic care should therefore be observed to prevent intimate contact in public gatherings. Hand-shaking, one of our most common social customs, should not be freely indulged in. It might be well to adopt the old Chinese custom of shaking our own hand instead of the hand of the one whom we greet. Kissing on the mouth should be discouraged. The hands should always be kept as clean as possible. Being brought in contact with so many filthy objects, from the proverbial street car strap to the dirty paper money, the hands are a constant source of danger. Never should food be eaten without first washing the hands with soap and water. Fingers should not be introduced into the nostrils, a practice common among children. When sneezing or coughing the mouth and nose should be covered with a handkerchief to prevent spraying the air. Drinking and eating utensils at the soda fountains, restaurants, or in our homes, should be washed thoroughly with soap after being used, and then rinsed off with steam or hot water. Individual towels should be employed in our homes. As far as possible it is well to sleep in separate beds.

All of these preventive measures should be made use of, but the most important of all

essentials is to keep the body constantly fit and in health. Germs can do very little harm in healthy tissue. Our aim should be to build up, and maintain, the barriers of the body defenses.

Whether "flu" is a germ disease, or is conveyed through a poisonous property in the air, matters not. Body resistance in either case is of the greatest importance.

This can be done by carefulness in the diet, by out of door life, by sufficient sleep in well ventilated rooms, by proper bathing, cleanliness and exercise. The stuffy, impure air found in many of our homes during cool weather, and in public places where large gatherings are held, tends to undermine the resistance of the body, making it unable to cope with this enemy, whatever it may be.

It may be observed that the "flu" does not make its appearance during the summer months, possibly because we live more out

of doors and have the benefit of pure air and the health and life giving rays of the sun. Then again, during the warm weather we eat less meat and less concentrated foods in general, using more raw fruit and more raw, leafy vegetables, all of which tend to increase the alkalinity of the blood, and to supply the body with the vitamins so essential to health.

While we should make use of all preventive measures to protect ourselves from the invasion of the "flu," we must not neglect the protective measures which will enable us to cope with it should it gain an entrance. The "flu," in fact, kills only those of lowered vital resistance.

The best advice that can be given is for everyone during a visitation of the "flu" to build up and maintain the vital resistance of the body in every possible way by strict observance of the laws of health.

A Guest's Impression of Hinsdale Sanitarium

J. W. Johnson

Barnes City, Iowa.

A picture, a poem or a song that does not have a theme, a supreme purpose, a high ideal, may answer to entertain the

unthinking, but it will not last longer than the flowers of Spring.

So, any great political, social or economic



A Restful Scene on the Hinsdale Sanitarium Grounds.

movement, if it have not a supreme purpose and is not of great service to humanity, cannot last.

The Red Cross will function as long as there is sickness and suffering and floods and accidents in the world, and the spirit of the Christ lives. The Salvation Army, the struggle for National and world prohibition,—all are built upon a great issue and they will last.

The need of Hospitals and Sanitariums is equally important as compared with the foregoing. Three generations ago George Washington was bled to death by an ignorant country doctor who thought he must tap him on both sides alike, because the circulation was in halves and must be kept in balance. They all thought this same strange thing. They would not do it now.

As a recent guest at Hinsdale I speak my own thought of the Institution. I had known of its worth for a score of years and had my mind made up to go there if I ever needed medical aid and care. But, frankly, I did not know its real worth. The half had not been told.

I am almost 80 years old and had not been ill to speak of in 60 years till late in 1928 I got the Flu, too much campaign and other activities. I made straight for Hinsdale as I had promised myself I would do. I was assigned to Dr. Neall and the only meaning he did while I was there was to attach a stomach pump, but he had to have two other stout young doctors to help him.

I told Dr. Neall he must make a new man out of an old man, and he did it. I enjoyed my stay every hour of the month I was there, because they gave me no medicine, but treatments that were fine. I was not in Hinsdale a week till I was ready for three meals each day, and such fine meals they were, and the service is on a par with the quality of the "eats."

The social and religious atmosphere was pure and wholesome. The Faculty, the patients and the helpers and nurse students were alike attentive to the duties of the day. No meats nor coffee were served, no smoking was seen about the institution, yet it was in every way a grand place to be.

These are not idle words but the truth.



Some Hinsdale Sanitarium Nurses with their little charges from the Life Boat Rescue Home.

Another feature of Hinsdale is the Life Boat Rescue Home that has done a great work and is most worthy. The history and present condition of Hinsdale are fraught with great interest for any one who loves purity and high thinking.

The buildings and grounds are all that could be desired. In less than a quarter century this wonderful Institution has been

built, it has treated almost 27,000 patients, has graduated many professional nurses and foreign missionaries and its wonderful work has only begun.

In every case of sickness where it is possible, it is my firm conviction, based on personal knowledge, that the afflicted ones should seek Hinsdale.



Parting of the Ways

Caroline Louise Clough

WE are more or less intimately familiar with the vast amount of damage that has been done to life and property through the terrible floods of the Mississippi Valley. We know of the plans now being developed to spend millions of dollars to harness and control this mighty force of nature, yet there is a point way up in the mountains of the north called the Great Divide where just a breath of air or a pebble can turn the course of that river and where one little rivulet flows down the Western slope into the Pacific while another part of the same stream chooses to go in another direction, passing around a little sand it wends its way down, finally, into the Mississippi Valley and out through the Gulf of Mexico into the Atlantic.

Just so with humans. We come to the parting of the ways and the whole course of our lives is changed, either for better or for worse. Every child who comes to the age of accountability chooses, either consciously or unconsciously, which direction he shall travel through life. And sometimes those who find themselves floating swiftly down with the current in the wrong direction are, unlike the river, able to reach the help that has been provided by our loving Saviour and through Him find their feet planted in the right path.

Many souls who had drifted with the flood-tide of evil were caught and rescued by the workers of the old Life Boat mission in Chicago. Among the number was Rollo McBride, a high school boy who left a Christian home and went out into the world without yielding his life to Christ—a dangerous thing for any young person to do. He began life by being a telegrapher in a railroad office and advanced rapidly until he was soon secretary to the president of the road with a salary of \$1,000.00 per month. He, however, acquired some habits that he thought he could easily control, but that later cost him his position. Again he tried to rise in another line of work but again his habits caused his downfall. The third time he dropped down to the level of a common bum.

For seven wretched years he existed on Chicago's free lunches, living in a cheap lodging house and spending his time in the barrel houses on South State Street.

It was on February 26, 1904, that Rollo McBride decided to be a Christian. When he entered the Life Boat Mission that night he had no intention of surrendering to Christ, in fact, he thought he was being led into another saloon where he could get more whisky and again dull his sense of remorse and consciousness of complete failure in life.

I will let him tell his story in his own words as he stood up in the Life Boat Mission two years later on the anniversary of his conversion:

His Own Story

"Two years ago tonight I had no idea what a mission looked like, I had never seen one and knew nothing about one; furthermore, I don't know that I wanted to; hadn't thought anything about it—I wasn't interested. My father and mother had not known where I was for about ten years.

"But one night, the 26th of February, when the snow was about two feet deep, the boys who were with me said, 'Let's go over to the Mission.' We came out of a saloon across the way and I thought we were going into another place of the same character. As we came to the Life Boat Mission door someone swung it open, and I heard for the first time in years the church organ, the church music that took me back to my boyhood days when, holding father's hand, I used to go to Sunday school, and I stopped; I didn't want to come in here, and I started to go back. As I started to go,

ful life I wanted to live a better life. There isn't a sinner who hears my voice tonight but has determined sometime to live that pure and noble life. When Brother Van Dorn gave the invitation that if there was present one man who would like to live the better life and be remembered in the closing prayer, to raise his hand, I raised my hand.

"I didn't know what it meant; I had never done anything like that before. Then they asked us three broken-down railroad men if we would not kneel down, and I readily knelt; if there was anything that would make me a better man, I wanted it badly. Then they asked me to pray. I had never prayed in my life. They asked me to say, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner,' and that was my first prayer.

"When we went outside it was still snowing and the two boys with me said, 'Well, where are you going?' There was no money among us, and the only place to go to was a saloon; but standing on the sidewalk that night I said, 'With God's help, I have gone into a saloon for my last time.' Then I left them and started to walk the streets for



Rollo McBride with his wife and two sons.

at the door was standing a true Samaritan who stopped me and, placing his hand behind my back, pressed me in and brought me down in front.

"That night I heard that Jesus came, not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. I heard testimonies of men deep in sin; how they came out of darkness and were clothed in their right mind. All my sin-

Jesus. I had carried the banner many a time for the devil, but never before for Jesus. Every step I took I prayed, and I asked God to help me be a better man. He has done it; there is no question about that. As I walked the street I forgot all about the terrible surroundings—only that I wanted to do what was right.

"The Lord led me to the Railroad

Y. M. C. A., a place where the secretary had left word that if I should come there again to call the patrol wagon and send me to the Harrison street police station. I went upstairs and into the reading room; there were quite a few there, but no one seemed to notice me and I turned one of the arm chairs to the wall and sat down to think of my ill-spent life. One after another left the room, then the clerk came in and turned out the lights and went back to the office without noticing me. Seeing I was alone, I slipped out of my chair and onto my knees and prayed to God to help me be a better man.

"Today, what Jesus Christ has done for me, He can do for you. Now, why stand ye idly waiting, while Christ is calling you?"

For in this world's wide vineyard there's work for all to do."

Twenty-five Years of Service

Mr. McBride began working for others at once. Two days later, on Sunday morning, he accompanied our rescue workers, Mrs. Swanson and Miss Emmel, to the old Harrison Street police station, carrying the baby organ to use in the Sunday morning service. For five years he was found every Sunday standing before the bars in that old jail and telling the men how the Lord had lifted him out of the pit and made a clean upright Christian man of him.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his conversion Mr. McBride's thoughts turned again to the Life Boat, which resulted in our receiving an interesting letter. During all these years he has been conducting what he calls the "Parting of the Ways Home," first

in Chicago and later establishing a similar home in Pittsburgh, Pa. His great burden is for prisoners who on being released from prison are at the "parting of the ways." In his letter he states:

"It has been my pleasure to carry on the great work that was started in that old Harrison Street Jail, in a practical way as well as a Christian way. I think it has been my pleasure to speak in nearly all the chapels in this country, with the result of caring for Pennsylvania prisoners that have been released from twenty different government and state institutions. Below are some of the practical results:

27,000 men received from prison cells,

21,000 positions secured,

5,000 otherwise assisted,

99,000 lodgings furnished,

411,000 meals served,

10,922 furnished with clothing,

915 re-entered church.

"There are, at present, forty men recently released from prison, now enjoying the Home, and being assisted in their efforts to come back into their rightful positions in church and society through the work of the old Life Boat Mission started in 1904."

So this one man who stood at the parting of the ways twenty-five years ago and was rescued from going in the wrong direction is still standing at the parting of the ways, and, like the sand bar or the pebble, is turning the course of others' lives. A word spoken in love or a kind deed is never lost; like the little seed planted in Rollo McBride's heart, it springs up and bears a bountiful harvest.

OUR SPEECH

"Once on a time I spoke a word

That was bitter of meaning and harsh of tone,
And it went as straight as a poisoned dart
To the very core of a true friend's heart,
And the beautiful page of our love was blurred,
Forevermore by that word alone.

Once on a time I cast a sneer

At the small mistake of one I knew
And his soul, discouraged, let slip the rope
That anchored it to the shore of hope,
And drifted out on a sea of fear,
To waves of failure and winds untrue.

Once on a time I whispered a tale

Tainted with malice, and far and near
It flew, to cast on a spotless name
The upas shade of a hinted shame,
And wherever it reached it left a trail
Across the promise of many a year.

Never that word could be unsaid

That lost me a friendship old and true.
Never that sneer might be undone
That broke the trust of an erring one,
Never untold the tale that sped
To blight and baffle a lifetime thru."

Anna's Happy Surprise

“WHAT shall we do, Marie?”

“Do, why let the poor maid come and live with us,” said his wife.

“But it is hard enough to make ends meet, and what will it be with another to feed?”

“Fear not. It is but little we can offer her—only a roof to her head and a share of our bread—but it will be a home and a shelter for the poor girl.”

So it was settled, and Anna Braden, homeless, almost friendless, found a home with the poor laboring man and his wife who lived on the seacoast.

She could have been happy in her new home with her warm-hearted friends, but the thought of their poverty weighed on her and she could not bear to think how she added to their burdens, but she knew to whom to go for help. She would go down to the seashore and pray to her Heavenly Father.

She prayed, “O God, send help to my poor friends in need.”

No voice spoke in answer to her cry, but in her heart a still small voice whispered “Whatsoever ye shall ask in faith believing, ye shall receive.”

As she looked she saw a bottle floating in the water, coming nearer and nearer the shore. In a little while she laid hold of it.

She saw there was something in it and drew out the cork.

There were no less than thirty slips of paper, each one containing a promise to the finder of the bottle, who by sending his name and address to the different signatures and their addresses would receive the various things mentioned.

They read, “Ten sacks of flour will be sent to the address of the finder of bottle on application to,” then followed a merchant's name and address. On another five kegs of butter; on another ten cases of eggs, and so on, and in wonder and amazement Anna read the thirty promises.

Choosing the slip promising ten sacks of flour, Anna sent the slip and her own address to the merchant whose name was on it. Then she waited, but not a word did she utter to Carl or Marie of her strange discovery, lest they should be disappointed.

A few days later a message came from the

station-master, “There are ten sacks here waiting for you, bring a wagon and take them away.”

The little cottage was a place of joy and praise and thanks to God on that wonderful day. Carl borrowed a horse and cart from a neighbor and brought home the treasure, while tears of joy ran down the women's faces.

“Anna, Anna, what a blessing you have brought,” said Marie. And Anna remembered her prayer to God and the wonderful answer, and thanksgiving and worship went up to Him.

Poverty was now a stranger in the little house by the sea. One sack supplied their needs, and the rest were sold and brought in a welcome sum of money. But this was not the end. Anna took her precious slips of paper—twenty-nine now—and sent them all to their addresses.

A few days later the little station was a scene of great excitement. The station-master was astounded to find his platform covered with huge stores of provisions of all kinds, of the very best quality.

“Well, well, it is very strange—and they are all addressed to Anna Braden. Truly it is wonderful!”

But there was no mistake, and Anna Braden was a rich woman in the eyes of the wondering villagers. Excitement increased when a little gentleman arrived and was directed to where Anna lived. He explained the mystery of the bottle to them. He said:

“You have heard of the new canal which has just opened in Keil? Well, it was to celebrate this event that thirty of us merchants met at a banquet. There it was agreed—as a joke—that we should each put our promise on a slip of paper, and placing it in a well-corked bottle, commit it to the waves and see where it would land.”

What these merchants had done purely for their own amusement (and we have the facts on reliable authority), God had overruled for His own purpose and blessing of His children, and the waves of the sea had brought it to the very feet of the child of God, even when her prayer was going up to Him.



MOTHER

MOTHER—In the word we find
A language known in every clime.
In every country "mother love"
Is understood; and God above
Will bless the mother heart I'm sure
No matter whether rich or poor.

No poem penned by human hand
Can wholly make you understand
How much I treasure every part
Of space I'm holding in your heart.
Your sacrifices have been great,
Ofttimes you've been disconsolate.

When we, so thoughtless, erringly
Rebelled from pathways, sparingly
Laid out for us, with deep concern
For what was best; our every yearn
Could not be granted; this you knew,
But we couldn't see it from that view.

And now I want to recompense
In part for your beneficence;
Only a rose, but in it lies
A wealth of love in bright disguise,
The petals have a message gay
To make you glad this Mother's Day.

The Flower Show

Daphne Lacey

ONE could have heard a pin drop as Miss Fletcher rose to make the wonderful announcement which threatened to play havoc with the morning's lessons.

"My dear children," she commenced, "you all know Mr. Smith who lives at the 'Grey Gables.' Yesterday evening he came to see me about a very pleasant matter. He is giving a flower show for the young people of the village, only girls and boys under fifteen being eligible. He is offering a first prize of one pound, and a second prize of ten shillings. Mr. Smith also gave me a list of the rules which must be strictly complied with. They are as follows:

"Rule 1. The flowers must have been under the entire care of the exhibitor.

"Rule 2. Each exhibitor must not submit more than one entry.

"Rule 3. The flower must in some way resemble the character of its owner."

The last rule seemed a very strange one, but then Mr. Smith was rather a peculiar man, so most people thought. At all events it was quite delightful, thought little Peggy

Dare, as her blue eyes shone with suppressed excitement. If only she could win that wonderful first prize! She began to turn over in her busy brain all the things she could get with it. The new shoes Mummy wanted so badly, for instance. How lovely it would be to be able to go to her and say, "Mummy, dear, I've won the prize, now you can have some nice new shoes."

Her reverie was very suddenly disturbed by Miss Fletcher asking her, "What is the capital of Australia?" and in her confusion she almost stammered "New Zealand." She only managed to collect her thoughts just in time to save herself from disgrace. At last the morning ended, and there was a general sigh as the bell rang.

Although Peggy's mother was a very poor widow, their little garden abounded with cheerful flowers; and the portion of it which belonged to Peggy was devoted entirely to pansies. It was to this tiny patch that Peggy ran the moment she reached home.

"They will be very lovely soon," Mrs. Dare told her. "They are sweet thoughts, and certainly show my girlie's character."

Peggy watched and cared for them till they grew into lovely flowers; but sometimes her heart would sink when she passed Cissie Morton's house and saw the stately roses she was entering and Freddie Perkins' lofty delphiniums.

It was the day before the flower show and Peggy was up with the larks, and out in the garden kneeling beside the dew-spangled pansies, whose beautiful velvet faces were upturned ready to catch the first sunbeam. Their fragrance was borne on the wings of the breeze and carried down the road to where an old man came slowly along, leaning heavily on a long staff. He raised his head inquiringly, pulled his hat further down over his eyes, ambled toward the cottage gate, and stood looking at the little scene.

Peggy saw him and jumped to her feet impulsively.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she exclaimed eagerly, "they are going in for a show, but I need only send a few; would you like some?"

The old man nodded.

"I love them, too," he said huskily, "they remind me of when I was a boy. I was going to ask if you could spare me one."

Peggy picked a generous bunch and handed them to him.

"God bless you, child, you have given an old man a great pleasure," he said, as he walked away.

"There aren't many left," murmured Peggy to herself, "but enough for the show. I'm so glad he liked them!"

The morning of the flower show dawned bright and sunny. Peggy was so eager to be up that she almost raced the sun itself. She quietly unlatched the front door and crossed the tiny strip of lawn to her dear pansies.

What a sight met her eyes! Instead of the heavy, velvety blossoms which she loved so much there were bare, green stalks and ragged, purple petals hanging forlornly from them; in the midst of the destruction were two fat and contented black slugs.

Poor Peggy! She flung herself down on the dew-laden grass and sobbed as though her heart would break. All her care and labor had been in vain. She could never

win the prize now, and all her castles in the air crumbled to dust.

* * *

Great was the excitement as a crowd of boys and girls with proud parents and friends stood on the smooth lawn of "Grey Gables," their respective exhibits in jars and vases on the long table before them—a profusion of scent and color.

Peggy's eyes ran over them sadly. How eagerly she would have looked for her own flowers on the crowded table! What was that? A bowl of great purple and yellow pansies! Some one had sent in pansies after all, and just like hers.

Old Mr. Smith had been so kind and sympathetic when she had told him of her great disappointment that she had been temporarily comforted, but the sight of the beautiful pansies, so like her own, brought tears to her eyes.

There was a rustle of expectancy. The judging was over, and the judge himself rose to announce the prize winner.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Smith briskly, "the first prize has been awarded to a bunch of pansies; the grower's name is Miss Peggy Dare."

The world seemed to rock under Peggy's feet. There must have been a dreadful mistake somewhere. She opened her lips to say so, but Mr. Smith commenced speaking again, and she strained her ears to catch his words above the subdued murmur of the crowd.

"Now I want you all to listen to a little story. Many people call me a strange man, and that is neither here nor there, but I certainly did a strange thing yesterday. I wanted to get a glimpse of the characters of the boys and girls who were competing for my prizes, so I dressed myself up as a tramp and went around to the homes of the children. The first place I called was at a cottage, and I saw a little girl kneeling down by a clump of pansies. Before I could even ask her for one, she offered to pick me a bunch . . . the ones you see here (indicating the prize ones). I took them and passed on. I asked another little girl for a beautiful but scentless rose, and she said, 'Certainly not, they are going to win a prize, they are not for a dirty old man like you!'

To cut a long story short, at almost every house I was met with a rebuff for my impudence for asking for even a single flower, yet one little girl was generous enough to give me a whole bunch. That, however, is not quite the end. Early this afternoon a very sad little maid came to me and told me that she could not exhibit her flowers because the slugs had eaten them up—it was the same child that gave me these lovely pansies when she thought I was nothing but a poor old tramp. You will all see how aptly the flowers portray her sweet nature and comply

with my last and most important rule. Come forward, please, Peggy."

Very red, and trembling with excitement, Peggy stumbled forward to receive her prize.

"You have surely earned this prize, dear child, but there is a better prize to be won than any I can offer you," Mr. Smith told her. "Take care of the little flower of your life as tenderly as you have cared for your pansies, and it will cheer many wanderers on the road. Go on as you have begun, always putting yourself behind and others in front, and some day you will be awarded the greatest prize of all."—Selected.



The Stone-Cutter Preacher's Experience and Others

W. A. Spicer

JOHAN NELSON, the stone cutter, was called to go to and fro preaching the gospel. At Horbury a mob had sworn to put a halter round the preacher's neck and drown him in the river. Hurst says:

"The parson's son, as captain of the mob, had six large hand bells brought from the clerk's house, and these were rung violently that his voice might not be heard. A half crazed man, six feet tall, was to put the halter round his neck, and a butcher held the rope. Nelson only pushed the halter from his neck and the man fell as if he had been knocked down with an ax; the butcher stood trembling, and touched him not.

"A shout was raised as the constable ap-

proached to arrest him, and the bells were silenced. Without hesitating a moment, Nelson said, 'I am glad you are come, and I charge you in the king's name to do your office.' He asked, 'what is my office?' Nelson answered firmly, 'It is to quell this mob and deliver me out of their hands.' The constable turned pale, and finally bade the mob be silent; said to Nelson, 'Follow me,' went to the stable, led out the horse, and held the stirrup, led Nelson through the crowd and bade him go in the name of the Lord!"—"Ministry of Methodism," Vol. 1, p. 491.

The Unseen Protector

When Charles Wesley, brother of John

Wesley, and one of the founders of Methodism, opened a meeting in St. Ives market in 1743, men stopped their ears and rushed at him to pull him down. "But," he said, "they had no power to touch me."

"Four days later he was preaching in the chapel when the rioters entered and smashed the windows and benches, leaving nothing whole but the stone walls . . . 'Several times,' he said, 'they lifted up their hands and clubs to strike me, but a stronger arm restrained them'."—Idem, Vol. 11, p. 506.

Amid another tumult, at Wednock, weapons were raised to strike him down, but he says he had "an unseen Protector."

At Devizes, on his way to Bristol, Charles Wesley had his longest siege with a mob, stirred up by the religious prejudices of the "best people." The crowd was gathered by the ringing of bells. A hand fire engine was used for pouring water into the house where Wesley and his companions were staying. "Many seeming accidents," he says, "con-curred to prevent their breaking in." The mob was a thousand strong. He continues:

"We stood in jeopardy every moment. Such threatenings, curses, and blasphemy I have never heard. They seemed kept out by a continual miracle. I remembered the Roman senators sitting in the forum when the Gauls broke in upon them; but thought there was a fitter posture for Christians, and told my companions they should take us off our knees. We were kept from all hurry and discomposure of spirit by a divine power resting upon us. We prayed and conversed as freely as if we had been in the midst of our brethren; and had great confidence that the Lord would either deliver us from danger or in it. . . .

"They were now close to us on every side, and over our heads, untiling the roof. A ruffian cried out 'Here they are behind the curtain.' At this moment we fully expected their appearance and retired to the farther-most corner of the room; and I said 'This is the crisis.' In that moment Jesus rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. We heard not a breath without, and wondered what had become of them. The silence lasted for three quarters of an hour, before any one came near us; and we continued in mutual exhortation and prayer,

looking for deliverance. I often told my companion 'Now God is at work for us; He is contriving our escape; He can turn these leopards into lambs; can command the heathen to bring His children on their shoulders, and make our fiercest enemies the instruments of our deliverance'."—Whitehead's "Life of Wesley," p. 189.

In this lull, the "persecuting constable," who had been their bitter enemy, appeared and tried to get a promise that the preachers would not preach in that town again. They refused to make such a promise, and assured him they would surely preach the gospel again in that place if God permitted, but said they were going on now, elsewhere. This he construed as he desired into an assurance to the people that the preaching would cease, and he used his authority to disperse the mob. Wesley wrote:

"We perceived that it was the Lord's doing, and it was marvelous in our eyes. The hearts of our adversaries were turned. Whether pity for us or fear for themselves wrought strongest, God knoweth."

It is to be remarked in all these experiences that the prayer of faith and the clinging to the arm of God had their part in the revelation of delivering mercies. "We prayed, with little intermission, the whole day," said Wesley, of siege of peril at Devizes. It is living faith, importunate faith, that lays hold upon the arm of the living God for the doing of things beyond human power.

An Angry Mob Held Powerless

As a Methodist pioneer, Dr. Adam Clarke, of Ireland, author of the Commentary, traveled all about Ireland, England, and Wales, and to the Channel Islands. In those days Methodism met the opposition of the Established Church and of "society," and the irreligious mob felt itself doing respectable service in assailing the sect everywhere spoken against.

On one of these trips, Dr. Clarke experienced so remarkable an interposition of Providence to save his life that he records it in his Commentary, as a note on the deliverance of Christ from the mob at Nazareth. Luke 4:30. Writing of himself in the third person, he says a certain missionary was called to preach in a place where there was much prejudice:

"About fifty people who had received impressions from the Word of God, assembled. He began his discourse, and after he had preached about thirty minutes, an outrageous mob surrounded the house, armed with different instruments of death, and breathing the most sanguinary purposes. Some that were within shut the door; and the missionary and his flock betook themselves to prayer.

"The mob assailed the house and began to hurl stones against the walls, windows, and roof; and in a short time almost every tile was destroyed, and the roof nearly uncovered, and before they quitted the premises, scarcely left one square inch of glass in the five windows by which the house was enlightened.

"While this was going forward a person came with a pistol to the window opposite to the place where the preacher stood (who was then exhorting his flock to be steady, to resign themselves to God, and trust in Him), presented it at him, and snapped it, but it only flashed in the pan.

"As the house was a wooden building, they began with crows and spades to undermine it, and take away its principal supports. The preacher then addressed his little flock to this effect: 'These outrageous people seek not you, but me; if I continue in the house they will soon tear it down, and we shall all be buried in the ruins. I will, therefore, in the name of God, go out to them and you will be safe.' He then went toward the door; the poor people got around him, and entreated him not to venture out, as he might expect instantly to be massacred. He went calmly forward, opened the door, at which a whole volley of stones and dirt was that instant discharged; but he received no damage.

"The people were in crowds in all the space before the door, and filled the road for considerable way, so that there was no room to pass or repass.

"As soon as the preacher made his appearance the savages became instantly as silent and as still as night; he walked forward, and they divided to the right and to the left, leaving a passage of about four feet wide, for himself and a young man who followed him, to walk in. He passed on through the whole crowd, not a soul of whom either lifted a hand or spoke one word, till he and his companion had gained the uttermost skirts of the mob. The narrator, who was present on the occasion, goes on to say:

"This was one of the most affecting spectacles I ever witnessed; an infuriated mob without any visible cause (for the preacher spoke not one word) became in a moment as calm as lambs. They seemed struck with amazement bordering on stupefaction; they started and stood speechless; and after they fell back to right and left to leave him a free passage, they were as motionless as statues. They assembled with the full purpose to destroy the man who came to show them the way of salvation; but he, passing through the midst of them, went his way. Was not the God of missionaries in this work?"

In the quietness that followed but a few minutes after the preacher disappeared, the people inside the church also went out and escaped. Then the mob awoke "as from a dream," and broke the windows and otherwise vented their fury on the house.

The One who, passing through the midst of the mob at Nazareth, went His way, has promised the gospel worker, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." —From "The Hand That Intervenes."

MY SONG

R. HARE

I might have sung, perchance to regal ears,
In lofty strains that reach the hero's heart.
But then, the bitter sign of human grief,
Within that song could find no part!
Its pean strains might touch the upper skies
And roll in grandeur mid the silent stars,
But Oh! the myriad hearts that weep and wait
Could never tone its choral bars!

So I would sing for sad and lowly ears,
For wearied feet upon the dusty way.
For eyes that weep and sorrowing hearts that sigh,
For midnight souls who kneel to pray!
Earth's kingly eyes need shed no bitter tears,
And sorrow need not dull their rich estate!
So help me Lord, to sing some cheering lay,
To comfort lonely hearts that wait.

I might have spoken words of fiery zeal,
In knowledge deep and all-profoundly grand,
But then the wearied plebian—sons of night
Could never, never understand!
In all, words fitted for angelic strains,
That might have rung across the spangled dome,
But Oh! they could not breathe on hearts that ache,
And wander here without a home!



Does this scene remind you of the happy days of childhood?

Mud Plus

F. H. Cheley

THE annual sale of unclaimed express was going on. The packages were being auctioned off from the railroad platform. Every sort of nondescript merchandise was in the pile, and many sales occasioned no end of merriment. There was a dog cage, but no dog. Maybe he had escaped en route. There was a carton of rat traps; a very ornate baby buggy; rolls of bedding; a tent; two rifles; a collapsible canvas duck boat; a chest of tools, and what not.

The bidding had been spirited. The growing crowd was in good humor, when finally the auctioneer dragged forth what had once been a substantial black patent-leather trunk. It was heavy, too heavy for one man to lift to the table so that all could see, but there was available help at once.

"Here is a trunk which has evidently been in a flood. It shows signs of having been water-soaked; in fact, it is this minute half full of mud. What am I bid?"

The bidding started low, and gradually worked up to one dollar, two dollars, even to three dollars. Then an old-timer sauntered out of the crowd and carefully ex-

amined the leather case, inside and out. He raised the bid and, at five dollars, bought it. The crowd had no end of fun at the old man's expense, but he only smiled, and promptly took his box of mud away on a convenient express wagon to an assayer's office.

Assay showed the hundred pounds of black silt to be worth two thousand dollars. It was full of gold but the untrained and inexperienced eye did not recognize it. It took the prospector, who knew the signs, to guess at values.

Every day we have cast into our hands "mud" of some sort—drab materials that have no meaning because we are not skilled in assaying opportunity. What a lot of fun Opportunity must have just wandering around in all sorts of commonplace garb, literally basking at the feet of folks who are longing for a chance to be "somebody" and do "something!"

Some folks fight opportunity as fishermen fight gnats.

Many have wonderful opportunities surrounding them but do not see them. They are like Ali Hafed, the Persian farmer, who

sold his fertile farm and traveled over the world in unsuccessful search for diamonds, and finally died in poverty and despair in a distant land, while in the meantime the far-famed diamond beds of Golconda were discovered on his despoiled farm.

"James Otis" is one of the best known and best beloved writers of boys' stories. Did you ever hear what he did with his "mud?" In his youth he went to Boston and asked the editor of the Boston Journal for a job as a reporter. The managing editor, thinking to get rid of another determined boy in the very easiest way, told the young chap to go out and see if he could write anything new about the Boston Common. If he could, he might have a job.

In a little while this chap came back with an interesting story about the thousands of initials that idlers had carved on the park benches. His "mud" assayed high. From that commonplace opportunity came a career. He made a few thousand meaningless initials spell opportunity. Asleep on those same benches were numerous poverty-stricken human derelicts who had no ideas.

The man who created the "Five and Ten" was handed a box of mud. His employer instructed him to gather the odds and ends and remnants from the shelves, make them into job-lot bundles, and see if he could not get rid of them. But F. W. Woolworth, instead of bundling them up in a nondescript fashion, spread them out, attractively on the counter, with a neat sign, "Your Choice for Ten Cents." They moved so rapidly that the entire stock was overhauled for odds and ends, and in the sale a great idea was born which has girdled the earth, and which made that boy clerk a millionaire.

And so it was with Tony, the organ grinder, who once played his organ outside the house of Mascagni, the famous composer. Mascagni was often driven well-nigh wild by hearing his compositions "murdered" on hand organs of itinerant peddlers or in passing hurdy-gurdies.

On that particular occasion he left his studio and interviewed the street musician. He did not send him away or argue with him. He merely took the handle of the instrument, turned it around more rapidly and

quicken the time, to the great improvement of the music.

The organ grinder smiled his thanks, and next day he again appeared in the street, but this time his organ bore a new sign, upon which was inscribed, "Tony Robboni, pupil of Mascagni."

In Colorado the mud of thousands of gold mine ore dumps is being worked over by the oil flotation process, a simple plan of gathering the millions of fine particles of gold in an oily scum, then refining the gold.

There is "gold" in the "mud" of your dooryard. Are you resourceful enough to put it to work for you?—Selected.

WESLEY'S TACT

John Wesley once, when traveling, had for a fellow passenger in a coach an officer who was intelligent and very agreeable in conversation; but there was one very serious drawback—his profanity. When they changed vehicles, Wesley took the officer aside, and, after expressing the pleasure he had enjoyed in his company, said he had a great favor to ask him. The young officer replied, "I will take great pleasure in obliging you, for I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request." "Then," said Wesley, "as we have to travel together some distance, I beg that, if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will kindly reprove me." The officer immediately saw the motive and felt the force of the request, and, smiling, said "None but Mr. Wesley could have conceived a reproof in such a manner." The reproof acted like a charm.—"Illustrated Anecdote," page 2.

GIVE AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do,
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline Bridges.



A Shelter In the Time of Storm

Mrs. C. T. Redfield,

Matron Life Boat Rescue Home

OUR experiences at the Home are varied from month to month. The spring, with its warm, beautiful days, have made us anxious to get our early garden in and now the rows are showing up across the garden. Much of the grading has been done in our yard and it begins to improve the looks of things around our Home.

At present we have under our roof twenty-four babies. The experience of one of our mothers is a sad one indeed. Some people from America who were visiting Europe persuaded this girl to come to America with them, promising to pay her way over, to educate her in music and give her many things. After she came over she had hard work to do and they only paid her a very small wage, not nearly as much as other girls were getting, and then they took her fare over here out of her wages. When they did not do as they agreed she made other friends and left them.

This girl, being of a trustful disposition and believing too much of what she was told, was led into bad company and found herself in trouble. She was directed to our Home for help and never will I forget her sweet face and broken heart as she told me her trouble between sobs. She was so thankful to find a place where she could be sheltered from the public.

We grew to love this girl and found her

to be a good girl and we believe the influence of our Home will have much to do in helping her to rise above the mistake she has made. We believe she will live a good life from now on, as we have much confidence in her. The experience of parting with her baby was a hard one but we have found many times that the ones who love their babies the most are the ones that make the sacrifice, realizing it



Enjoying farm life in his country home.

is so much better in years to come for their babies to have a home and a name.

In our work here our hearts go out with a desire not only to provide a home but that these girls may learn of Jesus as their personal Friend who is able to keep them from falling as they go out to face the world again. The Saviour is still carrying forward the same work as when He offered the water

AS I PASSED BY

The past week, while having an occasion to pass the Home, I saw a living picture which will likely follow me for many a day. The picture was that of several little children playing in the play yard of the Home. I have seen the picture of some of these children in The Life Boat, but it made it so much more real to see them just over the fence playing so nicely together and to listen to their little chatter. There has always been a warm place in my heart for the Home for the good work it was doing and from time to time I have counted it a privilege to do what I could to help the work along, but if there never had come under my observation before this anything to have caused me to feel that all that was given was well spent I am sure this would far more than repay it all.

I could not help but think of the work it has taken to give these little children a comfortable home where they are kept clean and everything possible is done to help them to grow up to sturdy, industrious men and women fitted for usefulness in the world. Even the surroundings seemed to fairly burst forth with a smile of happiness and bubble over with real life. I could not help but smile to see the children following about with the men in the garden as they were at work building fence, grading the yards, working in the garden and making flower beds. Everyone seemed to know his place and mind perfectly and yet so anxious to help in whatever was being done. Not a shovel or tool dropped but there were from one to three on the spot to get it first and hand it back to the one who was using it.

While the men were hauling dirt I noticed when a load was being dumped that the end boards and one of the side boards had fallen or been laid on the ground and the children picked them up and were waiting until the load was all unloaded so they might hand them to the men, and then when all was unloaded and the wagon ready to be reloaded how the children did scamper to be placed on the wagon for a ride the short distance the wagon was taken. I would have liked to have had a picture of that scene.

As I went on my way there kept coursing through my mind the beautiful words of our Saviour when He said, "Inasmuch as ye



One of our adopted babies who can look confidently into the future.

of life to the woman of Samaria. Those who call themselves His followers may despise and shun the outcast ones but no circumstances of birth or nationality, no condition of life can turn away His love from the children of men. To every soul, however sinful, Jesus says, "If thou hadst asked of me, I would have given thee living water."

There is no satisfactory rule of kindness but the Golden Rule.

have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and it seemed to me that if the Home were doing no more than helping these children already mentioned that it was doing a worthy work. Then I thought of the twenty or more babies in the cradles in the Home being cared for day and night and also the large number of unfortunate girl mothers given a home and their babies cared for each year and I



The Home children helping the gardener.

was profoundly impressed that such a work could not be done but by the blessing of God first to prepare people to do the work the Home is doing and to impress the hearts of the people who have means to give for its support. Personally, I feel very proud to have a part in the work and more than repaid for the little I have been able to do and I assure you I shall count it a privilege to do what I can in the future.—An Interested Worker.

A FRIEND IN NEED

CLARENCE McCLELLAN

Most of us do not appreciate the rich blessings the Lord gives us until we are in a place where we are not so comfortably situated. We go on day after day receiving the rich blessings of life—pleasure, luxuries, and many other things, all the time forgetting our brother or sister in less comfortable surroundings than we are. As I was thinking of the blessing one receives from helping the poor and needy, my mind turned to Psalms 112:9, "He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor, his righteousness endureth forever, his horn shall be exalted with honor."

Now if Christ could give His life for poor mortal man, what should we be willing to do for beings made the same as we are from the dust of the earth? I believe it was love that caused Christ to give His life on Calvary for poor man and I also believe if that same love gets into our hearts and lives we will willingly sympathize more with our poor brothers and sisters and help them.

Dear reader, I know something of the joy that comes from helping the poor. Several weeks ago the leader of the "Carriers of the Message" band, a band that trains missionary workers, asked me to take some things in to an elderly man who lives in Chicago. I told him I would go and I asked a friend of mind if he would just as soon go with me. He did not want to go at first but finally consented.

With a large package of bedding and some things from The Life Boat Rescue Home, we boarded the train for Chicago. When we neared the old hotel in which this man lived we found about the most pleasant thing around there was the cold air that blew in from the lake. We went up to the second floor and knocked on the door of a room. No one came so we waited around for about thirty minutes. Then we rapped again and a man who looked to be ill came to the door and told us of his troubles and the things he needed. The reason this man is so poor is because he is not able to support himself on account of his physical condition and his age. We had a nice visit and after a short prayer from all three of us we left him feeling good.

Since we made this visit we received several cards and letters from this old gentleman. It seems he can not thank us enough for our kindness to him. He says "My bed looks like a snow ball. Who would ever have thought I would have lived to need another quilt? When you come to see me again you will have to tread softly on my rug. I look like Red Riding Hood in the underwear you brought me."

It pays to serve others. We came home feeling we had spent a profitable afternoon in the Lord's cause. Let us keep this good work going.

MY DAILY PRAYER GRENVILLE KLEISER

If I can do some good today,
If I can serve along life's way,
If I can something helpful say,
Lord, show me how.

If I can right a human wrong,
If I can help to make one strong,
If I can cheer with smile or song,
Lord, show me how.

If I can aid one in distress,
If I can make a burden less,
If I can spread more happiness,
Lord, show me how.

If I can do a kindly deed,
If I can help someone in need,
If I can sow a fruitful seed,
Lord, show me how.

If I can feed a hungry heart,
If I can give a better start,
If I can fill a nobler part,
Lord, show me how.

THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION

MRS. D. A. FITCH

Traveling over the country by auto and camping gives one an opportunity of realizing the vast amount of work that would have to be done were man the only agent to fulfill the promise made in Scripture that the earth will be made new. Too, the great length of time necessary for its accomplishment might bring us into eternity itself. Man has done much to improve and beautify the earth, but a record of that which remains to be done would constitute a much larger volume than that of what has been done.

There are rough roads to be made smooth, jagged rocks to be removed or converted into things of beauty, drift wood and decayed trees to be burned, weeds to give place to vegetation useful and ornamental,

barren soil to become fertile and fruitful to blossom like the rose, mountains to be leveled, valleys to be raised to normal height, deserts to be abundantly supplied with living springs, and most and best of all there is to be a radical transformation in the character and condition of man.

The whole human family at their best would require long ages for the accomplishment of such a task. An impossibility stares us in the face. It is conceded by seamstresses that more thought, time, skill and effort are required in the making over of an old garment than when new cloth is used. This thought may well be applied to the work God is to do in recreating the earth. In the beginning it was made from nothing and He did it in six days. Will He require any greater length of time to form the New Earth from the material we see about us? We are not to limit the power of the Creator nor define His plans, but thoughts will arise in the mind and it may not be altogether out of place to express them, and especially when so much is at stake with ourselves as now faces us in the eternity just before us.

From the last chapter of Peter's second epistle we learn that fire is the agency to be employed in ridding the old earth of its useless material. Is it possible that the New Earth is to be formed from the ashes of the old? We will not speculate too much for we shall be satisfied with whatever God in His love and generosity sees fit to bestow, remembering that whatever is ours to enjoy is just so much more than we deserve. We are entitled to it only because it has been promised through the sacrifice of Jesus in our behalf.

A CALL TO PRAYER

If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night, and toss it over
A continent or sea;
If the petaled white notes
Of a violin
Are blown across a mountain
Or a city's din;
If songs, like crimson roses,
Are culled from this blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?

—Edith R. Fuller.

The Doctor Says—

Conducted by M. S. King, M.D., Loma Linda, Calif.

Through this department our Life Boat readers may receive authentic information of a medical nature from a physician of wide experience, by sending in your questions to the Life Boat magazine or to Dr. King direct. All questions must be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender. Answers will appear from month to month in this department. No names and addresses will be published.

Is quinine taken internally for fevers bad for one's health?

The principle febrile disease in which quinine is used extensively is malarial fever. It is a specific drug in this disease, its therapeutic value being due to the fact that it kills the malarial parasite. It is not altogether harmless in its effects, but in acute malaria its beneficial effects outweigh the harmful results. It is somewhat toxic to the system in general and to some extent probably destroys white blood cells. The prolonged use of quinine tends to produce an anemic condition and such toxic effects as defective eyesight and hearing and therefore is not as much indicated in chronic malaria as in the acute forms.

What is the best treatment for a badly sprained ankle?

A sprained ankle is the tearing or laceration of the ligaments and structure around the joint. Hot and cold applications to the inflamed area several times daily, absolute rest and if the pain is severe elevation of the foot is the routine method. Later on massage and when it is permissible to start walking, either strapping of the ankle with adhesive tape or a suitable brace is a good thing.

What kind of diseases are discovered only with a blood count?

A blood count is often an important aid in the diagnosis of disease and no full examination is complete without a routine blood count. There are certain diseases which are primarily disturbances of the blood or blood-forming organs, which give rise to certain symptoms but which can hardly be diagnosed in any other way except by a blood count. Then conditions include such diseases as pernicious anemia, the leukemias Hodgkin's disease, and other primary anemias.

Are intestinal parasites killed when food

is cooked? On what raw foods are they most commonly found? What are the symptoms? Which is the most dangerous?

Intestinal parasites are killed when food is cooked thoroughly. They are found most commonly on raw vegetables, especially those which grow above the ground and which are fertilized by human manure. There is quite a variety of symptoms produced. The bowel suffers such irregularities as constipation, tenderness along the colon, mucus and blood in the stools, gas, poor appetite and nausea. There is also a tendency to weakness, nervousness, general run-down condition and depression. Pains and aches about the joints and muscles, neuritis, and other complaints of a rheumatic order are common. Sometimes the patient apparently suffers very little discomfort. A one-celled microorganism known as *Entameba Histolytica* is the most dangerous, especially as it is the most common cause of liver abscess.

What is migraine?

Migraine is a syndrome of which headaches are the principle feature, these headaches being of a periodic recurrence usually and undoubtedly being caused by a disturbance of the endocrine glands. Heredity undoubtedly is also a factor. These headaches are usually unilateral and accompanied by nausea and visionary disturbances. They usually begin to disappear about 45 to 50 years of age.

Will radium cure cancer in an advanced stage?

Radium is of value all right in the treatment of certain types of cancer. If the cancer is superficial or of easy access and has not spread too far often it can be cured by radium. Malignancies in the deeper organs can not be reached by radium and, of course, it is of no value in that type of growth.

The Prisoner's Page

In this department are published extracts from letters received from prisoners, also any word of advice to prisoners. This department belongs entirely to prisoners. We shall try to make it just as interesting and helpful as possible and encourage all behind the bars to correspond with us.—Editor.

WHEN DADDY COMES HOME

(From a little girl in New York whose father is a prisoner.)

"Daddy gave me your address, so please tell him I wrote you. You are so good to give Daddy magazines and he is pleased that he has such a good friend, so you and I must be friends. I wish I could see you for real and have a nice little chat together.

"We went down to see Daddy before Easter and we had a nice visit.

"My birthday is in August and my brother's in May. He will be 14 and I'll be 13, so you see we'll be big children when Daddy comes home."

There are many boys and girls who are waiting for Daddy to come home. While little faces are pressing against the window pane waiting for Daddy to come home, we are trying to reach these fathers with The Life Boat in hopes it will enable them to come home better fathers. In many a cell there is a picture of some little boy or girl—the only tangible connection between prison and home, the only inspiration the prisoner has to leave those walls of stone. Your donation to The Lighthouse Crew may be the means of bringing someone's Daddy back to his home a bigger, better man.

"PLACE A FLOWER ON HER GRAVE FOR ME"

(From a prisoner in Stillwater, Minnesota.)

"Again I take pleasure in writing these few lines to you hoping they will find you enjoying good health and happiness and all the good things of life. I am very glad to say that at present I am quite well and getting along nicely in my work.

"As I was reading the last copy of The Life Boat I noticed that there was an article regarding the death of Mrs. Swanson. I was so very sorry to hear that she has passed

away. Sometime in the future we all have to go to our eternal home. May we be as well prepared as the good Mother Swanson was.

"During the time I lived in Chicago I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Swanson several times. I am truly sorry for her loved ones she left and sympathize with them over their loss. I would like to know if I would send some money Decoration Day if it would be too much trouble to buy flowers to place on her grave. If you can will you let me know when you write to me again?"

Who could ask for a better monument than to have one of earth's weary travelers who had been helped by your life ask that a spray of flowers be placed there where you lie? Kings and rulers could not ask for more. This is true greatness.

SORRY HE DID NOT RECEIVE LIFE BOAT YEARS AGO

(From a prisoner in Bellefonte, Pa.)

"Your wonderful little book, The Life Boat, received tonight and I surely was real glad to see it come, as I know when it comes I can enjoy a few hours in happy reading, as I know this little book is small but within its pages is a gold mine of happiness.

"I wish to thank you, Mrs. Clough, and all the members of The Life Boat. You folks are surely kind to me even though I am a stranger. I also wish to thank you for publishing my last letter. I hope someone may read it and start on the upward road towards a better life. I really feel much happier than I ever felt before since I had the pleasure of reading your little magazine.

"I pass The Life Boat around among my friends with a real recommendation, but they do not need a recommendation. Their pages tell the story and are a real help and I can say that you never get tired reading

them over as they are not like other books or magazines that you read once and then are tired. Thanks for that.

"I am sorry I did not receive your little book a few years ago as I spent quite a good deal of my life around Chicago and I am sure if I could have gotten one of The Life Boats to read then I do not suppose I would be where I am at this time. I know better days are coming soon. I never did make many friends outside. In fact, I guess the reason for that was because I was always on the go, but it makes things look brighter and makes a fellow feel like trying when he has a friend as you folks have been to me. I guess if I had not found this little magazine when I did I would still be traveling on in the dark, so to speak. I am surely thankful that things can be brighter by a little help.

"I know you folks are happy to know just how much happiness and cheer that you are spreading out over this land of ours and within prison walls. I know you can not help but be happy as I have had the experience and I ought to know. I have seen how much this book has done for men around me. I do not suppose I shall ever be able to repay you in full for your kindness and the time you spend to write me a few lines of cheer. God bless you, dear kind friends, in your work, and may He keep you in the best of health. My prayers go out to you and I ask that you will always remember me in your prayers."

God got Israel out of Egypt in one night, but it took Him forty long years to get Egypt out of Israel.

LONGS FOR THE LIFE BOAT

(From a lifetime prisoner in Marquette, Mich.)

"I received your very kind letter and the friendly tone appealed to us as a message of good cheer and godliness.

"Some unknown friend has sent me The Life Boat for the past year and besides being an inspiration for all the good left in me, it has been a source of great pleasure. I have begun to look forward to the next issue with longing that words cannot express. I am a life time prisoner and for the past seven years have been in solitary confinement and my reading matter has been limited. I pass

The Life Boat along to the other boys who find it as interesting as I and I hope that some have benefited by it. They are always eager to get it and by the time it makes it rounds you would never recognize it as the pretty little magazine I first received. So you see it does a gigantic service.

"I am always interested in the prisoner's page and would contribute something from time to time that might benefit shut-ins who have a willingness to better their condition, both spiritually and materially, but I haven't the confidence in my ability to express my thoughts in a proper manner.

"This poem, 'Mother,' may interest some of the readers. It appeals to men who idolize their mother, man's best, staunch and loyal friend. I sent in a poem, 'If a Bird in a Cage Can Sing,' and failed to state it was selected and not my composition, but this poem, 'Mother,' is mine and I have a number of others.

"I am sending you a beaded bag I made especially for you with your initials on it, gratis. I am taking advantage of your kind offer of assistance by asking you to try and sell the other two for me. I make a small profit which keeps me supplied with a few extras and material. This is my pass-time, which helps to while away the long hours and days of solitude.

"I am very proud of the Morning Watch Calendar you enclosed in your letter. I like the poems therein. I am a member of the Good Cheer Society, a sort of club whose aim is to strew good cheer to shut-ins. I use what extra money I get to send a few little things to unfortunates. I have a little girl that has tuberculosis who is bed-ridden out in Kansas. I write her cheerful letters and send her things—stamps, stationery, floss, silk ornaments and magazines. Two of her sisters died with tuberculosis and she herself is in bad shade.

"I shall be pleased to hear from you again and I assure you of a prompt reply as much as my writing privileges will permit. I shall close with best wishes and ask God to bless you in your noble work."

We have these two beautiful bags in our possession and if any of our readers are interested in buying one or both of them we

shall be glad to write you prices and give you a description of these beaded bags. You will be pleased with these bags and will be

doing some splendid missionary work by supplying this lonely man with some spending money. Write us if you are interested.

MY FAITHFUL FRIEND

The sweetest word in all this world;
Is Mother's name to me.
Her faithful hand has smoothed my brow,
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
And when I see her slender form,
With care and sorrow bent,
How gladly would I bear her load,
Till all my life was spent.
When trouble grasped me in its arms,
And held me as its prey,
She was my faithful, steadfast friend
Along the dreary way.
Now on her face I see the lines
Of sorrow and of care;
Perhaps 'tis I, the one to blame
For those lines being there
Had I but heeded her advice,
Her wishes to obey,
And shunned the company that I kept,
I'd not be here today.

The bond of friendship and of love,
Between us ne'er will part,
The prison bars can never alter
My faithful mother's heart.
It seems somehow the day will come
That I can yet repay
The debt of love I owe her
And kiss her tears away,
But I fear that now her stay with us
Is but a visit here;
The Master with the summons
May be standing very near.
So each night as I lay me down to sleep,
Her image I recall
And ask God's hand to guide her
And keep her safe thru all.
Take what I have of worldly gain,
Take home, liberty and all,
But spare, O Time, my mother dear,
The truest friend of all.

—From Marquette Prison.



"IT IS HARD WITHOUT YOU"

(From a prisoner in Fort Madison, Iowa.)

"This letter is to thank you for your letter of February 19th, and also for the copy of The Life Boat received a few days later. I want to assure you that I more than appreciate the interest shown on my behalf and to the many others that you are sending The Life Boat to within this institution, for I know that it is received with gladness. I am in the chaplain's office and I distribute the various periodicals which come to this office and have a great many calls for this magazine.

"You asked regarding my spiritual welfare. That, dear editor, I am very happy to say, my peace is with God. We all need the prayers of God's other children for by praying for each other we strengthen the petition we offer our Maker.

"I appreciate the interest you have shown in writing, for letters from others help very much. My loved ones at home, of course, need me and are anxious for my speedy return to our home. Only a few days ago my daughter, who is in high school, wrote, 'We are trying to be happy, Daddy, but it is awful hard without you,' so you see there is a most human incentive out there to work and pray for. I must have other help beside human help to fight on and keep strong in mind, body and soul, for there are others that depend on my cheerfulness and the brightness which I send regularly to them. God is my defense and deliverer and He is more powerful than all of man-made traditions and is able to bring every condition under control.

"Again thanking you for The Life Boat, and the interest shown by your letter, and remember mine and myself in your prayers."

HELPING HIS COMRADES

(From a prisoner in San Quentin, Calif.)

"I received your welcome letter this evening and was very glad to hear from you, knowing that you are a servant of His. I am very much interested in your little book, 'The Life Boat.' I have no one to write to me and as I had been praying for some real Christians to correspond with, I took your letter to me as an answer to my prayers.

"I thank you for the Morning Watch Cal-

endar. I surely will read it and memorize the verses in it. It will be easy for me to memorize them for I am not wasting my spare time but am using it by taking a complete Bible course from Moody Bible Institute, and I thoroughly enjoy it.

"When I am fortunate enough to get a copy of The Life Boat, you can not realize how happy the moments I put in reading it and letting every word sink in because it is the truth one needs in here. If the Lord sees fit for me to have one for myself, I shall have something else to praise Him for. The greatest thing I praise Him for is that He has re-claimed me and as the lost sheep I am the one and He is again my Shepherd.

"Right here I am going to make a confession that I believe will help others. When I was in the East I was a real Christian, always ready to pray and testify. Just as soon as I began to think I did not have to pray the devil got busy and I listened to his wily ways and when locked up, those I thought were my friends left me and I said, not in very fine language, that I never would trust Tim again and that I did not want anyone to even mention the Bible to me. Even after I received my sentence for a term of from one to ten years I was that way. I even went so far as to deny all religion on record, but when I lay on my bed at night it seemed as if the Lord was asking me if I thought I was doing right and if others had not fallen and come back? The more I thought about it, the more it hurt and finally I cried out to Him and sang praises to Him. He heard it and I am rejoicing and know He will use me here among my comrades. Every Sunday I testify in our open-air meeting in the yard and by living the life while working.

"If I were going to write my experiences for a tract I would name it, 'You May Fool Yourself, But You Can Not Fool Christ.' Since this experience I often think of what might have happened if I had kept on denying Him, but you can believe me, I am grounded deep in the faith and instead of being on the shifting sands my anchor is on solid rock. When I gain my freedom I am going to tell my story wherever He leads me and in my small way be a life-saver and

give His cheering words just as The Life Boat brings cheer to me.

"I trust to hear from you again and I request an interest in your prayers that I may continue true to Him and that I may be instrumental in bringing many of my comrades to Him."

DESIRES A FRIEND

(From a Prisoner in Stillwater, Minnesota.)

"You will be surprised to get this letter, I expect. As I have no one to write to I thought I would send a few lines to you and I shall tell you I am a prisoner in the State Prison at Stillwater, Minnesota.

"I happened to hear some of your young folks who came to the Chicago jails and police stations some time ago. I had quite a talk with one young fellow, but I can not think or remember what his name is. I was

there at the time to help a friend out of trouble and I was so impressed with their efforts to help others that I stayed to hear them. I did not think at the time that I too some day would need a friend and none came to extend a helping hand.

"I shall be very glad to hear from you if you can find time to send me a few lines in the future or if you know of some one who would write to a lonely fellow, I would be very thankful.

"I hope that these few lines finds you and yours enjoying health and happiness these beautiful winter months."

Perhaps some of our readers would like to write this man and bring a ray of sunshine behind those walls. You may secure his address from The Life Boat office if you desire to write him. We have his name on The Life Boat subscription list.

	<h2>EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT</h2>		
	<p>Caroline Louise Clough Editor</p>		<p>J. G. Lamson Associate Editor</p>
	<p>Contributors: D. H. Kress, M. D., J. F. Morse, M. D., Mary Paulson Neall, M. D., R. A. Hare, M. D., J. W. Christian</p>		

FAITHFUL STEWARDS

Just the other day a man placed in my hand a piece of gold money he had been saving for twenty or twenty-five years. An aunt had given this piece of gold to this man when a young boy and he had kept it in a safe all that time out of respect for his aunt, who never spent gold money. After his aunt had passed away he felt free to spend the money and he thought of our Life Boat Rescued Home and its needs. All these years this piece of gold has not been bringing in any interest. Now, since this steward has invested this money in the life and soul of a little baby it will pay compound interest all during this life and we trust throughout eternity. The value of even the least of one of our babies who lie in our Home can not be measured even with gold.

Ten dollars and the following letter from

a friend of the work brought courage to our hearts:

"It is rarely that I have the sum I enclose to answer a call, but this was put aside toward a visit to a cousin who is failing in health. As we once had sorrow in our own family I always feel a pull at my heart-strings for these 'other sister's' needs, so I give gladly as the dear Lord's steward ought.

"As recipients of His bounties, we are accountable to Him for the use we make of His abundant gifts. The greater the blessings, both spiritual and temporal, that He bestows upon us, the more will He require of us in the final accounting. The bounties of God are bestowed but for one purpose—that of honoring Him."

ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER OF THE LIFE BOAT?

THE TOUCH OF CHRIST

We have found in Dr. Miller's book "Make the Most of Life" a very encouraging and suggestive story of a good woman in Sweden who opened a home for crippled and diseased children—children for whom no one else was ready to care. In due time she received into her home about twenty of these unfortunate little ones. Among them was a boy of three years who was a most frightful and disagreeable object. He resembled a skeleton. His skin was covered with hideous blotches and sores. He was always whining and crying. This poor little fellow gave the good lady more care and trouble than all the others together. She did her best for him and was as kind as possible—washed him, fed him, nursed him, but the child was so repulsive in his looks and ways, try as hard as she would, she could not bring herself to like him, and often her disgust would show itself in her face in spite of her effort to hide it. She could not really love the child.

One day she was sitting on the veranda steps with this child in her arms. The sun was shining brightly and the perfume of the autumn honeysuckles, the chirping of the birds, and the buzzing of the insects, lulled her into a sort of sleep. Then in a half waking, half dreaming state, she thought of herself as having changed places with the child and as lying there, only more foul, more repulsive in her sinfulness than he was.

Over her she saw the Lord Jesus bending, looking lovingly into her face, yet with an expression of gentle rebuke in his eyes, as if he meant to say, "If I can bear with you who are so full of sin, surely you ought, for my sake, to love that innocent child who suffers for the sin of his parents."

She awakened with a sudden start and looked into the boy's face. He had awakened, too, and was looking very earnestly into her face. Sorry for her past disgust and feeling in her heart a new compassion for him, she bent her face to his and kissed him as tenderly as ever she had kissed a babe of her own. With a startled look in his eye, and a flush on his cheek, the boy gave her back a smile so sweet that she had never seen one like it before.

From that moment a wonderful change came over the child. He understood the new

affection that had come instead of dislike and loathing in the woman's heart. That touch of human love transformed his peevish, fretful nature into gentle quiet and beauty. The woman had seen a vision of herself in that blotched, repulsive child, and of Christ's wonderful love for her in spite of her sinfulness. Under the inspiration of this vision she had become indeed as Christ to the child. The love of Christ had come into her heart, and was pouring through her upon that poor, wretched, wronged life. She had gotten the touch of Christ by getting the love of Christ in her heart.

A WORD OF COURAGE FROM A LIFE BOAT AGENT

"How good the March number of The Life Boat really is! If it helps others as much as it has helped me I would be willing to spend a week in jail to get it into the hands of the people."

COME AGAIN

A letter from a friend in Kansas says, "Dear Old Life Boat, I have been without your visits for over two years and have surely missed you, so I am inviting you to come see me again. Enclosed is \$2.00. Use the balance as you wish."

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Prof. W. E. Howell, Pastors J. L. Shaw and L. W. Graham were among our visitors at the Sanitarium from Washington, D. C.

Pastors W. H. Holden and S. T. Shadel, Prof. W. L. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bloum, all from Berrien Springs, Michigan, were callers at Hinsdale recently.

R. U. Garrett and wife from Battle Creek, Michigan, visited friends at the Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Pastor R. E. Harter of Chicago spent several days at the Hinsdale Sanitarium as a guest.

J. M. Rouse, from Mountain View, Calif., was listed among those seen at Hinsdale recently.

The Sanitarium family was made very sad March 17 when Wilma Paulson, the daughter of N. W. Paulson, treasurer of The Life Boat Magazine and Rescue Home, passed away. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Paulson our deepest sympathy.

Pastor J. L. McElhany of Washington, D. C., called at Hinsdale Sanitarium recently while enroute from the Pacific coast.

"What is a stairway but a series of obstacles? Yet you rely on the stairs to help you mount to a higher place. If the life road had no obstacles to surmount, who would ever get up? No one can climb on thin air.—Wellspring.

REMEMBER THE LIFE BOAT HOME IN YOUR WILL

Here is a form to follow:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Rescue Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum of dollars, to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Life Boat Rescue Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation.

The Life Boat

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

Entered as second-class matter July 17, 1908, 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.

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Editor:
Caroline Louise Clough

Associate Editor:
J. G. Lamson

Contributors:
D. H. Kress, M. D. R. A. Hara, M. D.
Mary Paulson Neall, M. D. J. W. Christian
J. F. Morse, M. D.
Business Manager: N. W. Paulson

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Single copies, 15 cents.

Yearly subscriptions, \$1.50.

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.

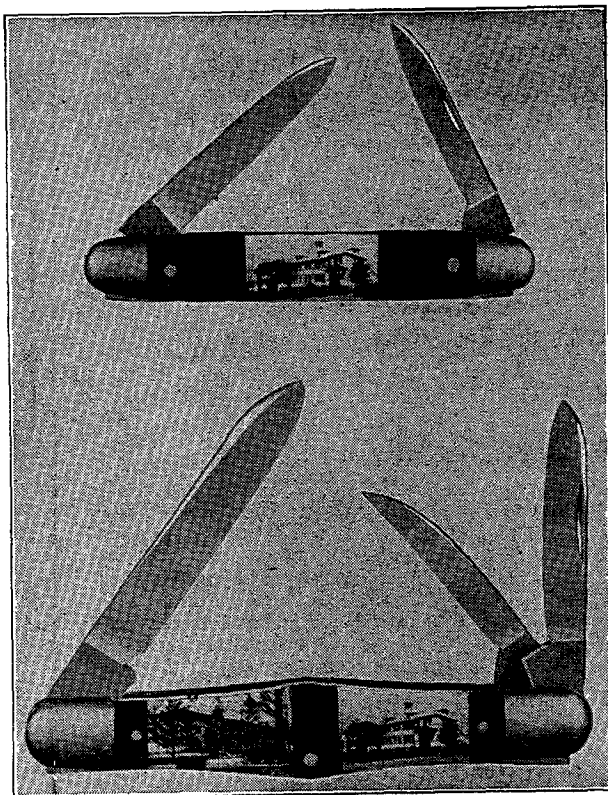
Sincerely yours,

.....

.....

.....

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 tempers 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.

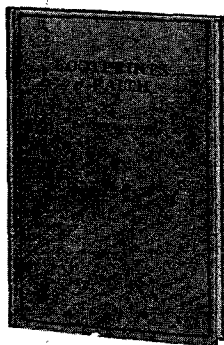
This wonderful quality knife can be yours by sending in only **TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE LIFE BOAT AT \$1.50 EACH**. The ladies' size will contain a ring attachment, not shown in illustration.

"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.

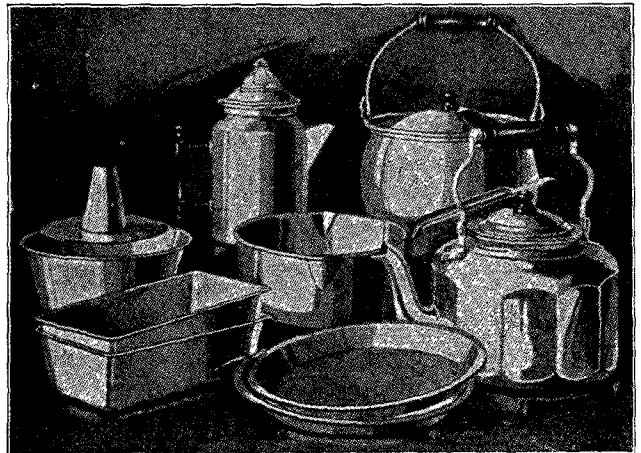


Aluminum Ware

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.

THE - - - CANODE PRINTING BRONSON COMPANY

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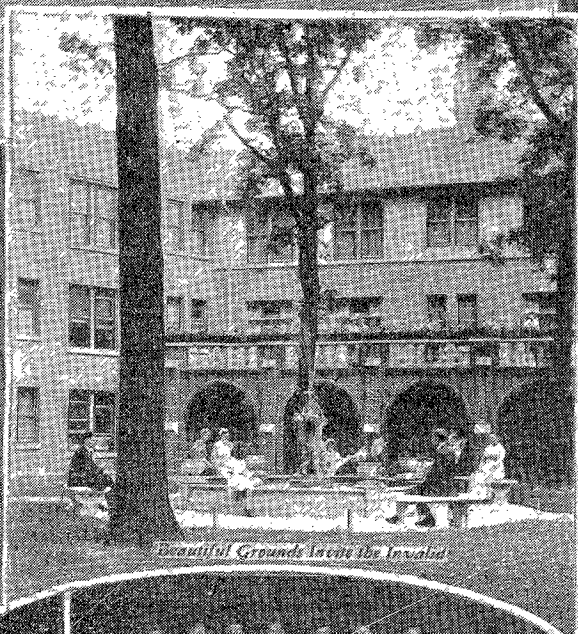
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