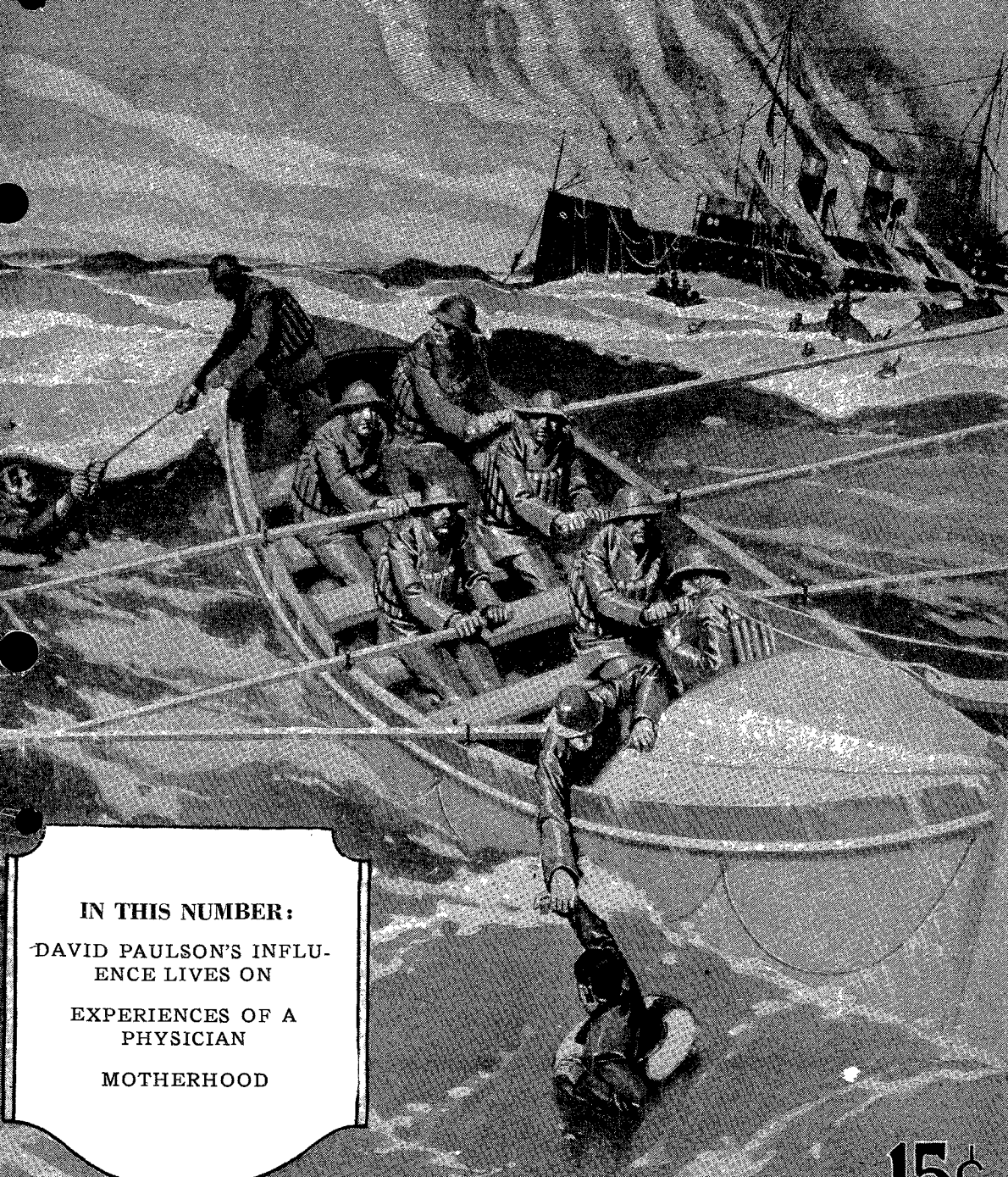


THE LIFEBOAT

MAGAZINE



IN THIS NUMBER:

DAVID PAULSON'S INFLUENCE LIVES ON

EXPERIENCES OF A PHYSICIAN

MOTHERHOOD

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THE LIFE BOAT
Hinsdale, Ill.

THE LIFE BOAT

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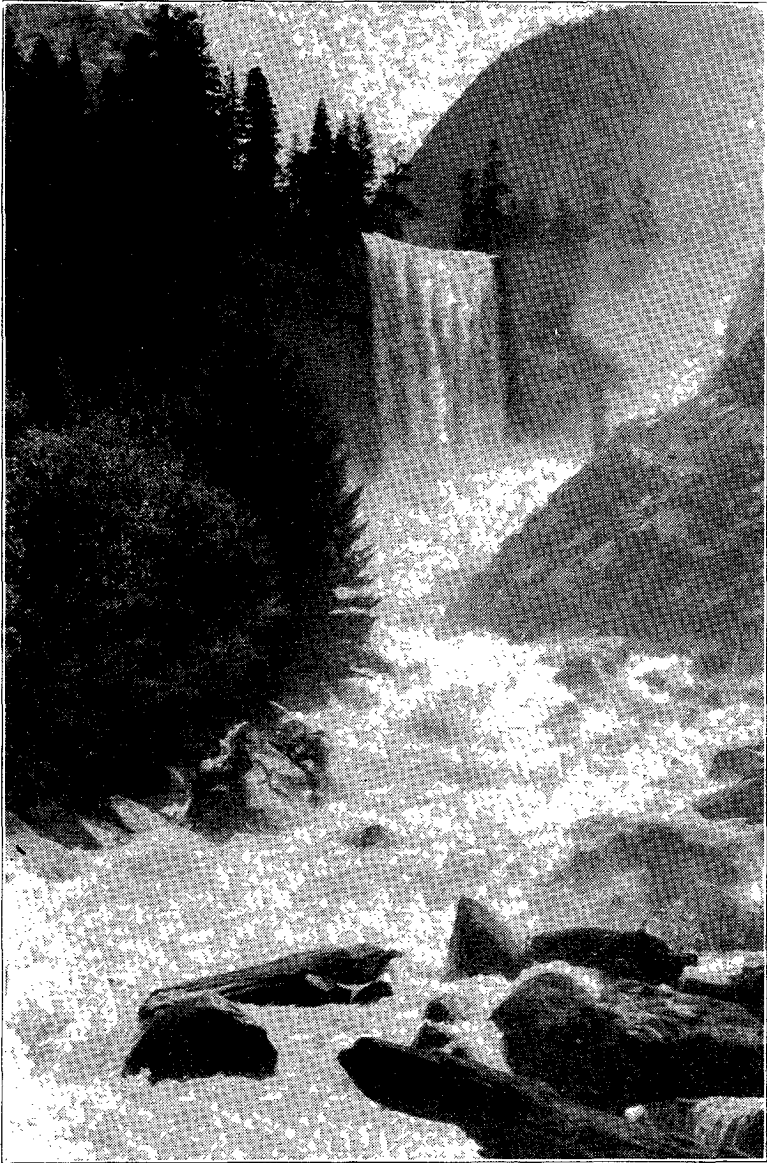
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Unpathed Waters, Undreamed Shores—Shakespeare.

David Paulson's Influence Lives On

Percy T. Magan, M. D.

[An address delivered on the occasion of the dedication of the David Paulson Memorial Hall in Los Angeles, March 13, 1932. All of our readers who have known or heard of the former editor of this magazine, the founder of the Hinsdale Sanitarium and the Girls' Home at Hinsdale will be deeply interested in this address. The book published by The Life Boat entitled, Footprints of Faith, is brim full of experiences and inspirational sayings of this man of God. Send a dollar for a copy.—Ed.]

WE ARE gathered together this night to dedicate this building to the memory of a great spirit now dead and gone. We are doing this because Dr. David Paulson dedicated his life to the ideals of the Master Physician and trod in the footsteps of the lowly Galilean who spent His strength of body and unselfishly poured out the fulness of His soul's endeavor in behalf of the sick, the suffering and uncared for of earth.

But as the rugged Lincoln put it in those immortal words at Gettysburg, "in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow" this place. He told his fellow men and women that the brave men, living and dead, who had struggled there, had consecrated that ground far above the poor power of those assembled on it that day to add or detract. The same is true of us; the real dedication of this place has been done by the one whose loss we mourn and whose life we revere. Our medical brethren will little know nor long remember what we say here, but they never can forget what David,—son of Paul that he was as his name implied, did during his sojourn in our midst. It is for us, the living, rather to be consecrated here to the unfinished work for which this man unflinching lived and loved and labored. Truly and sincerely we can say with the Great Emancipator that it is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from the life of the one we are honoring tonight we may take increased devotion to that cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion; and that we may highly resolve that this man's life shall not have been lived and

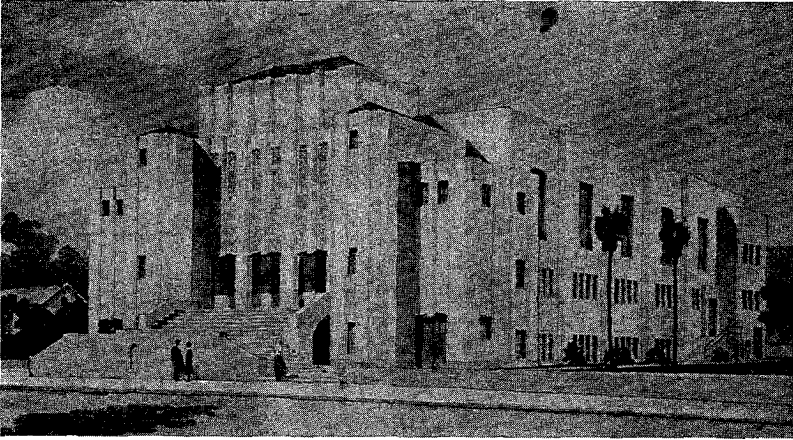
that he shall not have died in vain as far as we are concerned.

The Things We Can Do To Honor Those Who Have Gone Before

There are two things we can give in gratitude for those who have gone before. One is to remember them,—that is a small thing. The other is to do, according to the measure of our power, the things which they did. This is a continuing thing. It means the loyalty of our spirit to those visions and tasks which were the best of our friends' lives. It means living and working that the faith which inspired them shall continue and increase in the earth.

The Cathedrals of Europe

It has been written concerning the great cathedrals of Europe,—cathedrals that took as long as six full centuries in building. "What dreams dawned upon the minds of those who planned them at their start. What ideals may well have thronged the thoughts of those who, midway in their construction, wrought here a graceful spire or there a buttress!" But at every stage in the building all the past depended upon the present. The generation then alive could leave to ruin and neglect, or bring to culmination, the things the fathers had conceived. Any sensitive man at work upon the structure during the six centuries of its building, may well have heard his forefathers pleading: "Lo, How great a thing we planned! And now the responsibility for its furtherance falls on you; Fail us not." And it is so with us today; the ultimate value of all that has been done in the past depends upon what we do during the present. A full realization of all those mighty visions which the



The David Paulson Memorial Hall in Los Angeles.

great spirits who have preceded us brought to their birth can only be if we are faithful to our trust.

The Commemoration of the Dead

It is a serious thing to commemorate the dead,—to bring back again to earth those who have gone before, that a generation who knows them not may, as it were, be blessed and inspired by their presence, by their words, their deeds and their godly lives. To do this is a fine task indeed. I think it was the great Lord Macaulay who once said that when Milton spoke all the burial places of the mind gave again their dead. Those of us who are called to, as it were, cause David Paulson to live again do so with firm faith that they are presenting to you one of the master lives of earth.

“What Mean Ye by These Stones”

It is written in the Great Book that “It came to pass, when all the people were clean passed over Jordan, that the Lord spake unto Joshua, saying, Take you twelve men out of the people, out of every tribe a man, and command ye them, saying, Take you hence out of the midst of Jordan, out of the place where the priests’ feet stood firm, twelve stones, . . . that this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? Then ye shall answer them, That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of

the Lord; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were cut off: and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel for ever.”

The White Memorial Hospital was built as a memorial to Mrs. Ellen G. White and this fine building has been erected to the memory of Dr. David Paulson. In naming these edifices as we have, we have departed a bit perhaps from the ordinary custom of our people, but surely it is a noble thing to commemorate the lives of these spiritual souls who gave us such a great inspiration when they were with us so that in days to come these memorials may bring to the hearts of our children thoughts of the consecrated walk of the ones whose names these temples bear. In the New Testament the names of the illustrious spirits who blessed Israel by their presence in the olden time were frequently held up as examples to those then living. The life and work of the blessed Master was linked with the life and work of Elias, of Jeremias and of the prophets. At one time in sacred story the people were referred to Noah, Daniel and Job and told that if they were present then they could but deliver their own souls by their own righteousness. And on the twelve gates of the heavenly city are twelve names written,—the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. And the wall of that city has twelve foundations in the which are engraved the names of the twelve apostles of

the Lamb. Consequently, we hold that it is meet and right that this place should commemorate the lives and names of those who have done so much for us.

The Story of David Paulson

And now I come to the simple story of this man's life:

The parents of David Paulson had emigrated from Denmark to the United States in 1863, and had settled first in Wisconsin where David was born on October 27, 1868. A few years after this the family moved to Dakota where he passed through all the hardships incident to pioneer life. Poverty in those years was the common lot of all frontiersmen. The family lived in a sod house, at that time practically the only kind of dwelling in the then far Northwest. There David became inured to the rude privations, and the rugged, toilsome life of the plains.

His brothers tell that when only a child of tender years he was always of a deeply religious turn of mind, having a firm belief that the providences of God would care and provide for him. He would often tell the story how when a little boy herding cattle afoot on the lonely prairies he would pray that God would send him a pony so that he could do this work without incurring so much fatigue. The pony was never given to him, but his faith in God remained unshaken that a Father in Heaven did and would do all that was best in his case.

When fifteen years of age he was stricken with diphtheria. One night as he lay apparently unconscious, his Father and his elder brother, Nels W. Paulson, conversed together in low tones by his bedside, the trend of their talk being that there was no hope of his life and that they must provide for his rescuing place and burial. Ill as he was, he caught the drift of their words, and, raising his heart in earnest prayer, pleaded with God to spare him, promising that if this was done he would devote all his strength to the service of the cross. His brother relates how immediately after that, a marked change was noticeable in his condition. He began to gain and was soon out of danger.

In the year 1888 he entered the Battle Creek College. This was the same year that the speaker first entered there, and we sat across a narrow aisle from each other in

the Chapel. When the school closed in June, 1889, he began his first work in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, his lot being to carry hot water to the rooms of the different patients at an early hour. Then to wash tin-ware at a kitchen sink, and in the evening to work as bellboy.

His lot was a hard one, and he has told how day by day his heart became more and more embittered against the institution and those who were managing it, and how he fast began to lose his hold on God. He has related how only one man, the cook, in all that large establishment ever enquired concerning the welfare of his soul, and states that this humble worker seemed determined that the last spark of spirituality should not die out of his life. In this the cook was successful, and, under the hand of God succeeded in expelling these bitter thoughts, and awakening in his heart anew the desire to serve God. Commenting upon this, Dr. David afterwards wrote: "My star will be in that man's crown throughout all eternity."

He studied medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and at Bellevue, New York.

In the year 1895 Dr. Paulson assisted his lifelong friend, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in founding the American Medical Missionary College in Battle Creek, Michigan, and Chicago, Illinois. The object of this institution was to train young men and women who would consecrate their lives to unselfish missionary effort.

In 1896 he was united in marriage to Doctor Mary Wild whom he had known in his College days, who remained his faithful helper and companion throughout life's work.

The Forty Nurses

There was no room for him in the inn. Some of the Doctors said he was unscientific and they did not want him around. Accordingly with his wife he left the Battle Creek Sanitarium and went to Chicago with some forty nurses who were anxious to dedicate their lives amongst the poor and uncared for of earth.

In a way, to human sight, it looked as if to do this was to relinquish position and material prospects for themselves. Dr. David Paulson at that time was one of the

sanitarium specialists in nervous diseases and Dr. Mary Paulson also held an important place. To leave the great institution with all the possibilities which lay before them for scientific medical work was undoubtedly a heavy cross. But a mightier voice than that of any earthly institution was speaking to their innermost hearts, and with that quiet dignity and self-sacrifice which had ever marked his life, and with his young wife willing to do anything which would forward the Master's cause in the world, Dr. David turned his back upon all earthly prospects and the material professional advantages which a great institution offers and with his little band of nurses, came down to the great city which from that day forward was destined to be blessed by his unselfish labors.

The headquarters of the little company were at 1926 Wabash Avenue. There were no comforts and but little money with which to carry on the work. In those early and hard days Dr. David's constant companion and fellow-worker was Mr., now Dr. W. S. Sadler. Together they labored to train their band of workers to carry on a medical missionary effort amongst the poor of the great city. Toil and hardship was their lot, but the work grew and prospered.

The Founding of the Hinsdale Sanitarium

In 1904, through the assistance of a noble and unselfish soul, the late Mr. C. B. Kimball, Dr. Paulson founded the Hinsdale Sanitarium at Hinsdale, Illinois. The beginnings were small. In a built-over barn he opened the work and there received his first patient. Those were days of poverty and struggle, but God sent him rich friends as well as poor. The initial gift of a little land and a small building as stated above, came from his friend, Mr. Kimball. Then, later, a comparatively large amount of money was placed at his disposal by a man whom he had rescued from the curse of drink and who afterwards had become the possessor of considerable wealth. . . . When he prayed with this afflicted soul he never thought that any advantage to his own work would come of it. He used to say, "If I will take care of God's poor, God will take care of me and give me friends in my day of need."

Last Illness and Death

On February 14, 1916 he was taken very ill with a raging fever and profound toxemia. He was loath to quit his post but finally agreed to spend a while resting with some of his oldest friends at Madison, Tennessee. Later he went to Boulder, Colorado, in the hopes that that salubrious climate would benefit him. But he rapidly grew worse.

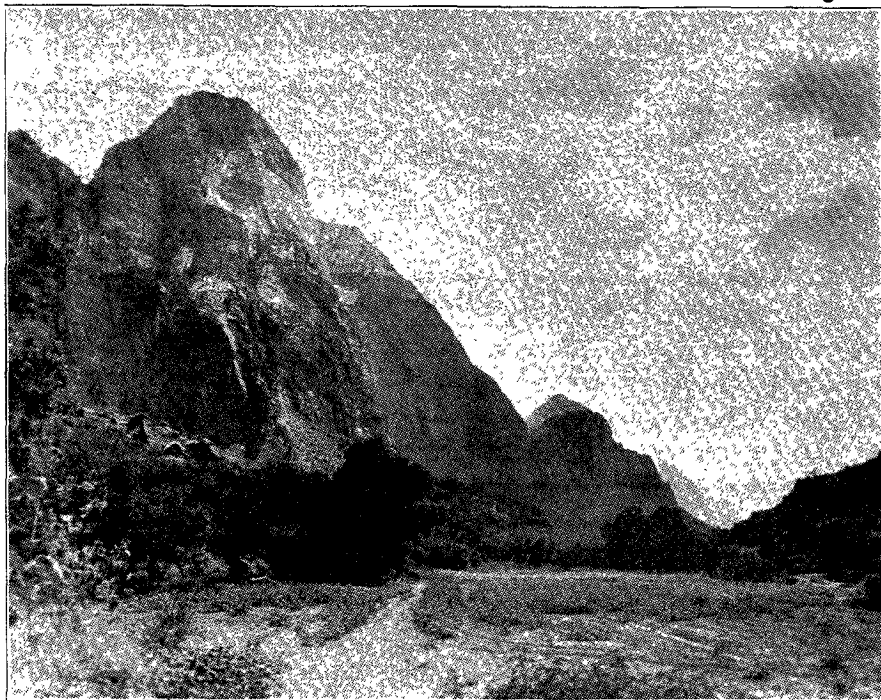
Then it was on September 24th that he undertook his last journey to Ashville, North Carolina, where for a while he seemed to rally, when a sudden change came for the worse. Even those days in the valley of the shadow were not without their stars of comfort and of hope. Many earnest seasons of prayer were engaged in for the doctor by his friends. Old friends, some from among the noted of earth, among them Mr. W. K. Kellogg, journeyed hundreds of miles to visit the sufferer in his humble cottage. His faithful wife, Dr. Mary Paulson, Mr. W. K. Kellogg, Miss Martha Borg, now superintendent of nurses at the White Memorial Hospital who had nursed him all through his sickness, and the speaker were there when he passed to the great beyond.

The end came on Sunday, October 15th. A great life had passed across that dark channel whose waters so narrowly separate the island of time from the mainland of eternity.

He was buried from the Hinsdale Sanitarium where his voice had so often been heard encouraging men and women to give their hearts unselfishly to the service of their fellow men and of their God. He was buried under the shadow of the sentinel oaks in the Hinsdale Cemetery garbed as they were in the russet and brown of their autumnal foliage. He was laid to his rest in the presence of hundreds of friends whose moistened eyes and quivering song told of the deep love and loss they felt.

A Simple Story of Simple Faith

Many stories are told of David Paulson's piety and his earnest longings after his fellowmen. The most touching of all these that comes to my mind just now is one which was related to me by Dr. Franklin H. Martin, the Director General of the American College of Surgeons. He related this to me just a few weeks before David



Not Less Enduring than the Everlasting Hills is the Influence of a Life of Faith.

died. We had walked together from the Hinsdale Sanitarium to the Highlands Station where we took a train for Chicago. I asked Dr. Martin what he thought of our dear friend's chances for recovery. He replied, "I fear they are very slender" and then added, "Let me tell you a story:

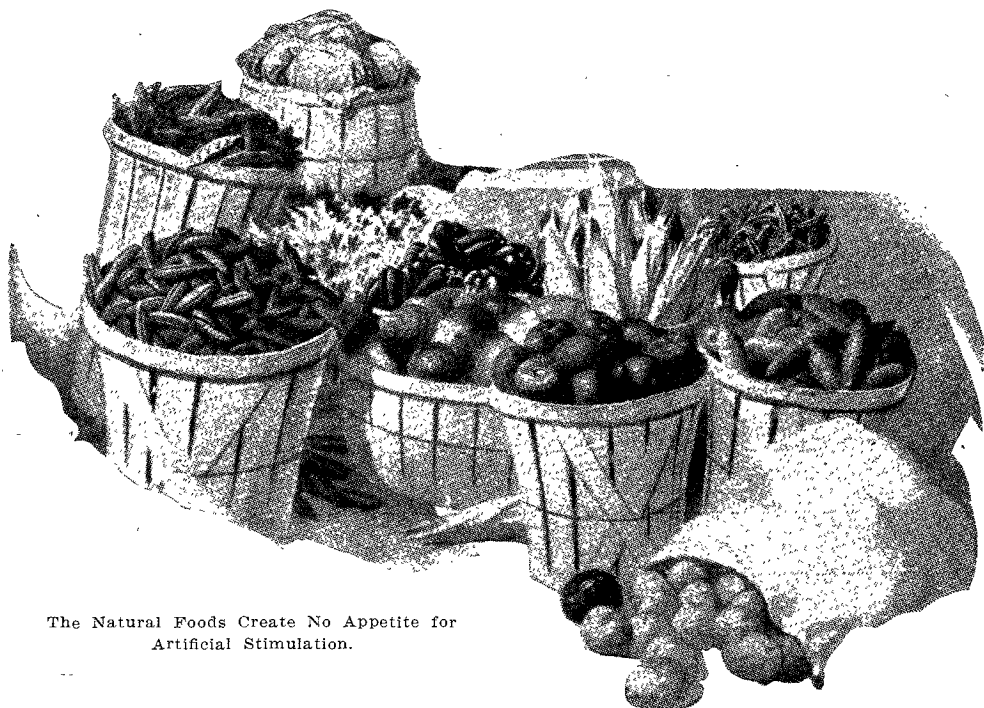
"I was called to Hinsdale one day to operate on a woman who was afflicted with an abdominal cancer. A few moments sufficed, after we commenced our work, to satisfy me that surgical aid was impossible and futile. I told the nurses and the poor patient's people that we were powerless. After leaving the operating room I came along the same walk that we trod today. Soon I was conscious that someone was following me with quick and hurried step. I turned to see David Paulson coming after me. He caught me by the arm and said, 'Dr. Martin, what about this poor woman?' I replied, 'Nothing can be done for her,' to which he rejoined, 'Well, maybe you are right, humanly speaking I suppose you are, but after all, Franklin Martin, there is a God in heaven,

there is a God in heaven, there is a God in heaven and that God can raise people up when you and I fail.' Then he turned and wended his way back to the Sanitarium and I went on mine to the Highlands Station. Dr. Magan, let me tell you two things, if any one else in all the world had talked to me after David Paulson's manner I would have set him down at once as a fanatic and a visionary religionist, but it was never so with David Paulson. Somehow or other when that man spoke a feeling amounting to certain knowledge took possession of my soul and I felt that I was in the presence of one to whom God was a real living, personal friend and confidant. It was ever thus. And again, and this is the second thing I must tell you, the Hinsdale Sanitarium is a good place, Dr. Mary Paulson is a talented woman and her nurses have done great things, but when all is said and done many a soul who has come to the Hinsdale Sanitarium for help would be beneath the sod today were it not for the fact that David Paulson had prayed them back to life and health."

Still Dr. Martin continued,—“Months passed away and one day this woman whom I had pronounced hopeless walked into my office. At first I did not recognize her and then it was that she told me this story,—‘I was lying on my bed still partially under the influence of the anesthetic. I heard my relatives saying that Dr. Martin had told them I could not live. A horror of great darkness filled my soul. I felt I could not go and leave my husband and children who needed me so badly. Soon I heard the voice of David Paulson praying. He seemed to be talking with God about me and telling his

Father in heaven how greatly my family needed me. I lay very still and the prayer continued and went on and on and on. Then it was that a great peace filled my soul; I knew that there was one man who could talk with God most intimately and whose heart longings God hears.’ I examined that woman and found no trace of malignancy within her, and as far as I know she is living and well today.”

This is a simple story but well illustrates the simple faith of a great soul in his Eternal Father.



The Natural Foods Create No Appetite for Artificial Stimulation.

Experiences of a Physician

D. H. Kress, M. D.,

Neurologist, Washington Sanitarium and Hospital, Washington, D. C.

A SHORT time ago a woman, fifty-one years of age, called at my office. She complained of being extremely nervous and of having sleepless nights. She said she found it difficult to work and had lost interest in things she ought to be interested in. Upon inquiry I found that five years pre-

viously at the age of 46 (an age when she ought to have known better) she resorted to the use of cigarettes. Her husband, she said, smoked and encouraged her to smoke with him. “Since most of the people we associated with smoked, both men and women,” she said, “I did not regard this as a wrong

thing to do." It soothed her nerves temporarily.

I told her that it would take **two** to cure the patient, the doctor and the patient, and that on her part it would be necessary to give up the use of cigarettes altogether, since this had much to do with her present physical condition. After I had conversed with her for a time she expressed a willingness to do this, but she said, "Doctor, you know I smoke about forty cigarettes daily. I cannot give them up all at once." I said, "You cannot give them up in any other way than all at once," and assured her that in all my experience as a physician in treating such cases I have never known anyone to give up smoking in any other way but at once. I told her it is possible to cut down gradually (a very painful process) from forty to twenty, and then to ten, and later to five, but it is just as difficult to give up the last five as it would have been to give up the forty at the beginning, and by doing so it would have been possible to avoid the agony of cutting them down gradually. She finally said, "Well, I will give them up," and she did. This woman has been with us three weeks. The other day when in my office she said, "I do not even crave cigarettes." She then said, "You know I make no profession of being a Christian. I am a woman of the world, but I try to be true and have brought up a son and a daughter that I am proud of, but neither one of them make a profession of Christianity. They are good children."

I knew from what she said, and from what I could observe of her character, that there must be a background for it, that she herself evidently failed to recognize. I said to her, "What about your mother? Was she a Christian?" "Oh yes," she replied, and then she began to tell me all about her, what a wonderful mother she had and what a noble Christian character she possessed. I said, "I thought so." Then I said to her, "Did it ever occur to you that if you had not had such a mother, you would not have the kind of children you are so proud of? Unknown to you some of your mother's virtues have been transmitted and have appeared in you, although you make no profession of being a Christian. And through

you, unconsciously, some of these same virtues have appeared in your children. You can thank your godly mother for having such children."

This seemed never to have occurred to her but it is undoubtedly true.

There is a proverb that reads, "As is the mother so is the daughter." By whatever good a young man or a young woman may possess we can usually determine something of what his or her mother was. I do not mean to say that young men and young women who have had godly parents may not go astray, or that young men and young women who did not have godly mothers cannot be saved, but somehow the mother's life and her early inculcation of divine principles proved to be an anchor to this woman who is now my patient. Whatever good may have appeared in her children, whether they themselves ever make a profession of Christianity or not, we must attribute chiefly to that grandmother.

The Sins of the Fathers

A few days after the arrival of this woman another woman about thirty-five years of age arrived. She was partially under the influence of drink on her arrival. During my first conversation with her, she demanded just one cigarette. "That," she said, "will be the last one I will smoke." I knew it wouldn't be. To pacify her I secured just one cigarette for her. When she was through smoking it, I was informed, she telephoned to her mother. I know nothing of the conversation that took place between them, but late in the evening the father, who is a prominent physician, called me over the phone and said he and his wife were coming over to see me. After talking with them, I told them of the conversation I had with their daughter, and how she had promised that she would give up smoking. The father said, "If you can get her to give up smoking you can do something I have been unable to do." The mother then handed me two packages of cigarettes that she had brought to give to her daughter. She then went to the daughter's room, and in a brief period returned saying the daughter was determined to go home with them. I said, "Let her go. I can do nothing for her without her cooperation." Had the father and mother not

appeared there is a possible chance I could have helped her. I pitied this father and mother. The father swore and said she was headstrong and that they could do nothing with her. But the father himself is a heavy smoker and I am of the opinion that the mother smokes. This young woman does not possess much to work upon. She has not the background of the other one.

Twenty years ago I read a paper before the Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Narcotics on the unpopular subject of tobacco and especially the cigarette. The paper received very favorable comments by prominent physicians who were present. One physician, however, found exceptions, and said he did not think cigarettes interfered with either the physical or the mental development of boys or girls. A strange position for a man of his standing to take. He lowered himself in the estimation of other physicians who were present. It was this physician who sat before me in my office anxious for me to help his daughter who had smoked, the mother informed me, since she attended high school. She began to smoke, in fact, about the time when this father, 20 years before, said cigarettes were in some instances even beneficial. As I looked at the father all of this passed before me, but neither he nor I referred to it. The poor daughter is suffering the results of the

father's transgression. I did not observe any evidence of true refinement in either the father or the mother. Both appeared to me to be living on rather a low plane spiritually. What could I expect of their daughter?

I do not wish to be understood as intimating that such a child cannot be saved, but what I do mean to say is that there is not much in the heart of such a one to respond to appeals to lead a better life.

The prodigal of the Bible returned because he had had the right kind of home training. He had a father that actually ran to meet him when he returned. Nothing is said of this prodigal's mother, but I venture to affirm that that prodigal boy had a praying mother. While the father ran to greet him on his return, it was chiefly the mother's life and prayers that drew him.

Paul in writing to his young convert Timothy, said, "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt **first in thy grandmother Lois and in thy mother Eunice**; and I am persuaded that in thee also," recognized that virtues are transmitted. They may be possessed even by those who make no profession of Christianity. Upon inquiry it may be found that many are indebted to a godly mother or grandmother and that they possess no virtue that they had not received.

"How the Jailer at Phillippi was Caught"

AT ONE time D. L. Moody was preaching in St. Louis on the subject of the Philippian jailer and the Globe-Democrat of that city came out the next morning with the sensational headline, "How the Jailer at Phillippi was Caught." A copy of the paper was carried into the city jail, and fell into the hands of a notorious prisoner named Valentine Burke.

This man was one of the worst characters known to the St. Louis police. He was about forty years old at that time, had spent about twenty years in jail, and was then awaiting trial on a serious charge.

As Burke glanced over the morning paper, the headline caught his eye. Thinking that it was some jail news he began to read it.

He was so anxious to see how the jailer was caught. He thought he had once passed through a town called Phillippi in Illinois, and supposed this was the place referred to.

Every now and then he came across the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." That text was quoted nine times in the sermon.

Burke wondered what had happened to the Globe-Democrat and looked at the date. It was that morning's paper all right. He was disgusted, but he could not shake off that text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." God used it to convict him, and a sense of his responsibility before God rushed upon him. There in his cell at midnight he prayed for the first time

in his life. On the following Sunday he talked with the Christian friends who held service in the jail, and was led into the light of the gospel.

From that night Burke was a changed man. The sheriff thought he was playing the "pious dodge," and had no confidence in his professed conversion. But when he came to trial the case against him was not pressed, and he escaped through some technicality.

For some months after his release Burke tried to find honest work, but no one would take him, knowing his past history. Men looked upon his hardened face and turned him away. The poor fellow, realizing that his sin-blurred features were against him, asked the Lord to make him

A Better Looking Man

so that he could get an honest job. The prayer was assuredly answered, for when I met him, months afterwards, he was a fine-looking man.

He went to New York, and was taken in by a member of the police force who knew him and who told him that he would shoot him dead if he abused his confidence. Being unsuccessful in New York he returned to St. Louis.

One day Burke received a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the courthouse. He obeyed with a heavy heart. "Some old case they've got against me," he said; "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying."

The sheriff greeted him kindly. "Where have you been Burke?"

"In New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to find an honest job."

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?" inquired the sheriff.

"Yes," answered Burke; "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion."

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed ever since you left jail. I suspected your religion was a fraud. But I am convinced that you are sincere, as you've lived an honest life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once." He did so, and discharged his new duties with such unflinching fidelity that business men began to

tip their hats to him in token of respect.

This was in 1880. When I was preaching in Chicago in 1890, Burke, who had not been off duty for ten years, came to see me. During all that time there had been many changes in the administration of the sheriff's office, and they had changed every deputy but him. Finally they appointed that ex-convict treasurer of the sheriff's office.

I preached in St. Louis again in 1895. A short time before my visit an evangelist was called away in the middle of revival meetings. The committee wanted Burke to come and preach in his absence, but the sheriff said he had just levied on a jeweler's store, and had not had time to take an inventory and Burke was the only man he could trust to put in charge of it!

He was held in such confidence by the police that they did a most unusual thing: they gave him the photograph they had of him in the Rogues' Gallery. He had his photograph taken again in 1887, and in sending a copy of this, along with the original Rogues' Gallery photograph to Mr. T. S. McPheeters of St. Louis to show the change in his features, Burke wrote a note:

"Notice the difference in the inclosed features. See what our holy religion can do for the chief of sinners." On the back of the Rogues' Gallery photograph he wrote:

"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the needy out of the dung-hill; that He may set him with the princes, even with the princes of His people." (Psa. 113: 7, 8.)

This incident shows what the grace of God can do for a hardened sinner. Not only can it save him, but it can keep him. Valentine Burke lived an active, consistent Christian life in that public position until he fell asleep in Jesus in 1895.

I believe that in all our jails and penitentiaries there are just such rich jewels that will sparkle one day in our Saviour's crown if we will only arouse ourselves to put the way of life before them. The conversion of such men as Valentine Burke and Jerry McAuley ought to stir us all to do something definite for prisoners.

The person with a warm Christian experience will have a cool head, but will never have cold shoulders or cold feet.

“What Price Glory?”

Henry Stephen Premier

Chaplain, Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Illinois.

GLORY and greatness still bulk large in the minds of men, so does a toy gas-balloon in the eyes of an infant. Most every one of us at some time has sought bigness in some phase of modern life, only to find that we have been blowing bubbles as an innocent pastime. The slogan “Things Bigger, Better, and Busier” is mockery today, for we have been swamped by bigness and busyness in overdevelopment and overproduction.

Take the Empire State Building as an example. With all of “Al” Smith’s publicity and with all its ornate chromium, hardly more than a fourth of that colossal structure is leased. There is stands, a monument of yesterday’s glory and folly in over-expansion and over-reaching. Signs on neglected subdivisions, swinging in the wind, are still saying, “Own Your Own Home.” Their message, more than the need of paint, is an eyesore to many home-loving hearts, who once owned mansions and bungalows and who saw the deflation carry away their equities and bank savings. Surely such seeking of home and fireside for wife and little ones was a legitimate expansion. The sorrow of it was that much of it was ill-advised and poorly timed. What a price it all has cost!

On the other hand, see to what lengths men will go who are dominated by an aspiring spirit to gain the temporary applause of men! Their reward may be a gold or bronze medal, a mere iron cross, or the popular vote of acclaim. Jesus says, “It shall not be so among you.” Hear Jeremiah: “Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.” Jeremiah 45:5.

The strife for the highest place, and ownership of the biggest things, is the outworking of that spirit which was the beginning of the great controversy. Lucifer originally was like that, and the seed—pride, haughtiness, and covetousness, which he has sown, has germinated. It sprang forth in the life of Adam: he desired to be like the gods. It

has since budded, blossomed, and borne its fruit, down through the ages.

Beside this plant of human aspirations, exaltation, and fame, God planted the seed of true greatness. It too has budded and blossomed, and its fruit is revealed in the ennobled lives of those who through Christ came into the world not to wield, but to yield; not to exercise authority, but love; not to be served, but to serve.

Imperial Glory

Both kinds of greatness were revealed in the life of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. He was a monarch of universal empire, and his rule dominated the remotest corners of the known world. Around him was amassed the greatest wealth that earth could produce; splendor and pomp had reached their zenith under his reign.

We see Nebuchadnezzar walking on the top of his palace, intoxicated by his own greatness, and complimenting himself on his own achievements, saying: “Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?” At once, although standing on the pinnacle of fame and power, the king was stricken by that dread disease, Lycanthropy, and he became degraded to the level of the beasts. What price glory!

After seven years of humiliation, he was once more restored to dominion and excellence. The lessons he had learned during this time lead him to say from the abundance of a converted heart, “Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and His ways judgment: and those that walk in pride He is able to abase.” What contrast!

In the eighth chapter of Daniel, we have Medo-Persia, Grecia, and Rome mentioned successively as “great,” “very great,” and “exceeding great,” and how? They were great against God, cast the truth to the ground, trod the sanctuary underfoot,

killed the Prince of the host, and made war against the saints. Theirs was greatness minus Christian character. Jesus, speaking to His disciples, said, "It shall not be so among you."

Over the triple doorway of the cathedral of Milan are three sculptured designs. One is a beautiful wreath of roses, with the inscription, "That which only pleases is but for a moment." Another is a crown of thorns, with the words, "That which trou-

of a hundred battles—Austerlitz, Jena, Marengo, and Waterloo. Great military strategy and knowledge were his. He was the personification of world greatness. But his was martial renown arrayed against moral excellence.

"Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, facing the French empire in Canada, was a successful soldier, cradled in war. There, looming away in the skies, were the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the

THE SPIRIT OF GREATNESS

“UNLESS our age can grow men who, in spirit and mind, are as big relatively to the engines they create as were the pioneers to the simple instruments of their toil, then the inevitable end will be that men will shrink while things expand until the machine will master the men. When this happens, you have fallen back into the relations and dimensions of savagery. A man may build a palace; but if, when the palace is finished, the man is enslaved in the effort to support it, he would be better off and more of a man in a wigwam.

“GREATNESS is the soul. And progress is measured by the dominion of the moral nature over the works of mind and muscle.

“JESUS of Nazareth was absolutely without material instrumentalities of power. He organized no system of government; created no army; built no monument; wrote no book. He simply was. He knew that the greatness of men is to be measured only by their relationship.

“TODAY the Man of Nazareth stands, as He stood two thousand years ago, far in advance of the world, and He still remains the ideal toward which the spirit of man strives but never attains.”

—Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton,
Leslie's Weekly, November, 1919.

bles is but for a moment." But over the stately doorway of the grand entrance that leads to the middle aisle is a cross, above which we read, "That only is important which is eternal." Wouldst thou be great? Wouldst thou gain bigness and glory for thyself? That greatness is truly great which is eternal.

Military Glory

You may visit Paris and see the tomb of Napoleon, look down on the sarcophagus of that great general and emperor, the hero

strongest fortress on the American continent. Wolfe, guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties; on, on he fights until under the walls, fighting in deadly conflict, wounded, stretched upon the grass, faint with loss of blood—with sight already dimmed, his life ebbing fast, cheered at last by the sudden cry of victory, and then his dying breath mingling with shouts. On the same day, on his way to the battle, he was heard to repeat to himself Gray's *Elegy in a Country*

Churchyard. A strange prelude to a battle! When he had finished the recitation, he said in a low but earnest tone, that he 'would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.' And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out; the true glory of the poem still shines with star-bright, immortal beauty."—Charles Sumner.

What a striking commentary on the shallowness of martial renown and the endurance of moral excellence!

We have another wonderful example in the story of Jonathan. His father, King Saul, was a failure, and his campaign against the Philistines was failing. Saul went to the suburbs of a town in his home district, and sat down in the shade of a pomegranate tree, waiting to be ministered to. Although great as the world counts greatness, Saul lay there consoling himself, and being consoled, excusing himself, and being excused. Meanwhile Jonathan said to his armor-bearer, "Come, let us go over to the Philistine garrison."

Jonathan breathed a prayer to Heaven, and immediately a trembling fell upon the enemy. The whole chapter of his life shows the secret of a Christian's success—trust in God, though others slept in carnal security; faith to say, in the face of a multitude of the enemy, "There is no restraint to Jehovah to save by many or by few;" faithfulness to the Lord's anointed, David; although Jonathan was crown prince himself, by inheritance a king, he was willing to give way to the shepherd boy, willing "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Jonathan was truly great.

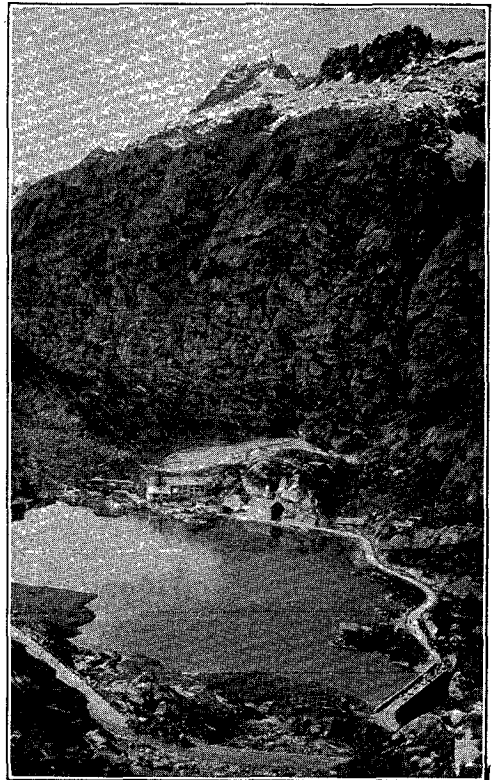
Divine Evaluation from Heaven

Gabriel, the greatest angel in heaven, said of John, "He shall be great." Yet no man humbled himself before men as did John. He was the greatest prophet the world had ever seen. Christ Himself said so: "Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John." Yet his work was done out in the desert. He was not surrounded by worldly greatness at any time. We have no record of his receiving any honor or reward. Aside from Christ, he is the greatest example of humility—diametrically opposite to the greatness of his day.

He came not to wield, but to yield; not to exercise authority, but to manifest love; not to be served, but to serve.

He possessed an unswerving loyalty to God and Christ, and to the message of preparation for the first advent; strong adherence to principle, with no desire for prestige, position, or power. Christ could say of him, "Did you come out to see a reed shaken by the wind?" Nay, he was like a mighty cedar of the Lebanon hills.

It demanded courage to be different from all Jewry in dress, diet, and theology. It demanded steadfastness to be ever pointing to the Lamb of God. When John's disciples came to him, jealous and envious of Christ's success and following, he could say, "Does not the 'best man' rejoice in the joy of the bridegroom?" In spite of the heavy pressure from all sides, he could still persist; "He must increase—He whose shoes I



Greater Shadows Fall from the Lofty Mountains.—Virgil.

am not worthy to unlatch—He must increase, but I must decrease.”

In the face of imprisonment and violent death, he stood before Herod and Herodias, and faithfully witnessed against sin in the high courts of the Roman governors. Finally he perished alone in a dungeon. John the Baptist was truly great.

Our Lord Jesus on the eve of the greatest triumph of all time, of all the universe, stooped to wash the feet of His disciples, and urged them ever to do likewise, thus to eradicate the spirit of self-seeking.

We see our Lord, hanging on the cross, the personification of greatness; suspended between heaven and earth, He was greater than all the kings of the world. All nature testified to His true greatness. The sun was darkened at noonday. An earthquake shook Golgotha to its very foundations. The lightning flashed. The faces of the rabble gathered blackness. Multitudes beat their breasts. High priests, Roman officials, temple dignitaries, all forgot their greatness eclipsed by the true greatness of the One who could say, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”

Are you willing to be great? Mr. Bouck White, in his article entitled “The Fear of Being Great,” says: “Sounds a bit odd, doesn’t it? The fear of being great! Why, bless you, you exclaim, we’re not afraid of being great, we’re afraid we won’t be great.

“Nothing of the sort. You’re afraid to be great. That’s what is the matter with you. And as long as that fear has right of way in the organization of you, you won’t be great.

“But I can’t be harsh with you. There are excuses for this fear of yours. To be

great is to suffer greatly, to be greatly misunderstood, greatly embattled, greatly aloof and alone. To be great is to have one’s visage marred more than any man, and one’s form more than the sons of men. I hardly blame you for not wishing to pay the price. Washington paid it; and Lincoln. Both were great, because greatly beset and buffeted. Read the letters of Hamilton entreating Washington to accept the presidency, when that great heart shrank from the task. The dark days of the war—defeats, impoverishments, disloyalties, domestic treason, and foreign levy—had worn him down so that now he cried out for ease from the burden. Nor were they cries without cause. No president than he was ever so savagely vilified.

“And Lincoln—man of sorrows, man acquainted with grief! His countenance witnessed for him in the matter. Costly the price he paid! His deep, sorrowful eyes and his stricken face tell the story. It is known of all.

“Yes, you’re afraid to be great; afraid to stand alone. You choose to be like others—to float with the tide; to go with the crowd, a gregarious nonentity! That’s the herding instinct, which deteriorates men. It’s the easiest way and it will keep your soul scrawny forever.”

What price glory? The answer is Character, Sacrifice, and Suffering as He ordains. You have come to a time like this, not to wield, but to yield; not to exercise authority, but to exercise love; not to be served, but to serve. Will you pay the price in the coin of the realm?

Kenneth Comes Back

Corina Stevens

IT WAS a cold, dreary day in late October. Rain was falling slowly outside and the dead leaves were falling everywhere. It all seemed to fit in with the gloominess and hopelessness which filled Kenneth’s mind as he sat in the train rapidly approaching a large midwestern city.

His gaze seemed to be fixed on the win-

dow although nothing but rain and darkness could be seen. Had he turned his head, large tear drops could have been seen in his brown eyes. Something quite unusual in a healthy boy of nineteen years.

This boy had never really known a father’s love. As long as Kenneth could remember, his father had been cruel to him and to his

mother. He was drunk most of the time, making life in general very unpleasant for Kenneth's mother. Neither had he been a help financially. The faithful mother had supported both him and her son. No wonder that when he died the year before it seemed a relief.

Kenneth sat reviewing in his mind the scenes of the last few days. Less than a week before God had taken his darling Mother away. Her work here was finished. But what of Kenneth? With her death seemed to go the hopes, ambitions, and high ideals he had always cherished. She had been father, mother, and pal to him. Indeed, she had been his inspiration through his life. He had determined to make good—to be a successful physician for her sake. But now, what was the use? No hopes now of going on with his medical career.

After all settlements had been made on the old home, there was very little money left. It made it necessary for him to find employment as soon as possible.

As the train came nearer and nearer its destination Kenneth became more and more nervous. He had never been in this large city before and he would arrive at night. Where would he stay? Would he find work? These were the questions that filled his mind?

About 10 o'clock the great train came puffing into the station. He walked out into the street that was crowded with people; but Kenneth had never felt so alone in all his life. He found lodging in the Y. M. C. A. that night and the next day started the seemingly endless and hopeless search for employment.

Night after night he would come back to his small dark room, weary and almost discouraged. Then he would think of his mother's last words of encouragement and would not give up. His thoughts seemed always to take him back to his old home, and friends back in the little friendly town from which he came. How he wished he could be back with them, just for tonight! How much he needed just a word of encouragement or a kind smile. But it seemed that in this city, nobody cared. Each night before he retired he would read his Bible and then kneel in prayer as his mother had always taught him to do.

After a time he found work in a large factory with many other men. They were friendly, and after the weeks of loneliness and longing for a friend, Kenneth was glad to make their acquaintance, although he realized that they were not the good, honest, and truthful young men that he had known at home.

When they invited him to go places that he knew he should not go, at first he refused. But going back to that dingy old room with its loneliness and heartaches was just too much. So little by little he gave in and accompanied the gang. Although it hurt his conscience he found special allurements in doing these things because they were all new to him. He found that they kept him from that feeling of homesickness so he kept on going farther and farther away from what he knew was right.

Soon he began to leave off his Bible study and prayer at night. He never thought of going to church anymore.

He did everything that his gang did. A good sport, they called him. He did not have that twinge of conscience any more; however, he did not get all the real happiness out of it that he had expected. Something seemed lacking so he went farther and farther in his search for pleasure.

Days, weeks, and months went by. Kenneth had a good job now that was paying a good salary. He drank excessively, often going on sprees that lasted for days. He lost his position because he could not keep up his work. This sent him more and more to drinking. He tried to find work but was unsuccessful. Soon the little money that he had was gone. As he was just about to his last cent he was tempted by some friends to join them in a hold-up to be staged the following night. It seemed like easy money and that was what he wanted so he decided to go with them.

The next night as the time drew near, Kenneth had a feeling of fright, and somehow his conscience again came back. He almost lost his nerve and wanted to turn back. But then again the thought of the money lured him on. He would do it!

With three other men he held up two men and in the attempt someone shot and one of the men was killed. Kenneth's three friends escaped, leaving him alone. Of course, he

was caught, taken to the police station. Then followed the court, the trial, and Kenneth was alone. None of his friends came to help or give him any encouragement.

Yes, he was convicted and sentenced for several years. When he comes out he will be an older man and he has decided that he will be a different man. For in the lonely cell, again he recalled the day he had knelt by his mother's bedside before her death. He remembered how he had promised to always

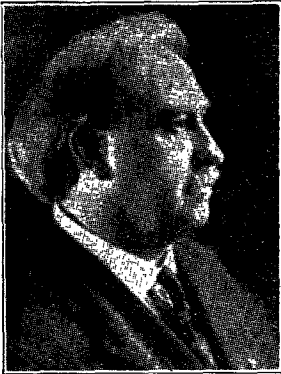
read and obey the "Good Book." He remembered also how he had solemnly promised that he would go straight and be a real man. He hung his head in shame as he thought of how miserably he had failed that wonderful mother of his.

He realized, too late, what he had done. Too late, yes, to save him from paying the penalty for his wrong. But it brought him to a realization of what he had been doing and saved him for eternal life.

Rescue Mission Steps Into the Gap

Caroline Louise Clough

MANY years ago a prominent Western fruit merchant became interested in the cause of the down-and-outers. He gave up his interest in gathering oranges and



Tom Liddecoat, Founder of the Los Angeles Midnight Mission.

began gathering fruit for the kingdom of God by opening a mission in Los Angeles' poor district. He called it the Midnight Mission for it was always open to any man who was in need of help.

Here Thomas Liddecoat buried his fortune and his health.

He was on hand when the prodigals came back to their father's house. Boys long mourned by their loved ones were reconciled by "Tom," as he was called in a very endearing way. Hundreds, yes, thousands of men who had lost their way thank "Tom" Liddecoat for bringing them back to themselves.

When we visited the Mission some years ago, Mr. Liddecoat pointed with pride to certain spots that were sacred to him because there a soul was born into the kingdom. The little prayer room in the balcony was his favorite spot.

Just the other day we visited again this

Midnight Mission. We found it in a new location, a larger building and doing a great work. We were ushered into the office of Mrs. Govell the Executive Secretary. She told us that she was a preacher's wife and that she was interested in saving souls but still she felt that it was not Christ-like to force the men to sit and listen to the Gospel in their dirty, vermin-laden clothes, filthy bodies and empty stomachs, as some of the missions are doing.

Here the men have to bathe every night and their clothes are washed while they sleep. They get into fresh, clean beds. Meals are served to them regularly as well as the Gospel.

During the depression this mission has stepped into the gap and is one of the chief agencies in the city of Los Angeles to care for unemployed men. This service is now being given in such a way as to save the self-respect of the men. A physician is on duty certain hours of the day and night. Every would-be boarder or lodger is physically examined. Out of the seven or eight hundred men a day about sixty are found who are unfit for work. These sixty are sent to the County for care. The others are given work, not more than four hours a day, of any kind of labor that can be found for them. Many are employed right in the mission.

This "Work Test" as it is called, was instituted about a year ago with most astonishing results. They were furnishing beds to over 25,000 men a month and some fifty

thousand meals. When the work test was instituted the patronage dropped off more than half as it is a fixed rule that no meals are served or beds given to the able-bodied who refuse to work. During the winter months the numbers increased, but now that the warm, sunshiny days are here, the wanderlust has taken its toll of those who prefer to lie out under the sun and sky rather than earn their living by the sweat of their face.

The mission has taken on an air of hustle and bustle. Men are coming and going with a firm step, dressed in clean clothes, with their heads up and with the air of self-respect. I looked for the usual bum who frequents rescue missions but he seemed to be absent. Instead there were plenty of men who belonged to the white collar class. Men of good professions have been compelled to seek the shelter of this mission and they work for what they get. Work slips, not money, buy their clothes. In the store room are hundreds of suits mended, cleaned, pressed, and hanging on hangers ready to be purchased with work slips.

The large rooms are kept spotlessly clean. Each man is furnished a freshly laundered

nightshirt, towel and individual cake of soap at night when he goes to bed. He is expected to take a bath and to wear his nightshirt or leave. Considerable difficulty was experienced in the nightshirts disappearing,—the men wore them off in the morning. Some bright-colored material was secured for these garments which has conserved the supply for the institution.

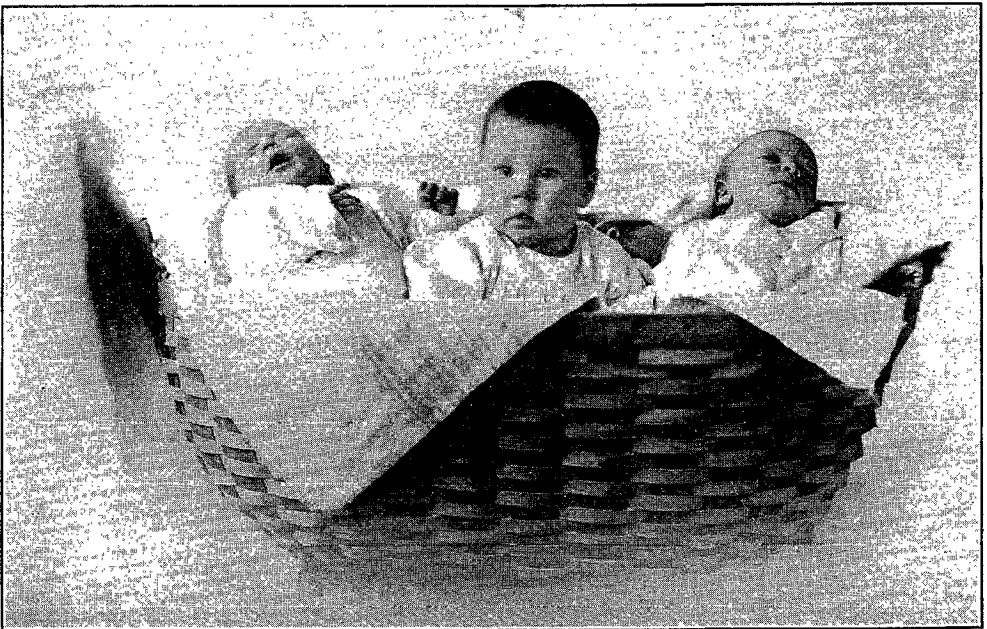
Where there are thousands of men in a big city who through circumstances find themselves without work or homes it is not surprising that they gladly come to a mission of this kind or even play the "religious dodge" to get a bath and a bed. The Gospel exemplified by such helpful ministry accomplishes much more toward winning souls to Christ than merely preaching salvation without giving the needed assistance could possibly do.

LIFE BOAT ACROSTICS

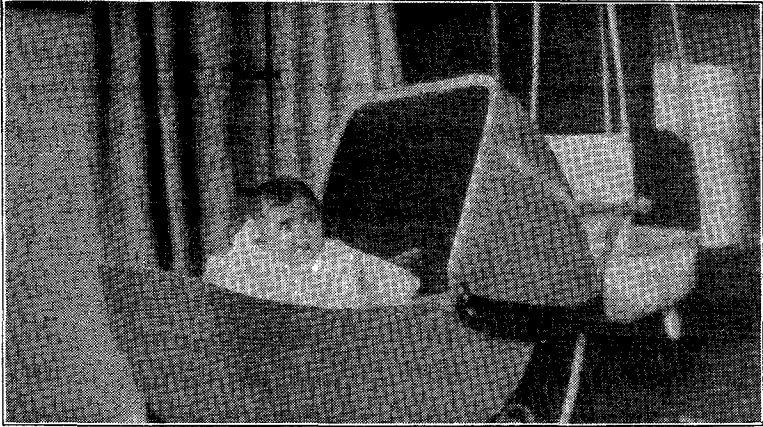
CORA IVANS DUNHAM

L ook! a storm is raging yonder!
 I nstant is the need to save!
 Fierce the storm, don't wait to wonder,
 E xtra effort meet the wave!

B ring the life boat! Children sinking!
 O h! You surely hear their cry!
 A re you sleeping? at wrong winking?
 T ake The Life Boat; many die!



A Basket of Babyhood.



Looking for Mother.

Motherhood

A Worker at West Suburban Home for Girls.

THERE is something touchingly fine in the way the world pauses once a year, when the season's at spring, to do honor to mother. It is equally appropriate that this gracious tribute be expressed with flowers, token of a courtly, chivalrous esteem.

But what of those other mothers, those to whom child-birth itself is the crowning proof of disgrace? Those who in their despair have lost faith in the existence of chivalry? Shall we not turn aside on mother's day for just a moment and grant to them at least the tribute of a pitying thought, a prayer instead of a curse?

Those of us who see them as they are often marvel. Beneath the sordid maze of folly and weakness and sin we find gleams of true character. We find a brave determination on their part to provide the best for the little life entrusted to their care. If it means facing the world, enduring its gruelling persecution, the ordeal is faced gallantly because of mother love. If it means parting forever so that the child may have the home and care it deserves, that too is endured because of mother love.

Just yesterday I was talking with a girl who had said the last goodbye to a darling

baby daughter. Her hot, feverish hands held mine and her eyes and face were red with



Every Baby Born Into the World is a Finer One than the Last.—Dickens.



A Babe in a House is a Well-spring of Pleasure.—Martin Tupper.

tears. Through lips that trembled but tried to smile she told me. "My baby went away this afternoon. I couldn't even dress her myself—Miss Foreman had to help me. I don't think I can go to work till tomorrow. But oh, I know she'll have a good home!" I thought of the pictures she had taken of the little one just before parting, and how she would treasure them in after years as a reminder of the most bitterly sweet experience of her life.



Another Home Toddler.

This young woman, now twenty-eight, stopped school after finishing the eighth grade and went to work to help support the younger children. One of the oldest in a family of 12, she passed up the opportunities of marriage that came during the late teens and early twenties because, "there were always some of the children who needed me." . . . Her fiance was killed in an accident and she was left to bear her burden alone. No one can observe these girls without noticing the change that comes over them at the time of motherhood. It is the change from girl into woman. So in our tributes to all that is fine and pure and sweet in motherhood let us not forget what is tragic, and let us think of them charitably.

MOTHER LOVE

She'll never forsake you—whatever you do,
Were you down in the gutter, she'd kneel beside
you;
Were you covered with shame, she would stand
by your side,
And the hurt in her heart for your sake would
hide.
She will stick to you, lad, though you lose every
test,
So the least you can do—is to give her your best!

All others may quit you, and mock at your fall,
But your mother, undaunted, will come at your
call.
She will follow you down to the deep depths of
sin,
And love you and nurse you, through thick and
through thin.
And though she may suffer through what you
have done,
She will never forget, or desert you, my son.

So long as she lives, you are sure of a friend
On whom at all times you may safely depend.
You may wound her by sinning, and hurt her with
shame,
Should you fail to be true, but she'll love you the
same;
So remember, my lad, as you stand in Life's Test—
That you owe to your mother, your finest and
best! —Selected.

FUN FROM RUBBER

LOIS SNELLING

"Joe Tucker," called Mrs. Tucker as her husband began hurling sundry articles out of the garage for the waiting junk man, "Don't let him have that inner tube!"

"Why not? I'm sick of looking at all this rubbish."

"And so am I! All except that precious red sausage."

"Here you go then."

With a good-natured smile he took the flopping, worn-out tube and tossed it to his wife who received it with satisfaction, took it to her own closet and hung it up carefully.

"Husbands," she remarked laughingly to her caller, "seldom have to serve on the Ways and Means Committee of the Society for the Amusement of Children. If Joe had ever acted in that capacity he wouldn't dream of handing over an inner tube to a mere junk man."

"But I'm like Joe," protested the caller. "What do you want with the thing?"

"My dear, listen!" Mrs. Tucker said impressively. "The last old tube which Joe threw away, and which I rescued, must have added something like twenty years to my span of existence. Oh, the hours and hours of leisure and peace that I enjoyed while Polly and Dick were utilizing that circle of rubber! And it put ideas into their little heads besides!—bright, original ideas about making things."

"What kind of things? If that tire has the power to keep youngsters amused and happy and to instruct them at the same time, do tell me all about it at once."

"Well, there were all kinds of things—horses, dogs, cats, monkeys, men—anything that happened to come to their minds. To begin with, I provided each of them with a pair of scissors. We cut a slice off the tube, and I informed them that I was going to cut a silhouette of Dick out of it. As neatly as I could, I cut a little figure of a boy from the rubber. They were delighted with the result and immediately demanded that I 'do' Polly, I constructed Polly, also, and then told them to see if they could not cut out figures of each other, using mine as examples.

They went to work diligently, and after a little practice they had some samples as good as my own. When they had exhausted their talents on the boy and girl they began to create other figures. Hence all the animals. One idea would lead to another, and the competition grew very keen. Neither was satisfied to have the other produce a better specimen than his or her own. They never tire of the soft floppiness of the rubber, and even since the tube has been exhausted they have treasured the funny little figures and have liked to play with them. They are all over the house. It is a regular Noah's ark. Look! There are two giraffes at the window under my alligator pear tree."

"Good idea!" exclaimed the caller, as she examined the grotesque little forms, "I'm going right home to hunt around in our garage and see what I can find."

"Good luck to you! If you are fortunate enough to find an inner, it will mean many days of joy to the children."

MOTHER

Because she went for me down to the gates of death,
And thought not of herself, but me alone;
Because e'er since that day her every breath
Has been a prayer for me, that I, when grown
Might follow in the footsteps of the One
Who walked so long ago by Galilee,—
A burdened prayer that I might ever strive
To be as humble, pure, and kind as He;
Because she toiled unceasingly through all the years
In weariness and pain I could not know,
With not a murmur for the many tears
My wayward deeds so often caused to flow;
Because she understood me better far
Than I myself could ever understand;
Because her faith in me, like guiding star
Steadied my feet, and strengthened heart and hand;
Because her cheer and tender sympathy
Were strewn along the stony path she trod;
Because of her undying love for me
I better comprehend the love of God.
—Selected.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and the more is in proportion to the worth of the thing given.—George MacDonaid.

IN RE: THE WELL KNOWN DEPRESSION

A community in a western state had an unemployment problem to handle. Farmers' stock was becoming gaunt from lack of feed. Incidentally, the street in town had not been gravelled for some time. They went to the

farmers and told them they would feed their horses for their use in hauling gravel. They went to the merchants and offered them gravelling at 66 2/3% off, and on deferred payments at that. Then they took their charity fund and put their unemployed to work. Not a man in town was left without employment. The farmers feed bill was cut to a minimum, the price of paving was cut two-thirds, the money was kept in circulation as the workers had to live, and the town was better off than any other town in the entire state.

The depression has caused some merchants really to study their business for the first time. One such man discovered that an item did not cost him what he paid for it, but it cost him what he paid for it plus freight, and plus his overhead. He ran through and checked his entire stock and re-marked every item per the above. Then he said to himself that if he could make 10% that was more than most people were making, so he added a 10% profit. His biggest job then was the mark-down job, because practically every item in the store had to be marked down. As soon as this was accomplished he had, however, a much bigger job, and that was waiting on the customers. He made a smaller percentage of profit, but he

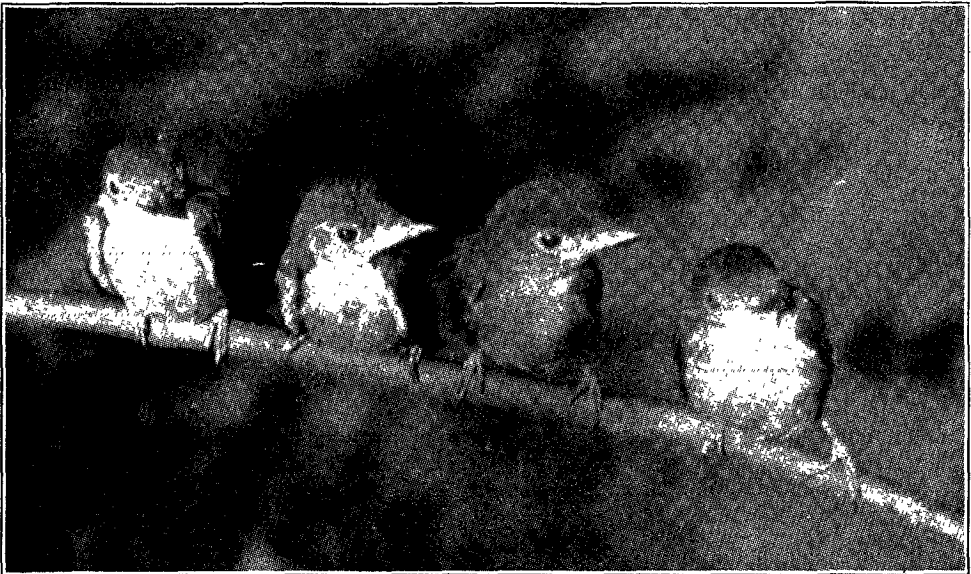
certainly had a more rapid turnover and made more actual dollars and cents.

Don't Soft-Pedal the Depression—Face It!

A druggist in a small town where there was no library bought a five-foot shelf of popular books and started a free library in his store. One day he held a gift day, or book day, asking all of the people in the community to donate a book. He enlarged his library to such an extent that he was able to interest the Woman's Club so that one of their representatives came down and dispensed books during the afternoon. He and his force were able to handle the library in addition to their other work in the mornings. His sales have trebled, and his profits have done likewise.

There's a Depression, But Not On Initiative

A Ford dealer in a California town decided that the second-hand car department which was in the next room to his new car display room did not present such a pretty picture to prospective purchasers of new cars. He rented a lot and moved his old second-hand cars out to the lot, enlarged his space for display of new cars and is now doing twice as much business in second-hand cars and three times the business in new cars as he did before.



There's No Depression in the Beauties of Natural Life All Around Us.

A large Chicago store allowed a 10% discount on new garments for every old garment brought in. The old garments were turned over to the Relief Association. The discounts must have helped. The store shows a larger profit than the year before. Financial headline in Chicago paper says of this store: "1931 gross and net breaks all records."

Brains and Brawn Will Beat Any Depression

A garage in a middle western state discovered that their car washing business was gone. They also discovered that the cars in their town needed washing. They adver-

tised that they would give a free wash job with every repair job. Soon they had half the cars in town washed as well as repaired. Their repair business had increased, but the income from the wash department had not increased much. However, these bright shiny cars began to have their effect, and within 90 days their wash business was back to where it had been before, and their repair business was practically trebled. This was a real business man. He knew they did not have to have their cars washed, so he gave them the luxury and charged them for the necessity, but it was not long before the luxury became a necessity.

THE PRISONER'S CORNER

A PRISONER'S PRAYER

God, give me the chance to try again,
(I, who have missed of the goal.)
Let me, as flint, set my face again
To shape, to build up the whole.

Give unto me the coveted chance
To make of myself a man,
To battle once more, with new-forged lance,
To lift from my soul a ban.

God, give me the chance to march again
In the vanguard of the race,
What matter the clouds, the shifting vane,
Let me endure both hardship and pain.

As I scale the heights anew
With hope and love I'll strive again
To fashion my heart for His sight Who
Alone only knows that my prayer be true.
—Prison Mirror.

THE THING MOST NEEDED

(From a Prisoner in Pittsburgh, Pa.)

The last few days I have spent in studying this month's edition of The Life Boat, which I surely have enjoyed very much. We who are in prison surely need confidence in ourselves if we are to become the men you strive so hard to make us, that is, to be real honest Christian men while in prison and when we are released.

I hope that by my letter I may show you how much you have interested me in the things that I once passed by, laughing as so many do. They are so foolish that they pass up the thing they most need in their lives, and that is Christian teaching.

Nothing I have ever read has ever touched me nor made me see myself as I was, as The Life Boat. That's quite a big thing to say, but it's the honest truth. Nothing can beat The Life Boat.

ONE MORE MAN ON THE RIGHT ROAD

(From a Prisoner in San Quentin.)

It is a long time ago that I wrote you. Today I received The Life Boat magazine again. I was very happy to find it in my cell. I started to read as soon as I found it and I didn't stop until I came to the end. I was sorry that it ended, but very happy to read all the good in it.

I have some good news for you now. I am leaving prison soon now. We learn plenty in the good book our Bible, and I learned it during the time I was confined, so I won in a way. I'm hoping to receive The Life Boat magazine once more before I leave.

I am always glad to write to you so that I can prove to you and to the people that read The Life Boat magazine that The Life Boat has put one more man on the right road. I am sure that you have done for others as much as you have done for me. I am sure The Life Boat and its crew has saved many men and has done much good for

us who are confined behind those gray prison walls. I am so happy to see the free world again and learn more about the Bible.

"I WAS THE CHIEFEST OF SINNERS"

(From a Prisoner in Anamosa, Iowa).

I am sure that if I keep my eye on the light set before me by Christ, I need not fear the future. He has always made it possible through Christian friends to have a scripture calendar hanging before me with scripture for each day of the year. The first verse I ever read and believed was while in prison. I had seen the world, the corruptible ways of Satan, and I was the chiefest of sinners. But thanks be to a God of mercy, "Christ takes up none but the forsaken, makes none healthy but the sick, gives sight to none but the blind, makes none alive but the dead, saves none but sinners, among whom I am chief."

I'm thankful that we have a God of mercy, a Saviour of love; through the redemption power of our Lord Jesus Christ such as I may have eternal life only for the asking, believing, and receiving. I don't only think He has forgiven me, I know. I don't simply have hopes, I know, because His word is true.

TO HIS MOTHER

(From a Prisoner in Waupun, Wis.)

I receive *The Life Boat* regularly now and I surely enjoy the good reading. I am always on the lookout for it several days before it comes. I am happy to state *The Life Boat* has done me an immense amount of good. I can truthfully say it is one of the very best magazines published.

Mother dear, now don't be crying,
Mother dear, now don't be sad;
Brighter days for you are coming;
I'll come home, then you'll be glad.

Then no more in sin I'll wander;
Christ has saved your wandering boy,
Though my life was filled with error,
I hope at last to bring you joy.

When the flowers bloom in springtime,
Dear mother, bye and bye
I'll come smiling to your doorway
Beneath a rosy sky.

To the church around the corner
Together we will hie,
And I'll be no more a scorner
In that happy bye and bye.

When flowers in the springtime
Were blooming, mother dear,
I heard sweet voices singing
In accents sweet and clear,

Which filled the air with music
On that pleasant balmy night,
And I then heard God's dear message
Telling me to do the right.

And I gave my heart to Jesus
In my quiet lonely cell
And I knew that He had saved me
And rescued me from hell.

God's song birds now are singing,
Mother dear, my heart is light;
For I will soon be coming
To make your future bright.

And no more in sin I'll wander,
We'll be happy once again,
For your prayers at last are answered,
And I'll cause you no more pain.

God grant these lines may make you glad
And chase away that tear
Which made your lovely eyes so sad
All these years, my mother dear.

While I must still remain in here,
A few months longer yet,
Please bear up strong, dear mother,
And I'll cause you no regret.



Years to a Mother Bring Distress, But Do Not
Make Her Love the Less.—Wordsworth.

FOUND IT DOESN'T PAY TO DO WRONG

(From a Prisoner in Pittsburgh, Pa.)

I assure you that your letters have surely helped me to find myself, as they bring me always the sweet thought of my dear mother who thought so much of me. I was her pet in the family. I feel as I write this letter that I am very lucky. I am trying so hard to be good and to make over myself so that I can be a man worthy of your kindness and friendship.

Tonight I am going to write you a little story of myself, so that you will know just how bad I was at one time, and will wonder, as I have when I stop to think, why it was. People who knew me used to say that there wasn't any hope for that boy, even when I was doing right. It's no wonder they said things like that. Then after my home broke up I drifted all over. When my brothers wrote me I never would answer their letters until I got into some kind of trouble. Then I wrote and asked their help, which I always received. Now that they have found out that I really mean business they are going to stand by me and help me in every way they can.

I have found since I started reading *The Life Boat* a peace and happiness of heart that I never knew before. I stop to think as I read each story what is the meaning and purpose, and why you good friends strive so hard each day that I should have a few happy hours through this little book which I receive every month. I must be a true and honest Christian young man for you and for those dear loved ones of mine who are waiting outside these prison walls for me. Every day I try to live better than the day before. There is still hope for us if we will only make up our minds to start over again, thinking of the better and higher things in life.

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the March edition of *The Life Boat*. Words can't express how much this edition has touched me. I read quite a lot of magazines, both fiction and religious, but nothing can compare with the March *Life Boat*. Please don't think I haven't enjoyed the many *Life Boats* that I have received, for I have, but I think this month's edition more wonderful

than any of the others. It brings a feeling within me that I have not felt for a long time. Its wonderful message will stay with me. It has given me stronger courage to conduct myself when I am with others so that they may see that I am trying to make something of myself. This is not because I think it will get me my freedom any sooner, for that would be foolish on my part, but because I have seen that it doesn't pay to keep on doing things that are wrong.

OBSERVATIONS FROM A PRISONER

(Walla Walla, Wash.)

I am very thankful to you for being so kind in the great Master's service to help the poor unfortunates who are buried alive behind the gray walls. Yet there is a great Friend who is with us if we just ask. Oh, such a Friend! I have stopped a good many times to consult Him and oh what joy and peace He can give.

I am going to tell you something to make you look up to see the beauty that God has made. It is so clear that there can be no doubt. If you are ever in Yellowstone Park go up on the mountain. There is a lake, not so big as some, yet when we observe this lake we look to the east and see a small stream of water that runs very smooth leading into the ocean. There is another stream flowing from this lake which is very rough. There is also one more which is about half way between these two, which is not smooth nor yet rough. Now here is the thought. If we live right, do right, serve our Master we are like the first stream I mention. If we only live make-believe lives we take the middle one. And last, if we don't believe in God our life will be like the last rugged stream as the water goes dashing our souls into eternity. Now isn't that a glorious sermon He has made to set an example for us to live by?

He must have made it or it would not be there. You know there is so much example; if we would ever stop and analyze it how much easier it would be to explain to some poor lost soul the right way which he is trying to seek. He must have proof of God's great work first to show him; then it would wake him up and make him take notice of that great Man whom none can destroy. He did not only make a mark but

a perfect pattern to show us if we put our trust in Him what peace and happiness we enjoy. If we only believe part our road will be somewhat rough. If we don't believe at all then we go down the rugged road dashing against rocks until there we are in ruin.

I want to thank you very much for the correspondents. I have received letters and some very nice literature. I have quite a



"Isn't That a Glorious Sermon?"

few others to whom I pass it on, so it goes into good hands. While I have been writing this the April number of *The Life Boat* came in. I was just looking over the prisoner's corner, and I saw there another letter from here so it must be catching. I know quite a few who like it very much but are afraid to speak up for themselves. I will close by praying for *The Life Boat* and its many friends.

A CRY OF DESPAIR FROM BEHIND THE BARS

(From a Prisoner in Walla Walla, Wash.)

I wish to thank you sincerely for your kind offer to put me in touch with Christian correspondents. I surely would appreciate true, sincere Christian friends, although I may not be able to answer everyone, as I can write only one letter a week. I hope this letter will put me in touch with many friends.

All day I have watched the large snow flakes falling, covering the earth with a pure white mantle, and not having anything much to do, and feeling a bit lonesome and blue, I gave myself up to the exquisite pleasure of a day dream. I find it is only when my heart becomes lonely, when all else about me has become quiet, then I like to sit and in an imaginary way, satisfy the wild craving that comes upon me, to allow my thoughts to drift along on the placid bosom of the "Old River of Tender Memories" of days and hours gone past. As my thoughts float along, I vision myself entering beneath the tangled architraves of imaginary pine boughs overhead, and spending a delicious hour in silent meditation and peace.

Today I have been wondering in a vague way just what the future will hold for me. I know the past has never held much sunshine for me, but I cannot live it over. We cannot go back; we must always move forward. As I pen this letter and look back to years wasted, I become fully aware of my own deficiencies, and the sense of it all haunts me like a phantom. I am, today, in spite of what anyone would say or think, a most miserable outcast of society, fitter to have been smothered in the cradle than to have finally reached this ignoble position. The disappointments I have suffered throughout my miserable existence are such as invariably occur to most human beings. Again, perhaps I have been mad in some of my heart's desires; but to all humans who have been found guilty of enormities, when the temptation, to a soberer mind, bears no proportion to the horror of the act, or the probability of detection and punishment—then every passion, as well as anger, may in most instances be termed a short madness. So today I am paying my bill in full to Society.

When I finally leave here, I shall crawl back into the world and in a maimed fashion try to take up life again. But though free, I shall always remain a prisoner—a prisoner to the past until the grave closes over me. Time they say, heals unpleasant memories, salves hurt. It may be true, as regards all grief and pain.

I was born into the world like all others, but my boyhood days were not like most children's. I was strong, pulsing with life, full of joy in the simple steadfast things of life, but instead of love living and growing in my heart, hatred flourished there. What would no doubt have been a happy boyhood home to me was turned suddenly into a living hell—a ghastly nightmare—in-toxicating liquors, drink in all its loathsome hideousness—the brutality of a rum-crazed father. To me, now, the past is as clear as though it were but yesterday. The false god, Hatred, came to live in my childish heart, instead of love, that should have been my heritage. There has hardly been a day when that awful terror has not come upon me, as I mentally vision that drink-crazed brute, my father. I am suddenly swept with rage and pain when I remember—it seems impossible to erase the scenes that were stamped upon my childish mind, as well as upon the minds of thousands of other helpless children through the demon rum. I have sought happiness during my life, although I have broken the laws of the country in its pursuit,—in vain. The simplest acts of life have always been deep rooted in suspicion; nothing to me, from

childhood up, has ever seemed just; nothing ever seemed fair to me.

There have been moments when I do forget, but suddenly I am caught back again by the sight of other human beings, men and women, helpless in their unnatural cravings for strong, intoxicating drink, and then my own mind starts off on an endless chain of suffering, sympathy for the helpless victims who are a living sacrifice to the weakness of law in our country—a sacrifice to graft and greed.

People have been kind to me in part—I often sit and wonder what the future will be. At other times I wonder if I have become hardened. No! True, I have tried to harden myself through the devouring flame of hate, even against my own flesh and blood, my children, against my wife, the only human being who has really occupied a place in my heart. Again, I have tried to force myself to believe that even affection was unable to melt the ice within my soul. I have tried to think that something that others in life possess, has had really no chance to live and thrive in my heart—love.

When these mental visions of the past come before me in my dreams at night or during the hours of wakefulness, for me there is no comfort in their vividness. Memory tortures all its helpless victims as it reveals its pictures.

Many here today have been made happy through the loving kindness of friends, by receiving gifts and boxes of dainties, but for me nothing comes. I wonder if God has forgotten me.

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A CHRISTIAN NATION?

Japan is awake. Awake socially, industrially, intellectually; awake to the progress of civilization in other lands,—with results

rather disconcerting to the nominally Christian nations. Recently a special embassy was sent from Japan to the United States to study the part the Christian religion

played in the advancement of this country. This was the conclusion at which they arrived:

"While education, commerce, and industry have been developed in a wonderful degree in the United States, there is little evidence that the Christian religion is regarded as important by most of the people."

What a scathing rebuke to the indolent lethargy into which we have fallen! What a revelation of indifference, of criminal negligence on the part of professed Christians to ascribe due honor to the Christ and the Christianity that have made America what it is!

The epigram, "Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and never tried," is all too true of many of us. Says L. A. Schuler, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal in its editorial column: "Any religion must be tried to be known, but particularly Christianity, which is a way of life. We miss the genius of it because we are not willing to work for it. There is nothing worth having in life which does not entail a certain amount of sacrifice to get, whether it be success, happiness or wealth."

He goes on to say (and how true it is!) that "We can live on a Christian heritage without ever knowing Christianity." We as Americans, with the boundless resources and unlimited wealth of this great country, have Christianity to thank for the principles and standards and basic ideals that have made it possible for us to utilize that wealth. It is high time for us to realize and to express our debt to the religion of our nation, and to strive to make it the religion of our hearts.

I. W.

UPS AND DOWNS ON THE LIFE BOAT VOYAGE

All aboard! We invite you and you and you to step aboard The Life Boat for a month's cruise. We promise you won't be seasick, but we can't promise fair weather, for we must follow the S. O. S. calls that come, and they may lead into rough and stormy seas, by jagged cruel rocks, or past treacherous hidden shoals. But the fair-weather days outnumber the foul, and if you are game for adventure,—All aboard!

Scarcely have we left port March 15th

when a stacatto S. O. S. causes us to turn and steam full speed ahead for Cape Missouri. The message in full reads, "Please send The Life Boat to my son. He is so discouraged with life . . . has belonged to the church . . . he is 25, a good boy, heard his mother's and father's prayers, and he himself prayed at family altar . . . a discouraged youth . . . has been talking about suicide. I am praying for him continually, and am not able to subscribe. Send him a few copies just now, if you please." How fortunate when the same wave length that brings an S. O. S. brings the assurance from the Home Port that the trip can be financed! And how dire may be the results when it does not!

Soon comes another, that swerves our craft to Point Tennessee. "I am sending you the name of — who is very much addicted to strong drink and has become a great trial to his aged widowed mother. His grandfather dealt in liquor, I understand, and he it seems has never been taught its folly. While he is a large powerful man he has become a slave to the abominable stuff, and has just been serving time for some misdemeanor committed while under the influence of liquor. You can probably only reach him through the mail. He is suspicious, and frequently on a wild rampage, but if the seed is sown in the love and fear of God he may be reached. We hope so." This call takes us down to the scum waters of an unclean port, but where the need is, we follow.

Another call, this time from an old friend who sees others sinking. "Please excuse a short note, as I feel if I wait to write a long letter telling you of my experiences since returning to Scotland in 1920, I will forget all about ordering that interesting magazine, The Life Boat. I used to get it while I was in the nurses' training in Glendale, California. I remember dear Dr. Paulson giving us a splendid talk one morning. Could you please send The Life Boat from last December for one year? I enclose one dollar. I would be glad to receive any kind of literature to let the people on this little island 15 miles long and 7 miles wide see what we are doing. I do want to scatter the Word and flood this island."

But hurrying to the succor of those in

need is by no means the entire voyage of The Life Boat. Its aim is to save the lost and to keep safe the saved. From Port South Dakota we receive the cheering word, "I'm notifying you of the change in my address. I enjoy the paper so much—that's why I'm writing you." And this from a newly found friend in Isle of Canada: "A friend has sent me the last three Life Boats. This is the first I have seen of them. They are surely good. May the fine work you do result in the salvation of many souls and help to hasten the coming of our blessed Hope."

As we cruise along the Washington State Shore we receive this pleasant message: "I received your kind letter today, notifying me of the expiration of my Life Boat subscription, which I appreciate so much. I am glad I can save a dollar to do some good with. I am aged and have been very ill with the flu. When I am able I go into the poor old men's wards and read the magazine, and they enjoy it so much. It came to me to send another dollar and subscribe for The Life Boat to be sent to our daughter's family. They have four nice boys . . . the husband has lost his position . . . The Life Boat may be a great comfort to them." A typical testimony, that, ending with a characteristic S. O. S. for a friend in need.

Just one more message, this time from Ohio Bay, and then we must leave our readers. "I am always glad to help The Life Boat. The books are so full of good things that as long as I can get the \$1.00 I would not do without it. God bless you in your great work."

Our Home Port April 15th is drawing near, and we must not forget the brave marines stationed in all parts of the world to carry on The Life Boat work. These workers, the old with the new, gain fresh enthusiasm with the coming of spring, and many recruits join the ranks. A typical message, "Not being able to force myself out to work during the cold weather, I have tried to get some reserve strength for the spring months. I want to start work the first week in April. You can send me three hundred Life Boats. I believe that the Lord will renew my strength." Or this from a new recruit: "I am interested in the splendid work The Life Boat is doing.

Will you please let me know the price of this paper for those who sell it in their spare time?"

What a delightful experience, too, to sit here in the cabin while we are anchored near Port Chicago, and talk with the eager young students who plan to enlist for the summer educational cruise. In their hearts is the fire of service, and in their eyes the light of a great adventure.

Just two more messages before the Home Port is reached. One from Cape Oklahoma: "I am having a wonderful time distributing those back numbers of The Life Boat. The Lord is clearly blessing the efforts. It is wonderful what good this little book brings." The other, from Point Maryland, gives us a hint that we like to pass on: "I receive many kind words for The Life Boat. One lady takes it for her girl who enjoys the beautiful poetry. Others enjoy it for the soul-winning articles in it. Thank you for the advance copy. I think it is splendid."

Here we are at the end of the voyage. Do you not think it is worth while? If so, enlist or volunteer. You can finance an expedition, you can get aboard yourself, or you can pilot The Life Boat to a needy world. In anticipation, let me wish you a heartfelt bon voyage! I. W.

NEWS HERE AND THERE

Pastor Meade MacGuire of the Ministerial Department stopped in Hinsdale on his way west.

Recent additions to the Hinsdale Sanitarium business force include Mr. Jones, desk manager, and Miss Marguerite Holley, who will assist in the manager's office.

Professor O. S. Beltz, of Broadview College and Northwestern University, presented his Junior A Cappella Choir in concert at the Hinsdale Sanitarium Tuesday evening, April 12.

A unique feature of the Missionary Volunteer investiture service held Friday night, April 29, was the initiation of the first Master Comrade group in Hinsdale. The Comrades, Companions, and Friends were also well represented from the church school.

The Hinsdale Ethical Society, under the direction of Dr. Eugene Milne Cosgrove, rendered a delightful musical program Sunday afternoon, April 10, in the Sanitarium parlor. Vocal, instrumental, and ensemble numbers interspersed with readings varied the concert, which was enjoyed by Sanitarium guests.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium Choral Society presented the second program of the season Tuesday evening, April 26, under the direction of Professor W. I. Morey, formerly head of the vocal department at Emmanuel Missionary College. The repertoire of the 42-voice organization included such well-known selections as "Italia Beloved," "Duna," and "Come Where the Lillies Bloom." The weird Indian strains of "Pale Moon" intrigued the audience, and the harmonious "Slumber Song" rendered without accompaniment demonstrated the beauty of a well-trained a cappella ensemble. The program was varied with selections by the ladies' and men's groups, the ladies' trio, a piano duet and readings.

Pastor R. R. Brooks, field secretary for the Lake Union, addressed the Sanitarium family at the Vesper hour Sabbath evening.

WANTED

The Hinsdale Sanitarium desires to borrow several thousand dollars in sums of two hundred and upward. Good security given. Address, Manager, Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Illinois.

FAMOUS INFIDELS CONVERTED

The new book "Famous Infidels Who Found Christ" gives the remarkable personal experiences and testimony of noted unbelievers proving the ignorance and fallacy of modern atheistic teaching that

"Back of the things that come to man
There is no purpose, thought, or plan."

Dr. Scott, Director of the Pennsylvania Department of Welfare and Restoration, says the book "is one I think should be in the library of every trained church worker."

Price, \$1.50.

Address, The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

THOUSANDS OF WORKERS NEEDED!

"I sold 65 Life Boats this morning" said a worker the other day. "Rush me 500 as soon as they are off the press."

Other workers are disposing of hundreds each month.

Some are giving their spare time to The Life Boat and ordering fifty to one hundred a month.

Thousands more are needed to give all or part time to selling The Life Boat.

Ten copies will be sent free to all applicants.

Attractive discounts to agents.

Order today.

The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Life Boat

HINSDALE, ILL., MAY, 1932.

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Do not send currency in your letters, as The Life Boat will not be responsible for receipt of the same.

Single copies, 15 cents.

Yearly subscription, \$1.00.

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.

THE LIGHTHOUSE CREW

This organization, with headquarters at Hinsdale, Ill., sends The Life Boat magazine into all the penal institutions of this country. You may have a part in this good work by joining the Crew. \$1.00 or more makes you a member for one year. Send in your membership fee and have the joy of sending The Life Boat out to the many wrecks on the sea of life.

Remember the West Suburban Home for Girls in Your Will. This Home Was Formerly The Life Boat Rescue Home.

Here is a form to follow:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the West Suburban Home for Girls, 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 West Suburban Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation.

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The West Suburban Home for Girls (formerly Life Boat Rescue Home) is accepting life annuities and paying interest on same during the life time of the annuitant. Interest is computed according to the age of the annuitant.

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.

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C. T. REDFIELD, Treasurer

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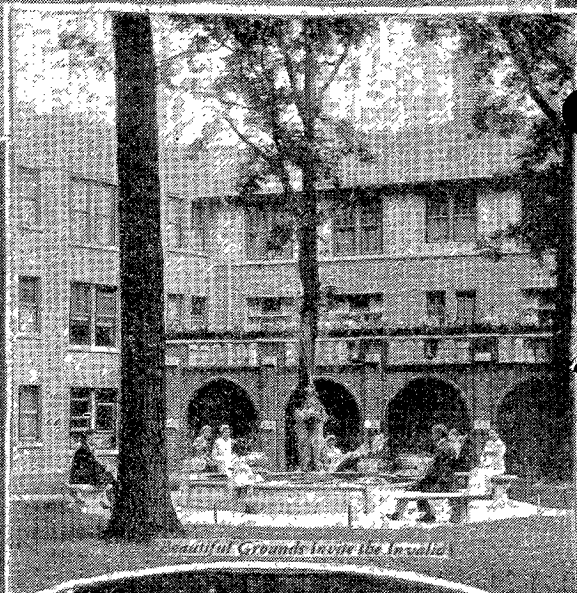
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