

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIV

MARCH, 1923

No. 3

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES Secretary and Treasurer REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President FRANK T. WARBURTON Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants

Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families

Burial of Destitute Seamen

Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift

Transmission of money to dependents

Free Libraries

Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea

Health Lectures

Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment

Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

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WAR MEMORIAL A Mortgaged Gift

“For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men’s blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know.”

—Julius Caesar

We long these days, as Anthony did, to be able to “ruffle up your spirits.” We wish we could put a tongue in every bit of wreckage, material and human, which the war caused in the merchant marine so that your hearts might be stirred to complete the fund for the memorial stage in the park. We would like in at least six weeks to have this stage dedicated and presented to the city, a free gift from the friends of this Institute, who wish in this way to memorialize the service of the merchant seamen to the country during the great war.

Of the \$18,000 required we have raised all but \$3,550.55. We have said all that can be said about the quiet heroism of these men; we have said it many times and in many ways. We have nothing with which to appeal further to your sympathy besides the naked fact that when you needed them they answered, “Present.” Now they need YOU to perpetuate in memory the service they so willingly rendered.

Will you, too, answer, “PRESENT”?

Our President Ill

The Seamen's Church Institute, both locally and nationally, is missing the leader's hand at the helm this winter. Our President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, has been very ill for several weeks. How much he was depended upon both for faith and active leadership immediately became apparent when he was no longer able to discuss the problems of the work.

It is hoped, however, that it will not be long before he is able to renew his participation in our activities. These are busy, growing times, and his advice and experience seem almost indispensable.

Lost His Clothes

One of our seamen desirous of acquiring the next merit to godliness went down to the wash room in the basement to take a shower. While he was engaged in that praiseworthy task his hat and coat disappeared, owing to his having too much faith in human nature and failing to take the proper precautions.

It is a very serious thing, even indecent, to lose one's hat and coat in the winter time. It seems that a man is liable to be arrested if he appears on the street without what the policeman may feel to be a full complement of clothing. Also the young man was on a ship and with his coat there went also his passport. It might have put him in a very bad light to be obliged to go back minus half of his garments, and say he

lost them in a wash room. Probably he would have been accused of having gotten drunk and lost them in some rough house.

Fortunately he had the sense to go up to the social service department and explain his predicament, and they were able to supply him with all the missing garments so that he went back to his ship looking decent and respectable, and able to explain without a handicap the misfortune that had befallen him.

The Fellowship Party

Some of the women present were real women, some, in the language of the seamen, camouflaged women. That is to say that at the whist drive there were not enough women to go round, so some of the men wore red rosettes and took the place of ladies at the tables.

But it was the "real" women who made the occasion the success it was. It stands to reason that men who have been away from home for months are homesick for the atmosphere which women create, but when they come on shore they have no way of getting in touch with the right kind of women. They have to choose between the society of men, of which they have grown so weary while at sea, or the society of the type of woman who does not represent home.

The party was really given by the women of the Church of the Redeemer in Brooklyn. Part of its success was undoubtedly due to the fact that in addition to the atmos-

phere they brought with them home-made cakes and served coffee. It isn't that seamen are especially greedy. As a matter of fact they are, as a class, exceptionally generous. But somehow refreshments give an occasion a truly party feel. That, and to have good, decent women there, who talked to them in a friendly way, pleased the men greatly.

One young Bohemian lad, who speaks several languages fluently, asked our House Mother if they couldn't have a real woman at their table, as they were tired of camouflaged women, and she went and got a woman to come over, greatly to their delight.

It goes without saying that the men showed their hostess the utmost courtesy.

Compensation

"Did I ever tell you the story of the man who was providentially knocked off a scaffolding and killed?" the Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law asked of the editor the other day in the most matter of fact tone of voice.

The editor was startled. She had never suspected this particular chaplain of having a homicidal complex, and demanded enlightenment.

The chaplain told the story of a young seaman, having come to the Institute with the story that a man had been knocked off a scaffolding and killed. When they examined his body they found in a pocket a baggage check of the Seamen's Church Institute.

The chaplain and the young seaman together went down to the baggage room and found the man's baggage and opened it, in order to trace his family.

The chaplain was glad that it was not a wife who had the task of going through the stuff. He has been working with men of all sorts and conditions for years, and is not finicky, but he said that he had never in his life seen such a collection of obscene photographs as there was in that man's baggage. Photographs of himself—but it really is not fit to print.

Curiously enough there was a letter from his wife in England saying that she had not gotten a divorce from him, but had struggled along as best she could to raise their two children herself.

She was notified of the death of her husband and our Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law volunteered to take charge of her case for damages. As a result she was awarded the other day, \$11.20 a week until her youngest child becomes of age, and thirty per cent. of her late husband's wages for the remainder of her life.

Makes one think of a story in Punch during the late war in which a Cockney woman is reputed to have said concerning the separation allowance, "A pound a week and no 'usband. Why it's 'eaven."

Chaplain Harkness Resigns

Every great undertaking has a tendency to monopolize individuals who are useful to it. Those who are conscientious are peculiarly lia-

ble to have greater and greater inroads made upon their sympathy and time, even to the point of exhaustion.

This is what has happened to Chaplain Lawrence Harkness, who has been with us for nearly four years, visiting sick seamen in marine hospitals, and from time to time burying the dead.

It is a work to which one can give as much time as one pleases, as much sympathy as there is in one's nature to give. Mr. Harkness gave too much of both. In season and out, day and night, he gave himself to his work. He says that he got a great deal of fun out of it, and no doubt he did, or he could not have kept going as long as he has with unabated enthusiasm.

But lately he has been feeling the need of a change and has decided to enter other work. His going is a great loss to the Institute. Mr. Harkness has not only endeared himself to the seamen, but he has made himself loved by those on the staff of the hospital with whom his work brought him in contact, and by the staff of the Institute.

A Seaman's Experiences in Hospital

"Where were you born?" said the nurse.

"In Ireland," he answered, with a strong southern accent.

"He's delirious," said the doctor. "Put down America."

We'll let the seaman tell the rest of the story himself.

"A suicide case was brought in

and a cop came along to guard him. He was there for two days walkin' up and down, and finally it got on my nerves, so I says, 'Cop, either you or I has got to leave this hospital,' and the cop went.

"They took an X-Ray of me. An X-Ray machine is a very imposing thing. Big, and lots of brass and copper and nickle. They set it up on top of me, and turned a button, and I heard a buzz, and I gave a roar, and jumped and broke a very expensive cone worth \$250. The doctor was very much annoyed and I said to him, 'You can tear all the hair you've got, and what little I have, but it won't put that cone together again, suh.'

"They had signs up all over the ward, 'Silence!' and 'No Smoking!' I turned them all to the wall, but the backs wus all dirty so I had to turn them back again.

"We had nothing to do when we wus getting better but to argue. Our favorite subject was Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury. We got so familiar with him that we used to call him Andy, for short. Not having anything else to do we put all the energy we had into these arguments. They frequently got heated. It took two doctors to settle most of them. This was the way they settled them.

"'Are you on regular diet?'"

"'Yes, sir.'"

"'Then it will be soft diet, if you don't stop this disturbance.'"

"'One night we wus having an argument on eternal life. I had just said to the other fellows, 'I have a

remark to make,' when an old man at the other end of the ward handed the nurse a ten dollar bill and asked her to go out and buy him a gun.

"There was a millionaire on our floor, leastways he had a private room, and one of the last mornings I was there the nurse asked me if I would give him a wash, because there was a terribly bad case on the floor and they were short of help.

"I said I wasn't much on washing other people's faces but I'd see what I could do.

"I went in and I couldn't find a thing to wash him with, no sponges or face rags or anything, so I wet the middle of a towel and did the best I could. Just as I was finishing the nurse came in and the patient said to her, 'Who's the red-headed nut you sent to wash my face?'

"I thought to myself, 'If I ever wash your face again, mister, you'll apologize for calling me a nut, for I'm anything but that.

"The last night I was there a little Italian kid was brought in, and about two o'clock he set up a holler, and I, being nearly well, got up and ran down the ward to him.

"I asked him what was the matter, and he answered me in Italian. I don't know a word of that language so I says to him, 'I don't know what you're saying, but I guess it's all right,' 'n' I went out and got him a glass of water. He shook his head so I tried a glass of milk. He wouldn't have that 'n' I offered him a cigarette. He didn't want that either, and after I had tried everything I could think of he

says to me in perfectly good English, 'Would you get me another blanket?'

"When I was leaving the ward the suicide case says to me, 'Good bye, Willie, much obliged for sending my cop away.'

"At the door I met the cop. He says to me, 'Are you going away?' I says, 'Yes.' 'Then,' says he, 'I'm comin' back.'

"I turned back to the ward and said to the suicide, 'The joke's on you, son, you get arrested after all.'"

Offered Their Blood

Word came after the business offices of the Institute had closed for the day that one of our employes, who was in the Beekman Street Hospital, would die unless he could be saved by blood transfusion.

It was concert night. The House Mother went up onto the platform before the concert began and told them the story of this man, to whom we were, for the time being, friends and family, and asked if any of them would help by giving him blood. It was his one last chance. A number of men rose immediately and volunteered.

Later, when the House Mother came down from the concert she thought the Social Service office was being raided. On investigation she discovered that the unusual congestion was caused by volunteers for blood transfusion. The word had got around and it seemed they all wanted to give the fellow a lift.

Quite a number had to be sent, because social exclusiveness begins in our blood. Different classes of blood are so obstinate about separateness that to try to blend them is fatal. They were able, out of our numerous volunteers to find a young man whose blood was of the same class as the patient's.

For a few days it seemed as if the sick man would recover, but quite suddenly one night he took a turn for the worse. A seaman, from the Institute, was in the next bed to him, and about half an hour before the man died he turned to the seaman and said, "Remember me to Mrs. Roper."

Romance

One evening she and another young girl went to a moving picture show, and as she got up to leave her seat her foot kicked against something. She stooped down and picked up a roll of papers. When she got out to the lobby she opened and looked at them. There was a seaman's passport, and other papers relevant to his profession, also a baggage ticket of the Seamen's Church Institute.

They discussed what they ought to do about them. Probably they were valuable to the person who lost them, and if they merely left them at the box office he might not call for them. The friend suggested that she take them to the Seamen's Church Institute and give them to him herself. She went home and told her mother about it, and her

mother said South Street was a terrible place, she thought, and the Institute no place for a young girl. A friend, who was a longshoreman, also told her to keep away.

In the end she compromised by writing him a note and telling him she had found his papers, and that if he called she would be glad to give them to him. He came one evening about eight o'clock, and the mother went to the door. She asked him to come in and wait until the daughter brought the papers. As he was leaving the young man put some money on the table, but the girl told him she couldn't accept anything. He insisted that she had saved him a great deal of expense and trouble, and he wanted to make some return. Wouldn't she let him bring her a box of chocolates. She agreed to accept the chocolates, and he came back shortly with one of the biggest boxes made in New York, and you know there are some considerable ones. Followed post cards, and then letters, and finally visits when his ship came to New York, and then an engagement. They are to be married soon, but the young man could not be satisfied until he had disabused her mind of the unpleasant impression she had been given of the Seamen's Church Institute. He is no longer a seaman, but he sent her down with a letter asking us to show her over the building, and let her see that it would have been a perfectly safe and decent place for a girl to come, and in conclusion he took the opportunity to thank us for the courtesy he had

always received when a guest in the building.

As she went about, the young girl talked a little in a quiet womanly way about their plans. He hadn't a big salary but he was a good steady man, and she had decided it wasn't fair to keep him waiting any longer. She had learned to cook and keep house well, and was fully prepared to carry her share of the responsibility.

A Clerical Error

It seems to be the open season for romance at the Institute just now. This particular story came to our attention because a clerk made a mistake in filling in an express money order. Curious what a lot of consequences have arisen, because of a moment's absent-mindedness on the part of a clerk.

The problem was brought by a young seaman to the Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law. In order to make it comprehensible he had to tell quite a long story.

Away over in Odessa he had met a girl and completely lost his heart to her. When she lost her heart to him she had lost pretty well everything, because famine and war had removed all her relations.

He persuaded the captain of his ship to let him take her on board with him and marry her. Just here he interrupted his story to announce triumphantly that he had had her made a Christian.

The Chaplain was puzzled until he explained that she was a Jewess.

The Chaplain would not for anything have dampened his enthusiasm by intimating that it takes more than baptism to make a Christian. However, that is beside the point.

The seaman did not have enough money to bring his wife with him to America, so he left her in Marseilles and came on to America.

With the money he had earned he bought a draft on the express company. That much is beyond dispute. He says he paid \$500 for the draft, and it was for the equivalent of that the money order is made out. The express company says that, through a clerical error, one too many ciphers was put to the sum, and what he sent was \$50.

When he got to France he found the money in the bank in his name had been attached by the express company and he was being sued for \$450.

The courts are deciding who is in error in the case, and in the meantime the wife stays in France.

A Seaman's Tact

A man came into the Social Service Office one day to borrow a dollar from the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief. That lady had to keep him waiting while she sharpened her pencil, and while she performed that task he looked her over.

"Say, ma'am," he said frankly, "what do you wear them spectacles for? They make you look awfully old."

And with that tactful introduction he led up to his plea for assistance.

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"My Son! My Son!"

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept; and as he went, thus he said, 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

How pitifully often since this cry of agony was wrung from the lips of David has it been repeated by fathers in every part of the world, "O Absalom, my son, my son!"

It is not always that the son has died. In the case that brought the story of David to mind the son was very much alive. He is an only son, an only child, and his mother is dead.

"He is all I have in the world," the father said, with tears in his eyes, "and he has run away to sea." Do you think you could find him for me? I wouldn't try to stop him from going to sea, but I'd like to see

him, take him out and give him a dinner, and talk to him a little."

The boy had been in the Institute the day before and the father was advised to wait for him. He waited with the terrible patience of the desperate, but at last the office was closing for the night. The worker suggested that he write a note and they would go down to the Hotel Desk and leave it on his key ring.

It was a very fine note, just asking to see him, and promising not to interfere with his plans. As they turned away from the window at the desk they came face to face with the boy.

The worker felt that at such a dramatic moment she was superfluous, and tried to slip away, but they would not let her leave them.

After the first words of greeting the father began to ask anxious questions like a mother, "Did he have clean clothes, was he warm enough, had he money, had he hocked his watch?"

Perhaps this over-anxiety was part of the reason the boy felt that he must go away and live his own life. He must be free, and he was not old enough to know that one is never free while one is loved, nor yet old enough to be glad of that bondage.

It is inevitable that, let it cost the older generation what it may, each new one must strike out its own paths, but one thinks with sympathy of the passionate declaration made by a college student to his professor in economics, "I hate inevitable things."

More Shoes Needed

Feet are always needing to be shod at the Institute. Big feet; little feet; medium feet; wide feet; narrow feet; almost any kind of feet. We never have enough second hand shoes.

We need other kinds of clothing also. Socks and shirts, suits and hats.

The reason for this is that often seamen are taken from their ships to the hospital, and nobody thinks to take their clothes off the ship, and they go sailing away. Again, men are sometimes left behind by their ships, and have nothing but the clothes they stand up in, as the saying goes. Occasionally a man has been out of work for so long that he has worn out all his clothes, or he is trying on low wages to support his wife and family, and has not been able to buy himself clothes.

There are many reasons why a man who is thoroughly deserving of help may need to be outfitted completely, so that there is a constant demand upon the clothes room.

Fortunately, the Institute has many friends who keep this need in mind without being asked, but we would be grateful for anything you could send us when the season for spring housecleaning comes around.

Coincidence

Coincidence is a freak. So much of a freak that it is a rule of fiction writing that the author who desires to simulate life must not depend upon coincidence for anything. The

public is incredulous, and why shouldn't it be? Have we not all had the experience of something like this happening: We think to ourselves, "This is going to be a dreary week-end. I wish Mrs. Smith would ask me to go up to the country with her." Complete silence from Mrs. Smith. But the next week-end, when Aunt Mary is coming to visit us, Mrs. Smith presses us to go up to the country.

And yet amazing coincidences occasionally happen. A chaplain from the Institute went one Sunday to visit other institutions for seamen. He found one building in Brooklyn closed. While he was standing wondering about it a man came along who smelt of the salt water.

"Know anything about this place?" the chaplain asked.

"It's only open at nights," the stranger explained.

"You're a seaman?" our chaplain inquired.

"Second mate."

"You look to be down on your luck," our chaplain continued, observing his disheveled appearance.

The seaman was rather embarrassed but he confessed, "The fact is, sir, I can't beg, and I've just beaten my way over from the west coast, and haven't had a bed or much to eat for two days. I expected to find some friends, but they have moved, and I have not been able to locate them."

Our chaplain handed him fifty cents. "Take that and get yourself a meal and you'll feel more like fac-

ing things." The man took it with sincere expressions of thanks and gratitude. That was Sunday. On Tuesday he turned up at the Institute and sought out our chaplain and paid him back the fifty cents. He said, "My luck seemed to change, sir, from the moment you gave me that lift. I met a friend who told me where the other friends had moved to, and I can stay with them till I get a ship."

He went off on a ship a little later, and when he came back he looked up our chaplain again and wanted to make him a present of ten dollars, not for the Institute, but for himself personally, because he had believed and trusted him when he was down and out. Our chaplain could not take the money, but the incident has been a good spot in two lives. The seaman has more faith in the disinterested goodness of his fellow men, and the chaplain says "That man has compensated me for a hundred ingrates, whom I may have helped in vain."

Miss Cornelia Prime

There died at Huntington, Long Island, last month, Miss Cornelia Prime, who has been for many years a loyal friend of the Institute. In 1913 she gave the Institute the system of magneto clocks, consisting of one master clock and thirty dials, with an automatic winding arrangement. They were given in memory of Mrs. Robert Ray (Cornelia Prime).

Last autumn Miss Prime, who was eighty years of age, attended a

meeting of the Needlework Guild of Huntington at which our House Mother, Mrs. Roper, was speaking on the work we are doing for seamen.

As an evidence of her continued interest and sympathy Miss Prime remembered the Institute in her will with a bequest of \$10,000 towards its endowment fund.

Fighting Dope

He hemmed and hawed. Having sought out the Chaplain with the big Irish heart, he didn't seem disposed to be communicative. At last the Chaplain said, "Well, man, what is it?"

"Dope," the man confessed, finally.

"How does it effect you?" the Chaplain asked.

"For the first three times it is exhilarating. After that a fellow has to take it to keep normal. You get stiff in the joints and can't get up in the morning until you have had a shot."

"What do you want me to do?" the Chaplain asked.

"Help me to get cured," he answered.

Our Chaplain was making arrangements to send him to the hospital to be treated, when he took Pneumonia, so that in the end he had two weaknesses to fight instead of one, for he went straight from the hospital to be treated for the drug habit.

The two letters, printed below, from this young man to our Social Service Department, give a very good idea of the struggle he had to

go through in finding his way back to health.

Dear Sir:

This is the first opportunity I have had to write you since I visited you in December and asked you to give me that letter of introduction to Dr. Simons. That same day I was taken ill about 11.30 P. M. with severe pains in the side and back. I was living on 23rd St. then. I was obliged to awaken the landlady and she rang for an ambulance. I was taken to the hospital, where I laid in bed five weeks with Grippe and Pneumonia. You knew my condition when I visited you, through using the drug. This was an extra burden to bear. I was obliged to make the fact known to the head doctor. He was very kind to me. He made arrangements with the ward doctor and instructions were given the nurses to see that I was given the necessary relief, while I was so ill. They thought that it was such a pity to see a young man like myself using drugs. This did the best part in disgusting me against it. I promised them that when I should see them again I would be cured. I have kept my word. Dear Mr.——, this has been the most terrible lesson to me I can assure you. With the help of almighty God I will never use such a thing again. This is the fourth week of the cure. I have suffered the most terrible tortures and pains, but thank God he gave me strength to endure the sufferings, although at times it was almost more

than I could bear. This is the twenty-fourth night without sleep. The last three nights I have had about one to one and three-quarters hours. I must not expect too much yet. It will come in time. I am telling you this to let you know what a damning thing an opiate is, and if you know of any more such cases pity them and persuade them to get cured. If you do this, sir, you will receive God's great reward. There is nothing to be frightened of in taking the cure up here. We have a good doctor, who understands drug addicts, and the extreme sufferings are relieved night and morning for the first six days. Then you are left to fight it out yourself, but then the worst is over. I have to stop here until the twenty-third of May.

Dear sir, I do not wish you to think that I am trying to impose on what you have already done for me, but I would like to ask if you will help me just a little, while I am up here. What money I had saved was not much and it was all gone before I left the hospital, so when I went to Rikers I was penniless. I do not like to ask others up here for anything. Everyone has relatives outside who send them a little to purchase the common necessities. My nearest relatives are in Australia. We have a commissary every week to get tobacco, sugar, crackers, cakes, or extras for meals.

Will you help me a little and I promise I will repay it as soon as I am out and on my feet.

Yours faithfully,

Thomas ——.

The Institute realized the desolation of being the only one without a family to turn to for help in such circumstances, and also appreciated the importance of helping a man to fight this terrible battle by removing as many as possible of the unnecessary annoyances, so some money was sent to ease the situation a little. It is obvious from the young man's reply, not only that he is grateful, but that he values the respect of men like our Chaplain.

Dear Miss——

I am in receipt of your letter of the 14th, also enclosure, for which I sincerely thank you. It was indeed very acceptable, as I was entirely without the necessary to purchase a little sugar, or tobacco. I have worried myself quite a bit since I wrote to Mr.——, fearing he would think I had taken a liberty which I did not intend it to be. I would not have gone to this extreme if it had not been that nearly everyone up here in my condition is pretty well supported by their relatives outside in the city while I had not a thing. I am so pleased Mr.—— was not annoyed, and that he will write to me. I am looking forward to his letter, as I like him so much, and always felt at my ease when he granted an interview to me.

In regard to myself I am improving, although not extra strong yet, and I have just contracted a heavy cold, but will soon be all right again if it is God's will.

I am sorry that I cannot interest you a little better with more news. Things are practically the same here

always, perhaps a little more exciting this last week on account of the heavy fall of snow and the severe cold, which we feel very much when recovering from the effects of opiates.

Again thanking, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Thomas ——.

S. C. I. A.

The work of the Seamen's Church Institute of America is quietly, but efficiently, progressing. Two new Institutes have come under the auspices of the Society—one in Houston, Texas, and one in Tacoma, Washington. The Houston enterprise is a new one; the work in Tacoma is the affiliation of an Institute already in existence. The Houston institute came into being as the result of local initiative. The lot on which the building stands was given by the City of Houston, the building was given by the Houston Rotary Club, and the furnishings were donated by Mr. John W. Saunders. The dedication ceremonies were held on the fourth of January. Speeches were made by Chaplain Frampton of Port Arthur Institute, City Officials, the President of the Rotary Club, and the building was formally accepted by Bishop Clinton Simon Quin, D.D., who also dedicated the building. It is an attractive building, in bungalow style, with bed rooms, a large game room, a writing room, bathing and sanitary accommodations and a place in which men may wash their clothing. The Superintendent was trained for the work

at the Port Arthur Institute, where he served as assistant to Chaplain Frampton.

Just Boys

You'll laugh, very likely, at this illustration of what youngsters the Apprentice Boys are at heart. There is a certain chocolate covered biscuit served at the teas that they particularly delight in. It goes by the operatic name Jenny Lind.

The lady in charge of the work, however, felt that they would get tired of it if she did not give them a change, so she ordered another kind of biscuit one day. The next day she was resting, and when she came in the day after all the biscuits were gone. The boys whom she questioned about their disappearance looked innocent, but each one said, "Say it would be great to order some more of those Jenny Linds." They made such a point of mentioning that brand that she gave in and went back to their favorite.

It was not until some time later that she found they had carried away the last of the package of the kind they didn't like in their pockets so that she would be obliged to place a new order for Jenny Linds.

Lost for Eleven Years

He saw his name on our missing men bulletin and hurried up to inquire who was asking for him. He found it was the brother from whom he had parted eleven years before at South Ferry, and had never heard from since. He was so pleased and excited he could hardly wait to get

pen and paper to write to the brother, who had settled in California.

Some weeks later he came back to show the worker, who locates missing men, the pictures he had received of the brother's wife and home and child. With the pictures had come a very urgent invitation to come to them in California, and the young fellow assured our worker that he was going to take the first job on a ship going to San Francisco.

Wanted to Pawn Clothes

A young colored boy came up to our Social Service Department the other day and asked if he might have access to some baggage he had in our baggage room.

The Chaplain listened sympathetically while he explained that he had just come out of a hospital, and wanted to look for a job, and he wanted to pawn a suit of clothes he had in order to get car fare. In his hand was a newspaper with several jobs as elevator man marked.

The Chaplain smiled. "You don't want to get at your baggage, my boy," he said kindly. "I'll lend you enough for your car fare and lunch, and you go out and see what you can do about a job."

And the boy, who had not meant to ask for help, was much surprised to find it offered to him. He hurried away lest all the jobs he had in view might escape him.

Why Go to Burke Foundation?

The Institute's hospital visitor found a rebellious young seaman,

protesting that the people in the hospital were trying to send him to the Burke Foundation and he didn't want to go. No, siree. He wanted to get up and go to a job. He couldn't afford to loaf any longer, and he felt fine and didn't need to.

Our visitor saw that in his inexperience of sickness it was useless to argue with him, but she told him that if he needed her when he came out of the hospital he was to look her up.

Two days later a very meek young seaman turned up at her office. He had been out of the hospital a day. Had looked in vain for work, and was "all in." With tears of sheer weakness in his eyes he begged her to send him to the Burke Foundation, which she was glad to do.

"How Much do I Owe?"

A gentleman came to the Ways and Means Department of the Institute the other day and asked, "How much do I owe you?"

He seemed to think he had made a pledge, once upon a time, to contribute a certain sum yearly to the support of the Institute. Perhaps he had, but we have decided to release all of our contributors from any such obligations. We have thousands of friends, who renew their gifts from year to year, but they do it voluntarily, and we know that they are giving, not because, in a moment of enthusiasm they made a pledge, but because we have their continued confidence and sympathy.

That seems to us a much finer relationship.

This was explained to the visitor, but he insisted that he felt himself bound by the pledge, and asked to be shown the record of his past gifts. He gave a like amount for the past two years, and then more than doubled it for the last year, he said to make up for his tardiness.

Happy in Her Service

In the January issue of THE LOOKOUT we published a tribute from the Rt. Rev. Frederick Foote Johnson, of Missouri, to his mother, the late Eliza Camp Johnson. Concerning it Bishop Johnson writes.

"I was much touched by your kindness in printing in your monthly magazine the reference to my mother, and the letter I had written on the occasion of her leaving us. You haven't any idea how much real joy she used to get out of sitting and knitting for the Seamen's Mission. If what she did was of any help to you, you will be glad to know that you were a real help to her in giving her something to do which brought so much real happiness into her days."

The Improvident Sailor

"Well I just got my money and I came up to pay you," the boy who had been in the hospital announced, his face radiant with pleasure. "My sister sent it to me and she says she will come for me if I do not go home."

"That sister cares for you," the House Mother said.

"You bet—and my brother is back

of me too. Oh, we stick together."

He had been in the hospital and did not wish to worry the brothers and sisters at home, so he had not told them. But they had written for the Institute to locate him and it had. But in the meantime he was too weak to work and too poor to pay for nourishing food to make him strong enough to work if he could get a ship. The Institute loaned him a few dollars. He had come to repay it.

"This is out of that estate I told you about," he said.

He hadn't mentioned an estate. It seemed that he was heir to property worth \$10,000 and he had been sleeping in parks and living on coffee and doughnuts.

The Desired Haven

By the Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D. for 19 years a clerical Vice-President of the Institute.

"Across the bar, at set of sun
With gentle motion, tranquil and slow,
Her harbor gained, her voyage done,
I see the stately vessel go.

A glory strikes her from afar;
Deep crimson lights her masts
enfold;
Gleams, silver pointed, every spar
And all her sails are cloth of gold.

I see the friends along the shore,
I hear their voices full and clear,
"Good Ship! Good Ship! Thy toils
are o'er;
Soul, find thy rest, cast anchor
here."

Well earned the greeting; earned the rest,

Pilot divine, whom winds obey;
To us who still the billows breast
Like entrance grant at close of day."

Drugs

One of the most dangerous things in the world, and a thing that meets almost every young man who goes to sea, is drugs. They are the flowery beds of ease, that tempt men to damnation.

"You hear fellows telling how happy it makes them," a young fellow explained, "and you think that you will take one shot—just to see what it is like, but only one. But you do not stop—you go on and on."

"Is there no cure?" we asked.

"Yes, for some," he said.

Hospital Follow-Up Work

On account of the crowded condition of the hospitals, due to the epidemic of Flu, patients are being turned out the moment they are able to get up, and long before they are fit to go to work. The seamen who come out come straight to us and ask us to take care of them. We can't refuse. If ever there is a time when a fellow needs our protection it is when he is fighting off the physical and mental depression of a serious illness.

This condition has made the work of our relief department very heavy this winter, but we think you will agree that in giving these men lodgings until they are strong enough to return to work we are rendering a real service to them and to society.

How Did He Get Out?

"That was a good job you sent me to, miss," said a grateful seaman, who had been sent out to help temporarily in cleaning out boilers. "They only offered five dollars a day, but they paid me six. I was certainly pleased. I was terribly sore when I got through. I took a hot bath and rubbed myself all over with Omega oil. It was a little hard for me on account of my large stomach. I had to have Jack shove me into the boilers."

What we are all wondering is how he got out again.

No Explanation Offered

A seaman came to the head of the Social Service Department on a certain Sunday and said there was a notice in his box in the post office that a cablegram had come for him and had been returned to the cable office. He wanted to know if there was any way he could get it on Sunday.

He told our chaplain that he was especially anxious about it, because on the night of November 6 he had dreamed that his mother was married, and that was a sure sign of a death. He was convinced that the cablegram contained news of a death, and he was naturally anxious to find out who it was.

We keep copies of cablegrams in our administration office, as an additional protection to the men against missing important information. On this Sunday it happened that the Assistant to the Superin-

tendent was in the building, and it was possible to get at the files and find the copy of the cablegram.

It contained the information that the seaman's mother had died on the night of November 6.

Forgeta Everything

Sitting straight up, and his hair fairly standing on end with excitement, an Italian seaman opened negotiations for a room this way:

"T—t—t—they t-t-tell m-m-m-e this is where you give out the t-t-tickets for rooms.

"I hava n-n-no p—passport because I leava the ship so quick. The cap-a-tan he shout down for me to come up quick and I come up like hell. I come up so quick I forgeta the mon.

"I go d-d-d-down again and wrapa it up in a m-m-muffler.

"The cap-a-tan he shout down again, very m-m-mad, and I come away and forgeta the mon, forgeta the p-p-p-passport, forgeta everything."

This seaman was from the ship Dorin, which had to be abandoned because she was crippled by the gales sweeping the Atlantic. He was still able, even after having forgotten the "mon," to pay for a room, but our hotel desk is not permitted to sell rooms to men unless they have papers to prove that they are active seamen, or unless they bring a ticket from the Social Service Department.

General Summary of Work

JANUARY, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services, A. M.	4	73
Sunday Services, P. M.	4	419
Communion Services	4	17
Bible Classes	4	321
Midweek Services	4	274
Miscellaneous Services	0	0
Weddings	0	0
Funerals	1	
Baptisms	0	

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL NO. 21, STATEN ISLAND

Sunday Services, A. M.	4	169
Communion Services	1	3
Funerals	2	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services	4	336
Entertainments	9	3,763
Lodgings Registered		25,060
Incoming Mail for Seamen		15,542
Dunnage Checked		4,878
Packages Literature Distributed		67
Knitted Articles Distributed		310

RELIEF

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	1,392
Assisted through Loan Fund	63
Baggage and Minor Relief	288
Cases in Institute Clinic	571
Referred to Hospital and Clinics	38
Referred to Other Organizations	86
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	31

EMPLOYMENT

Men Shipped	536
Shore Jobs	154

VISITS

To Hospitals	13
To Patients	288
Other Visits	21

SEA VIEW HOSPITAL

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL

HUDSON ST. HOSPITAL

To Hospital..... 0	To Hospital..... 24	To Hospital..... 0
Number of Hours..... 0	Number of Hours..... 115	Number of Hours..... 0

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	27
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	3
First Aid Lectures	28

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	\$42,044.64
Withdrawals	49,506.43
Transmissions	14,928.16

L'ENVOI

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun,
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate;
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out
trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that
is always new?

—RUDYARD KIPLING.