

# The LOOKOUT

Proposed  
Annex

Present  
Institute



**S O S!**  
**New  
Building Fund**

**Give Now  
and Let Us  
Weigh Anchor**

Seamen's Church Institute of New York  
25 South Street

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Incorporated 1844

## OFFICERS AND MANAGERS OF THE SOCIETY

### Honorary President

Rt. Rev. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., D.C.L., 1908

### President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 1885

### Clerical Vice-Presidents

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RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D., 1908	REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D., 1922
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REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D., 1902	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, JR., 1923
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ALLISON V. ARMOUR, 1917	B. T. VAN NOSTRAND, 1887
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FRANK T. WARBURTON, 46 Cedar Street, 1888

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CHARLES A. CLARK, 1905	EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL, 1915
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FRANKLIN REMINGTON, 1911	WALTER WOOD PARSONS, 1921
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OLIVER ISELIN, 1912	KERMIT ROOSEVELT, 1923
VINCENT ASTOR, 1912	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN, 1923
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MARINUS W. DOMINICK, 1912	BENJAMIN BREWSTER JENNINGS, 1924
JOHN S. ROGERS, 1913	CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, 1924
LEROY KING, 1913	LOUIS B. MCCAGG, JR., 1924

### Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D., 1895

Note: Dates refer to year of election.

## LEGACIES GREATLY NEEDED

for endowment to help meet current expenses. Present vested funds produce approximately only \$7,000 of the \$108,000 annually required to maintain the work.

### 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.

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of.....Dollars."

# THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 16

JANUARY, 1925

No. 1

## Dr. Mansfield Ill

The Institute has been suffering for the past two months from a feeling of desolation induced by the absence of the Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield. Nominally he is unable to attend to business. Practically he has stepped in every now and then and straightened out our difficulties, but it is hoped that the rest, the Board of Managers has insisted upon his taking, will quite restore him and that he will soon be back in charge again.

## A. M. M. L. A. Luncheon

On December the fourth the American Merchant Marine Library Association was the guest at luncheon of the Seamen's Church Institute.

The guests were welcomed on behalf of the Institute by Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, who made the suggestion that the Association might in the future use the Institute as its meeting place.

A brief outline of the accomplishments of the A. M. M. L. A. was given by the President, Mrs. Henry Howard of Cleveland, to whose enthusiasm and energy the success of the organization is largely due.

A letter of regret from Dr. Mansfield, that it was impossible for him to be present, was read to the guests.

Other speakers were Mr. Clifford Mallory, Captain John F. Milliken, Secretary-Treasurer of the Neptune Association and Second Vice-President of the A. M. M. L. A.; Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin, Mr. Charles Belden and Mr. Franklin E. Hooper.

## The O'Neill Plays

Have you been to see the O'Neill plays at the Provincetown Playhouse? One woman sent us a contribution because she had been there and they had impressed her so deeply with the need of the seaman for protection.

As you will have seen in the reviews this is a set of four one act plays having to do with the life of the men of the sea. The action of three of them takes place on board the S. S. Glencairn, the other is in a London water front dive, and if this had been written as propaganda for the Institute it could not have been better done, nor half so well, because, for some curious reason, truth with a purpose never rings quite so real as just plain truth.

O'Neill is not a propagandist. He tells the bald truth, often the ugly, disgusting truth about seamen and their life, and you can react as you please, take it or leave it. He is an artist and a very great artist indeed or he could not produce his effects so simply and so powerfully.

The first is an evening's debauch

and fighting when the ship is anchored off the West Indies, gross and disgusting, but having the ring of reality. The next is a picture of the struggles of Olson, a Swedish seaman, to resist the water front dive's hospitality and temptations in order that he may get home with the two years' pay he has in his pocket and buy a little farm. The childishness and simplicity of the seaman were never better portrayed.

The third is a touching incident in the war zone, and the last shows the death of a man hurt at sea, with no doctor to help. The only coherence in the different plays is provided by the repetition of the same characters, but it is an exceedingly vivid cross section of life.

### Poetry Impending

One of the apprentice boys warns a volunteer worker that an associate is believed to have burst into verse, and she is likely to be the recipient of his maiden effort.

My dear friend:

We came, we coaled—we are now on our way again, bound for Shanghai. We had a most gorgeous trip through the Inland Sea and even an unimaginative person like myself waxed quite enthusiastic. It affected D—— so much that he is believed to have burst forth into verse. So beware—there is poetry impending! One of the minor volcanoes with a quite unpronounceable name was in eruption and looked rather fine at a distance. Probably Harrington will have told you all about

the various items of interest in the Inland Sea so I will spare you a repetition. Besides D—— is going to immortalize it, so look what a treat you have in store! Of course we absolutely refuse to take him seriously and he gets fearfully annoyed and tells us that a Prophet is always without honor in his own country. He is rapidly becoming quite as broad as he is long and weighs just 11 pounds less than I do. Various helpful suggestions are passed out by all hands and the cook—getting thin to music, hunger tablets, dieting, etc. All these suggestions he suffers with a resigned air which reminds me of that hymn, " 'Tis weary, waiting here."

### What Became of James

In the Seamen's Church Institute, as in all big institutions, there is a certain ebb and flow of minor employes, who come and go and nothing more is known about them than that they have been here and they have gone.

James was one of these, a porter who cleaned floors. If James boasted, as he may very well have done, that he had been a butler in some very aristocratic homes, it is not on record.

In the course of time James departed to another job as porter, and from that to another, after which we lost track of him. But the other day a gentleman called at our clinic, a very elegantly dressed gentleman with a cane and spats. And it was James. He is now a butler in the home of a very wealthy and well-

known Brooklyn family; he has very fine quarters, with his own private bath—and as to salary, well the suit, and the cane and the spats were eloquent of his rise in life.

### Reading Rooms Go A-Begging

Sure as we were that the reading rooms, the yarn-swapping, letter writing, game-playing, home rooms of the Institute would find immediate takers they are still unspoken for.

True, fifty thousand dollars each is considerable money, but there are those among our readers to whom even fifty thousand dollars is less than the twenty dollars brought in to us some time ago by a poor old scrub woman, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, by the way, who brought it as a thank offering that her boy was spared in the war.

Who wants the happiness rooms as their gift?

### An Open Dormitory

But for those who want to do something for us and who cannot afford such a large gift here is a smaller one, that is full of significance a twenty-eight bed open dormitory. Have you ever seen the dormitories of the Institute? The big airy fire proof rooms, with their rows of spotless beds renting for thirty-five cents a night. A place where a man who is very nearly "on the beach" can still find shelter and warmth and protection.

Such a dormitory costs \$3,000 to

build and with the gift goes the registration of the donor's name as a Benefactor, on the bronze tablet in the entrance lobby, where it will stand in perpetuity as a reminder of a generous deed.

### English Novelist Expresses Appreciation of Institute

During Dr. Mansfield's absence, Mr. Tertius Noble, organist of St. Thomas' Church, brought his brother, Mr. Edward Noble, a well-known English novelist, to lunch at the Institute and to make a tour of the building.

Mr. Noble is the author of many books dealing with sea life, some of which are "The Edge of Circumstance," "The Grain Carriers," "Lords of the Sea," "The Bottle Fillers" and "Fisherman's Gat." The author, having been to sea, is familiar with the needs of these men and his praise of our work is peculiarly gratifying.

Dear Dr. Mansfield:

My brother and I were your guests today at the Institute and if I may say so without derogating from the kindness of Mr. Green and Miss Beynon, I can only express my sorrow that you were unable to be in the chair. Mr. Williams, when he was here, spoke so enthusiastically of you that I was naturally anxious to meet you. Here and there in the world one has come upon men of that wonderful kind of enthusiasm, who can spend a life and give life to the cause which you

have so splendidly upheld and striven to better, but they are few and far between. Jack is a difficult person to manage. He is very much more of a child than he appears. And he wants to be left alone when he gets his small snatch of shore life, not to be run after with tracts and entreaty. Just, in fact, in spite of his childishness, to be treated as a man.

That, it seems to me, is what your Institute so splendidly carries out. Its Chapel—a novelty to me—is humanizing as well as fine with its sense of ministration; the reading and writing accommodation of the best, the theatre, billiard room and the rest, the result of long and patient work, and I should be proud if you will allow me to say how much I appreciated the opportunity you gave me of seeing it all.

There was nothing of the kind in my days—long ago now. Indeed, until quite recently, it seems to me, no one took the sailors seriously or recognized quite how essential it is that they shall be friendly ambassadors of the nation that gave them birth, not malevolent. For the peace of nations is very much linked with the small courtesies, or otherwise, which result from the coming together of the various sons in foreign ports. And sailors may be very potent spokesmen.

Forgive a very hurried note. I am sailing on the 13th, Saturday, and suddenly have found a rather alarming pressure on my time—but that always happens when one nears sailing day.

Again many thanks to you, and may you speedily get the essential strength to be again on the bridge and in command.

Yours very sincerely,  
Edward Noble.

### The Supreme Sacrifice

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice had been the instrument in getting a young seaman returned to his home where there was sickness. He turned him over to the House Mother who agreed to add several very important postscripts to his wardrobe. He believed the young man to be still in her hands when he looked up and saw him standing again at the end of the desk.

The young man blushed.

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice assumed a receptive expression.

The young man shuffled from one foot to the other.

At last, desperately, he reached into his breast pocket and brought out a photograph of a girl, and threw it on the desk before the Man-Who-Gives-Advice. "I'll give you that," he said, in the voice of one who has made the supreme renunciation. "Picture of my girl," he added, in explanation.

The ready tact of the Southerner came to the assistance of The-Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"It's mighty nice," he said, "but don't you think she might be sore if you went home without it? Perhaps you'd better wait and send me a card from home."

The young man heaved a great sigh of relief as he returned the precious photograph to his pocket.

### Only a Bathing Suit

Word came from one of the marine hospitals that a seaman wanted us to get his dunnage out of our baggage room and send him some clothes, as he had nothing at the hospital but a bathing suit.

It was a nurse who gave us the message.

"Nothing but what?" asked the chaplain at our end of the line.

"Nothing but a bathing suit."

"Did you say nothing but a bathing suit?"

Giggles at the other end of the line. "Yes, he has nothing here but a bathing suit."

"Hem!" said the chaplain. "All right. We'll send him some clothes."

"Why do you suppose," he inquired of his fellow workers, "a seaman would put on his bathing suit to go to the hospital?"

No satisfactory explanation was forthcoming, and the truth, when we did learn it was no less surprising. He had been stabbed while in swimming.

### The Person Counts

This quotation from that interesting little booklet "The Mainstay," published by the Newport Institute makes one think of the number of times seamen have said to us, "Did you ever hear of Canon Brady in B. A.?"

And we had heard.

"A Seamen's Institute is not a play house but rather a service station. This service is made real not

through comfortable quarters, reading, writing and game rooms, gymnasium, swimming pools, moving picture shows, concerts, dances, suppers, or even religious services, as desirable as any or all of these things might be. Service is made real through persons who in spite of human imperfection and frailities try continuously to love and serve their fellowmen. When you ask a sailor if he has ever used a Seamen's Institute in any given place he invariably comes back with the answer, 'Yes, and do you know Mr. So and So or Mrs. Somebody else.' A person means so much more than a place, especially to sailors who know many places and not so many persons that they can remember with gratitude."

### Prayer for Seafarers

Almighty Father, with whom is no distance, and no darkness, and no power too strong for Thy ruling; we beseech Thee to bless on all seas the vessels of our fleet and merchandise, our sailors and our fishermen, with all that go to and fro and occupy their business in great waters; save them from dangers known and unforeseen; deliver them from strong temptation and from easily besetting sin; teach them to mark Thy works and wonders on the deep; fill them with kindness, loyalty, and faith, and help every man to do his duty; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*From the Church and the Sailor.*

## List of Memorials and Gifts

4	Taken—200 Chapel Chairs . . . . .	Each	\$50
	8 Drinking Fountains on Dormitory floors	Each	\$250
	3 Drinking Fountains on 2nd, 3rd and 4th floors . . . . .	Each	\$500
	1 Drinking Fountain in Entrance Lobby . .		\$700
	Name as Co-Builder in Entrance Lobby . .		\$500 to \$1,000
5	Taken—205 Seamen's Bedrooms (inside) . . . . .	Each	\$500
23	Taken—211 Seamen's Bedrooms (outside) and wash basins . . . . .	Each	\$1,000
13	Taken— 41 Staff and Licensed Officers' Bedrooms	Each	\$1,500
	1 Washroom for Men Clerical Employees and name as Benefactor on Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .		\$3,000
	Taken— 1 Twenty-eight Bed Open Dormitory and name as Benefactor on Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .		\$3,000
	1 Cloak and Washrooms for Volunteer Women Workers and name as Benefactor on Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .		\$5,000
1	Taken— 10 Bedrooms and Endowment for Free Use of Destitute Convalescents and name as Benefactor on Tablet in Entrance Lobby	Each	\$5,000
	8 Very large Dormitory Washrooms . .	Each	\$5,000
	6 Forty-two Bed Open Dormitory and name as Benefactor on Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .	Each	\$5,000
	1 Seventy Bed Open Dormitory and name as Benefactor on Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .		\$7,000
	Taken— 1 Very Large Rest and Wash Rooms for Women Clerical Employees . . . . .		\$10,000
4	Subscribed— Name as Benefactor on large Bronze Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .		\$3,000 to \$10,000

## List of Memorials and Gifts—Continued

4	Subscribed— Name as Founder on Large Bronze Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .		\$10,000 or more
	Superintendent's and Administration Offices and name as Founder on large Bronze Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .		\$15,000
	Entrance Doorway and Lobby . . . . .		\$20,000
	Enlarged Apprentice Room, and name as Founder on Tablet in Entrance Lobby . .		\$25,000
	Dispensary and Hospital Rooms and name as Founder on Tablet in Entrance Lobby . . . . .		\$50,000
2	Large Structural Units and name as Founder on Tablet in Entrance Lobby . .		\$50,000

### PAYMENTS IN INSTALMENTS

All memorial subscriptions or general contributions may be made payable in four equal instalments over a period of one and one-half years. The last payment is to be made not later than July 1, 1926.

This convenient arrangement for payments often makes it possible to give a larger memorial or contribution than if the entire sum is payable at once.

These construction memorials in perpetuity, including furniture or equipment, provide for the establishment of units of the new building, which will be marked by simple bronze tablets, inscribed according to the donors' wishes.

The campaign expenses have been arranged for separately by the Building Committee.

## 468 out of 7000 LOOKOUT READERS

have pledged or contributed \$140,050.06 made up of a few large and many small amounts—

**MORE** must **GIVE** and larger sums before we can **WEIGH ANCHOR**.

# The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK  
at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 3620

## Subscription Rates

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Address all communications to

ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.  
Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

## What Price Charity?

The years come and the years go and with them a constant ebb and flow of misery through our Social Service Department. And to this misery we apply the salve of temporary relief, asking ourselves as we do it whether we are in any sense answering this cry of human wretchedness for help.

Nobody can come close up to Social Service work without being staggered by the magnitude of the demands made upon such an institution as this, and at first human pity overflows in the direction of the sufferers.

But time passes and the worker finds among those he tries to help many whose troubles are the fruits of their own sowing. They have sown the wind and they are reaping the whirlwind, and he turns away in disgust, and says to himself, "Let them reap."

Should the money of decent people be used to relieve the necessities of such riffraff? Should not such institutions as ours close their doors, and leave justice untempered by mercy free to deal with them as she wills?

For a while he fixes his eyes upon the deserving cases, who are only for a moment in need of help, and for their sakes he goes on. He shuts his eyes mentally to the liar and cheat and the drunkard, and the disgustingly diseased who continually file past, until one day he opens them, and looks at them with something of the pity of an understanding God and realizes, all in a flash, that it is these cheap and tawdry souls who are our supreme responsibility; it is the great reproach of civilization that we, who have been endowed with finer ideals and better minds, have not been able to prevent so many perverted lives from growing up in our midst; that we have not built up a social and economic system which makes it easier for the weak and the depraved to go straight.

And instead of the fountains of pity drying up they overflow once more, and instead of closing our doors we lay the foundations of a new building.

## Lacked Something

Pointing the moral of the foregoing editorial is this touching letter from a man in jail, exclaiming over the wonder revealed to him recently by the world of books. He says,

"It has inspired something in me, which I don't exactly know, only that it makes me feel happier than I ever was." Surely if ever there was one this is a balked life driven to crime for lack of a big enough mental world to live in, and we, who have always lived in that world, have been careless about extending its boundaries.

Are we our brother's keeper?

What would you say?

My dear Mr. Green:

Your letter of the 26th received and was glad as ever to hear from you. I also received from the inquire postmaster a blank to be filled with my address so they can send the books to me. I am very glad that they are here because, although we have a school here, one doesn't learn much, although they tell me the other place I am to be transferred has a good school which I hope to make of use.

I have done quite a bit of reading since I have been arrested, and believe me reading it's a sure great thing. As for me I never done much reading in fact I never went to school and all I know to read and write it is from books and the help of a few sailors and officers. I had a few books in arithmetic and spelling, but never read good books and I know that I lacked something. Of course I didn't know exactly what it was till I started reading. I can say that in three months I have learned quite a little, but the best of it is that books not only taught me a little but have inspired some-

thing in me which I don't exactly know only that it makes me feel happier than I ever was. In former days I never thought any thing of knowlege or wisdom, but now it is all I do.

Many times I sit trying to think how I got in trouble but that is ease told, because we may do things without expecting the consequences, and now that I am in jail I think that it has done me good. As a policeman friend said to me it may be the best thing in the world for you and I do not doubt it is, one can not appreciate time untill one is behind the bars for one can't work to earn money and it is all wasted time

but I shall come out of this and then it will be like in the book Les Miserables where it says, "Wars, like revolution are progress after the conflict is over there bursts forth the product of progress", which I think it to be the right philosophy.

I, like the rest, or some of the seamen never thought of thanking anybody that did me a favor because I thought that people had to do it as a duty, but I have found out diferent and that is why I thanked you for the favor you done me in sending them books. Although I'm sure that there is people who receive favors and appreciate them, and still they don't know or don't feel like thanking everybody who does them a favor but I am sure that a time comes to that person when he thinks of that favor and then it may be to late to thank the party. I am sure that most of the favors you have

done has been appreciated, of course we understand there are some "hogs" who are never satisfied.

As for me my only hope is that some day I may be able to be of some service to the "Home" for I have reflected and have come to the point where I can see clearly the good the home has done to so many sailors for so many years, and all done with the good will of its officials

I must close, hoping that you have enjoyed your thanksgiving.

Very respectfully,

J. W. L.

### We Need Some Foreign Books

Just a minute ago a Hollander was inquiring whether we had any books in his native language, and the book shelves yielded nothing. The other day a Swedish seaman was no more lucky, and an Italian found almost no choice.

This Institute of ours is the tower of Babel, the temporary resting place of birds of passage from all lands, and if they could have books in their own tongue to read it would make them very happy, and help to pass many an otherwise tedious hour.

### Kathleen, Joseph and James, Also Mother

William Hardy was discharged in this country from a ship four years ago, and began to ship out of the Port of New York on American vessels. After two years he got a chance of a position on shore and he took it. Then he sent for his daughter, a girl of sixteen, because he wanted her to have the educa-

tional advantages of America. By dint of hard work and careful saving he managed to get a home together and sent for his wife and the three other children just the other day. But when they reached Ellis Island he found himself in difficulties. As the person receiving immigrants his own status in the country came under the microscope and it became apparent that he was not legally resident inasmuch as he had not paid a head tax.

He came to the Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law and asked him if anything could be done other than giving up his job and returning to England and starting all over again.

The chaplain advised him to go to Washington personally, and he gave him a letter to the Department of Labor explaining the hardship entailed on seamen by the retroactive feature of the new Immigration law, with the result that the chaplain had a letter the other day from the Department of Labor saying that Kathleen, Joseph and James had been admitted, also mother.

### An Unconscious Compliment

The editor was showing some guests through the building the other day when one of them paid the Institute this delightful compliment. We had come down from the roof into the dormitory at the rear of the Navigation School, when she looked around and said, "Is this the hospital?"

When the editor explained that it was merely a dormitory she said, "It is so clean!"

## Our Institute at Work

### Our Work from the Outsider's Standpoint

This letter from an old friend of the Institute expresses such a fresh enthusiasm for the different departments of our work, that we thought our readers might enjoy it, and those who have not done so be tempted to pay us a visit:

Dear Mrs. Roper:

It gave me much pleasure to know my letter and the little gift were so much appreciated. If my deeds could only carry out my actual desires, the Seamen's Church Institute would receive an impetus that would put its new building on the sky line of New York in a very short space of time.

The magnitude and scope of the work grows on me with every visit. But, the most important part, to me, is that which deals with the boy. Each time I come, I find an almost entirely new personnel among the apprentices, yet all are equally at home, equally interested, and taking their part in the life of the Institute, as to the manner born.

And the thought that grips deepest, is this, that these youngsters will sail and steam wherever there is water, and ships can go. They will spread the gospel of good cheer, of cleanliness and courtesy, of friendliness and sympathy, until the name of the Seamen's Church Institute will echo in every port as a place to be longed for, and its benefits to be achieved.

And word of the Institute's way

with a boy will be carried to the fireside in many lands and the hearts of parents be made glad with the knowledge, that when their boys fare to New York, they can find care and comfort and pleasure and clean fun, beneath a roof which can and must be as sacred to them as is that home itself.

They are so pathetic, so gallant and so brave, so near to childhood, so near to manhood, these small men of the sea, starting forth on their actual voyages, and on the great adventure of their lives as well, one rejoices to know that they have such a safe anchorage, such "a living link" between themselves and home, as your Institute provides.

I am constantly trying to interest others in your labors, but you know it is a rushing time. One in every ten of us owns a car, soon it will be one of nine, or eight or six. Every night and week end we rush off to the limit of our cruising grounds, and in the morning the conversation is all about the traffic jam, the time it takes to do a certain distance nowadays, the merits of our particular car, the fool driving of the other fellow, and so ad infinitum.

Or we have radio sets, those of yesterday useless for purposes of today for who will be satisfied with Boston or Chicago, when someone else is getting San Francisco all the time, with England or Japan as immediate possibilities. All this makes for selfishness, I think, and it is harder to enlist the sympathies of

people for anything outside of their own immediate contacts.

But education has done much, it must do more. Think of the field of the motion picture. I should like to have the story of your work and of your need, flashed on every screen in the world. I want every city and seaport to know the tale of your achievements. I wish a film could be made (and I think it could) which would show Tokio and Shanghai, Calcutta and Hong-Kong, Liverpool and Brest, Naples and Melbourne and all the ports between, how you care for their seafaring men, without regard to creed, color or homeland. I should like them to see a picture of the lobby, thronged with men from every segment of the globe, clothed in odd garments, talking together in many tongues, assisted by free gestures and much flashing of eyes. I want them to know how you guard the apprentice boys from contact with the rougher element of their craft and calling, while ashore, to see the cosy quarters fitted up for them, the pictures and bookshelves, the tables loaded with magazines, the games, the phonograph and piano. To see the boys themselves, clearing the tables for tea, vieing with each other as to who can help the most, flashing hither and yon on errands to the kitchen, refilling the teapot, bringing hot water, replenishing the sandwich and cake plates. After tea, music and singing and games, writing letters home, and perhaps a movie or a dance.

I want them to see the Sunday evening service in chapel, the reverent bowed heads, the hearty singing, the rapt attention to the sermon, which is apt to be a heart to heart talk, suited to the audience and the time, then to follow on to the home hour in the auditorium, where, with huge cups of steaming coffee and heaped up plates of cake before them, they listen to someone singing or sing themselves between mouthfuls, while kindly women flit here and there among them, filling empty cups and plates and give the place a homelike atmosphere. Inarticulate, and unattractive outwardly, are some of these men, yet each has the divine mark of his Creator upon him, each holds the divine spark, and each of them is one "for whom Christ died." What a thought is this with which to carry on.

In an adjoining room, the boys are having their "home hour" too, cakes and coffee and conversation. Then, after the tables are cleared grouped around the piano, they sing old songs and new, and little bits of fellows, tightly buttoned into their manly little uniforms, sing lustily such ditties as "Who Killed Cock Robin," while glowing cheek and sparkling eye reveal the pleasure in the childish hearts of them. What a film that would make.

Then there is the dining room, with its nourishing meals at approachable prices, the slop chest with its possibilities of a new suit at a small outlay, the reading room

with magazines and daily papers, the crowded dormitories, the spotless bathrooms.

I want them to know about the bank where the seamen's funds are safeguarded against the inevitable rainy day, the Post Office which holds first class mail six months. I want them to meet the Chaplain who visits the sick, the one who knows law, to the seamen's great advantage many a time, the one who gets a job ashore for sailors who find themselves without a ship, the Superintendent also, the House Mother and all the rank and file of employees. I want them to see them all at work on their great job of making the seamen happy and contented when ashore.

They must see the laundry too, far below the street, where all the clothes from hundreds of beds are washed every day, and on the same level, the baggage room, where a sailor may leave his bag for any length of time, at a nominal charge. And at the other extreme of the building, just under the roof, the nautical school where a boy may supplement his knowledge gained at sea, and on the roof itself, the Titanic Memorial Lighthouse and a string of fluttering flags which ever spell "welcome" in a language that every sailor knows.

I want them to become acquainted with the work of your Bureau for the location of missing men, and to see how you are often able to knit together broken families. If such a film as this was made and broadcasted over the earth, it would

and must help materially the work of the Seamen's Church Institute.

If we could only, all of us, (laymen I mean) take the Master at His word, if we could and did, really believe, that "every hair of our heads is numbered," that we are "of more value than many sparrows," if we could only attain to that little speck of Faith, which would remove mountains and cast them into the sea, if all of us, who call ourselves Christians, would seize upon the countless promises which are ours, what a golden flood would be released for work such as you are carrying on, what a host of little hoards (which many of us are saving for the time when we cannot labor and yet perhaps must live) would come tumbling into your coffers for the needful extension of your work.

### Church Co-operation

Dr. Mansfield appreciates very much having the rector of a parish make such a friendly and generous appeal for the Institute in his church bulletin, as this, which appeared in the leaflet given out by the Church of the Beloved Disciple:

"The Rev. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, who is doing such a magnificent work for our seamen, writes to the church people of New York City: 'Whatever else you do or leave undone, please do not forget to send a dollar for our Christmas Dinner Fund. This is not charity but friendliness.' Help him if you feel you can, 25 South Street."



## The National Work

Boston

The sailor is a homeless man. This means that to a very large extent he is a churchless man. If he has a home, he sees it only occasionally. If he has a church, he seldom has the opportunity of going into it.

The Episcopal City Mission of Boston aims to offset these lacks in a sailor's life by providing clubhouses—homelike places for his accommodation while in port, with opportunities for religious instruction and profit which will keep alive his interest in religion and morals.

### The Sailors' Haven

One of these clubhouses or havens is at No. 46 Water Street, Charlestown, a large and commodious building, built especially for the sailor and by the sailor almost exclusively used, open all the year round, used by sailors from all parts of the world; a clubhouse, yet more than a clubhouse, a haven where he can anchor, safe from the storms. Here he is treated like a man. Every kindness is shown him. Friendships are established, influences are liberated that go with the sailor wherever he goes. He is a better man for having had the privilege of a haven while ashore.

### St. Mary's House for Sailors

Across the harbor at East Boston is the other station for seamen's work, the so-called St. Mary's House for Sailors.

The very position of St. Mary's House suggests that it is a home for all who sail the seas. Near it the great smokestacks of the Cunard and other ocean steamships, the masts and spars of coasting schooners, drays, puffing engines and laboring winches, all these, the industry of the sea, surround St. Mary's House for Sailors. Here the seamen come and smoke their pipes or write that wonderful letter "Home." Here in their pleasant rooms they find a cosy corner to read or have a chat with friends of the Home. It is here that they come first, and here they come last to say goodbye and a gruff "Thank you," and to go on their journey over the sea with a handful of books or a warm muffler, and a pleasant little memory of the Home.

There is much to be told about the great work that has been accomplished here for years past, of the hearts that have been made glad, and of the wayward ones who have been influenced to a sense of right living. It is a busy place under ordinary conditions with Sunday services, weekly concerts, the companionship and other forms of recreation of the place, all of which make the Home an attractive center for seamen.

The plant at St. Mary's comprises a sailor's clubhouse and chapel adjoining. The Chapel, an attractive place of worship, is most accessible, and for the sailor whose early training has given him a love for the

church, it is and has been a place of rest and refuge.

And so through the agency of the stations for seamen described above, the Episcopal City Mission is endeavoring to give practical and helpful welcome to the men who have no home, no church, and sometimes, almost no friends. Afloat the sailor is a citizen of the wide world; ashore a new world confronts him. Without the havens, this new world is one of hostile forces that war upon him, body and soul. With the havens, it is sure to be a world of kind friends and good forces that upbuild and conserve the fine qualities of the sailorman.

Both the Sailors' Haven and St. Mary's House for Sailors have become affiliated, through the Episcopal City Mission of Boston, with the Seamen's Church Institute of America and are flying its flag.

### The Concerts Again

The concerts have begun again, and once more on Friday night the concert hall rings with sound of masculine voices raised in song, and with laughter as dancers and musicians entertain the seamen.

The lapse in the concerts, some of the workers think, has been good for the seamen, because they have learned to count their mercies, and they are entering into the new season of entertainment with a new zest.

### Lifeboat in Navigation School

Captain Huntington, of the Navigation School, has installed a new

lifeboat to use as a model in teaching boatmen, so that they can apply for certificates. The boat is swung exactly as it would be on an ocean liner, and the men are taught how to handle her.

As you know, each ship must carry a certain number of certified lifeboat men, before she can leave port.

### Real Gratitude

Here is a shy expression of appreciation written to the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief for the rather unimportant gift of a muffler, which makes one feel that the things that are done for seamen are not wasted:

Dear Miss Kellogg:

You really must excuse me for writing to you, but somehow I don't seem to have the nerve to come and thank you personally, but I want to express my sincere thanks for the muffler you gave me yesterday afternoon. I am wearing it tonight on watch and it does feel so comfortable that I really want you to know how much I appreciate your kindness. I don't know how I managed to ask you for it, but several of the boys told me that they felt sure if I called on you personally you would extend your courtesy and give it with pleasure, and then to find that such was the case. Well, all I can say is that it does seem nice to think that when you really are in need of a friend the sailor can always find one at 25 South Street. Of course I fully realize what you have to contend with regarding the different types of men. Every na-

tionality. Some deserving cases and others not. Anyway it is useless for me to discuss them with you. So will just say what the late Samuel Gompers said, but instead of saying "nurse," I will say Miss Kellogg, "This is the end."

God bless our American Institutions. May they grow better day by day. And with your kind help I am sure the Institute at 25 South Street will always succeed.

W. T. S.

### His First Charity

Anybody familiar with sailors would have recognized him instantly as a follower of the sea, by certain lines in his face, and a long distance focus of his eyes.

Like so many of those who have come and gone on the ocean for years, he was proud in some of his ways, and shy in all of them. So he had a stiff wrestle with his hunger for tobacco before he came and asked us for some cigarettes.

"I'd youst like to ask you," he began, his Swedish tongue tripping him up in his nervousness, "if you would give me some cigarettes. I never had to ask for charity before, but I'm sick and I haven't been able to work for weeks—" He broke off to look away, so that we would not see his lips working with emotion.

"I'm going to Fort Stanton," he concluded.

And that means that he has T. B.

After all it was a modest request. He had stayed here between voyages for years, and now, at the moment of his great emergency all he asked was some tobacco.

Indeed it was such a small demand that we suspect it was partly an excuse to claim our sympathy. He had come, unexpectedly, face to face with death, and he was reaching out for a human hand to clasp to give him courage.

He got up, when his pockets had been stuffed with cigarettes, and shook hands with the House Mother, looking past her, rather than at her. "Of course, I'm going to come through all right," he assured her. "The doctor said I had a good chance."

### What Do You Think?

"I don't like powder on a woman's face. It spoils it for me. I don't like jazz and I don't like the modern dances, and I don't like to see bobbed hair on a woman."

He stated these startling facts with a puzzled expression and added, "That convinces me that I am getting old, although I am only thirty. The young must have their way. It is always so. I am holding back, losing step as it were."

The Editor propounded the question to the house mother and she did not seem at all hopeless about his condition. In fact, her face lighted up and she said, "Those things are a phase. They will pass and he will find himself in step with real progress."

Then the Editor asked one of the younger generation and she said, "He is right. He is getting old. He needs jazzing up or he will soon be hopelessly behind."

What do you think?

## PLEDGE

In consideration of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York proceeding with the work of erecting the proposed addition to its present building, to cost approximately \$1,900,000, the undersigned agrees to pay to said Corporation the sum of ..... Dollars as stated below.

Payments may be made in four equal instalments, the first payment to be made upon signing this pledge, and the others on the dates indicated below, the final payment not later than July 1, 1926.

Payments to be made on  
(Indicate dates)

Signed.....

Address.....

FRANK T. WARBURTON, *Treasurer*,  
25 South Street, New York City.

## CONTRIBUTION

I desire to assist in the erection of the proposed addition to the present Seamen's Church Institute building, which is to cost approximately \$1,900,000, and herewith enclose my check for \$..... to be applied to the New Building Fund.

Signed.....

Address.....

FRANK T. WARBURTON, *Treasurer*,  
25 South Street, New York City.

## MEMORIALS

I should like to be furnished with a list of unassigned MEMORIAL GIFTS that may be made for the proposed addition to the present SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Name.....

Address.....

*Building Committee*  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK,  
25 South Street, New York City.

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Incorporated 1844

## OFFICERS AND MANAGERS OF THE SOCIETY

### Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., D.C.L., 1908

### President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 1885

### Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, D.D., 1906	REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D., 1916
RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D., 1908	REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D., 1922
VERY REV. HOWARD C. ROBBINS, D.D., 1918	REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D., 1923
REV. S. DE L. TOWNSEND, D.D., 1900	REV. H. P. SILVER, D.D., 1923
REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D., 1902	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, JR., 1923
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER, 1903	REV. FRANK W. CREIGHTON, 1924

### Lay Vice-Presidents

JOHN A. MCKIM, 1889	ROBERT L. HARRISON, 1901
ALLISON V. ARMOUR, 1917	B. T. VAN NOSTRAND, 1887
HENRY L. HOBART, 1907	

### Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK T. WARBURTON, 46 Cedar Street, 1888

### Lay Managers

AUGUSTUS N. HAND, 1902	LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY, 1913
HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, 1902	CHARLES E. DUNLAP, 1915
EDWIN A. S. BROWN, 1904	GEORGE W. BURLEIGH, 1915
CHARLES A. CLARK, 1905	EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL, 1915
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW, 1905	BERNON S. PRENTICE, 1915
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 1908	JAMES BARBER, 1916
AYMAR JOHNSON, 1908	JOHN J. RIKER, 1916
ERNEST E. WHEELER, 1908	F. KINGSBURY CURTIS, 1920
ROBERT McC. MARSH, 1908	EDWIN J. BARBER, 1920
CHARLES W. BOWRING, 1909	FRANK C. MUNSON, 1920
ORME WILSON, JR., 1910	JUNIOUS S. MORGAN, JR., 1920
FRANKLIN REMINGTON, 1911	WALTER WOOD PARSONS, 1921
J. FREDERIC TAMS, 1911	HARRY FORSYTH, 1921
BAYARD C. HOPPIN, 1911	HENRY DEARBORN, 1922
OLIVER ISELIN, 1912	KERMIT ROOSEVELT, 1923
VINCENT ASTOR, 1912	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN, 1923
SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS, 1912	THOMAS A. SCOTT, 1924
MARINUS W. DOMINICK, 1912	BENJAMIN BREWSTER JENNINGS, 1924
JOHN S. ROGERS, 1913	CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, 1924
LEROY KING, 1913	LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR., 1924

### Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D., 1895

Note: Dates refer to year of election.

## LEGACIES GREATLY NEEDED

for endowment to help meet current expenses. Present vested funds produce approximately only \$7,000 of the \$108,000 annually required to maintain the work.

### 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.

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of.....Dollars."