

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 2

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES Secretary and Treasurer REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.  
Président 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       | Free stationery to encourage writing home                                                        |
| Hospital Visitors                                     | Free English Classes                                                                             |
| Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals                | Information Bureau                                                                               |
| Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats        | Literature Distribution Department                                                               |
| Free Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants | Ways and Means Department                                                                        |
| Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families        | Post Office                                                                                      |
| Burial of Destitute Seamen                            | Department of "Missing Men"                                                                      |
| Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift         | Publication of THE LOOKOUT                                                                       |
| Transmission of money to dependents                   | Comfort Kits                                                                                     |
| Free Libraries                                        | Christmas Gifts                                                                                  |
| Free Reading Rooms                                    | First Aid Lectures                                                                               |
| Game Room Supplies                                    | 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                              |
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**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.

# THE LOOKOUT

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## Our President Entertains the Dean of Windsor

The Very Reverend Albert Victor Baillie, Dean of Windsor, and the British Consul General, Gloster Armstrong, were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by our President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, in the Apprentice Room of the Institute on February 1. Others present were the Superintendent of the Institute and five members of the Board of Managers.

After the luncheon the Dean went all through the building from the Titanic Memorial tower to the sub-basement, and was tremendously impressed, not only by the magnitude of the work, but by the number of his countrymen who profit by this service.

The Dean of Windsor enjoys a rather unique position both socially and in the church as indicated by this clipping from one of the New York dailies.

Nephew of the celebrated Dean Stanley of Westminster, from whom he received much of his earlier training, Dr. Baillie, as Dean of Windsor, is one of the so-called "Royal Peculiars," in that he is exempt from the spiritual jurisdiction and authority of any bishop, and even from that of the Primate of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, being accountable only to the Sovereign,

who is the supreme head of the Church of England.

The Dean is a great favorite with the royal family, with which he has been associated since his childhood. His mother, the late Lady Frances Baillie, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Elgin (the Elgin to whom the British Museum owes the possession of the Elgin marbles rescued from the Parthenon), was one of the favorite ladies-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, of whom the Dean is a godson. He is also a nephew of that Lord Elgin, who while Governor-General of Canada, negotiated successfully a treaty at Washington which he was described as having "floated through the Senate on an ocean of champagne" and who died as Viceroy of India. He is a nephew, also, of General, the Honorable Robert Bruce, who was Governor of Edward VII. until he attained his majority. Still another of the Dean's uncles was Sir Frederick Bruce, who died at Washington as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

The Dean, who has a beautiful five centuries old official cloistered residence within the precincts of Windsor Castle, is the particular dignitary of the Church entrusted with the direction and control of St. George's Chapel, which forms part and parcel of the castle, and which is above everything else, the chapel of the Order of the Garter. The knights

have their seats in the choir of this ancient fane, each stall being adorned with a large brass plaque on which are inscribed the name and the titles of the knight, and on which also his armorial bearings are emblazoned.

### Revelation

In the late fall one of our seamen was sobering up in Jeanette Park. He looked around and saw a number of his fellow seamen in various stages of intoxication. "It's a fine place for me," he thought, "among a lot of dirty drunks." An unpleasant thought struck him, "I suppose anybody looking at me would think I was a dirty drunk." A still more ugly thought came. "— I am a dirty drunk."

He told the director of our religious work that it was the first time he had ever faced the fact that he was a drunkard, and he loathed himself with an unspeakable disgust. At the moment the chapel bell was ringing for service and he rose and went in. He had been brought up in a Cathedral in the West, and was familiar with the Episcopal service.

The chaplain greeted him with a nod of recognition. He had once had the seaman put out of the building for getting relief twice under false pretenses. It was hardly an auspicious beginning for reform, but the Institute chaplains learn to keep an open mind. His clothes were torn and dirty; he was unwashed and unshaven, but the chaplain invited him to come with him to his office. The seaman told him the

sudden revelation that had come to him in the park, that he was a drunkard, and that he was done with booze forever.

The chaplain knew that this man had been a deceiver, and he had seen many men promise to give up drink and return to it immediately, but on the other hand this man had among his papers one, not six months old, saying that he had been competent and reliable in his work as Boatswain. Life had dealt hardly with him lately, and sometimes it is true that "Sweet are the uses of adversity." He had been shipwrecked, and had an arm and leg broken, and was in the hospital for three months.

The chaplain decided to give him a chance. He gave him a bed, and a glass of milk, as his stomach was too much upset for solid food, and the man went away and slept. The next day he came back, washed and shaved, and clear-eyed, with a paper saying that he had a job on a ship. They talked together a little while, and prayed that the man might be given strength to keep on the way he had started out, and then he set forth on the new road that each of us must travel alone.

### Our Social Workers

Come to think of it our social workers can't be very smart and up-to-date. One never hears a learned discussion of case work among them. There is probably not a trained social worker in their ranks and certainly no one who looks upon social work as a career. The only future there is in it for them is to go on earning a small salary in exchange

for an unlimited amount of service.

Perhaps that is why they do such queer things. Take The-Woman-Who-Gives-Relief. She was not paid to get up and go to Roy's funeral but she did. Perhaps it did not do Roy any good. Maybe it did not matter at all that, after a hard evening's work she should get up that much earlier, but somehow we think it did.

Then there is the Chaplain-Who-Visits-the-Sick. He does dreadfully unscientific things like bringing a sick man's shirts home and doing them up himself so that he can go to the Burke Foundation looking respectable.

The Chaplain at the head of the Social Service Department having built up an excellent system for running it, winks at all sorts of rule-breaking when the system comes into conflict with humanitarianism.

And there is the House Mother, who gets up early and comes down town to lead a seaman away to the station just to be sure that some other seaman won't get hold of him and start him drinking before she can send him home to his wife.

And there is the little lady who teaches the apprentice boys dancing, and who sweetly permits her feet to be tramped upon by awkward lads. That is part of her job. But she also writes home to the mothers of the boys sometimes, and reassures them about the lads, and the other day an older brother wrote that the mother of one of the boys had died, and asked her to write him a comforting letter.

And there is the woman in charge of the apprentices, who before she took over the department used to give up her Sunday afternoon to showing strange and lonely boys around the city.

And if we fail to offer further evidence that the Institute's Social workers have queer ways, it is merely because we are less familiar with the works of some of the others, all of whom have the habit of doing all sorts of things for which they are not paid, and which is no part of their jobs at all.

### Flower Fund Completed

Our contributors will be glad to know that the Flower Fund is completed. This means that every Sunday in perpetuity there will be flowers on the altar of the Chapel of Our Savior. Generally these flowers have been given in memory of some dear friends of the donors who will be remembered in this beautiful way long after those who have known them in this world have been forgotten.

As a matter of fact the fund was about one hundred dollars over-subscribed, and this with the fluctuation in the price of flowers will, we hope, enable us to have flowers also on those occasions when we bury a seaman, who has died alone and away from home.

It is also hoped some day to erect a tablet in the chapel bearing the names of those in whose memory flowers have been given.

Accept our grateful thanks for completing this fund.



Burying Ground of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York  
Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing, New York

### The Cemetery Plot

Seamen die away from home, and must be buried. The Seamen's Church Institute recognized the loneliness of such deaths some years ago, and purchased a plot where they may lie among their fellows. It is a roomy plot in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing, New York, where a friend of the Institute has erected a plain granite stone bearing the large bronze seal of the Institute.

No individual headstones are erected, but the graves are all numbered and a record kept of the names, in case any family should want to have the body of the stranger moved. In practice this has never been done, as it seems more fitting to let the seaman sleep among his fellow seamen. The Institute is having printed pictures of the plot, to be enclosed with the letter to the family telling of the burial of the stranger.

It is an interesting fact that, although there has not been any appeal in THE LOOKOUT this year for the Cemetery Fund, four hundred and thirty-five dollars have been taken in for this purpose, showing how the needs of the Institute are kept in mind by its friends.

### M. Coue Would Enjoy This

Two sailormen had been breaking the eighteenth amendment to the American Constitution. One of them had shattered it completely. When an employe of the Seamen's Church Institute first noticed them in the subway they were trying to go

through the pay gates, but could not manage it. So the more sober one propped his companion up against the wall and said to him.

"Do you think you can get on the train?"

His companion expressed doubt.

"Then say this after me ten times, 'Every day in every way I'm getting better and better.'"

The intoxicated seaman, who was of foreign extraction, repeated earnestly, "Effery day in effery way I'm gedding bedder and bedder."

A train roared in before they had repeated it ten times, but with the assistance of M. Coue's formula they managed to get through the gates and get aboard.

### A Year's Work in Rangoon

Under this caption, the organ of the Missions to Seamen prints the following interesting account of the work being done in one Indian port to make the lot of the seaman more pleasant.

Officers and men drop in, in response to the invitation—stay to tea—have a yarn—talk over difficulties of all kinds—receive guidance and advice on Rangoon in general, the sights to be seen, the pitfalls to avoid—while one is able to "take them on" at billiards or tennis, or go for a drive or a walk and take snaps, help them with the developing and printing—so that the Missioner's quarters and dark room have become quite a recognized open house to many, who need friendship in a strange land, in a port where there is every inducement to go wrong, and

where the seafarer is left very much to his own devices, but for The Missions to Seamen.

It has again been possible to arrange picnics, football matches, sing-songs, billiard matches, and tennis parties, cricket and rambles, and thus provide healthy recreation.

It is now possible to record that work on the spiritual side has proved to be a great blessing in the lives of many. In one case an officer came to see me only a few days ago to say he was still further advanced in his company, but his greater joy was, that he had grown in grace, and had advanced spiritually. A chief officer, when in port, comes along almost every evening for Bible-reading and prayer, and is a power for good among the juniors. Many a quiet time we have with two or three gathered together, and it has been necessary to acquire some knowledge of Eastern religions as so many conversations lead up to a talk on this subject, but are always carefully veered round to Christianity as the Ideal, the necessity of some form of religion in the human life, Life as it is in Christ Jesus, the happiness and strength that comes to those who accept the "gift of God." These heart-to-heart, man-to-man talks are productive of much good and need a great deal of prayer and thoughtful meditation to keep oneself in constant readiness to meet men's various needs and views.

Whenever it has been possible, Services have been held on board ship, and these have been very helpful and followed on several occa-

sions by some of those attending coming to the Institute, seeking further instruction and advice. Of Services ashore little can be said except that no known opportunity has been missed of getting a few together for a short form of service and that intercession is made twice daily on behalf of those who go down to the sea in ships.

With men of all denominations using the Institute it becomes quite a part of one's work to direct them to their various places of worship and often to take a party to the Cathedral. It is characteristic of seafaring men that while having a very deep sense of religion, they hate anything in the nature of show or parade, and a missionary finds a large heart and a good purpose, under many a bluff exterior.

The launch has been out of commission three times during the year. It was found necessary to carry out an extensive overhaul in March, and persistent engine trouble was at last traced to a worn slide in the back-firing device of the reversing gear which was a bigger job than at first appeared, while a further patching of the hull and painting had to be done in October. Apart from these little troubles she has been in good use and has on several occasions had forty people aboard on the picnics, always maintaining her reputation for speed whilst ship visiting or carrying men from and to their ships. Such a request as "can you fetch and bring back a football team," or a concert party and friends, being



generally answered in the affirmative.

The picnic parties have been continued, so far as launch and weather conditions would allow, following the usual popular custom of a swimming picnic at Kokine. Twelve of these have been arranged, with the addition of three longer trips to Kyauktan and one by train to Pegu, and while it sometimes takes a fair amount of time and trouble to get the parties together, yet it has been well worth while, as they are so much enjoyed and appreciated by all who take part. One ship passes the word to another, and there have been several disappointments when it has not been possible to arrange one.

As it gets more known there is an increasing demand for the use of the tennis court and some enthusiasts come ashore over-night and sleep at the Institute so as to get a few sets in the early morning before it gets too hot. Then we start about 4 o'clock again, and it is sometimes difficult to get every one a game in before sundown, as, on the average, there are only about two hours in which to play. Some really good players come along and this encourages the beginners, and those who are on a regular run to Rangoon have made quite good progress.

A word must be said about the Institute.

The benefit of this Institute to the seafaring community is obvious and a quite usual remark is, "You've got a jolly fine place here."

We have continued to enjoy the support of firms and people inter-

ested in our work, and with much gratitude on behalf of ourselves and those to whom we minister, we beg to record our heartfelt thanks.

### 11 P. M. on South Street

The House Mother may be stopped any place and any time and asked to do the impossible. This time it was on South Street at 11 P. M. that she found a young seaman eating his heart out with worry about his wife. He had left her in Montreal and he hinted vaguely that they were expecting a child. He had been out of work and had not been able to send her money, and he had a letter from her saying that they had threatened to put her out on the street if she did not pay her room rent.

"Do you think they'd do it?" he asked, frantically. He had just pawned his overcoat and sent her the money he raised that way, but it was very little, and he was terribly anxious about her. "I love my wife, Mrs. Roper—I do, and if anything happened to her—," he declared.

At 11 P. M. on South Street Mrs. Roper was not able to straighten out his difficulties, but she is seeing what can be done about getting him a shore job, and bringing the little woman to New York.

### Priceless

O'Reilly came into the Social Service Department with a handful of service medals on which he wanted to raise a loan. When he was refused he remarked wittily—

"Shure and when they were given to me they said they was priceless."

# The LOOKOUT

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or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

## Poor Thompson

He came to the desk of the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief and sat down and said, "I had to do it, Miss, and they put things in my food."

The Woman - Who - Gives - Relief looked at him shrewdly. Was he really a mental case or was he only pretending?

She inquired what he had to do that had led them to put things in his food, and found that he thought he had written home to the Company about the officers and men of the ship, and that to get even they were poisoning his food.

In spite of curious lapses in his memory she was able to discover that he was an English boy who had been shell-shocked, and was therefore a charge of the British Government. He was given food and lodging until the matter could be brought to the attention of the British Consul. In the meantime she

tried to send him to see the man at the head of the Veteran's Bureau, but almost immediately he came back and slipped into a seat in the office.

"Did you go to see the man?" she asked.

"No," he whispered.

"Why didn't you?"

"Because the people on the streets are all in black and they looked at me so queer."

Then she saw that his was a very bad case indeed, and he was taken to see the British Consul, who became interested in him, and found the ship he had been on, and got from it the boy's clothes and eighty dollars in wages that was due him. When asked why he had not demanded his pay, he said that he didn't dare.

The British Consul suggested sending him back to England on the same ship, but the boy was so terrified at the prospect, so certain that the crew had something against him, that the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief was convinced he would commit suicide as he threatened to do, and persuaded them to send him on another boat.

It was several days before it sailed, and in the meantime he used to hang about the Social Service Office and smile at the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief, and between almost every two applicants for relief he would approach her to tell her something he had told her before, or else something that he had just dragged up out of the wells of memory, and was afraid he would forget again.

The night before he sailed he

called her up on the telephone at her residence, and assured her he was very happy. Poor Thompson!

### **The House Mother's Beauty Aids**

The House Mother is not always gentle with her family. When a man has been foolish she tells him so in unmistakable English, as Nolan discovered the other day.

He had just been paid off and came with a large roll of money wanting to make her a present, which for obvious reasons the House Mother could not accept. However, he insisted upon leaving two dollars with her, which she told him she would use for some other seaman.

Two days later, having squandered his money in drink and wasted it on the men in the lobby he came wanting to borrow a dollar.

The House Mother was all out of patience with him. "Here, take the two dollars you left here," she said indignantly, "and go and squander it on those wastrels and good-for-nothings who got the rest." Nolan tried to have an explanation, but she was too disgusted with him to argue, so he took the money and went off very sheepishly.

Perhaps an hour later there was a rap at the House Mother's door and a seaman handed her a parcel with the explanation, "Nolan asked me to give you this."

When the House Mother opened it there was a square lurid box of foreign extraction. It contained a box of face powder, a box of talcum, a jar of cold cream, rouge, and soap, in yet more lurid wrappings. Evidently

Nolan had gone out and spent the whole two dollars on this beauty equipment, as a peace offering, but had not the courage to bring it to her himself.

### **Curiosity**

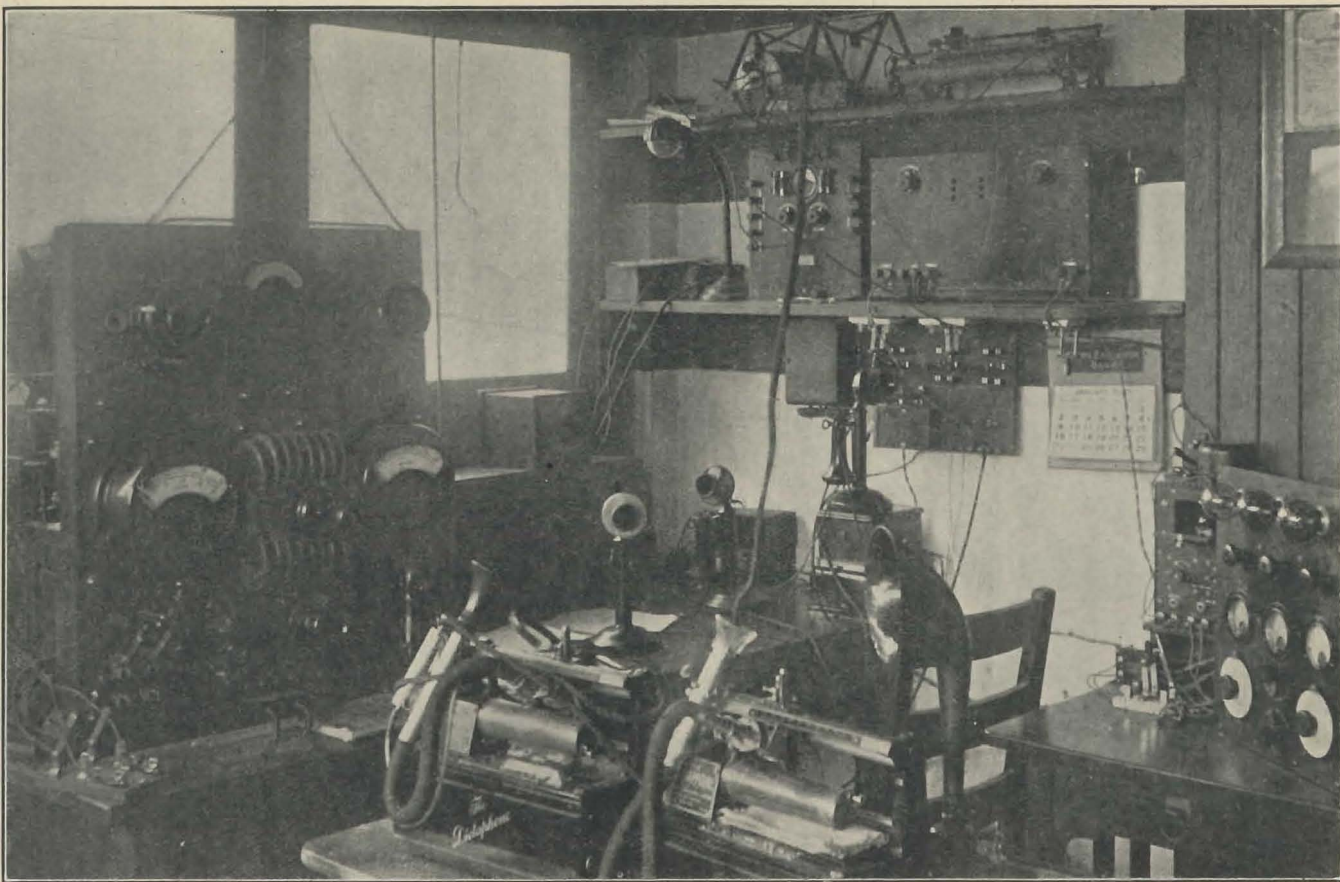
THE LOOKOUT office, as has already been said, is now in what was the old tailor shop, off the landing of the main stairway, where the men, as they come down from the Social Service Department can glimpse the curtains at the window. There are days when this is too much for the seamen's curiosity. The editor hears voices on the landing, "THE LOOKOUT—wonder what that means?" "It's their paper." A little later the door is tried and then there is a timid knock. The editor has no way of knowing whether it is the curious ones, or some one who has business there.

She goes to the door. The seamen step up close, take a good look around the office, and murmur, "We're looking for the tailor, ma'am."

### **Books Needed by Fellowship**

In one of our recent issues we asked for books for the library in the reading room. The Seamen's Fellowship is trying to get together an up-to-date library of modern fiction and scientific books, for the men to read in the building.

It would be grateful for gifts of any good modern books of this type, but especially for anything by Kipling, Service or Zane Gray.



The Original Radio Station in the Chart House, on the Roof of the Institute Building, through which the First Medical Advice was sent to Vessels

### The Original Radio Outfit Which Sent Medical Advice to Ships

The Institute has decided to keep intact the furnishing of the tiny room in the tower from which medical advice was first sent to ships at sea.

Undoubtedly the day will come when this equipment will be historically most significant. It is a very modest outfit, purchased for instruction in Radio in connection with the Navigation School. It suddenly occurred to the director of the School that it could be put to a practical use at the same time, and he suggested the giving of medical advice to ships at sea.

The Radio-Telephone was in its infancy at that time. The supposition was that by working with tubes and modulated buzzer a greater distance could be covered. Even this did not reach far enough and the Institute had to depend on high power stations and relays for giving medical advice beyond a distance of two or three hundred miles radius under ordinary conditions, or at most five hundred when everything was at its best.

Even this, however, did for an experiment, and a kind friend supplied the money to keep men on watch every minute of the twenty-four hours.

You know the rest of the story; how the Institute proved that the service was needed, and feasible, and then interested the U. S. Public Health Service, and the Radio Corporation of America in taking it over and making it national.

### Remorse

Surely it is the "Ifs" and "Buts" of life that represent the ultimate in human suffering. That which an inexorable fate visits upon us is bearable, but the waste places we deliberately make in our own lives are deserts indeed.

Brady wept in the House Mother's office as a strong man weeps when he feels that life has beaten him to his knees. He was partly intoxicated, to be sure, but was able to tell a fairly coherent story, and the letters from his sister filled out the blanks. It was a very old story of liquor ruining a man's life; separating him from his family; breaking their hearts, and filling him with a terrible melancholy only relieved by further indulgence—a continuous round of misery.

The climax of his sorrows came when he reached port and found two letters from his sister, one telling him of his father's death, and how that father had asked for him, and worried about him, and a later one saying that his mother was far from well, and very unhappy on his account. The sister, however, said that if he was still drinking as he had been she thought it would be better for him not to come to his mother, as it would only increase her sorrow, and she had had enough to bear.

Feeling that he had hurt terribly those whom he loved most, and that he had shut himself out from them, Brady was overcome with grief,—and went out and got drunk again. Even strong people sometimes try

to dodge behind an "if" as an excuse for their conduct, so poor Brady tried to persuade himself and the House Mother that if he had been able to secure a room in the Institute that day last fall when he came on shore with his mind all set to go home and see his people he would not have gone off and got drunk instead. We doubt it, but perhaps it is just as well for Brady to keep at least that little bit of faith in himself.

### A Painful Contrast

It is a great responsibility to have to one's credit the changing of a man's whole career. At one of the concerts last spring the House Mother talked to the boys about making the most of themselves, and in so doing awakened the slumbering ambition of at least one young man who listened. He went back to sea, perforce, but with his mind made up to save money to go to school. This ambition, like so many other good ones, was not still-born, but a very lively infant, which he cherished all summer, while he saved the necessary money.

This fall he went to school in Massachusetts. Nearly all the boys in the school are much younger than he is, but he realized that it would be that way before he entered, and he writes that they are very nice to him.

At Christmas time the House Mother remembered him with a little Christmas parcel from the Institute, and he wrote a very touching

letter of thanks. In it he said that he was very grateful to her for remembering him, but it hurt to think that she, who was almost a stranger, should have been so kind, when his own people did not so much as send him a card.

It is a pitiful thing to have been born in one of those homes where the little courtesies of life are not observed, and an irreparable loss.

### Gave Up Smoking

The following interesting letter came to the woman in charge of the department for British apprentice lads. We are all hoping that giving up smoking may have propitiated an unkind fate and made it possible for him to get home to see "the girl." Dear Friend:

I intended writing to you in Buenos Ayres but I put your address away so carefully I was unable to find it. I discovered it today so am writing at once ready to post upon arrival in Santos tomorrow morning.

We had a splendid passage down to Buenos Ayres, good weather and calm sea the whole time. The "Old Man" as usual was very stormy and I had some lovely rows with him but I think I came off "top dog" every time at least judging by the way he leaves me severely alone nowadays. In case you are not conversant with the term "Old Man," it means Captain.

Well I suppose I might as well break the bad news to you so be prepared for a shock. Here goes: We are returning to New York—Awful! Isn't it? At least I think so because

I am just dying to see my home and the girl again.

Upon arrival in Buenos Ayres we were informed the ship would discharge and load for Antwerp and U. K. Everybody on board was in high spirits and remained so for twenty-four hours; then the authorities kindly enlightened us to the fact that it was decided long before arrival in Buenos Ayres that the ship was returning to New York. I suppose they found it very amusing to lift our hopes to maximum and then smash us down to zero. I was so upset that I gave up smoking, as you will observe when I return to N. Y.

I had quite a decent time in Buenos Ayres, dancing and boxing. In reference to the former I hope you will observe an improvement because I have learned a few more steps including "On Leave Fox-Trot." I did not attend any dances but had some practice at the Mission dancing with fellows, so I am looking forward to the first Thursday evening in New York.

At present we are bound to Santos from Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. We expect to arrive at Santos tomorrow morning and sail again at night bound for Bahia, Para, Boston, and New York.

Trust you are enjoying the best of health. Kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,

CLIVE.

### You Can't Always Tell

Will Carlton wrote a poem about his wife, who never could resist the

plea of a beggar. Over and over again he found that she had been imposed upon and when he told her she determined to be more careful, but the next time she was deceived just the same.

At last came a day when it was found that her help had been the means of giving a man courage and hope and faith. His tale of woe was very real, but no one believed him until he was almost desperate—and then came Mrs. Carlton with her ready sympathy and faith.

And then it was that Mrs. Carlton said that she would rather be deceived a great many times than turn one worthy man away. But as we recall that poem it seems to us she could not have had as many appeals as we have, or else she would have had to discriminate and, hard as it is, judge her fellows.

One of the hardest tasks of the workers is to give relief. They must question the applicants and judge from their answers whether they are just parasites on society or unfortunates, who cannot get employment, or for some reason or other are, as we say, "right up against it."

For example, a man talked in a very lordly way to the Chaplain who gives relief. He said he was out of luck for the minute and wanted \$10 or \$15. He said he expected to have a job next day and he would leave his kit of tools as security. He talked in general terms, he was very well dressed, and carried none of the marks of the "down man."

"You are a little indefinite," the

Chaplain, who was very busy, replied, "but if you are in real need, come to me in the morning."

The man did, and in the same lordly way said, "I have been wondering what you meant by indefinite. I have no bed for to-night. I have only twenty-five cents in my pocket and I haven't had anything to eat to-day."

"That is definite," the Chaplain agreed, as he advanced the money to pay the storage on his tools. Then he advised him to go and sell them.

The man went, and was soon back with the money advanced, and much obliged for the lesson in high finance. He had his job, too.

### **The Concert Grand**

We wish to express our gratitude to Miss Ethel Zabriskie for having responded to our appeal for a concert grand piano by sending us a beautiful instrument a few weeks ago.

### **The Uses of the Fellowship**

The use of the Seamen's Fellowship was made apparent the other day, when within twenty-four hours two inquiries were made for the same young man. He was not a "missing man." That is to say that he writes with reasonable regularity to his family and friends, but it happened that both his family, and a very dear chum, wanted to know, for some reason, what ship he was on, and when that ship was likely to touch again at the port of New York. This is not information that is usually kept by the Institute, but the

chaplain in charge of the Seamen's Fellowship was able to supply it.

The Seamen's Fellowship, as has been explained before, is a group of men banded together for right living and decency, and it is growing steadily in numbers.

### **Wants to be an Illustrator**

The Seamen's Fellowship found him, and it was the Chaplain in charge of that work who listened to the pathetic story of his life. When he was only two years of age his home was broken up and he was sent to a farm. There he stayed until he was thirteen when he went to sea. Now he is about seventeen years of age, and is facing his future more or less alone and unaided. So he turned to the director of our religious work for guidance.

He said that he felt he had some talent for drawing and he wanted to learn to be an illustrator. We don't know yet whether he has or not, but we do know that another boy, who carved faces out of turnips was given a scholarship in one of the New York schools of art, and it may quite well be that this lad has talent with the brush, which would be worth cultivating.

It seems to us that there is no service this Institute renders to the men of the sea so important as helping them to find themselves. And yet here is a curious fact, the story of the boy sculptor and the Institute's part in starting him on an artistic career was told in a letter of appeal for funds, and brought almost no response, whereas the story



of a man who needed food and lodging appealed tremendously to people's hearts.

And yet is it as important just to live, as it is to live abundantly?

### **Prayed to Stay Till Thursday**

Queer supplications rise to the Heavenly throne and it must be a very versatile God who listens with equal sympathy to the petition to increase the quantity of milk given by the widow Malloy's cow, and a demand for the repeal of the 18th Amendment to the American Constitution. A surprising prayer which came to our knowledge yesterday was confided to the little lady who teaches the Apprentice Boys to dance.

One enthusiastic lad whispered to her that he had prayed every night for a week that his ship would not leave port until after that Thursday night party. There he was, to be sure, dancing about as lively as a cricket. And away back in some lonely missionary field a good honest man raises his voice to God in supplication that he will remove from the hearts of the young the sinful desire to dance. It's a droll world. "You pys your money and tikes your choice," as the Cockney says.

### **The Entertainments**

The securing of talent for the entertainments has been put into the hands of the House Manager this winter, and he has provided some excellent programs. Last week there was a magician, who transformed two small white gloves into

a white dove, which flew out into the room and lit on the shoulder of one of the seamen. The magician in a delicious Irish brogue assured him that was good luck for him, and that he would probably be married with in the year. He gave a new turn also to the old egg trick. It was in the bag and out of it, and back in it again, and finally, to prove that it was really truly an egg he tapped it on the footlights, and a tiny canary flew out of it. The seamen were delighted with this and other numbers of the program.

### **Two Strays Come to Us**

It's queer the way people turn to the Seamen's Church Institute for all kinds of help. The other day a young man from Chicago brought a young Cuban lad to us, whom he had found wandering about the streets. He had a passport for a ship that he was to sail on in a few days, but in the meantime he had nothing to eat, and nowhere to go. Legally we had no right to help this boy, because he was not a seaman, but it was holiday time and he was a stranger so we could not refuse. The worker forgot to ask what made the young fellow from Chicago bring him to us.

A few days later a young seaman came in with another seaman, an East Indian, whom he had found wandering about South Ferry with a slip of paper in his hand on which was written the incomplete address 21 South Ferry. He could not speak English so the chaplain and the young seaman who brought him to us hunted all through the reading

rooms for some man of his race to interpret for him. No one happened to be about. The chaplain gave him a bed and some meal tickets, and was able to make him understand that he was to look him up at nine o'clock the next morning when he was going to take him to his Consul.

When he saw that the man was sure of shelter and food and protection the young seaman who brought him turned to the Chaplain and said, "This is certainly a great place. Where else in New York could you take a man and be sure that he would be looked after right away, and not passed on to some other society?"

### **Set Your Old Books to Work**

Fiction that you have read and discarded will probably be new to the men who go to sea. Don't let it clutter up your shelves. Send it out to make others happy.

The American Merchant Marine Library Association is having a week's book drive from February 26 to March 5, 1923.

It will accept any good books, but its particular need is for modern and classical fiction.

This organization is allied to our own in that it also is working for seamen, and our President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, and our Superintendent, Dr. Mansfield, are both members of its Board of Directors.

So the Institute feels under obligations to give it every possible assistance, and to that end will send for any collection of a hundred books or more, anywhere in Greater New York.

### **Three Sensations to the Second**

It is well known that among seamen there are a number who are extremely radical in their economic views, and who are capable of expressing themselves logically and forcibly. One of the brightest of these men came into the House Mother's Bible Class the other day. He is a man who, at the meetings of the Seamen's Fellowship, addressed by a University professor from Philadelphia, puts the keenest and most pointed questions.

When she had finished her talk Mrs. Roper, as usual, asked if any of them had anything to say, as she did not feel that she had a monopoly of truth.

This radical arose and said, "I would like to say something."

Mrs. Roper felt a little like Rochester when, during his marriage to Jane Eyre, the minister said, "If anyone knows any reason why these two should not be joined together in the bonds of holy wedlock let him speak now or forever after hold his peace," and a voice came from the back of the church saying, "I do."

Wondering what sort of an attack would be made upon her, and whether she would be able to answer him she said, "We would be glad to hear it."

The radical looked around the room, and at Mrs. Roper, as if defying contradiction and said, "I just wanted to state that I agree with every word Mrs. Roper has said."

# General Summary of Work

## DECEMBER, 1922

<b>RELIGIOUS WORK</b>		No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services, A. M.	.....	5	78
Sunday Services, P. M.	.....	10	692
Communion Services	.....	6	34
Bible Classes	.....	3	263
Midweek Services	.....	4	255
Miscellaneous	.....	2	121
Weddings	.....	0	
Funerals	.....	3	
Baptisms	.....	0	

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

Sunday Services, A. M.	.....	5	218
Communion Services	.....	2	13
Funerals	.....	1	

### INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services	.....	9	551
Entertainments	.....	15	4,072
Lodgings Registered	.....		24,923
Incoming Mail for Seamen	.....		18,224
Dunnage Checked	.....		4,907
Packages Literature Distributed	.....		156
Knitted Articles Distributed	.....		492

### Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	.....		961
Assisted Through Loan Fund	.....		86
Baggage and Minor Relief	.....		340
Cases in Institute Clinic	.....		533
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	.....		32
Referred to Other Organizations	.....		50
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	.....		56

### Employment

Men Shipped	.....		506
Shore Jobs	.....		140

### Visits

To Hospitals	.....		26
To Patients	.....		217
Other Visits	.....		19

#### Sea View Hospital

#### U S. Marine Hospital

#### Hudson Street Hospital

To Hospital	3	To Hospital	24	To Hospital	0
Number of Hours	9¼	Number of Hours	140	Number of Hours	0

### EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	.....	20
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	.....	5
First Aid Lectures	.....	22

### SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	.....	\$49,209.07
Withdrawals	.....	49,437.61
Transmissions	.....	13,967.38

## L'ENVOI

*The appended verses are taken from a little book entitled "A Scrap Log," by A. Foster Baynes, and published in Bombay some little time before the war. Mr. Foster Baynes was in many respects a remarkable personality and had had a varied experience at sea, having served in all classes of ships. We regret to say that he died in India in the latter part of 1914.—THE DOLPHIN AND GUILD GAZETTE.*

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When the last dread call has sounded, and the sea gives up her dead,  
When we've lost our useless sextants, and have jettisoned our lead,  
When we stand before our Maker, out of soundings, doubtfully,  
Say! How shall we answer what is asked, we People of the Sea?

"What have Ye seen, my children, of my wonders on the deep?"

"Have ye heard my wavelets whisper, have ye seen my combers leap?"

"Have ye seen my guiding finger in the whistling, stinging breeze?"

"Ah! My stalwart, sun-tanned seamen, have ye seen Me on my seas?"

"Lo our eyes were very blind, Lord, and our hearing very dim."

"We took our owner's vessels, and we brought them back to him."

"We heard not wavelets whisp'ring, but we saw Thy breakers roll."

"And we cursed them loud and fiercely, for they kept us from our goal!"

"Did ye see My glorious moonlight on the waters which ye sailed?"

"Did ye see My bright stars gleaming as the twilight gently paled?"

"Did ye see My wondrous sea-mist blanketing a sleeping sea?"

"Did ye see these things, My children, did ye know that they were Me?"

"Yea! We saw Thy brilliant moonlight low across the heaving wave"

"And we noted careful bearings of the stars Thy goodness gave"—

"But we cursed Thy blinding sea-mist which, menacing, wrapped us round"

"For we knew not that in these things Thine omnipotence was found!"

And it may be the Creator, low and lovingly, will say

"Though ye knew not these My wonders until this, My Judgment Day"

"Go ye, sail the starry zenith, far beyond thy former ken"

"For, though blind and deaf and heedless, yet, My children ye were MEN!"