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(Captain Felix Reisenberg, long a friend of the Institute and interested in its work, has written the following article that appeared on his page "The Rough Log" of the Nautical Gazette under date of June 13th. We reproduce it here for the readers of the "Lookout" who may not have had an opportunity of seeing how it is regarded the vast work of which they are a part.)—THE EDITOR.

25 South Street

BY CAPTAIN FELIX RIESENBERG

A letter with this simple address posted from any seaport in the world would find its way to New York, and to the Seamen's Church Institute, and eventually to the attention of the Reverend Archibald R. Mansfield, the Superintendent. The Street—South Street—is in itself historic. It means ships and sailors and the sea. From the graceful sweep of the Brooklyn Bridge to the toe of Manhattan it is a street of maritime memories. Someone, with a gift for this sort of thing, should write a history of South Street.

Somewhere I have tucked away an envelope full of notes on the old South Street merchants, jottings from a long conversation with Joseph B. Morrell, himself an old South Street merchant,

New York State and Federal Income Tax

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and still at his desk in Water Street, in the well-known firm of Baker, Carver and Morrell. We were in the cabin of the Schoolship Newport, Mr. Morrell at that time was on the governing board and making a short cruise. We talked of the old street, of the fine upstanding men who made it great and he told of the famous ship-masters and merchants of the great time when South Street was edged by a forest of lofty spars, and long jib-booms poked their tips into the second and third-story windows of the warehouses and offices lining the street. This was a time when the finest and fastest ships flew the Stars and Stripes and asked odds of no nation in the competition of the seas. Success was due to the American sailor and the American merchant, both celebrated for their skill, their energy and their integrity.

Some day the story of this great South Street will be recorded, for it has already been written in the indelible records of experience. There on South Street we have the elements of a great novel, a real novel with its heroes, its joys, its sorrows, its loves and hates and its crimes and cupidities and its mighty orchestration of the sea life of a people, a people essentially maritime and just.

Time has swept away the tall ships; it has almost swept away the flag of America from all shipping. Most of the old South Street merchants have departed to their final reward. Newer things have come, newer times have set up newer standards. The boarding houses of sailor town are almost gone, the saloons and brothels have been closed to outward view and all seems well along the narrow shelf of the island

overshadowed by the piled up towers of New York.

In this process of departure by which the greater number of the old South Street institutions have passed away, by which their ships, their traditions and their integrity have become a memory, in this evacuation of the great street, one upstanding force has remained. Down on South Street, at Number 25, the spirit of a great service and the leadership of a great man, has erected a rock to which the luckless mariners of the world may cling as to their own.

I like to think that the forgetfulness of the past is not so complete as the change from sail to steam. Much of the prosperity and happiness of the mighty city of New York is due to the enterprise of the old merchants who made the seaport worthy of its harbor. The Church Institute, with its memorial tablets, seems to bear this out. The old-time sailor is gone but an almost endless stream of homeless men and boys come to our shores, the seafarers of steam. Back of South Street stands the astonishing pile of the city, a fearsome thing to the new seamen come to port on his iron decks, his payday jingling in his pockets, and, if it were not for Number 25, nowhere to go on South Street.

The tremendous city of steel and concrete and tile houses many men of extraordinary character, men of means and even of imagination. Most of them, as they near the end of their run, find that character and truth and integrity are almost impossible of purchase in a market glutted with glittering and expensive substitutes. Most of these men come to a point where they refuse to invest in promises. Having provided for their

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families, with the fearful knowledge that a higher power, that the Holy Ghost may have more to do with their eventual happiness than the funds in trust, the wise men, and most of the successful are fairly wise, cast about for the best place to jettison their surplus before shooting across those dark rapids where all must travel light. And a light heart, mates, is about the only thing worth taking when they call your number and the boat shoves off.

I have the great fortune of knowing intimately many men and a few women of every degree from the perpetual freezing point of poverty to the high spots where the heat and pressure of great wealth gives off sparks and makes the uncomfortable owners the bright and shining targets of the cleverest and most unscrupulous crooks on

earth. Twenty-five South Street means life and health and hope to the poor fellow who is down, and it means a lot to the fellow who wants to help the man who is down, who wants to do something worth while for all time.

If a man with money and imagination should read this, I would advise him to put on an old suit, a wrinkled shirt, an old tie, and a battered hat, and get out of his Rolls Royce at the Battery and stroll along South Street; historic, dusty, rattling South Street, up to the corner of Coenties Slip, at Number 25. Mingle with the crowd of men, go in and buy a lunch—the cooking is as clean and as good as anything he can get at home or at his club. He might hang around, listen to the men; the place is crowded to suffocation, and he might inquire about a room for the night, or avail himself of the service of a bath, have his clothes washed and pressed while bathing, and step out with a new sense of the eternal brotherhood of man. He might also ask for the House Mother, and pretend his son has run away to sea and been lost, but he must be a good actor to get away with it. Then I would advise a few minutes of rest and meditation in the Chapel of Our Saviour, a few minutes of thought on the great work being done for men and boys, many of them our own, at Number 25 South Street. Our imaginative visitor will return to his home and commit mayhem on the balance in the bank, writing a check that would knock the breath out of the most hardened charity solicitor on earth. All we can guarantee him after this is many a good night's rest and a more satisfactory flavor to his cigars,—and may he enjoy many and many a box of them before he lights his last smoke.

A Stranger's Strange Story

(Continued from the June number)

Several times at night since the time I heard the footsteps following me down the street I would wake suddenly from hearing a command, you know, like the Old Man gives you—short like, brusque. What it was he said, or what he wanted me to do I could never understand quite clearly. But it was something he wanted done.

Being so troubled in my mind about Captain Kidd during the day I tried to find some story of his being in the vicinity. I found in the Reading Room an old guide of New York telling among other things about him, that he owned a house nearby on Water Street, just off Coenties Slip. Of course he was never in the place where I lodge.

No one here seems to know anything about him. I've asked three or four people. The only thing they can say is, "Captain Kidd . . . ? That old pirate?"

Yesterday a man who shipped with me from Shanghai turned up here and wanted to see New York. I got a list of the places and how to go to them, from the House Mother. She told me about the Sailors' and Soldiers' Monument on Riverside Drive, Grant's Tomb, Central Park, the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library, the Woolworth Building. I put in the whole day with him walking from one place to another so that when I got through it was nine o'clock. He was going aboard for the night. So I left him and walked back through Water Street to have a look at the old house indicated in the guide. There it was at No. 56! It looked just like all the other houses in the row. They were all about

the same height. I only stopped a few minutes and then went back to the little square called Jeanette Park, close by my lodgings, to rest me where it is quiet and not too many people late at night.

Near the gateway under an old tree I found a bench. It was quiet and dark there. An old tramp came and sat beside me, told me a long tale and then asked me for the price of a bed. I gave him something to leave me alone. I settled myself in the corner of the bench . . . I was so tired . . .

"I've been wanting to speak to you for a long time. You're a Greenock man, I know. So you'll understand me when I tell you that I want you to right me in the minds of those about you. I mean where you're staying up there . . . the people of the sea. My name is Kidd—William Kidd—Captain Kidd of "The Adventure." You know it was really never proved against me, the things I was charged with. The truth has not been known.

"People have been digging for my treasures in the West Indies, in Africa, the East Indies, on Long Island and the secluded islands of the Hudson. Every miser's pot that's been excavated or found in any part of the country has set fire to the imagination of treasure hunters all over the world as a part of my loot. No one thinks of buried treasure without thinking of the pirate, Captain Kidd.

"Now I'll tell *you* where there's buried treasure, but you must do as I bid you in every way; obey me. You take a walk tomorrow night along the Slip and when you come to Cuyler's Alley

come along on the right-hand side. Under the warehouse you'll find an old ship's lantern hanging. Go in; feel your way to a stairway." . . .

Trinity chimes sounded the midnight hour.

(To be continued)



The Joseph Conrad Memorial

The President and Honorary Chairman of the Conrad Memorial Committee has just received the following letter and tribute to Mr. Conrad and the Institute's plan for the memorial to him from Mr. David Belasco:

"My dear Mr. Baylies:

To be permitted to add my word of tribute to the memory of Mr. Joseph Conrad, and to your plan for perpetuation of his memory, is a pleasure indeed.

I therefore am enclosing a brief statement which I trust will suit your purposes.

Faithfully,

David Belasco."

—BY DAVID BELASCO—

Men labor best for that which they love sincerely and devotedly; their works endure in direct

ratio to their singleness of purpose. Thus of all contemporary writers Mr. Joseph Conrad was, in my opinion, the most sympathetic and able interpreter of the magic of the ocean-lure.

For Joseph Conrad loved the sea and the sea's toilers as few men love their mates. He knew and interpreted all of the varying, feminine moods of the deep—that capricious mistress whose most intoxicating caresses are but the prelude to buffets.

Comprehending as he did, he wrote vividly, giving to the world of letters a new understanding of Nature and of the fibre of those Adventurers who "go down to the sea in ships" to carry the world's commerce, to obtain the world's food, or to transport the world's pilgrims to the far places.

Such comprehension and understanding is vouchsafed to but few in each century, and the gift to Joseph Conrad was great in its richness. And in the minds of those who, like myself, have found in his works the touch of the Adept, each flying bit of spume, each roaring breaker in the Seven Seas for years to come will sing requiem for the soul of the man who knew and understood.

Therefore I say, "May the spirit of Joseph Conrad bring peace and content to the gathering place for the men of the sea which the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is about to dedicate to his memory. It is fitting that such recognition should be given."

(Signed) David Belasco.

For the Conrad Room

The first gift promised the Memorial Room is explained in the following letter from Mr. Frank N. Doubleday, a close friend of the late Mr. Conrad and the publisher of his works:

"Dear Mr. Baylies:

July 1, 1925.

Replying to your letter of June 26th about the Seamen's Church Institute and the new room which is to be dedicated as a memorial to Joseph Conrad, we shall be very glad to contribute a set of the Memorial Edition of his works which we hope to publish some time in the late fall of 1925.

Sincerely,

F. N. Doubleday."

"Lord Jim" to Be Filmed

Of particular interest to the Conrad lovers is the announcement just made by the Famous Players that work will begin this month on the filming of Conrad's "Lord Jim." This is the first of the Conrad books to be screened and will be filmed in California. The release date has not yet been set.

Two Birthdays

The Cunard Line, one of Great Britain's greatest steamship companies, celebrated its 85th birthday on July 4th, all the Cunard liners having double anniversary services aboard—their birthday and our Independence Day.

It was particularly fitting that the two should coincide for there is perhaps no other agency that has been as effective in knitting the interests of the two countries and promoting good feeling between Great Britain and America than this

pioneer steamship line with its great chain of liners that link the two shores of the Atlantic.

On July 4, 1840, three years prior to the time the Institute first began its work in the harbor of New York the Cunarder "Britannia" began the trans-Atlantic steamship service that has been continued uninterrupted ever since. The voyage then took something like nineteen days. Now the Cunard boasts the "Mauretania," the speediest of all Atlantic passenger craft, bringing England to America in five days. Many of its other ships have become almost by-words in the language of travel. There is the "Aquatania," one of the greatest of the trans-Atlantic liners, and it was the "Berengaria" that had the distinction of bringing the Prince of Wales to our shores.

Young Courage

The thousands of young British aspirant officers who make the Apprentice Room their home while ashore in New York have many interesting tales to tell. Quiet, bright-eyed, and humorous, they are so inordinately modest that though they may tell tales on each other, 'tis very infrequently that one learns of any distinguished service for which they have been commended.

But five of these blue uniformed youngsters of the seas have recently received the King's Silver Medal for gallantry in saving life at sea. A British marine publication makes the following laconic announcement: "G. T. B. Huggins, Apprentice, S.S. Bowes Castle, King's Silver Medal . . . through Board of Trade for gallantry in saving life at sea in connection with the foundering of the S.S. Loong Sang in Kowloon Harbor." "H. Wainwright, G. A. Parker, S. L. Gar-

rett, J. E. Snaith, Apprentices, S.S. Egremont Castle, King's Silver Medal to each . . . through the Board of Trade for gallantry in saving life at sea during typhoon at Hongkong."

But we are hoping that very soon someone will tell the real story when everyone gathers around Mrs. Baxter's tea table at five o'clock. It will be worth hearing.

New Subscribers

The Annex "crew" is continually growing, but it is by no means filled yet. There are plenty of berths left for all those interested in the "Annex" cruise.

The following *Lookout* readers and friends of the Institute are among those who have recently contributed to the Building Fund of the Institute:

Anonymous	\$ 1,000
Anonymous	500
Daniel Bacon	500
Mrs. H. I. Barbey.....	500
Miss Elizabeth H. Braine.....	500
Howard S. Cullman.....	500
Gherardi Davis	500
Frederic Grand d'Hauteville.....	750
Frederick Hussey	700
Miss Martha H. Jamieson.....	1,000
W. H. La Boyteaux.....	500
Mrs. H. P. Moseley.....	600
Walter Wood Parsons.....	1,000
Lloyd Phoenix	5,500
Mrs. Charles F. Pope.....	500
Porto Rico Coal Company.....	300
Bernon S. Prentice.....	500
Mrs. Clarence Price.....	3,000
Miss Eva C. Putney.....	500
William F. Randolph.....	5,000
Thomas A. Scott.....	500
Miss Helen Hall Smith.....	500

"The Endless Pageantry of Ships"

"There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire."

The sea in human history! Who can conjure up more than some infinitesimal part of that chapter of humanity's experience?

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now,
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone."

So does the grandest modern vision of man's view of this eternal mystery elaborate the ancient recognition of the Psalmist: "These (they that go down to the sea in ships) see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

Above all seasons of the year, this is the time when our thoughts turn to the ocean. If we are not faring forth ourselves, many of our friends are, and our thoughts follow them eagerly across the sea. Perhaps we have made our way to the dock to bid them bon voyage, and waved to them our sentiments with gesture more eloquent than words, as the huge liner slipped with easy power down the bay. Though we turn back to our duties on land, we stand in imagination with them on the deck as the vessel ploughs on across the deep.

In the words of Whitman:

"Here are our thoughts, voyagers' thoughts;
The sky o'erarches here; we feel the undulating
deck beneath our feet;
We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless
motion,
The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast
suggestions of the briny world, the liquid-flow-
ing syllables,
The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the
melancholy rhythm—
The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim
are all here,
And this is ocean's poem."

Our own thrill over such experience at sea we might expect to be vastly enhanced if not largely conditioned by our own actual voyaging in the past. But, rather astonishingly, it is not so. In our own day, to go no further back, those who have impounded in their writing, both prose and verse, the wonder of human experience on the ocean, Conrad, Kipling, and Masfield, have all been seasoned sailors on the seven seas. But the two Americans who have most perfectly voiced the spirit of this experience had never been on the sea when they shaped their pulsating lines. I mean Walt Whitman, from whose poem, "In Cabin'd Ships at Sea," I have just quoted, and Richard Hovey, a stanza of whose "Sea Gypsy" introduces these reflections. Yet Whitman wrote repeatedly of sailing across the world, as in the stirring "Passage to India" with its vivid, tumultuous images—

"Struggles of many a captain,
Over my soul stealing and spreading they come,
Like clouds and cloudlets in the unreach'd sky."
and in his "Song for All Seas, All Ships," with its note

"Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and
blowing;
And out of these a chant for the sailors of all
nations."

And no one has ever more passionately and more poignantly than Hovey sounded the yearning to embark upon the waste of waves for lands of romance.

"I must forth again tomorrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the Sea."

Among races like ours, possessed from time immemorial of seafaring tradition, this love of ships and salt water seems inborn, and there are few who have not felt the wonder of the sea. Whether or not they have actually "sailed beyond the sunset," the means of vicarious enjoyment are many. Longfellow, in his delightfully ingenuous fashion, has told us of his "Travels by the Fireside" on the wings of poetry:

"Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.
"From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with my own."

Others like myself muse with fascinated imagination over the column of the daily newspaper headed "Incoming and Outgoing Shipping." Here we read—I take a literal current account—of the "Dante Aligheri" and the "Colombo," both just arrived from Genoa. What names are these for ships which bring us from that illustrious port something of Italy both of today and of

the Middle Ages? We read of the "Homeric"—the name which calls up the most ancient as well as the most stirring poem of adventure by sea—just in from Southampton; the "Troubadour" from Buenos Aires, new city of transplanted Spanish color; the "Romeo" from Newcastle, romantic only for the ships it sends to the ends of the earth; and that the "President Monroe," bearing the name of one who set new continents apart though hospitable to vessels of all nations, will shortly sail with mail for China, Siam, the Malay States, and Borneo. Up and down the long list, so laconic and prosaic in form—name of ship, destination, or port of departure, and date of arrival or sailing—travels the eye, but over what seas travels the thought! Every day in the year one may arrive on a hundred boats from a hundred ports in Europe, Asia, Africa, or the South Sea Islands, and to a hundred strange places one may sail for many weeks on many thousand miles of ever changing waves. And all for the price of the paper, without absence from one's daily task, and without risks of the stowaway!

More vivid in the suggestions of environment is the experience which many enjoy in summer of watching from the shore of some busy harbor the ceaseless procession of ships going and coming. Powerful glasses will bring out details and often help to identify the nature of distant craft, but you need no artificial aid when you look at the sea itself. And the unaided eye sees more than the imagination can cope with.

There is the mammoth liner trailing far behind long cloudy streaks of smoke from her four giant stacks. Across her bows rolls a rusty "tramp"

freighter, heavily laden, the kind that carries so much of the world's commerce. And, swaying far over on the beam over there, comes that thing of joy, a four-masted schooner under full sail. With such vessels, and many more of every existing variety, moving before our eyes, we can speculate to our hearts' content over their destinations and adventures.

"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,

Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
"I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,

Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air;
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there."

As each form dims and loses itself among the clouds on the horizon, another looms slowly into view from somewhere over the rim of the world.

So moves the endless pageantry
Of ships upon the sea.

Often in these days of steam and of steel construction we hear the lament that the romance of the wooden sailing vessel has forever passed. Sometimes old sailors and grizzled sea captains speak with scorn of the simplicity and security of modern mechanical navigation and modern comforts. Doubtless we have lost certain picturesque aspects of the long centuries of "iron men and wooden ships." But no invention of human ingenuity can dim the "wonders of the deep" of which the Psalmist sang. While the oceans roll between the continents, "Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime," nothing can abate the lure of the sea.

"O we can wait no longer,
 We too take ship, O soul,
 Joyous we launch out on trackless seas,
 Passage to more than India!
 O secret of the earth and sky!
 Of you, O waters of the sea.
 Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!
 Sail forth—steer' for the deep waters only.
 O my brave soul! A farther sail!
 O daring joy but safe! are they not all the seas
 of God?
 O farther, farther, farther sail!"

P. K.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Suggestions

The following list comprise some of the units of the Annex most urgently needed.

They may be designated as memorials to any one the givers indicate.

200 Chapel Chairs	Each	\$50
<i>(20 Taken)</i>		
8 Drinking Fountains on Dormitory Floors	Each	\$250
3 Drinking Fountains on 2nd, 3rd, and 4th floors	Each	\$500
<i>(2nd Floor Taken)</i>		
Name as Co-builder in Entrance Lobby	\$500 to \$1,000	
205 Seamen's Bedrooms	Each	\$500
<i>(13 Taken)</i>		
1 Drinking Fountain in Entrance Lobby		\$700
<i>(Taken)</i>		
211 Seamen's Bedrooms with running water	Each	\$1,000
<i>(18 Taken)</i>		
41 Staff and Licensed Officers' Bedrooms	Each	\$1,500
<i>(12 Taken)</i>		
1 Twenty-eight-bed Open Dormitory		\$3,000*
<i>(Taken)</i>		
1 Public Dining Room		\$5,000
6 Forty-two-bed Open Dormitories	Each	\$5,000
12 Bedrooms and Endowment for Free Use of Dependent Convalescents	Each	\$5,000
<i>(3 Taken)</i>		
8 Very Large Dormitory Wash Rooms	Each	\$5,000
1 Seventy-bed Open Dormitory		\$7,000
<i>(Taken)</i>		

Wing of 5 Officers' Bedrooms on 5th Floor ..	\$7,000
Wing of 5 Officers' Bedrooms on 12th Floor ..	\$7,000
4 Wings of 9 Seamen's Bedrooms	Each \$7,000
<i>(1 Taken)</i>	
Main Public Stairway 2nd Floor to 4th Mezzanine	\$10,000**
Superintendent's and Administration Offices ..	\$15,000
6 Corridors of Seamen's Bedrooms (19 in all)	Each \$15,000
1 Block of 15 Officers' Bedrooms on 12th Floor ..	\$20,000
Enlarged Apprentices' Room, including Cloak Room and Name as Founder	\$25,000
6 Wings of Seamen's Bedrooms (19 with running water, 14 ordinary rooms)	Each \$25,000
Wing of 18 officers' Bedrooms and Wash Room on 12th Floor	\$30,000
1 Reading and Lounge Room (10,000 sq. ft.) ..	\$50,000
Entrance Doorway and Lobby	\$50,000
<i>(Taken)</i>	
Dispensary and Hospital Rooms	\$50,000
"Spotless Town"—the Laundry Floor and Entire Equipment to Take Care of the Institute and Its Men	\$50,000

* All gifts of \$3,000 and over entitle the donor to recognition as a BENEFACTOR on the benefactors' bronze tablet in the main entrance lobby.

** Donations of \$10,000 or more entitle the donor to recognition as FOUNDER.

5 have become Founders. 11 have become Benefactors.

Utter Despair

A rap at the House Mother's door. Worried, he was, "There's a man in the lobby I wish you'd see. He's in a bad way. Says he don't want nothing . . . won't do nothing. He only wants a place to die . . ."

The sentence was never finished, for Mrs. Roper was already on her way to see. She found him, brought him up to her little office. Thin, drawn, anaemic, it only needed a glance to show her experienced eyes how thin the thread of life was. Immediate hospital care was what he needed.

Did he have papers? A quick survey showed his seamanship but of his six years' army service

at home and in France there was nothing but a wee strip torn from the top of his discharge.

"Not a ghost of a chance," he added when she said that he was entitled to government care and treatment. "Can't do anything with that," and he looked at the strip of paper despairingly. "Besides, I don't want any government treatment or compensation. I only want a place to die," he said, feebly.

"You must go over to the Veteran's Bureau and try. If you won't do it for yourself you must do it for me." He finally promised he would after she had given him some money and the necessary directions.

The Fates were kind. At first the office shook its official head. Nothing could be proved with such inadequate evidence. But an executive passing through the office saw his face, ordered special measures taken, and after a long search the documents were found entitling him not only to hospital care but \$80 a month compensation for an injury to his foot. He was sent up the River to a place where sun and air and treatment combat and cure what might have been slow death. That was several months ago.

The other day the House Mother found him in her office. He had been motored down to see her. He walked into her room. The disease was allayed. He had held his own and was climbing slowly up the road to recovery. He had come to thank her, to pay her the money lent, and to ask her help in finding the sailor, the unknown friend who had told her about him.

And just before leaving he shyly left her a bill "to help someone else out when they are in need of money and come to you—someone who was ill like me."

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Incorporated 1844

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