

The LOOKOUT

Proposed
Annex

Present
Institute



Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street

Vol. XVI

FEBRUARY, 1925

No. 2

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Incorporated 1844

OFFICERS AND MANAGERS OF THE SOCIETY

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President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 1885

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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

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Tearing Down the Old Buildings

On January 26 the work of wrecking the old buildings on Front Street from Coenties Slip to Cuyler's Alley was begun. Ever since 1917 the Institute has been contemplating the necessity for expansion, and last year a definite drive for funds to begin construction was, as you know, inaugurated.

And now the first step has been taken toward the erection of the new annex—clearing the ground.

Funny things old buildings. Haunted always. If not with actual white-shrouded figures, which slide and moan through the dark hours, at least with memories.

These particular buildings are haunted with dark memories of men whose good intentions were continually drowned in drunkenness.

They are shabby old buildings in keeping with the selfish shabby ambitions of the men who used to live there in the days when the corner building was a saloon.

On the second floor of the corner building are two windows with iron bars, and that room had an iron door eloquent of its evil uses.

Houses, like human beings, can moulder grandly away. But these have not.

Pitiful thing that even a building should come to a disreputable old age.

Will Somebody Give the Dispensary?

Will some of you, who have been ill, and who understand, as nobody else can, the importance of good medical attention at the right moment give the Dispensary and Hospital Rooms of the new Institute?

When a man is ill and in need one cannot stop to argue about it. No matter whether he has always been wise or whether he has taken foolish chances with his health. He is sick and in need and a stranger.

The new Dispensary will have what the present one lacks, a ward with perhaps half a dozen beds, where it will be possible to carry over patients not eligible for hospital treatment.

The cost of the Dispensary will be \$50,000, and the giving of it entitles the donor to a place on the tablet of Founders in the lobby of the New Building.

New Year's Eve

New Year's Eve was such a delightful occasion at the Institute that we wished more of our contributors had known about it and shared it with us. The concert began half an hour late so as to last until the watch-night service, and it was an exceptionally good concert from the first movie, showing an

interior city in China, to the last vaudeville number.

After the concert the men left the hall single file and were each given a little reminder of the season, nothing of any great value, but tobacco or a pipe or cigarettes or a pair of socks. Some little thing to make them feel that the Institute regarded them as friends and guests. It was interesting to watch the men's faces as they accepted them. Some came up frankly and boyishly anxious to get the gift, others were about to slip shyly past when they were stopped by the chaplain in charge.

Then they passed down the stairs to the chapel where the watch-night service was held. It was one of the most effective services the Institute has held in a long time. It was, to begin with, a very simple service. The hymns were old familiar ones, which it was easy for any man who had been at church of any faith to sing, and that is so important in an institution where men of all races and creeds congregate.

Mrs. Warrington sang two solos with that sympathy and clearness of enunciation which makes her so popular with the seamen. Then Mr. Montgomery, from the altar steps, instead of from the pulpit, talked to the men very simply about the dignity of man, so great that God sent his son to take on his likeness. He dwelt at some length on the importance of thinking of oneself, not as a miserable sinner, but as a son of God and of living up to that responsibility.

Comfort Station Opened

On Monday, January 19, the Institute had the satisfaction of seeing the comfort station in Jeanette Park, for which it had agitated for two years, opened to the public. The excellent job the city has made of this piece of construction more than justifies the effort this organization has put into securing this convenience.

In addition to the efforts of Dr. Mansfield and our Board of Managers the success of this achievement is due to the sympathetic cooperation of Park Commissioner, Francis D. Gallatin; Borough President, Julius Miller; Commissioner Joseph Johnson and Superintendent of Public Buildings, Colonel Frank H. Hines.

Concerning "What Price Glory"

"We did not see What Price Glory as our Scotch instinct is opposed to paying four dollars a seat to hear swearing when we can hear all we want of it for nothing. Whatever may be the impression made upon people who have four dollars and who do not enjoy the free privileges we have we do not know. If the play conveys any notion of the discomfort, lack of convenience, cheerlessness and sordidness of service life then it is worth paying four dollars to be converted to the belief that honest, straightforward and practical efforts to relieve these conditions which exist in peace times just as much as they do in war are worth while."—*The Mainstay*.

The editor of The Lookout has to confess that she did pay to see "What Price Glory" because, although she also works in a Seaman's Institute, her opportunities of hearing swearing are limited by her sex, and the instinctive politeness of seamen. Only rarely she catches the beginning or the end of a strenuous phrase before some observant, and respectful son of the sea, stabs the speaker in the ribs and points an emphatic thumb in her direction.

A Dual Tea Party

Inadvertently two parties of women visited us on the same day in January. One was the Colonia Club of Brooklyn and the other the Seaman's Church Institute Association of Staten Island, making a total of between thirty and forty guests, to be shown the building and entertained at tea.

Owing to the absence of some members of the staff it was a little difficult to find people familiar enough with the Institute activities to act as guides, but our guests were very long-suffering about being crowded together in larger parties than we usually take around.

The Staten Island Association very thoughtfully brought cakes and sandwiches. The Colonia Club did not, because it had no idea that tea was one of our diversions, and it came as a pleasant surprise to its members to be invited to join the party in the Apprentice Room for refreshments. Evidently they were

pleased with what they saw, because they went away and sent the Institute a very generous gift.

Sailor Town

"Sailor-Town is much the same all the world over. It may claim to be as old as Father Neptune himself or still in the first youth of a modern seaport. Climates may differ, habits and people vary, yet sooner or later it absorbs into its very vitals the atmosphere of ships and sailor-men. One has but to scratch the surface to find that it is much akin to any other water-front.

"Progress has found its way into sailor-town as elsewhere. The bars and dance halls, for instance, are no longer the gloomy dens of old times. Now brightly illuminated by electric lights reflected in countless mirrors, palatial in some places, music is discoursed from expensive organs of the latest jazz type.

"The names of these places remain much as in the past, though some have passed with the times they were peculiarly associated with. Seldom is seen 'Falmouth for Orders,' or 'Homeward Bound.' Those bars belonged to the days of sail, but still the old favorites remain: 'The Chain Locker,' the 'Statue of Liberty,' 'The British-American,' and such-like. Then there are yet finer palaces, such as the 'Windsor' or the 'Holyrood,' the latter, of all names, most inappropriate considering its origin. But such anomalies disturb not the mind of the sailor-man, so long as the drink is cool and

plentiful, and the eyes of the attendant maidens still bewitch.

"One or two ports even boast of an 'Irish Consul.' One there was, kept by a venerable white-haired Greek, Apostolo by name. This disciple of the bottle served out liquor to the men of the seven seas in the purlieus of one of the oldest seaports in the world. On festive occasions it was said he displayed the flag of the distressful country bearing the harp on a field of green.

"It is possible to wander round Sailor-town even late at night and find no trouble, though it is generally to be found by the seamen in search of it, trouble handed out as freely as the drinks. Anyone who has worked in a Latin port can tell of the men in hospital badly stabbed, or knocked about, or dying, as the result of a night's drift in some of the lower quarters and dens which such a seaport provides."—From *"The Church and the Sailor."*

A Run on Bibles and Prayer Books

Sierre Leone, West Africa, must have been having a great religious upheaval lately if the sudden interest in Bibles and Prayer Books is any indication.

Our first intimation of this particular lack in the lives of these folk came in the form of a rather stilted childish letter, from a twelve year old boy to the House Mother, telling her that he had heard of her as a good woman who gave away Bibles and Prayer Books.

How?

The House Mother had to concentrate for nearly an hour before she could even guess how her fame as a giver-away of religious books had penetrated to the west coast of Africa.

The only solution that has presented itself is that during the war a crew of men from that coast was submarined and stayed here a few days, and the House Mother did give them Bibles and Prayer Books, as they were very devout men.

Since that first letter about twenty others have followed, all of which have been turned over to the British Missions to Seamen to be answered.

The Eclipse from Our Roof

Little by little the shadow of the moon inched its way across the sun, leaving it a big yellow apple with a bite out of it; a moon almost full; and by nine o'clock a long yellow slit in the sky.

From the leeward of the old wireless room on the roof we watched the shadows gather, blotting out the bridges one by one, draping the Brooklyn shore line in obscurity, and making the craft in the harbor dark blots from which issued great fat white spirals of smoke which seemed to freeze in the sharp morning air and hang suspended. Feeling their way about in the gathering gloom the boats tooted continually, providing an orchestral accompaniment to the great event.

In the end the twilight seemed to deepen suddenly; the lights flashed on in Brooklyn; in the sky a halo appeared around the sun; the light

narrowed to a tiny point, and for a breathless moment seemed about to disappear. Then it rapidly widened out, and the eclipse was over.

As a spectacle the eclipse was over-advertised. We would not have gone as far as Forty-second street to see it, let alone to Yonkers, but not for anything would we have missed seeing the lights and shadows gathering and receding in the harbor.

A Gracious Giver

Perhaps you think the department of appeals is just a mechanical institution sending out each month so many more or less welcome letters asking for assistance. If you could see how pleased it is when such a gracious friendly letter as this comes back with a check you would revise your opinion:

Dear Mr. Forsyth:

Your letter, the most recent of several written on behalf of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, reminds me that I have not given anything in 1924 to this blessed institution, though my intention to give at least as much as usual has been fixed. I feel a strong personal obligation to the management of this organization and to those who have any part in doing this work. Every one in the United States is indebted to them.

My check for eighty dollars (\$80.00) is all too small but is a little more than last year's. As yet, I have not been able to figure out what to do about the Building Fund, but I should be disappointed not to

do something for it. No doubt you need many small gifts along with the big ones which must be so much fun to give. Please accept my apologies for making it necessary for you to trouble with these repeated appeals. They are not wasted even though apparently disregarded and can never be unwelcome.

Heartily yours,

B. R. J.

The Dunnage Room

The House Manager nearly tripped over a garbage can, and a little farther on a rocking chair impeded his progress. He inquired of the dunnage man as to whether they were setting up housekeeping in the basement.

"They're checked, of course," he said, and indeed at that very moment an old barge captain came and handed in his check and wheeled away the garbage can.

"All my crockery in this," he explained to the House Manager in passing.

A Sea Superstition

Did you know that it is supposed to be bad luck for a ship if any of its people sail away without paying their laundry bill, so much so that if a breakdown comes along soon after leaving port the first question is, "Who didn't pay his laundry bill?"

There is a certain Castle boat that has had so much ill-luck lately that we cannot help wondering whether all of the crew have not left off paying laundry bills.

List of Memorials and Gifts

9	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
5	Subscribed— Name as Benefactor on large Bronze Tablet in Entrance Lobby		\$3,000 to \$10,000

List of Memorials and Gifts—Continued

5	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.

487 out of 7000

LOOKOUT READERS

have pledged or contributed \$154,943.20 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
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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

Lame Dogs

If a man, walking along the street one day, were to kick a lame dog out of his way he would be mobbed.

When a person on crutches approaches an escalator the dashing, clamoring, business-bound crowd slows up and makes way for him.

Because he is lame.

But any person anywhere is free to kick and shove the mentally and spiritually lame. They don't carry crutches. They merely limp through life.

By the hundreds they limp through our Social Service Office. Formerly we used to help them. Latterly we have been following the way of the world and turning them out because we have no funds to use for their relief. They are just so many more lame dogs, who have fallen by the wayside, while the strong and the fortunate push on

and appropriate to themselves the good things of life.

But it is hard on the Social Service Office and on the Institute to have to turn away lame dogs. It was founded to protect them and it is not doing its job.

Many who come to us are not lame in the sense of being mentally or spiritually bankrupt. They are often destitute, because, when they had funds, they were too generous with their fellow seamen; they made a too literal application to their own lives of the advice, "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed."

But even when a man is cold and sick and hungry because he has been stupid what are we going to do about it?

The lame dogs, in their helplessness cry unto their father, who is your father also, and He asks you in His name to succor them.

The relief department needs a fund of \$10,000, and quickly, because the winter is here and hunger and cold and sickness walk abroad.

Will you help—today?

Shoveling Snow

Many seamen, out of work, and unable to get a job on a ship, hungry, and with very little clothing are taking jobs shoveling snow.

One man we know, in his zeal to earn a little money, shoveled snow for thirty hours, with flimsy clothing, and only coffee and doughnuts to sustain him, with the result that

he had to go to the hospital for a week.

And so it goes.

Well fed people, when they are appealed to for help often say, "Let them get out and work or starve." We can show them men who are doing both. Working at anything they can get to do. And still starving.

Thank You

Last year, having been an uneasy one financially, the Institute suffered some anxiety as to the Christmas dinner fund. Would we be able to raise enough money to justify us in giving the annual dinner to our stranger guests?

You will be glad to know that, thanks to your generosity, the dinner came off as usual, and was as usual a great success.

You have been good to us in other ways during the past year, in contributing to the Discretionary Fund, the Flower Fund, buying us trap drums for the concert, in addition to your regular contributions to the Ways and Means Department, and your liberal gifts to the New Building Fund.

Please believe that the Institute is grateful for your kindness, and that if it seems sometimes to take your generosity for granted it is because it thinks of you as partners with itself in this service, rather than as outsiders.

And as partners it wants you to feel free to drop in at any time and not only visit the building, but if you care to do so come to the con-

cert on Friday night, or the Fellowship meeting on Tuesday night, or the Apprentice party on Thursday night, or chapel service and the home hour Sunday night. It is your enterprise as well as ours, so we hardly need to say that the door is always on the latch to you. That should be understood between us.

Cross Word Puzzles

"Little did we think when we made an appeal three or four months ago for a large dictionary that the book a good soul sent us would be the most sought after book in the Institute. Cross Word Puzzles! Old sailors, young sailors, middle-aged sailors all working them out. Our reputation has suffered because of this new activity. We do not know everything. In fact we did not even recall the name of a Biblical mountain beginning with A. Of course it happened to be the mountain that the Ark went aground on. In confessing our ignorance we were compelled to state that in spite of a love of the sea, ships and sailor men our most satisfactory marine experience was a ride on the Swan Boats in the Boston Public Gardens."—*The Mainstay*.

The Cross Word Puzzle craze has struck our Institute too, but we do not permit our reputations to suffer thereby. Whenever a seaman approaches us with a cross-word puzzle-expression we assume tremendous busyness, an imminent-Staff-Meeting expression, and thrust a dictionary upon him.

Only Need a Dog

The Social Service Office only needs a dog to be able to pretend that it is on a desert island. The other day a white man came in whose name is Robinson Crusoe, and a week or so later a black man whose name is Friday.

Will somebody page the dog.

Seamen's Church Institute Associations

It is time you were reminded again that there is an organization of women to help the Institute known as The Seamen's Church Institute Associations, with branches as indicated below. If any of you want to help us you could not do it better than by getting in touch with the Secretary or Director of the nearest Association and becoming an active member. We want 10,000 members.

Seamen's Benefit Society—Miss Augusta de Peyster, director.

The Association of South Shore Long Island—Mrs. Francis Smyth, director.

The Association of the Church of Incarnation — Mrs. David Ives Mackie, director.

The Association of the Church of Epiphany—Mrs. John J. Riker, director.

The Association of St. Luke's—Mrs. C. R. Kilbourne, acting director.

The Association of St. Mary's, Manhattanville—Mrs. Geo. E. Cann, director.

Association of St. Michael's—Mrs. A. F. Cushman, director.

Association of Riverside—Mrs. M. J. Averbek, director.

Association of Staten Island—Mrs. Wm. F. Hunt, director.

Robert Rogers Group, Brooklyn—Miss Mary Cochran, director (recently organized).

Association of Grace Church—Mrs. A. B. Royce, director (recently organized).

St. Mary's Guild—Mrs. J. B. Scanlan.

Association of Brooklyn—Mrs. A. S. Walcott, director.

Association of East Orange, N. J.—Mrs. S. B. Taylor, director.

Association of Elizabeth, N. J.—Miss Marjorie Stillman, director.

Miss Dorothy Gordon King was recently appointed chairman of the Central Council of these Associations and is busy cooperating with the Secretary of the Central Council in developing a broad plan of service for the organizations.

It was under this organization that the Rummage Sale was held on November 10, 11, 12 and 13. So many readers of The Lookout, near and far, contributed to the success of the sale that we are sure you will be glad to know the result. The Institute cleared \$1,813.55.

Through the generosity of Mr. Harry Forsyth, a member of the Board of Managers, a building at 8 East 49th Street was secured rent free, which, of course, greatly bettered the financial showing. The donor of the building was Mr. Henry Schiff.

Our Institute at Work

Christmas Presents Wrapped and Distributed

As an instance of the magnitude of our work take the number of Christmas presents distributed this year, and we did not attempt to give presents to all our guests as we used to do in the earlier days when the Institute was smaller.

Ellis Island Hospital.....	113
Staten Island Hospital.....	530
Hudson & Jay St. Hospitals..	23
Lepers	10
Insane	13
Specials	2
Given through our own chapelain	25
Fellowship Club.....	78
New Year's Eve Concert.....	375
	<hr/>
	1,169

The Gamma Sigma Phi Society of Brooklyn gave over five hundred comfort bags and a check to cover the cost of filling them. Some of the ladies of this organization also came to the Institute and assisted Mrs. George A. Green in the actual work of filling and wrapping the parcels. Others who assisted in this work were Mrs. Monell, Mrs. Corning and Miss Hanicken of the Seamen's Church Institute Association of Staten Island, and Miss Monell of New York City.

20,169 Pieces of Mail

One of the departments which has to square its shoulders to stand

an extra strain at Christmas time is the Post Office. Christmas cards, and packages and letters arrive from all quarters of the globe—and so much more important, really, to these homeless men, who will probably have no other glimpse of the holiday season, than they are to shore folk.

In December this year the Post Office handled 20,169 pieces of mail.

Examined and Passed by U. S. Local Inspectors

Visitors to the building are nearly always started on their tour of inspection at the Navigation School on the thirteenth floor, and there they always find two or three or perhaps seven or eight men bending over books studying Navigation or Marine Engineering, and presently an entry appears in our books opposite their names, "Examined and passed by U. S. Local Inspectors," and they become qualified to be mates, engineers or masters of ships.

This department is not disposed to talk of itself as a source of uplift, but there is probably no more important contribution to self respect than to encourage men to advance in their profession.

Report of the Chapel Flower Fund for December

The memorial flowers on the altar were given by the following persons:

First Sunday: Mr. S. S. Keyser,

"In memory of all Seamen who have fought the good fight."

Second Sunday: Mr. Wilton Moore Lockwood, in the name of Miss Beulah Lockwood:

Third Sunday: Mrs. T. J. Emery, "In memory of Sheldon and Albert Emery"; and Mrs. L. S. Beall, "In Memoriam."

Fourth Sunday: Miss Eugenia Tiffany, "In memory of Lieutenant Eugene Dodd."

Christmas Day: Miss Julia A. Green and Mrs. Edward B. West, "In memory of their mother and father, Laura and Robert Green."

Mr. Reese's Lectures

Mr. Reese, of Philadelphia, has again been sent by the Public Schools lecture department to talk to the seamen on important public questions. His most recent lecture was on the Russian experiment in government.

Mr. Reese is a particularly happy choice to send to our institution because of his broad and tolerant point of view. A narrow nationalist would have a very bad time indeed with our audience of all the races under the sun, not here as immigrants, but as self-respecting parts of other countries, who in the course of business come and go to and from these shores.

Sometimes it is difficult for a bystander to listen to Mr. Reese because of the fascination of studying that audience, square heavy Slavic faces, long fair Scandinavian faces, sharp dark Spanish faces, smooth

round American faces. So many racial types, and within each type so many degrees of intelligence.

The House Mother Tries Match Making

It is one thing the House Mother has declared she never would do. Whoever got married or did not get married that was not her responsibility, and when a lonely seaman would hint that he would like the chance to meet some decent woman she would harden her heart and say nothing.

And yet after all these years she fell. Which shows you never can tell. This is how it happened. She received a letter one day from a young girl who had written to a seaman at our address and had not heard from him. The seaman had sent a letter to some paper saying he was lonely and wanted to get to know some nice girl. This young woman had answered, but had had no reply. The House Mother inquired and found that the young seaman had been writing to any number of girls, so she asked the girl to come to see her, and told her as gently as she could not to have anything to do with that sort of person.

But there was something lonely and pathetic about the girl, which stuck uncomfortably in the House Mother's mind. It is all very well to tell a girl what not to do, but she had offered her no solution for her loneliness.

- Then one day an engineer came to her office and closed the door firmly

behind him. It was evident that his business was strictly private.

He cleared his throat. "You'll probably think what I'm going to say is very funny," he began, "but I'm sick of knocking around and I want a wife and a home and I don't know how to find the woman."

It wasn't funny at all.

He went on to say that he had saved up eighteen hundred dollars but what was the use of saving when there was nobody in the world to take care of?

She had known this young man for years as a quiet sober fellow, and instantly the lonely young girl popped into her head. They were about of a type, both of the Roman Catholic faith, both almost desperate with loneliness. Should she put them in touch with each other? Finally crash went the policy of thirty years. She yielded and told the young man about the girl, combining the information with a severe sermon as to his responsibility to the girl and herself if she put them in touch with each other.

Very sober and chastened the young man went to meet the girl, and came back the next day to report that they liked each other fine, and were going to supper again that night, and afterward to the public library to have a good talk.

And so the House Mother hopes and prays that her one adventure in match making may prove a justification for her lapse from a policy to which she has clung for so long.

Postscript: At the moment of going to press it has come to our at-

tention that the experiment did not work, and the young man has gone up to Montreal in search of yet another girl.

Another Windfall in Bands

One of the officers from the S. S. Columbia came to the head of the Apprentice Department the other day and inquired whether we would care to have the ship's band come down and play for the apprentice party.

But of course we would. We have had an excellent volunteer band of shore folk lately, whom we felt would appreciate being relieved or augmented. So they came and made music delectably, joyously, so that the most self-conscious of wall flowers could not resist the impulse to step out and try his ability on the floor. When there were not girls enough to go around the boys danced with each other. And it was altogether a very gay occasion.

It happened that on this evening Mrs. Sparks, who always has the Apprentice Department on her mind, arrived with a quantity of favors, so that it was a more than ordinarily festive party.

At the end of the evening, Mr. Patchell, who assists at the dances, called for three cheers for the band and they were given with a right good will.

It was announced that unless the steamship company suddenly changed its mind the band would probably be in port for another dance. Very loud applause.

The National Work

Seamen's Church Institute of Houston

The port of Houston, Texas, is a practically new but fast growing port, with seven completed docks and many more under construction. The sub-ports (or docks) of Baytoon, Galena, Sinco and Manchester are all on the Houston Ship Channel, and this Institute is strategically located so as to serve all of them. Improvements to the amount of several million dollars are now under way, and the largest sea going freighters come right up to the Turning Basin, a stone's throw from the Institute building.

This Institute was founded in December 1922; was officially opened and dedicated January 4, 1923 and a Post Office Substation No. 12 was added March 1, 1923.

The City of Houston gave the land; the Rotary Club built and gave the building, and the Episcopal Church undertakes the operation.

This Institute might be called "Good Samaritan House," for in it the sailor, a stranger in a strange port, can obtain that which he lacks and wants. Here he can spend a quiet hour, enjoy some music, receive and send his mail, find food, a bath and a bed, and even a job. This work has far outgrown its original quarters and the annex which is now in use as additional dormitory space is already taxed to

its capacity to accommodate the increasing number of men who look upon the Institute as a safe haven.

Romance of the Sea

It was tea time in the apprentice room, and six or eight people were gathered around the tea table at the end of the room, when some landsperson remarked that the harbor had looked unusually beautiful as she came down town that afternoon. Shadowy ships through the fog.

Groans and sneers from all the followers of the sea. "A ship never looks beautiful, whether you see her through a mist or not." "The only time a ship is beautiful is when she is docked."

"You don't like the sea?" she inquired, surprised.

"Hate it," sparks, officers, and apprentices answered in chorus.

It is always a shock to the romantic landsperson who follows sailing ships with longing eyes, to find that for the man of the sea the gilt is all off the gingerbread. Almost none of them will admit that they like the sea.

Over and over again you ask them the same question, "Why don't you leave it?" and get the same answer, "What could I do ashore?"

That answer might explain their staying with it, but when one has known them for years one feels that it is not quite all, that in their hatred

of the sea there is a certain amount of love, which they resent.

As Eugene O'Neill says, "That old devil sea has got them."

Bound East for Cardiff

In Eugene O'Neill's play, "Bound East for Cardiff," a dying seaman gives this reason why he does not mind "going west:—"

"This sailor life ain't much to cry about leavin'—just one ship after another, hard work, small pay, and bum grub; and when we git into port, just a drunk endin' up in a fight, and all your money gone, and then ship away again. Never meetin' no nice people; never gettin' outa sailor town, hardly, in any port; travellin' all over the world and never seein' none of it; without no one to care whether you're alive or dead. There ain't much in all that that'd make yuh sorry to lose it, Drisc."

Why He Wouldn't Go Home

A fair haired young seaman called at the office because he had seen his name on the missing men bulletin. While the House Mother went to find out whether he was the particular man we wanted the editor talked to him.

He was both frank and shy, as he sat twisting his hat. To the question as to whether his mother was living he admitted that she was, and as near at hand as Newark. Yet he had not been home this trip.

"I wouldn't go home like this," he said, "I'm broke and out of a job.

If I went they would want me to stay at home, and I'm not going to live on them."

"But your mother wouldn't care about your being 'broke,'" we urged. "Mothers don't."

"It ain't just mother," he said. "There's the neighbors. They would say I was no good."

And there pride stood as a solid wall against our urging of the claims of motherhood, and against the longing that the mention of his mother brought into the boy's eyes.

And so we are moved to suggest to any of you who may have boys away from home about whom you are anxious. You cannot assure them too often that you will be glad to see them home again, whether they are in funds or not. Remember that youth has a vivid and touchy imagination.

Lost His Money, But Saved His Dog

He is a rugged old deep-water seaman, fairly reeking of the briny deep, and his contempt for the bargemen, with whom an unkind providence has compelled him recently to associate is beyond words. To put it his way:

"If I was a good mechanic and was to take all the barge men who have licenses and melt 'em all down I couldn't make one decent A.B. (able bodied seamen) out of the lot. All they've got their licenses for is tootin' a whistle."

The reason for his visiting us was that his barge had literally sunk

under him and he had been obliged to shove the little dog overboard and jump himself.

At the last moment he had had to choose between saving the dog and two hundred dollars he had hidden away under his mattress, and he had chosen the dog.

Identification

Our institutional pride got a fall the other day. We had imagined that almost everybody in New York knew of the Seamen's Church Institute. When one lives close up to a big undertaking it is apt to assume such proportions that it almost blots out the sun. So it comes as a blow to have somebody say, "Seamen's Church Institute—what's that?"

But that is what happened the other day. An engineer came to us and asked us to identify him by telephone to a bank to which another bank had telegraphed two hundred dollars for him. He had ordered the money telegraphed here, but for some reason the bank had taken it into its head to telegraph it to a New York bank. Naturally the New York bank demanded identification, and his papers were all over in New Jersey and it would have been impossible for him to go over for them and return before the bank closed at three o'clock. To make matters worse, his ship was sailing for Newport that night.

So he came to the House Mother, who knew him well, because he has been staying here when in port for the past nine years, and asked if she would telephone the bank and tell

the teller that the Institute identified him.

She did so and the teller demanded to know what the Seamen's Church Institute was. Everybody was outraged—the Institute, the engineer, and the listeners in. The idea of not knowing what the Institute was!

Finally a compromise was arrived at. The bank agreed to send a cashier's check here if we would cash it for the man. But the blow to our pride was terrible.

Moved to Tears

It was the evening of the special week-night service. Moreover the preacher on this occasion was the Reverend John Wade of St. John the Evangelist, Manhattan. Moreover, and especially a drunken seaman was moved on this occasion to attend service. Now Mr. Wade's sermons, if you have ever happened to hear one, have a tendency to make even a sober man take stock and wish he hadn't done it, so our poor intoxicated friend could not help being moved. Evidently all his past sins rolled over him, and he began to sob audibly.

When the service was over the Assistant to the Superintendent tried to lead him gently out, but he was past being led anywhere, so there the Assistant to the Superintendent had to stand supporting him, with the help of a post, while the choir filed past and threw sympathetic glances in his direction, believing that repentance alone accounted for his distress.

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.

South Street Institute

DECEMBER, 1924

HOTEL DEPARTMENT

Lodgings registered	25,778	Sales at Soda Fountain.....	28,707
Mail received for Seamen.....	20,169	Barber Customers	1,193
Baggage received	4,616	Tailor Shop Customers.....	223
Meals served	35,549	Laundry Customers	209

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENTS

	No.	Attendance
Institute Services	11	1,180
Communion Services	5	20
Other Services—Daily Chapel Service—9 a. m.....
Home Hours	4	583
Midweek Services	3	251
Seamen's Fellowship Meetings.....	5	515
Hospital Services	6	318
Communion Services at Hospital.....	3	46
Marriages	0	..
Funerals	5	..
Baptisms	0	..
Social Service Office Interviews.....	..	2,427
Relief Assisted Through M. M. & B. Fund and Other Funds.....	..	1,539
Unsecured Loans Returned.....	..	76
Knitted Articles Distributed.....	..	1,154
Old Clothes Distributed.....	..	877
Treated in Institute Dispensary.....	..	353
Sent to Hospital.....	..	39
Visits to Hospitals.....	..	47
Visits to Ships.....	..	12
Referred to outside agencies	133
Total Attendance in Apprentice Boys' Room.....	..	1,115
Entertainments	5	1,947

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU AND SEAMEN'S FUNDS DEPARTMENTS

Men referred to ships.....	210	Number of deposits.....	597
Men accepting sea employment.....	166	Amount of deposits and trans-	..
Number of companies supplied.....	34	missions	\$40,537.11
Men referred to land employment.....	83	Amount of transmissions.....	7,637.61
Men accepting land employment.....	65	Number of transmissions.....	259
Total accepting employment....	231	Notary signatures	52

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND OTHER EDUCATION AND HARBOR SERVICE

Students enrolled	6	Average Attendance	16
Daily average attendance.....	5	Examined and passed by U. S.	..
First Aid Lectures.....	28	Local Inspectors	4