

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XV

JANUARY, 1924

No. 1

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES FRANK T. WARBURTON REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President Secretary and Treasurer 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
Attention 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
	Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

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

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

Form of Bequest

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

THE LOOKOUT

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No Room for Them in the Inn

A ship was being piloted into the harbor of New York when one seaman turned to another and said, "Where are you going to stay while on shore?" It was the questioner's first visit.

The man questioned was an old timer and answered promptly, "At the Seaman's Church Institute. I always stay there."

Nothing more was said at the time, but the old timer knew that the other fellow wanted to be asked to come with him. He didn't like the fellow much, but it was rather tough to be a stranger, so as they left the ship he said to him, "Come along if you like," and the fellow came eagerly.

The old timer went first to the desk and got a room ticket, which it happened was the last one left. The stranger had to be refused.

The man wore such a lost dog expression that the old timer, after a moment's struggle turned to him and gave him the ticket. "I know New York a little," he said, and turned away.

The stranger followed him trying to thank him, but the old timer hardly answered him. He was bitterly disappointed, and almost regretted his generous impulse. The Institute was home to him, and it was almost like having a friend's door shut in one's face.

That night he went out and got drunk. He ought not to have done it, but there was not room for them both in the inn, and he had given up his bed to a stranger, and he was lonely.

In 1922 approximately twenty-seven thousand men were refused lodgings.

Protecting Ignorance

As between capital and labor, generally the Institute never has anything to say, but when, as sometimes happens, a company tries to take advantage of some seaman's ignorance of the law and his rights, to do him a rank injustice then the Institute speaks in no uncertain tones.

Such a case came up the other day. A young lad came to see the Man-Who-Understands-Law. In 1922 he had an accident on a ship. The hold ladder was blocked and he had to climb a slippery pole. In doing so he fell fifty-five feet into the hold of the ship, and sustained internal injuries.

He was in a hospital in Boston for some months, during which time the company paid him some sixty-five dollars in wages that was due him, and got him to sign a general release from damages. The boy has never had a well day since.

It is a case where the liability might be difficult to prove but certainly the moral obligation is beyond question, and the hard part of it is

that the boy had no family to protect him against being exploited.

The Institute has taken up his case and is trying to have the releases set aside, and the question of damages reopened.

Seamen's Compensation

An interesting meeting of the Social Service Committee of the Board of Managers was held in the Apprentice Room on December 5, at which Mr. John B. Andrews, of the American Association for Labor Legislation, spoke informally on the subject of Seamen's Compensation.

As the law stands today seamen are not protected by accident compensation, but have the right to sue the companies for injuries suffered, and in some instances, where negligence on the part of the company can be proved, they get large awards. The drawback to this is that it gives no protection to the seamen hurt other than through the negligence of the company, and in many cases, where a considerable award is made, the lawyers get a large part of the money, sometimes as much as fifty per cent.

The Association Mr. Andrews represents has been working to get a law passed giving the seamen the same protection that workers in industrial communities enjoy. The difficulty in doing this has been a lack of unanimity on the part of the men, fostered by certain lawyers, who by the passage of such a law would lose many cases. There are those who hold that seamen should have double protection, that is a

compensation law, with the right to sue in extraordinary circumstances.

Dr. Mansfield asked what the Institute could do, or the Joint Conference of Seamen's Societies, to get such a protective law passed.

Mr. Andrews replied that the old remedy of bringing pressure to bear on members of Congress to support it would be the most effective means.

Canon Brady

The fame of Canon Brady has spread to every corner of the world where there is a Seamen's Mission. Inexorably, all those who offer themselves in service are measured by those to whom they minister, and if they are doing it for bread and butter it is known, and if they are doing each day's work as between themselves and a master whom they have volunteered to serve, that also is known, and young and old take off their hats respectfully to this last attitude toward work. It is evident to anybody who hears about Canon Brady from the seamen and the apprentice boys that he is of the elect.

"Ever hear of Canon Brady, down in Buenos Ayres?" they will ask, and with the slightest encouragement will be off in a panegyric of praise.

So that when word reached the Institute that Canon Brady was about to pay New York a visit there was real excitement. "Do you know who's coming?" one worker would say to another; "Canon Brady of Buenos Ayres. Always wanted to see that man."

And finally Canon Brady, who is in charge of the British Missions to Seamen at Buenos Ayres, did arrive. He is an Irishman of the rugged type, with a genial, friendly smile, and no respect whatever for conventions.

As the House Mother was showing him through the building one seaman after another came up to speak to him, and he remembered them and was glad to see them again.

He stayed for the Wednesday-Night-Girl's-Party and took part in the games with an abandon that a boy of twelve might have envied.

But first the choir boys from the chapel service were to be given ice cream and Canon Brady went right out to the kitchen and took off his coat and helped the boys to serve up the ice cream, and with his assistance it somehow turned into a tremendously funny game at which it was a privilege to play.

The choir boys fed, and carried reluctantly away by their elders, the real fun of the evening commenced. Canon Brady just naturally became master of ceremonies. When more boys were needed for some game he confiscated the billiard cues of those who were playing and shooed them away, and they meekly fell in with his plans.

Arbitrarily he imposed forfeits, compelling the Lady-Who-Listens to repeat the alphabet backwards and the House Mother to recite poetry, and another lady to trim a hat, and one of the boys to climb through the rungs of a chair, and

another to turn around six times with his head on a cane on the floor until he was dizzy and then walk across the room and pick something up, until finally the worms turned and ordered the Canon himself to pick a pin out of the back of a chair with his teeth while he was sitting on it. Needless to say he did it.

There has never been, in the history of the Institute, a more riotous time than this Wednesday night party unless it was the Thursday night party, when the Canon was also present.

Canon Brady Preaches

On Sunday evening Canon Brady preached in the little Chapel of Our Savior, and such a crowd of men turned out to hear him that the partition between the large and small chapels had to be folded back.

There is a certain kind of sermon that is the right sort of sermon for seamen. It must be simple, without reaching down, and deal with the problems of life without pretense. Canon Brady preached that sort of sermon because he understands his audience.

He took as his text, "It came to pass," and dwelt upon the changing aspect of the world. Our bodies change. Our ideals change. Our environment changes. Everything "comes—to pass."

But, in this changing, growing world there are three unalterable things to which men can cling, the love of God, the fact of Christ, and the dominance of spirit. He examined each of these three a little, as to their meaning and value in life,

and concluded with the assurance that in a world where time washes everything else away, where everything comes, but to pass, these things remain, the love of God, the fact of Christ, and the dominance of spirit.

"Did you ever hear Canon Brady before?" one of the workers asked the young man who had sat next to her, as they went out of the chapel.

"No," the man answered, "but I heard of him in India."

Letter of Appreciation

Dr. Mansfield is in receipt of the following very friendly appreciation from the committee under which Mr. Knox carries on his work as Secretary of the British Missions to Seamen, expressing gratification at the cordial welcome extended to Mr. and Mrs. Knox on their visit to New York:

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN,
11 Buckingham Street,
Strand,
London, W. C. 2.
27th November, 1923.

Dear Dr. Mansfield:

I am desired by my colleagues on the Committee of The Missions to Seamen to offer you their most heartfelt thanks for the splendid welcome and generous hospitality you accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Knox, who were visiting your great work in New York on behalf of our Society.

The Committee feel sure that their visit and all they saw and learnt in your Port, will be of very real help to all of us who are work-

ing in the great Cause and they sincerely trust that the association, thus happily commenced, may tend in the near future to promote the glory of God and the welfare of the sailor.

With all cordial greetings and praying that God will continue to bless your wonderful work for the extension of His Kingdom amongst seamen,

I am,

Yours sincerely and gratefully,
(signed) E. Grant Burls,
Chairman of Committee.

Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D. D.

"Jimmy Legs" Has Visited Us

"Jimmy Legs" is a term of endearment applied to one Dr. Turner, a rector of a small church in a small town in Delaware.

Quite casually, in his brief visit here, he got a man a job on a truck, went to see another man sick in a hospital, and got the address of the man sent to Atlanta for life, with the quiet suggestion that he would go to see him when he went South.

Dr. Turner is a man famous for good works. He keeps open house for men and boys with a door that is never locked, and does not need to be. It is understood that anybody is welcome to be his guest, but he asks them to let him know at night how many will be at breakfast so that he can leave word on the table for the colored woman when she comes to cook it. Sometimes it is four, sometimes six, often more.

There are many stories current about the good doctor. There is a

tale that is told of a ship's officer who was being led to Dr. Turner's by an old frequenter of his place. The officer stopped to inquire where he was going. When his friend said, "To Dr. Turner's," the officer protested that he didn't need a doctor, and when his friend said that it was a clergyman's house his reluctance was increased. He had no use for preachers. The officer is married now and has begged Dr. Turner to give up his work and come and live with him.

Somewhere in Job it says, "It is a precious jewel to be plain," and certainly there is a plainness and simplicity about really good men and women that is very rare. Dr. Turner has it.

Exclusiveness of Snug Harbor

When the Institute finally gets one of its old human vessels docked safely in Snug Harbor the whole Social Service Office draws a big sigh of relief.

An institution, with the advantages of Snug Harbor, has to protect itself against becoming the refuge for all the old and tired folk in the world, regardless of their marine associations, so it has the following strenuous requirements for admission:

- Three letters of recommendation.
- Application form in duplicate.
- Applicant's statement as to sea service.
- Certificate as to sanity.
- 5 years' discharges if American born.
- 10 years' discharges if alien born.

This means a great pile of papers that have to be prepared and examined for errors, and generally it requires at least a month. In the meantime the Institute frequently cares for the man as its guest.

The other day Mark —— was admitted, the nicest, friendliest old soul, than whom none better deserves to know that he will have a roof and food for the rest of his years, be they few or many.

The Social Service Office heaved a very great sigh indeed.

50c and \$10

A "slick" young man came into the Social Service Office Sunday wanting to borrow fifty cents. He asked for it casually, as one might ask for the loan of a pencil sharpener. He was rather better dressed than the chaplain from whom he sought the relief.

The chaplain was not quite so casual. "Why do you want to borrow it?" he asked, just as he would have asked the most down-and-out-looking person who came into the office.

"I owe fifty cents to a chap, and he is on the beach," the young man replied, without a moment's hesitation.

The chaplain's mind also worked quickly. "Then bring your pal up and let us help him," he suggested, still amiably.

"Oh, he wouldn't come," the young man objected.

"Then I am afraid there is nothing we can do about it, is there?" the chaplain said, still amiable, al-

though he knew, and the "slick" young seaman knew that he knew, that there was no pal on the beach.

He had scarcely left when a diffident, shabby young man entered and told a halting story—his sister was dying and he needed money to get home. A seaman had lent him five dollars but he needed ten dollars more. Could the Institute trust him until he could get his money from the company?

"Why, certainly, my lad," said the chaplain, who had just been so hard about the fifty cents. "Of course you can have money to get home."

The chaplain knew, and the seaman knew that he knew, that the sister was really dying.

How?

Ask the chaplain.

A Great Discovery

Below we print part of a letter from a seaman who has made what he feels to be a great discovery—that if money is put in the bank on pay day instead of being spent, it can be used to keep a man in food and shelter for some time.

Up until his last trip it had seemed to him the normal thing to "blow in" his money within the first two or three days on shore and then borrow or "bum it," as the seaman says, for the rest of the time.

Notice the pride with which he dwells on the fact that he did not have to borrow even a nickel.

"I had 35 dollars. I put it in safe keeping in the bank of this Institute.

It lasted me 3 weeks. I am shipping again tomorrow. I have been sober all through. I had quite enough of money to enjoy myself. I gave away about 2 dollars. I never had to bum even one nickel this time. And why? I begin to realize I was all wrong about this place. It was me that was wrong all the time. I have done my best this time. It pays. And is very wholesome. I'm trying to be good." A.

Bad News from Home

Read this letter and see if you don't feel in it a ring of absolute sincerity. There is a certain dignity, too, in the brief mention of the "real bad news from home." Social Service.
Sir:

I am in a little trouble here, and I certainly will be pleased if you can give me a little information. I am a sailor, at present working on shore. This is how the story goes. I had some real bad news from home and I got drunk, for which I am ashamed, and it got me in trouble. I broke a window in a store door. I was arrested for same, and paid a fine of twenty dollars. Now the owner of the store comes to my house and tells me I have yet to pay for the window, but I cannot see it that way, and I have just refused to pay. I can not afford a lawyer right now. I could later. So if you would be good enough to inform me what to do I sure would be thankful indeed to you, or even tell me if I am right or wrong. In conclusion I may say I have told you the whole truth, and I sincerely

hope you will advise me by return what to do.

Yours truthfully,

E. H. C.

The Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law wrote him an understanding letter expressing sympathy with his difficulty, but assuring him that he was liable for the broken window and advising him to try to arrange to pay for it in installments.

He explained to him that the fine was not for breaking the window but for breaking the peace.

To Write

Christmas brought the editor this:

TO WRITE

There is only one recipe I have ever heard of: take a quart or more of life blood; mix it with a bottle of ink and a teaspoonful of tears, and ask GOD to forgive the blots.

From "Memoirs of a Midget"

By Walter de la Mare

We might say in passing that we have long since asked forgiveness for the blots. As for the rest, one is born with the power to mix life blood and tears or one is not, and if one is, the life blood and tears will be there.

Trotty Veck Books

The Institute would be grateful for some Trotty Veck Booklets to distribute to seamen in hospitals, if any readers have some they can spare.

Americans Welcomed at British Mission

In the Church and the Sailor, the publication of the British Missions to Seamen, for November, the Chaplain in charge of the mission at Bombay writes the following interesting note as to the welcome he extends to Americans, and the spirit of good-will in which it is tendered. Evidently, from the attitude of the officer referred to, the Americans meet him half way in setting rivets in the good ship, the League of Nations.

Bombay:—I always make a special point of visiting American ships. The crew have got the idea that they are not wanted in our Institutes. Six months ago I made friends with the officers and engineers of an American ship. The chief officer has now returned as Master of a fine vessel and he came up at the first opportunity. "Chaplain, this place is great. I want all my boys to come up here—say—I'll tell you what I'll do. Give every one of them two packets of cigarettes if they prove to me that they have spent an evening here." Needless to say the "boys" came up.

These men go back with a kindly feeling—not first for our Seamen's Institute—but for our country.

On one morning I have visited Dutch, American, Italian and English vessels. Our Seamen's Institutes are so many rivets in the good ship the League of Nations.

N. A. L.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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at

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
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or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

Three Christmas Trees

The tallest and most conspicuous stands proudly on the roof and flings its Christmas message to the world topped with the Star of Bethlehem. It is a king of Christmas trees, and knows it—one blaze of light from tip to base. People stand up in the trains and trolleys crossing Brooklyn Bridge to see it. Those who travel on ferry boats from the islands press forward to get a better view. It looks out to sea for all the incoming and outgoing vessels to behold. In a world torn by racial and religious strife it shines out from the roof of a building, which houses all the races of the world, under one roof, carrying high the Star of Bethlehem, like a lighted torch. It is the tree for the millions.

The second tree stands in the concert hall, smaller, but perfect in its way. The tree of gaiety and fun, all a-glimmer, and a-shimmer with red and gold and silver, beautiful either

lighted or unlighted. It is the tree for the hundreds.

The third tree is about a foot and a half high, and has two tiny electric lights on it, one red and one green. It stands on the ice plant down in the engine room. A score have seen it.

It is comparatively easy to be a Christmas tree and stand on the roof and send a shout of Christmas cheer across the harbor. It is not hard to be the tree of gaiety in the concert hall, all a-glimmer and a-shimmer with red and gold and silver. It is not so easy to be a Christmas tree down in the stifling engine room, with one red and one green light. But never mind, little tree, if it were not for the spirit that planted you on the ice plant, the tree on the roof would shout its message to the world in vain.

The Christmas Service

The spirit of Christmas is a divine accident. Many a Christmas have we seen that people have labored over, and dreamed over, that was no Christmas. The holly and mistletoe and carols all answered "Present" to the Christmas roll call, but there was no spirit of peace.

So we are particularly happy that Christmas came to the Institute this year. The little chapel wears its holiday uniform each year with dignity, but this year there was an unusual grace and harmony in the stately trees grouped about the chancel, and the long swinging loops of evergreen that reached out to the far corners and drew them to the altar.

Never have so many seamen attended chapel on Christmas morning, and remember that the Institute never puts a price upon religious services. The invitations to Christmas dinner are placed in each man's room, so that there was no connection between the Christmas dinner and attendance at chapel.

This large, quiet, reverent congregation of men came, because the doors were thrown open and they wanted to come.

The sermon was about the Christmas spirit, about goodwill, and especially about God's goodwill toward men, about the better conception of God, which Christ brought into the world, the God who is a loving understanding father, instead of an avenging spirit.

A number of the seamen participated in the communion service, among them one who has been rather a wastrel, but who is putting up a tremendous fight to go straight. He has a job, and is not a guest of the Institute, but came over just for the service.

The Woman-Who-Sings sang two solos, "It Is Christmas" and "Silent Night," and whether all the seamen understood the words, for nearly every race was represented in the congregation, it is certain that the spirit was understood, as these white and black and brown children of one father knelt together in peace to worship him.

The Memorial Gift

As many of you know, the Institute, some time since discontinued

the practice of leaving gifts in the men's rooms on Christmas Eve. It was a tremendous undertaking. It was possible to do it for the five hundred and sixty-five men, whom the Institute was originally planned to house, but now that the family has grown to eight hundred and twenty, it is too much.

But just before Christmas the donor of one of the memorial bedrooms sent a gift to be placed in her room. The House Mother was at a loss what to do. She thought of giving the gift to some seaman who would appreciate it, and write the woman a nice letter of thanks. No, that would not do. The Institute always plays fair with its contributors. We try to use every gift that is sent exactly as the sender intended, whether or not it always seems to us the wisest thing.

So the House Mother put the gift in the memorial room with a prayer that God would send some lonely man to the room that night, some real seaman, not a mere transient on the marine highway.

Christmas morning a big Esthonian came to the House Mother, deeply moved, to tell her that he had slept in the memorial room, and found the gift there, and that it was his first Christmas gift in eighteen years.

When Comfort Bags Are a Solid Comfort

You would have laughed if you had been at the Apprentice Christmas party, and seen a roomful of men and boys, each clinging joyfully

to a small cretonne bag, and it might be said in passing that the grip of the sparks and the chief officer was no more careless than that of the tiniest apprentice. Seamen adore comfort bags, no matter how they are made and filled, but done as the Seamen's Church Institute Association of the South Shore of Long Island did them, they more than justified their name. They were jolly cretonne bags filled with—just about everything you can think of, thread, buttons, tape, thimbles, vase-line, court plaster, combs, darning cotton, many things we have forgotten, and emery bags. We mention the emery bags last because most of the boys thought they were pin cushions, and a public announcement had to be made of their use.

The South Shore Association also supplied a dainty gift for each of the volunteer workers, a recognition which was more than due this group of young women, who give their time so generously to entertain the boys. Mrs. Smythe, the director of the group is to be congratulated upon the splendid work her association has accomplished.

A few days before Christmas, Mrs. Averbeck, the director of the Riverside Association, New York City, brought in a number of comfort bags her group had made and filled, and also some knitted articles for the seamen.

Greetings from Fort Stanton

Although the Institute does not expect gratitude from seamen, who are a very shy class of men, perhaps

because it does not, the Superintendent was pleased that the men at U. S. Marine Hospital No. 9 at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, remembered to send this word of appreciation at the holiday season.

These are the men in a tubercular hospital whom some of our readers helped to build a recreation room and furnish it with pool tables and games.

SEAMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB
Fort Stanton, New Mexico

Dec. 20, 1923.

Rev. Archibald Mansfield, D. D.,
Seamen's Church Institute,
25 South Street,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Mansfield:

From time to time during the past your publication, THE LOOKOUT, has been the means of us getting assistance from many different sources. This was due to your being so kind as to publish our letters in your paper.

All the members of the Seamen's Social Club have expressed a very hearty desire to thank the many readers who have been so kind to help us and to wish all the readers of THE LOOKOUT a Merry Xmas and a bright and Happy New Year.

Very cordially yours,

Seamen's Social Club,

Chas. E. Wall, Secretary.

Christmas Menu

A good friend of ours, who reads THE LOOKOUT faithfully, sent a gift to the holiday fund with the

suggestion that we print the menu of the Christmas dinner in the next issue. So here it is:

Cream of chicken soup
Roast turkey with dressing
Cranberry sauce
Green peas
Sweet potatoes
Dessert
Coffee, tea, or milk
Cigars or cigarettes

plus the good will with which you made your gifts, and which the Institute tries to pass on to the men in every act of service.

Many of the men dwelt upon the fact that there was plenty of food, even including the turkey, which is apt to be the weak spot in gratuitous Christmas dinners.

The "Little" Reading Room

They say it was an old man, who is now dead, who gave what we call the "little" reading room. We suspect that he was an old gentleman who loved beautiful things, and that his spirit has been worried because the room he gave has just been four walls, enclosing some tables and chairs, but not a room. As often as the editor passed through this place it seemed as if something compelled her to do something to make it attractive. The other day she was asked to make it a home, and thinking of the old man, and remembering that she could call upon you, who read THE LOOKOUT, for help, she agreed.

Taking your cooperation for granted we have ordered four green

reading lamps at a cost of \$22.50 each which we hope some of you will meet for us, and a hanging basket of ferns, which cost \$6.00.

And we need all kinds of interesting containers for flowers, and greens, bittersweet and pussy willows, daffodils and roses. Copper and brass and pottery and pewter things would be most welcome, or even some old New England bean pots. Also some candlesticks.

We have already brought up a book case from the store room, and filled it with brightly bound books, and two more shelves with books are going into a cheerless corner that cries out for color. Two large brass candelabrum have been polished up and filled with gold candles, and the floor is going to be polished.

We know that there are some among our readers who will sympathize with this attempt to make the "little" reading room as pleasant as the old man would like to have it.

Fort Stanton Has a Chaplain

You who read THE LOOKOUT remember the appeal of the boys in the Government Tuberculosis Hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, for help in constructing their recreation building and for assistance in procuring a billiard table; and the gratification we felt in being able to print in a later number the story of the generous response to that appeal spurred us to greater efforts in behalf of the two hundred sailors far off in the mountains who are seeking to be restored to health. The

Fort Stanton Sanitarium is one of the United States Marine Hospitals devoted to the care of seamen who have contracted tuberculosis. Twenty-five hundred miles away from the East Coast of the country, separated from home and friends, the care of these men is an especial charge upon those who are interested in the welfare of seamen. One great need was outstanding—there was no Protestant Chaplain at the Hospital. So, through the co-operation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Howden, the Bishop of New Mexico, and the Public Health Service, a Chaplain was appointed to the Hospital in the person of the Rev. H. K. Stanley. On the eve of Chaplain Stanley's departure for New Mexico, the Fellowship Club of the Institute entertained him as their guest, and Chaplain Montgomery addressed the Fellowship and Mr. Stanley on behalf of the Institute, and Dr. Mansfield's representative presented him, in his behalf, with a Communion Set to be used at Fort Stanton, consisting of some old silver which had been used in the Floating Chapel of the Holy Comforter, thus linking together in memory one of the earliest (1847) and latest activities of the Institute. Three rousing cheers were given Chaplain Stanley, who was sent on his way to the West bearing the greetings and good wishes of the Institute and the seamen in New York to their fellows at Fort Stanton.

Chaplain Stanley has arrived at Fort Stanton, and he has made us a splendid report of what he has found there. The journey took four days

by train from New York and a 33-mile auto trip from Carrizozo, N. M., over the Nogales Mts., 8,000 feet high. At Fort Stanton, 6,300 feet above the sea level, Chaplain Stanley found the patients all anxiously awaiting his arrival. Two things impressed him at the outset: first, the isolation of the place and the great need for amusement on the part of the patients as well as for the many other phases of secular and religious activity expected of the Chaplain, to whom many avenues of service are open. The second impression is that, among the many needs there, time must be taken to decide the most essential and most wise projects. Suffice it to say that there is an opportunity for great service if funds are forthcoming, and that just this service is the expected *sine qua non* of a Chaplain. In other words, Mr. Stanley reports that to be a Chaplain and to do the work a Chaplain is expected to do, a certain sum of money is most acceptable. For movies \$25 to \$50 or more a week is needed. A car to take the patients riding would greatly enhance the effectiveness of the work. Even smaller sums to be expended as a discretionary fund would avail much.

A Chaplain among our sailors to whom the Government and the Diocese of New Mexico furnish salary and living expenses should, from the friends of the sailors and of the Institute, receive a sum to work with which might be represented by the amount which the Government and the Diocese thus save us in salary and living expenses. In other words

Chaplain Stanley feels that, with all his expenses furnished locally, it is most difficult for him to come empty-handed financially into the work if by any means funds can be raised to make that work more effective.

A sailor 2,300 miles from New York and 6,300 feet above sea level, needs amusement and special care while ill, and clothing to equip him when he starts home again, and any funds sent for this purpose to the General Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, the Rev. William T. Weston, would prove most acceptable and effective for good.

The Information Desk

Just inside of the Social Service office is the Information Desk, where all the men who want assistance of any kind are registered. The other day the Man-Who-Gives-Advice thought it might be interesting to summarize the results of the day both as to nationalities and service and here is what he found:

Scandinavians	6
Germans	6
Polish	1
Irish	21
English	15
Russian	2
Spanish	2
French	3
Hollander	1
Jewish	1
Mexican	1

It should be understood that these are the lands of their nativity, but that most of them were naturalized

American citizens. This was what they wanted:

Naturalization	10
Employment	2
Hotel Permit	4
Car Fare	1
Relief	20
Discharges	1
Clothes	6
Doctor	9
Legal Advice	3
Phone Call	2
Hospital	1

The Fellowship Party

The Fellowship party on Tuesday, December 4, was in charge of Mrs. Taylor, director of the Seamen's Church Institute Association of Orange. It was the first thing this organization had been asked to do for the Institute directly and Mrs. Taylor was determined that it should be a success, if she had to stay at the telephone for a week to accomplish it. There was the usual time when she had a feeling that she might not be able to bring more than fifteen women, but in the end about thirty came, and it was one of the most successful parties of the year.

It was not just the games and the dancing that made the evening so pleasant, but the spirit in which the visitors entered into it. There was such a real friendliness, without a hint of condescension in their attitude, and the seamen responded to it instantly.

The Institute has been exceedingly fortunate in the women it has had to assist with these parties, or perhaps the world is changing, but

the "uplift" attitude of mind, which is so devastating, seems to be disappearing.

An Understanding Government

Bill deserted his ship.

That is the technical term that is used when a seaman suddenly decides to stay in a foreign country without consulting either his company or the country.

The company was able to carry on without Bill, and Washington was unaware of his presence. It had other things on its mind. So Bill got himself a job on shore. So far everything had gone smoothly.

But Bill had a wife and a little boy over in England and he wanted them. He was that kind of a man. So he wrote to the wife to sell out the little English home, and bring the boy and come over.

The wife sold it and came. Moreover she arrived before the British quota was exhausted, but Bill did not meet her in Boston as he should have done. Perhaps he was afraid the immigration authorities would inquire too particularly into his own citizenship.

However, the story all came out in time and the government was threatening to send the whole family back to England, when Bill sought the Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up.

He was clinging so desperately to America and the chance it offered him to earn a living for his family that the chaplain was moved to write a letter of intercession to the authorities. The letter fell into the hands

of somebody with imagination, who saw what it would mean to these people to be turned back after they had given up their little home and set their faces toward a new land, and they were allowed to stay.

Too Much Feet

The Man - Who - Gives - Advice looked from the passport to the seaman and back to the passport. Clearly there was something wrong. He didn't need to have a carpenter's eye for measuring to know that the huge man, towering over everybody else in the office, probably six feet two or three, did not match up with the five feet nine on the passport.

So he tried another test. "When is your birthday?"

The seaman had conveniently forgotten.

"How old are you?"

The seaman hesitated a moment and then gave an age that varied by two years from the one on the passport.

So the Man-Who-Gives-Advice asked him to wait a few minutes.

When a lull came he took the tall stranger into a private office and said to him sternly: "This is not your passport."

"No sir," the seaman agreed sheepishly. "It's my buddy's."

"Why did you say it was yours?"

"Lost my own papers, and wanted a pair of shoes," he answered as simply as a boy.

The chaplain felt a smile twitching at his lips, but he suppressed it

the interest of law and order, while he made it quite clear to the man that he was going to get the shoes because he needed them, not because he had lied.

"But I had to give him the shoes," he said to one of his associates, "because there was such a large area of him exposed to the ground that he would certainly have caught cold."

Gratitude for Job

A young seaman, whose work took him from here to South America had observed that the large American companies doing business in the south had agents, who gathered the business together at the different ports, and it came to him that he could do that kind of a job. The more he thought of it the more he coveted the chance to try. So when he came back he went to a firm in Boston and offered his services. The company did not respond very enthusiastically. Their answer was entirely non-committal.

Perhaps it was because he is a seaman, and men of his class are always suspected of having an incurable case of the wanderlust, that they were not eager to avail themselves of his services. At any rate he was discouraged and came to talk to the Chaplain - Who - Understands-Law. The chaplain had seen him coming and going for some time and knew him to be one of the cleanest and straightest young chaps about the place, so he wrote the most persuasive recommendation of which he is capable—and he has an Irish strain in his blood—to the company, with

the result that the young fellow got the job.

The other day he came in to express his gratitude to the chaplain for underwriting his character.

Within the Law

Two seamen were standing outside of the Institute door one night about eleven o'clock quarreling violently. At least one of them had his coat off and was trying to work himself and his companion up to a fight.

They were in different stages of intoxication. His companion was in the affectionate stage and he was in the fighting mood. No man was going to say anything to him—or he'd show him.

"Never said—never did—" the amiable one kept protesting almost tearfully, while the other stood over him with clenched fists and insisted, "Nobody going to insult me. I'm a — of a fellow, I am."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Two uniformed policemen, probably going off duty, marched down South Street abreast.

They paused at the corner of the Institute building to look at the two men.

Immediately the fighter's fists unclenched and his expression softened, while the amiable one reached for the coat of the belligerent one and held it for him to put on.

A Russian Gentleman

"No indeed, thank you, I couldn't possibly."

The Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law was pressing some money for an errand upon the Russian gentleman, and the gentleman was backing away.

Only a few hours before he had come to the office and asked the Institute if it could not find him a job, any kind of a job, as a watchman or even washing dishes. He must have work as he had a sick wife to support. But he could not possibly accept fifty cents for running an errand.

Before the war he had been a captain in the Russian Navy. The picture on his passport is of a very handsome man with a pointed beard, and several medals on his uniform.

He is still upright, with fine eyes, and an engaging smile, but the last ten years have aged him twenty.

From his exalted position he has come down to unloading fruit ships, and other hard unskilled jobs, because with that sick wife over in Paris he can't afford to be idle at all. But he has come down with dignity and without bitterness, showing that his spirit was of unusually fine metal.

The Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up is determined that he shall have a job on a barge, where he will have two or three decent rooms to himself, and good pay, and can send for the wife to come to him.

"The last few years have been very hard," he says simply, without self pity, and it is brought home to the onlooker that the price of political revolutions in human suffering is high.

Before the Chapel Door

A seaman was standing before the chapel entrance, with his hat in his hand looking up reverently at the figure of Christ in the beautiful faience over the door. He seemed to be praying. We felt, we could not have told why, that the man was facing something special. There was a curious intensity about his attitude. It could hardly have been an ordinary occasion that would cause a man to pause and pray in the surging crowd of rough men about the Institute entrance.

At Sea How to Get There

The other day the Ways and Means Department received this very interesting letter from a contributor. We suspect that if all our readers, who have thwarted ambitions to go to sea, would, as he says "step up and pay up," our troubles would be over:

Mr. Bayard C. Hoppin, Chairman,
Dear Sir:

All my life I have wanted to go to sea. All my life long I have been at sea how to get there.

I am now nearly seventy and no able bodied. So I guess I will have to give it up.

But I remember what the circus man used to say: "Walk up, chalk up. Any way to get up. If you can't get up just put your money up"—and this I will try to do in response to your reminder as long as a narrowing income holds out.

Yours truly,

(Signed)

General Summary of Work

NOVEMBER, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services, A. M.	6	160
Sunday Services, P. M.	7	848
Communion Services	4	23
Bible Classes	2	178
Fellowship Meetings	4	225
Weddings	0	
Funerals	1	
Baptisms	0	

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island

Sunday Services	4	157
Communion Services	2	7
Funerals	1	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Home Hours	3	345
Entertainments	9	3,034
Packages Literature Distributed		21
Knitted Articles Distributed		156
Visitors in the Apprentice Room		1,010
Lodgings Registered		24,511
Incoming Mail for Seamen		14,424
Dunnage Checked		5,253

Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	1,906
Assisted through Loan Fund	82
Baggage and Minor Relief	250
Cases in Institute Clinic	530
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	11
Referred to Municipal Lodg. House	78
Referred to Other Organizations	84

Employment

Men Shipped	261
Shore Jobs	62

Visits

To Hospitals	15
To Patients	129
Miscellaneous Visits	47

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island

Number of Visits	35
Number of Hours	90

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	9
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	1
First-Aid Lectures	20

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	\$38,085.27
Withdrawals	29,491.32
Transmissions	5,299.16

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES FRANK T. WARBURTON REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President Secretary and Treasurer 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 |
| Attention 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 |
| | Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs |

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

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

Form of Bequest

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