

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XV

MARCH, 1924

No. 3

# 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       | Game Room Supplies                        |
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| Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals                | Information Bureau                        |
| Attention to convalescent sailors in retreats         | Literature Distribution Department        |
| Free Dispensary and medicine, a doctor and an orderly | Ways and Means Department                 |
| Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families        | Post Office                               |
| Burial of Destitute Seamen                            | Department of "Missing Men"               |
| Seamen's Funds 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                        |

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

Vol. 15

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## The Volunteers

WE were going to call them the "Volunteer Workers," but they would not have it so. They are right. That is not work which is done in the spirit in which these young women render service to our Apprentice Department.

You have not heard much about them in THE LOOKOUT, although the association of some of them with the Institute goes back farther than THE LOOKOUT itself.

In taking strangers through the building the guide pauses at the fourth floor and says, "There is a dance here every Thursday evening for the apprentice boys."

Almost invariably the visitor asks, "Who dances with them?"

The answer is, "The Volunteers."

It is not an adequate answer, but there is not time to convey to a stranger how much more these young women do than just dance with the boys. Dancing is here a means to an end, and that end is friendliness.

Picture the boys to yourself, lads from fourteen to twenty years of age, some shy and awkward, some polished and sophisticated, but all

of them needing friends in a strange land. Perhaps also they need spiritual guidance, but this they must get without knowing it. Indeed, if religion enters into their thoughts at all they are apt to be in the stage of discarding the old garments of dogma in

which their parents dressed them, without any new robe of faith at hand to don in its place. Thus in an expansive moment one of the boys confides that

he got in all wrong the last time he was home. He had let it be known, as youth is so apt to do, that he no longer believed in the miracles, and had thereby rocked the family peace on its foundations. But how could he help it? Hadn't he chased rumor all around the world to find the most plausible stories dissolve at the source into a myth or a joke? "And these miracles, mind you, were not



MRS. EDITH G. BAXTER

The head of the Apprentice Department, known to the reader as The Lady-Who-Listens.

(Continued on Page 4)



The Volunteers, Apprentices, and some who have graduated into Officers, as photographed at a recent Thursday night party.

### The Superintendent's Appreciation

I do not feel that I can let this issue of The Lookout go to press without an expression of my personal appreciation of the contribution that has been made to the Apprentice Department by the Volunteers.

The association of several of them with the Institute goes back to the old Pike Street days. There have been a number of changes in the supervisors of the Apprentice Department, but there is a group of Volunteers whom I have always been able to count upon, not only to carry on in the interest of the boys, but to cooperate with whoever has charge of the work.

The editor has not exaggerated in any particular the importance to the work of the services rendered by the Volunteers or the constancy, devotion and loyalty of the great majority of them. It was with the feeling that this special number is a well-merited recognition that I have given my sanction to it, and that I now add this personal expression of my gratitude for their assistance.

(Signed) A. R. MANSFIELD.

### THE NAMES OF THE VOLUNTEERS

|                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| MISS ELLEN ALLEN          | MISS GRACE McCLUSKEY   |
| MISS SADIE J. ANDREWS     | MISS DOROTHY MOLLOY    |
| MISS KATHLEEN ARNEY       | MISS ALICE MONCRIEFFE  |
| MISS MARY D. BAILEY       | MISS EDITH MONCRIEFFE  |
| MISS MILDRED S. BASSENDEN | MISS LILLIAN M. OAKMAN |
| MRS. W. E. BESWICK        | MISS DOROTHY ROBERTS   |
| MISS CATHERINE BLAYLOCK   | MISS NELLIE ROBERTS    |
| MISS MARJORIE CARTWRIGHT  | MISS EILEEN RUSDEN     |
| MISS VIOLET E. COOK       | MISS AGNES BOOTH SKAE  |
| MISS THEODORA DE GARIS    | MISS VIOLET M. SMITH   |
| MISS VIOLET EARLE         | MISS DOROTHY STORMS    |
| MISS IRENE FOX            | MISS ALICE O. SURDEZ   |
| MISS EVELYN M. GIFFORD    | MISS LEONORE A. TAFEL  |
| MISS KATHLEEN S. GIFFORD  | MISS OLIVE TURNER      |
| MRS. MARY HARDESTY        | MISS JEANNE VAN NOPPEN |
| MISS KATHERINE JONES      | MISS EVELYN WICKHAM    |
| MISS MARIE L. KENYON      | MISS DORIS C. WINDSOR  |
| MISS GERTRUDE LAMB        | MRS. ELIZABETH WITHERS |
| MISS MATILDA LEACOCK      | MISS WITHERS           |

## THE VOLUNTEERS

*(Continued from Page 1)*

written down by men who claimed to have seen them. They had only



There is tea every day in the Apprentice Room, but the Sunday night tea is something very special, at which many of the Volunteers attend.



Miss Oakman and Miss Windsor as part of a tennis party given to the boys, in Prospect Park.



A tea party on shipboard at which the guests are Mrs. Baxter, Miss Jones, otherwise known as the Wednesday-Night-Girl, Miss Oakman, and Miss Marion Elliman, whom you have heard of as the Lady-Who-Dances.

This bit of serious talk between dances, and then fun and laughter again, but these unforced confidences are a part of the deeper significance of the Apprentice Department, the clean, steady friendships founded on good times, memories of which go with the boys to strange ports that are anything but clean.

But this is not the story of the apprentices. They

heard about them. You can't expect an intelligent person to believe that sort of stuff now, can you? I mean to say it is not reasonable, don't you know."

cause it is not merely a matter of coming down here on a Thursday night when they feel like a dance and going away again, but of com-



A sight-seeing party at West Point. The boys are impressed with the efficiency of the American Military Academy.

ing every Thursday evening, coming through thunder storms, coming through blizzards, coming cold nights and hot nights, coming when they do feel like it and when they don't. Not quite such a lark that, is it? And that is only the beginning. Most of the girls who come here give, besides Thursday night, from one to three other nights a week.

They each have a certain Sunday when they must help prepare the sandwiches and cake for the tea, and they are expected to take this as seriously and conscientiously as a job, and for the most part they do. And that is only the middle. The rest that they do is spontaneous—the excursions to the Statue of Liberty, the sight-seeing trips, the tennis parties, the theatre

parties, the home entertainment that the girls plan for the boys is their own extra gift in addition to the hours they spend at the Institute. There is no end.

We tried to find out a little about this personal side of the Apprentice Work, but the young women refused to make capital of their generosity. Here we find a snap taken at a tennis party, there a picnic group, and another taken at the Statue that tell the story their owners

are too modest to relate.

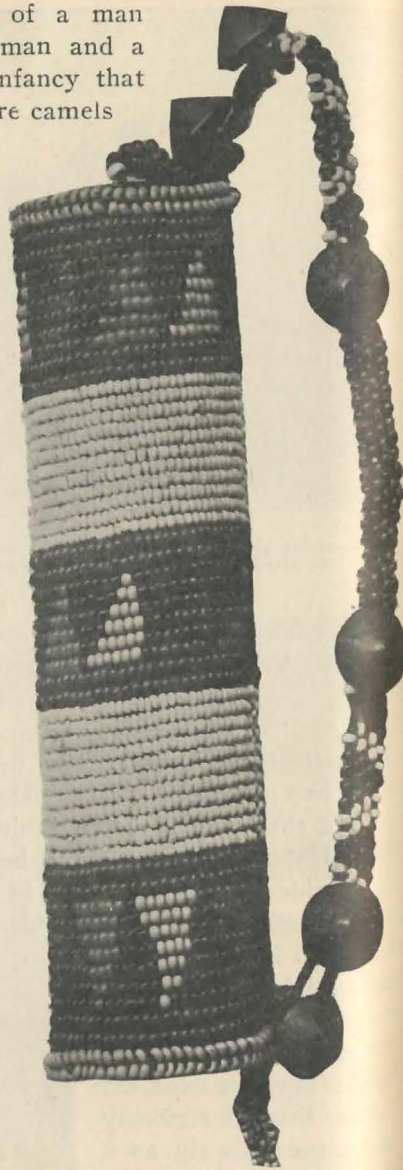
But as is the case with everything in life, the more one puts into anything the more one gets out of it. Although most of them have to give up nearly all their ordinary social contacts, there is compensation. The boys bring the whole wide world into their lives. Open the National



One of many picnic parties of which the only record is an occasional snapshot.

Geographic Magazine at the picture of a man mounting a camel, and it is only a man and a camel. You have known since your infancy that there was such a country as Egypt where camels were the favorite means of transportation. But open a letter and take out a snapshot of Scotty, or Tiny or Tich of the Apprentice Room mounting a camel, and camels and Egypt suddenly becomes personal. Since many of their ships are freighters they get off the hard-beaten path of tourist travel and drop anchor in many unfamiliar ports, as for example one boy writes, "We are now bound for Surabaya, a mosquito-infested hole somewhere in Batavia, Java." You take out the map and look up the mosquito-infested hole.

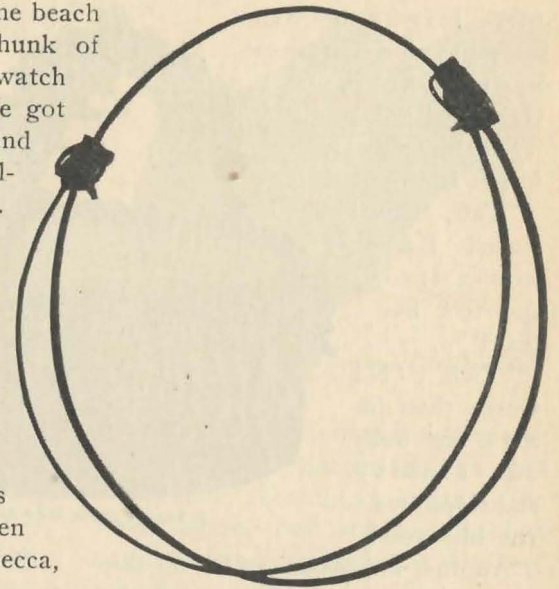
Often the boys are inarticulate, but here and there is certain to be one with a sense of the unusual and words on hand with which to express it, and you are transported bodily into a foreign land. Take this extract from a letter to one of the young women who has been longest with the work: "From Constantinople down to Tripoli, not Tripolitana, which is Italian, but a little port North of Beyrout in French Syria. We had a howling gale all the way and for two days the sea was so heavy as to prohibit even a tug boat coming out to us. All French Syria is extremely ancient, Biblical in fact, and abounds in historical names and associations.



A Kaffir snuff box and spoon bought in the native village of Amanzimtoti, Natal, South Africa.

"At Tripoli, right down on the beach is a quaint, solid, square chunk of masonry in the form of a watch tower or perhaps a keep. We got ashore on Sunday afternoon and had a scurry around it, like children in an untenanted house. The chart calls it the 'Tower of Lions.' On inquiry we found it had been built by Richard Coeur de Lion. That was, I fancy, in the eleventh century. I'm weak on history; anyway he was Richard the First of England, and built it on one of his crusades against Saladin, the Moor, then in possession of that Christian Mecca, Jerusalem.

"There is a local railway and I



A bracelet made of one hair from an elephant's tail.

Again one gets sometimes a humorous sidelight on the local peculiarities of certain ports. "We had only two days in Alexandria," wails one apprentice, "and we should have been ten or so. I had purposely dirtied all my shirts and things, as washing is cheap in Alex, and nicely finished too. There was no time. Life's greatest calamities can be said in few words. I had the whole issue to wash and iron all by myself."

Or perhaps the dancing lessons learned at the Institute are practised on shipboard without complete success, as in the instance reported in this letter:

"The other day Tich and I tried to waltz to 'Dreamy Melody.'"

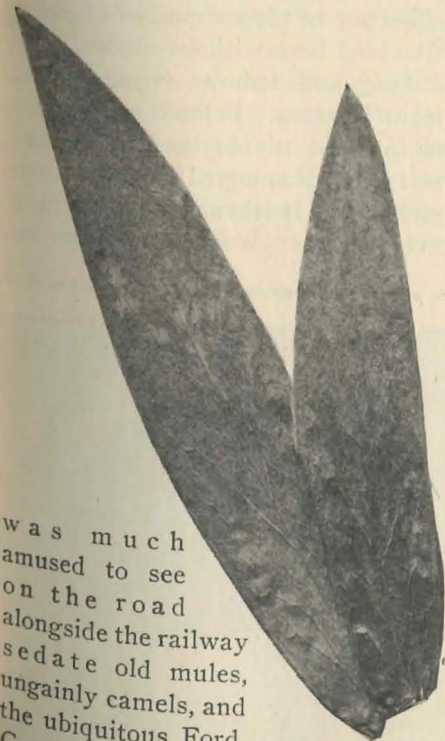
"Tich, 'You lead.'"

"Taff, 'All right, full stern ahead! No, thickhead, right foot.'"

"Tich, 'Ow! Get off my pedal!'"

"Taff, 'If they were not so big

was much amused to see on the road alongside the railway sedate old mules, ungainly camels, and the ubiquitous Ford. Good old Henry!"



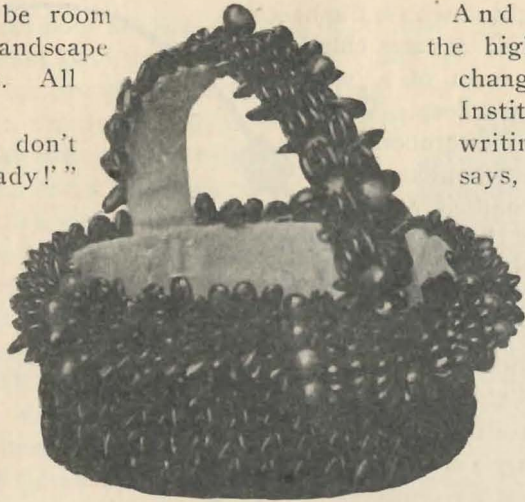
Silver leaves from Table Mountain, South Africa.

there might be room for some more landscape around here. All right, go!"

"Tich, 'Here, don't forget I'm the lady!"

"Taff, 'Haw! Haw! Lady, with a face and feet like that!"

"Tich, 'No worse than being a big, hulking, clumsy, slabsided walrus like you!"



A basket made from linseed.

Another impression of life on shipboard comes in the form of an unflattering description of the food.

"The meat is high and ever soaring; the bread is sour; the hard tack solid. The cheese is kept in a glass case where we can see it run around at leisure. We have a strong suspicion that the butter is half tallow. We have dried grass and wood splinters for tea."

And boys meet on the high seas and exchange news of the Institute. One boy writing from Sydney says, "We have not met any fellows here who were there when we were, but we got in touch with the Newby Hall coming across and had a chat. They went to New Zealand."

Something of the tediousness of long voyages is contained in this protest from Australia against the efficiency of the company in loading, "Arrived here without mishap, after a long and tedious voyage across from Panama. Believe me we were all pleased to see land once more, and greatly annoyed when, after arriving at Brisbane late Thursday evening, they worked as if we had

been there too long, and got away Saturday morning, so the week-end saw us at sea again. Tough luck!"

And this disgruntled opening of a letter from Cape Town, "Turned up again (later than we should have been, of course), after one of the most unexciting trips I have ever done. I think everybody was dying to get to port. We passed just one ship within seeing distance during the whole thirty-one days."

And quite casually these boys drift into and out of the important events of history, earthquakes, typhoons and revolutions. "I am writing this to the crackle of rifles," writes a lad from Piræus, Greece. "I don't know what is going on. It might be a revolution or rifle practice. Nobody is worrying anyway."

And so, in exchange for their friendliness these boys bring the far places of the world, and all the seas intimately and personally into the lives of the volunteers. Now they are taking a walk in some of the

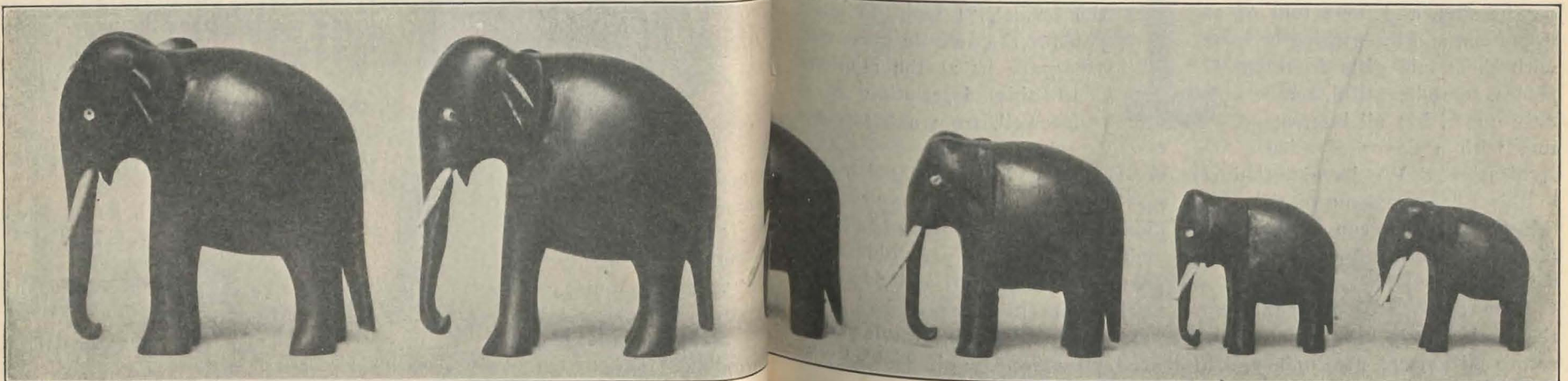


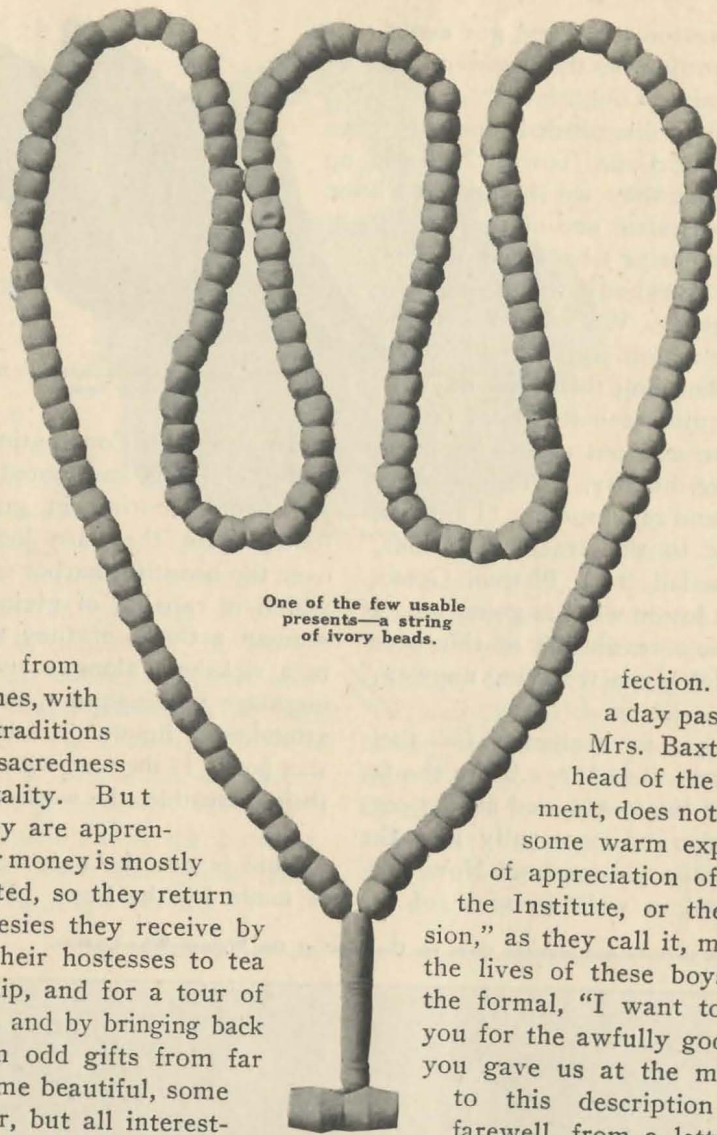
The pair of wooden shoes announce their origin on their face.

mean streets of Constantinople, and seeing children, barefooted and blue with cold, rooting in gutters for food; again they are looking out over the beautiful harbor of Sydney, which is capable of giving even a seaman a thrill, or they are riding in a rickshaw along a sunny thoroughfare in Singapore, or they are attending a funeral in a bleak Russian port. If they are wide enough in their sympathies the world is theirs.

This is not the only return that is made by the boys. They come

A boy arrived one evening, with a mysterious air, and began to take the elephants one, from his pockets and arrange them on the desk of the Woman-Who-Listens.





One of the few usable presents—a string of ivory beads.

mostly from good homes, with age-old traditions of the sacredness of hospitality. But while they are apprentices their money is mostly very limited, so they return the courtesies they receive by inviting their hostesses to tea on the ship, and for a tour of inspection, and by bringing back with them odd gifts from far places, some beautiful, some only queer, but all interesting, with a flavor of alien civilizations. We have reproduced in this LOOKOUT some of these odd things, in order to convey the feeling of this wandering up and down the world.

They make still another return that is infinitely more important, a return of sincere gratitude and af-

fection. Hardly a day passes that Mrs. Baxter, the head of the department, does not receive some warm expression of appreciation of what the Institute, or the "Mission," as they call it, means in the lives of these boys, from the formal, "I want to thank you for the awfully good time you gave us at the mission," to this description of a farewell, from a letter to a volunteer:

"Has Mrs. Baxter related to you yet how we bade farewell to 25 South Street as we passed? If she didn't I will. The poor old second mate was raving up and down the decks. He thought I had gone crazy. There I was waving farewell, all wrapped up in Tich's towel-

until the windows were out of sight. We lost two in our excitement."

Two towels, obviously.

And again, "I like New York better than any place in the world except my own home, not so much New York as that building in South Street, where I have spent some of my most happy hours away from home."

And once more, "I told mother last time home, 'If I cannot get home let me get on one of the New York boats. It is more like home than anywhere else in the world.'"

And finally this, "I write to you and Mrs. Baxter nearly as much as I write to mother, and to me that is the greatest compliment I can pay you."

By word of mouth, by correspondence, by radiograms, by ocean letters the boys express, not just appreciation of the Institute, but a real affection for it, deep regret at leaving, unalloyed joy at returning.

And some of the friendships begun in this way continue through the years. Last summer Miss Marie Kenyon, who has been connected with the Apprentice Work longer than any of her associates went to England for a visit. She sent a note to a former apprentice, who has left the sea and is studying dentistry to which he replied enthusiastically, "It is great news your coming over to England. I was very pleased that you had thought of me in relation to your visit. \* \* \* I have always wished I might have been settled when my friends from New York came over, that I might take

them around the countryside in my own car, but you see the war has cut four years out of our lives, and most of us are just emerging from the student stage."

You see these are real friendships, deep seated enough to stand the test of years of separation.

And so we come to the end of the story of the Volunteers. Reading of the compensations their work brings them it may occur to the reader to wonder why half the young women in New York do not come in to help us. There are two reasons. Many of them we do not want. Some who are pleasant and suitable find it dull after a time. It is a long while between interesting gifts, if they come at all, and writing letters to lads in foreign ports takes time and energy, and so there are gradually weeded out those who are self-seeking in their service, those who are forever trailing some new thrill, those who are here to put salt on the tail of romance.

There is a certain coming and going even among those who are accepted, but there is a group such as Miss Kenyon, Miss Earle, Mrs. Hardesty, whose connection with the Institute antedates the present building, and many others, who are here year in and year out, as sure as the in-coming and out-going tides, as loyal to the Institute as Dr. Mansfield himself, as self-forgetful where its interests can be furthered, and that is why in the Seamen's Church Institute there is a good sound to that word, "Volunteer."

## The LOOKOUT

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.  
Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

### The "Little" Reading Room

We are so grateful for the sympathy our readers have shown for the "little" reading room.

One sent a check for fifty dollars, one for six, one for two. Another has given a copper loving cup and a hanging basket. And yet another brought down a beautiful little brass basket. The Flower Guild telephoned to ask if it could help with potted plants and later on with window boxes.

We cannot help feeling that the old gentleman, if he knows, will be immensely pleased about it.

The lamps have come. They are not green, as at first planned, but have a composition black base, and yellow parchment shades, which light up beautifully. They have been screwed solidly to the table so that they cannot be knocked over.

We still need about thirty dollars to finish paying for the lamps and

some candles and bittersweet, and Christmas greens.

We could also do with some more flower holders, remembering always that this room is furnished with the most rugged kind of mission furniture, and that homely pottery things, and brass and copper are more becoming to it than fragile pieces.

And again let us thank you for your help and sympathy.

### The Social Service Fellowship

For the benefit of those readers, not of the diocese of New York, it might be well to explain what the Social Service Fellowship is.

It is a very loose organization of the Social Service workers of the Episcopal Church of New York for the purpose of meeting three times a winter for mutual help and inspiration. No more organization is involved than is necessary to hold the group together and make it possible for Dr. Gilbert, the head of the Social Service work of the Diocese of New York, to reach them.

The midwinter gathering of this organization was held at the Institute on January 25. It was a busy day at the Institute. The night before the concert hall was scrubbed until the floor was as white as a ship's deck. The next day the hall was transformed into an informal meeting place with a small raised platform, over at one side, which would allow the speaker to come more intimately in touch with his audience than is possible from the concert stage.

The fourth floor hallway and Ap-

prentice Room were transformed into a reception room. The doors between the accounting department and the Apprentice Room were taken down, and a table arranged in there for tea and coffee. At the other end of the room a long table was laid out cafeteria fashion, with soup, creamed chicken, rice, dessert.

The occasion began with a five o'clock service in the chapel at which Mr. Studdert Kennedy, Chaplain to King George, was announced to speak. Shortly before that hour Dr. Gilbert telephoned Dr. Mansfield that he was a nervous wreck. Mr. Kennedy had apparently forgotten the engagement. He was starting out in a taxi to look for him, and in the meantime we had better begin the service.

The chapels, both large and small were filled to the last seat, and the service began. Our own chaplain, Rev. Marshall Montgomery, conducted the opening service.

Then Dr. Gilbert arrived and announced that Mr. Kennedy was on the way. To fill in the time Dr. Gilbert explained something of the original purpose of the organization. Although the editor has an excellent memory, and has reported many a speech without taking a note, she is free to confess that she was so agitated with sympathy for Dr. Gilbert and anxiety lest he should run out of inspiration before Mr. Kennedy arrived that she doesn't recollect his address at all. Stirring up the sluggish waters of memory brings to light only two things, "Three times each season," and "co-operation."

At last the audience drew a long breath when Mr. Kennedy finally mounted the pulpit. That he could have come into such a breathless situation without being flurried or upset seems incredible, but he spoke for half an hour as calmly as though he had spent the day quietly in his study preparing for the occasion.

Afterward the audience went up to the fourth floor and into the apprentice room where supper was served, by the restaurant department assisted by members of the staff. In an Institution such as this public recognition is apt to fall entirely to the lot of the Social Service and Religious departments, but it is only fair to say that there is never a special occasion to which the House Department does not contribute service that is out of the ordinary round of its duties, and on this occasion the restaurant did the impossible. It was notified to prepare for 150 guests and 206 came, and were fed. Mr. Peterson, the head of the restaurant was everywhere, helping everybody, never raising his voice or losing his temper, until finally the hungry were apparently satisfied, and filed out into the concert hall for the business meeting.

Then the Restaurant Man stood back and looked at the kitchen. It was a terrible sight.

"Does this have to be cleaned up tonight?" he asked the Woman-Who-Listens. "My men have been working since six o'clock this morning."

"Clear a space around the table, and we'll manage somehow," the Woman-Who-Listens compromised



cheerfully. We mention this incident because it might be well for people to realize that not only the Social Workers but every employe of the Institute willingly gives hours of overtime service in any emergency, and that willingness is the oil which makes the wheels of the institution turn so smoothly.

### Mr. Kennedy's Address

Mr. Kennedy began by telling of a prayer meeting he had attended the night before at the All-Night-Mission on the Bowery. It was a very frantic prayer meeting, with which the workers fortified themselves to cope with two hundred down and out men. He said that while he had been in a sense an on-looker he found himself sympathizing and agreeing with those people.

He said that in his early contacts with the people of the slums he had revolted at the idea of preaching the gospel of Christ to people who could hardly keep soul and body together. There seemed a certain insolence in going to them, well fed and comfortable, as he was and talking to them about a loving Heavenly father.

It was monstrous that men should be so down and out as those two hundred men were, for whom the workers on the Bowery were praying. It was a wicked order of society which had produced such things. Some social order ought to be worked out which would enable everybody to live decently.

But even decency is not enough. Nobody can be satisfied with just being decent. In his younger days

his father had often said that such and such a woman was a decent woman, and he had found that she was a nasty little wasp. In her cramped environment the effort to be decent had entailed incalculable meanness and petty scrimping. Perhaps next door to her would be a big frowsy good natured woman who was not "decent." It was not that she was a worse woman, but a bigger soul, who could not stand the pressure of her mean environment.

But suppose the time ever came when everybody would have a chance to live decently that would not be enough. The lives of all men and women needed romance to make them tolerable, and the rich suffered from the lack of it nearly as much as the poor. It was here that religion came in, even that frantic prayer meeting on the Bowery.

He sympathized with the machinery of modern social work, the card index, the bureau of investigation, the scientific administration of charity, but he was satisfied that unless the life of the Social Worker was an expression of some active faith in religion the work would fail.

His own stumbling block for some time was the old theology which taught that God sent poverty and war and pestilence and disease and all the hideousness of our modern life. He had said to himself, "He is not a God, he is a monster." But now he knew that there was no such God or ever had been.

God was the spirit of truth and life and beauty breaking through

every possible crack in the ugliness and chaos of our civilization into new expressions loveliness and order.

### Report of the Flower Fund for the Month of January

On the first Sunday in January flowers were placed on the Altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour but they were not in memory of any one person.

On the second Sunday of the month the flowers were given in the name of Mr. Wilton Moore Lockwood.

The third Sunday has been reserved by Mrs. B. H. Buckingham and flowers were given by her "In Memory of her Husband, Lieut. Commander B. H. Buckingham, U. S. Navy, who died on January 16, 1906."

The fourth Sunday, like the first, has not been reserved by anyone, but the flowers were placed on the Altar and always add to the beauty of the services.

### The National Work

Link by link the Seamen's Church Institute of America is forging a chain of Institutes around the coast of this continent in an effort to realize its dream of an Institute in every American port. Some belong by birthright, some by affiliation, but every link in the chain is important.

Let us drop into the Institutes one by one, and see what they are planning for the future, beginning with

Boston, where the Sailor's Haven and St. Mary's Home for Sailors continue to render valuable service to seamen, and not forgetting to call at the Newport Institute on our way to New York.

The Institute in New York is suffering from growing pains and has in contemplation the erection of an annex, which will almost double its capacity.

Philadelphia is fast realizing its dream of a fully equipped modern building, which represents a great community enterprise.

At Tampa, Florida, plans for a most unique Institute have been submitted, about which more will be told in a later issue. At Mobile the Institute has already taken possession of its new building, while at New Orleans, where so large a number of men are nightly turned away for lack of room, an annex, exceeding in size the present building, is anticipated. The Institutes at Port Arthur and Houston, Texas, are being run to capacity. San Pedro has just grown a new wing bigger than itself, to keep pace with increased port activities. San Francisco has acquired the property and is raising the money to erect a new building, and the Institute at Tacoma, Washington, has just been thoroughly renovated and equipped to meet its responsibilities to the seafaring population of that port. The chain has also reached across the sea to Manila, where the chaplain, who went over last spring, is laying the foundations of an important and permanent piece of work.

### Getting Fresh

There was a watchman in the employ of the Institute a little while ago, a large, solid, humorless individual, who was inclined to use drastic methods with the seamen because he was a little scared of them. He is gone.

But one morning the Man-Who-Visits-the-Sick came into the lobby and met one of his lame ducks just out of hospital and stopped to speak to him. It was one of those cold, snappy mornings.

The watchman joined the group, in case law and order needed support.

The Man - Who - Visits - the - Sick turned to him and said pleasantly, "Old Boreas is getting awfully fresh this morning."

The watchman meditated upon the remark, and then a glint of understanding dawned in his eye, and he came back with, "Yes, they are always that way."

Then glowering down on the poor old salt he added pointedly, "But it's just as well for them not to get too fresh in here, for if they do I know how to fix them all right."

The peaceful old salt could hardly help taking this remark as somewhat personal, and started in most vehemently to protest his innocence.

To prevent the argument from becoming too heated the Man-Who-Visits-the-Sick dragged him away, and left the watchman wondering what variety of impertinence the old fellow had been up to.

### The Time Ball

The other day something went wrong in the connection between Washington and the Institute, and the time ball did not fall at noon, as it should have done, greatly to the annoyance of a certain shipping office.

A few minutes after twelve our head engineer was called to the telephone and an angry voice demanded to know why the ball had not fallen.

The engineer explained that the trouble was at Washington, which did not in the least appease the inquirer. "I was going to sail two ships by her," he said, in an injured voice, which laid the blame on us if the ships did not get away.

### Thrift Week

It was Thrift Week, and the old seaman at the head of the stairs was taking it seriously. He looked such a nice, quiet, kindly old chap that more than one man on the beach decided he would be just the right person to "touch" for a little money.

The old man, having nothing in the world to do but sit by the hour and look out into the sunshine, did not waste any words on them. Instead he fumbled in his pocket and brought out this, which he had torn off the top of the literature distributed by the Seamen's Funds Department:

DON'T LEND  
DON'T BORROW  
SAVE YOUR MONEY  
BE INDEPENDENT

## General Summary of Work JANUARY, 1924

|  | No.   | Attendance  |
|--|-------|-------------|
| <b>RELIGIOUS WORK</b>                                      |       |             |
| Sunday Services A. M.                                      | 4     | 92          |
| Sunday Services P. M.                                      | 4     | 814         |
| Communion Services   | 4     | 25          |
| Midweek Services   | 5     | 627         |
| Bible Classes  | 1     | 69          |
| Fellowship Meetings  | 4     | 285         |
| Weddings   | 0     |             |
| Funerals   | 0     |             |
| Baptisms   | 0     |             |
| <b>U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island</b>         |       |             |
| Sunday Services  | 4     | 133         |
| Communion Services   | 6     | 9           |
| Funerals   | 3     |             |
| <b>INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES</b>                              |       |             |
| Home Hours   | 4     | 664         |
| Entertainments   | 7     | 3,190       |
| Packages Literature Distributed                            |       | 32          |
| Knitted Articles Distributed                               |       | 125         |
| Visitors in the Apprentice Room                            |       | 1,122       |
| Lodgings Registered  |       | 25,455      |
| Incoming Mail for Seamen                                   |       | 13,419      |
| Dunnage Checked  |       | 4,036       |
| <b>Social Service and Relief</b>                           |       |             |
| Meals, Lodgings and Clothing                               | 2,499 |             |
| Assisted through Loan Fund                                 | 75    |             |
| Baggage and Minor Relief                                   | 382   |             |
| Cases in Institute Clinic                                  | 694   |             |
| Referred to Hospitals and Clinics                          | 28    |             |
| Referred to Municipal Lodg. House                          | 236   |             |
| Referred to Other Organizations                            | 50    |             |
| <b>Employment Bureau</b>                                   |       |             |
| Men Shipped  |       | 205         |
| Shore Jobs   |       | 48          |
| <b>Visits</b>  |       |             |
| To Hospitals   |       | 14          |
| To Patients  |       | 132         |
| Miscellaneous Visits                                       |       | 3           |
| <b>U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island</b>         |       |             |
| Number of Visits   |       | 31          |
| Number of Hours  |       | 153         |
| <b>MARINE AND OTHER EDUCATION</b>                          |       |             |
| Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment |       | 9           |
| Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering         |       | 2           |
| First-Aid Lectures   |       | 27          |
| <b>SEAMEN'S FUNDS DEPARTMENT</b>                           |       |             |
| Deposits   |       | \$37,971.29 |
| Withdrawals  |       | 31,139.70   |
| Transmissions  |       | 5,732.53    |

## *Please Cut This Out*

I would like you to send your little magazine for one year to the friend whose name and address is given below. I do not promise that this person will become a supporter of your work, but I am enclosing One Dollar for a year's subscription in the hope that it will prove a good missionary. Please do not mention my name as the donor of the subscription.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....