

The LOOKOUT



Vol. XIV

MAY, 1923

No. 5

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

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Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

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

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

Form of Bequest

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

THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 14

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The Revolution of Beds

A Great Social Change on the Waterfront in Which Housing
Played a Leading Role



THE BREAKWATER

The first unit of this building put into operation by the Seamen's Church Institute, at 19 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn.

WOOD in a neighbor's yard is private property with a policeman's club protecting it. Wood that drifts up onto the beach belongs to the first comer. "Findings is keepings."

So the human driftwood that comes in from the sea has always been more or less regarded as public property, but unfortun-



"THE SENTINEL"

Our first boat, an important factor in defeating the Boarding House Ring.

ately for many years the only persons interested in claiming it were sneak thieves, who had not courage enough to steal from the landsman, but who found an easy and almost unresisting prey in these strangers.

Tramping the seas, back and forth, there are thousands of boats, manned by thousands of men, who drift up onto the shore for awhile, take things as they find them, and drift away again. They are unable, in their shifting relationship to shore life, to make an adjustment to meet their own needs of the conditions they find there. They are thumped by the sea on one hand and the rigidity of land institutions on the other. It is a hard life, but twenty years ago it was still harder.

At that time the crimps had established themselves strategically as boarding house keepers in a tight little ring around the waterfront, and by a system of collusion with shipping agents welcomed the seaman off his ship flush and sober, and shipped him again drunk and broke, with perhaps a mortgage on his next pay day.

After a time it occurred to the forces of decency that they had as much right to this human driftwood as the crimps. Here again, "Findings was keepings." But it was not as simple as going out and collecting the driftwood off the shore.

As early as 1851 a group of citizens endeavored to defeat those people on the waterfront who were preying on the seamen, by opening a sailor's home on Greenwich Street, which was later taken over by the society, which is now the Seamen's

Church Institute and moved to Franklin Square, then to Market Street, and still later became the Breakwater Hotel for Seamen on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, and finally the Seamen's Church Institute, at 25 South Street. Those who began the housing of the seamen soon discovered that the open door to a clean, safe lodging was not enough. The despoiling of the seamen had become a means of livelihood for the crimps, and no group is going to give up its bread and butter without a struggle.

While cleanliness and protection and a square deal awaited the seamen behind the friendly doors of the mission they were being met at the ships by the boats of the boarding house keepers and taken to their dives. So the Seamen's Church Institute sent its boat, "The Sentinel," illustrated at the first of this article, out to meet the ships also.

Even this did not equally match their forces against those of the boarding house keepers, because the men complained that if they stayed at the sailor's home they would not be able to get a ship. To meet this difficulty a shipping bureau was established at 52 Market Street, and No. 1 State Street, and the battle for the seamen began in earnest. It raged furiously for several years all up and down the waterfront, during which time Dr. Mansfield's life was threatened more than once. The boarding house ring knew that if he won they went out of business and they were a desperate class of men.

He did win, and the old ring is



The Seamen's Church Institute of New York has become so popular with the seamen that there is often "standing room only" in the hotel lobby.

now only a bad memory to those who knew the waterfront fourteen or sixteen years ago, and fortunately Dr. Mansfield is still alive and carrying on.

Most of the readers of *The Lookout* have heard part or all of this story before, but no special issue dealing primarily with the House Department would be complete without painting in a little of the historical background, which makes this section of the work, not merely utilitarian, as it might seem at first sight, but a great Social Service activity.

In order to avoid misunderstand-

ing it should be explained that while we regard the housing as one of the finest influences in the lives of the seamen this part of the institution is self-supporting, and the men are in no sense objects of charity. They pay for the clean beds and rooms, which you will see illustrated later, what you provide is the Religious and Social Service Work.

The "Breakwater" was, from the beginning, only a temporary undertaking, a stop-gap between the great need of the men, and the building of the present Institute. It provided sleeping accommodations for one hundred and twenty men, with

reading rooms and a baggage room. It was opened in 1907 and closed in 1913, when all the activities of the society were consolidated in the present building.

The cornerstone of this building was laid on the day the news came to New York that the Titanic had been rammed by an iceberg. The Lookout for April, 1912, says: "Promptly at a quarter past three the choir of the Church of the Epiphany began the hymn printed on the program. There were many voices which broke when they tried to sing:

"Oh hear us when we
cry to thee
For those in peril on the
sea.'"

And yet it seems as if this dramatic circumstance must have added greatly to the significance of the occasion reminding people that the men whom the Institute serves are continually exposed to great dangers.

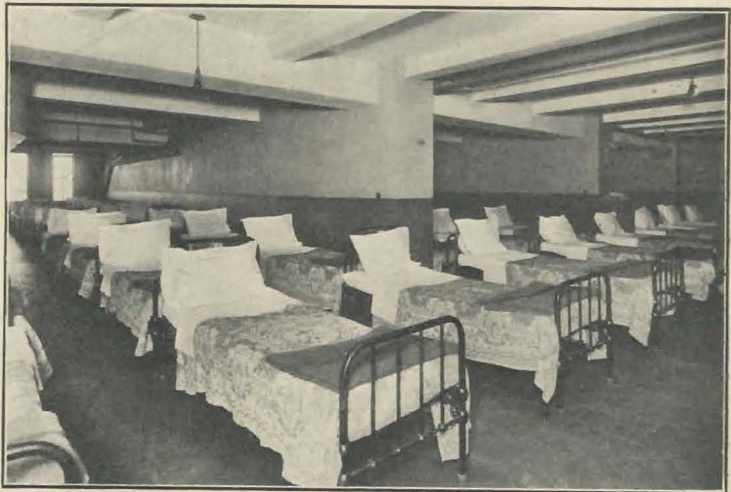
As the steel structure rose and took shape against the sky business men in the lower part of Manhattan used to point it out and call it Mansfield's folly. They did not believe that there was need in the port of New

York for such an enormous home for seamen. It was opened September 15, 1913, without any ostentatious announcement and it was not long before all the beds were occupied.

In 1914 the Great War broke out. How the Institute served both the seamen and the country during those terrible years has never been adequately told and never will be

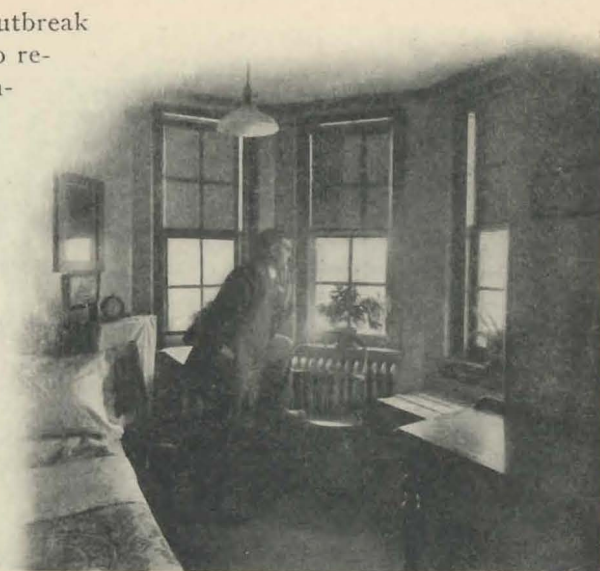


A glimpse of the Dunnage Room where sometimes as many as ten thousand pieces of baggage await their migratory owners.

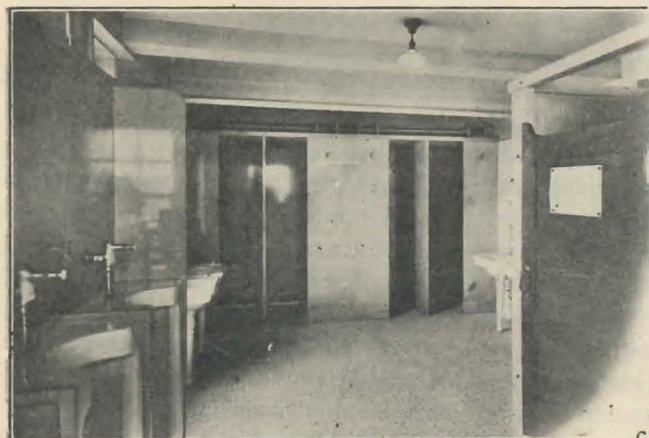


One of the spotless dormitories where the stranger sleeps in comfort and safety.

now. Almost with the outbreak of hostilities men began to return to their home countries to participate in the war and swamped the housing resources of the building. Once hundreds of men who had crossed the continent to return to the Russian Navy, once a great crowd of Hollanders obliged by war conditions to return home, made this their stopping place while in New York. Later there came the submarined crews at all hours of the day and night de-



The North Star Bedroom, a Titanic Tower room which has an unusually interesting outlook toward the sea.



One of the immaculate Washrooms showing the basins and shower baths

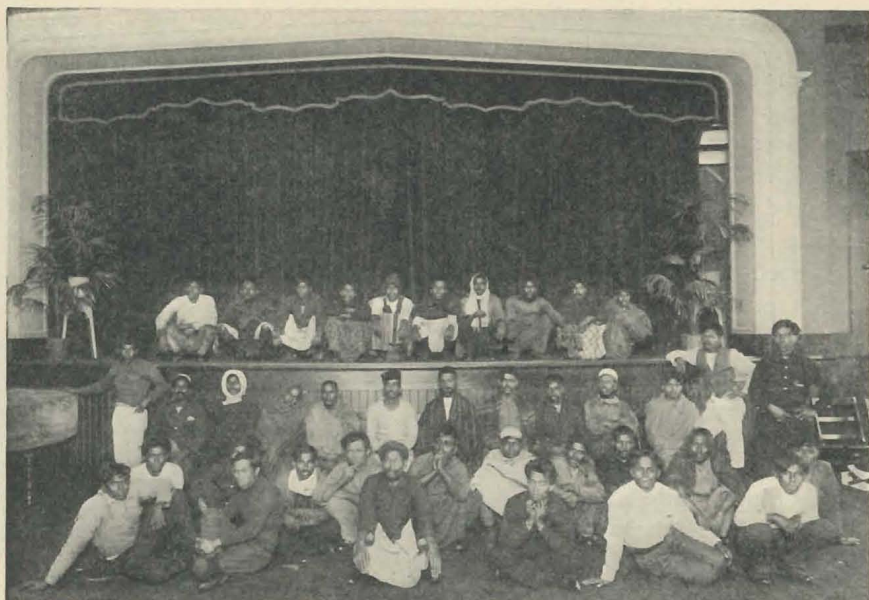
with a difficult problem of help scarcity and increased demands it resolved never to be found wanting in this great emergency, and it never was.

It was a heart breaking time. Often the clerks at the hotel desk saw

a crew go out, ten or fifteen of them guests at the Institute, and in perhaps a week's time the

manding shelter, when the walls were already fairly bursting with their efforts to surround all the seamen who needed beds. How often the Institute rose to the occasion and did the impossible it would take pages to relate. Struggling along

draggled remnants of that crew would come back, hollow cheeked and starved, four or five men left to tell the terrible story of the disaster. Occasionally one man alone would climb to the peak of the mast and escape, his mind and body



A group of shipwrecked war victims who, half-naked and half-starved, found shelter at the Institute.

seared by a terrible vigil through hours of darkness and loneliness.

Occasionally two shipwrecked crews would be with us at once and then the housing capacity was stretched to the breaking point. On one occasion the concert hall and Apprentice Boys' room were both turned into temporary dormitories. But at any rate this institution can look back now with pride upon the things it did for the seamen during those strenuous times.

And now a little concerning the housing department as it exists today. When guests are taken through the building they never fail to exclaim at its cleanliness. Our House Manager, Mr. Trevor M. Barlow, has been with the Institute for thirteen years. At one time he was a steward on one of the White

Star liners, and it was there he learned the habits of cleanliness and order, which are reflected in our housekeeping.

When the Institute was built it was intended to accommodate five hundred and eighteen men a night. By confiscating a game room, and one of the study rooms of the navigation school and making some of the beds double deckers it now has sleeping room for eight hundred and ten men a night.

It will be guessed that cleaning up after that many men, some clean, some dirty, is a tremendous task. When interviewed the House Manager explained his system. The women who clean the rooms are trained to follow a certain definite routine every day. They have to go through the sixty-six rooms they

have to make up, open the doors and windows, and try the light to see that it is working properly. They have with them a list supplied by the Hotel desk showing which rooms are rented to the same occupants, and which are to be let to new tenants. When the same man is occupying the room again his upper sheet may be left on, if it is not very much mussed, but each lower sheet will be changed. This is done to compel the cleaning women to strip the beds every day, and air them. Of course, when the bed is let to a new person it is completely changed. There is also a rule that eleven beds every day shall have the mattresses brushed, treated with insecticide, whether or not they seem open to suspicion, and the springs and metal parts wiped off with a damp cloth. That means that every bed is overhauled once a week. If vermin appear the mattress is taken to the fumigator and subjected to such pressure from life destroying gases that even the eggs are killed. Before this is returned the metal parts are gone over with a gasoline torch that burns up every particle of life in the cracks and joints of the bed.

The toilets, instead of being treated with odoriferous disinfectants, are daily scoured with clear boiling hot water, and unusual care is taken to keep the plumbing clean, so as to avoid the faintest suggestion of unwholesomeness.

Eternal vigilance is the price of success in any line of activity, and the House Manager will tell you that it is only by constant and rigor-

ous inspection that he is able to keep up, without intermission that immaculate, scoured, well-ventilated cleanliness, which astounds our visitors.

The Institute has a modern up-to-date laundry where it takes care of its own bedding and towels. About four thousand pieces a day are handled by this department. There is a huge electric washer, two wringing machines, a dryer and an ironer, and the department is so economically conducted that it costs just half a cent a piece to keep the bedding clean.

One of the sights of the Institute is the dunnage department. The first place many of our guests go is to this department to deposit their extra dunnage. The room is three stories deep and often has in it as many as ten thousand pieces. This department represents the shore bedroom of many of the seamen. Having no home in which to leave their papers, and their extra clothing, they leave them in our baggage room where they know that they will be protected. A man may go away and forget to pay storage on his stuff for a year and a month, but we still keep it. After that time, if we have not heard from him, the sea bag or the suit case, or the trunk is confiscated, but the contents are gone over very carefully, and if there is anything of value it is put away in the vault and kept for the man in the hope that some day he or his may turn up to claim it. In this way many a man

has had valuable papers saved for him which he would have lost if he had left his stuff in an ordinary boarding house. That is probably the reason why there is such a demand for room in this department.

The system of identification in this department is interesting. When a man deposits his dunnage he is asked to write his name on the check which is attached to it. The check is in two sections and numbered. There is nothing on the part that is given to the man to indicate who it belongs to, but when it is claimed the person has to write his name. The chance of anyone being able to write the name of the owner is so unlikely that it is proof against giving the dunnage to the wrong man. This is obviously more necessary in the case of seamen than landsmen, as a man might very well be taken from a ship to the hospital, and someone might find his dunnage check in the clothes that were left behind and try to claim it.

Sometimes the baggage master has to be an interpreter, as for example, in deciding what the writer of the letter printed below wanted him to do.

Dier Sure:

Wil jou plise forward meie tou bags of clos tou the Diepoo in provoidens if der is eneting tou bie ped ann the close aie vil pee ven the close arriv reit mie an let mie noo aie got the tou checks.

I remen jours troulie

William J—————

The surprising thing is not that this foreign seaman spells so badly but that he has learned the English construction so accurately.

But whether the man is intelligent or illiterate, friendly or disagreeable, the Institute tries to give him always a square deal, and it has had the satisfaction, as the years go on, of seeing some men transformed by that kindness from undesirable guests to decent straight-living men.

The moral effect of clean beds and clean rooms in building up men's self respect is not measurable, but it is quite possible that the Housing Department deserves as much credit as the Social Service Department for bettering the lives of seamen as a class.



A Scene in the Auditorium on Concert Night.



Part of the Staff of the House Department, including the baggage, laun dry and painting. Trevor Barlow, House Manager, in the center of the front row with Alfred Tuffrey, his assistant, at his right.

The LOOKOUT

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Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

A Curious Contradiction

The old fashioned religionist, who had people labeled, and definitely divided into good and bad would be at a loss what to do with a member of our seamen family. He freely confesses to having committed most of the calendar of sins, and apparently without any special consciousness of repentance. But he said suddenly, "I believe in prayer. I like to go to the chapel too, but it takes courage to go. When the fellows that have seen you around drunk see you going in there they nudge each other and say, 'Look who's going to chapel!'"

He said that he had made thousands of dollars and spent it on a good time, but it wasn't a good time. He had drunk life to the lees and found it bitter. Then the war came and he joined up with the Canadian Naval Contingent before this country went into the war. From one terrible engagement only seven men

came back and several of them, like himself, for a time wounded and raving, as a result of the shock. He had been in the hospital for a year, had come out, and had had to go back for four months.

Through all these experiences, as he talked, one could see that he had never been satisfied, but, like Liliom, in the play of that name, he had been seeking something he could never find. He makes no profession of idealism but lately he has almost entirely given up drinking, he has always been a hard worker, but recently he has assumed the responsibility of caring for someone else, and it may be that he too, like Mr. Gissing, in Christopher Morley's story, will discover that "the blue begins" at home.

Was This Telepathy?

The Institute, as you know, has a department of Missing Men. As the name implies it is generally the seaman who lets slack the ties between himself and his family, and usually the family which seeks to renew the contact. But a little while ago the tables were turned and a young seaman came to the House Mother and asked her if she could suggest any way for him to find his mother. He confessed that he had not written to her for years, since 1912 in fact, and that lately he had felt suddenly anxious about her, and had written, but the letters had come back marked "Not found."

The House Mother promised to write to the police of his home city,

Philadelphia, and see what they could do. His sudden anxiety seemed out of keeping with the long years of indifference, and he had no adequate explanation to offer. But he seemed to be sincerely worried and in a great hurry about finding the lost parent.

In due time the police replied that they had not found the woman, but had located a former neighbor, through whom they hoped to be able to trace her, and some little time later the son received a letter from his mother.

She told him in this letter that she had been ill, and poor, as the brother, who had always taken care of her had died.

That night the son telegraphed her twenty-five dollars. With a break in his voice and a suspicious moisture in his eyes he said, "I can't write yet. I've got to think over what I want to say, but to-night I'll sit down and write her a good long letter.

The House Mother begged him to go home to see her, but he gave the answer so general among seamen, "After all these years I don't want to go home broke. I want to wait till I get more money, and some good clothes."

Right away he got a shore job and has been sending money regularly to the little mother in Philadelphia, and he is planning either to go there to work or to bring her to New York and make a home for her.

It seems possible that in her loneliness and anxiety the mother's thoughts turned so longingly to her

boy that he was not able to resist them.

Desperate Need of a Pool Table

To make intelligible the letter printed below we will have to repeat in part a story which was printed in the November Lookout. The letter is from J. R. Herting, President of The Seamen's Social Club at the Marine Sanitorium of the United States Public Health Service, Fort Stanton, New Mexico. This club was organized, as its secretary wrote to our House Mother, to declare war on Gloom. Since the inmates of the institution were practically all merchant seamen, many of whom had enjoyed the hospitality of the Institute, when money was needed to enlarge the club house someone suggested writing to the Institute, and asking if we would help them. The reason the boys were not able to finance the undertaking themselves was told so simply and appealingly in this letter that we are going to reprint part of it.

"It is our purpose in writing you to explain that the patients at this hospital are furnished with only their medical attention and their board, by the government. Nearly all of these men have seen service in the various branches of the shipping industry, and through hardship and exposure, and in some cases even shipwreck, have lost their health and contracted the dread White Plague. Few, if any of them, have any source of income outside of the benefits they receive from their respective unions.

"It can thus be plainly seen that, of our own efforts it is impossible for us to extend our activities so as to enlarge our present quarters sufficiently to accommodate the large numbers of patients which we have here at present, as our club room really takes care of but about one-third of the present membership."

You will be glad to know that the boys, with the help of some local friends and some assistance from the Institute raised the money necessary to build their club house, but they had to borrow, five hundred dollars, it seems from the letter printed below, to furnish the room, and with that they are still wanting very desperately another pool table.

As you will remember Dr. Mansfield investigated this organization through the U. S. Public Health Service and found that it was exactly what it claimed to be.

We don't know how you will feel about it, but there is, to us, something tremendously appealing, something unusually sportsmanlike in these Tuberculosis patients without funds, or outside contacts, or anything but faith setting out to build and furnish themselves a recreation place so that they will have something to divert their minds from their illness.

We feel it a great privilege to put their touching appeal for a pool table before our readers and trust that among you, who have been so generous to us, there will be someone to assist them.

"Dear Mrs. Roper:

"Just a few lines to inform you that the foundation of our new club

building has been laid, and it will require just a few weeks longer before it is entirely completed. As soon as it is finished, we will mail you a nice photo of the place.

"We are going in debt for about 500 dollars, in order to complete and furnish the building. At present we have one pool table, and our new building has space enough for three tables. We have set foundation blocks for three tables 4½ ft. by 9 ft., which is the size of the one we have. But under the present conditions the club will be unable to go in debt for any more fixtures. We are therefore appealing to you and Dr. Mansfield to see if it is possible for you to obtain another pool or billiard table for us the size mentioned above. The club, of course, will pay freight and other incidentals.

"If you can arrange to furnish us with another table, every member of the club will be indebted to you and Dr. Mansfield the balance of our lives.

"Hoping that you will be able to accomplish this favor for us, and thanking you for past favors, and with kindest personal regards, and best of wishes to you and Dr. Mansfield, as well as The Seamen's Church Institute, we are,

"Very gratefully yours,

"Seamen's Social Club,

"By J. R. Herting, Pres."

If any of our friends can supply this need will they please communicate directly with the Seamen's Social Club, Marine Sanatorium, Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

—EDITOR.

Death Takes Several Friends

Death has been peculiarly unkind to the Institute lately in taking away some of its very earnest friends and supporters.

One who is deeply mourned is that fine old pillar of the Episcopal church, Bishop Tuttle, who was most enthusiastic in support of this work.

Mrs. H. Van C. Lung has also recently died. For a great many years Mrs. Lung was Treasurer of The Seamen's Benefit Society, the organization which has worked so faithfully and loyally for the Apprentice Department of the Institute.

Recently also death called Mrs. William W. Hoppin, the mother of Bayard C. Hoppin, an active member of our Board of Managers, and herself an interested and generous contributor.

And then just the other day our Superintendent was summoned to Englewood, N. J., to read the burial service over the late Mrs. Marinus W. Dominick. Mr. Dominick has, for many years, been an honored and loved member of our Board, and Mrs. Dominick also adopted the Institute and worked for it, knitting for the seamen, and helping in other kindly ways.

No doubt other friends will be raised up to assist us, but each of these leaves a gap that it will be difficult to fill.

Mr. Robinson Resigns

Rev. J. G. Robinson, who for five years has supervised the religious work of the Institute, resigned on

April 1. During the early years of his service Mr. Robinson was also in charge of the Social Service Work, but last June the two departments were separated, in order to give the chaplain in charge of religious services the leisure to meet the men and discuss their problems.

One of Mr. Robinson's most unusual qualifications for the work was that he had an unshockable mind. No religious or political heresy dampened his interest in or sympathy for a man. He was a man. That was enough. Perhaps there were things in his past or his environment to explain the violence of his convictions.

A man came to him belligerently one day and told him he had no use for the church or religion, and that he thought it pretty cheap of the Institute to have the home hour open only to those who had attended service. And that was the beginning of a friendship between them. Such tolerance is unusual, but the Institute hopes and believes that Rev. Marshall F. Montgomery, who has come to take his place, will successfully carry on the work, and help to keep alive and vivid the spiritual side of this work, which is such a fundamental part of its success.

At San Pedro

Some call the Seamen's Church Institute at San Pedro, "The White House on the Hill," and some just call it, "Home." It is literally a house, having been built originally as a residence, and converted later into a club for seamen. It has no

residence accommodation yet, but it means to have before a great while.

At present there is a pool room, a game and smoking room, a comfortable lounging or living room, where there are brightly bound books, a piano, a victrola, and writing desks. There is also a bit of a slop chest for candy and tobacco, and a kitchen, oh yes, and two big porches and a green lawn.

The living room is the pride of the place. There are rugs on the floor and curtains at the windows, flowers in vases and a fire in the fireplace. Not a rule has ever been posted in the building but the men take better care of that room than most men do of their own homes. There is a story told of a man coming in and sitting down to write. He spoiled a piece of paper and tore it up and threw it on the floor. Immediately a number of men pounced on him and made him pick up every piece. It is their own home, and they take a great pride in its appearance.

This Institute has great plans for the future. At present the building has betaken itself to the adjoining lot and is standing there on stilts, while the lot on which it used to be located is reduced from a hill to level ground. It is hoped that it will be able to return home shortly and settle down permanently.

Last year the Institute raised its budget of \$5,000 to cover running expenses but did not lay by anything for expansion. This year, after having raised the salary of the House Manager from \$1,500 to \$1,800 the Board of Managers is

planning to raise \$15,000 to cover the budget, the purchase price of an adjoining lot, and an addition to the building. It is an interesting example of the way some westerners do things that the member of the Board of Managers who proposed the increase of salary for the House Manager had quietly raised the money before he mentioned it to the Board.

Too Late

Glancing casually over the list of missing men posted on our bulletin board a young seaman saw his name among those being inquired for, and went to the worker in charge of missing men to find out who was asking for him.

He found that the letter was from his step-mother telling him that his father had died. At that the young man burst into tears. Nobody had ever had a kinder or better father, but the boy and the second wife had not been congenial, and the boy had gone away. Looking back now, with the understanding of maturity, he said it was plain that it was very hard for the father being tugged at by his affection both for his wife and his son, and there was a great yearning in his heart that the father could not know that at last, when it was too late, he understood.

The step-mother and a half sister wanted him to come home, probably to settle up something about the property, and he went humbly, as if by doing everything he could for them he would be making up a little to that dear father, who no longer needed anything for himself.

Grateful for Sweaters

Perhaps you will remember that a supporter asked us some time ago if we could print some statement from the men saying that knitted articles were appreciated. At that time we had no such statement on hand, and said so frankly. The seaman is an unusually inarticulate person, and he has to be much moved indeed to be moved to speech. We were therefore especially glad to have this letter from one of the men on that ship which was scuttled by the drum. The letter comes from a Cunard Line vessel at Surrey Docks, London.

Dear Madam:

I am writing to thank you on behalf of the crew and myself for the beautiful woolen scarfs, socks, sweaters, etc., which you so kindly sent us when we were in New York last month.

I expect Mr. Kittwell, our third officer, told you our condition after having all our quarters flooded. I, for one, lost everything; and when we got your most beautiful gift it was a kindness that I shall always remember.

Again thanking you for your kindness I am,

Yours respectfully,

Charles H. Jenkins.

Thirty Days in Gales

Giving point to the article printed in the last issue of THE LOOKOUT concerning the terrible experiences ships have had at sea this past winter is this extract from the letter of a young wireless operator,

who often visits the Institute when in port, to one of our workers:

"We left Leith on January 28th for this port, but encountered fresh gales and heavy seas as soon as we left land. At 8 P. M. on February 5, in mid-Atlantic we were in a hurricane, but all was going well. At 8.20 that same evening we found ourselves on a helpless, storm-battered ship, at the mercy of the waves. My wireless call for help brought the steamers Rapidan and Galtymore to our assistance. Owing to the weather it took these vessels three days to reach us over a short distance of ninety miles.

"The Rapidan soon left us, as she was badly damaged herself, but the Galtymore remained near us during the thirty days we were drifting before wind and sea toward the Irish Coast. Finally she succeeded in towing us into Queenstown."

And here is a significant glimpse of the human side of such experiences. The boy, farther on in his letter, says:

"My mother, I am glad to say, has recovered from her fall and is in the best of health. My career is causing her considerable worry, yet she says she would not hear of my giving it up for her sake. She got all the blazing reports in the papers, 'British steamer helpless in mid-ocean,' 'British steamer in great danger, being smashed by heavy seas,' 'Helpless in terrific hurricane,' etc., each report containing thrilling tales of our experiences concocted out of a short radio telegram. I kept the family informed by wire-

less all the time, but apparently it gave them little satisfaction."

Not to Be Bluffed

The Seamen's Church Institute prides itself that it has no best foot. It extends a general invitation to its friends to visit it any time without warning. A very influential friend came one Saturday evening at half past nine, and brought his mother who had some knitted articles she had made for the men.

Two seamen of the type the Institute does not care to help because they would take anything we gave them and go out and pawn it to buy whiskey saw the House Mother with the visitor, and thought she would not dare to refuse them anything before the outsider so they each went up and asked her for a sweater. To their amazement she refused. She had need of those sweaters for decent young seamen coming out of hospital, who would require extra clothing until they were strong again, and she was not going to be tricked into parting with them for fear of being misunderstood.

The next day two young seamen, who did not know each other came to her office almost at the same time. Both said that they had never in their lives asked for anything before, and it was obviously true, for there is something quite unmistakable about the diffidence and embarrassment of the person who has been habitually independent and self-supporting. She gave each of

them one of those sweaters and an overcoat, and they were so humbly grateful, so surprised that they should be treated so well, that she wished the friend who knitted the sweaters could have seen and heard them.

Clothes and Jobs

A man is as poor as he feels and he feels as poor as he looks, if his stomach is empty and his clothes in rags. It is not hard for a man who looks like a tramp to feel that he is one. He has reached the bottom and he begins to wonder if that is not the place he belongs.

It is hard for a man like that to get a job. He does not trust himself and he cannot make anyone trust him.

But give him a good suit of clothes and a meal. He is made over. He wonders how he could have felt as he did. He trusts himself and if there is any work to be had he gets it.

Many men have been given new faith in themselves and have been able to get work because of the clothes you have sent us. As soon as they get the clothes on they walk straighter, and they meet your eye fair and square. They are not at the bottom. They make a great fight not to get there again.

So if you have more clothes, please send them along. You may never know just what man was encouraged by your gift, but you may rest assured that some man was.

General Summary of Work

MARCH, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK

| | No. | Attendance |
|----------------------------|-----|------------|
| Sunday Services A. M. | 4 | 52 |
| Sunday Services A. M. | 4 | 505 |
| Communion Services | 4 | 27 |
| Bible Classes | 2 | 114 |
| Midweek Services | 6 | 172 |
| Fellowship Meetings | 3 | 210 |
| Weddings | 0 | |
| Funerals | 1 | |
| Baptisms | 0 | |

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

| | | |
|----------------------------|---|-----|
| Sunday Services A. M. | 4 | 159 |
| Communion Services | 1 | 3 |
| Funerals | 2 | |

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--------|
| Song Services | 4 | 329 |
| Entertainments | 8 | 3,185 |
| Lodgings Registered | | 22,639 |
| Incoming Mail for Seamen | | 15,472 |
| Dunnage Checked | | 5,209 |
| Packages Literature Distributed | | 43 |
| Knitted Articles Distributed | | 359 |
| Apprentices Visiting Building | | 1,137 |

Relief

| | |
|----------------------------------------|-----|
| Meals, Lodgings and Clothing..... | 825 |
| Assisted through Loan Fund..... | 51 |
| Baggage and Minor Relief..... | 306 |
| Cases in Institute Clinic..... | 421 |
| Referred to Hospitals and Clinics..... | 24 |
| Referred to Other Organizations..... | 34 |
| Referred to Municipal Lodging House | 22 |

Employment

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| Men Shipped | 811 |
| Shore Jobs | 65 |

Visits

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| To Hospitals | 13 |
| To Patients | 294 |
| Other Visits | 21 |

U. S. Marine Hospital

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| To Hospital | 27 |
| Number of Hours | 172 |

EDUCATIONAL

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment..... | 32 |
| Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering..... | 2 |
| First Aid Lectures | 27 |

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

| | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| Deposits | \$25,709.42 |
| Withdrawals | 22,494.08 |
| Transmissions | 11,759.51 |

We Asked for Shoes

and did not get them. Perhaps you did not have any to spare. But again, we thought that possibly the appeal did not come to your attention, so we ask again.

If you have men's shoes of any size, or overshoes, or rubbers, that are still good enough to be used for a few months will you send them to the Institute. We always have men coming out of hospitals, whose clothes are shabby, and who need some decent things to be able to get a job. In your spring housecleaning will you remember them?