

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XV

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 2

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

Vol. 15

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 2

A Cross

In these days of religious doubts and controversies we wonder if there is one Christian or more who would be interested in erecting a forty foot illuminated cross on the roof of the Institute building.

It was the tree on the roof that gave our Superintendent the inspiration. It flung wide over the harbor a Christmas message of goodwill to men, and the harbor, and the travelers by ferry boats, and the workers, who daily beat a path across Brooklyn Bridge stood on tip-toe to read it, and at least one shut-in on Brooklyn Heights felt that it was her personal symbol of the Christmas season. She says in a letter of appreciation:

"I want to tell you what a joy the roof Christmas tree is to me from my home across the river. I shall miss it after Epiphany when I presume it will be taken down. I have enjoyed it as though it were meant for my pleasure. The green light is always a comfort. I watch for it regularly. My life is very lonely, and my view much company."

But after all that was just a Christmas tree, a thing of a day compared with the cross.

One does not have to believe in the Virgin Birth, one does not even have to accept the divinity of Christ to be willing to admit that in the western world the cross is the

supreme symbol of divine love and pity, and love and pity are good and healing things.

The seaman coming into port after a trip half around the world does not care what doctrine the church is preaching at any particular moment, the man working out there on the barge perhaps makes no difference between week days and Sunday, the traveler by the ferry boat may have no use for churches, the giddy little flapper who comes to work over Brooklyn Bridge may never cross the threshold of a place of worship, but it would be good for all these people to see, raised high over lower Manhattan, the symbol of a great love and a supreme sacrifice.

One ought not to cheapen the cross by begging for it.

Who would like the privilege of giving it?

Sons of Martha

He had been waiting days for a job. Men drifted into the always crowded Employment Bureau, and drifted out again, but he stayed on, with his eyes glued on the bulletin board, as one watches the face of a dying friend.

A big man with a Slavic countenance came and puffed bad tobacco in his face, but he did not move. The Slav drifted out and a Negro with a vile cough took his place. The watcher turned slightly away,

but without taking his eyes off the bulletin board.

One of the rare jobs that come in since the depression in shipping was posted and he leaned forward intensely, but without leaving his place. As the hours wore on his face took on a more haunted look.

At last a notice was posted on the board that applied to him, and with one leap he was at the window. A desperate, almost animal expression was on his face that is not good to see on a human countenance. What misery, pride, and humiliation wrote it there will never be known, but society must find an answer to men like this, lest the desperate desire to earn a decent independent living turn into the fury, which smashes the social order, which denies them the opportunity.

The Sweet Voiced Wife

The green eyed monster of jealousy was peeping over his shoulder as he talked about his wife, but at the same time he was trying so hard to be fair that one could not help liking him.

"She's all I've got," he said. "All I want." He did not mention his two little daughters, because he is the sort of man who is more husband than father.

"I'd believe in her no matter what anybody said. Nobody could make me believe anything against my wife, but I wish you'd read this letter and tell me exactly what you think. I don't care what it is."

He leaned over intensely and put a letter into the House Mother's hands.

It was from his wife who is in Italy training to be an operatic singer. While she read it the seaman watched every expression of her face as if his life depended on her reaction.

When she looked up and said, "I think she is absolutely sincere," the man relaxed.

It is the old struggle between two careers. The husband is an electrical engineer. The wife has a voice, the kind of voice that great masters train gratuitously.

He has been afraid lately that she has been making associations that may exclude him, and he wanted to be reassured.

He was taken to the Woman-Who-Writes, as a person who might be able in a modest way to interpret the artistic temperament.

"How long have you been married?" she asked.

"Five years."

"And you still love your wife?"

That was the signal for a long eulogy of her. He idolized her. He would work his fingers to the bone for her. But he was going over to Italy and he was going to bring her back with him.

"But if she doesn't want to come you can't bring the thing you love in her back with you," the Woman-Who-Writes protested, wondering if he would understand.

He thought it over a minute. "I see what you mean. She'd be different, broken, if I made her choose between me and her art."

That was good. The Woman-Who-Writes went on, "Perhaps the

reason you love her is because she is different, because of her genius, which makes her able to feel more than other women. It is the thing that makes your marriage so wonderful, and you are going to have to pay a big price for it."

"I get you," he said. He got up to go. "I can't tell you very well. You've helped me a lot. See things straighter. But five years, gee whiz."

Let the Institute Do It

Let a seaman get lost from his ship, or turn up anywhere in New York penniless, or be knocked on the head in gambling den, or get into legal difficulties, and the Social Service Organization whose path he crosses says instantly, "Ah, a seaman! Let the Seamen's Church Institute take care of him."

Needless to say the Institute's reputation for facing any difficulty is often inconvenient, but the reverse side of the picture presented itself the other day.

An East Indian seaman, out of work in New York, went to the British Consul's office and asked for assistance in securing a job. Shipping jobs are scarce at this season, and the Consul was not able to produce one at the minute. The Indian looked rather poorly dressed, and fearing lest he should be in actual want the agent inquired whether he had any money. The Indian rather startled his sympathizers by producing a roll of bills totalling five hundred and twenty-five dollars. It was decided at once that he ought not to be running around the streets of

a strange city with so large a sum of money in his possession, but the consular office has no authority to relieve seamen, even their fellow citizens, of their surplus wealth, so the Seamen's Wages Department of the Institute was called on the telephone.

The man in the Wages Department was rather startled to hear a voice say, "We have a man over here in the British Consul's office with too much money. Can you people over there do anything about it?"

"Certainly can," the wages man answered. "Send him along and we'll tuck it away in the bank."

And very shortly the Indian's money was out of reach of the slippery people along the waterfront.

Reports of His Death Exaggerated

When Frederick Verrick died our chaplain in the marine hospital, came back to the Institute, as is our custom, to inquire whether there was any mail in our post office for him. It was found that there were two letters, one from Illinois, and one from Germany, the latter a registered letter containing money.

The Chaplain took them to the assistant superintendent, who said that he would return them at once to the senders with a note explaining that Frederick Verrick had died.

About an hour before the letters would have been sent out the postmaster arrived, hurriedly followed by a very tall man, who said that he was Frederick Verrick, and believed the letters belonged to him.

Cannily the assistant to the superintendent inquired who would be likely to write to him from Illinois. The seaman answered promptly with the name of the person who had written from Illinois. Likewise, asked who would be likely to send him money from Germany, he gave the right answer, and the letters were turned over to him.

As Mark Twain said on one occasion the reports of his death would have been greatly exaggerated.

A Matter of Exchange

"Would you change this bill for me ma'am?"

There was an anxiety in the voice of the man who made the request, apparently out of proportion to the nature of it.

The Woman - Who - Gives - Relief put out her hand and took the money. It was a Canadian ten dollar bill.

"I can't change foreign money," she answered, "but the Hotel Desk will be able to do it."

"They say they haven't the rate of exchange," the man insisted urgently. There was something about him that made the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief look at him sharply.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Are you sick?"

"No, but I'm pretty tired and hungry," he answered.

He looked it.

A matter of exchange could not be allowed to starve a man to death, so the Woman - Who - Gives - Relief reached for the cash box.

"I can't change your money but I will deposit it and make you a loan, so that you can get food and lodging for tonight, and tomorrow you can get your money changed when the Wages Department opens."

The man was so far gone in exhaustion that he seemed dazed, so she said to him as she handed him the money: "Now go right away and get yourself a glass of milk, and then get a room and go to bed."

"Yes ma'am," he agreed.

Perhaps fifteen minutes later, when the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief was leaving the building she saw a man lying on the asphalt outside of the door with his head against the wall.

She said to the friend who was with her, "Wait a minute until I see about this man. There is something wrong here." She recognized the man to whom she had just made the loan.

A young seaman came up just then and she asked him to get the fellow on his feet. They roused him up and consciousness returned slowly.

"You promised to get a glass of milk and go right to bed," the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief said to him.

"Y-e-s, yes," he answered dully.

"This man ain't drunk," said the young seaman, as one who has made an interesting discovery, "he's all in, that's what he is."

"Of course he isn't drunk," she said. "I want you to take him some place and get him something to eat, and then see that he gets to bed."

The young seaman promised that he would.

The next day the young seaman sought out the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief to report, "Say do you know what was the matter with that guy? He'd been tramping and riding on the bunkers of trains all the way from Montreal, and hadn't had anything to speak of to eat in two days."

Later the young man she had helped turned up himself to show that he was all right.

"What happened you that night?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I went down stairs and got the glass of milk as you told me to. Then I started to go out, when everything turned black in front of me, so I sat down on the stairs at the entrance. Guess the guard thought I was drunk and he told me to move on, so I got up and went out of the door, and that was the last I knew until you spoke to me."

The Bok Plan Lecture

The Board of Education of the City of New York has been sending Professor Rees, formerly of Columbia University to lecture to the seamen every Tuesday evening. One of his recent lectures was on the Bok peace plan.

Professor Rees spoke of the objections that are made to entering the world court, the first and greatest of which was the surrender of American sovereignty. To prove that America has in the past, on many occasions, surrendered its sovereignty Professor Rees told of various important arbitrations that

this country had submitted, not to a world court made up of eleven judges, but to one man, and that man a king. The question whether, after the war of 1812, England should restore the slaves to America was submitted to the Czar of Russia, himself a slave holder. The boundary dispute between the state of Maine and the province of New Brunswick in Canada was decided by the King of the Netherlands, the dispute concerning the western coast territory immediately north of the present boundary line between Canada and the United States was decided by the Emperor of Germany.

From proving that the surrender of national sovereignty would be no innovation Professor Rees went on to speak of a new world patriotism and world unity, which must supplant the narrow bitter nationalism of the past before there could be world peace.

His next point was that whereas these arbitrations, of which he had spoken had been accepted by each of the countries concerned, in a spirit of sportsmanship, without force being applied that probably the Bok plan to have public opinion the only weapon brought to bear on nations to accept the decisions of the world court might be workable. He pointed out that on no occasion had the application of force produced a peaceable state of mind.

At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Rees called for questions and they came thick and fast and to the point. Had the World Court prevented Italy from attacking Corfu?

No, but the lecturer was of the opinion that public opinion had restrained Italy.

Then if it was public opinion and not the World Court which had restrained her, why have a world court, why not let public opinion operate without it?

There were many similar intelligent questions before the inevitable Irishman demanded to know when Ireland would be free.

The lecturer laughed and said, "Perhaps if you will define freedom I'll tell you."

Three definitions came from the audience without a moment's hesitation. Perhaps you would be surprised to hear what they were.

"The right to do what you want when you want it."

"Something to dream about."

"Obedience to law."

We would like to have known whether the seaman who gave the last definition meant man made laws or the deeper natural laws toward which all human law is striving, but at least it was a thoughtful answer, and unexpected.

Missing Thirty Years

The Missing Men bulletin is like grain sown by hand on a windy day. Chance plays a large part in determining whether it will bring together the separated families. Sometimes the lost man will pause long enough in his drifting about the world to read it. Sometimes he will pass it by, sure that whoever else may be wanted he is not.

So it was by the merest chance

that one Johansen, out of touch with his family in Norway for thirty years, glanced casually over the list of missing men. There was his name, Christian name, surname, and everything just as it should be, but even then it stretched his credulity to believe he was the man sought. However, it cost nothing to inquire.

And sure enough he was the man wanted. A niece had come over to this country from Norway and had been urged by her family to try to locate her uncle.

He was immensely pleased to find that somebody wanted him, and went out at once to telephone to her.

Why had he lost touch with his family? Who knows? Perhaps after thirty years neither he nor the family will be quite sure of it.

Not Spik English

"I do not spik English," announced a swarthy man, as he slipped into the chair before the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief.

The onlooker wondered what she would do.

"What language do you speak?" she asked calmly.

"Spanish," he answered, evidently understanding better than he talked.

She stood up and looked toward the end of the room. "Anybody here speak Spanish?"

No answer.

She stepped to the door of the large reading room and opened it.

"Anybody here speak Spanish?" she asked again.

Two men rose together.

But of course. Is it not the House of Many Tongues? The Babel of the Bible. But at the Institute the confusion of the ancient prophesy is lacking. There is always some bridge between tongues.

The interpreter in this case was an American, who had lived in Mexico.

But that fair haired young man, who was talking to the desk man a moment ago in perfect English, and whom you have supposed to be an American, turns away and relapses into his native Norwegian with a fellow countryman. The man around the corner talking French is a Russian, this eighteen year old boy gabbling Italian was born in England.

Never were there such unselfconscious linguists as one finds among the seamen. Many of them speak several languages fluently, often without a hint of an accent, slipping easily from one tongue to another.

Wonderful? Not at all. They just picked it up.

The Uncashable Pay Check

It was no doubt with a great feeling of virtue that a seaman turned over an uncashed pay check to his wife and sailed away to earn another.

A few days later she turned up at the Institute almost in tears. The company had refused to honor the check and she was utterly without funds.

A woman without enough to eat always makes an irresistible appeal to The - Man - at - the - Desk. He

reached for his hat and went out with the woman. What he said to the company nobody knows, but the woman got the check cashed.

The Fellowship Club of the World

While the rest of society talks about world fellowship the seamen practice it, so that it was no exaggeration for the Fellowship Club to call itself The Seamen's Fellowship Club of the World. It is hoped that ultimately this organization may spread far and wide to many ports and become a sort of free masonry of the sea.

A new booklet has just been printed setting forth the ideals of the association. It says:

"The Seamen's Fellowship of the World steers by the five points of the north star which are: Manliness, Honor, Good Character, Chivalry and Loyalty.

"It excludes all argument and debate about private opinions—social, religious or political.

"The sea-gull, flying north, south, east and west is the emblem of the Club, signifying our belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man.

"The Club rule is The Golden Rule; it's motto: loyalty to one another and especially to the institutions that try to befriend seamen.

"I subscribe to the above, and God helping me, will work for the success of the Club by being, living and doing all to which I have subscribed."

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 3620

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Address all communications to

ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

lieve in The Lookout, begin planting the seed today by subscribing for some person who ought to know about this work for seamen?

Alas Those Drums!

The drums have gone. No more is the Monday night movie show enlivened with the cheerful music of the kettle-drum and the clang of cymbals. The Concert Man is inconsolable.

The way of it is this. A seaman left a set of trap drums with us, and went away on a long voyage. The Concert Man would have considered one double the length too short. The longer he stayed away the more attached we became to the drums. It was in the back of our minds that when he came back we would try to buy them from him for a price.

Then what do you suppose that seaman did? He came after business hours, when the Concert Man had gone home, and claimed his property, and departed with it, in what seems to the Concert Man to have been almost indecent haste.

That's what the Institute gets for being efficient. If there were not people about to attend to seamen at all hours of the day and night, he would have had to wait till the next day, and we would have had a chance to bargain with him.

Anyhow the drums are gone.

Eighty-five dollars would buy a new set of trap drums and put an end to the mourning in the concert department. Will somebody contribute it?

Report of the Flower Fund for the Month of December

The Memorial Flowers for the first Sunday were given by a friend "IN MEMORY OF ALL SEAMEN WHO HAVE FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

The second Sunday has been reserved by Mr. Wilton Moore Lockwood and flowers were placed on the Altar in the name of Miss Beulah Lockwood.

On the third Sunday, they were given by Mrs. T. J. Emery "IN MEMORY OF SHELDON AND ALBERT EMERY."

Flowers were placed as usual on the Altar on the Sunday before Christmas and on Christmas Day but they were not in memory of any special person.

On the last Sunday they were given by Miss Eugenia Tiffany "IN MEMORY OF LIEUT. EUGENE DODD."

Greetings from Canon Brady

Canon Brady sent an ocean letter of Christmas and New Year greetings, to the Woman-Who-Listens. Our first impulse was to print the conventional part, "Please accept and convey to friends Seamen's Church Institute sincere Christmas, New Year's wishes," and to leave off the characteristic last sentence, "Please send matches," lest some reader, not knowing Canon Brady, might think that it sounded unlike a Canon of the Church of England. Two or three times in our comings and goings in life it has been our

privilege to meet a person with so deep and true a dignity of character that he or she did not need conventions. Canon Brady is one of these.

The matches referred to a habit the Canon had of appropriating matches from the pocket of whoever was handy to have them in readiness to light his own pipe. In justice to the Canon it should be added that the boy from whom the matches were taken usually behaved as if he had been decorated. But you would have to know Canon Brady to understand.

Our Sailors, Christianity, and the Next War—An Appeal

Dear Friends:

How often has it been said that the World War could have been prevented by the application of Christian principles? Is it not equally true that future wars may be prevented by the same method? Do we not all hope and pray that, in time, war may become mere history instead of a horrible, imminent, possibility, hovering over us with terror at all times?

You and I may not go abroad, but your Christianity and mine is carried abroad by our sailors. At least, to the major portion of the world, that which the sailors carry abroad is taken to represent our view of Christianity. In all foreign lands, and in hundreds of American ports, the sailor, because of his rich experience, so full of adventure, is the centre, at all times, of many an admiring group. His words, and his creeds and ideals are the sermons

Do You Believe in The Lookout?

You, who read our little magazine, have said such kind things about it, and shown such a friendly interest in its success that we have decided to ask you bluntly whether you believe it is really worth while. By that we mean do you think that if it were placed in the hands of a stranger to this work for a year it would move that person to become a supporter of the Institute? If you do will you pay to have it sent to some person who would be in a position to support it if interested?

This does not apply to those who have already subscribed for some friend, but The Lookout has eight thousand readers of whom about seven thousand have not responded to our previous appeals.

The Institute is becoming daily more cramped for room, and when the time comes to expand we will need the support of a great many more people. Will you, if you be-

heard by thousands in every clime. They may be words, creeds and ideals that tend toward peace or toward war, toward love or toward hatred according as you and I hasten the preaching of the Gospel of Love and of Peace to him.

"How are we to reach the sailor?" you say. The answer is: How do you reach your children? You and I furnish, to our children, creature comforts, pleasures and wholesome companionships, thereby winning their love and confidence and making them susceptible to our guidance and teaching. In so doing, we follow Our Saviour who used identically the same methods for mature minds. Why should we limit this method to youth? Jesus lived and served for thirty years and was loved. He made for men material things of wood and did not preach with the result that, when He said to the Galilean fishermen, "Follow me," they followed.

Should we not follow His example with the sailors on whose influence depends so much? *After* winning their confidence should we not try to make them, even more than they are now, His followers, His emissaries in every port throughout the world, to the end that the Gospel of Peace and Love may supercede that of war and hatred? There are, in many ports, Seamen's Church Institutes and other Seamen's Friend Societies, which aim to do this very thing. By friendship, and actual service to the seamen they aim to win their confidence, and, after giving them wholesome surroundings,

and warm hearts, to make them spread abroad the spirit of love thus unconsciously absorbed.

Personally, my appeal is for more than two hundred sailors who have almost given the supreme sacrifice of their lives for their friends. They have served and exposed their health in the service of the United States Merchant Marine. For you and for me, they have almost lost their lives and, as a result, they are here in the last place any sailor would choose to be, isolated, 6,300 feet above the sea level and ill with tuberculosis. They have little or no money. They have much time to think. They are gloomy with a gloom that imperils their recovery. Books, amusements, writing paper, a piano, church services, music, all cost money. For this money, in the name of these most interesting, most intelligently traveled men, I beg for contributions, large and small, as, really, their due, and as a means, through them, through their letters home and to their pals, and through their service, after recovery, of extending the warm Gospel of Love instead of the gospel of resentment and hatred so sure to go forth if they are left to their desolate state without your assistance in making their lives more endurable.

The Government furnishes the necessities of excellent food, expert medical attendance, capable nurses and suitable quarters, and the attendance of chaplains.

Will you, who are well and strong send us, through Dr. Mansfield, of the Seamen's Church Institute of

New York, whatever contributions you can afford toward supplying for them some of the following means of diversion, games, a piano, Lyceum entertainments, a radio, or an auto to take them riding? Upon the amount contributed will depend the choice of the things purchased to take their minds from their sufferings and make their recovery more probable.

Sincerely yours,
H. KING STANLEY,
Chaplain, Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

Changes in South Street

This letter to the New York Herald recalls the changes that the years have brought about in South Street and in the whole waterfront:

OLD SOUTH STREET

Sights Once Visible on a Changed Thoroughfare

New York might well be called "The Ever Changing City" as far as its buildings and water front are concerned, and among the streets that have changed greatly is South Street, where at one time the crack clipper ships lay in a continuous line from Coenties Slip to above the Brooklyn Bridge.

Great jibbooms stretched over the street, almost touching the buildings across—big full rigged three and four masters carrying royals and moonsails on their lofty spars. The prettiest ships in the world they were, and mighty proud their skip-pers were of them, as they should be.

The street itself was crowded with horse drawn trucks loaded with the product of every nation under the sun—cotton, tea, spices, fruit, coffee, hides, all carried by these big and little sailing ships. Along the street were deep sea sailors from every country in the world and you heard them talking in all languages.

The nearby barrooms were crowded with them as they drank the "schooners" of beer, or you would see them in the numerous dance halls in Cherry, James or Roosevelt Streets, for Jack when he drew his pay started out forthwith to squander it in true sailor fashion. Junk shops, too, where you would see old ship bells, compasses, chains, anchors, coils of rope and a thousand things belonging to sailing ships.

Sweet's restaurant in Fulton Street was an eating place of note then, while all along South Street were many others of lesser degree which were frequented by "the man before the mast."

Fulton Ferry was a busy place and every boat came or went filled to capacity, as did the Wall Street Ferry, these being superseded later by the tubes under the river. It was a nautical street par excellence, and the odor of tar and cordage was everywhere, unless it was at Fulton Market, where the great cargoes of fish took precedence.

On sailing days it was a sight to see the big wind jammers maneuvered into the stream by puffing tugs and then towed out to sea, where, being cast off by the tug, they made

sail and laid the course for a long voyage.

The air of the street was filled with sea romance—it lingered with you long—and to those of us who remember the street as it was it is a sweet memory, but 'tis only a memory for the glories of South Street are gone.

Arthur Thornton.

The Grace Church Service

Following the practice of the Institute of having a special service on Wednesday evening Reverend L. Y. Graham, one of the curates of Grace Parish came down and brought the Italian and German choirs of the chapels, about forty young folk, mostly girls, who made a very striking appearance in their red and white vestments as the procession marched down the stairs and into the chapel.

A fairly good sized audience, for a week day service had already assembled, but many more followed the choir in, until the chapel was nearly filled.

These mid-week services with good music and a talk on good living make a healthy break in the daily round of eating and drinking and looking for jobs.

From the Earthquake Region

One of the apprentice boys on the S. S. Kendal Castle sent the following interesting letter concerning the earthquake at Yokohama, to the Woman-Who-Listens. This lad is a "first tripper" and is getting a real thrill out of it.

"We have not had a very brilliant

time in Yokohama, as we were anchored off the shore, owing to our cargo of case oil. Indeed it would have been so in any case as all the docks are wrecked. Also the sampan men charging such a price as they do money was not plentiful enough for us to go ashore, so I got no photos after all.

"I managed to buy a few little things from the men who came aboard selling Damascene ware, lacquered boxes and trays, and the silk merchants, though naturally prices have gone up a good bit owing to the shortage of stock, labor, materials and places in which to manufacture.

"Through the glasses one could see in places, the signs of utter desolation, and some of the cards I am sending you will, I hope, give you an idea of what it must have been like. The descriptions some of the men who came abroad gave us were terrible. The old men, for instance, 'legged it,' while a good many of the young men thought of their money and valuables, and went into their houses, which fell on top of them. The eruption and earthquake started during the midday meal, and anyone who dared to try to finish the food paid the extreme penalty.

"Arriving close to land the captain and navigating officers found no single light to guide them and had to turn the ship back. Next morning, so I am told, the captain employed himself looking through the telescope to see what had happened the lighthouses and found that they were all in ruins.

"We passed two islands going in, which Payne told me had been solidly covered with concrete forts. They reminded me of a child's little wooden brick town, when he had got cross with it and knocked it over and left it about the floor. Huge blocks of concrete in every conceivable position but straight. You never saw anything like it. According to the report three-fifths of the population were wiped out. These were cremated in a huge pile and the ashes stood some thirty feet high in the air."

To Know or Not to Know?

If your inheritance were a closed book, if you had been raised in an orphan asylum and did not know whether you were a child of the slums or of a middle class home, or an illegitimate offspring of a noble family, would you break the seal of the book of knowledge and read what history had written therein? At twenty-one? Yes. At forty,—after you have learned what a sharp lash knowledge has? But the decision would not come to you at forty.

The boy in our story is twenty-one. He was raised in a French orphan asylum and adopted by a family to become a bread-winner. The clothes which the Government gave for his use, in accordance with French law, were used to clothe the children of his adopted parents, and he was dressed in rags. Miserable and unhappy he used to beg to be told who his people were, and was answered that when he was twenty-one he could know.

At last he ran away to sea. Now he is twenty-one, and can hardly wait to break the seal and know the truth.

"It is so lonely not to have any people," he said to the House Mother, whose help he sought.

Sudden Riches

Rumor penetrated to a young farmer out in Illinois that fortunes were to be made over night by buying German marks. Without stopping to think of the toiling thousands who would have been glad to avail themselves of the opportunity if it were true, he promptly disposed of his farm and betook himself to Germany. He had no time to waste, because he wanted the money to pay for an education, which circumstances had denied him.

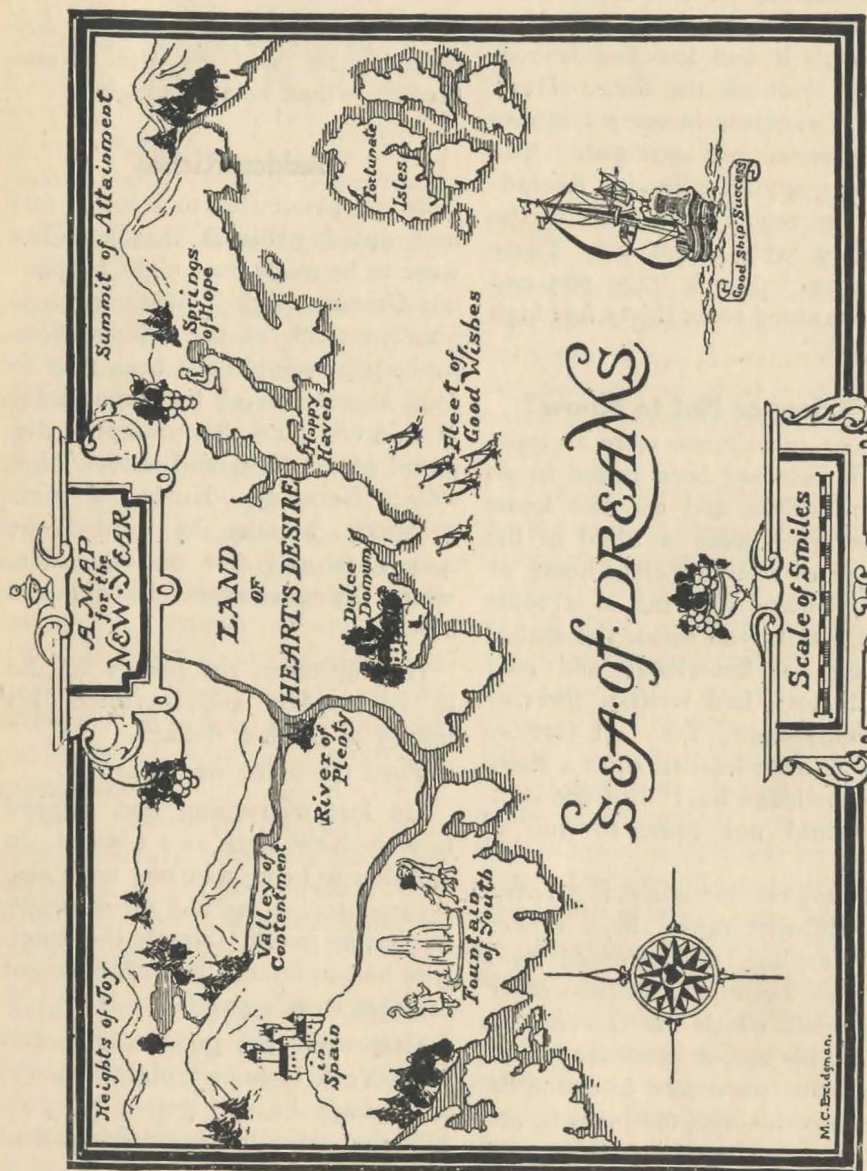
Having taken the plunge he did it thoroughly and invested his money to the last dollar.

Then the mark went down.

He lost everything and shipped back to New York as a seaman. In addition to being a farmer he is also a carpenter, so he had no difficulty in getting work, though the Institute had to finance him until he got his first week's pay.

Carpenters get good wages, and New York is full of night schools, so perhaps he will get to his goal by going over the mountain, instead of around the foot.

It is hard work climbing mountains, but think of the view from the top.



The Lookout was in the way of being pasted together when Miss de Peyster arrived with this interesting New Year's Card, which the Editor seized upon for the magazine.

The Penalty of Success

In the July issue we printed the following story of one of our chaplains and a French family. At the time we wondered at the chaplain's confidence that the incident was really closed:

"In Season and Out

"The Institute they have always with them, the people who do our Social Service work. If there were eight days in the week they would work eight days, but since the ordinary week has only six working days they drop in Sundays or on their days off to look after their lame ducks.

"So it is not surprising that when a chaplain goes to preach in a church he keeps the Institute on his mind.

"That is why when the Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up heard that his host, who had taken him home to dinner was a barge owner he immediately grew thoughtful: 'A barge owner, this must be providential.'

"Very tactfully he intimated that there was a Frenchman whose wife had come to us begging us to get her husband a job on a barge, did the barge owner think he could give him a chance?

"The barge owner did, and the people were notified, and there were loud expressions of gratitude. The Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up considered the incident closed, and turned his attention to other matters.

"A few days later the wife turned

up again. She had a sister whose husband also craved a job on a barge. Since our chaplain had such a way with him could he not produce another barge job.

"Fortunately the first man had been a credit to us so the chaplain could and did produce job number two. He considered the incident closed and turned his attention to other matters.

"A few days later the wife appeared a third time. The sister was expecting a child in August, and was not well. What did the Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up think they ought to do about it? Obviously this was not legitimately the work of the Institute but to a man who can produce jobs instantly on demand—

"Our chaplain got the woman into a nursing home where she will have the best of care, thereby adding the last straw, which completed their faith in his infallibility. The chaplain now considers the incident closed."

The other day the old mother, two more sisters and a brother arrived from France, and the Chaplain got them through Ellis Island. The Chaplain has again settled back triumphant, apparently forgetful that none of them have yet acquired jobs in the new land, and to whom should one look for jobs but to the worker of miracles, who has done everything he set out to do.

Coincidence or Fate?

A friend of the employment manager telephoned him that she was bringing down a messboy for whom

she wanted a job. She hung up the receiver.

Ting-ling-ling went the telephone.

A steamship company was on the wire. "We are sailing a ship tomorrow and want a stewardess. Can you get us one?" There was a twinkle in the inquirer's voice over asking a men's institute to supply a stewardess.

The employment manager ignored the twinkle. "Certainly we'll get you one," he answered boldly, then hung up the receiver and scratched his head. He was not going to have the Institute "stumped" by that man over in the Steamship Office, but as a matter of fact stewardesses were not plentiful about the Institute. He looked out at the mob of men, hungrily waiting for jobs, and wished he could transform one of them into a woman.

Fifteen minutes later the candidate for the job of messboy arrived, but not accompanied by the friend of the employment manager. Instead there came with him a young woman, whom the same friend had sent down six months before to apply for a position as stewardess.

In less than ten minutes she found herself with a job she was not seeking, and the reputation of the Institute for being able to do anything required of it on short notice was saved.

The Sick Russian

There are times when America makes one think of one of those brood hens that will stretch her wings to cover several flocks of

chicks, but there are limits even to the capacity of a brood hen to offer shelter. America likewise, in these times of world upheaval has almost reached the limit of her ability to take in and dispose of the stranger.

But every once in a while some poor foreign chick comes along, in a very bad way, and the wing stretches a little farther, and the chick slips under, with a cheerful "cheep."

Just such a case is the sick Russian seaman, who has lost his discharges, and first citizenship papers. America has been his headquarters for five years before he was taken ill with T. B.

Then somehow he lost his papers and was taken to the hospital, and the question arose of deporting him to Russia.

With all his feeble strength he clings to his bit of shelter under the motherly wing. It doesn't matter whether America has adopted him, he has adopted her, and if she sends him back to Russia to die he will jump overboard.

The matter came to the attention of the Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up and he put the case very strongly to the Government, so that the friendly wing may once more nestle down over the sick stranger, and he may be sent to Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

If he recovers, what an American that will make of him! If he dies—well, perhaps, even countries are none the worse for having lovers on the other side of the vale. Who knows?

General Summary of Work DECEMBER, 1923

	No.	Attendance	
RELIGIOUS WORK			
Sunday Services A. M.	5	131	
Sunday Services P. M.	5	946	
Communion Services	6	47	
Midweek Services	4	480	
Bible Classes	5	393	
Fellowship Meetings	3	256	
Weddings	0		
Funerals	1		
Baptisms	0		
U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island			
Sunday Services	5	239	
Communion Services	6	10	
Funerals	1		
INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES			
Home Hours	5	744	
Entertainments	9	3,872	
Packages Literature Distributed		36	
Knitted Articles Distributed		114	
Visitors in the Apprentice Room		11,091	
Lodgings Registered		25,491	
Incoming Mail for Seamen		13,035	
Dunnage Checked		4,965	
Relief		Employment	
Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	1,988	Men Shipped	242
Assisted through Loan Fund	81	Shore Jobs	59
Baggage and Minor Relief	352		
Cases in Institute Clinic	433	Visits	
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	15	To Hospitals	13
Referred to Municipal Lodg. House	181	To Patients	100
Referred to Other Organizations	86	Miscellaneous Visits	9
U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island			
Number of Visits		35	
Number of Hours		146	
EDUCATIONAL			
Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment		7	
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering		2	
First-Aid Lectures		27	
SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT			
Deposits		\$32,875.09	
Withdrawals		31,649.07	
Transmissions		5,922.55	

The Discretionary Fund

We regret to have to tell you that the Discretionary Fund is still below the level. Because this Institution is known all over the world as the friend of seamen the Superintendent is constantly having demands made upon him to do things to which he cannot divert the funds of this Institution. But they are all things that need to be done.

Will you help us to build up a substantial fund which he can use for such purposes?