

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIII.

MARCH, 1922

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

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants

Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families

Burial of Destitute Seamen

Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift

Transmission of money to dependents

Free Libraries

Four Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

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. 13

MARCH, 1922

No. 3

Northern Adventure

His cheeks are hollow, his shoulders are stooped and he walks with a cane. He hasn't the slightest appearance of a hero and he does not claim to be one. But he told the following story of his adventures, the time he lost both his feet.

"It was in April and we were near Kodiak Island, in Alaska, when a blizzard came on. The Captain knew that shore and steered for a sheltered cove, but the air was so thick with snow and the wind was so high, he missed it by about 15 miles.

"We ran on the rocks, and then everything began to happen. It was April 13th, and a Friday. Yes, I am superstitious since then. The ship began to go to pieces and we clung to the rigging. We could not see the shore.

"Five men were soon caught by the great onrush of icy water and washed off the deck. My companion, who was holding on near me, seemed strong and able. I saw a great wave coming and I shouted to him to hang on for all he was worth. The water came over us.

"When it rolled back, I saw my mate face up, being washed away. I turned my back. I couldn't do anything and I couldn't look. I don't know how I hung on for hours but I did. Gradually the tide went out and a young, strong, Swedish fellow took a thin line and sprang overboard. He swam to shore and

we sent a heavier line across to him. He tied it around a rock and we started to shore on that line. Two men were caught by the undertow and were drowned.

"Thirteen got ashore. We were all soaking wet and dreadfully cold. I knew that about two miles down the shore there was a kind of a bluff of trees that might shelter us from the terrible wind. I led the way. The others followed. It was awful.

"Before we got there the Captain said, 'I am tired. I must rest a bit.' I begged him not to but he sat down on a rock. We danced around him trying to keep warm. I called on him to come along. He did not move or answer. I touched him. He was frozen stiff.

"We buried him in the snow. Five more were buried in the snow before we reached the sheltered part. They too insisted on sitting down to rest. When we reached the bluff we dug ourselves into the snow and lay close together. I don't know how long we stayed there. But two of the fellows crawled down to the water and went in. They wanted to have it over.

"I knew there was a settlement about twenty miles away. Our safety depended on getting to it. I said I would try to get there. A young Spanish boy insisted on going with me. He soon got tired. I told him he must go back. He started but he sat down to rest. He was found frozen, some time later.

"I went on—I do not know how. I just walked and walked. It became automatic. I do not know how long I walked but at last I reached a little inlet from the sea. On the other side was a hill and I knew that on the other side of the hill was a settlement. I knew I could not walk around that inlet so I swam across and climbed the hill. I was almost all in. I walked a few steps and fell and got up and went on again. The dogs in the settlement saw me and barked until the people came for me.

"I could not speak. They had to force my teeth apart for I could not open my mouth. I motioned for a pencil and I wrote telling them where the other men were. They went quickly with blankets and provisions on a dog sled, and they soon had them there, but we had to go further to get to a doctor."

The seaman, who was telling the story, paused. "It seems like yesterday," he said, "but it was back in 1896. They put us in a little schooner and sent us up to Kodiak Island. And that was when we knew what suffering was. The groans of the men in that little vessel could be heard along the whole coast that it was at all near. I was delirious and so were others. When they saw us coming toward Kodiak they came out to meet us and towed us in. It had taken us a long time to make the trip.

"There were about five white women in the settlement and they, with all the other settlers, did everything possible for us. They put us in an old log house that had been there since the country was owned

by Russia. In the end of this house, was a table, with oilcloth over it, on which the doctor operated on us in turn. The rest of us could see part of what was going on at the operating table.

"The storekeeper assisted the doctor and the Judge gave the anaesthetic. One of the other men had to have his both feet taken off. He died shortly after. My feet had turned black and when the doctor stuck something into them I could not feel it. He said he would try and save my feet if possible. I was put on the table. When I woke up both my feet were gone."

Again Mr. Bail paused, his mind wandering back to that never-to-be-forgotten time. "Yes, I forgot," he said, "things were pretty crude but it was wonderful what that doctor did. He got the tool maker to make him an artery forceps, and they were pretty good.

"I was the only officer left," he concluded, "and there was an article about me in the San Francisco paper and one of the members of the company said he would get me the medal for heroism, but I never heard nothing more about it. And if you could get me any kind of a job, a watchman or anything, until I can get my discharges and make application for entrance to Snug Harbor. Do you think they will take me?"

It was our opinion that they would.

Passing It On

"I would like to leave a little money for you to give someone who is in such need as I was," a pale

young fellow said, as he stood at the door of the Chaplain's Office.

"I will give you a receipt—"

"No, I don't want a receipt," he interrupted, "You did a lot for me when I needed it—just help some other fellow."

He hurried out, staggering a little from weakness as he went, but his face was beaming.

Philadelphia Progresses

"The Crow's Nest," the magazine of the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia, gives the following interesting account of what is being accomplished there:

"The whole ship seems to give glad response when the order 'Full Steam Ahead' rings in the engine room on signal from the officers' bridge. And so with us. The decision of the Finance Committee to set a goal of \$200,000 for this year's endeavor, so that our first unit of the new building may soon be under way, is an encouragement all along the line.

"With over 125 men a night in our present quarters, we are already pressed for room and the inconvenience of holding entertainments and religious services at Front and Queen Streets, seven blocks away, makes the accommodations to be provided by our first unit of construction an immediate necessity.

"A year ago our office and chaplain's staff consisted of four, now there are seven. The fourth floor of our present building was in process of renovation, and there were nine private rooms, and forty beds in the

dormitories; now the whole building is in use, including a new dormitory added in November, giving us twenty private rooms, and over eighty beds in the dormitories. Besides, there are twenty to thirty emergency cots in use every night. A year ago there were from fifty to sixty men on our daily relief list; now there are from 135 to 160 each day, and it has become necessary to open a soup kitchen, in a room much needed as a recreation room during the day, in order that we may handle the situation as economically as possible.

"Our slogan, 'Service to Seamen,' must be amended for the present to read, 'Service to Stranded Seamen,' for that is our pressing problem. The days ahead give promise of but little relief to the problem, but our friends assure us that there will be adequate relief for the men."

He Got Out of Heart

The Missing Men Department had been advertising for a year for a young man, when a comrade or rather an acquaintance came in to report about him.

"He got out of heart looking for a job," he explained, "and that was why he took to drugs. And he was a nice young fellow, always dressed well, until he began to go down—and there wasn't anything much of him when I saw him last."

His mother, an educated woman, we judged from her letter was inquiring for him—but we have not written. We are asking ourselves the question, "which is better, doubt or the awful truth?"

Their "Home-Away-from-Home"

On the fourth floor, is the most beautiful room in the Institute. It is the Apprentice room, which was furnished for the boys who are training to be officers on British ships. There is nothing in the life on the sea, that grips the mother heart of the world, more than the thought of these young fellows, far from home and country, often so lonesome that they are sick, and ready to weep, and yet they must be men and pretend to feel like them. They are all under twenty.

And until the need of these boys was called to the attention of the Board of the Institute, they had no place to go when in the port of New York. They were neither officers nor seamen and the homes for these men, had no special corner for them. They were a class apart.

Excerpts from a few letters from Apprentice lads, written to the Institute workers, will give an idea of what the work for them means, not only during the time they are here, but enriching their memory pictures, and drawing their thoughts back here, to what they call "Their-Home-Away-from-Home."

"I must apologize for taking this privilege of writing, but I feel it my duty to thank you for the interest you have taken in me during my few days at the Institute. I have never enjoyed myself so much before as I have done these few evenings. I leave New York tomorrow, and though I may never come to sea again, or return here, I shall never

forget the happy hours I spent in your company. It was like 'Home Away-from-Home.'"

Another enthusiastic friend of the Institute writes from the Far East: "You can take it from me that the boys do like the dancing and appreciate the kindness and patience shown by the ladies. You certainly must meet some terribly awkward boys who are bound to be very trying. Do you remember the coaxing and trouble I caused on my first night?"

"This is my first trip to sea and until now I have been twice in collision, twice on fire and in two severe storms, one of the latter lasting ten days. I think by now I should get home for a holiday, though I would like very much to get back to New York, as I really did enjoy those parties. It's just like home. I was wild to think that my two long previous visits were wasted away on board ship, when I could have been very happy at South Street."

In his second letter the above young man gave a very interesting account of the reception given to the Prince of Wales in Bombay.

A young man on the way to Australia wrote: "I sincerely hope you won't think I am taking a liberty in writing you, but I am risking it. I tried to get you on the 'phone on Friday before leaving, but my luck was out. I am afraid we are all going to find a voyage to Australia, if anything, a bit monotonous, after having had such a glorious time in New York. There is every prospect of us going home from Australia, so that will help to cheer us



APPRENTICE BOYS' ROOM—GIVEN BY THE SEAMEN'S BENEFIT SOCIETY

up. Naturally we shall feel a 'we bit sorry' at not returning to New York, for it has been to us, proverbially speaking, 'A-Home-Away-From-Home,' thanks to the Seamen's Institute."

And another writes: "Please excuse the brevity of this note written in the last hour rush. My object is to tender the thanks and appreciation of all those on board, who enjoyed your social evenings at the Institute, and I may say that Mr. — and I voice a louder 'Thank you' than the others for the particular privileges which we enjoyed. I think it is great that you and so many others find the time and inclination to devote to helping us enjoy our stay in your city. I am enclosing five dollars to be used in any service connected with the Institute."

And a very young boy wrote: "I expect you will be surprised to hear from me, in fact, I don't suppose you know who I am, as I didn't tell you my name. But if you remember the lad that told you last Thursday that you learnt him to dance, you may have a faint recollection of me, as I am that lad. You will remember that you asked me to write to you, so I am trying my best to comply to your wish. I am so sorry that I shall miss the dances at the Institute for the next four months, as I enjoyed them so much while I was there."

Some of the letters have very interesting accounts of places visited and conditions abroad. The boys are showing that they really feel

this to be "A-Home-Away-From-Home" by writing here and expecting answers to their letters. For almost every boy gives his address at a port there will be time for a letter, and very explicit directions as to how they are to be sent. The workers try very hard not to disappoint them in the matter of letters, and no doubt many a boy is saved from temptation, by knowing he has friends at many ports, who have been thinking of him, and have faith in him.

Los Angeles Institute

The newly organized Seamen's Church Institute of the port of Los Angeles opened its doors for work this past month and considerable activity in behalf of the seamen is now manifest in this important port of the Southwest. The staff is now complete, consisting of the Rev. H. B. Kelley as superintendent, who comes to Los Angeles after considerable experience in seamen's work in San Francisco. Mr. Adam Taitt, for thirteen years superintendent of the Seamen's Bethel, Conneaut Harbor, Lake Erie, has assumed the post of assistant superintendent. Miss Edith Moore, who for many years carried on the old Institute, remains as house mother.

The ground floor of the building has been completely remodeled so as to give greatly increased facilities, and the exterior will be repainted. This will be of white so that the Institute may be known colloquially among the seamen as "the white house on the hill where they treat you white."

In Memoriam

A year ago this month, Marie Louise Bennett crossed the bar, summoned to a higher service than ours. She has been greatly missed and the employees are erecting a tablet to her memory in the Chapel of Our Saviour. Later on, in the new building, there will be a room given in her memory, given by those who knew and valued her life of devoted service.

On the tablet is the following inscription:

MARIE LOUISE BENNETT

Died March First, 1921

This tablet is erected by her friends in remembrance of her
life's work and thoughtful self-sacrificing friendliness

From December, 1910, to March, 1921,
she was Private Secretary to the

REVEREND ARCHIBALD ROMAINE MANSFIELD, D. D.

Superintendent of the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

and rendered faithful, loyal, devoted and invaluable service—

Her death has left a vacancy—but she is not dead;
She lives here in this living work to which she gave her life.

She rests from her labours and her works do follow her.

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
LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

Honor Where Due

The subject nearest to our hearts these days is the Memorial Stage.

We feel so strongly, that in the case of the Merchant Seamen, our country has not given honor where honor is due, that we must do something. And the something we wish to do, is erect a Great Memorial Stage, in Jeanette Park.

Seamen as a class are silent men, taking what comes in life, as all in the day's work, but in some cases this injustice has bitten deep. We have printed several letters from seamen, expressing their righteous indignation and we hear it from time to time, when talking to them.

We know what other countries have done to honor their Merchantmen and the men know too and tell us of it. It does seem strange that this great nation should ignore a whole class of men, who served as faithfully and well as they did, for four long years when every trip was a "rendezvous with death."

We cannot alter the fact of the injustice, but we can give some recognition, by erecting the Memorial Stage in Jeanette Park, if there are enough people who care, and will contribute for that purpose.

The Stage if erected, will be a living memorial. In it there will be a Memorial tablet, expressing appreciation of the heroic service of the men of the sea, both those who gave their lives, and those who went through the war doing their bit without a murmur; and it will live in its Service to those who are alive. In it will be concerts and moving pictures and vaudeville and lectures.

Jeanette Park

A little triangular breathing space, among the great buildings of lower Manhattan, is Jeanette Park. It is fenced and has a collar of green grass, and on that collar are two large trees and quite a number of small ones. The center is covered with a cement floor.

This park is just across the street from the Institute and in it is the framework for the tent, that will be put up as soon as the warm weather comes. At the small end of the triangle is a cement platform, on which we hope to erect the great Memorial Stage.

There must be hundreds of men and women in this country who have loved ones, who lost their lives at sea. We feel sure that such people would be glad of the privilege of contributing to this memorial, for Merchant Seamen, who served their country during the Great War. Our difficulty is to let such people



These arrows point to the Institute Building and Jeanette Park in which the War Memorial to Merchant Seamen will, we hope, be erected, this Spring.

know that we purpose erecting such a tribute. We ask your assistance in this matter.

Will you pass this number of THE LOOKOUT on to some friends who may be interested? Ask them especially to read the appeal on the back of the back cover. That states the situation as it is.

Jeanette Park seems a fitting place for such a memorial. It has been reclaimed from the sea and where it stands, the old sailing ships used to anchor. It is now the playground of the seamen in this part of the city, and by erecting the Memorial Stage, and having in it Concerts and Moving Pictures, and Vaudeville Acts and Lectures, we will make of it a great Community Center, patronized especially by the men of the sea.

It all depends on the friends of the men, who go down to the sea in ships.

Our Last Call

The master of the S. S. Chester Valley did not know that the K.D. K.F. service had been transferred to the Radio Corporation of America and the United States Public Health Service Hospitals. And so the following last call for help from a ship far to the south in the Atlantic Ocean came to us:

"Prescribe for a patient with pains in pit of stomach no pain when quiet but when moving about loses breath vomits and is relieved of pain slight pain in back cannot lie down."

This message was at once tele-

phoned to the Radio Corporation of America, Station at Bush Terminal, New York. From there advice was secured from Hudson Street Hospital, and inside of twenty minutes after the message was received, advice was on the way back to the master of the ship.

We know that you will be inspired, as we are, at the knowledge that this great service to humanity originated here. That from this Institute came the vision of reaching the long arm of medical science, across the waters, to the men far out at sea. Already healing messages are being sent far and wide, and what may yet be accomplished, only time can tell.

Flowers for the Altar

In every way we have been practising economy—and one way has been not having flowers for the Altar on Sunday, unless the money is sent in for them.

Just two Sundays without the flowers and the House Mother protested, that it was taking a touch of beauty out of the lives of the men, something they could ill afford to do without. And it does seem that the Chapel of Our Saviour should be the last place in which we should economize.

It has been estimated that if we had a fund of \$5,000 the interest on it would keep the Altar supplied with flowers every Sunday during the year.

If there is anyone, who would like a friend remembered, by flowers on the Altar, the same Sunday every year, it can be done by a gift of \$100.

The name and the date will be entered on our records, and the week specified every year, the flowers on the Altar will be "in Memory" as you desire.

If anyone wishes flowers on the Altar for a whole month every year, in memory of a loved one, it will cost \$434. But the flowers will be there, fresh and sweet, on the days specified by the donors, all down through the years, as long as the Chapel of Our Saviour lasts, to give out its message of comfort and cheer, to the men of all nations who assemble there.

You Never Can Tell

Sometimes the road from want to plenty is a long and rugged one, with many boulders in the way. At other times it is only a step, and that was the case of an officer who appealed to a Chaplain for assistance. He had spent most of his money getting his license, and when he had it, he could not get work. He offered his binoculars as security for assistance.

He received help when he needed it most, and when he finally got a ship and made a voyage he paid the money and also guaranteed assistance to another sailor who was "on the beach." The Chaplain gave assistance to the second man at his request but the man quickly disappeared. The first man had to pay, which he did quite cheerfully. He was getting along better than he expected.

By some neglect he was hit in the eye by something on the ship his next trip, and while he did not lose the eye, he suffered greatly and he

was paid \$750 for it. With this money and a little he was able to borrow, he and a friend bought a small ship.

The Chaplain had a letter from him saying that they were doing well running from Port Arthur, Texas, to Cuba. He was second engineer on his own ship and his friend was first mate. And he now gives a helping hand to those who are where he was. Passing it on, as it were—perhaps the beginning of a long chain of helps.

Letter to Dr. Mansfield

"The February Lookout just received. I am awfully disappointed that the response to the S. O. S. has been so slow. It seemed really such a small amount in comparison to so many appeals—and it distresses me to think that deficit is doubtless increasing all the time. I am sending a cheque for three hundred—my utmost—and regret that illness delayed it. I do hope that the amount will soon be made up but I realize the way people seem to freeze up when money is mentioned.

"There are many very wealthy people here, who live luxuriously and spend large sums on themselves scorning my very modest way of living and yet I am sure that there is not one who would give me five dollars if I asked it. I do not ask, but I do state the needs and the value of the Seamen's Church Institute.

"With earnest wishes for your success and sincere sympathy for you in these anxious days."

Be Thankful

One never knows how many reasons they have to be thankful until they see how many reasons others have not to be.

A new cause for thankfulness, lodged in the Missing Men office a few days ago. It was brought by a good looking well dressed young man, who was so full of his subject that he was rather incoherent for a time.

His trouble was that he did not know who he was. Of course, he had a name, a name that he bore through the war, and that he said he was not ashamed of, but it was not his own. It was the name of some people who had taken him from a home when he was a boy. He kept it because he did not know any other.

Now he is a man, thinking of getting married, and the question, "Who are you?" is knocking hard at his consciousness for an answer. But in his memory there is no answer. He remembers a woman, but she spoke a language foreign to him.

He remembers that she was arrested—he says, "we were arrested" but he was a small boy, too small to remember much about it. Then he was taken to a home—and for some reason the authorities would not give him back to the woman, when she tried to get him. He also remembers that he gave a different name from hers, but whose name he had, he does not know.

We never realized before that we had reason to be thankful we knew our parentage, until we saw that

young man, delving back into the memories of childhood, for some clue to a family of which he might at least, not be ashamed.

"If I only knew—I may be anything," he kept repeating.

We tried to comfort him with the fact that he was a good American now, and that was what mattered.

"You are right I am," he replied, "but you would want to know. You would want to know—I may have a mother—alive—or a grave!"

We understood—for we knew, a grave was better than nothing.

For Princess Mary

It was a gay party of young people, who assembled in the Apprentice Room, to celebrate the marriage of Princess Mary. And it was a gay room, they found ready for them. There were flags everywhere—and the table looked inviting with its decoration of red, white, and blue, that was softened in the flickering light of many candles.

Many of the ladies brought favors and everyone brought the spirit of youth and happiness, and it was a party to be remembered.

Then there was a cable of congratulation sent, and everyone wanted to help pay for it—and naturally there was too much contributed. And then when the party filed in two and two for refreshments—from behind the door came a shower of confetti that touched each couple lightly—and stirred happy dreams of the day, when they would be the center of such a shower, each with their dream person.

And, of course, there was a speech

and a recitation and cheers for Princess Mary and her husband, and everyone went home happy—for happiness is not confined—it knows no barriers.

Cable sent to, Her Royal Highness, Princess Mary, Vicountess Lascelles, Shropshire, England: "The Cadets of the British Mercantile Marine at the Seamen's Church Institute, New York, send their congratulations and their loyal wishes for your future happiness."

For His Brothers

A man who becomes destitute has a very serious problem on his hands, even if he secures work. The longer he is destitute the harder it is for him to get back.

The men who stay at the Welfare Headquarters are all destitute. One man who had a ticket for a bed there, secured work and he sent his tickets back by mail. He did not wish to keep someone else out of a bed.

You may think that was not much for him to do, but the stamp cost two cents, and he hadn't that much. Where he got it we cannot say. His letter explains his problem: "I am sending you those cards back. I had no time to come personally. I am working, but mighty hungry."

Most jobs, the men are not paid for a week. The destitute man has no money to pay for a bed and meals during that week. Possibly he tries to live on one meal a day, or less if he cannot get the one. Naturally he is not able to work as he should, and he may be discharged at the end of the week, as incompetent.

Some men cannot take jobs be-

cause they haven't the car fare to get to them. Others cannot take them because they have not suitable clothes. Others because they cannot possibly live among absolute strangers without any means for a week, until they get their pay.

We have a system, by which we provide car fare for the men seeking work and we trust them for a week for bed and meals until they are paid. We are able to do that, out of the Relief Fund. Most of the men pay us when they get the money, but in cases where the man is not able to do the work, or the work is only temporary, they are not able to do so.

But no country should let a man become destitute. It soon ruins men. The struggle to get back is too hard—it is easier for them, to become a charge on society.

Party Given by Mrs. George D. Sparks

They all knew as soon as they glanced into the Apprentice Room that something good was going to happen. And it did, for it was the night of Mrs. Sparks' party and all the young men and women who come to the Institute for the Thursday night party, know that when Mrs. Sparks is hostess, there is going to be a very good time.

There were gay favors and conversation candy, that said things many a shy boy wanted to say, but couldn't. And there was cake and—and—and a general good time, for Mrs. Sparks knows the joy of life, and she can make others feel it with her.

Ship Ninety Years Old

Now and then an old vessel sails in and out of port and sets the few who know her along the waterfront gossiping over her long life and salt-water adventures. So they gossiped, the other day, when the coasting schooner Joanna Durgain came into harbor at Bangor, Maine, and attracted attention by her spick-and-span appearance. Over ninety years ago she had been built at New York, sloop-rigged, and setting sail on her first voyage under the name of Hudson.

For forty years, more or less, she coasted the United States, carrying cargo, while on shore the nation expanded, met and passed through its crisis of Civil War and opened up its great West. Then she came to Maine, was refitted as a schooner, renamed, went back to her work, and was apparently wearing out. But twice more the old schooner was bought and restored, and the other day came into port, to the wonder of those who knew her, looking as young as ever.

Jingle of Coin

It was too much for the policeman and it was hard on the sailor, who was hungry and really needed the money. He happened to meet a friend, when he needed him, and he stopped him and asked for money for a meal.

The friend stopped and felt in his pocket, but he was a bit awkward, and he dropped some change on the sidewalk. A policeman in the neighborhood heard the jingle of coin and

ran in that direction at top speed. The poor borrower, not knowing the laws of that city, and fearing that he might be arrested for panhandling, ran away as fast as he could. But he was hungry and weak and the policeman wasn't. He was soon caught.

At the police station they seemed sure he was a bad man, but they could not say what crime he had committed. He did not know either, and after thinking it over they decided that "disorderly conduct" covered the case, and he was sent to jail for ten days.

He appealed to our Chaplain, "Who Knows the Law," and he got him out at the expiration of four days, and was able to get work for him, too.

Decline in World Shipping

According to Lloyd's returns covering the quarter ending December 31st last, total shipbuilding throughout the world at present shows a decline of more than a 1,000,000 tons gross, of which the British decrease represents about 840,000 tons and the American about 225,000 tons. The decline during the past three months is shown by the following table, which gives in gross tons the aggregate of construction work:

	Jan. 1, 1922	Oct. 1, 1921
United States . . .	216,428	433,962
United Kingdom.	2,640,319	3,282,972
Other countries. .	1,600,346	1,826,044
	<u>4,457,093</u>	<u>5,542,978</u>

New Orleans

The Seamen's Church Institute of New Orleans was incorporated Tuesday, October 25th, 1921, under the laws of the State of Louisiana. A small four-storied building has been leased for two years and is being renovated and altered to meet the needs of the work. Rev. Francis Van R. Moore is in charge.

The application for affiliation and the request to fly the flag of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, have been made by the New Orleans Seamen's Church Institute and have been granted. Port Arthur has requested and been granted the same privilege.

An Old Sailor's Pets

The following account of his pets was written by an old sailor in Snug Harbor. He spent part of his life on a farm, away from the sea.

"As you seemed interested in my dog 'Bob,' when I showed you his picture, I will now give you his life's history. I raised him from a puppy until he was 17 years of age, when he died. Twenty years they claim is the limit of a dog's life. The last year of his life he was nearly blind, but recognized me up to his last moment. When he died I gave him Christian burial under the maples in our front yard.

On the grave of Bob he placed the following touching promise:

"Your request I'll grant, dear Bob,

As long as I am living,

Your grave with turkey bones I'll deck,

When it comes round "Thanksgiving."

"I forgot to tell you about another of our pets," he wrote. "This

was 'Little Mother,' a hen, and she lived to over 11 years of age. For ten years she did her usual laying and also raised two broods of chicks every year. I will mention the fact that very few hens will tolerate any stray chick from another hen's family.

"Little Mother (hence her name) I really believe enticed chicks away from their mothers. Sometimes at nightfall, my wife would find her with thirty or more chicks, so that she used to require special care.

"As a special favor we allowed her inside of the fence on the lawn and garden, and she was always there at the gate at the same hour, demanding admittance. The last year of her life, she did not lay or set, but strutted around like a Dowager Duchess on our lawn, all by her lonesome. She never had a day's sickness in her life, but one morning in the late fall we found her dead. I buried her alongside of Bob and put up a monument to her memory. My lament for her was:

"No more she'll call her chicks around her,

No more tend them with watchful eye,

No more she'll scratch up all our garden,

No more she'll lay where she does lie."

Can You Read?

The following letter from a man, in what he called the Wolonteer Hospital, shows the difficulties of our language.

"Will you be so cian and se about if there not chuld be a Old Safety raser and Saab I need one. and see if ther is anny Latter so send them in to my."

ACCOMPLISHMENT

World Wide Wireless

THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ANNOUNCES that in cooperation with the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and THE UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE, free medical advice to ships at sea is now available through the coastal stations operated on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts of the United States by the RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA. The coastal stations and hospitals designated to furnish this service are as follows:

COASTAL STATIONS	CALL LETTERS	HOSPITALS
Chatham, Mass. . . .	WCC	U. S. Marine Hospital No. 70, 67 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. (Alternates—Hospitals 38, 43, 61) U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 49, Gray's Ferry Road & 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Alternate—U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 56, Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.)
Siasconset, Mass. . . .	WSC	
New York City (Bush Terminal) . . .	WNY	
Cape May, N. J. . . .	WCY	
San Francisco, Calif. . . .	KPH	U. S. Marine Hospital No. 19, 14 Ave. & Lake Street, San Francisco, Calif. (Alternate—U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 24, Palo Alto, Calif.)

Vessels desiring medical advice can secure prompt service by addressing radiograms to any of the above mentioned coastal stations with which communication is established. Such radiograms should be signed by the master and should state briefly the symptoms of the person afflicted.

The medical advice given by the above mentioned hospitals will be phrased in language (English) intelligible to a layman.

This free medical service has been established primarily for the benefit of ships not carrying physicians; however, should occasion require, consultations may be held by radio, with ship's physicians and the hospital staffs.

General Summary of Work

JANUARY, 1922

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services, A. M.	5	157
Sunday Services, P. M.	5	1,245
Communion Services	4	40
Bible Classes	2	165
Gospel Meetings	4	88
Weddings	1	
Funerals	3	
Baptisms	0	

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL NO. 21, STATEN ISLAND

Sunday Services, A. M.	5	165
Communion Services	1	9
Funerals	9	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Home Hours	5	1,036
Entertainments	9	3,188
Lodgings Registered		23,552
Incoming Mail for Seamen		17,576
Dunnage Checked		2,797
Free Baths		12
Free Clothes Washings		12
Packages Literature Distributed		1,902
Knitted Articles Distributed		452

Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing		331
Assisted through Loan Fund		80
Baggage and Minor Relief		230
Cases in Chaplains' Office Clinic		74
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics		100
Referred to Other Organizations		11

Employment

Men Shipped		80
Shore Jobs		71

Visits

To Hospitals		13
To Patients		41
Other Visits		5

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21

Fox Hills Hospital		Hudson St. Hospital
To Hospital	9	To Hospital
Number of hours	25	To Hospital
		7
		10½

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment		39
First Aid Lectures		0
Other Educational Lectures		3

SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits		\$44,715.53
Withdrawals		43,739.69
Transmissions		10,453.37

WAR MEMORIAL

Who For?

MEN OF THE MERCHANT MARINE

Other Nations Have Recognized the War Services of Their Merchantmen—This Country Has Not.

This INSTITUTE appeals to AMERICANS for help to erect immediately the proposed outdoor stage which will be a splendid utilitarian monument to our Seamen, whom Admirals Sims and Rodman have lauded so highly. None know better than they what their services did for US in the GREAT WAR.

Although today the war seems far off and the danger is past, yet notwithstanding let us show that we have not forgotten them.

Did you care about the seamen when we were in the war? Then be fair and care **today**.

The location for the Memorial is Jeanette Park, named for the ill-fated polar vessel, that was commanded by De Long, and lost in the ice in 1881.

The park is on the East River, near South Ferry.

The amount required	\$15,000
Pledged conditionally	\$ 4,250
Cash received	\$ 1,739
Amount to be raised	\$ 9,011

I am determined and confident, with a faith that this must appeal to a sufficient number of patriotic admirers of them who went down to the Sea for us, in the midst of **special perils**, to call forth gifts of gratitude that will accomplish this splendid object at once.

A. R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent,
25 South St., New York, N. Y.