

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIII

SEPTEMBER, 1922

No. 9

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES Secretary and Treasurer REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President FRANK T. WARBURTON 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

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|---|--|
| 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 |
| Attentions 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.

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"Blow Upon My Garden"

"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; and blow upon my garden," says the Song of Solomon. Our garden of memories has been languishing these days. Last Sunday there were no flowers on the altar in the Chapel of Our Savior, and that means one less beautiful influence in the lives of the seamen.

For just one hundred dollars flowers will be placed on the altar in memory of a loved one, on a chosen Sunday of the year in perpetuity.

The fund at present stands:

The amount required.....	\$5,000.00
Cash received.....	4,201.76
Amount to be raised.....	798.24

When Death Comes Softly

Generally Death sends many heralds ahead to announce his approach, sometimes he strikes men down suddenly by accidents or lightning, but how seldom he comes and gently taps a man on the shoulder, and calls him quietly apart from the walks of life.

The other day one of our Chaplains went out of the building, saw a crowd gathered in the park, walked over, and found that in the centre of the group was the body of a dead man.

The day before, the man, who was not a guest of the Institute, but nevertheless a seaman, had gone up

to our clinic and been told that he had incipient Pneumonia and advised to go to a hospital, but he refused flatly. He was sure there was nothing serious the matter with him, and went back to his work. The morning of the day he died he worked also, but feeling a little faint, he came and sat down on a bench in Jeanette Park. He was talking to the men fifteen minutes before he closed his eyes in the last sleep.

Coming softly, like this, Death has no horror at all, just a quiet falling asleep to waken up in the light on the other side of the bridgeless space between life and death.

Among his papers our Chaplain found some letters from a woman in England, not of his name, and a carefully worded letter was sent telling her of the man's death, for there was nothing to indicate how much he meant to her, or how little.

Waited Three Days

"Oil burnee fireman," he murmured at the window, and the employment woman nodded and pointed to the bulletin board.

More than one request for firemen for oil burning ships was posted on the board but the man made no effort to secure the job.

On the third day when the Employment woman found him still haunting the window and murmuring, with great intensity "Oil burnee

fireman," she had a sudden inspiration.

"Can't you read?" she asked him.

He shook his head. Curious that in those three days it had never occurred to him that there might be any connection between the notices posted on the board and the securing of jobs.

So then the Employment Woman, having had evidence of his great anxiety to secure work, saw to it the next time there was a call for an "Oil burnee fireman" that he was sent to the position.

"Tell Her Good-Bye for Me"

The Worker - Who - Gives - Relief was called up on the telephone the other day by a lawyer, and given a message from a seaman. The seaman was going away on a ship, and he asked the lawyer, who was taking care of a claim he had for compensation, to tell our worker that he wanted to call her up and "tell her good-bye, but he hadn't the nerve."

This is what had happened. The man was waiting to get his compensation for injuries, and while he waited was coming to our relief department for temporary financial assistance. At first the Worker-Who-Gives-Relief did help him, but the more she helped him the drunker he got, so at last one day she told him she wasn't going to give him another cent. Not another cent.

The man was dumbfounded at the sudden hardness.

"You mean to say that you are going to turn me out on the street,

without a cent?" he asked. "Right out on the street."

She assured him that was what was in her mind. "Go away and sober up," she told him. "I can't give you any more money to get drunk with."

With that peculiar sensitiveness of the man who is drunk his feelings were really hurt. "I guess there's nothing more to be said, is there?" he remarked, shook his head thoughtfully, and went away.

She never saw or heard from him again until the lawyer telephoned to say that he was going to send her the money the man owed the Institute, and that he would like to have telephoned to "tell her good-bye, but he hadn't the nerve." Evidently he has thought it over and decided that there was some justice in her decision.

When You Pass This Way

This Institute is yours even more than it is ours. Your generosity, your ever-ready sympathy toward the seamen has built it and maintained it. Don't you want to see the thing you have done?

The Seamen's Church Institute is always at home to its friends. Any day, if you will call at the Administration Office there will be someone who will consider it a pleasure to show you over the building. And this applies to all our friends, no matter how far away they live, because a visit to New York is always possible.

The other day a lady and gentle-

man from South Carolina came to call upon us for a neighbor, who is a contributor of ours, and who asked them to come and see what the place was like.

A suspicion came to us that our contributor was not without guile; that perhaps this was his clever way of "finding us a friend," because our experience proves that a visit to the building is more impressive than anything we can say about it.

But you, who have helped us, will come to see us as a fellow-worker and a friend. You will come as one who belongs, one who has had a share in producing the sum total of the Institute. Some of you, to whom this is addressed have sent us money, year after year, without ever having crossed our threshold, or your threshold, perhaps we ought to say. We appreciate the faith and confidence you have exhibited, but we would like to know you better, and to have you know the Institute better. We would like you to see the steady stream of men coming up to the social department, which you have made possible. We want you to look into the big comfortable reading rooms and the concert hall, and the other services for which you, with our other contributors, have paid.

Others who read this will be new contributors, and you too, we want to pay us a visit, because there are many demands upon the purse these days and no intelligent man or woman ought to give without knowing that the cause is deserving, but that is only half of our reason for wanting you to visit us. A cheque-

book relationship with you does not satisfy us. It isn't fair to you. We want you to have some of the joy as well as the sacrifice of giving. We want you to be able to say to yourself:

"IF I HAD NOT CONTRIBUTED TO THAT INSTITUTE

Some man would be unjustly sent to jail through ignorance of our laws;

Some boy would remain permanently away from his home and break his mother's heart;

Some poor lad would walk the streets with the soles out of his shoes;

Some discouraged seaman would be driven to crime through lack of employment;

Some boy, for whom his father is praying, would become a derelict because of the loneliness and temptations of the water front;

Some stranger would die unvisited in one of our hospitals and be buried without a prayer in a lonely grave."

We want you to feel that you, like the good Samaritan, have paused a moment by the wayside of life to bind a fellow traveler's wounds.

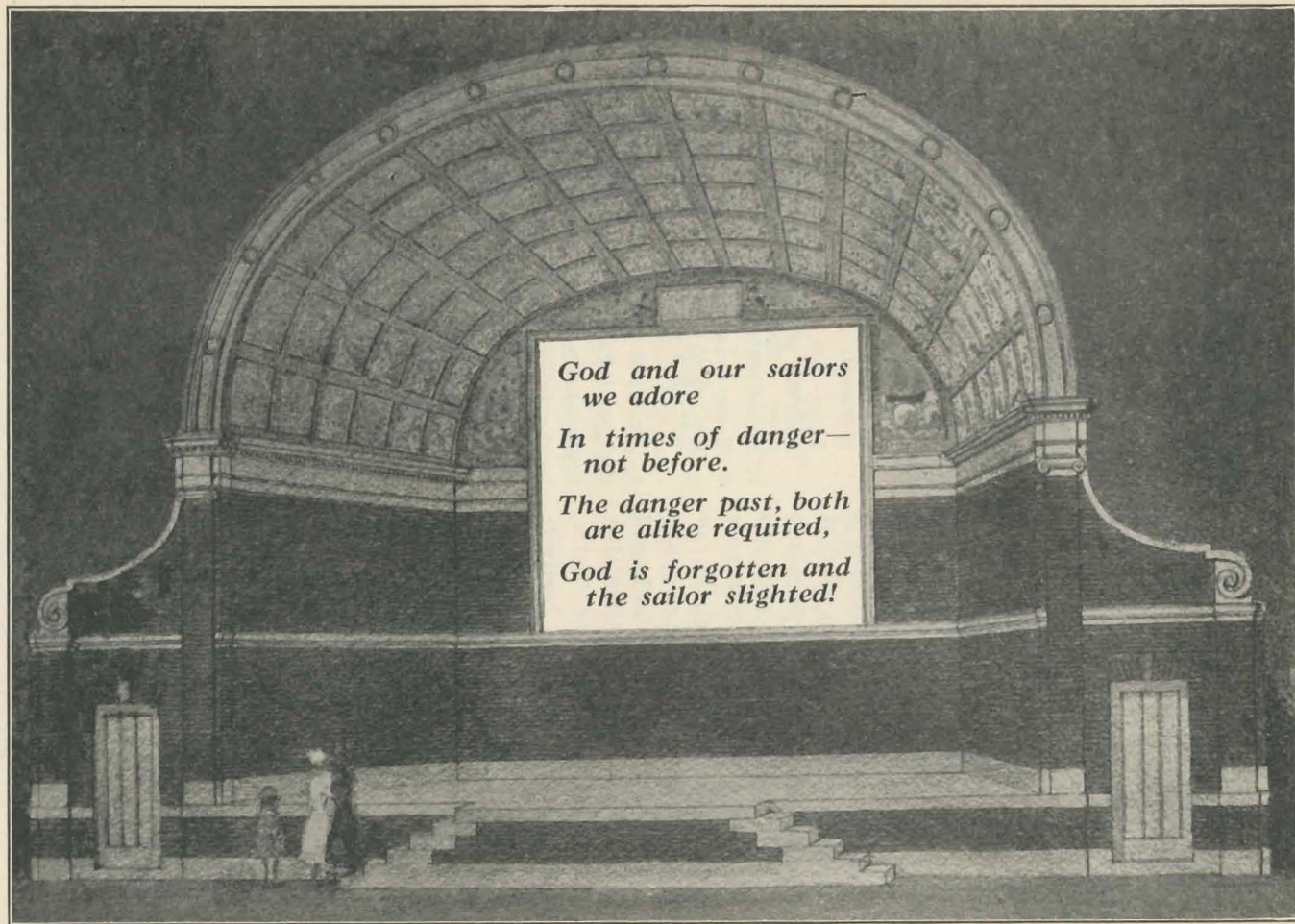
Come and visit us.

And bring your friends.

His Economy

Sometimes the little English apprentice boys get quite worried about the American money.

One of them told the Entertainment Lady in strict confidence the other evening that he had no use for Brooklyn. He went into a store over there the other day to buy a collar button and they wanted to charge him a nickel for it, so he walked out, and when he got over to Manhattan he got the same thing for five cents.



*God and our sailors
we adore*

*In times of danger—
not before.*

*The danger past, both
are alike requited,*

*God is forgotten and
the sailor slighted!*

MEMORIAL TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

A contributor has asked us to republish this illustration of the Memorial Stage. It should be explained that it has been improved upon since this design was drawn.

The War Memorial

Glancing out from the windows of the Administration office one sees the dream of a Memorial to Merchant Seamen taking concrete form. The walls are built, and as this issue of *The Lookout* goes to press the dome is almost finished.

It has not waited for a formal dedication to begin its usefulness. As soon as the foundation and the platform were laid band concerts were given there. It is being immediately pressed into service for the folk of the waterfront. At once it becomes apparent how far-seeing it was to have this monument take the form of a stage, that would bring brightness and joy to this part of the city.

We hope soon to be able to announce that enough money has been contributed to pay for the Memorial.

At present the fund is \$4,747.83 short of completion.

War Memorial Fund

The amount required.....	\$18,000.00
Pledged conditionally.....	1,000.00
Cash received.....	12,252.17
Amount to be raised.....	4,747.83

She Turned Back

Scotchmen are not all tongue-tied. The Lady-Who-Listens was astonished one Sunday evening when, without any preliminary such as the age-old British tradition demands, a Scotchman unburdened himself of his story. Minus the burrs, and the wees and the ayes, this is the tale.

During the war he had been going

back and forth on ships carrying T. N. T. It's the kind of cargo to make a man review his past life in search of a good deed or two to commend him to Divine Mercy. The least concussion on that explosive cargo and—but there would be no and.

If a man goes about too long with his heart in his mouth, he gets jumpy, so the crew drank steadily to try to forget their ticklish friend in the hold.

One day the young woman to whom the Scotchman was engaged came onto the ship to see him. He saw her come on deck, but he didn't care whether she came or went. He was half drunk.

She came into the saloon where the bottles and glasses told their own story.

"Sandy," she said, "what are you doing?"

Sandy made an inclusive gesture in the direction of the glasses and bottles. "Ye can see for yourself, I'm having a drop to steady my nerves."

"Sandy," says she, "You know I'll never marry a drinking man. "Are you going to stop it?"

Sandy thought he wouldn't, and she went away in disgust.

He took another drink.

A little later, through a denser fog of alcohol, he saw her return.

She told him that she couldn't go and leave him, because if she gave him up, what would become of him?

Something in the shock of losing her, followed by the happiness of having her back, completely changed his whole attitude and he stopped

his habits of drunkenness. Eight years have passed and he is still sober, and the sweetheart is now his wife.

If she hadn't turned back?

But she did.

One of Life's Happy Endings

Life is the greatest plotter of stories, after all, and outdoes even O. Henry in surprise endings.

If ever the stage was set for tragedy it seemed to be in the case of David and his wife, and yet their threatened catastrophe has a truly Pollyanna conclusion.

The first of the story has been told in *The Lookout* already, but it was all in a minor key.

In reading the story of David it might be well to keep in mind that saying of John Wesley, when he saw a man being taken in a cart to be hanged, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Wesley."

David was a young American boy, who went away to war and left behind him a dear and lovely wife.

To make the waiting endurable she went into war work and distinguished herself in that service. But when the time drew near for David to return she went back to her home in order to be there to welcome him. One day a letter came. She opened it with trembling hands, expecting it would announce his homecoming.

She read it slowly, incredulously, with that contraction of the heart that bad news brings.

David wrote that he had fallen a victim to the temptations of army

life, and was not fit to live with her. He was never coming back.

She said nothing to anyone, but fought it all out in the bitterness of her heart. In the end she discovered that she loved him just as much as ever, perhaps more, because it often seems that love is not quite perfect until it is mixed with tears.

Putting aside all thought of self, she set out to find him—not to ask him to revoke his decision, but to let him know that she understood, and forgave, and still cared.

Some way she heard of our missing men department and wrote asking if we could locate her husband. He had entered the Merchant Marine and been in the Institute, and our Chaplain advised her to leave a letter in our post office for him.

She wrote begging him to see her just once, waited a few days, and then called again.

The Chaplain had the painful task of telling her that he had called for the letter.

Bracing herself to accept the situation, she announced that she was going west.

Six months later David turned up at the Institute again and the Chaplain, catching sight of him over another man's head, went straight for him, with his mind and his mouth all set to give him a good lecture. But David disarmed him by saying right away, "Can you help me to get a ticket for the west?"

The Chaplain smiled, then looked grave. "And is it all right, now?" he asked kindly.

David looked serious, too, as he spoke gravely of the past for which

he, and the one dearest to him in the world, had paid so much, but which was now definitely left behind.

Later the Chaplain received these two letters from David:

My dear friend:

After a very pleasant trip through beautiful and familiar scenery I have arrived at my destination and am now at _____, where my wife and I occupy a very comfortable little cottage overlooking the water. It is a very charming spot and we expect to stay here until I re-enter some phase of the lumber business or perhaps continue my course along that line at the university.

Might I impose once more upon your kindness to the extent of asking you to have my mail enclosed in an envelope and forwarded to me here? Please accept both my wife's and my own very sincere thanks for your service to us.

Sincerely,

My dear friend:

Your letter enclosing the letter from my mother arrived several days ago and I thank you very much for sending it. If it is not asking too much, could you enclose whatever mail may come for me, say, about once a week, and mail it under separate cover? I am enclosing a few stamps to cover postage. If there are any left over, use them to forward some other fellow's mail. I believe that would be the better arrangement if it does not cause you too much trouble.

My wife sends her most cordial greetings, and I join her in hoping that if a sailor's minister should

happen to be traveling some day, we might have a little visit in this city.

Sincerely yours,

Another Chance

There is no man too drunken, too dirty, too utterly down-and-out to be helped by our social department.

The other day one of the worst old drunkards on South Street sought out the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief and said, "I know I'm not much good, but I want another chance."

The Woman - Who - Gives - Relief began by sending him to the baths and then to the clinic, and finally gave him meal tickets, and a bed and a job. Nobody thought he would sober up, but he has for the time being, at least, and paid back the money loaned to him.

"If he stays sober and works for just a week, it would be worth while," said the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief.

English? Certainly

Written in rather an illegible hand, the post office was at first staggered by this demand, but you can see for yourself that it's perfectly clear, to anyone with just a little imagination.

1922 18 of August.

Ef dear is eni mail an Name
John Beck will jou kaindli send
alvez till Albani West Albani
Stok Yard.

Hattee

Onli for dis kall bekause i bi
back in New York negst week.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at
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TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 3620

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

One Whom We Love

The Institute has many precious relationships with its contributors, but there is one friend to whom it would like to pay a special tribute. She is a quiet, gentle-faced woman, who earns her living in what some of you might think a menial kind of labor. Her hands are hardened, and her back bent with toil. Her son went to the war and was spared, and her help to our seamen is a thank offering. She is lavish in her joy. One day last winter, when we were trying to raise the special S. O. S. Fund, she brought us twenty dollars.

When we put the slips for the War Memorial Fund in The Lookout she was not satisfied with sending a dollar, but came in and got sixteen more slips and brought them back with the names of her friends, and their contributions.

We are reminded of the words Lowell puts in Christ's mouth in the Vision of Sir Launfal, "Who gives

himself with his alms feeds three, himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

6 A. B's and an Engineer

reads the bulletin put up by our Employment Bureau and instantly a dozen eager faces appear at the window. Their owners set forth, as well as in them lies, the reasons why they should be chosen to fill the positions. 6 A. B.'s and an engineer are chosen, directed how to find the prospective employer, and the rest return to their seats and fasten their eyes again on the bulletin board.

Shipping has improved, but like most convalescents it goes forward haltingly, so that there are always more seamen wanting jobs than there are jobs to be filled.

Our Employment Bureau has rendered great service during the past few months in finding work both on ships and shore, for the men, many of whom were almost down and out.

"They would like to thank those readers of THE LOOKOUT who helped them by sending to the Institute when they needed workers."

Since January they have placed 3,400 men, 2,513 in seamen's jobs, and 887 on shore.

It is an impressive statement, but even these significant figures are inadequate to convey an idea of the happiness, the renewed courage, the restored self-respect represented by this service.

More Money in Bank

The worker in charge of the Seamen's Savings Department is no

lean and hungry Cassius with a propagandist bent, but he assures us that there is more money being saved by seamen since the eighteenth amendment went on the statute books than previously, in spite of harder times.

That one can't truthfully say went into effect is obvious, since a walk along South Street almost any time will provide convincing exceptions to its enforcement, but it must be that many, who used formerly to drink freely, are now deterred by suspicion of the quality of the liquor that is offered for sale. At any rate, figures speak for themselves. Whereas the deposits used, in the gala days of shipping, to range from one hundred dollars up to the thousands, they have now shrunk in size to twenty and thirty dollars up to hundreds, but the total is appreciably higher than in the banner days, when ships could hardly find enough men to man them and unemployment was an unheard of condition, except for those with a constitutional aversion to labor.

Band of Street Cleaning Department

The Band of the Street Cleaning Department followed that of Mr. Goldman the succeeding Monday evening with an open air concert in Jeanette Park.

The program was of quite a different character, old-fashioned songs and medleys, but they were rendered with spirit and enthusiasm, and there was every evidence that the seamen and the neighborhood enjoyed them immensely.

"Remember that?" one listener would say to another and begin humming "Rosie O'Grady." They used to sing that when I was playing marbles.

The person addressed was by now chanting softly "After the ball was over, after the dancers leave." And so it went on through a long list of old favorites, representing mileposts in the lives of the audience.

One song had been heard at a music hall in London, another on the water front at San Francisco, and yet a third when one went home to visit the old folks at Christmas.

The Institute is most grateful to these men for giving this excellent concert to the seamen.

Evidently There's Trouble

I have sent you a copie of my Brothers letter where he wrote me where come with the mean letter to the custom house that he sent me, I sent them by John W. Blunte, the policy were sent righ from there and there were a red cross button on the face of the letter that come withe the policy, and on the policy the no of the ship. and the Seamens Church Institute were at the top.

Roser A. Wilson Reddick, in the care of Thom Dildy.

R. F. D. No. 3 Box 74, Ahoskie, N. C.

We gather from the above letter, which our post office received the other day, that somebody is being disagreeable, but we're not clear what about or to whom, or why we should be involved in the general "meanness."



A Corner of the Reading Room in the New Orleans Institute for Merchant Seamen.

The Institute in New Orleans

One of the Younger Members of the Institute Family, but Thriving.

The Times-Picayune, of New Orleans, on Sunday, July 2, published an interesting story of the activities of the Seamen's Church Institute of that port. This is one of the younger children of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, an organization which was the outgrowth of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, with the same President, Edmund L. Baylies.

One of the most interesting things in life is the way every service we render to our fellow men discovers new avenues for service. As this Institute proved the necessity for its existence, by the ever increasing numbers of men who sought shelter under its roof, it became apparent that our obligation to the men of the sea did not stop with the port of New York. In other ports men were going on shore lonely, eager for contact with their fellow men, easy victims for unscrupulous boarding house keepers and dealers in supplies. It was not enough to put a friendly hand on a man's shoulder in New York and leave him to fend for himself in the other American ports where seamen's homes were not already established.

So the Seamen's Church Institute of America was organized for the express purpose of establishing and fostering new Institutes in different parts of the country.

Most of these Institutes are modeled after this one, with such modi-

fications as local conditions and their comparative infancy demand.

Many points of similarity between our work and theirs will be seen in this description of the New Orleans Institute.

In New Orleans

A pool room—the sign says “five cents a game,” but during the hard times last spring nearly every game was played free—abuts upon the the office. Behind it are stairs and a “dunnage room” filled with baggage, in which heavy, bulky canvas bags predominate.

The stairs lead to a long reading room. In the center are tables on which lie magazines ranged (just after the daily “cleaning up”) at regular intervals. Free paper and envelopes are provided for use at blotter-covered writing desks at the side. Checker tables and bookcases stand in pleasant proximity to French windows opening upon a gallery where, in the evening, the men sit. Crayon drawings on the walls testify to the ability of a caricaturist at one of the weekly Thursday evening entertainments. There is a piano and a small stage.

The men may make coffee and do other cooking on the stove in the small kitchen, which, with the linen room, completes the second floor.

Clean Dormitories

“Double-decker” beds, covered with neat dark blue and white spreads, fill the dormitories on the third and fourth floors, where each man has an individual locker. The shower baths are on the third floor.

One of the features of the Institute is the library extension service, through which the men can take packages of books with them to sea; another is the receiving of money for safe keeping—no small service, as Mr. Moore points out, in view of the many attempts made by dishonest persons to “fleece” seamen while on shore. The Institute receives allotments and pays same on order at any time, opens bank accounts for guests, cashes drafts and money orders, forwards money to all parts of the United States and changes foreign money.

Although Mr. Moore is an Episcopalian clergyman, the Sunday evening services, like the ideals of the national institute, are non-sectarian. The services are almost as well attended as the weekly entertainments at which women of church and other organizations are hostesses.

Following New York

It is natural that Mr. Moore should have in mind constantly the New York Institute, since it was there he received his training, a schoolmate of the Reverend A. R. Mansfield, the present superintendent. Founded eighty years ago, that organization has grown until it is known to literally thousands of men all over the world, who hail its beacon light shining on New York Bay as they return from America's importing and exporting business, as a gleam from home. Mr. Moore tells with enthusiasm about its tailoring establishment and “slop chest” (general store), its great dunnage room,

and the thousand and one details arranged for the comfort of the seamen, the plan for the building next year of a twenty-story annex, so that the Institute will accommodate all told 2,000 men a night. The Institute in New Orleans is expected to develop along the same lines, he said.

Locating Lost Men

Finding out what has become of many lost men is one of the results of the national character of the Institute. When a seaman's family have not heard from him for months or even years and notify the organization, notices are posted at all the branches, through which, according to Mr. Moore, news of 50 per cent. of the men is received. In many cases the seaman has simply neglected to write, forgetting how time flies.

The institution in New Orleans is two-thirds self-supporting, and this in spite of the fact that during the time when the unemployment problem was at its height, many men were received on trust. In no case have they failed to pay what they owed as soon as daily trips to the shipping board office had yielded positions and they were drawing their pay, Mr. Moore said. The percentage of support by the men is about the same as in the case of the New York Institute, the running expenses of which last year were more than \$630,000 with \$430,000 paid by the seamen.

In asking the public to take memberships in and contribute to this philanthropy, the Institute points

out that citizens protect their own interests in supporting work which tends to make seamen in port contented members of society instead of a prey to gangsters and crooks. Leading citizens, both men and women, have interested themselves in activities which are being conducted by this and several other organizations.

The Personnel

The Seamen's Church Institute, in New Orleans, is headed by Furman B. Pearce. George H. Terriberry is first vice-president; Mrs. Douglas Anderson, second vice-president; Mrs. John N. Stewart, third vice-president; Andrew M. Lockett, treasurer, and Mrs. George H. Terriberry, secretary. The board of directors comprises: Dr. W. S. Bean, Lewis L. Bebout, the Reverend A. R. Berkley, Captain Charles M. Cugle, Major R. E. Ebersole, F. E. Gunter, William E. Huger, William H. Hendren, E. L. Jahncke, Frances J. MacDonnell, the Reverend C. B. K. Weed, Miss Jean Gordon, Mrs. E. L. Jahncke, Mrs. A. M. Lockett, Mrs. F. J. MacDonnell, Mrs. John L. Many, Mrs. Anne McK. Robertson.

Pliska's Bag

United States Customs Service,
Portland, Me.

Supt. Seamen's Church Institute,
New York City.

Sir:

S. S. Gunnar Heiberg, arriving at this port this morning, reports picking up, in the Bay of Fundy, a life-

boat marked S. S. Barryton, Elizabeth, N. J. In the boat were two seamen's bags, one marked G. Pliska, and in Pliska's bag was check No. 1225 issued by your Institute at 25 South Street, New York, on July 20th, 1922, to George Pliska. This information is given for your guidance in the event that Mr. Pliska applies for the checked article.

Yours,

The S. S. Granite State, being sea weary and full of years, was on her way to the ships' graveyard when she was struck suddenly by a storm, for which her feebleness was unprepared. Perhaps the good god Neptune took pity on her and sent the storm to save her from the indignity of being "scrapped."

The crew escaped in some of the unmatched assortment of life boats that had been sent out with the old ship on her last journey. In some way Pliska and his bag were separated.

He last saw it bobbing up and down, like a cork, in a life boat. A few days later he turned up at the Institute. He went to the Hotel Desk and explained that he had been shipwrecked and lost the check for a parcel of valuables he had left with us. His hand writing was identified, he prophesied correctly the contents of the package, so it was given to him.

The next day the Administration Office received the letter printed above.

Our House Manager looked Pliska up in the officer's room.

"We've found your sea bag," he said.

Pliska stared, and shook his head incredulously.

Then the House Manager showed him the letter. The bag has been sent for, although the contents probably won't be very valuable after their aquatic adventures.

His Start in Life

It is a thrilling moment for the ordinary boy when he stands on the doorstep of his career. Before him lies the world. Behind him stand an anxious father and mother, watching his great adventure with mixed emotions of regret, fear and pride.

But it does not always happen that way. The other day there came to this Institute a boy who had been raised in a poorhouse. He wanted us to help him secure a job on a ship. It was the big event in his life. He was leaving behind him the institution in which he had been raised, and whatever ties he had formed with life, and in doing so he had no one to turn to for help but an institution.

We tried to rise to the occasion; to be father and mother, brothers and sisters to the waif, to care a little bit that he was just a boy starting out in life. We don't pretend that we took the place of a home to the lad, but he didn't know what a home and family are like, so he wasn't very exacting, and seemed very joyous and grateful as we sent him to be a mess boy on a ship.

Ask Him to Write

A group of adults were sitting around the fire one night talking of childhood.

"I don't want time to roll backward and make me a child for tonight or any other time," said one of them.

"Nor I," said another.

Then they began telling of the humiliations of childhood.

One remembered, with a peculiar bitterness, that when he and his older brother had bought caps of the same price his mother had sent his cap back, saying that was too much to pay for it. Probably the mother had some idea of proportioning the cost to their ages, but the sensitive child mind decided it represented the value she put upon themselves.

A woman recalled that when she was very tiny she had tried to recite a poem at some entertainment and broken down, and the family had laughed and teased her about it when they reached home.

A man from across the seas laughed as he told of his most miserable memory. He had waited and hoped and longed for his first pair of long pants and when he got them they made him wear a little boy's sailor hat with them.

This experience meeting came to mind again when there came a letter from a mother telling us that we had promised to ask Leslie to write and he hadn't written, and she wanted Leslie to know that if he needed money to go home, she would send it.

But the woman in charge of miss-

ing men had talked to Leslie, and we're wondering why he didn't write.

Perhaps in that home, also, there was some mal-adjustment between the child and the adult mind.

Music in the Park

The Band of the Department of Police, which gave a concert in Jeanette Park on August 14, set the small folk of the neighborhood to dancing in the outlying shadows.

Now they teetered lightly in a jig. Now they danced a one step, with that precious lack of self-consciousness which is the special heritage of extreme youth.

Up in the Apprentice Room, too, some ardent social workers disregarded the heat and struggled to teach some eager young English boys how to dance the American dances. The perfect time of a real band was too good to miss.

And when the selection stopped, the dancers would rush to the windows and clap until the musicians looked up at them and smiled and yielded to their desire for more.

These outdoor concerts are making the park a much more interesting neighborhood centre than it has ever been before, and we are grateful to these musicians for the pleasure they bring down to South Street.

French Books

Two young French seamen of a superior family came to see us the other day. It was their first visit

to America and the Institute. To mitigate the strangeness of a foreign land they asked very modestly if we could give them some books in their own language.

The Man-With-the-Friendly-Smile promised, if they would come back the next day, to have a parcel of books for them. With a few courteous words of thanks they went away and returned a day later.

The Man-With-the-Friendly-Smile was waiting for them with the books, and talked to them a little while in their own language. The boys were delighted.

As they left one of them said graciously, "It has made us very happy to be given in America these French books, which we long wanted to read."

Not Classified

New York will not tolerate inexactitude. If one belongs definitely in a certain group well and good; one's affairs are taken care of with breath-taking speed and efficiency, but for the unclassified there is no machinery, and the detachment of every one with whom they come in contact is maddening.

One of these unclassified human beings turned up in our social department the other day and told a pitiful story. Two months and two days earlier he had come off a ship with an injured arm. He had gone to the Marine Hospital to have it dressed, but there were many before him, and he was in great agony, so he went away to Bellevue. He has paid dearly for that little gesture of impatience.

Some time later, when, suffering terribly from his arm, he tried to get into the Marine Hospital he was just one day too long off a ship to be counted a seaman. He came to this Institute, but he was not really eligible here. Nor, being a transient, was he properly a ward of the city. In a highly specialized society he did not come under any head, and so he was in danger of suffering neglect.

Our Case Worker turned his difficulty over in her mind. Finally she called up the secretary of the K. of C. and implored his help and finally she was able to send the poor man to the Mission of the Holy Name.

The Welsh Boys

They had traveled a long way to meet, from nearby Welsh towns with unprintable Welsh names to the Seamen's Church Institute, New York.

One of them had been coming to the Institute for years and was quite easy and at home in the Apprentice Room as he sat at a small table by himself one Sunday evening turning over a magazine.

When one of the volunteer workers spoke to him he met her advances with a friendly smile and a pleasant greeting. That was before service.

After service the same worker and the Welsh boy met again, and stopped a moment for a chat.

All the time the worker was uneasily conscious of two shy young men sitting very dumb and motion-

less against the wall, and finally she said to the Welsh boy, "I think perhaps those boys are strangers. Shall we go and speak to them?"

They went, and found that it was the first visit of the silent ones to the Institute.

But, stranger still, one of these newcomers had a brother teaching in the village the first boy called home, and all three of them were Welsh.

Next to Godliness

A negligible little man he is in size, a scant five feet, and as quaint a little person as ever walked on South Street, hardly big enough one would imagine to house such a passion for cleanliness.

And yet there he is every fine morning hanging out his washing in Jeanette Park. Somebody says he washes it in the East River, but that is hardly likely, for when he drapes it on the fence near where the monument to Merchant Seamen is being built it is quite decently white, a result that does not seem possible in the greasy water of the river.

His laundry work finished he sits down, and watches it until it is dry, a precaution, we regret to have to admit, that is not without justification.

At such times he invariably wears a long green-brown tweed overcoat buttoned tightly about him, and we suspect that it comprises, for the time being, nearly his entire apparel, except for the brown felt hat with the trimmings of leather, shaped like a policeman's helmet.

General Summary of Work

JULY, 1922

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services, A. M.	5	76
Sunday Services, P. M.	5	422
Communion Services	5	36
Bible Classes	4	153
Gospel Meetings	4	26
Miscellaneous Services	4	100
Weddings	1	
Funerals	0	
Confirmations	1	

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

Sunday Services, A. M.	5	157
Communion Services	1	3
Funerals	0	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Home Hours	5	285
Entertainments	6	6,300
Lodgings Registered		24,938
Incoming Mail for Seamen		15,324
Dunnage Checked		4,808
Packages Literature Distributed		68
Knitted Articles Distributed		59

Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing	434
Assisted through Loan Fund	60
Baggage and Minor Relief	66
Cases in Institute Clinic	655

Employment

Men Shipped	864
Shore Jobs	150

Visits

Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	48	To Hospitals	30
Referred to Other Organizations	23	To Patients	157
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	32	Other Visits	21

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	24
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation	20
First Aid Lectures	3

SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits	\$49,900.32
Withdrawals	49,891.34
Transmissions	16,575.05

*“When I consider life and its few years,
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears—”*

As one walks through this House of Memories and reads the bronze tablets on the doors one is reminded that, at the longest, the distance between birth and death is short and is soon traversed.

This INSTITUTE, not the building alone, but the atmosphere of it, is the product of thousands of men and women, many of whom are no longer living. Some of them helped us during their lives. Others are still helping us, through legacies, which make it easier for us to meet the emergencies of this ever-growing work.

For those of you who would like to still carry a little of the burden after you can no longer actively participate in the work we would suggest the following form of bequest:

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 corporated purposes.

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words “the sum of _____ Dollars.”