

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIII

OCTOBER, 1922

No 10

# 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   |
| 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.**

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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

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## The War Memorial

Why is it, I wonder, that we have not succeeded in raising quite enough money to pay for the War Memorial? It is true that no monument, no physical thing is adequate to express the eternal verities. But in a physical world material things are the only instruments we have with which to hand on to those who march behind us in the procession of life, that vague and elusive something which we feel really matters.

Imperfect, even as this splendid memorial stage is as an expression of the glow that lights up our spirits at the thought of the quiet courage of these men, it is something.

I believe, if you think of it in this way, we will not have to ask again for the money to pay for it. You will be glad to put into tangible form a little of our gratitude for their sacrifice.

|                          |             |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| Amount required.....     | \$18,000.00 |
| Cash received.....       | 12,699.55   |
| Pledged conditionally... | 1,000.00    |
| Amount to be raised..... | 4,300.45    |

## The Interest of Prayers

There was a worker in this Institute who believed that prayers accumulate like interest in the bank; that all those who have helped with the work in the last seventy-eight years have hallowed the place with their love and sympathy, that because they cared so much for it the work has taken on a tangible char-

acter compounded of all their different personalities.

She even felt that instead of our directing it, it takes each of us and uses us for its own purposes, which are mightier than any individual life or ambition.

Tennyson speaks of "the far off interest of tears." May it not be that there is also a "far off interest" of prayers?

All of you, sailing on a lake boat, have had the experience of feeling that the vessel was headed for a rocky shore, and finding unexpectedly that there was a channel between two islands leading to the open water.

The President, Treasurer and Superintendent of this Institute, who have steered our ship through many difficult passages, will tell you that they have had that experience over and over again. Often when they themselves did not know the channel existed it has appeared unexpectedly around a corner.

Is this special guidance and protection one payment of "the far off interest" of prayers?

It wouldn't be surprising. On every door in the building there is a plate which says that the room was given in memory of some person.

There are rooms here in memory of sea captains, and mothers, and little children.

And there is that room on the eleventh floor, in memory of the

band of the Titanic. That room alone ought to bring a blessing to the building.

One never gets over the thrill of the heroism of that band. The other men on the Titanic died bravely, but the band and the wireless operator had the special privilege of serving up to the last minute.

There is a catch in the throat yet as one thinks of those quite ordinary men sitting there playing "Home, Sweet Home" as the ship sank. What were they thinking as they played it? Were they wondering what sort of home they would have when the curtain went up again?

So perhaps it is true that this Institute is haunted by good memories, which bring a blessing upon our work.

### To Make Music

A long time since, the Entertainment Lady requisitioned a corner of this LOOKOUT to ask for *new* phonograph records of *new* selections to be used on our machine in the Apprentice Room.

The boys get much fun out of this machine in spite of the fact that many of our records are well worn and rather antiquated in subject. To be sure, music is music. But there is a certain age when the latest song hit is tremendously important, not because it is music, but because youth has a furious passion for new things.

Let's not laugh at them, but remember our own terrific seriousness between seventeen and twenty,

when we and Atlas held the world up, and see if we can't find someone who would like to send the Entertainment Lady some of the newest and catchiest and most futuristic of records.

### "The Kingdom of Heaven Is Within You"

He was travelling along that vague border line between sickness and health, but was entirely cheerful about it.

Yes, he told the House Mother he had been in the Marine Hospital—fine hospital. Got splendid attention.

They asked him if he had any friends in this country (he is a Dane) and at first he said "No," and then he remembered and said "I have Mrs. Roper, the House Mother of the Seamen's Church Institute."

The House Mother smiled kindly upon him, "If only I had known you were ill, I could have sent you to the Burke Foundation."

But he had been to the Burke Foundation for a week. Wonderful place. Mighty good to a fellow there. He used to stand in the hall and look at the portrait of the man who founded it and think what a fine, kind face he had. Pretty decent of him to start a place like that.

"But why didn't you stay longer than a week?" asked the House Mother. "They would have kept you at least two."

They said there was a waiting list and he began to think maybe there were others a lot sicker than he was

"Nearer My God To Thee"

waiting to get in. Maybe a mother with small children who needed her, and he couldn't hang on to the room and keep them waiting when he was able to get around and do something.

Nice to be back at the Institute. Everybody so friendly.

### The Slop Chest

Sea flavored though it is, "Slop Chest" is not an adequate name for our tidy store on the corner of Coenties Slip and Front Street.

This stand is the old saloon, through the doors of which so many respectable looking men have passed to come out drunken and disheveled. Now the tables are turned. Men go through its doors looking shabby and come out with the outward and physical means of respectability. It is enough to make the old building rub its eyes in wonderment.

An attractive window, trimmed with up-to-date shoes and shirts, beckons to the passerby, and does not beckon in vain, as the storekeeper will tell you.

"Suppose you sell mostly working clothes here," a visitor remarked, looking around the clean, attractive place.

The storekeeper laughed. "You'd think so, wouldn't you? But it doesn't work out that way. The seaman doesn't care what he wears to work. Any old second-hand duds will do for that. But he is very particular how he dresses up. Even one line of shoes we have here, which are a little out of date, doesn't appeal to him. He will have only

the last word in style."

Seamen are a curious mixture. They are plain working men, but they've been everywhere and seen everything. They've window-shopped in London, Paris, Berlin and Rome. They talk, when one can persuade them to talk at all, with a dreadful matter-of-factness about all the delicious "spiggoty places" mentioned in "Shore Leave."

So that the new store, with its attractively dressed window, is not making an idle pretense of having a particular patronage.

In the same renovated building is the Barber Shop, all shining clean and ship-shape. A sign painted on the wall offers a combination

HAIR CUT  
SHAVE  
SHAMPOO  
ELECTRICAL MASSAGE

All for One Dollar. What more can a man ask than that?

### What Seamen Read

A kindred society has recently inquired what real use was made of a "floating" library during a four months' voyage. The following is the very interesting report of the ship's librarian:

"On this particular vessel there were 166 seafarers in all, and of these 36 belonged to the Deck Department, 62 to the Engine Department, and the remaining 68 to the Victualling Department. One hundred and twenty-four members of that ship's company made use of the crew's library. These borrowed 1,042 volumes in the course of the

four month's voyage, an average of 8.4 volumes each. The library consisted of about 250 volumes, including such reference books as *Everyman's Encyclopedia* in twelve volumes.

"The foregoing statistics are rather remarkable, and they are worthy of careful examination, but it is when one turns to the librarian's report of individual readers and their choice of books that the significance of the figures and their bearing upon the minds and spirits of men begin to be revealed.

#### The Captain's List

"The captain read twelve books—and a very attractive dozen they were:

Ball, *The Story of the Heavens*.

Scott-Elliot, *Prehistoric Man and His Story*.

Selous, *Romance of the Animal World*.

Belloc, *Warfare in England*.

Jacobs, *Light Freights*.

Cornford, *Merchant Seamen in the War*.

Kipling, *The Day's Work*.

Bullen, *A Sack of Shakings*.

Conrad, *The Mirror of the Sea*.

Guerber, *Myths of the Norsemen*.

Fraser, *Australia—The Making of a Nation*.

Serenson, *Life of the Australian Backblocks*.

"The bell boy naturally made for fiction, but his list is as excellent, in its way, as his captain's:

Hardy, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Conan Doyle, *The Refugees*.

Hope, *Rupert of Hentzau*.

Ballantyne, *Rover of the Andes*.

Merriman, *In Kedar's Tents*.

Lever, *Harry Lorrequer*.

Marryat, *The Three Midshipmen*.

Hogarth, *The Ancient East*.

#### The Chef's Choice

"The chef was a great and catholic reader. Here is his list:

Buchan, *Greenmantle*.

Cornford, *Merchant Seamen in the War*.

Somerville and Ross, *Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.*

Bailey, *The Highwayman*.

Burnaby, *The Ride to Khiva*.

Dumas, *The Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

Newbolt, *Submarine and Anti-Submarine*.

Dennis, *Songs of a Sentimental Bloke*.

Merriman, *The Vultures*.

Zangwill, *Children of the Ghetto*.

Fletcher, *The Great War*.

Weyman, *Shrewsbury*.

Wells, *A Modern Utopia*.

Chesterton, *History of the United States*.

Wells, *An Outline of History*.

Trevelyan, *Garibaldi and the Thousand*.

"Te Manuwiri," *Sketches of Early Colonization in New Zealand*.

Duclaux, *A Short History of France*."

—Chart & Compass.

#### "Cry"

When Mrs. Roper first met a certain young Flemish boy out on the west coast he was as broad as he was long, and his tongue tripped all over the English language.

Years later he turned up at the Institute and recalled himself to her memory, although he was now more perpendicular than square, and was glib in the use of the English language, even to its slang.

For five years, on and off, he has

been coming here, one of the most industrious seamen the House Mother knows, and the most improvident. He would give a pal the last cent he had, and borrow, without a blush, from the next man he met.

When unemployment stranded so many seamen last winter, he was inevitably among them.

Came spring, and he saw that the chances of securing a shipping job were slim, so he took work at South Beach, attending a merry-go-round.

"I worked up a great trade for the boss," he told Mrs. Roper.

The House Mother was interested. "How did you do it?"

"When the kids came to look on I'd say to them, 'Don't you want a ride?'"

"And they'd say, 'Yes, but mother won't give me the money,' and I'd say to them, 'Cry.'

"It never failed. They got the ride every time.

"The boss wanted me to promise to come back next year."

### What Fear Does

"Get me a light job," he begged of the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief. "I'm able to work all right and I know I'd get well if I could get to work again."

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief was cornered. She had dealt with many T. B. cases in her Red Cross work, and she knew a very sick man when she saw one. Roy was very sick, but she was afraid to say so lest she should discourage him in his fight to get back.

"You ought to go to a hospital for a while," she said gently.

"I have been at the hospital," he insisted, "and lost twelve pounds in one week."

It was true. Let the hospital do what it will in sending people back to their homes well and strong, it can't escape the taint of death and fear.

Roy went to the hospital and unfortunately two men died in the same ward. It filled him with such sheer terror that he began to shrink toward the grave at the rate of twelve pounds a week.

So he got up and came back to us and begged for work.

Very gently the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief persuaded him to go to the clinic for an examination.

The report came back that he was in the advanced stages of T. B.

Still he begged and plead with us to find him work.

There are some truths too harsh to be uttered, so the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief could not tell him that she dare not find him work and expose others to the risk of contracting his disease.

Instead she did what she could to allay his terror of hospitals, told him over and over again that rest was the only thing that could cure his trouble.

Finally she persuaded him to let her take him to Seaview Hospital.

Not only has she gone to see Roy and cheered him up, but she has hunted up his friends and begged them to visit him. It is not the services the seamen pay us to render which make the Institute unique

—it's caring whether Roy's friends go to see him and the other things money can't buy that make it different.

### A Day's Work

Franklin says he is not a drug addict, but the authorities decided that he is and sent him into seclusion on Riker's Island, where our Chaplain went to visit him one roasting hot day.

Before nine o'clock he was standing in line to get a pass permitting him to visit the island. He had to stand first on one foot and then on the other for nearly an hour.

When the passes had all been issued the visitors went on board a little boat which meandered around the East River for over an hour, calling at the prison and the penitentiary piers where some of society's outlaws are detained. At each stop everybody was ordered inside.

There were quite a number of visitors and "inside" was cramped, and it was very close and moist, so that everybody was greatly relieved when the little boat steamed away towards its destination.

Its arrival was untimely—at 11 o'clock, while the men were still out working.

It was 12:45 before they had returned, eaten their dinner, and were ready to see the visitors, who, unfed since the early morning, waited there in front of a double row of bars.

Then followed three hours of visiting, and it was evident, as the

Chaplain told about it, that this was the worst ordeal of the day.

"Visiting a man who is almost a total stranger, in the presence of others, is never easy, but visiting him for three hours through two rows of bars and shouting at the top of one's voice to drown out the twenty or thirty other visitors——" the Chaplain made a gesture of despair. However, he lived through it, and got back to New York in time for late dinner at night.

On the Chaplain's report it will read, "Visited Franklin at Riker's Island."

But in the final report of Franklin's life how will it read?

### "Pray for Me"

If you had decided to go straight to the Devil you wouldn't hunt up a Chaplain and tell him about it, now would you? We suspect that the real truth of the matter is that the people who go to the Devil don't decide to do it at all, but slip gently down the primrose path to the eternal bonfire.

So the Chaplain knew, when James turned up and announced his intention of going to perdition that James didn't mean it, that he had looked him up because he was determined not to let go of decency and right living.

So it was comparatively easy after that. The Chaplain helped him to get a better sense of perspective. Together they took his troubles out of his pack, one by one, and examined them, and somehow they didn't seem half so awful with two people look-



ing at them as they did when one man had them all to himself.

The Chaplain wrote a letter for him to the woman in the case, and told her certain things she ought to know. Then the letter was allowed to "cool" for a day, and they both read it over again and sent it.

The other day the editor read a quite wonderful letter from that young man expressing appreciation of the help he had received. Assuring the Chaplain that he was putting up the fight of his life and ending, "Pray for me."

### "I Pays My Bills"

"I'm drunk, but I pays my bills. I owe you much money," a man announced as he staggered up to the desk of the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief. Hopefully she reached for the file. Drunk or not, she was glad of a willingness on his part to pay back what he owed, and she had visions of a report showing a large credit.

The first card she found with his name showed that he owed her thirty cents. Dear me, that wouldn't do. So she went hurriedly on. Nothing more. She went back. Still only thirty cents. She went over them again, but the file absolutely refused to accuse him of a larger debt.

Not being able to get rid of as much money as he had expected in that direction, the seaman hunted up the House Mother and told her that he owed her some money. The House Mother couldn't remember that he did, so after coming in re-

solved to pay us "much money," the seaman got rid of just thirty cents.

But he was very happy about it.

### Clams

The seaman who gets a happy, genial outlook upon life when he is drunk is apt, in his feeling of general benevolence, to remember our House Mother as a person toward whom he owes some kindness.

This warmth of feeling finds expression in some remarkable gifts, which she has learned to accept with an appreciation of the motive, when the gift itself is rather staggering.

So when the man at the Information Desk told her he had some clams for her and produced a very much soiled newspaper with something inside that rattled, she was not taken aback.

Together they opened it up and looked at the cold sad contents. "They're cooked," the desk man said turning them over with a scornful finger.

"And the man who left them was 'stewed' too."

### Concerning Deposits

Our attention has been called to the fact that the statement regarding the increased deposits in the savings department since prohibition should be qualified by the statement that during war times, when seamen were being paid especially high wages on account of the unusually dangerous cargoes being carried, the deposits were above the present level.

# The LOOKOUT

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK  
at

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

## Somebody

Somebody came and knocked at the door of the LOOKOUT Office the other day. You know him well. He is old, yet young. He is as tall and broad as you are, but no taller and no broader. He is as kind as you are, but no kinder. He is the saint of a great festival, and he comes bearing gifts of unlimited joy, but he will permit you to choose the smallest and meanest gift in his store if small gifts appeal to you more than great ones.

He is Christmas.

He came to remind the editor to remind you that the great festival of giving is coming with a rush, as the end of the year always comes.

He wanted you to have in mind some hundreds of seamen, who on that day will be far away from home and friends, doing your errands for you. He wanted to be sure that each of these strangers in port would have a Christmas dinner;

that each of them would be reminded of Jesus, whose birth is celebrated on that day by giving joy to others. Will you not begin now to build up the Christmas fund and thus insure happiness for them and for yourself?

## Where Two Paths Cross

This is the story of a certain good rich man and a certain good poor man whose paths have crossed without their ever meeting or knowing each other's names.

The story is enough to make one wonder whether any of our seemingly casual acts are accidental.

One day last winter a prominent member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute told this good rich man about the work being done here, and he sent us a contribution of one hundred dollars. As a result of his gift he received the LOOKOUT, and became so deeply interested in our work that he paid the Institute a visit. A few days later he came back and gave the House Mother a hundred dollars to be used for special cases, as she saw fit.

About the same time there was stranded in the Institute, through unemployment, a young seaman. Let us call him Muldoon. This Muldoon is the sort of man it is a pleasure to have in the Institute. For five years he has been coming and going, hard working, clean living, paying his way, and yet grateful for the privileges the Institute offers. In all the five years he has never asked a favor of anyone.

Then came the depression in shipping and Muldoon was thrown out of employment. Our Employment Department found him a shore job, which he accepted with alacrity and kept until he was a physical wreck from a sudden and violent case of Diabetes. Unemployment, doctors' bills and special expensive food soon used up all the money he had saved.

At last he turned up at the Institute and confessed to the House Mother with the deepest mortification and shame that he was in dire need; also he wanted to go home to die, if he must, near a dear old mother in England.

We do not need to say how glad the House Mother was that he had turned to us for help.

She went to the British Consul and said, "I have not often asked anything of this office but I would consider it a personal favor if you would send this man home to England." The Consul, when he heard the story, was very sympathetic, and promised to get the young man passage as soon as possible.

Then the House Mother got him warm clothes and gave him spending money out of the gift of the rich man. Somehow it seemed easier for him to accept the money when it came in this way, not as a loan, but as a gift from someone who could well afford to spare it.

### When Men Have Shrunk

The Chaplain Who-Visits-The-Sick, would like some second hand clothes of the right sizes for men when they have shrunk, after a

longer or shorter confinement to bed; that is 36 to 40 chest, 34 to 38 waist measure and underwear in the same sizes; collars  $14\frac{1}{2}$  to  $15\frac{1}{2}$ ; socks  $10\frac{1}{2}$  to  $11\frac{1}{2}$ .

This Chaplain pretends that he just does his job, that the kindness he shows these men is all in the day's work, but the other workers in the Institute and the men themselves tell a different story; they say there is no trouble too great for him to take in order that a man may start out to look for a job with clothes that look as if they belonged to him. And sometimes that makes just the difference between his getting it and being refused.

"Well you know how apologetic you'd feel yourself" the Chaplain says, "if you had a size fourteen neck inside a sixteen collar."

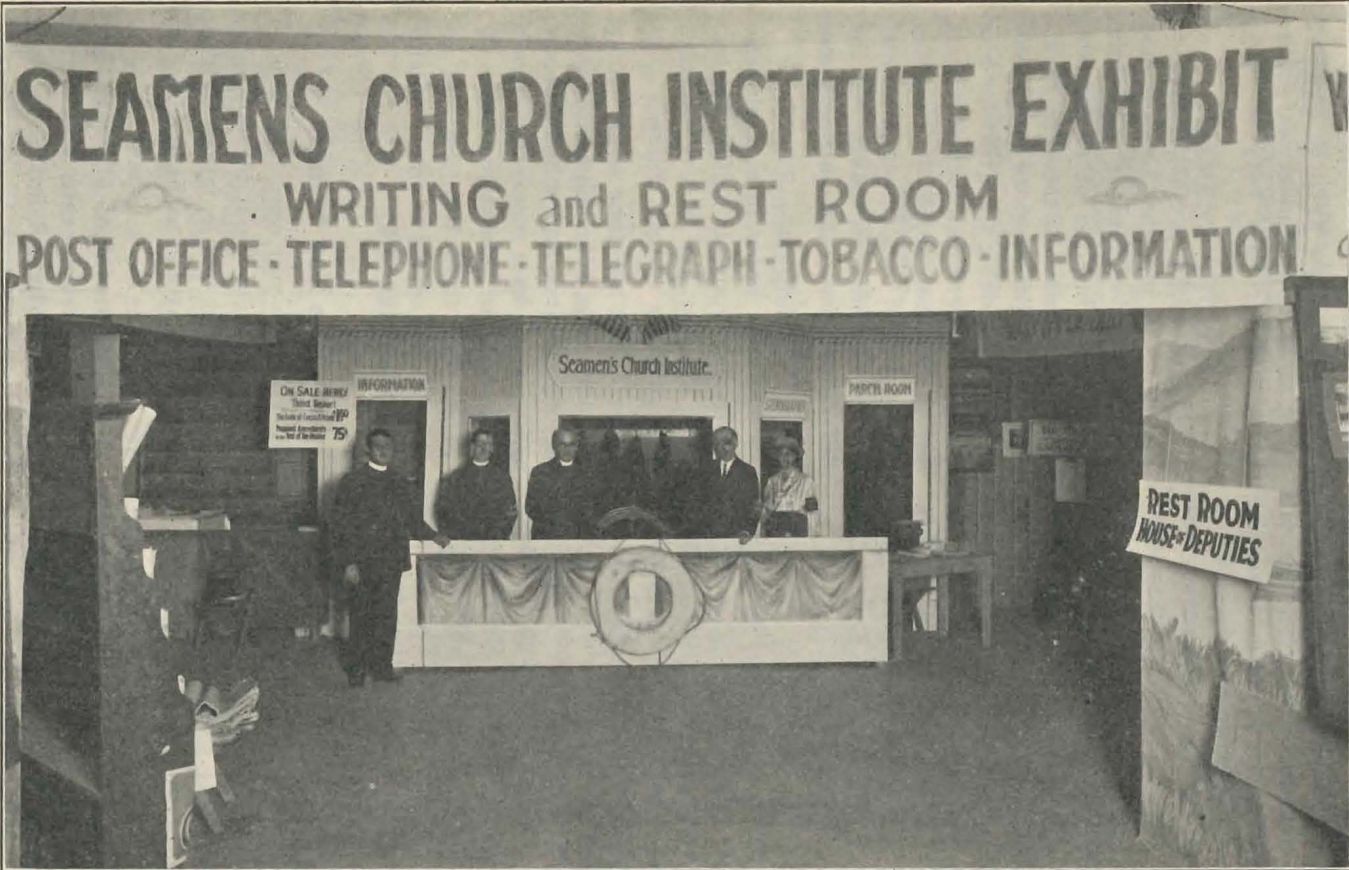
There isn't any time when a man so much needs to be helped to a feeling of assurance and self-confidence as just when he is recovering from a protracted and expensive illness.

I am sure those who can will respond to the appeal of the Chaplain-Who-Visits-the-Sick.

### The Boy Found

Very likely you were not as worried as we were about the boy who was lost, and whose father walked the streets day and night looking for him.

Our department of Missing Men was not able to locate him, probably because he did not go to sea, but we are glad to be able to announce that he returned to his home.



Central Division of the Exhibit of the Seamen's Church Institute of America  
at the National Episcopal Convention at Portland, Oregon, 1922.

Left to Right—Rev. Charles P. Deems, Asst. Gen. Supt.; Rev. Wm. T. Weston, Organizing Secy.;  
Rt. Rev. Wm. F. Nichols, D. D., Honorary Pres.; Mr. Adam Tait, Asst. Supt., S. C. I., of Los Angeles.

### At the General Convention

For the second time in its history the Seamen's Church Institute of America has represented its work by an exhibit at the General Convention. At the General Convention of 1922, just passed, held in Portland, Oregon, space was allotted to this organization for the purpose of its exhibit, of 76 x 20 ft. The object of the exhibit this year was two-fold:

(1) To give the visitor an idea, by picture and representation, of the scope and character of this department of Christian social service, and

(2) To render, by its arrangement and personnel, a practical service to the members of the General Convention. This service illustrated in part the actual service rendered in its Institutes.

The exhibit included a post office department for mail for those who attended the Convention, a canteen for tobacco and other commodities, telephone booths, an official auxiliary information bureau supplementing that of the Convention proper, services of a public stenographer connected with the writing room, parcel checking room, and rest room. Around the walls of the space were exhibited photographs and other exhibits of the various Institutes affiliated with the national organization.

#### Officers in Charge

The Reverend Charles P. Deems, rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco, and former Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of

San Francisco, was the Honorary Chairman of the exhibit, and the Rev. Mr. Weston, Organizing Secretary of the national organization, was the Executive Chairman of the exhibit. Besides these two, the national organization was represented by its Honorary President, Bishop Nichols of California, and its President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, who was a deputy from the Diocese of New York.

On Wednesday, September 13th, at the Joint Session of the Department of Social Service, the national organization was given a place on the program, and was represented by the following speakers:

Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, The Rev. William T. Weston, Bishop Sumner of Oregon, Bishop Davenport of Easton, formerly General Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, The Rev. Charles P. Deems.

#### Mr. Baylies' Speech

The Seamen's Church Institute of America was described by Mr. Baylies as "the clearing house for seamen's problems, organized to care for every seaman, from every sea, from every clime, from every nation, from every religion, and from no religion." Bishop Davenport referred to the work of the Institute as a great practical philanthropic experiment in co-operative Christianity, describing it as "successful beyond all expectations, in helping the seamen of the world to help themselves, without pauperizing them, for they are by no means objects of charity. It provides a

home where their physical, mental and spiritual welfare is safeguarded; where they secure safety and service, comfort and co-operation. Hundreds of destitute sailors are given temporary relief at the institute. The pity of it is that the destitution of normal seamen is usually due to conditions and environments over which they have no control. Funds are constantly contributed to by philanthropic friends and these are administered through regular channels by expert workers in a way to accomplish the desired end without pauperizing the seamen or seriously depleting the fund. Many a sailor shows his gratitude by repaying any financial credit given him. The initial letters of the organization, S. C. I., spell its ideals and practice, safety, comfort, inspiration."

### Evening Mail Concert

Mr. Charles D. Isaacson, director of the department of the New York Evening Mail entitled, "Our Family Music," brought one of his groups of brilliant musicians to the Institute last Friday evening. But he did better than that. He came himself and acted as an interpreter between the audience and the best there is in music.

Mr. Isaacson put the audience into a receptive frame of mind by assuring his hearers that anybody, high-brow or low, could enjoy classical music. He told them moreover that it was the only kind of music that gave lasting satisfaction to any ear, trained or untrained. He suggested that they test the truth of his state-

ment by putting a jazz record on the phonograph over and over again, one day after another. He prophesied that any person who tried the experiment, would find themselves completely nauseated by the selection by about the eighth day. Then he recommended them to put a really good selection on the phonograph. Perhaps at first they would not like it much, but day by day, they would enjoy it more, until in the end they grew to love it.

During the concert, as will be seen by the program, Mr. Isaacson gave a delightful reading, "Face to Face with Verdi," from his own book, "Face to Face with Great Musicians."

Before he left to keep another engagement uptown he asked the seamen if they would like to have another Evening Mail concert later on, and upon the suggestion meeting with an enthusiastic response, he promised that the Institute should have another of these excellent concerts in the near future.

We print below the full program of the entertainment:

1. What is Good Music?  
By the Chairman
2. (a) The Wren .....Benedict  
(b) Her Rose .....Coombs  
MISS THERESA MAY HEIL, Soprano  
Chevalier C. de Lancellotti at the piano
3. Meditation (Thais) .....Massenet  
JOSEF FRANCO, Violinist  
Chevalier de Lancellotti at the piano
4. (a) O sole de mio.....E. di Capus  
(b) Amour .....Tosti  
(c) L'heure Esquise....Renardo Hahe  
MISS EVA KRAFMY, Contralto  
Louis Krafmy at the piano

5. "Face to Face with Verdi,"  
CHARLES D. ISAACSON  
(Author "Face to Face with Great Musicians")
6. Skater's Waltz .....Strauss  
LITTLE MARIE GRIMALDI, Dancer  
Miss Margaret Bailey at the piano
7. (a) Who Knows .....Stickles  
(b) When I Was Seventeen  
Swedish Folk Song  
(c) Flower Rain.....Edwin Schneider  
MISS HEIL
8. (a) Spanish Dance .....Rehfeld  
(b) Serenade .....Drigo  
(c) Mazourka .....Wieniawski  
MR. FRANCO
9. Dramatic Recitations—  
(a) It's All in the State of Mind,  
Robert Service  
(b) Funk .....Robert Service  
(c) Dialect, Between Two Loves,  
Robert Service  
MISS KRAFMY
10. Dorothy (Old English Dance), Smith  
MARIE GRIMALDI  
CHARLES D. ISAACSON, Chairman

### Once Too Often

A scrap of paper was handed in at the Chaplain's Office. It was from Police Precinct No. 5, and contained this information: "Man found dead on East River pier. Papers of the Seamen's Church Institute found on body. Will somebody come and identify him?"

The Chaplain went and found that it was a seaman who has been with us on and off for years. Dempsey has always been a hard-working man, but he has also been a hard drinker, and when he came on shore he spent his money like water. But once too often he had indulged in his habitual dissipation, and paid for it with his life.

The next day the Chaplain went to the dead house, where the body was waiting to be carried to its last, and very humble, resting place. Except our Chaplain there was no one to care that a kind-hearted, hard-working, hard-living man had closed his account with this world.

The Chaplain went alone with the body to the grave, and said over the wandering son the services of the church, and, as the Chaplain himself said, he "commended the soul of the wayward seaman to the mercy of the understanding Father."

### Death of Mr. Nicolls

It often happens that those whose death calls forth the deepest expressions of sorrow are those whose lives were rather inconspicuous. Rev. William Nicolls, a former Chaplain of the Seamen's Church Institute, whose death occurred on September 15th, was one of these.

For twenty-five years he served the Church in the pioneer community of Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada. When Mr. Nicolls first went to the Northwest, conditions were much more rigorous than they are today, and his parish work involved very long drives in the extreme cold of the winter. Although Mr. Nicolls dreaded these experiences so much that he could never speak of them without a shudder, he stayed at his post until ill health compelled him to leave and go to Eastern Canada, where he became Chaplain of Immigration in Quebec and Halifax.

Later he came to the Seamen's

Church Institute and was with us for two years, in the religious and social service end of the work.

No one has ever done as much as he did to try to see that every seaman, who had a thirst for literature, had that thirst satisfied with the right kind of books. He would go to endless trouble to get a Danish book for a Danish boy, or a Swedish book for a Swedish boy, or the particular book he wanted to read for an American boy.

In the Officers' Room also he was a great, if quiet, influence for good. He never lectured the men, but he would take his pipe and sit among them and smoke and tell stories, and the men were better and the talk was better just for his being there.

He went from the Seamen's Church Institute to a parish at Northport, Long Island, where he was when stricken with the final illness.

As we have said, Mr. Nicolls was not spectacular in his good works, so that it is the little inner circle, who know best the use he made of his years, who speak most reverently of the life that is closed.

### The Ship Subsidy Bill

Below we reprint from the American Bureau of Shipping Bulletin a letter from Captain Bradford, which sets forth an interesting point of view in regard to the subsidy, though just why a public, which has made very little audible protest against the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill, should be so squeamish

about the word subsidy, as Captain Bradford seems to think it is, is difficult to grasp.

"Seamen and those engaged in the shipping business have received the news of the postponement of legislative action on the merchant marine with that fine resignation so characteristic of the calling.

"How curious it is to anyone who follows shipping legislation to observe the vagaries of Congressional action. Consider the fact that only three years ago the Jones bill, a merchant marine act, passed Congress by an overwhelming majority—Republicans and Democrats laid aside partisanship and voted for what appeared a national necessity. But after being signed by the President it was found that certain important provisions conflicted with existing foreign treaties, so the law became dormant and many of its provisions unenforced.

"This continued to be the case after the Republican administration came into control of the Government, but a new bill, really only an adjusted Jones bill, has long been awaiting action. Lack of interest and opposition is now apparent. Why is there now a lack of unanimity where in 1919 there was almost unanimous approval? Do we now care less for foreign trade? Does the country need to be defended any the less now than in 1919?

"It can hardly seem possible that the word 'subsidy' carries such a blighting influence on legislation as to threaten a vital necessity, when in 1919 practically the same amount of money was to be given to the



ships, only in a less direct manner. It is merely a matter of procedure.

"A real interest by the people brings quick results in Congress, and in this particular business they are not sufficiently spurred on from home. The members of the House and Senate should not be so much blamed as the lack of foresight in the rank and file.

"Why are the cities of New York and Boston located where they are? Ships—commerce—is the answer. Now after locating ourselves in certain carefully selected spots purely for the convenience of ships, do we not feel some pride in participating to the extent of 50 per cent. in these vehicles of trade?

"A line of steamers may bring returns in at least three ways—dividends in freight money, a necessary auxiliary to the navy, and by creating a market for American goods which otherwise would not be sold. This last advantage may exist even when dividends are not paid, and a small subvention from the Government may preserve to us the other advantages.

"The United States Government has on its hands a fleet of 1,500 steamers—children of an extraordinary circumstance (wholly legitimate). It is not customary in well organized society to abandon children. On the contrary, they are carried along until they can earn their own way. This is what the present bill contemplates. A point often missed, intentionally it is supposed, is that when the ships earn a dividend of 10 per cent. the direct subsidy is removed and they sail

mostly on their own bottoms, aided only by some discriminatory articles of the bill that favor American ships. So it would appear that arguments against enriching the ship-owners are quite misleading.

"The legislatively malignant word *subsidy* is a dagger in the hands of the opponents. Its real meaning, the dictionary says, is: 'an aid; a grant of money.' Now, when any enterprise essential to public welfare is proposed, but which cannot operate profitably for its private managers, public money is often chipped in to give it a boost, at least until it gets its legs under it.

"The Western railroads received enormous grants of land; the State of Massachusetts guarantees the dividends of certain street railway companies; the 'infant' industries are facilitated in their business by a beneficent tariff, which costs each individual real money; bridges are built, and channels dug, where public money aids private capital. So it would seem that subsidy, as an aid, quite substantial, has been dwelling in our midst very amiably for many years.

"The suggestion is made that the word *subsidy* be everywhere changed to adjusted compensation; there seems to be an active and more healthful strength about this term. The adjustment to be made between foreign and American wages.

"Americans have an intense hatred toward those who are known as 'quitters'; the whole world is in the great age-long game of grasping trade (we once got rich at it)—ships are the vehicles by which the

game is played, and here we sit in indolence, letting the facilities of commerce crumple and disintegrate about us. Influences—some subtle, others open, some domestic, but mostly foreign—are trying to cause us to quit the game that builds and maintains republics and empires—trying to bluff us from the seas.

“GERSHOM BRADFORD.

### The Dissolving Audience

The audience was gathered for the moving picture show in Jeanette Park. The seamen negligently hung about the fences, the mothers with small children sat down on the benches and waited; the children on roller skates clattered back and forth in the rear. Daylight hung about, reluctant to be supplanted by night. Suddenly the air was pierced by the shriek of the fire siren.

The audience cast a startled glance over the neighborhood, saw a cone of flame shooting into the sky in the direction of the Broad Street Hospital and with a whoop was gone on the run.

There followed a roar and ringing of engines and reels, and at last a spray went up and captured the flame and dragged it down. After that there was no more excitement, just some sizzling and dampness.

Suddenly the junior part of the audience, bethought itself of the neglected attraction back in Jeanette Park and with a rush and a swish of roller skates it was off again to the movie, followed, at a trot, by the more adult portion of the audience.

### Polly, How Could You?

Who'd think a parrot could be so mean? Frederick John, one of our English apprentice boys, had taught her everything she knew. As he told the Lady-Who-Listens about it, it did seem as if so much devotion should have had a better reward. It seems as if there must be heartless vampires among birds, as well as among humans, for a parrot to be able to cuddle into the affection of a boy like that and after all prove so faithless.

Why she had reached the place where, whenever Frederick John opened the door of his cabin she would call out, “Hello, Boy.” And when his chum came in she would say, “Hello, Graydon.”

She would come into bed with Frederick John in the morning and bite him in a friendly, sociable way. He told the Lady-Who-Listens that he knew he ought to have clipped her wings, but you know how a parrot takes each feather in its mouth and polishes it right out to the tip. He was afraid she would miss the ends of her beautiful feathers, so he didn't clip them.

Believing that the parrot had grown too fond of him to go away, Frederick John became careless about leaving Polly out of her cage, and one day he came back to find her gone. He was awfully cut up about it. Graydon was, too. Graydon was nearly as much cut up about it as he was.

Frederick John is never going to have another parrot.

# General Summary of Work

## AUGUST, 1922

| RELIGIOUS WORK               | No. | Attendance |
|------------------------------|-----|------------|
| Sunday Services, A. M. ....  | 4   | 59         |
| Sunday Services, P. M. ....  | 4   | 261        |
| Communion Services .....     | 2   | 13         |
| Bible Classes .....          | 0   | 0          |
| Gospel Meetings .....        | 4   | 30         |
| Miscellaneous Services ..... | 0   | 0          |
| Weddings .....               | 1   |            |
| Funerals .....               | 0   |            |
| Baptisms .....               | 0   |            |

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

|                             |   |     |
|-----------------------------|---|-----|
| Sunday Services, A. M. .... | 4 | 117 |
| Communion Services .....    | 1 | 5   |
| Funerals .....              | 0 |     |

### INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

|                                       |   |        |
|---------------------------------------|---|--------|
| Home Hours .....                      | 4 | 148    |
| Entertainments .....                  | 5 | 8,900  |
| Lodgings Registered .....             |   | 25,108 |
| Incoming Mail for Seamen .....        |   | 14,184 |
| Dunnage Checked .....                 |   | 5,282  |
| Packages Literature Distributed ..... |   | 50     |
| Knitted Articles Distributed .....    |   | 22     |

### Relief

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Meals, Lodging and Clothing .....         | 696 |
| Assisted through Loan Fund .....          | 46  |
| Baggage and Minor Relief .....            | 202 |
| Cases in Institute Clinic .....           | 586 |
| Referred to Hospitals and Clinics .....   | 46  |
| Referred to Other Organizations .....     | 35  |
| Referred to Municipal Lodging House ..... | 13  |

### Employment

|                   |     |                    |               |  |
|-------------------|-----|--------------------|---------------|--|
| Men Shipped ..... | 694 |                    | <b>Visits</b> |  |
|                   |     | To Hospitals ..... | 21            |  |
|                   |     | To Patients .....  | 192           |  |
| Shore Jobs .....  | 125 | Other Visits ..... | 22            |  |

|                          |                                 |                               |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <b>Sea View Hospital</b> | <b>U. S. Marine Hos. No. 21</b> | <b>Hudson Street Hospital</b> |
| To Hospital .....        | 3                               | To Hospital .....             |
| Number of hrs. ....      | 12¾                             | To Hospital .....             |
|                          |                                 | Number of hrs. ....           |
|                          |                                 | 4½                            |

### EDUCATIONAL

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment ..... | 17 |
| Illustrated Lectures on Navigation .....                         | 9  |
| First Aid Lectures .....   | 22 |

In the report of the work for July the figures for the First Aid and Navigation School lectures were transposed and should have read 20 lectures on First Aid and 3 on Navigation.

### SEAMEN'S WAGES

|                     |             |
|---------------------|-------------|
| Deposits .....      | \$42,111.62 |
| Withdrawals .....   | 47,236.42   |
| Transmissions ..... | 13,067.47   |

*“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—”*

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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.”*