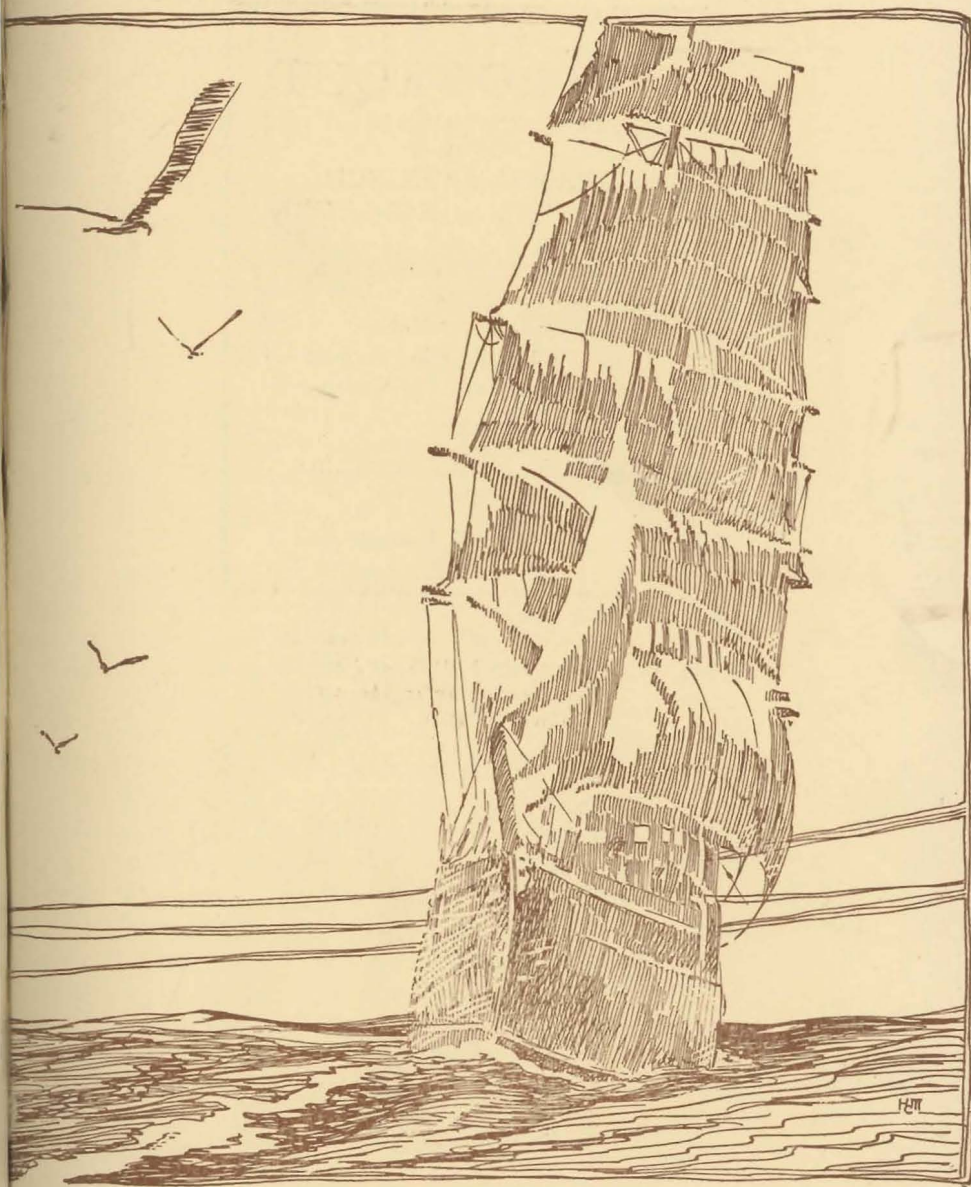


# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

## *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  
Editor, The Lookout

*Entered as second class  
matter July 8, 1925, at New  
York, N. Y., under the act  
of March 3, 1879.*

# The Lookout

VOL. XVII

JULY, 1926

No. 7

## *S. C. I. Associations*

*Their Work and Opportunity to Serve*

With the appointment of Mrs. David Leavitt Hough, Chairman of the Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations, the work of these societies will take a new lease on life.

Mrs. Hough's remarkable capacity for organization and personal service was evidenced in her Red Cross work in Russia immediately preceding and during the stormy days of the Revolution. Although alone in Petrograd with her two small children, she eagerly seized upon an opportunity to establish and conduct a forty-bed lazarette for the wounded of the Russian army. Remember that this meant carrying on under a system of seemingly unreasoning rigidity that made the opening of the American Hospital contingent upon the display of portraits of the Imperial rulers of specific size and quality. Remember that it was during the days of food shortage and gritty black bread, during a

period of uncertainty as to who was friend and who was foe—a time when rifle bullets whizzed about the streets and machine guns sputtered from one's own roof.

But Mrs. Hough met the situation more than half way and it is now felt that under her inspirational leadership the existing S. C. I. Associations will continue their excellent efforts, and that new associations will come into being.

It is almost axiomatic that group enthusiasm facilitates accomplishment and multiplies results. The formation of an association may also furnish with a serious and worth-while purpose what has heretofore been just a social undertaking. For instance, a little group of twelve women in a suburb of New York who meet periodically for bridge decided that instead of offering prizes which might not be entirely acceptable to the winner, they would set aside what would





MRS. DAVID LEAVITT HOUGH  
(Formerly Miss Heloise Beckman), Chairman of the Central Council, wearing the Russian Red Cross costume in the American Hospital which she founded in Petrograd during the War.

represent the cost of these trophies together with their dues, and that they would present the "pool" to the Institute. In a year the amount was so substantial that with it the Institute was able to do many a good turn for needy sailormen.

Those who enjoy actually working together will perhaps wish to organize and emulate the activities of some of the associations whose work for the first half of 1926 is briefly outlined below.

### *Seamen's Benefit Society*

As in years past, this group is this year continuing to maintain the Apprentice Room, a work which necessitates the expenditure of between \$100.00 and \$200.00 each month. They have also shown especial interest in the Chapel and have donated not only many beautiful linens for the altar, credence table, and sacristy, but have pledged several thousand dollars toward a screen in the new Chapel. Their Lenten sewing activities are revealed by a contribution of 445 towels. Many articles of men's clothing, a quantity of reading matter and several pictures have also been received through the

kindness and interest of individual members of this Association. From one member came \$15.00 for the Social Service Endowment Fund.

### *East Orange*

The East Orange Association has contributed \$51.00 in dues and a dozen uniforms for the women-helpers at the Institute.

### *Riverside*

The Riverside Association, which has 12 new members this year, has sent to the Institute 107 towels, 6 knitted articles, \$9.00 for the New Building Fund, Victrola records, a large donation of books and magazines for the Reading Rooms, and material for the Rummage Sale. During the summer members of this group are filling coin boxes for the Social Service Endowment Fund.

### *Elizabeth*

The friends of the Institute over in Elizabeth have already expended for supplies (linens and wool), \$182.49. They have completed and sent to the In-

(Continued on page 15)



*Naturalization and the Seaman*

TWO MEN WITHOUT EVEN ONE  
COUNTRY BETWEEN THEM

Naturalization is a more or less complicated procedure for any stranger within our gates, and especially so for the seaman who has little time ashore to make friends or to learn the ropes of the Naturalization Bureau, which are likely to seem more like red tapes to him.

Two winsome youths, whose papers through no fault of their own were found not to be in

order, and who were subject to deportation, were sent by the Social Service Department to confer with their own consul. They reappeared shortly chuckling and explaining that the joke was on them. They had paid their consul seven dollars apiece for the information that they are no longer subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Ump-tu-Ump. And there is no pros-

pect of their ever becoming American citizens under present laws. These two youths are men without a country in real fact—aliens in *every* land on this globe!

But they are *seamen*, and the Seamen's Church Institute will do something to get them a place to step foot ashore. It will doubtless eventually be in the United States, but meanwhile there is necessarily much entanglement. However, the Government authorities in New York have shown a friendly disposition toward the seaman in the throes of naturalization, and have done everything possible to rush his case through.

The seaman's naturalization problem differs from that of the landsman in several particulars. In the first place, three years' sailing under the American flag is equivalent to five years of residence required of the landsman.

The regular "according-to-Hoyle" procedure for the seaman is this: He registers with the proper official of his own country his intention of coming to the United States, and he is duly informed when the time comes that he may enter under the quota provisions. He then pays his head tax to the nearest

American consul and sets sail for the promised land.

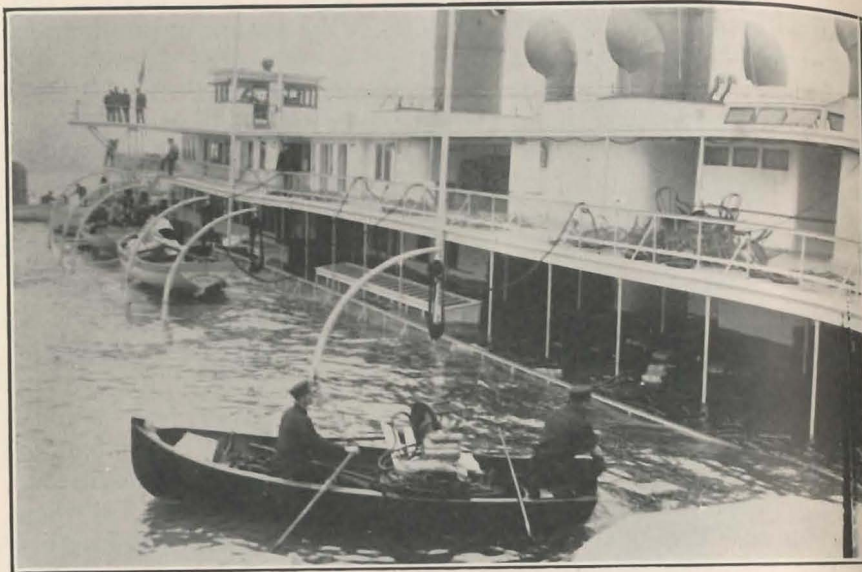
Upon arrival he fills out and files at the nearest naturalization bureau or United States court his "Preliminary Form for Declaration of Intention to Become a Citizen." He pays one dollar and gets what is commonly known as his "first papers." He then ships under the American flag (*and no other*) for three years, exclusive of shore leaves.

After three years of service in an American bottom, the seaman files (preferably where he took out his first papers) his intention to become an American citizen. If acceptable, he is notified when to appear with two witnesses before a federal examiner. Seamen are usually notified within two weeks, although it may take 90 days in the case of a landsman. Inasmuch as the witnesses must have known him for three years, the seaman is often at a loss to produce them at the crucial moment, unless he has availed himself of the Institute's friendship. If the candidate passes a satisfactory examination, he then takes the oath of allegiance, and receives his final papers and a small silk flag, and at last he is "one of us."

(Continued on page 18)



## Another Seaman to the Rescue



THE WASHINGTON IRVING SUBMERGED

The unusual and the unbelievable and the unexpected can always happen on the sea.

Insurance companies are said to figure the risk of total loss at sea by collision with an iceberg as one chance in a million, and yet that is exactly what happened to the *Titanic*.

And the *Washington Irving*, the largest steamboat on the Hudson, sunk in less water than it takes to cover her.

The incident, which happened

only a few weeks ago, has been almost forgotten except by the few commuters who pass the wreck on ferries daily. Still, had the two hundred passengers and one hundred fifty crew sunk with her, how different would have been the surviving impression! It could very well have happened, but once again the opportunity for trained seamen to prove themselves found them ready for the test.

As one of the *Roosevelt*

heroes remarked at the Institute in commenting reluctantly, but not disparagingly on his venture under Captain Fried last winter, "Aw, he just knew his stuff, an' he done it."

So Captain David H. Deming of the *Washington Irving* knew his stuff. A moment's hesitation might have meant one of those disasters that periodically horrify the world. But, although not a deep sea man, Captain Deming during his fifty years of seamanship had frequently faced the fact that no matter how vigilantly he might navigate, some time a situation might arise requiring perfect coolness on his part and perfect discipline on the part of his crew.

And it happened — one of those things the critics would brand as incredible if presented in a movie; but truth, of course, is stranger than scenarios.

On Saturday, June first, early in the morning the *Washington Irving*, laden with two hundred river excursionists bound on one of the most scenic little trips in the country, headed slowly out from the Desbrosses Street Pier in downtown New York in a light fog, whistles blowing and flags flying. A tug piloting two barges backed into the pleasure

boat abaft the port paddle box — and the irrevocable had happened.

Captain Deming immediately ordered full speed ahead and made for an unused pier across the river on the Jersey side. The crew manned the pumps and in a few moments the *Washington Irving* was brought alongside and all were taken ashore as the big white ship slowly sunk.

Again a seasoned seaman and his sturdy crew had averted what might have been — one shrinks from thinking.

But History rarely has an opportunity to write of a sea incident, "Someone had blundered."

One of the late Theodore Roosevelt's pet stories was of an old steamboat out on the Mississippi. It took more power to blow the whistle than to run the boat, so every time they wanted to emit a toot, they had to come to a dead stop and get up extra steam.

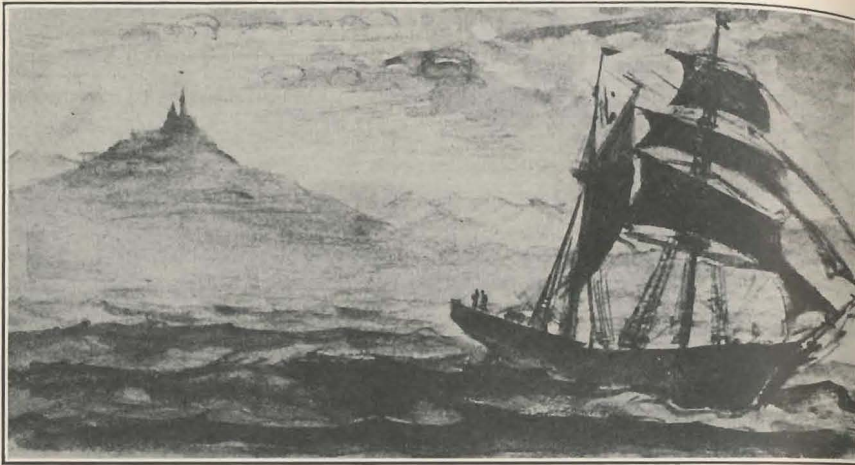
The moral, of course, is obvious. How often we stop our steamboats just to blow a whistle that doesn't get us anywhere! There is likely to be so much ado about nothing in our daily lives!



## Sailors Do Penance with Little Ships

By ROBERT M. COATES

(New York Times)



Courtesy of New York Times.

"BIDDING FAREWELL TO NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE"

By REGINALD MARSH

Sailors are a strange race, unlike the ordinary man. Their home is a ship's forecastle, ranging somewhere outside the three-mile limit. Law and order come to the landlubber through the medium of the Bill of Rights, the national Constitution or the Code Municipal; to the sailor, Government is represented, perhaps, by a British captain, a Danish first officer and a Dutch second mate.

Something of this hodge-podge of creeds and customs is

in the atmosphere of every great port in the world. The sailors who were last month in Rio are now tramping up the jetty at Genoa, having passed through Cadiz and the Azores on the way. And something of the flavor of those distant harbors has come with them.

But in no port, it seems to me, is this feeling so strong as in Marseille—the great port of the Mediterranean. In the Mediterranean races that have lived apart from each other since the

foundations of history are here divided by a bare of 200 miles of water.

### A Mingling of Nations

Galleys from Africa, chaloupes from the Orient, three-masters from the Continent cross and recross in these narrow waters, beating in and out of ports that, although but a day's journey apart, are ages separated in point of customs, creeds and purposes. The men that handle the vessels preserve, in some degree, the imprint of their ancient tradition. The ports that harbor them must cater to all. And such a mingling of nations and centuries, blent with the current of life of the modern port of Marseille, presents a study of contrasts and atavisms that can be found, perhaps, nowhere else.

The names of the city's streets (always an index of a city's character) are drawn from Spain, from Italy, from the Orient. The Boulevard Gazzino meets the Rue Notre Dame. The Rue de l'Arlequin—typical of the fanciful, delightful names the French often choose for their streets—abuts on the Boulevard d'Endoume, a name resonant with the mystery of Africa.

In the town there is the same heterogeneous atmosphere. On the terrasse of the New York Bar, along the waterfront, you find a plump Frenchman dressed in the latest from Paris drinking a cup of Turkish coffee served by a boy from the Levant, while at the next table an Arab, tall and solemn in burnous and fez, is eating Neapolitan ice cream.

There is a Mohammedan mosque in the quarter of the town named after St. Lambert. The Roman Catholic cathedral, on the other hand, looks down on the section bearing the Arab name of Bassin de Radoub.

After all this, then, one is not surprised to find that the church dedicated to the mariners of the city should perpetuate customs that were part of the cult of Isis when Egypt ruled the world. It is not strange, in this paradoxical city, that modern seamen, following the ancient custom of their forefathers, should commemorate their devotion in a Christian church exactly as did the Romans, twenty centuries ago, in the temples of their pagan faith.

At the peak of a rock, rising 500 feet, abrupt and conical, just south of the port, is the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde.



The church is unimposing. It is built in the false Byzantine style of the Renaissance, was constructed in 1864 and has an aspect of newness. To reach its portal one must climb a long, unsheltered ascent of concrete stairs (over 1,600 steps). The flight soars in the sweltering sun of the South against the cliff-like rock. Few visitors pay a call upon Notre Dame de la Garde.

But its position is commanding. At the top of the 150-foot belfry stands a statue of the Virgin, Stella Maris, thirty-three feet high. It is gilded and flashes in the sunlight—visible twenty miles at sea. The modern church is built on the foundations of an older basilica, erected in the year 1214, and that older structure was built out of the débris of a temple dating from the days when Marseille was called Phocæa—a Roman colony, whose galleys helped compose the navy of Alexander the Great. The little church with its shining Virgin has a long and interesting genealogy.

Sailors, dropping down the harbor, look back, as the ancients looked back at Ephesus. They catch the last glimpse of the Virgin's figure and register a prayer that the voyage may

be successful. When they come back again you see them—tall, hard-handed, dark-eyed fellows—stamping clumsily in their great boots up the long stairs with a votive offering for the chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde.

The walls of the church are covered with little plaques of marble, each one a succinct reminder of some drama of the sea; of forgotten men and sturdy ships that went through storms and returned to port again. Here are "Pierre Bougin, rescued through the intercession of the Virgin, April 8, 1904," and "Raoul Triand, of the ship Héloïse, Nov. 13, 1899." He who could read behind the curt lettering of these many plaques would hold the secret of the sea.

Still more curious and of great interest to the student of religion is the custom of bringing relics of ships—carved bits of driftwood, models of boats newly launched—to place them under the protection of the Virgin. It is a trace of the ancient superstition of mariners, charmingly grafted on the religion of today.

They hang on wires from the chapel vaulting, these little rel-

(Continued on page 20)

## Her Majesty, the Cat



Even a casual observer along the waterfront soon discovers that there is some sort of natural tacit understanding between the sailorman and the backyard cat.

Consultation with two erstwhile seamen (who have been "landed" long enough to feel they can praise the calling with modesty) developed the explanation that cats are carried on most ships to annihilate the rats. The cat is usually the only animal aboard, and thus she has no competition for the sailor's

favor. She reigns supreme. She gets more attention than a pica-ninny baby in the subway. She is the safety valve for the sailor's affection, but he dare not be too demonstrative for fear of being considered "soft."

And the seaman's attachment isn't explained merely by the fact that cats are cats. It is because they are little and helpless and the sailor is one of the kindest creatures on earth.

A not unfamiliar scene on South Street is this: A lank dis-



reputable looking feline rouses herself from a nap in the grass of Jeanette Park opposite the Institute. She stretches herself leisurely, arches her back and yawns. The clam vendor, who has a push-cart out on the curb, sees her and tosses her a juicy morsel—a nice savory mackerel head, most likely. Puss accepts eagerly. Along comes a shambling six-footer. His bulky suitcase, his yellow shoes, his new store clothes, his brown skin and his sailor's swing belie him. He deposits his baggage on the sidewalk, doubles up his huge frame like a jack knife, and strokes the grateful kit. His face is tender, and he speaks to the little animal in a tone not meant for the passerby. Puss rubs against him appreciatively. He has at least one friend on shore.

The Night Man at the Institute, in reminiscent mood, recalled his first evening on the job. He thought the sailors congregated in the lobby might be hard to handle if they took a notion to be unruly; but as he was considering the possibility, one of the Institute cats appeared on the scene and wiggled her way nonchalantly through

the crowd. Brawny seamen all along Madame Puss's line of march bent to stroke her as she passed. The Night Man confesses that from that moment he knew he had nothing to fear from our sailormen.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

### *Minister Versus Seaman*

Professor Charles Thomson announced at a recent meeting in London the result of inquiries he had made into the length of life of average workers in different occupations. The average length of life of ministers of religion is 65 years, agricultural workers 61 years, merchants and manufacturers 60 years, soldiers 56 years, professional workers (doctors of medicine, professors, etc.) 50 years, railwaymen and seamen 46 years.

In other words, the expectation of life of the average minister is nineteen years longer than that of the average seaman.

The agricultural worker has fifteen years the best of the seaman, the soldier has ten years, and so forth.

## *Speaking of Wives—*

"Mother" Roper, maternal parent of all seamen who frequent the Institute, would not deserve the title if her protegés did not come to her with their affairs of the heart. Her official department is that of "Missing Men," but on occasions it also has to concern itself with missing women, for she is sometimes asked to find a wife for a sailorman who feels incapable of the task himself.

So far she has furnished to such applicants only a descriptive ideal—a sort of pattern for him to follow in making his choice—and then she has imparted to him courage to sally forth and make his own conquest.

One man bent on such a quest, did not ask for advice, but simply confided his plans to Mother Roper by way of reassuring himself. He had just landed a good job and he was prosperous and he thought he would get married. He had always got what he wanted and he would this time. The next news bulletin came from Montreal where he had stumbled upon a very nice girl and also upon the realiza-

tion that perhaps considerable depth of feeling should enter into the transaction. It didn't. End of chapter two.

He was next heard from in Wales, where he met *the* girl, and now they are married and living happily ever after in New York. The sailorman proudly brought "the missus" in to see Mother Roper. A fine girl she was—just the sort she had patterned out for him, and not the type he confessed he had met through some of his shipmates.

A little fly on the wall in the Social Service Department would discover before long that there is nothing in the old idea that a sailor has a sweetheart in every port. On the contrary, many a fellow tells a tale of utter loneliness. They say they don't know how to meet the right sort of girls, the ones they could marry. One agreed with the Relief Lady that going to church would be a good start toward making the proper sort of contacts, but he despondently admitted that he had gone to services, but he had rushed away early and had met no one. Apparently he had become panicky



and the temperature of his feet had gone down at the vital moment. Sisterly advice was imparted. We could not do more. We cannot consistently open a matrimonial bureau, for our outstanding policy is to help the seaman to help himself!

And speaking further of wives, one loyal soul had tried vainly to locate her missing sailor husband through the Institute for over two years, and finally she went abroad. During her absence her husband appeared on the scene. He had been marooned in inland Alaska for three years with no chance to communicate with the outside world, and his delight to know that his wife had been trying to locate him was almost pathetic.

Is clam-digging fishing or agriculture? A debate on the subject might help to pass away the time some evening this summer at the shore. If, however, there is someone present who has indulged in this particular recreation during the day and whose back twinges in consequence, he will probably insist that it is neither fishing nor agriculture, but *mining!*

## LOST

### One Small Malay

A New York cop has to be ready for anything, even a diminutive Malay boy drifting along Forty-second Street with empty pockets in the evening.

This child couldn't speak English, but the officer surmised rightly that he savored of the sea, and put him on the subway with instructions for reaching the Seamen's Church Institute.

At Cortland Street the little fellow evidently decided he had had enough of this mode of travel, and he came up for air. Somehow a taxi driver got hold of him and his travel orders, and drove him to the Institute in style. He was put to bed, as children should be at that hour of the night. Morning and communication with the British Consul developed the fact that little Mr. Malay had been lost off an English boat, to which he was duly restored.

If the tale has a point, it is that all roads lead to the Institute, and that even busy cops and taxi drivers can find time to help little lost strangers.

## S. C. I. Associations

(Continued from page 3)

stitute 466 pieces of linen and 27 knitted articles. Some 50 comfort bags are partially completed. Dues of \$42.50 have been paid to the Central Council, \$11.00 has been given to the Social Service Endowment Fund, and coin boxes from this group have brought in \$24.10. Nine packages of rummage have been sent to the Thrift Shop and quantities of men's second-hand clothing have come to the Institute.

### Epiphany

The Epiphany Association has helped the New Building Fund to the extent of \$100.00 and sent 215 pieces of linen toward the up-keep of the Institute.

### St. Mary's Guild

This group, although not professing to hold meetings or to be active workers for the Institute, has, nevertheless, sent us \$30.00 in yearly dues and \$20.00 toward the Social Service Endowment Fund, to which some of the members are contributing regularly. They have also made donations of linens, men's second

hand clothing, several hundred magazines, and rummage material.

### South Shore

The South Shore Association has done us many a good turn this year. We are especially grateful to its Director, Mrs. Cammann, for enlisting the services of Mrs. Hough as our new Chairman. We are sure the Apprentice Boys are most grateful to the South Shore women for two parties in February and two in April given them by members of this Association. Various members have been very generous in providing prizes and favors for these dances and so made the occasions hilariously enjoyable. Mrs. Smyth has been most thoughtful in sending to the Institute donations of cigarettes, tobacco, comfort bags, magazines and material for the game rooms. The Lenten sewing class produced 477 towels for the Institute. Many members are knitting for the seamen during the summer.

### Staten Island

The Marine Hospital of Staten Island is the recipient of



many favors from the Staten Island Association. Here the members give Sunday afternoon teas and evening musicales, provide the inmates with clothing and have guaranteed to pay for their relief work this year to the extent of \$325.00. A pledge of \$1,000.00 for a seaman's room in the new building was completed in January by this group, which has the distinction therefore of being the first Association to go "over the top." At their last meeting in May, an inspiring talk by Lady Armstrong impressed the women present with the great opportunity they have to help merchant seamen. This summer some of the members are filling coin boxes for the Social Service Endowment Fund (for which they have already raised \$198.00), others are replenishing the supply of knitted articles in anticipation of next winter's needs, and still others are hemming some 200 yards of toweling as their summer work. This Association's treasury is well stocked, due largely to a most successful bridge party given on board the train ship *Briarcliff* on February 26th, at which benefit they cleared nearly \$500.00.

### *Brooklyn*

The Brooklyn Association has distinguished itself on two counts at least; namely, it has contributed over 450 pieces of linen, including many sheets, to the Institute, and has given \$462.30 toward the New Building Fund, the bulk of which (\$350.00) was raised at a benefit bridge party held on April 29th. This summer the members are hoping to raise one hundred and forty odd dollars and thus complete their \$1,000.00 pledge toward a seaman's room in the new building.

### *Robert Rogers Group*

The Robert Rogers group has sent to the Institute 11 knitted articles and 460 towels since January. This Association combines business and pleasure very nicely by holding a benefit card party between each two sewing meetings, thereby easily raising the money needed to pay for their linens. Some of the members are knitting sweaters for the seamen during the summer.

### *St. Luke's*

The women of St. Luke's parish, although hard pressed with

their many auxiliary activities, found time and had enough interest in the seamen to give a benefit card-party on April 27th. As a result of this effort on their part \$69.30 was netted for the Social Service Endowment Fund. They have further helped by generous donations of books, magazines and rummage material.

### *Grace Church*

This small but mighty Association gave a benefit at the Café de Paris at which they cleared nearly \$800.00 in one evening. This amount, divided as follows, was immediately turned over to the Institute—\$420.00 for summer entertainment of seamen, \$175.00 for Social Service Endowment Fund, \$100.00 for the New Building Fund and \$16.00 for dues to the Central Council. Their energy and generosity should be an inspiration to all Associations.

### *Norwalk*

This Association, started in January, the first one in Connecticut, has devoted many hours of work to household linens and has thus far sent in 371 pieces. By a series of small bridge par-

ties they have cleared over \$50.00, which will be added to during the summer and fall and the entire amount then given to the Institute toward a seaman's room in the annex. They, too, have sent in magazines, and some of the members are doing summer knitting.

### *Richmond Hill*

This Association, which is also new this year, had its inception in a visit to the Institute and luncheon there. Their activities thus far have been confined to hemming towels and doing some summer knitting. They hope to obtain many more members and to take hold of the work vigorously in the fall. We know their capabilities and feel sure they will grow into a strong Association.

This resumé, giving, as it does, only the high lights of the activities of the Associations during the first half of 1926, is by no means complete or exhaustive. It does not take into account many a real service, intangible though it may seem at the time. For example, almost every Association has either brought or sent to the Institute visitors to inspect the building



and thus become acquainted with this great home for merchant seamen—a service which can not be estimated in dollars and cents but valuable, nevertheless.

More obvious results are put forcibly before us by the following facts: These groups of women have, since January, contributed 3,129 pieces of linen (sheets, pillow-cases and towels), exclusive of Chapel linens. They have sent in 92 knitted articles (sweaters, caps, helmets, scarfs, socks, wristlets mittens) and are knitting like articles during the summer. Six of these groups have given one or more benefits which have cleared over \$1,600 for the Institute. Five Associations have already sent to the Central Council their annual dues, not payable until November. In all, \$2,865.89 has been sent by the Associations to the Institute since January, which money has been utilized for various Institute needs—for instance, \$1,025 for the New Building Fund, \$650 for the upkeep of the Apprentice Room, \$825 for relief and Social Service work, and so on. The linens contributed have saved the Institute \$602.47, which amount could, therefore, be added to the actual money contributed.

We would like to whisper that the Building Fund is about to receive another \$1,000, proceeds of the Rummage Sale conducted by the Central Council, but we do not wish to anticipate. We feel sure that many benefits are brewing and many hundreds are being hoarded which will come to light in the fall, or at least before we make our annual report in January.

What has been accomplished is proof of what can be done. What we *need* is more women convinced that the Seamen's Church Institute is a great philanthropic work, worthy of their best efforts and their wholehearted, vigorous support. The S. C. I. Associations welcome all such women.

### Naturalization

(Continued from page 5)

So much for the fellow whose affairs are all "hunky-dory." But in this matter, as in most others, it is the irregularities that cause the worries, and most cases contain an element of the unusual. Many, of course, jump ship on this side, but even when they are duly paid off, there is plenty of chance for trouble.

The commonest difficulty is

that the seaman finds, *after* his three years under the American flag, that he has not paid his head tax, but that he should have done so before he applied for his first papers. He is then ruled to be here illegally and is subject to deportation. The only thing he can do is to return to his native land, apply again for admission to the United States under the quota system, and again await his opportunity. Quota or no quota, however, if he is deported, he must stay in his own country at least a year and a day. In some cases he has lost citizenship in the land of his birth during his three years of following the American flag—but that is another story.

It sometimes happens in certain American seaports that a sailor is permitted to pay his head tax when the omission is discovered. This seems to depend upon some official's individual interpretation of the law. When the head tax is accepted under such circumstances, the seaman pays another dollar for his "first" papers and embarks upon two additional years under the American flag. At the end of that time, if there has been no reverse interpretation of the law in his case, he again ap-

plies for his final papers, with even chances of getting through.

One can easily appreciate the heart-break that must accompany the candidate's realization that his procedure is not in order and that he is farther from his goal of United States citizenship than he was three or four years ago.

The Institute makes a serious effort to obviate such situations, but it is a corrective work that will take a matter of years to adjust. However, it is hoped eventually to replace the present necessity for the pound of cure with the proverbial ounce of prevention.

To that end it is always determined *at the start* whether the candidate has paid his head tax. If he has, he is immediately registered in the Social Service Department and his signature placed on file. From time to time during his required three years of "residence" under the American flag, he is encouraged to call at the Institute and time and again record his signature before a witness, so that at the proper time, the Institute may be a witness to having known the man the required period of three years.

The Institute hopes in this



way to be of personal service to the seaman by minimizing his perplexities and disappointments and temptations to be irregular in his application for citizenship, and at the same time to discharge a patriotic duty by cooperating with the Government and by making available for the American merchant marine more desirable well-trained seamen.

*Sailors Do Penance with Little Ships*

(Continued from page 10)

ics, swimming suspended in the dusky ecclesiastical air. They are fastened to the walls and their varnished sides gleam in the light of the candles. They are hung in glass cases between the aisle pillars. They are everywhere, contrasting curiously with the colonnaded architecture of the church.

There are gallant, minutely worked four-masters, with all sails set and every detail of the tackle represented in miniature. The Victoire de Marseille, a well-trimmed barkentine, not ten inches long and a masterpiece of knife-work and rigging, hangs in a side chapel. Near by is a wallowing little ketch, rudely carved from a weatherworn bit of planking — Le Philosophe.

Next it is a schooner, Lady May, with two tall masts and a racing jib.

*A Curious Fleet*

It is a museum of the marine that is represented here, along the quiet ambulatory of the little church, and if at first the curious fleet seem out of place, hanging on wires in the midst of the Gothic groining of a church, that feeling drops away as one thinks of the hours of painstaking toil here represented and of the thousands of unremembered men who worked through sunny afternoons on the lifting deck, or devoted their off-watches in the tumble of the forecastle that their hopes and fears and prayers might have a fitting embodiment.

Horace, shipwrecked, hung his dripping garments in the temple of the goddess. The figure of Isis, godhead of the Egyptians, descended and brought the galleys of the Pharaohs safe to port. The chapels of these pagan deities were full of ship's models and carved relics, brought by the mariners of the day. The enlightened anthropologist, perhaps, may go further, finding traces of the totem idea and thus discovering links with barbarism.

*Officers and Managers of the Society*

Chosen at the Annual Meeting, January 28, 1926.

*Honorary President*

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., D.C.L., 1908

*President*

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 1885

*Clerical Vice-Presidents*

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D., 1902	REV. FRANK WARFIELD CROWDER, D.D., 1916
RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D., 1908	REV. CALEB R. STETSON, D.D., 1922
REV. S. DEL. TOWNSEND, D.D., 1900	REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D., 1923
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER, 1903	REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, 1923

*Lay Vice-Presidents*

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, ..... 1926	
JOHN A. MCKIM ..... 1902	BENJAMIN T. VAN NOSTRAND ..... 1887
ROBERT L. HARRISON ..... 1901	HENRY L. HOBART ..... 1907

*Secretary and Treasurer*

FRANK T. WARRURTON, 49 Wall Street, 1888

*Managers*

AUGUSTUS N. HAND ..... 1902	CHARLES E. DUNLAP ..... 1915
HERBERT L. SATTERLEE ..... 1902	GEORGE W. BURLEIGH ..... 1915
EDWIN A. S. BROWN ..... 1904	EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL ..... 1915
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW ..... 1905	BERNOS S. PRENTICE ..... 1915
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT ..... 1908	JAMES BARBER ..... 1916
AYMAR JOHNSON ..... 1908	JOHN J. RIKER ..... 1916
ERNEST E. WHEELER ..... 1908	ALLISON V. ARMOUR ..... 1917
ROBERT McC. MARSH ..... 1908	F. KINGSBURY CURTIS ..... 1920
CHARLES W. BOWRING ..... 1909	EDWARD J. BARBER ..... 1920
ORME WILSON ..... 1910	JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR. .... 1920
FRANKLIN REMINGTON ..... 1911	WALTER WOOD PARSONS ..... 1921
J. FREDERIC TAMS ..... 1911	HARRY FORSYTH ..... 1921
BAYARD C. HOPPIN ..... 1911	HENRY DEARBORN ..... 1922
OLIVER ISELIN ..... 1912	KERMIT ROOSEVELT ..... 1923
SIR T. ASHLEY SPARKS ..... 1912	JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN ..... 1923
MARINUS W. DOMINICK ..... 1912	THOMAS A. SCOTT ..... 1924
JOHN S. ROGERS ..... 1913	LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR. .... 1924
LEROY KING ..... 1913	GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE ..... 1925
LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY ..... 1913	

*Honorary Members*

JOHN H. MORRISON ..... 1877	LISPENARD STEWART ..... 1883
FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE ..... 1917	REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L. .... 1889

*Superintendent*

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D., ..... 1895

NOTE: Dates refer to year of election.



The Board of Managers wishes to announce that for practical reasons the active campaign for the Building Fund has been postponed until early fall.

It is earnestly expected, however, that contributions will be received throughout the summer so that the work of construction may go forward.