



Present status of new Annex construction

The LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S
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INSTITUTE
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The Lookout

VOL. XVII

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No. 5

The Protecting Wall

"From the beginning of its existence the Institute has recognized the peculiar hazards of the sailor on both elements," Ernest E. Wheeler, a board member said. "It is hard to tell which is the more hazardous, the sailor's life aboard ship or on land. In fact, the perils ashore would seem the more dangerous.

"In view of this, the Institute has conducted an unceasing and often very exciting warfare against the band of harpies that are the first to welcome Jack ashore. This is the gang that is eager to separate the sailor from his money. It is made up of touts, bootleggers, panderers, gamblers and other false friends—crimps."

In the old days, the sailor rarely escaped the crimp. Gullible and happy-go-lucky, he fell into the hands of smooth tongued individuals and woke up in the gutters, penniless and friendless. Then the Institute came along and today one rarely hears of the crimp.

The building at 25 South

Street stands as a protecting wall between the good and the evil on the waterfront. It stands, too, in the shadow of the world of skyscrapers, a world which also protects since it realized the needs of the seamen and provided the Institute.

In the days when the century was young, the crimp was boss of sailortown. He controlled, he owned or he served the disreputable sailors' boarding houses that rambled along South Street from the Battery to Brooklyn Bridge. He was declared in on the profits of saloons, gambling rooms, pool rooms and other dives for which he supplied victims.

His methods were simple and direct. When a ship came to anchor at Quarantine, down the bay he went in a tugboat or some private craft of his own. He boarded the new arrival and made himself known to the crew flush with the wages of several months. His aim was to guarantee the sailorman, fresh from monotonous, playless months on

the deep, the amusement "the likes of which he never saw before."

Crimps representing ten or more different interests in sailortown would board the same ship and fight for the seamen. They brought liquor and they brought women. They brought every known temptation.

To such practices, the captains usually turned their backs. The mates sometimes lent a hand or were indifferent to the fate of their men who were leaving their service. In those days New York was known as one of the toughest ports on the seven seas.

But there was a Waterloo for the crimp. His foe and conqueror was the Seamen's Church Institute. In 1900 Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield and the Institute forces took the field against him and have held it ever since.

Dr. Mansfield witnessed many boardings of the crimp. They were the most pitiful sights that a human being can imagine, he said. Big, strong, happy-go-lucky toilers of the sea were reduced in a short time to docile drunkards or unconsciousness. It was not unusual to drug the liquor.

The representatives of vice then dumped their human car-

goes into their boats and shipped them to the sailortown dives. By nightfall Jack had no idea where he was. And nobody cared.

It was the custom then for American firms to pay the seamen at their offices instead of on the ships and British shippers paid in gold through the offices of the British Consul General at 2 State Street. So, though the sailor left his ship with empty pockets, he signed away all his pay to clear up his debts long before he ever drew it. Then arm in arm with the crimp, he would get his pay, turn it over to his "friend" and become a charge on the city unless he found another berth immediately.

Then, too, there were darker deeds along the waterfront. "Hell ships" commanded by men without mercy, could never fill their crews. But the crimps did that for them at a price. A drugged drink, and the sailor was carried feet first aboard a vessel he had never heard of. They called the practice "shanghai."

Such were conditions when Dr. Mansfield rolled up his sleeves. He was out to save men as well as souls so he decided to

resort to some of the crimp's technique. He, too, boarded ships at Quarantine and bargained for customers, offering a clean home, wholesome entertainment and safety.

Another young man, inspired by Dr. Mansfield's work was L. Gordon Hamersley, who was a sophomore at Harvard. He provided a cutter which flew the Institute's flag and was known as the "J. Hooker Hamersley" after the youth's father. This boat raced the crimp down the bay. And it helped to beat him.

History was made in those days. Fewer and fewer grew the crimp boats. Dr. Mansfield was left victor on the water. Being a landsman primarily, back he went to terra firma and his fight there. By the time he built his "fortress" at 25 South street in 1912, he was victor on the land.

Now the "fortress" must be enlarged. It must hold more men who need its protection lest the crimp flourish once more. Men and women who followed Dr. Mansfield in his thirty year fight against the crimp realize the value of the new \$2,750,000 Annex for which the remaining \$2,000,000 of the building fund must be raised. His new friends have been tremendously moved

by this record of service. The crimp though beaten is not dead. Mr. Wheeler and Institute employees will testify to that. He now wears the guise of the rum runner and the proprietor of the waterfront speak easy. He would "shanghai" crews for Rum Row if he could. He would rifle the pockets of the American merchant seamen if the Institute did not stand in his way.

Not so long ago, a simple seafaring lad came ashore with \$10 in his pocket. It was hard earned money. He wanted to sleep in a good, clean bed but he was unable to find one. The town, so far as he knew it, was crowded. Returning to his ship, he stepped into a sailors' saloon for a glass of beer. He proffered his \$10 bill and asked for change. The proprietor responded by hitting him over the head with a bottle and pitching him into the street.

Had that seaman found a bed, he would not have been victimized. Had the protecting wall been big enough, he would have been safe.

A Boy

"What is this Seaman's Church Institute?" a New Jer-

sey Boy Scout Master was asked recently by one of his troop. He looked into the organization and later described this "home" for seamen to his youthful charges.

A few days later, a young fair haired lad stepped up to him, saluted and pressed a \$10 bill into his hand.

"It's for that Institute's new Annex. I hope it goes over," he said in a firm voice.

The next day the Institute received a check from Special Field Commissioner Herbert B. Saunders of the Boy Scouts. He asked that the contribution be credited to "A Boy."

Making Friends

"Cheerio!"

That is the boarding cry of the Rev. William H. Cumpston, the new chaplain in charge of religious work. He has resumed the Institute chaplain's duty of visiting ships that come to port.

The purpose of these visits is to extend the Institute's welcome to the seaman. Mr. Cumpston strolls aboard, engages the first man he sees in conversation and soon is holding a reception with the captain as one of his guests. He has a keen eye for

faces and later when strangers in port investigate his accounts of the Institute, he spots them in the lobby and gives them a further welcome.

Recently Mr. Cumpston met a doubting Thomas. This fellow doubted that the chaplain had ever followed the sea. So he proceeded to cross-examine the man who for seven years followed the sailorman's life. Mr. Cumpston responded but the skeptic refused to believe.

At length, the chaplain mentioned the sailing vessel, *Cambrian Hills*, on which he stood out from Liverpool under Capt. Evans, nearly thirty years ago. The old salty skeptic blinked. "Was it the *Cambrian Hills* that took a cargo at Port Carster up the Sacramento? Was that before or after Queen Victoria died? How long after?" All these queries, Mr. Cumpston answered, adding:

"And moreover we were going up the river as you were putting out to sea. And we made Limerick in 147 days whereas it took you 175 to reach Cork. Remember?"

That ruined the doubter's skepticism.

"I'll be back soon to talk about those days," he grinned.



The Substitute Mother of the Apprentices' Room

When a fellow needs his mother, particularly a boy of the sea, rarely will he turn to a substitute. The land boy usually is near her. But the sailor-boy coursing the seven seas does not see her for months at a time.

What is this boy of the merchant marine to do? Who is to help him with his problems?

For years this question was ig-

nored. Then the Seamen's Church Institute came along, gave a helping hand and provided the lads with a "substitute mother." Mrs. Edith Baxter fills that post today as hostess of the Apprentices' Room which is sponsored by Miss Augusta de Peyster.

As temporary mother, Mrs. Baxter, with her understanding of boys, corresponds with them

in every port in the world. She really becomes their "sea mother" who cares for them when they are away from home. She wrote thousands of letters, in long hand and not by typewriter, last year.

Recently a youth who appeared to have a bad case of the blues slumped in a chair near Mrs. Baxter's desk. He tried to read a book; he tried to interest himself in the Victrola; he tried a few fancy billiard shots; and finally he gazed out of the window. But nothing held him. When his eyes met Mrs. Baxter's, they seemed to say:

"Gee, I wish ma was here!"

Mrs. Baxter engaged him in conversation. It was not long before he recognized in her that quality which won her the reputation of being the "substitute mother." And then he talked to her.

He was nineteen. The sea had claimed him for two years. And he was in love.

His girl was impatient. While his prospects were fine and closely bound up with his ambitions to stay at sea and rise in the merchant service, she wanted him to take root on land. She had argued with him and she

had threatened. He stood it all. He was in love.

Mrs. Baxter listened patiently, sympathetically. Then she gave her advice.

The boy sailed away. He was not heard from for months. Then came a letter. He had been in constant correspondence with his girl. He had made things clear to her. He saw his ambition clearly and had told her about it. And he had won her. Probably it was not so much what he said to her but the way he followed the advice given to him.

Another boy found himself in a terrible quandry. He had been away from home a year. And he had written to his mother but once, a few weeks after sailing away from her. Now he had word that she was ill—to the point of death. He was afraid to write. He felt that his neglect had something to do with her illness.

Mrs. Baxter talked with him. His problem was made clear to her. So with her aid, the long-awaited letter was drafted, written by the boy and dispatched to his home town.

It was a mighty sad looking boy that left the Institute that night when his ship was sailing.

When he returned he seemed a different lad, something of a man. He strode up to Mrs. Baxter and gave her a hearty handclasp. His face was radiant.

"If it hadn't been for you," he stammered, "I don't know what I'd have done. That letter was just the thing mother was waiting for. Sister said her improvement began when she read it. And I've developed the letter-writing habit, thanks to you."

A Letter to Mrs. Baxter

Towards Cape Town,

March 22, 1926.

Dear Mrs. Baxter:

I thought I'd like to write and thank you for the splendid time you gave me at the Institute, and to let you know how much I enjoyed myself. Honestly, it was simply glorious and I enjoyed every minute of our stay in New York, and could have enjoyed a lot more of it too! I am praying nightly (sailors do that sort of thing occasionally!) that a merciful Providence will send us straight back to New York from South Africa, and quickly too. If you feel an earth tremor, say

next month, you'll know it's me Charlestoning with joy because we *are* coming back.

You, Miss S. and Mrs. R., between you all have made an enthusiastic convert to America and the Americans. . . . We were reluctant to leave New York. . . .

"Home"

An appeal directed to those who have at heart the welfare of human beings was prepared by Edmund L. Baylies, President of the Institute, for campaign workers. It presented the Institute as the "Home" of the seafarer in the Port of New York.

Mr. Baylies' message read:

"TO THOSE WHO LOVE NEW YORK AND DESIRE TO HELP THE MERCHANT SEAMEN:

"New York with 6,000,000 inhabitants is the greatest city in the world in size, in number of inhabitants and in commerce. More ships and more seamen enter this port yearly than any other. Twenty-five years ago this port was known as the worst for the treatment given to seamen. Today largely because of the efforts of the Seamen's

Church Institute, New York is the most friendly port in the world.

"The Seamen's Institute at 25 South Street, is turning away nightly hundreds of men for whom it has no room and it is vitally necessary to finish the Annex now under construction and bring the number of beds up to 1,500.

"Having carefully studied the needs of the seaman when his voyage is ended, I can most earnestly urge every good New Yorker to make this City a welcome landing place for the sailor, and thus show a human interest for these splendidly brave men who think nothing of endangering their own lives to save others.

"The recent rescue of the crew of the *Antinoe* by the men on the S.S. *President Roosevelt*—after standing by for four days during a succession of severe storms until they could launch their lifeboats—is a

simple incident of what these men are called upon to do in the line of their duties

"The citizens of New York can best pay tribute to such heroism by helping to provide these men with safety and comfort and a warm welcome while they are in this port.

The Institute serves the men who roam the seven seas without regard to race, creed or color. Eighty per cent., however, of those who make this building their "Home" are American citizens; so, to that extent, the money expended in enlarging the Institute will serve, and help to make better and happier the lives of men in our own Merchant Marine.

"I therefore urgently appeal to all friends of Merchant Seamen to help us to speedily complete this great Annex."

Mr. Baylies has been a member of the Institute's Board of Managers since 1885. He was elected President in 1914.



Police Protection For the Sailor

A Chief of Police who acts as guide, philosopher and friend to many an unfortunate with a false start is indeed unique, but just such a person is T. P. Ryan, head of the Police Department of the Seamen's Church Institute. His experience in police study and practice all over the world is a story in itself, but a tale for another time. With twenty-four men he maintains order at the Institute and renders a humane service in addition, far from the reign of terror that might be conjured up in the

imagination at the mention of the word "police."

The majority of sailormen are clean and decent, and there are plenty of this type to take advantage of all the accommodations the Institute will have to offer, even with the completion of the new Annex. The Police Department aims to keep out the one "bad apple" that might contaminate the rest of the barrel. However, it is with judicious discrimination that the "bad apples" are detected and excluded. Although it is not the

function of the Institute to play the role of reform school, still through their understanding insight, the police are often able to give an undesirable a steer in the right direction.

Mr. Ryan and his men realize that the odds are often against the sailorman. Along the water-front are a flock of vultures masquerading in various sorts of plumage. There is the vendor of narcotics or of poisonous boot-leg liquor, and there is the keeper of the illicit boarding house or dive. The sailormen, helpless ashore, are often easy victims to foul play. Simple almost to the point of childlike-ness, they don't know what to do on dry land. They hug the shore like amphibious animals, fearing to get too far afield from their natural habitat, the sea. And here the vultures watch for their prey.

The narcotic evil is the most difficult to cope with, and only the utmost vigilance can be successful with it. It costs an addict at least \$1.50 per day to keep himself supplied with "dope." But, of course, far the most lamentable waste is the drain on his physical and moral resources. While the Institute has no place within its walls for

the addict, the Institute police do what they can to give him another chance.

Take the case of—we might call him Hanson merely to designate him. Hanson was about 30-years-old, well brought up, fairly well-educated, married to a fine young woman, and living in New York City. He was chief steward on a ship carrying some 600 passengers. About a year ago one of Mr. Ryan's men discovered that he had succumbed to the drug habit. He was arrested so that he would be compelled to submit to treatment. Four months at a city hospital made a new man of him and he came out entirely cured, grateful to the Institute, and determined to go straight. A child had been born during his absence, but he dared not go home. His wife had stuck to him as long as she could, but before the Institute got hold of him she had refused to have anything further to do with him. The Institute got Hanson a chief steward's job and he shipped again. After his first trip he bought a new outfit of clothing, and with a bank roll he risked a call upon his wife. She hardly knew him. He had regained his healthy, wholesome,

(Continued on page 18)



Mrs. Roper's Newest Feathers

The world is talking about how the Institute finds missing seamen. Little does it know that it is a woman who traces them—Mrs. Janet Roper—the House Mother.

The latest feather in her hunting cap is documented by the following Associated Press dispatch clipped from the New York *Herald Tribune*:

WAR HERO, "DEAD" TEN YEARS, WRITES MOTHER

FOUND THROUGH SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE, SHE WILL MEET HIM HERE

MAY 17

LEOMINSTER, Mass., May 2 (A.P.).—After mourning her son as one of the hero dead of the World War for more than ten years Mrs. Mary Killelea received word to-day that her boy, Charles F. Killelea, was alive and had asked the Seamen's Church Institute of New York City to help find her. Killelea enlisted in the British Flying Service when the World War began and left in the fall of 1915 to join his unit. His mother never heard from him after that but learned indirectly that he had been killed.

Mrs. Killelea said the letter her son sent to the Leominster police in his search for her indicated that he had been ill in a foreign country for some time after the war and then went to sea. He is expected in New York on May 17.

"How did you do it?" was the greeting everyone put to

Mrs. Roper—that is, everyone who knows of her great work.

“Why the man came into my office a few days before his ship sailed,” she said. “He asked me to try to find his mother. He said he had not communicated with her in over eleven years.

“I questioned him. It seems that it was many months after he left the war hospital when he learned his nurse had cabled his mother of his death. Then, he said, it was too late to write to her. She was a nervous woman and he feared the shock might harm her. So he lost himself to his old life.

“He became engaged in business in Europe and later went to sea. But you know how a boy feels toward his mother. That feeling doesn't leave the grown man. He simply had to find out about her so he left the diplomatic work to me. I communicated with the police of his

old home town and they did the rest.”

A letter from the found man's mother paid high tribute to Mrs. Roper's efforts.

“I tried to find my boy,” the mother wrote, “but I knew if I was unsuccessful he would some day try to reach me. It is a wonderful institution that helped him to do that.”

Another “find the man” nut Mrs. Roper had to crack was even more difficult. A seaman who had lost trace of his family remembered only the name of a church once mentioned in a letter from them. Mrs. Roper investigated and with the aid of a telephone book found that such a church existed in Brooklyn. She communicated with the pastor and sure enough, he knew not only the man's brother but his address and the floor he lived on. And another reunion was effected, thanks to Mrs. Roper and the Institute.

The Duty of The Community to Jack a' Shore (A Judicial Opinion)

Extract from an opinion by Judge Lehman, now a Judge of the Court of Appeals of this State, rendered at Special Term in New York County.

“From time immemorial the State has recognized that sailors have a peculiar status and are entitled to peculiar protection. Many of them come from dis-

tant parts and are strangers in this country and unacquainted with our laws and customs. While on shipboard and when released from this discipline with their wages in their pockets they are liable to disturb the public peace or to fall into the hands of dishonest persons who will cheat them out of their money. For these reasons the community is directly interested in protecting sailors from others and from themselves and may properly insist that only persons of respectability and who are able and willing to conduct their boarding houses and hotels properly shall be permitted to exercise the occupation of conducting sailors' boarding houses. Moreover, after a sailor has entered into a contract of service, the law of all maritime nations gives peculiar protection to the ship master and forces the sailor to carry out his contract. Once a sailor is induced by force or fraud to sign such a contract and

is placed upon the vessel he may be prevented from applying to our courts for protection. It is, therefore, of public importance that the places holding themselves out as ready to accommodate sailors and soliciting their patronage shall be so conducted that no sailors shall there be enticed or persuaded either to desert from or serve involuntarily upon any vessel. At the time when this statute was enacted the dangers of unregulated sailors' boarding houses was so obvious that I doubt whether any person would seriously have raised the contention that they were not a public menace and that their regulation would not tend to promote public welfare. The conditions during the thirty years in which the statute has been in existence have become so improved largely by reason of these regulations that today we are apt to overlook the danger of leaving this occupation without proper regulation.”

A Challenge to an Adventure

In his preface to Capt. Felix Riesenbergs' new collection of essays and stories, “Vignettes of the Sea,” Christopher Morley wrote:

“Let me say, while I think of it, that I hope some ‘man with money and imagination’ will read Capt. Riesenbergs' tribute

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 13)

to the Seamen's Church Institute (see the sketch called '25 South Street') and act upon the adventurous suggestion offered."

Capt. Riesenbergr wrote in that sketch:

"Twenty-five South Street means life and health and hope to the poor fellow who is down, and it means a lot to the fellow who wants to help the man who is down, who wants to do something worth while for all time.

"If a man with money and imagination should read this, I would advise him to put on an old suit, a wrinkled shirt, an old tie, and a battered hat, and get out of his Rolls-Royce at the Battery and stroll along South Street—historic, dusty, cattling, South Street, up to the corner of Coenties Slip, at Number 25. Mingle with the crowd of men, go in and buy lunch—the cooking is as clean and as good as

anything he can get at home or at his club. He might hang around, listen to the men; the place is crowded to suffocation, and he might inquire about a room for the night, or avail himself of the service of a bath, have his clothes washed and pressed while bathing, and step out with a new sense of the brotherhood of man. He might also ask for the House Mother, and pretend his son has run away to sea and been lost, but he must be a good actor to get away with it. Then I would also advise a few minutes of rest and meditation at the Institute in the Chapel of Our Saviour."

Capt. Riesenbergr is the author of "Under Sail," "Bob Graham at Sea," "The Men on Deck," "P. A. L." and a number of seamen's manuals. "Vignettes of the Sea" is published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.



Relief

The Relief Officer is Miss Frances Kellogg. It is her duty to see that a deserving man is given the means to obtain a bed and to tide through the night a man who has some money in safe keeping in the "bank." She also helps the sick into hospitals.

A few weeks ago a foreign seaman (not the one in the picture above) entered her office and she saw that he was a very sick man. He was sent to a hospital but he returned to Miss Kellogg.

"I only want to sit in the sun

in the park. That's all," he said.

A group of women from the South Shore Association overheard the interview. They found a hospital filled with sunshine for him. Odds and ends he wanted were obtained by Miss Kellogg. Then he died.

"God bless," he wrote to her, "You have made me very happy. You care for me and give me sunshine so I dream I was home again. God bless."

Among the Institute's most active friends are the women's

clubs which cooperate to build up the social service endowment and the new building funds. Benefits given by them last month were highly successful.

The summer entertainment fund was completed by the Grace Church Association benefit held on April 8 at the Cafe de Paris under the supervision of Mrs. Alexander B. Royce. The proceeds were large enough to permit the excess from the entertainment fund to be divided between the social service endowment and new building funds.

Mrs. Royce was assisted by Mrs. Herman C. Schwab, Mrs. Charles E. Ames, Mrs. Bradley L. Coley, Mrs. William L. Savage, Mrs. Ludlow S. Bull, Mrs. Charles Raynor Smith, Miss Carol Mitchell, Miss Helen Hiss and Mrs. Samuel S. Duryee.

The summer entertainments are given in Jeanette Park op-

posite the Institute on South Street. There the men of the sea are treated to concerts and movies.

Three card parties aided other funds.

The Robert Rogers group in Brooklyn helped the linen chest. Miss Mary Cochran is its chairman.

The St. Luke's Church group headed by Mrs. Henry Rowley contributed to the social service endowment fund.

The Brooklyn Association directed by Mrs. Stutzer-Taylor helped the new building fund. It has pledged a \$1,000 seamen's room toward which the benefit proceeds went.

The Seamen's Benefit Society, of which Miss Augusta de Pyster is director, voted a pledge of between \$3,000 and \$4,000 for a screen to be erected between the small and large chapels in the Annex.



Treasure Trove

Human nature is not so very different on the sea. The sailor picks up odds and ends all over the world perhaps attaching a memory to them. Tucked away in his dunnage, they constitute his treasure. Some day when he no longer has to follow the sea he plans to settle down in some kindly port, take out these treasures and live with them, living again his life of adventures.

When dunnage grows heavy, the seaman must leave it in safety ashore. Often he lacks time to ship it to friends or relatives. So the Institute helps him. It offers its baggage room.

Many seamen keep their land clothes stowed away in this same baggage room. Last year, according to the Annual Report, the baggage department handled 168,974 pieces.

Conrad

Joseph Conrad, the writer of the sea, is to be honored by a memorial reading room in the new Annex. It is planned that the memorial be the gift of all who are interested in the sea and

its literature. A fund for the Conrad room will therefore be raised by popular subscription.

The Conrad Memorial Room will be approximately 150 feet long and 50 feet wide, occupying the entire Front Street side of the Annex from Cuyler's Alley to Coenties Slip. It will cost \$50,000 to build and equip, and another \$50,000 for a maintenance endowment. There Charles R. Patterson's painting of "The Torrens," Conrad's last ship, will be hung.

The memorial was designed by Warren & Wetmore, the

architects who planned the Annex for which the Institute now is raising the remaining \$2,000,000 of the \$2,750,000 building fund.

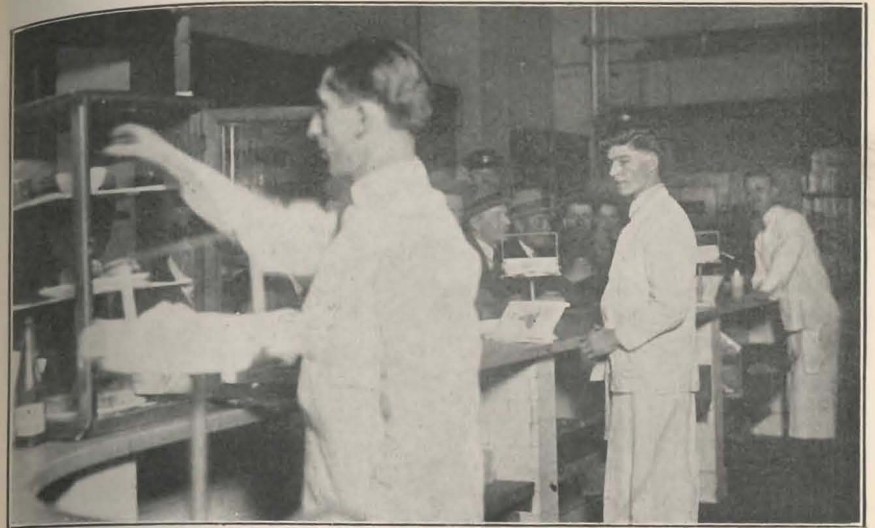
Sir Ashley Sparks is chairman of the following honorary literary committee of the Conrad Memorial: Elbridge L. Adams, Sir Harry Armstrong, H. I. Brock, Frank N. Doubleday, Dr. John H. Finley, Ford Madox Ford, S. Gruszka, Sir Esme Howard, G. Jean-Aubrey, Ogden Reid, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke. It will act with the Institute's Board of Managers' Committee.

(Continued from page 10)

clean appearance. She was incredulous but delighted. And now they are living happily ever after.

An important group which the police are often able to help is composed of the kindergartners—youngsters who think they want to go to sea and get as far as the port of New York. The men on Mr. Ryan's force are ever on the lookout for these boys. Recently a youth of tender years was noticed in a crowd of seasoned mariners. "Chick" stood

out because he seemed different. He looked down and out and hungry. Investigation revealed the fact that he was under eighteen and therefore too young to go to sea without his parents' permission. Mr. Ryan secured the necessary approval and the Institute placed "Chick" on a good ship where he has a fair chance to get ahead. Otherwise his fate might have been that of many a boy fired to adventure by the glamour of sea stories and the movies, who falls into the hands of unscrupulous ship captains not concerned with age regulations.



Grub

"Where is this Delmonico place, buddy?"

"T'ain't no more. This is next best place for grub."

This conversation at the lunch counter indicated what seamen think of the Institute's food. The newcomer who was looking for Delmonico's, a stranger in New York to be sure, was con-

vinced by his newly made friend and the lunch counter won another customer.

That the Institute ranks high in the gastronomic desires of seamen is to be seen in last year's sales. The Annual Report stated that 113,107 meals were served. Soda fountain sales to the number of 360,409 were made.

Kidnapped

Mitty is gone. And there is no Robert Louis Stevenson around the Institute to immortalize her going, in a novel.

"Mitty" was one of the most popular members of the Institute's animal force. She was one of five cats who made their home at 25 South Street.

"Lost, strayed or kidnapped," is the entry in the log against her name.

She was the feline who walked on her hind legs and jumped through hoops—on her hind legs. Old salts smoking in the lobby will now and then see

one of "Mitty's" lesser pals and start to call "Mitty" before they realize she is no more.

But "Boxer" is making a fair bid to usurp "Mitty's" honors. This talented feline stands on her hind legs, too, but instead of jumping through hoops, she boxes. A familiarity with the Marquis of Queensbury rules is evident in "Boxer" since she never scratches.

The Lack

The Institute is a perfect hotel except for one vital feature. It lacks bellhops and bed space.

But the former are not needed. A competent and highly trained staff cooperating with two-fisted seamen accustomed to serving themselves as well as others eliminate the choreboy of a bellhop.

And the bed space is needed. There are only 836 beds in the Institute. The Annex will increase this number to 1,500. To make this increase possible, the remaining \$2,000,000 of the \$2,750,000 building fund must be raised.

Last year 291,685 seamen registered for a bed at the hotel desk.



Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Incorporated 1844

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A Debt to the Sailor

(New York Sun Editorial May 11, 1926)

IT is only a short time since this city thrilled to the heroic tale of how the officers and men of the liner *President Roosevelt* rescued the crew of the *Antiope* at sea. Having feted and cheered and made presents to the rescuers, the public has filed this series of episodes away for future reference, to be remembered as part of the glorious traditions of the American merchant marine.

An opportunity has now arisen to make a permanent and substantial expression of gratitude, not only for the heroism of this particular band of seamen but also for the sturdy manhood of thousands of sailors for whom New York is more than a port of call. The Seaman's Church Institute is in need of money to finish building an Annex to its quarters in South Street. Those who contribute to the building fund will help greatly to make shore life pleasanter for thousands who in every respect are like the gallant personnel of the *President Roosevelt*.

The Seaman's Church Institute is not a charity but a philanthropic effort to enable honest workingmen to help themselves. It is 75 per cent. self-supporting. It is home, hotel, hospital, bank, library, club, post office, social center and church all combined. It began eighty-two years ago as a mission chapel on a barge in the East River. About eleven years ago the present thirteen story structure at 25 South Street was opened. It was designed to furnish sleeping accommodations for 500 men; now it cares for 836 men a night and is normally overcrowded. In an average year it furnishes accommodations to 300,000 persons, but it is forced to turn away 100,000 others. It is the world's largest institution for the care of seamen, but it is not large enough.

When the Institute was created New York was only one of many large seaports. Today it is the largest seaport of all; more ships and more seamen enter this harbor yearly than enter any other. And it is the boast of the Institute that it has helped to spread to the furthest lands the fame of New York as the most friendly port in the world. Without regard to nationality, race, creed or color, the Seaman's Church Institute welcomes all mariners. It reports, however, that 80 per cent of those making it their permanent home are American citizens.

The Annex to the Institute is intended to provide additional sleeping accommodations so the Institute can take care of 1,500 men nightly. At the same time it will release for social, recreational and other important uses room which has been invaded for dormitory purposes. The new building, with the necessary land, is expected to cost \$2,750,000. Of this sum \$750,000 already has been subscribed, leaving approximately \$2,000,000 to be raised.

This is peculiarly and essentially New York's business, aside from all questions of sentiment and gratitude. This city's prosperity has been built upon its water borne commerce since the completion of the Erie Canal won for it supremacy among American seaports. It owes a debt to the sailor which it can never repay.

As the *Sun* remarked editorially once before, the sailor is at a serious disadvantage on land. Even the shortening of voyages has not put him in a position to meet the landsman on terms of equality ashore. He needs help; not maudlin, sentimental, charitable help, but informed and soundly based help. This is what he gets at the Seaman's Institute.