

The LOOKOUT



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

Vol. XIII

JUNE, 1922

No. 6

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants

Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families

Burial of Destitute Seamen

Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift

Transmission of money to dependents

Free Libraries

Four Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea.

Health Lectures

Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment

Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

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Shall They Be Forgotten?

Thus far we have appealed in vain for the necessary Fifteen Thousand Dollars to raise a memorial to the men of the merchant marine who lost their lives in the great war. We still lack \$5,791.44 of the amount required, and the summer is here and building should be under way. It is true that we, as an Institute, have asked and received much of you during the past year. Perhaps we have asked too much and too often. Perhaps your recollection of the great war is like a sensitive nerve that you can't bear to have probed. The pain of that experience was possibly so great that you ask only to be allowed to forget. But the very fact that we dislike to be reminded of it is the best evidence that we will never be able to forget. That great misery will always lurk in the shadows of our memory. While our generation lives no monuments will be needed to keep green the memory of our heroes.

The question is, are they to be forgotten when we pass on? Shall we leave behind us no record of the sacrifices they made and the sufferings they endured?

We have admitted that the Institute has asked and received most generously in the past year. But in their great hour of sacrifice these men asked nothing either of you or of the nation at large and they received nothing. While the Dough-

boy was honored and feted, petted and cheered, these men also were laying down their lives in terrible ways, and without applause. Twelve men would go out of this Institute on one ship. In a week or ten days, perhaps five of them would return, ragged and starved.

"Where are the others?" the clerk at the hotel desk would ask. For answer the survivors would take off their hats and stand a moment with bowed heads. That moment of respectful silence is all the tribute that has been paid to these men up to the present time. It is not enough. We are venturing to print this request again, believing that it must, sooner or later, fall into the hands of some persons who feel, as we do, that this group of men cannot be left permanently unhonored by the country.

If each of the readers of The Lookout would contribute \$1.00 to the monument, we could send for the builders at once. That would give every one of you a chance to share in this memorial. Even the young among our readers could have a part in this tardy recognition of the brave dead. Will you do this?

The monument is to be an outdoor stage, erected in Jeanette Park. There concerts will be given during the summer and thus the dead will carry on, like seamen, sharing even their honors with their pals.

We also offer our grateful thanks to those who, since our last appeal,

have contributed toward the building of a permanent monument to these men, whose supreme sacrifice is threatened with oblivion.

The amount required....	\$15,000.00
Pledged conditionally	5,350.00
Cash received	3,858.56
Amount to be raised.....	5,791.44

To Serve

How beautifully a very everyday service can be rendered was made manifest the other day, when representatives of nearly every department of the Institute, from Dr. Mansfield down, gathered together to do honor to the head of the dining room, who on account of ill health, was returning to Ireland for a time.

Unexpected sources of wit and fun in the members of the staff were tapped that evening, as one after another paid tribute to that something Mrs. Saipe had brought into the institution. An atmosphere of home. A friendliness. Tolerance for our weaknesses and caprices.

Tongues fumbled for the right way of saying it until Dr. Mansfield, in presenting her with a token of appreciation from the staff quoted Christ's words, "I am here among you as one who serves." Then he talked a little of service, separating it from rewards and honors, and position, and making it a thing apart from the general appraisal of the value of the task; the talent with which we are each endowed and which we multiply or hide according to our natures.

Mrs. Saipe had multiplied her talent many times, as there were

many there to testify. When she rose with tears starting to her eyes to express in broken words her surprise and thanks, she said, that she had done only that for which she was paid. She had just done her job, and nobody was quite able to make it clear to her that she had given to the Institute her work plus the spirit of service and it was the plus part that was being banqueted that night.

Mike Says

Mike, one of our seamen, says that times have been so hard this year that the boys are becoming close, even about words, in proof of which he quotes the following conversation overheard on South Street.

First seaman, "Lo."
 Second seaman, "Lo."
 First seaman, "Ship?"
 Second seaman, "Nop."
 First seaman, "Jeet?"
 Second seaman, "Nop."
 First seaman, "C'mon."

The Flower Fund

The Flower Fund has caught the imagination of our readers. It is a beautiful thought that every year, on down through time the Altar of Our Savior will blossom out on a certain Sunday or Sundays in fragrant remembrance of some dear one, and that so small a sum as One Hundred Dollars makes this gracious memorial possible.

There is needed only \$859.24, to complete the fund of Five Thousand Dollars, and we feel that there are still many who would like to give

immortality to the names of their dear ones in this way.

The following persons have subscribed in perpetuity to the Chapel Flower Endowment Fund that flowers may always be on the Altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour on the memorial days selected.

Mrs. B. H. Buckingham, 1525 H St., Washington, D. C., 3rd Sunday in January, in memory of her husband Lieut. Com. B. H. Buckingham, U. S. Navy, who died on January 16, 1906.

Mrs. Wilson Farrand, 157 Ralston Ave., South Orange, N. J., 3rd Sunday in April, in memory of her daughter, Katherine Farrand Freeman.

Mrs. J. H. Fithian, Hotel Bossert, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sundays during the month of May in memory of her father William Souilly Nurse; Sundays during the month of October, in memory of her husband Josiah Herbert Fithian.

Mr. Wilton Moore Lockwood, The Patterson Savings Institution, Main and Market Sts., Patterson, N. J., 4th Sunday in November, in memory of Miss Frances Belcher; 2nd Sunday in November, in memory of Wm. Lambert Thomson.

Mrs. Jacob Mersereau, 1 West 69th St., New York City., 1st Sunday in November, "In Memoriam J. M."

Mrs. William Saville, 126 Windsor Road, Waban, Mass., 3rd

Sunday in July, in memory of her sister, Florence West Yale, who died at sea years ago.

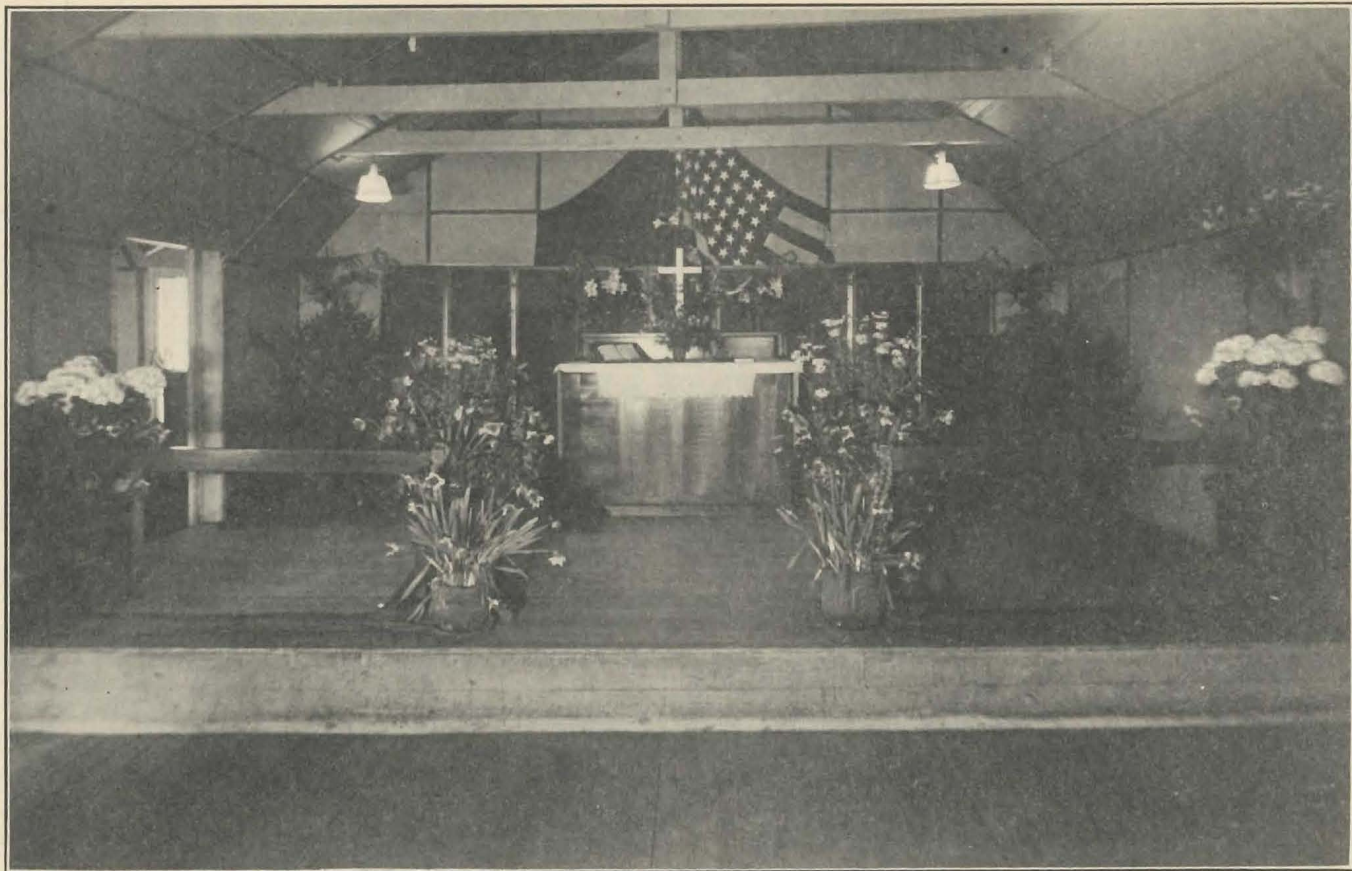
Miss Eugenia Tiffany, 2 Harvard St., Worcester, Mass., last Sunday in December, in memory of Lieut. Eugene Dodd.

First Sunday in March, in memory of Marie Louise Bennett, Private Secretary to the Rev. Archibald Romaine Mansfield, D.D., Superintendent of the S. C. I. of N. Y., from Dec., 1910 until March, 1921.

Mr. George W. Dix, Fort Place, New Brighton, S. I., 1st Sunday in August, "In Memoriam."

A Thank Offering

Just to be alive doesn't seem to be an occasion for thank-offering until Death has looked us in the face and passed by. At least that is obviously the feeling of one of the survivors of the S. S. Welsh Prince, wrecked off the Pacific Coast. Of those who had started out on the voyage seven were left behind, crushed in their berths. The others are resting at the Institute after their terrible experience. The gratitude of the young officer already referred to demanded concrete expression, and he arrived at the office of the House Mother with an enormous box of chocolates and five dollars for Mrs. Roper to spend as she pleased on some other needy man. "We'll call it the Roper Fund," he said affectionately, having experienced her kindness before, and often.



EASTER DAY 1922

Chancel of Chapel, U. S. Marine Hospital, Staten Island, New York.

Superintendent A. R. Mansfield in Charge, Represented by Chaplain L. A. Harkness

(See Article, "Unclaimed Dead")

The Unclaimed Dead

Those who travel in life's ordinary circuits take for granted that when Death reaches out his unseen hand and stops the journey, a funeral follows, with flowers and mourning friends, and kindly spoken words of love and praise for the one who has passed away.

But the man who leads a wandering life is often forced to start upon the great adventure, when he is far away from friends or kindred; perhaps after he has lost contact with them for years.

These are the unclaimed dead. Every year scores of them are carried out from the U. S. Marine and other hospitals and laid away in lonely, undecorated graves.

Until the summer of 1919, many bodies were buried without a prayer or service of any kind. It was nobody's fault that this was so. It is not the business of the government to have the services of the church read over these strangers and the matter had never been brought to the attention of the church.

In April, 1919, Dr. Mansfield, the Superintendent of this Institute, took this matter up with the authorities and was officially appointed Chaplain to the beneficiaries of the Public Health Service in the U. S. Marine Hospital, Staten Island.

In June, Chaplain Harkness was sent to visit the sick and bury the dead at this hospital. But the service of a Chaplain cannot be confined within such rigid lines as that. Visiting the sick has led him into a great variety of social service activities, drawing up wills, telephoning

messages to wives and sweethearts, getting men's baggage off ships, advancing loans to help men get on their feet again after an illness, performing all those little kindnesses, that one takes for granted from the members of one's own family. This is being done all the time by social workers in hospitals. The unique part of Mr. Harkness' work is caring for the bodies of the strangers who die in these hospitals, inspecting them and seeing that government regulations are met in their preparation for burial; following them to their last resting place and repeating over those lonely and unmourned graves, the service for the dead.

It is not for the dead we do this. The butterfly freed from the cocoon never gives a thought to the shrivelled and torn wrapping it has left behind. It does not seem possible, either, that the departed spirits of men should be concerned about the shells they have discarded. Why should they care? Their new life must be as much lovelier and freer than this, as a butterfly, borne on exquisite wings from flower to flower is more joyous and free than a clumsy worm crawling on a branch.

But the living care. A little mother over in Holland weeps tears of joy on being told that the body of her son had Christian burial; a sister out in California sits down and pours out her heart to us in gratitude that the body of her brother was not thrown into the human discard unnoticed.

We think the supporters of this

Institute will care also and be glad that they, through the Institute, are rendering this last service to the unclaimed dead.

The Insignificant One

A little man came hurrying after the Chaplain-Who-Gives-Advice, snoved something into his hand, murmured incoherently about keeping it until he returned from his next voyage, and faded away. The chaplain gave him only a casual glance when he departed. A little later it occurred to him to glance down at the paper he had in his hand. It enclosed a roll of bills totalling \$127. He hurried in the direction in which the man had disappeared, but the stranger was quite out of sight. The Chaplain stopped and scratched his head, trying to remember something by which to identify the owner of the money.

"I couldn't remember a single distinguishing thing about him," he told the editor, "except his insignificance, so I put the money down in the savings department to the credit of an insignificant little man wearing a grey suit and a slouch hat."

Three months later the owner of the money turned up again and identified himself by his one outstanding characteristic of insignificance. He had still more money to put in the bank this time.

He was a queer dumb little person, a Lett by birth. He would come and sit for hours in a corner of the office of the Chaplain-Who-Gives-Advice, not saying anything, not seeking anything, not any more in the way, the chaplain said, than

a faithful dog lying on the mat before the fire.

One day he broke his silence. He wanted to know about the courses in the Navigation School. The Chaplain was dumbfounded. "He seemed such a hopeless, tongue-tied, unlikely sort," the chaplain said afterward, "that I did not know whether it would be right to encourage him." But what the insignificant little man was looking for was not encouragement but information. When he had what he wanted of that he joined the Navigation School and studied to become a third mate. Before he had finished his course he was taken ill and the Man-Who-Gives-Advice went to see him. For the second time the insignificant man broke his silence, and the soul of him shone out for a moment from the drab exterior in which his body shrouds it. It developed that he had passed through all the sordid dives of the water-front and kept clean.

He recovered, returned to the Institute, and the curtain of obscurity covered him again until the night when he secured his mate's certificate.

By a curious coincidence on that same evening the Man-Who-Gives-Advice heard of a ship in need of a third mate and he sent the new-made officer. He was gone for sixteen months and returned with two thousand dollars to put in the bank. This time he took out his first citizenship papers. He has gone on several journeys since, and each time his rating as an officer goes up, his bank account grows, and he has some oil lands in Texas. But be-

tween voyages he is often to be found sitting dumbly in a corner of the office of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, an inarticulate, insignificant little man.

A Concert Grand Needed

The concerts have moved, performers, pictures, and audience, to Jeanette Park. Even the square piano has gone out and is doing its bold best to make itself heard above the continuous low hum of the city and the occasional thunder of a passing elevated train. But, except for a fringe of people who occupy the front rows of seats, the sound fades out to a thin tinkle.

So the man who supervises the Institute's social activities, has asked us to inquire whether any of you have a concert grand piano not in use that you could spare the Institute. We know that occasionally in moving such a large piece of furniture is crowded out of the drawing room, and thought perhaps some of you might know of such a one in need of a home, and a chance to make itself useful again.

A Bouquet For The Navigation School

Captain Huntington and the Superintendent of the Institute are naturally gratified by such letters of appreciation and commendation of the work done in the Navigation School, as that printed below.

Dear Captain Huntington:

It gives me great pleasure to inform you that recently I was examined in San Francisco and passed the examination as Second Mate and

issued License No. 36091. The fact that I received Second Mate without having Third Mate License really speaks for itself on the wonderful course in Navigation that I received from your great institution. I cannot express my appreciation in words to you and your able assistants for the attention and courtesy extended me during the course.

Hoping that the exceptionally good work of the past of the Seamen's Church Institute be crowned with greater achievements and success in the future and remaining at your command to forward to you any information that you may desire on the examination, I beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,

U. S. S. Undaunted,
Mare Island,
California.

Pleased About A Job

"I, wish to see you, about to work in my Interest, for a position I don't know what either I have to work this afternoon or not. if not I will call upon you. I, will also get the proper phone number, and other details, au gee, I am feeling glad, that I found something to do onto I can find proper employment. yes indeed.

Yours,

John C. ———

This seaman secured temporary work with a creamery to tide him over until he gets "proper employment," which is to say work on a ship. The letter is to the head of the Employment Office.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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.

Mrs. Thomas Leaves Us

At intervals the head of a large institution finds the human walls of organization he has built up suddenly crumbling away. The Institute has just been passing through such a period of collapse, when a number of valuable assistants have had to be spared in order that they may live up to other obligations which have even a greater claim upon them than this work.

One of the largest breaches in the wall has been made by the departure of Mrs. Lillian Beynon Thomas, editor of THE LOOKOUT, and supervisor of the work for Missing Men. Mrs. Thomas has been with the Institute for four years. In 1919 she took over the editing of THE LOOKOUT. That our readers have appreciated her work, they have given abundant proof. Every day letters come to my desk containing the most enthusiastic praise of our magazine. When the April issue

was delayed on account of the annual report, we received inquiries both by mail and telephone.

In reading her writing so sympathetically during these past years, you must have learned to know something of Mrs. Thomas' character, her broad sympathy, her dry humor, her shrewd and tolerant insight into human frailties. You will easily understand how we have grown to love and value her.

To me personally, as the Superintendent of this Institute, her service has been so helpful and inspiring that I would not have consented to her leaving, if family obligations had not obliged her to return to her home country across the border.

She brought with her into this work a new spirit. I can't express it better than to say, she went about interpreting the best in us to each other. She valued the spirit of service almost more than the act of service, for to her "The gift without the giver is bare." In all her relations with the seamen and the employees, she was moved by the emotion of kindness you have felt when you have read her appeals and said, as you so often did, "I must help them with this." And she expected the same standard from everyone else in the work. She stimulated all with whom she came in contact to the best of which they were capable and her going is an irreparable loss to the Institute.

Yet I hope and believe that there is built permanently into this work, something of Mrs. Thomas' spirit, something of her loyalty and warmth of personality, something of her

vision of bigger things that will stand here solidly, down through the years.

But to me, the breach in the wall is still there, and I am divided, as a man in my position must inevitably be, between wanting and hating it to be filled.

Inasmuch, however, as this breach must be filled none could so acceptably fill it as Miss Frances M. Beynon, sister of Mrs. Thomas, who in addition to her splendid publicity work in the Institute Ways and Means Department, has consented to undertake the responsibility of editing THE LOOKOUT beginning with this number.

I promise you, the readers of this little human interest publication, that Miss Beynon will maintain the high standard set by her sister and I have assured her that she may expect your continued wonderful interest and support. She has the very grateful appreciation of the Board of Managers of the Society and its Superintendent.

A. R. MANSFIELD.

The Cat In The Organ

Sometime, about Friday evening, the House Mother announced that she believed there was a cat in the organ. There is something that tickles one's sense of humor about a cat being in an organ, and everyone to whom she mentioned it laughed, but refused to take her poor cat seriously. How could a cat be in an organ.

When, however, preparations were being made for the Sunday services, the organ gave out from

time to time an unmistakable "Meowow."

Then indeed there was consternation, and every effort was made to extricate the poor beast from its predicament, but without success. The hour for service arrived and the cat was still protesting at intervals against its confinement.

The chaplain was obliged to explain to the astonished congregation that there was a cat in the organ. Pussy behaved very well except for an occasional meek "meow" until the chaplain was well through his sermon on "Brotherly Love."

Did pussy decide that this was the final insult, after she had been allowed to suffer neglected for two days? There is no telling, but she suddenly set up a prolonged yowling. The chaplain raised his voice. Kitty raised hers. The chaplain raised his yet higher. Kitty drowned him out.

Finally he turned and addressed the organ indignantly, "Keep quiet, cat." The cat subsided.

The congregation smiled broadly as the chaplain resumed his sermon on Brotherly Love.

When the service was over, two seamen climbed up and got pussy out, and fed her.

Au Revoir

There was a little underlying stir of excitement at the Apprentice Dance the last Thursday in May, that Chaplain Day, who was the cause of it all, because he is leaving for parish work, would have had to be deaf, dumb and blind not to have sensed.

People clustered together in

whispering groups that dissolved at his approach.

"When is it going to be?" could be heard in a stage whisper, the speaker clapping a tardy hand over the lips, and looking around like a conspirator.

"It" was between the Lucky Number Dance and the refreshments, and took the form of a presentation to Mr. Day from the volunteer workers, who for the two years of his service in the Institute have assisted him in entertaining the boys.

Miss Elliman, in a maiden speech that was a great success because she was thinking so intensely about making Mr. Day and the rest happy that she forgot to be nervous, expressed very sweetly the appreciation of all the workers for Mr. Day's service.

Mrs. Roper was asked to make the presentation because of her long service in the Institute and her warm personal friendship for Mr. Day, so with a few happily chosen words she bestowed on him some mysterious parcels, which the young women had selected with a full consciousness of their feminine limitations and which they offered with the condition that they might be changed for things more truly masculine.

Characteristically Mr. Day turned his reply into a eulogy of the volunteer workers, promised that it should not be good bye, but au revoir, that he would come back to some of the Thursday night parties.

Then there were three cheers for the volunteer workers, three cheers

for Miss Elliman, three cheers for Mr. Day and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and one episode in the work of the Seamen's Church Institute was closed. But the work goes on. A little of the dreams and personality of everyone who has helped with it is built into this plastic and ever-changing service.

How A Millionaire Feels

He had just been paid off, and the earnings of several months made a sizable cheque. With a consciousness of virtue, which he was careful not to conceal, he sent two thirds of it home to his wife. Part of the balance he kept; part he deposited with us and went forth into the wicked city with the expressed intention of having a good time.

Four hours later, he returned followed by a taxi driver and asked for the greater part of his money back. The clerk was moved to enter a friendly protest at the rapid melting away of his resources, whereupon the taxi driver spoke up: "He's been riding around in my car all the afternoon and I've got to earn my living, haven't I?"

The clerk handed over the money, the taxi driver went about his business, but the seaman lingered a moment at the desk, a smile of supreme content on his face.

"I thought I'd see," he said, "just for one afternoon, what it felt like to be a millionaire."

Hunches Or?

We call them hunches but the Chaplain who knows many languages calls them "divine guidance," and as he

seems to have more of them than most, he should know.

The night was wet and dreary—one of those nights when the Weather Man seems discouraged, and the Spring seems sorry it has come, and the Winter reaches back sullenly, and poor humanity goes around with humped shoulders feeling wretched. And Chaplains being very human feel badly and want to stay under cover, but it often happens, that on just such nights come the loudest calls of need. This time it was a shipwrecked crew. They arrived at the Hotel Desk long after dark without a cent and without any baggage except "Hope" that we would help them. All our beds were full and so a Chaplain was called on to find a place for them. And of course he did, but the men didn't know how to get there, so turning up the collar of his coat, and trying to hold his umbrella over the whole crew, he plodded along the streets, conscious that the rain was slowly seeping through his clothes.

When he had found a place for the men, he suddenly had what many of us call "a hunch." He felt that he should go across the city to Bellevue Hospital to see a young man who had been taken there very ill and he had written to the boy's parents in Montreal. Now it seemed a very unreasonable "hunch." He couldn't do anything for the young man, and he was very wet and he wanted to go home and go to bed. It was time for all God fearing folk to be there.

Still the feeling persisted that he should go to the hospital and he went. He found the young man very ill. He spoke a few comforting words and

prayed with him. He was turning away when an attendant called him to the telephone and to his astonishment, long distance told him the mother of the very man he had been visiting was at the telephone and wished to speak with him.

She had in some way become confused and believed that he belonged to the hospital and she had called him up there—and she told him one of the family was on the way down and would arrive that night to see the young man. And she wanted to know about her boy—and he was able to comfort her as no one else could because the letter had made him acquainted.

You can picture the joy of the young man when told that his mother had been talking to the Chaplain and that a friend would be there soon. It seemed to give him courage to fight the sickness that was wearing him down.

The Chaplain finally left him and went down stairs on his way home when he was again stopped. He was wanted on the telephone. Imagine his surprise when the friend of the young man announced that he had arrived and was at the station. He wished the Chaplain to arrange for him to get in to see the boy as soon as he could get there—and of course he did.

Was it "a hunch" that made him go over to receive the message of that agonized mother and arrange for the friend to get in at once to see the boy—or was it Divine Guidance?

You Can't Always Tell

He was pale and shabby and apologetic, as he gently insinuated

himself into the office of the Social Department. He had just come out of the hospital, he explained, and he looked it. Would they cash a check for him or lend him a small amount on it to tide him over for a few days.

The chaplain was skeptical of the check, but the man's need was obvious enough. He explained that they never cashed checks, but would advance him a small loan.

Very modestly the man handed over the check, and asked if he might have seventeen dollars. The chaplain, who had been mentally bidding his small loan farewell, stared at the check in astonishment. It was a perfectly good check for \$417, compensation for the injuries which had caused him to be taken to the hospital.

The chaplain has concluded that you never can tell by the way a man wears his hat how much he has in his pocket.

Saves Boy Off Battery Wall

Seaman Plunges in Fully Clad as Lad Sinks Third Time

Arthur Booth, a seaman out of work, lay sprawled on the grass in Battery Park at 8:30 o'clock last night, when he heard somebody yell, "Boy overboard!"

Booth jumped up, raced up to the Battery wall near the Barge Office and jumped in, coat, hat, shoes and all. He caught the boy as he was going down for the third time and swam with him to safety.

The boy was Walter Drice, seven years old, of 90 Broad Street. He was hurried to Broad Street Hospital after being attended by an

ambulance physician. A crowd had witnessed the rescue, and it occurred to somebody that the rescuer might like some dry clothes. He got them and again stretched out on the Battery Park grass.

* * *

Arthur Booth, mentioned in the newspaper story above is one of our boys and we are proud of him.

There is a slight inaccuracy, however, in the conclusion of the story. We have never seen men walking on the Battery with an extra suit of clothes to bestow upon any hero who might jump over to save a drowning child, and there seems no reason to suppose that any such forehanded person was about on this occasion.

Another, and much more probable story is this. Arthur Booth, being a seaman, and painfully shy of notice from all these land folk, took advantage of the crowd's absorption in the rescued child to sneak away.

"You'd think he'd been caught shop-lifting," said a kind hearted Jewish gentleman, who saw him disappearing down South Street and followed the wet trail he left behind, to the Seamen's Church Institute, and down into the drying room where Booth was wringing out his sopping suit.

Having congratulated the embarrassed youth, who made light of the rescue, the Jewish gentleman sought out the House Mother and left two dollars with her to be given to him. Later another friend sent him five dollars as an expression of the community's appreciation of such unquestioning courage.

Diplomacy Was Needed

The House Mother is famous for her ability as a correspondent, but even her tact was tested the other day when a young boy from India came in and made this request of her.

"I want you to write a letter home to my father. My people live in India, you understand. My father has a government position there. Times are very hard and my father would not be able to keep a roof over their heads if it were not for a wealthy man, who lives with them. There is my father and my three younger brothers, and my sister, who is a very beautiful girl. Such a beautiful girl.

"My people are simple folk. They have not been all around the world, as I have, and there are some things they don't understand. I can see that this wealthy man may be helping them in order to marry my sister. I want you to write a letter and make it clear to my father that my sister must not be allowed to marry to liquidate a family debt, but I want you to put it so that if the letter is read aloud to my sister or the stranger they will not understand."

The House Mother wrote the letter.

Needed—A Start

"I have been up three or four times but I could not find you to tell you how I am getting along. I have tried to find you."

It was the young Scandinavian Officer who came to us last winter to get our assistance in locating his sister. He had not mentioned his own problem

until questioned, but then he confessed that he was down to his last dollar and as hundreds of officers were out of work, the prospect was black.

We asked him whether he had ever learned a trade and he said that he had learned carpentry. We were most hopeful at once and said lightly, "Oh, we'll get you a job."

His face brightened, but he looked anxious and interrupted, "But I haven't any tools and they cost a lot. I'd have to have tools."

And we soon found that tools did cost a lot, but the Chaplain told him to get a job and then come to us about the tools, which he did.

Well, he was loaned enough money to get the absolutely necessary equipment and before a week was out, he had paid the money loaned and bought a lot more tools.

He had come back three or four times to tell the employee who had stood good for the money loaned him. that he hadn't missed a day's work since he started and life looked mighty good to him.

"All I needed was the start," he explained, his face beaming with health and confidence, "I'm all right. I wanted to tell you that you gave me just what I needed."

Growing Pains

When the staff of the Institute gave a farewell supper to Mr. Day and Mrs. Thomas, the latter, replying to the kind things that had been said about her, spoke at some length about the growth in the Institute during the four years she had been connected with it. She dwelt upon Dr. Mansfield's gift for finding big

things to do, upon his sure confidence that if a certain thing needed to be undertaken the means and the person would be forthcoming to make it possible. She cited as examples the fact that during the past year the Institute had co-operated with the City in providing a relief shelter for seamen; with the Federal Public Health Service in publishing a First Aid Manual to be used on ships; and with the Federal Public Health Service and the Radio Corporation of America in instituting a national wireless medical service for seamen.

This same capacity that Mrs. Thomas spoke about, for reaching out and finding original ways to serve the seamen outside of these four walls is manifested within them. The work is always changing, always growing, but never finished. You know that old saying, "New York will be a fine city when it is built." That might equally well be said of this Institute, but Dr. Mansfield will never permit it to happen in his time. Under his direction it is young and growing and vital, a mere infant for all its seventy-seven years.

Recently the social and religious departments have undergone a complete reorganization in order that they may both broaden and deepen their capacity to serve.

From time to time there have been published in *The Lookout* extracts from the early annual reports of this society. You must have been struck by the passion for the saving of souls expressed in those early reports; the great rejoicing when the

men, "with truant feet, turned back to the Father's house," the pleasure the secretary felt when he was able to gather together a large congregation of those who spent most of their lives far away from "the spires that point to Heaven, and the bells that call to prayer."

Without this religious element this institution would have been just a cheap hotel; with it, it is both a home and a church. Recently the religious side of this work has been in danger of being swamped by the necessity for social service work. To preserve this factor, which is the foundation of the whole undertaking, the director of religious activities, Mr. Robinson, has been relieved of all social service work, and this has been put under the management of Mr. Green. Mr. Bullington, who has just been ordained, has been added to the staff of the religious department. While he was taking his training in the Seminary Mr. Bullington used to spend part of his time in this service. He is now going to assist Mr. Robinson permanently, and is devoting most of his time to hospital work.

Miss Frances Kellogg has come to the Social department to do case work. Miss Kellogg was formerly with the Red Cross in Canteen and Recreation Work. She is a little woman, but firm, at times, as a drunken seaman discovered the other day when he failed to persuade her that he was one of the deserving poor.

The seaman looked about and said, "Isn't there any man around here? I can't fight you."

Miss Annabel Anderson has come to fill the place left vacant by Mr. Day in the apprentice work, and to secure talent for the concerts. Miss Anderson was with the Salvation Army overseas, and with the Red Cross in recreation work for three years, and has a gift for dealing with the problems of men away from home, with more time on their hands than is good for their morals.

Temptation

He came to the office of the House Mother inquiring for a two and a half dollar gold piece he had left with her before his last voyage. It was a talisman. He was confident that during the war, and while he was a prisoner in Germany it had protected him from harm.

He watched Mrs. Roper nervously to see if he had stirred her recollection, but there is a constant trek of men to the office of the House Mother with every sort of unlikely burden to unload, and her mind was a complete blank in regard to this incident.

"A gold coin," she repeated, trying to untangle her thoughts from the need of the last man for a needle and thread and button, "I can't remember a thing about it, but if you left it with me it will be in here." She opened a drawer, put in her hand, and took out a parcel with his name on it.

He opened it, looked from the coin to her and from her back to the coin, with a peculiar expression, thanked her and went away.

An hour later he came back and there were traces of tears in his eyes

as he laid two dollars and a half on the desk before her. Then he explained that when he left the coin with her she had advanced him its value out of her own purse. He saw that she had forgotten and for an hour he had wrestled with the temptation not to remind her, because he was in great need of the money. Generously the House Mother offered to let him keep it a little longer, but the tempter was completely vanquished and he shook his head and shuffled away.

The Last Chapter

This is the last chapter of the story of Carl Beck. You remember the Danish boy, who was ill in the hospital in Jamaica. Some of you sent him Danish literature. Some of you sent him money. You remember that there was some talk of bringing him to New York because it was believed that there was the barest chance in the world that he might be saved.

He was brought to New York, and everything was done for him that human skill could do, but the doctors discovered that one of the nerves of the back had been severed, and there was no way of joining it to the centre again. There were only two possibilities open to Carl Beck in that case. He would be paralyzed or else his spirit would be set free from his crippled body. Those who read the description the matron of the hospital gave of his joyous spirit will feel, we are sure, as the House Mother does, that death was the only possible happy ending to this story.

You remember the matron said in her letter, "He is much thinner and has frequent bad days, but when he is feeling himself he is the life of the ward."

We like to think that Carl Beck is always "feeling himself" now and that, if he could, he would repeat with a new meaning what he wrote to us from the hospital in Jamaica, "I have it very good here."

A Seaman Poet

Hugh G. Croll, who wrote the poems printed below, is a New Zealander, who has been going to sea since the war, partly at least on account of his health. With the poems he brought us some very creditable water colors, which makes one realize afresh the cosmopolitan character of the men we serve here.

Harbour Lights

There are many lights to gild the sheet
Of placid water, and mark each street
That climbs the hill's dark shadowed steep,
As a fairy way through the mists of sleep.

And whether bright or dim, they all
In golden sparkling cascades fall,
Like sinuous glimmering arms, and reach
To where the tide swells o'er the beach.

As night on her loom is older spun,
These lights will flicker one by one,
And all is sombre save where few
Still brightly gleaming stud the view.

They are the beacons always bright,

To smooth the tortuous ways
through night,
To lead frail vessels safely on,
When all the other lights are gone.

And likewise also friends are true,
Whose smiles will lead our path-
ways through
The Vales of sorrow or distress,
And point the way to happiness.

We wish Mr. Croll had concluded the above poem before the last stanza was written. Here is another more uniform in quality:

People

Mindful of rocks that lurk beneath
the sea,
I make my way amidst these shoals
more slow
Than the onward rushing tide; and,
as I go,
I watch the many ships that sail
with me.
Some keep a narrow course, and
others free
Will turn an eager helm to where
they know
Rich islands dot the seas, and fresh-
ly blow
Keen winds to billow sails with
whistling glee.

But there are distant unknown har-
bours too,
Where lie gaunt hulks embedded in
the shore
To dream of blue waters that are
theirs no more,
And lazy tropic islands once they
knew,
But now, with compass lost, and
sails all furled,
They seek a peace, forgotten by the
world.

General Summary of Work

MAY, 1922

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services, A. M.	4	89
Sunday Services, P. M.	4	443
Communion Services	3	24
Bible Classes	3	168
Gospel Meetings	3	66
Miscellaneous Services	1	13
Weddings	0	
Funerals	2	
Baptisms	0	

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

Sunday Services, A. M.	4	175
Communion Services	1	7
Funerals	3	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Home Hours	4	360
Entertainments	9	3,149
Lodgings Registered		25,070
Incoming Mail for Seamen		14,605
Dunnage Checked		4,163
Free Baths		2
Free Clothes Washings		2
Packages Literature Distributed		193
Knitted Articles Distributed		156

Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing	280
Assisted through Loan Fund	73
Baggage and Minor Relief	72
Cases in Institute Clinic	788
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	51
Referred to Other Organizations	13
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	36

Employment

Men Shipped	450
Shore Jobs	147

Visits

To Hospitals	16
To Patients	18
Other Visits	29

Sea View Hospital

To Hospital	8
Number of hours	33 $\frac{3}{4}$

U. S. Marine Hospital, No. 21

To Hospital	20
Number of hours	91 $\frac{1}{4}$

Fox Hills Hospital

To Hospital	1
Number of hours	5

Hudson St. Hospital

To Hospital	3
Number of hours	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	21
First Aid Lectures	5

SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits	\$48,417.80
Withdrawals	54,330.51
Transmissions	15,123.61

Seventy-two Years Ago

“With cheerful, ready liberality never before equalled in our history, those to whom we look for sympathy and upon whom we depend for aid, have responded to our call, and left us but little to solicit. Moved, as we believe, by the Holy Spirit, they have availed themselves of opportunities which have been offered, for contributing to this cause, and thereby rendered the discharge of our responsibility more than usually pleasant, much lightening our burden of anxieties and cares.

“Through the divine blessing upon our exertions, we are enabled to omit, on this occasion, our usual account of pecuniary trials and embarrassments. Our obligations have been promptly met; and notwithstanding a somewhat increased expenditure for repairs and renovation of our Chapels, we now ‘owe no man anything but love.’”

(The above is an extract from the Annual Report
of this Society in the year 1850)