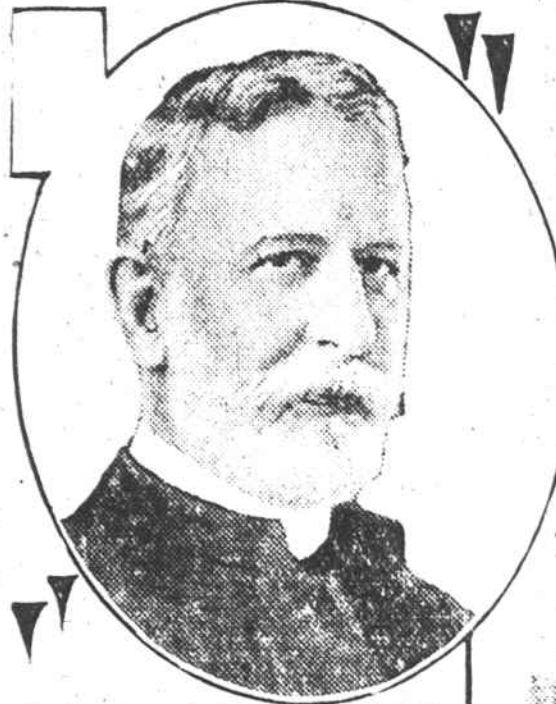


KDKF - Afloat and Ashore

by Mary Graham Bonner



REV. DR. A. R. MANSFIELD

WORK OF THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE



AT THE INSTITUTE ENTRANCE



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY

PARTY FOR APPRENTICE SEAMEN

NOT long ago the news of doctoring a man far out at sea—by a doctor on land—set us all agog at the wonders about us, almost unnatural in their infinite possibilities and successes. It all arrested my attention so sharply that with intense curiosity I went to the Seamen's Church Institute in New York city from where I heard this wonder sprang.

Dimly I had heard of this place, this enormous building which meant home to thousands and thousands of seamen from all over the world, and I had heard of its tower and its great green light which was the first light to be seen as a boat came within view of New York. The institute is situated on the very edge, as it were, of Manhattan island—25 South street, along the water front.

Captain Robert Huntington, principal of the Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio school of the institute, and Dr. Mansfield, superintendent, have been the ones to accomplish this medical service by wireless.

For the past year KDKF, which is the distress signal sent to the institute radio station, has resulted in treatment of the man sick at sea by a doctor at one of the public health stations on land. The institute has put through this work in a very complete way. It has finally won out in the insistence of the law which makes all ships carry a first aid equipment, a first aid manual (the work of the institute) and a medicine chest. And now, in order to receive his certificate, a ship's officer must have had a course in first aid training.

So that now a man who is sick can be treated at sea by these officers who understand medicine sufficiently to be able to proficiently follow out the directions of the doctors who send their advice and treatment by wireless—following the sending of the man's symptoms to them. Ships outside the radius can have messages relayed by the ships within the radius.

All kinds of illnesses have been treated and now the final arrangement as to the different coastal stations is to be made so that all over the world there will be medical service by wireless. And all this has been put through by the Seamen's Church Institute. The radio corporation pays all the wireless expenses of sending messages with the exception of some of the telephone toll charges and a private individual pays these.

The accomplishment of this as a world service has just been completed. And the place I had known of as that with the green light, which is not only the first to be seen upon approaching land, but the last light to be seen as men sail out to sea again, has been responsible!

Then, too, I had heard of the time ball which dropped down the pole on top of the tower every day exactly as Washington sent word that it was noon, and of the hundreds of glasses turned toward this tower around noon, a simple enough tale but one that had always appealed! For all boats in the harbor take their time from the Seamen's Church Institute time ball.

Of these I had heard, and sometimes of services, sometimes of entertainments and—up to the time of the long distance medical treatment—of the transference of a ferry house along the water front into a comfortable, heated, lighted relief station for the great number of unemployed seamen this year. This they too had put through with the cooperation of the civic and naval authorities.

It was very difficult, I found, to discover who was the inspiration back of each enormous accomplishment. Archibald V. Mansfield, D. D., the superintendent, was the one who everyone else told

me, had put through everything. But Dr. Mansfield treated that with scorn, and went on to explain just who were the individuals responsible for the many and devout splendid things accomplished there. In fact there was this spirit everywhere. There is absolutely no desire for self-glory in anyone I met—a rare thing to be found in a large organization.

Over seventy years ago a pious gentleman from Boston found his boat stranded on the New England coast. He found shelter, however, in the inn of a small coast town. It was Sunday. The pious gentleman sent out word to the various ships which had sought shelter in the storm that there would be a service that Sunday morning in the parlor of the inn, and there was such tremendous response that soon afterward a floating church was to be seen in New York harbor. For it showed seamen enjoyed a service.

Next some men from Trinity parish went down every Sunday to the wharves and asked the men to come to services. And the Seamen's Church Institute had grown out of these beginnings and the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the city and port of New York. Since 1906 it has been known as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

It was Reverend Dr. Mansfield who made the Church institute what it is—who struggled his way through the almost insurmountable difficulties which loomed and intruded and threatened. Time and again his life has been threatened. Time and again he has been watched and followed by men carrying firearms waiting for an opportunity to get even with him, for he has been the bitter enemy of these vultures who have fed for years off sailors. Vultures who have not waited for death—they have been more remunerative living—but for the incapability on the part of the sailors which they have produced through the liquor they have sold.

The life around the wharves of a great city is not one well known in other parts of a city's life. Vaguely one imagines that sailors are apt to get drunk when they come to port. Vaguely one imagines that a good many of them are enticed by women and pretty generally left broke some good time before their ship sets sail again. But few know the combine which existed for years and years and which it seemed would never be broken.

It was a system against seamen by masters of ships and keepers of "boarding houses." The masters of the ships directed their men upon going to shore to these various boarding houses along the water front. There the men found drink and women. They were thoroughly fleeced, they were put out as worthless "bums" to eke out the rest of their time ashore penniless, usually coatless, hungry and lacking in any self-respect.

The money which they had been robbed of by these "boarding houses" was divided between the boarding house owners and the masters of the ships. Here was Dr. Mansfield's greatest difficulty. The masters of the various ships would not give men jobs who went to the Seamen's Church Institute. They would not take them back on their ships.

But Dr. Mansfield went to various shipping companies which agreed to co-operate and so the terrible combine was at last broken up. Everything and everyone along the water front fought a hard and angry battle against Dr. Mansfield. Barber-shops, boot-blackening establishments, lunch rooms, all were ready to work in with the "boarding houses" and the masters of the ships. There was where the money was. Why bother about a man's body when there was money to think about?

Fearlessly, courageously Dr. Mansfield worked against the cruel and soulless greed of the water-

front. Is it any wonder that thousands and thousands of seamen the world over look upon the Seamen's Church Institute as their home?

There is everything at the institute—barber-shops, tailor shops, lunch rooms, outfits for sale—everything that there might be along the water front's exterior with none of its demon-like interior.

Here is a place like an enormous hotel with comforts such as even hotels cannot afford, and yet at prices such as are charged by lodging houses, so that there is not the feeling of charity. There are great reading rooms, lounging rooms, there is nothing stiff here, there are entertainments, dances, movies, magazines, books, smokes, there is companionship, there are beds with cool, fresh linen, shower baths, places where a man may wash and dry his clothes. Over eight-hundred men sleep there every night, though several hundred have to be nightly turned away until the new building next door is erected.

There is a chaplain always on duty, talking to the men, helping them, bringing families and men together again—through the institute's wonderful "missing men department." This chaplain has also studied law sufficiently so that he may help the men in various legal difficulties that arise—and he is a chaplain with a very keen sense of humor. It keeps everyone "smoothed out." "And he gives everything he owns away," the house mother told me.

Mrs. Janet Roper, the house mother, is a quiet person whose skill and enormous success at her work is realized as one goes about with her. She is very far from being aggressively executive. She doesn't talk about "systems" or "theories" or "executive ability." She talks about the men.

She showed me about. There is not a wash bowl in the building that is not a memorial. Every room has a memorial plate upon its door. A favorite form of memorial has been to donate a room. And in the new building which is to be started in the spring already many of the rooms have been donated. Sometimes I came across a Chinese name—a Chinaman who wanted to show his affection with, and his affection for, the building with the green light which had meant home for him in a foreign city.

But typical of a seaman, according to Mrs. Roper, and typical of what a seaman should be is illustrated in the memorial plate on a room donated in memory of the captain of the Titanic. "In memory of Captain Edward J. Smith, R. N. R., who lost his life while in command of S. S. Titanic, April 15, 1912. He sailed the sea for forty years, faithful in duty, friendly in spirit, firm in command, fearless in disaster; he saved the women and children and went down with his ship."

The link which thousands feel with the institute is its greatest stronghold against the sordidness of the water front. Men arriving in Brooklyn telephone to see if there is room for them. Men from all over the world come here and go forth to tell of the green light in the tower which stands in the building where there is everything to help them. There is the bank, the post office, the place where their baggage can be safe.

In a park nearby there are open air moving picture shows in the summer and various entertainments.

The Seamen's Church Institute is under the Protestant Episcopal church. Its chaplains are Episcopalian, though its employees are of all faiths. It serves all—the chaplain who visits the men in the hospitals brings rabbits to the Jews, priests to the Roman Catholics, and ministers in whatever faiths these men have been brought up.

THE SUBSTITUTE

By AGNES BROGAN

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The neatly-tailored woman with kindly humorous eyes entered the Pullman briskly and settled herself in a chair, watching with interest the various passengers dispose themselves.

She had been sent now after an almost impossible interview.

Miss Martha Dun was known to round up notables and wring from them their secret thoughts, where other reporters failed in approach.

So, now, the "lovely lady" entering took a chair directly opposite. The face was truly lovely, from thoughtful blue eyes to tender curving lips.

The porter paid her the homage due a personage, and she cast a little half smile in the direction of Martha Dun before she turned to the window.

It was at a country station that the "wan little girl"—again Martha's naming—came hesitant up the car steps. The porter led her to a seat before that of the lovely lady and across from Martha Dun—in search of a story.

The story promised to be enacted before her eyes, for the girl, swaying suddenly, turned a frightened glance on her neighbor. "I am ill," she said.

Tremblingly weak, the girl toppled, a crumpling bundle of navy-blue on the car floor.

The lovely lady, raising the brown head, murmured words of encouragement. "You will be all right, my dear, in a few moments."

"I will be unable to continue the journey," the wan little girl said ruefully. And it would mean so much to Granny and me. You see, I was to sing tonight at a small town entertainment. They were to pay me," she added impressively—twenty dollars. Now, I shall have to get off at the next stop and go back home."

"You love to sing?" the lovely lady asked.

"All my life, I have longed to be a singer. My name is Alice Sanders," the girl offered. "Granny has sacrificed a great deal to give me the small benefit of local teaching."

The girl's eyes twinkled. "Friends would tell you that I have a remarkable voice—the rest of the world has not awakened to that fact. You are kind to listen. Good-by."

From her purse she drew a notebook and pencil. "Write for me," she requested, "a line of introduction. Just say, 'A friend, substituting for Miss Sanders.'"

The line was written before Alice in her astonishment was fully aware. "Stop at Waycross," she directed breathlessly; "they will have some one to meet you there."

"May I," inquired Martha Dun of the lovely lady, "take this seat for a moment? I would like to talk with you." But the lady, turning from a farewell wave to Alice, smiled placatingly. "Please, no," she said.

A solitary old man was waiting at Waycross station. His disappointment in not finding Alice Sanders was evident. Alice's friend approached him with her explanation and he offered, not very graciously, to take her over to the hall, to "see the committee."

"They are waiting there," he said. Martha Dun, coming out of Waycross station, followed resolutely on up the hill. The hill was filled that evening and disappointment in their favorite's absence was apparent on all sides. Opposite the numbers on the program that Alice was to have sung, was written simply—"Substituting for Miss Sanders."

The lovely lady looked down on her unsmiling audience and sang the songs that Alice had chosen. The house was very still—then they applauded. The singer's face flushed happily.

Martha Dun sat on the front seat. When the applause had died away the lovely lady took a place at her side.

"Miss Dun," she said, "I ask that you will not mar my happy hour by publicity. Let me tell you. That girl who entered the train today might have been myself years ago—with my difficulties and yearning ambition. When I stood on that crude stage tonight, I was carried back to my first public singing in our town hall, the very country town from which Alice came today. And in all my professional triumphs I have never since known the thrill of that first appearance—the friendly faces everywhere. You will not use this little story?"

A man with hair graying at the temples came hurrying toward the two. Before the noted singer of two continents he paused. "Dora!" he exclaimed. "Tom!" cried the lovely lady. "I came here," he went on, "filled with hope because a little patient of mine told of a generous sweet lady who volunteered to take her place at this entertainment. Her description—the news of your return to this country—and I do find you, after all, Dora!"

Martha Dun slipped away. At the door she stopped to replace the reporter's tablet in her bag. Then a voice called to her—the lovely lady's face was radiant.

"The doctor and I will drive you to the station, Miss Dun," she said. "And later, would it compensate if I were to give you the story of an old love affair renewed? Theodora Gail's one love story. The world will be interested—don't you think—in the fact that she returns from her European tour to marry a country doctor? For neither success nor riches," added the lovely lady, "bring happiness. Just two things count for much in this world—kindly deeds and love."

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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HOMING PIGEONS

"This is to be an interesting race," said one Homing Pigeon to another. "I'm going to do the best I can for my owner."

"So am I," said the second Homing Pigeon. "Well, I hope we will all do well. For it is fine, I think, to have the Homing Pigeons all famous for their powers of racing, and of delivering messages and of being brave and of being clever and always knowing where their homes are."

"That's the idea," said the first Homing Pigeon. "I think it is splendid that we are so far-sighted. We can see such great distances."

"We can see further than people can see, and so we are of great assistance to them."

"What does assistance mean?" asked the second Homing Pigeon.

"It would have meant the same if I had said that we were a great help to people, or that we were very useful to them, or that we aided them well," said the first Homing Pigeon.

"I see," said the second Homing Pigeon.

"Of course you do," chuckled the first Homing Pigeon.

"We can see all the old familiar places," said the first Homing Pigeon.



"We Are Faithful Creatures."

"and it is partly because of that that we do not lose our way, but then, too, we just somehow know where we are going, and where our home is."

"This is my first race. I'm not quite a year old. I was only hatched last January."

"It's my second race," said the second Homing Pigeon. "How well I remember when I first began to fly around my home. Then I took trips with the family and then at last I was allowed to go off for a little flying trip by myself."

"Everyone knew it wouldn't be for a long flying trip! Of course I was nervous and yet I was proud. It made me feel really grown-up and as though I could look after myself."

"It made me so very proud even with all my nervousness, that I think the pride was stronger than the nervousness."

"We will be going into these races for quite a number of years to come, I believe," said the first Homing Pigeon. "Soon you'll be at your best," he added, "for homing pigeons are splendid in races when they're a little over two years old. It's a splendid age in Homing Pigeon circles."

"Yes," said the second Homing Pigeon, "but Mrs. Horace Homing Pigeon was the winner last year. She said she had been resting."

"We like to fly during the daytime. There are many creatures who like to fly at night. I'm thankful to say that my master wouldn't let me go in the great long race that is held."

"He says these shorter races are nice but that the long, long one is cruel because we would only be worn out afterward. This kind of a race makes us pleasantly tired like any good sport will."

"And if the owners are kind like mine, I believe there are only a few who would let their pigeons go in the great long race."

"They have made sure that the weather is nice, too, so that no harm will come to us."

"Ah," said the first Homing Pigeon, "we are faithful creatures and our families have done a great deal of work."

"All we ask is that we are treated well, and that we may not be disturbed at night when we want to sleep—and when we need the sleep—and, most important of all, that we are not separated from our beloved mates. For the Homing Pigeons are very devoted." But there was no more talking after this for the race was about to commence and there was great excitement.

Modus Operandi.

Lloyd—I'm afraid there's a cut in wages coming.

Boyd—What makes you think so?

Lloyd—The company is going to start a house organ.

Daddy's Protector.

A bright little girl, aged four, and her brother, aged six, were spending the night with their aunt. When bedtime came, the aunt asked them how they said their prayers. The little girl answered, "Sometimes I say them to muddle's knee and sometimes to the side of the bed."

"And how about you, little boy?" asked the aunt.

"Oh, I don't need to pray; I sleep with daddy."