

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

MAY 1919

No. 5

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

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# THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 10

MAY 1919

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## One Day

Just beginning with Tuesday, the 6th of May, the Log Book Entries are rather entertaining as well as significant:

1. Man for light medicine from clinic.
2. 3 men here who wish to go to sea.
3. 3 discharged soldiers wish to go to sea.
4. 2 colored men here to see about going to sea as coal passers.
5. Man inquiring for a lost razor.
6. English civil service man, on his way from Hong Kong to England, called.
7. Antonio sent to Volunteer Hospital.
8. Man lost his discharge papers in dormitory.
9. Spaniard inquiring for Spanish dictionary left in room.
10. Woman looking for her husband who died over a year ago in hospital.
11. A third mate wanted new suit of clothes to "appear respectable".

12. Young Mexican came for relief, sent to work in laundry.

13. American lost passport, sent to customs house.

14. Man asking to have \$150 deposited with us turned into Victory Bonds.

There were 37 cases on that day, but they are not all listed, as several of them are repetitions of the same sort of case already reported.

## Why He Refused

Perhaps Michael has decided that honesty does not pay, but it may be that he never tried it. He entered the Relief Office with an aroma of alcohol surrounding him like an aura. And even the trained nose of the Man Who Gives Advice had an instant's sense of being overpowered.

"I just need a little cash to help me out," Michael begged persuasively. "It is not very seldom, sor, that I take a drink."

"No, I can believe that," remarked the Man Who Gives Advice, drily, and Michael is still wondering just what he said.

## Away From Hot Streets Picnics for Seamen

Already the sidewalks of South Street are sending up their rather stupifying heat rays, only partly mitigated by the breeze which blows some days across the harbor. And the seamen who are on shore, waiting for a ship, need, rather more than the rest of us, to have a chance to get away from the familiar city streets and spend a day in the country.

We want to send the men on boat trips across to Manhasset Bay, to the picnic grounds which we remember so happily from last season. For seamen to be able to forget everything disagreeably insistent about their last voyages, and the ones immediately before them, to have a whole day of sailing and swimming, of eating sandwiches and fruit, sitting on grass, looking up through trees with thick leaves (which lower New York cannot grow any more) and to feel themselves for a little while, young and unthinkingly happy, would mean a renewed spirit for most of them.

"Don't you get lonesome to see Kent when it is spring?" an apprentice asked one of the older men on a May day of flying clouds and air a little hazy with sunshine.

"I do, and I think I shall be going up town to sit on the grass in a park, somewhere," the older British seaman replied decisively. But he did not go. Seamen get the waterfront habit, and unless there is someone to suggest definite outings, they are likely to

stay close to the piers and the hot pavements.

Let us manage to see that these merchant mariners get away at least once a week and enjoy the sort of good time which makes a seaman glad that he is living, in spite of the hardships that his employment involves. \$35.00 will pay for the boat and the picnic luncheon for from fifty to sixty men each trip.

## What Have You Done?

He was only a boy but he had been torpedoed twice and something of the horror of his experiences had written lines on his young face. There was a serious, prematurely fixed look about the corners of his mouth which made your heart ache a little that youth must learn things before the years come that make acceptance easy. . . or at least, easier.

"My father was lost on the *Lusitania*," he explained to the volunteer worker, "and after that I joined up of course. My mother is a Wesleyan but I only believe in a Deity and nothing else."

"You like this Institute?" asked the volunteer worker, deciding to leave the subject of the boy's beliefs alone unless she could think of exactly the right thing to say.

"I think it's great. I'd like to know how it got started," he answered and for the first time a gleam of enthusiasm came into his sober eyes.

She talked to him about it, spoke of the vision of the superintendent in seeing the possibilities of the work and the long chain of happenings that

developed. The boy thought a little while and then said,

"If God says to Dr. Mansfield 'What have you done?', he can point to this building and say, 'This is what I have done.'"

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### Victory Loan

They had fixed \$5,000 for the Institute's quota but one of the staff thought that a trifle high.

"Suppose we say that we want to subscribe \$2,500 down here and call that going over the top", said the House Mother.

It was the Friday evening entertainment ten days before the Victory Loan drive was completed. A big flag was rolled up at the back of the stage, ready to drop when the entire amount was subscribed. And when she thought the moment propitious, the House Mother made a little speech. She didn't talk so very much about investments, for she knew her audience. She repeated to them the verses by Lieut. McCrae:

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses row on row  
That mark our place, and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below,  
In Flanders Fields.

We are the dead, short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we  
lie

In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,  
To you from failing hands we  
throw

The torch. Be yours to hold it high.  
If you break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies  
grow

In Flanders Fields."

Then she spoke of the 73,000 American boys who had been killed, and of the great melting pot that the war had been, of the records of the 77th division in which men of every nationality had fought under the American flag.

"Who will take a fifty dollar bond?"

They did not wait to be asked twice. In fifty and one hundred dollar subscriptions, the seamen of the Institute doubled the quota that had been set.

They took \$6,300 of the Victory Loan. And including what the employees have subscribed, the Institute took \$9,450 of the loan that pays for Victory.

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### No Rusting Needles

In the note which accompanied the socks which she had knitted for the merchant seamen, one of the Institute's friends wrote: "There is no need for our needles to rust, just because the armistice has been signed. There are still brave men who have to face the dangers of the sea."

We always need knitted articles, helmets, scarfs, wristlets and socks. Storms and ship-wreck persist even with the submarine peril removed. Men are ill and lose their belongings, and even in the summer months, seamen need wool socks with their heavy sea boots.

### Tea for Two

Five o'clock and Ted had left his chair by the window in the Lobby for the eighth time to go to the wide front door and glance anxiously up and down Coenties Slip and along South St. He came back, looked at his watch, compared it with the clock over the Lunch Counter and then stood near the Soda Fountain rather uncertainly.

"Who you expecting, Ted?" asked the Soda Man, more because he had no customers for the moment than because he was curious. Being a clerk behind the Soda Fountain doesn't give a man much time for the ordinary inquisitive attitude; he sees and hears all the adventure he needs while he is mixing syrups and persuading thirsty men that ginger ale is better without ice cream, and that only three cherries are supposed to ornament a marshmallow sundae.

"I asked my cousin to come down here and see this place and have tea," Ted confided, after assuring himself that none of his ship-mates were within hearing distance. "I wanted to show her this building, but I suppose the boys will think it's a great joke."

"Tea!" repeated the Soda Man. "You better just take her around to see the Nautical School and the Lighthouse Tower and then sort of drift over here and buy her an S. C. I. Special or a Banana Royal: it will look more natural."

Ted looked grateful and as he turned away, a rather shy young woman came through the crowd that filled the center of the Lobby.

"Ted!" she gasped. "I was looking for a small place. You never told me it was a great big building. I didn't know there were so many seamen in New York!"

"It's a regular hotel," Ted responded easily, piloting her gently toward the Soda Fountain. "Two of them things you were speaking of," he said briskly to the Soda Man.

### Extending Libraries

Our book-shelves are gradually assuming the pleasant aspect created by attractive bindings, alluring titles and the promise of entertainment. Through the efforts of Mr. M. W. Dominick, one of the active members of the Board of Managers, the three libraries in the Institute now have a total of 1,103 volumes. Standard Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish books have been added to the shelves in the Hotel Reading Room—there are books of history, biography and science as well as fiction.

These are the books to be read by the men while they stay in the building and are not to be confused with the books for the Literature Room where packages of reading matter are made up and given to men just before they start on voyages.

The American Library Association has sent us gifts of monthly and weekly magazines for the Reading Tables and for the seamen to take away with them.

If you wish to send books for the Institute shelves, please address your package "Care of Librarian," otherwise they will go toward the ships' libraries.

### Use Old Carpets

A square of old carpet, 8"x12" or 12"x12"—it need not be absolutely regular—with its edges bound, makes a splendid hand-rag for the firemen who stand for long hours opening the furnace doors on ship-board, handling the heavy shovels of coal, having their hands constantly in contact with terrific heat.

Look over the frayed rug or worn carpet which you were about to throw away, and cut it up for the Institute seamen. The idea is very much the same as the old fashioned iron-holder which disappeared when removable handles and electric irons were invented. But for the fireman there is so far nothing to protect his hands, and a thick, fairly flexible piece of carpet has proved to be the most useful device that has been offered to him.

### Lace and Ferns

"When I was a young chap I used to bring home a great piece of heavy red silk from China or a lot of those fine Kashmere shawls from India, but the seamen now don't seem to have a chance to get hold of things as they once did."

It was old Peter speaking. He was looking at a little set of doilies that a man had brought up from Jamaica as a gift to the House Mother. He balanced one of the fragile bits of lace upon his huge red hand and regarded it with amusement.

"Its because you ain't interested in science, Peter," the seaman who had brought the delicate decoration

explained. "These things may not be so very useful but they show what the natives can do with bits of wood. That is all wood lace, and those are real dried ferns that they have woven into it, and that little fringe is silk cotton like the fluff that comes on a dandelion when it goes to seed."

Peter examined the doily again more closely. "Why, it's all a bloomin' vegetable!" he exclaimed. "Well, it probably kept some lazy chap out of mischief."

### Luxuries

"Is there one of those luxury taxes on 'Sweet bye and bye'?" a young seaman from Holland inquired of the Slop Chest man.

"'Sweet bye and bye,'" he repeated, and then he laughed. "I forgot for a second that you Hollanders call it by that name."

He looked in the glass case and brought out a small bottle of perfume.

"I don't mind a tax on such things," old Peter put in, sniffing contemptuously as the buyer uncorked his pungent purchase, "but when I have to pay a cent more for shaving soap, I'm going to grow a beard, and if there's a tax on red neck-ties I won't care either."

"Selfish, aren't you, Peter?" asked one of the apprentice boys who was trying to choose between pink and blue suspenders.

"Suppose so," Peter admitted, unexpectedly. "Getting old, I am. When I was young I went out smelling like vanilla myself."

### Ivan Pays the Rent

"I go away and my wife, she's very well; she make a little money doing sewing and there is happiness enough. But last week I come back, after six weeks, and find her in the hospital."

Ivan paused, looking hard at the Man Who Gives Advice. That slightly harrassed person was examining the end of his pencil attentively, but Ivan knew he was listening.

"You hear these story all the time, maybe," Ivan suggested, but the Man Who Gives Advice smiled and asked him to go on.

"Well, when I pay what I can to that hospital and they say she can go home, the landlord he meet me. He say very loud, angry voice, 'You pay me fifteen dollar now, or you take your furniture out.' I not know what to do. I have seventeen dollars, but what my wife live on while I get some work? So I come here. Down stairs I hear of a job on shore for a few weeks, and if you lend me ten dollars, I pay you back sure."

He paused for breath, having hurried out the last sentences in a rush of embarrassment.

"Let me see," considered the Man Who Gives Advice. "You used to live in the building here before you were married, didn't you?" Ivan had—the records would show that he had never borrowed any money before. And he finally went away with the ten dollars and a husky something in his throat when he tried

to speak of his deep gratitude.

Two weeks later Ivan was at the door of the Relief Office. He had a five dollar bill carefully folded and he put it on the desk with a little gesture that might easily have been pride.

"I bring the rest next week. My wife, she's better and I work every day. I don't go to sea again until everything is all right."

Yesterday Ivan brought in the other five dollars. He was rather solemn as he gave it to the Man Who Gives Advice.

"What this place do for us, we never forget. You have blessing for it—you will see!"

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### Send Us New Songs

"Play that new one—'Till We Meet,'" the seamen about the player piano asked one of the Institute staff. He made a hasty search through the pile of records but he knew that it, the most popular of the recent sentimental ballads, was not there.

That is what we need for our player pianos—the records of the new songs, the new waltzes, rag-time and ballads. Seamen learn them from the screens at the movies, or they hear them played by the hurdy gurdies and on dull days when they gather about the piano, they like to sing. All sorts of records for the player pianos are very grateful additions to our music library, but we should be particularly glad just now for some of the current songs.



### Drinking Fountain Gift

There have been months when the Lookout was a bit embarrassed at the necessity for making appeals. So many things are constantly needed for so varied an activity as this hotel club and clearing house, and we sometimes wondered if the readers were a trifle bored by hearing about them.

But last month we asked for a drinking fountain and two days after the Lookout was mailed, Miss Susanna F. F. Benton sent her check for \$150 to make the gift in memory of Captain C. A. Forbes, who was captain of the "Francis Depew" in the old days when the packet was the fast sailer between New York and Havre.

A day or two later another of the Institute's old friends also offered to give the fountain, which is to be installed on the mezzanine floor for the thirsty seamen in the balcony over the Concert Hall, and for the use of the staff in the Ways and Means Department.

### Magazine Subscriptions

There are at present one subscription each for Italian, Swedish, Spanish illustrated monthly magazines. We are always very glad to have foreign periodicals for the reading tables, and of course we should like to receive regularly the popular American magazines of all sorts. The man who doesn't read English easily gets a lot of pleasure from looking at the pictures, and the man with romantic tendencies is always looking for short stories of adventure, detective stories and the eternal va-

riations on the love and marriage themes.

If you subscribe to any magazine or paper for the Seamen's Church Institute, please have it marked "Reading Table."

Somehow, the seaman is more agreeably conscious of his shore leave leisure when he has a variety of things to read. He knows he can sit quietly, undisturbed, glancing off his page occasionally toward the busy harbor, but sure that no authoritative voice will rudely remind him that he hasn't half cleaned the brasses, or that it is his turn to scrub out the fo'castle.

### Gift of \$2,000

The sum of \$2,000 has been given the Institute by the British-American War Relief Fund, to be held by the Society and the income to be used for the relief of needy British seamen, with the proviso that when the plans for erecting a new building are completed and a fund for that purpose is being raised, this \$2,000 may be applied to that purpose. A dormitory is to be endowed or some room in the new building chosen to perpetuate the British-American War Relief Fund.

This was one of the war organizations with money left over which was no longer needed for the specific cause for which it was subscribed. It was therefore decided to give this \$2,000 to the Seamen's Church Institute under these conditions, a similar amount being sent to a British organization overseas.

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or

Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

### Bishop Greer

The death, on May 19th, of the Right Rev. David Hummell Greer, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of New York, brings sorrow very close to the heart of the Institute, for he was one of its warmest friends, both officially and intimately.

Thirty years ago, in 1889, Dr. Greer was a clerical Vice-President, and after the death of Bishop Potter, when Dr. Greer became Bishop of the New York Diocese, he was made President of the Institute in 1908, a position which he filled until 1913, when increasing demands made it impossible for him to take as active a part in the growing work as he wished. At that time he became Honorary President.

"He has shown himself a most American Bishop, simple, unaffected, the friend of the people and quite easily approached by them," Dr. Robins, Dean of the Cathedral, said of him. "He has shown himself a devoted Bishop, who never spared himself."

He was always a hard-working man, who spent most of his time look-

ing for things difficult to do and doing them. As Bishop of New York his ability as an organizer had a wider field than when he was confined to a parish, and the results of his work were soon felt in every corner of the diocese.

As President of the Seamen's Church Institute he always managed to find time to give his sane advice, his sympathetic counsel and his warm enthusiasm to the projects for expanding the work among the merchant seamen. He kept in close touch with the plans of the Society, displaying at all times a wide, human point of view that was enormously stimulating. Whenever possible, he attended the functions incident to the opening of the new building, and he officiated at the consecration of the Chapel of our Saviour.

When he became a Clerical Vice-President of the Institute he was Rector of St. Bartholomew's. The story which the newspapers have printed regarding his choice of that parish is significant.

He had been offered, at the same time, the parish of St. Thomas's, but his choice was influenced by his conviction that St. Bartholomew's, although a wealthy, fashionable parish, needed him more and had latent possibilities which he could discover and utilize.

"St. Thomas's," he was quoted as saying, "has its pews full, has a large congregation, and does an active work; at St. Bartholomew's half the pews are vacant, its congregation is small, and its resources undeveloped. I shall have more to do there; I shall

have to work harder; therefore I am going there."

One of his finest monuments is the Parish House of St. Bartholomew's, which he organized on East 42nd Street, occupying nearly the whole block front and visited by 5,000 persons a week. In that house were not only men and boys' clubs, a working girls' club, but an employment bureau at which more than 5,000 people found employment in a year; a loan bureau in which the evils of pawnshops were avoided, and a clinic in which a thousand patients a week were treated.

It was this zeal to look after the workers of the world which brought Bishop Greer often to the waterfront. He was not only keenly enthusiastic about every development which gave the merchant seaman on shore better living conditions, more nearly equal chances with landsmen, but he had a tolerant, open mind, and that true democratic spirit which no amount of honorary degrees and adulation ever marred.

Bishop Greer was eager to have the pulpit of the Chapel of our Saviour (in the Institute) open to clergymen of every denomination. He wanted the seaman who came to this building to worship in the little Chapel, no matter what his creed. He wanted, always, to make his own large-hearted belief in the real brotherhood of man to be felt in the Institute. And it has been.

With the passing of a friend and advisor of thirty years' standing the Institute naturally has a very profound sense of loss.

"Our Church has lost one of her greatest prelates," Bishop Burch said. "He was a remarkable leader and administrator and his loss is an irreparable one."

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### Mothers' Day

A day for remembering, and this Sunday, May 11th was a day of rejoicing too. The seamen who filled our Chapel to the doors were as nearly radiant as their rather taciturn dispositions permitted. For it was the first Mothers' Day since the war ended and men who had feared that they might be prevented by the terrific odds on the treacherous sea from ever seeing their mothers again were happy, either in anticipation or in the memory of a recent visit.

A white carnation, the little outward symbol of respect toward all mothers the world over, was worn on the coat of every seaman who attended the service, and as far as possible the flowers were also distributed throughout the building. Flowers have never been so expensive as now, so that we were only able to buy 800, two hundred of which went to the North River Station.

At the morning service, the brief address was made by the Rev. L. A. Harkness who spoke with simple directness of some of the things a sailor recalled when he heard the word mother. It struck just the right note between sentiment and sentimentality and it is a shading which the seaman is quick to recognize.

Thirty-six dollars was received

for carnations, which amount did not pay for the flowers we had to buy. It is not too late to contribute to this Flower Fund for Mothers' Day, and for you still to have taken a part in celebrating a day of associations. Donors to the Carnation Fund were: Miss Lyman, Mr. Higbie, Mr. R. P. Percy, Miss Gertrude E. Huston, Miss B. Adler, Mrs. Seth Low, Miss J. L. Mead, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. K. L. Spaeth, Mrs. G. B. Satterlee, Miss Leslie M. Bate, Miss Jessie H. Righter, Annie Silbra and Frederick Wright.

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### A California Message

"In Laguna Beach in April the telephone bell rang. Incidentally, Laguna Beach is in southern California, the land of perpetual sun, flowers and real estate dealers. However—'This is Dr. Mansfield speaking' and the one who had rather listlessly taken down the receiver, heard again for the first time in twelve years, the voice of the Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Dr. Mansfield was then in Los Angeles and he intended to go by auto to San Diego. Cranking his untrustworthy Ford, the undersigned managed to reach San Juan Capistrano (13 miles to the South), meet the auto and renew his acquaintance with the gentleman who presides over the destinies of the establishment at 25 South Street, New York City.

"Those who have read the editorial in the April Lookout will understand the *raison d'être* of Dr. Mansfield's

trip so far from home, when it is added that he was accompanied by the Rev. G. W. Davenport. In Capistrano we had lunch in a flower smothered bungalow, saw the old Spanish mission, had our pictures taken, and in the early evening the Eastern travellers boarded a train for San Diego, while, via flivver, to Laguna Beach returned, yours truly, Frank Hanson."

Mr. Hanson, the editor of "Laguna Life," was on the Institute staff in the days when No. 1 State Street was the address, and he has never lost his interest in the merchant seamen and the work that has so greatly expanded over here on the corner of the Island.

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### Log-Book Stories

"A hungry-looking young scalawag" is the Log-Book's description of an oiler. He had had no food all day and could not stand waiting until suppertime.

"But if you eat at this time of day, 3 P. M., you will spoil your appetite for supper," argued the Man Who Gives Advice.

"You don't know my appetite," he said solemnly, "it won't make a bit of difference to it. It is the fastest appetite in the world and I never seem able to keep up with it."

If he could only get an order for a meal he would surely pay for it when he came ashore again. Having been young and blessed (or cursed) with a similar kind of appetite, the Man Who Gives Advice found it impossible to resist, and gave the order.

Fifteen minutes later, thoroughly fed, he returned from the Lunch Counter, wearing a beautiful smile, and asked for a New Testament.

"Previous experience," writes the entry in the Log-Book, "having somewhat spoiled our faith in assisted human nature, we were wondering whether he was prompted by real spiritual interest or whether he thought he ought to show some token of gratitude to the 'sky-pilots,' or whether he was trying to lay the foundation for another claim for a meal-ticket. Time will disclose this."

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### Being Partners

"You won't forget to look in on my partner." Tom stopped the hurrying little Visiting Lady just as she was leaving the Lobby on her way to the hospital. She stopped to reassure him.

"How did you happen to be partners?" she asked. It was a question that had been in her mind a long time; she had seen so many of these sea-faring partnerships, in which so close a friendship seems to exist that no vicissitudes can destroy it.

Tom reflected. "Loneliness, I guess," he said slowly. "You may have talked to other chaps. They don't like to go around whining about being lonesome, but the sea just naturally makes a man lead a lonely life. He goes off on a long voyage and sometimes he doesn't touch the same port more than once a year: the friends he has on shore are all tied up with their own interests. He comes back and feels out of things. Any-

how, that's how I came to take a partner. Jim and I have been sailing together now for almost four years and there isn't anything we wouldn't do for each other."

The Visiting Lady nodded. She knew that. When Tom was taken to the hospital and put into one of the long wards, Jim had gone there with some of his savings and arranged for a private room; he had seen that there was always fruit, offered to bring in special broth from a nearby restaurant in case Tom did not care for the hospital brand of invalid soup. When Tom comes out, Jim will be waiting.

That is the partnership that the sea develops. Just the other day two men who have often stayed in the building were passing one of the South Street saloons.

"Let's just have one drink," suggested one of them. His partner shook his head.

"I'm off that stuff, and you don't want to go in and drink by yourself, do you?" The other man stood still an instant. He wasn't sure that it was quite manly to be persuaded that way, but finally he went down the street with his friend.

It lasts through the separations that the mariner's life sometimes induces, too.

"I want to leave a little money here for my pal," Henry explained to the Man Who Gives Advice. "I've got to sign on and I won't be here when his ship comes in this time; we couldn't get on the same vessel, but he's extravagant and he may run out of funds while he is in

port. If he should, and you find it out, you can just give him this from me. We'll get together in the summer on the Lakes."

Down in the Lobby one afternoon four or five seamen were arguing about the Peace terms. Just as the voice of the biggest man in the group was resounding rather angrily against the white walls, a little seaman, who wore high heels to bring his stature up to five feet four, sauntered up to the arguers. He put his hand on the arm of the irritated declaimer.

"Come away, Bill," he urged pacifically. "What do these chaps know about politics?" The big man looked down at his ship-mate and scowled, but he didn't shake off the hand on his arm.

"Oh, well," he said, turning away, "you and me have got a date with the shipping-man, anyway." It was his partner.

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### Speaking Highly

"Dear House Mother:—We draw our stay in New York to the last stage and so before taking our much unlooked for departure I wish to extend my thanks to you, and the Institute staff. Mine eyes have seen the benefits of a home in a foreign port and I must concede to the fact that the S. C. I. of New York is the finest place a sailor of many destinations can visit. I cannot speak too highly of the good things that sailors derive from the good old S. C. I. I also wish to give my thanks in general to the apprentice room staff for the kindness bestowed

on the boys from the Huttinwood while staying in New York. If I manage to pull off my examination I shall certainly ship to New York to pay you all a visit.

"We leave for Marseilles tomorrow morning and I expect to go home (to England) for the first time in three years. I sympathize very much with some of the sailors in the Big Hall, I mean the ones that do not know what a good home is like. But such is life, I presume. This is not a speech, dear House Mother, so I am going to conclude this rather abrupt letter of thanks."

A young apprentice boy wrote this letter, and since he seems to have been a bit overcome by self-consciousness toward the end, it is quite certain that he meant it.

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### French, But Innocuous

A tall bottle on her desk with a tiny goblet beside it gave the House Mother what would have been a shock of astonishment if she had not become immune to surprise. She picked up the small glass and saw engraved on it "Mother Roper" and then she read the letter which was tucked in a corner of the paper which wrapped the bottle.

"The bearer is a sympathetic countryman of mine who will hand you a bottle of French tonic wine. Now don't be terrified; it's an absolutely soft drink which I had in mind to present to you long ago, and a glass with your dear name engraved on it, not by me, alas, but by another ship-mate, an oiler, a Russian. Drink then, this wine for your health and

for the health of those that are dear to you."

The letter, sent from Baltimore, begins with a narrative in a vein of humor that is not lacking in subtlety.

"The ship was due here more than one month ago, but for the romance of orders given and taken, our ship had quite an adventure in the Atlantic. The Army Transport authorities in Brest believed on the ground of their own sound judgment that the ship doesn't need more than five hundred tons of ballast and refused to give any more, in spite of the captain's request. The result was that with good weather the ship could get some speed, but with some wind and rough sea, the S. S.—, instead of going forward, kept drifting back by the wind and current, and in twenty-three days made about fifteen hundred miles. Then started bad weather, with the S.S.— drifting back. Finally the captain decided that the ship, as it is, without sufficient ballast, will never reach her destination and turned to Azores Islands, not far distant, to take the needed ballast. This is the adventure, briefly described."

### No Braver Men

"Don't forget the men of the merchant marine," said Admiral Sims, on his way up the bay, "who stood by us at all times and did their duty in every respect. If they had not done so the work of our army and navy would stand for but little. I am glad to say this of them, that braver men never went to sea."

Visiting some of these same brave

merchant seamen over in the Marine Hospital, Mrs. Sparks, the volunteer social worker who has taken knitted things, comfort bags and other gifts from the Navy League, has found a very quick response to her efforts and the society she represents, co-operating with the Institute. One seaman wrote, most interestingly:

"In June, 1917, when the first doughboys were sent overseas, it was the old shell-backs of the Atlantic coast who were called upon to take them over, and they responded manfully.

"The Germans, and I am sorry to say, some of our own people, said we would never get across, but thank God I had the honor of steering the U. S. C. T. Antilles through the Dock Gates at St. Nazaire, France with the 28th Ill. Infantry on board.

"Since then I have passed for a 2nd Mate's ticket, but having been born in Canada and only having intention papers, I failed to get into the U. S. N. R.

"It was good to read what Admiral Sims said about the merchant sailor the other day. It is also good to have a lady to champion our cause and to cheer us when we are in dry dock.

"Thanking the donor of this splendid comfort bag and wishing all the ladies of the league every blessing."

Another seaman in the Marine Hospital wrote:

"I take this method of trying to thank you for the beautiful and useful bag that I received from a kind lady who tries to make the boys in the hospital forget their pains and

see a little joy of life."

And another:

"Dear Ladies of the Navy League: I am now in this hospital and today a mighty nice lady brought me one of your pretty kit-bags. I just want to tell you how much it was greatly appreciated. It contains so very many useful articles that can be used daily by a sailor and makes it a handy thing for one to have around. I wish I could thank each one of you individually but as that would be impossible, I just write this to all the ladies who have been doing wonderful work for the boys."

Through the Comforts Committee of the Navy League of which Mrs. Herbert Satterlee is Chairman, hundreds of comfort bags have been sent to the Institute.

"I'd have been out of bed long ago," an old seaman told the Visiting Lady, "but I was dreading to put my feet on that cold-looking floor."

Hospital night-shirts have also been sent us, and all of these things can be distributed by the Institute among the seamen, many of whom have suffered second attacks of influenza and pneumonia this winter and inclement spring.

### Ways and Means

Letters that come to our Ways and Means Department from the people who constantly share in the maintenance of the Institute are often extremely significant. They show an intimate point of contact with the seaman's life which doubtless often forms the background for their desire

to subscribe to the work for the merchant mariner.

"It may interest you to know," writes a man in Illinois, "that in March, 1851 (68 years ago!) I sailed from Stettin Harbor in the brig 'Europa,' to Bordeaux, then to Londonderry, Ireland, to Liverpool, and return. The following year I was ship's boy before the mast on the Hamburg-American Line's ship, the 'Elbe.' . . . I have never regretted that I went through these experiences."

Rear Admiral W. T. Swinburne, U. S. N., Retired, writes: "I take pleasure in sending you enclosed my annual contribution. I wish it could be more, for I know of no institution that does such intelligent, untiring, successful work for the moral and physical welfare of the sailor as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. I wish you continued success."

### Donations Received April, 1919

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, mirrors, maps, cribbage board, typing, fittings for tender "J. Hooker Hamersley."

Acker, Miss Louise  
 Adams, Mrs. W. S.  
 Allan, Mrs. George S.  
 Allen, Miss Ruth  
 American Fund for French Wounded  
 American Library Association  
 Anderson, E. A.  
 Anonymous, Excelsior, Minn.  
 Anonymous, Easton, Pa.  
 Anonymous, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Anonymous, Montclair, N. J.  
 Anonymous,—4.  
 Armour, Allison V.  
 August, Joseph  
 Baird, Mrs. H. E.  
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.



Barlow, Miss Betty  
 Barlow, Trevor M., Jr.  
 Barker, T. G.  
 Barnard, Frederic  
 Baskerville, Mrs. Jessie  
 Baylies, Edmund L.  
 Bliss, Mrs. W. G.  
 Bonnett, Charles P.  
 Boyd, Miss R.  
 Boyle, E. R.  
 Boynton, Mrs. F. P.  
 Brendlinger, Miss Minnie V.  
 Bridgman, Miss Anne T.  
 Brooks, Miss M. D.  
 Brown, Miss M. Bergh  
 Brown, Mrs. L.  
 Brown, Mrs. S. W.  
 Burleigh, Mrs. J. M.  
 Burt, Mrs. P. H.  
 Burton, Mrs. H. J.  
 Butterworth, Mrs. T. H.  
 Carroll, Mrs. Amos E.  
 Cashey, Mrs. Jennie  
 Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth  
 Chafee, Mrs. Z.  
 Claredon, Victor F.  
 Cogswell, F. J.  
 Colton, Thomas J.  
 Comforts Committee of the Navy  
 League  
 Comstock, J. C.  
 Conover, Mrs. J. S.  
 Craig, Miss A. B.  
 Davy, H. G.  
 Dexter, Miss A. B.  
 Dierson, Miss, A. K.  
 Downing, Mrs. H. F.  
 Dumbell, Mrs. H. T.  
 Dyett, Mrs. J. S.  
 Edgar, Mrs. H. L. K.  
 Elliott Addressing Machine Co.  
 Fairbanks, Miss  
 Finnegan, M. C.  
 Fithian, Mrs. Josiah H.  
 Foote, Mrs. A. E.  
 Francis, Mrs. Lewis W.  
 Frost, Miss M. F.  
 Ganser, Miss Christine  
 Gardiner, Mrs. S. W.  
 Given, Mrs. John L.  
 Gladding, Mrs. John R.  
 Gordon, Mrs. George B.  
 Grimke, Mrs. Louise F. G.  
 Grimsrud, Arnulf  
 Hagemeyer, Mrs. F. E.  
 Haile, Mrs. William H.  
 Halliday, Mrs. George E.  
 Hance, Mrs. John A.  
 Harris, Mrs. C. F.  
 Harrison, Robert L.  
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.

Hicks, Miss E.  
 Hogan, Mrs. Jefferson  
 Homan, Mrs. C.  
 Hotchkiss, Mrs. C. E.  
 Houston, Miss Gertrude  
 Hoyt, Miss G. L.  
 Hudson Street Hospital  
 Hull, Miss C. K.  
 Ingersoll, Mrs. Grace King  
 Interborough Rapid Transit Company  
 Jennings, Mrs. F. C.  
 Jones, Mrs. W. L.  
 Kenyon, Mrs. George G.  
 King, Miss I. C.  
 King, L. J.  
 Kirby, Absalom  
 Knapp, Mrs. E. P.  
 Knapp, Mrs. Philip W.  
 Koehn, Mrs. Fred L.  
 Koehn, The Misses  
 Lane, Mrs. William H.  
 Latimer, Mrs. J. W.  
 Low, Mrs. Seth  
 Lyon, Miss F. C.  
 McCarthy, Mrs.  
 McCulloh, J. S.  
 McGerey, Mr.  
 Mahn, Mrs. George  
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert  
 Mears, Miss Lucy B.  
 Medicott, Mrs. Arthur D.  
 Meissner, Mrs. Charles A.  
 Merrill, Mrs. Payson  
 Merritt, Mrs. John  
 Meyer, Mrs. A. R.  
 Moore, Miss H. L.  
 Morgan, Mrs. James L.  
 Morgan, William M.  
 Morris, Mrs. F. P.  
 Moses, Mrs. James  
 Mount, Mrs.  
 Mowe, Mrs. William Robert  
 Mueller, H. A.  
 Neubert, Mrs. E. D.  
 Oppenlander, Mrs. E.  
 Osborn, Dr. H. W.  
 Overbeck, F. W.  
 Palmer, Mrs. A. E.  
 Patten, Miss A. M.  
 Pease, Mrs. C. A.  
 Peters, Mrs. Edward McC.  
 Plymouth Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Prime, Miss Cornelia  
 Princess Patricia Chapter, Imperial  
 Order Daughters British Empire  
 Provost, Mrs. C. W.  
 Reboul, G. H.  
 Rhinelander, F. J. O.

Rice, Mrs. A. H.  
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.  
 Rivet, Miss Amelie  
 Roberts, Mrs. George E.  
 Roberts, Mrs. John E.  
 Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co.  
 Robertson, Mrs. Annie K.  
 Robinson, Henry J.  
 Rodewald, Mrs. F. L.  
 Rohse, Miss Jenny H.  
 Rolph, Miss Esther A.  
 Rosenwald, Mrs. J.  
 Rudolph, Mrs. W.  
 Sackett, Mrs. F. R.  
 Safe, Mrs. T. Shaw  
 St. Agnes Chapel, War Relief Work,  
 New York.  
 Sanger, Mrs. A. M.  
 Satterlee, Mrs. George B.  
 Scott, Walter  
 Seamen's Benefit Society  
 See, Miss Amy G.  
 Sherlock, Mrs. John C.  
 Smith, Mrs. O. J.  
 Smythe, Mrs. S. E.  
 Sorlie, Miss Margaret  
 Speir, Mrs. S. D.  
 Spring, Miss A. M.  
 Stevens, Mrs. F. K.  
 Stillman, Miss M. W.  
 Stillwell, Mrs.  
 Stone, Comm. & Mrs. Raymond  
 Stout, Mrs. N. E.  
 Sutton, Mrs. C. B.  
 Taylor, Miss Theodora  
 Telephone Review  
 Theobald, Mrs. Henry  
 Tiffany, Miss Eugenia  
 Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.  
 Boy's Club, Trinity Chapel, New York  
 Usher, Miss Irene  
 VanEtten, Mrs. Amos  
 Villalonga, J. L.  
 Walter, Dr. Josephine  
 Waterloo Chapter, Imperial Order  
 Daughters of the British Empire  
 Wayre, Charles D.  
 Wetmore, Miss Edith  
 Whitney, Mrs. S.  
 Wilbusch & Hilger  
 Wilkins, Mrs. E. Anna  
 Williamson, Miss M. B.  
 Wood, Mrs. E. M.  
 Young, Mrs. W. H.  
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the  
 Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

### Church Periodical Club and Branches

All Angel's Church, New York  
 Christ Church, East Orange, N. J.

Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn.  
 Church Periodical Club, N. Y.  
 Church of the Epiphany, Brooklyn, N.Y.  
 Church of the Epiphany, New York  
 Church of the Incarnation, New York.  
 Grace Church, Brooklyn, New York.  
 Holy Trinity Church, New York.  
 St. Agnes Chapel, New York.  
 St. Andrew's Church, Beacon, N. Y.  
 St. James Church, Montclair, N. J.  
 St. John's Church, Huntington, L. I.  
 St. Michael's Church, New York  
 St. Thomas' Church, Washington, D. C.  
 St. Thomas' Church, New York.  
 Trinity Church, Princeton, N. J.

### Contributions for Special Purposes

Buckingham, Mrs. Benjamin H.,  
 Religious and Social Fund.....\$30.00  
 Davy, Charles,  
 North River Station Social  
 Fund ..... 1.00  
 Grimke', Mrs. Louise F. G.  
 "In Memory of Louis Rutledge Grimke'"  
 Volley Ball Set ..... 10.00  
 Hogan, Mrs. Jefferson,  
 Cemetery Fund ..... 25.00  
 Hope Club,  
 Easter Flowers for Altar ..... 2.00  
 "M"  
 Discretionary Fund ..... 2.50  
 "M"  
 Cemetery Fund ..... 2.50  
 Meissner, Charles A.,  
 Discretionary Fund ..... 5.00  
 New York Altar Guild, Inc.,  
 Easter Flowers for Altar ..... 5.00  
 Price, Mrs. Clarence,  
 Religious and Social Fund ..... 30.00  
 Robb, Mrs. John T.,  
 Discretionary Fund ..... 5.00  
 Russo Lettish Congregation,  
 Religious Work ..... 8.00  
 Stanford, Mrs. M. E.,  
 Cemetery Fund ..... 5.00  
 Thomas, Mrs.,  
 Relief Fund ..... 1.00  
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong,  
 Easter Flowers for Altar ..... 5.00  
 Wright, Mrs. M. Antoinette,  
 Discretionary Fund ..... 4.00  
 "From a Friend, Thru Seamen's Benefit  
 Society,  
 Discretionary Fund .....500.00

# General Summary of Work

## APRIL 1919

### Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English .....	17	1114	1280
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services .....	4	210	231
Bible Classes .....	3	170	171
Lettish .....	1	38	95
Holy Communion Services .....			11
Wedding Services .....			1
Baptismals .....			1
Funeral Services .....			2

### Relief Department.

Board, Lodging and Clothing .....	214
Cases treated in Institute Clinic .....	23
Referred to Hospitals .....	24
Referred to other Societies .....	3
Hospital Visits .....	69
Patients Visited .....	1120

### Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley."

Trips made .....	38
Visits to vessels .....	76
Men transported .....	42
Pieces of dunnage transported .....	121

### Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits .....	\$76,870.30
Withdrawals .....	75,200.81
Transmitted .....	10,247.21
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust .....	57,546.82

### Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments .....	17	3035	3236
Home Hour .....	4	435	480
Public Lectures .....	5	731	738
Ships visited .....			65
Packages reading matter distributed .....			485
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed .....			283

### Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments.

Lodgings registered .....	19,777
Letters received for seamen .....	7,637
Pieces of dunnage checked .....	5,247

### Shipping Department.

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I. .....	38
Men shipped .....	237
Men given temporary employment in port .....	36
Total number of men given employment .....	273

# PLEASE REMEMBER

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That new equipment and additional aids to Efficiency are constantly needed.

Enlarged Soda Fountain, \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop, \$1,000

**CEMETERY FUND.** Send contributions for the seaman who dies away from home, that he may be buried with his fellows. The larger the Fund, the greater number of seamen may have final care.

The **RELIEF** Fund and the special **DISCRETIONARY** Fund always need to be replenished.

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## WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may be a subscriber of **The Lookout**.

1. **Founders** or **Benefactors** of the Institute automatically become subscribers.
2. All who subscribe annually **five dollars or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
3. Those who contribute a sum **under five dollars** or **make any gift**, receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.
4. Every one who subscribes **one dollar** a year to **The Lookout Department**.

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