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The LOOKOUT



**\$985,906 is Still Needed to
Finish and Equip the New Annex**

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Volume XIX
Number I

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Sailors, Three Cents Apiece!



IN OUR OVERCROWDED LOBBY

Photo by Schoenhals

The LOOKOUT

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EDMUND L. BAYLIES
President

FRANK T. WARBURTON
Secretary-Treasurer

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Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D. D.
Superintendent
or
ELEANOR BARNES
Editor, The Lookout

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York, N. Y., under the act
of March 3, 1879.*

This is a sort of rental proposition, not a bargain sale.

If we wished to stoop to a pun, we might devise a phrase about our sailorboys not being for sale, this being an age of steamships, but we shall instead confine ourselves to the statement of a cold fact.

This is the cold fact:

It costs us an average of three cents for each sailorman who

comes into the Institute.

Perhaps he comes in to deposit his meager wages for safety while he is ashore. That costs three cents.

Perhaps he wants to sit down in a warm place and write a letter to his mother. That costs us three cents.

Perhaps he wants to know how to get to the Museum of Natural History. It costs us

three cents to tell him.

Perhaps he wants to get a needle and thread out of the seabag he checked in the Baggage Room. yesterday. That costs us three cents.

Perhaps he is answering the call for "missing men," and he comes to find out how to get in touch with his father whom he hasn't seen for years. That costs us three cents.

Perhaps he wants to study for officership and he comes to inquire how to go about it. It costs us three cents to inform him.

Perhaps he wants a job. Three cents will get him one.

Perhaps he is in a snarl of red tape with his naturalization papers. It costs us three cents to straighten him out.

Perhaps he comes to the Clinic with a splinter in his finger which has festered. Three cents pays for proper treatment.

Perhaps he is lonely and just wants to talk to someone. It costs us three cents to let him do so.

Perhaps he wants to wash and dry his shirt and underwear. That costs us three cents.

Perhaps he wants to play a game of chess. That costs us three cents.

Perhaps he comes in eagerly to get the mail that has been accumulating for him during his long voyage. It costs us three cents to see that he gets it.

Perhaps he brings a choice morsel of liver for Mickey, the Institute's pet cat. That costs us three cents.

Perhaps he is one of the lucky ones who has been able to reserve a bed for the night. It costs us three cents to give it to him.

But we cannot list all of Jack Tar's needs. It would require over seven thousand entries, for actual count shows that *over seven thousand seamen* are coming to the Institute during the course of eighteen hours these cold winter days.

For three cents—*less than it costs you to send a letter*—you can open the Institute's doors for one seaman and give him what he seeks.

A bit of mental arithmetic will tell you how many you can provide for, for any stated amount.

We have figured out for you how much it will cost you to extend a helping hand to the entire seven thousand and more who come to us daily. The result is \$260.27.

For this amount you may have a whole day at the Institute for your own Red Letter Day—some day, perhaps, which is a significant anniversary for you.

You will agree that it would indeed be a Red Letter Day if you could reach over seven thousand sailormen and benefit each one in some way for only three cents apiece.

Perhaps three cents will mean a vital turning point in some

sailor's life. Perhaps it will mean only a friendly smile from the elevator man.

But in any event, we challenge anyone to suggest a better investment.

Checks mailed to Harry Forsyth, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, 25 South Street, will immediately be put to work, unless the amount is \$260.27 and you indicate some future date for your own Red Letter Day.



Photo by Schoenhals
NINE CENTS PAID FOR THESE THREE CONTENTED EXPRESSIONS

Jack Tar Performs

*"O, we ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along
Singin' a song
Side by side."*

One of our regular Thursday evening entertainments was well under way and a group of our husky-lunged sailormen were draped about the old piano executing the "Side-by-side" song. It wasn't composed especially for them, but the words could hardly be more appropriate.

The room was filled with just about equal parts of sailorboys and heavy smoke. It's only a makeshift room—a small section of the New Building roughly boarded off to afford a place where our seamen may come in out of the cold and amuse themselves until the New Building is complete.

They sit about on reading

tables, except the ones along the walls which are precariously rigged with chairs known as "crows' nests" because they provide the only unobstructed views.

A large table does valiant duty as the stage. The builder is to be congratulated upon its wearing qualities, for it is still sound after many deft exhibitions of the Charleston, Irish jigs, "soft shoe," and even tangos.

Mrs. Warren, a diminutive little lady, who is said to have invented pep and who has one of the most pleasing voices in the world, acts as master of ceremonies.

"Come on now, boys, who's next?" she invited the night of our visit. "If someone doesn't come up and do a stunt, I'll sing and then you'll be sorry."

There was a brief silence whilst someone mustered his courage to "squeal" on a ship-mate who could play the harmonica. Friend ship-mate, blushing and reluctant, proceeded to the "stage" urged on by gentle pokes and bits of advice. But how he could play that harmonica! He soon had the entire roomful responding with

rhythmic foot-tapping and calls of "Yay!"

Then there was a vociferous demand for "Caruso." Another bashful youth came forward—a typical Neapolitan—dancing black eyes, gleaming teeth, red bandana jauntily knotted about his neck, and a smooth-as-olive-oil voice. He stood a bit awkwardly during the first lines of "O, sole mio." He didn't seem to know what to do with his hard, brown sailor hands that hung stiffly from too-short sleeves. But at the chorus he got into full action, with plenty of impassioned chest-beating and strenuous gestures. He was a riot. It is an old song, but our boys always love it, and "Caruso" was cheered to the echo.

He was followed by a comely young Norwegian who gave a side-splitting imitation of Harry Lauder's imitation of an inebriate gentleman making explanations to his wife.

A tow-headed youngster then took the "stage," gave a hitch to his nether garments and a twitch to his cap, and broke into an animated jig midst approving cries of "Attaboy, Whitey!"

As his nimble feet tapped the

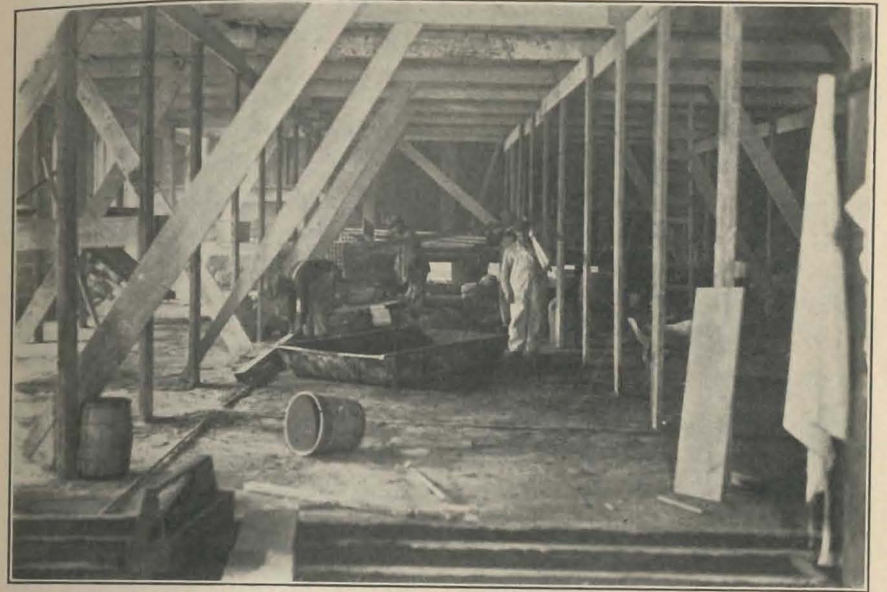
table, a serious looking boy worked laboriously on one corner of it in a frowning, pencil-chewing attempt to solve a crossword puzzle in the evening paper. The fo'c'stle develops concentration!

They enjoy themselves, these sailors of ours, but one wonders how superficial it all is, for whenever there is a lull, their faces take on that wistful expression which always grips the

visitor at the Institute. Probably no one knows what bright spots these "stunt" nights are for them and how much brighter they may be when we can take care of them properly in our New Building.

Reluctantly we tore ourselves away leaving "Caruso" on the table leading the crowd in the "Side-by-side" song again, so pathetically appropriate that it haunts us still—

*"Don't know what's comin' to morrer
Maybe it's trouble and sorrer,
But we'll travel the road
Sharin' our load,
Side by side."*



This is the Auditorium in the New Building where we shall be able to seat 1,200 sailors comfortably on "stunt" nights and other occasions when they get together for entertainment.

Of course the sleeping quarters are needed even more, for we are turning away several hundred men each night because of lack of accommodations. These quarters are in about the same stage of completion as the room shown above.

The main thing which is standing between the sailor on the street these cold nights and

a clean warm room at the Institute is funds to complete the interior construction work.

We must keep pace with our financial obligations, which are accruing with each movement of the workmen. We have scraped the bottom of our till. Our responsibility to merchant sailors on this section of the waterfront looms large. We must keep faith with them.

It is only through contributions from their friends that we shall be able to do so. Will you help? Checks of any size are most welcome.

Shanghai-ed from Australia

Wentworth sidled up to our Employment Manager. There was something different about the cut of his jib. Our Employment Man, himself a sea veteran, knows salt water when he sniffs it. Wentworth did not savor of the sea. And he didn't want to!

Poor fellow, he had been shanghai-ed from Melbourne, Australia, and forced to work on a foreign freighter coming to the United States, although he was scarcely enough of a sailor to use the word "shanghai" glibly.

He was a sober, hard-working scene-shifter with a travelling theatrical company from Sidney. One night after a performance in Melbourne he went for a stroll along the waterfront. There was a black interim in which someone else acted as scene-shifter and Wentworth finally woke up to find himself locked in the fo'c'stle of a freighter with three strangers who were quite as ignorant as he as to how they got on board and as to the duties of seamen.

They were instructed, however, in no kindly fashion during

the long weeks of their voyage to New York. Other members of the crew told Wentworth of the Seaman's Church Institute.

Ships bound for Australia are not easy to find nowadays but we assured Wentworth we would do everything possible for him, and meanwhile had him register his story with the British Consul.

He was much worried because he had not heard from home. He had two small children and when he left Melbourne, his wife was ill in a hospital. The crimps could scarcely have selected a more unfortunate victim for their nefarious scheme.

But the worm always turns, and within a few days of Wentworth's arrival, an unexpected change in a ship's crew made it possible for us to start him on his way to Australia, an eager happy young man.

Wentworth could hardly be expected to be enthusiastic about the sea, but if there must be seas and if there must be sailors, he feels that there should be a Seaman's Church Institute in every port.

Jack's Christmas

The happiest Christmas on record visited the sailormen of the Institute this year, under the most difficult conditions in our history.

Smiles all along South Street still greet the Institute workers a week later, meaning that nine hundred seamen continue to gloat over the "wow of a Christmas" we were able to give them because of the generous response of our Lookout readers to our Holiday appeal.

Nine hundred free dinner tickets and sixteen hundred fifty-eight gifts to unfortunate seamen in hospitals, laid-up ships, etc., hardly tells the tale of our Christmas activities. It would take the outpourings of 2,568 grateful sailor hearts to really do it justice.

Probably no one will ever know what a pair of hand-knit socks with a bright Christmas card meant to a homesick boy in the U. S. Marine hospital for tubercular seamen at Fort Stanton, New Mexico. No one may ever realize what cheer a gay ditty bag packed with all sorts of little comforts may have brought to a disheartened victim

of an explosion on shipboard, now fighting for his life in a New York Hospital.

We can only speculate as to what many of those little bags, lovingly made and packed, have done to brighten the lives of hundreds at this Christmas season.

But the matter of the dinners leaves less to the imagination. Jack Tar has no inhibitions when it comes to expressing happiness derived from a "full cargo" of turkey, especially if it represents his only Christmas dinner ashore in all his sea-faring experience.

We have no dining room at the Institute this year. It is being enlarged and reconstructed to meet the increased capacity of the New Building. We were most fortunate, however, in enlisting the cooperation of Davidson's, a fine old-time restaurant right in our neighborhood. The proprietor and all his employees seemed to grasp the situation at once and from start to finish did everything in their power to give our sailormen a real feast. At the last moment they even utilized a barrel

of oysters donated by a friend of the Institute. They counted noses (the seamen's not the oysters') and found less than one per man. Their ingenious cook, however, with more knowledge of the culinary art than of mathematics, included the oysters in the grand miscellany which goes to make turkey stuffing, with most delectable results.

"Gee, Mrs. Roper, they treated us like gentlemen," said one seaman, voicing the out-standing impression of his day. "We had napkins and tablecloths and guys to wait on us and everything. We didn't have to stand in line or anything. Just like gentlemen

they treated us."

And the reason, perhaps, was best expressed by the proprietor: "We have never served a more gentlemanly crowd in this restaurant—nor a more appreciative one."

We had to serve them in two shifts, the first arriving at noon. Mother Roper and several other representatives of the Institute were on hand to welcome them. Our Chaplain said Grace, and never did church walls ring to a more fervent singing of "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." It was a new experience for old-time Davidson's to echo back these strains



Photo by Schoenhals

MOTHER ROPER AND HER BOYS AT DAVIDSON'S

from our lusty-voiced sailor-boys.

Early in our preparations our Christmas committee had consulted the Oracle on all sailor questions—Mother Roper. She assured them that a seaman's favorite dish is "enough." Further questioning revealed her opinion that "enough" turkey would be more welcome than "enough" of anything else, and "enough" it was—a "full cargo" according to everyone.

After the first serving, huge platters of turkey, baked sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, and turnip were left on each table and replenished to meet consumption. And of course there was cranberry sauce and celery and dressing and mince pie and pumpkin pie—for all who had not made the mistake of having too much of the savory tomato soup that was so generously supplied at the start.

When the last belt had been let out, the men rose to go to make room for the second shift who were beginning to assemble on the cold sidewalk outside. Mother Roper shook hands with each and wished him a Merry Christmas as he departed; and our Institute General

Stores Man, beloved for his genial countenance and manner and for his ready Irish wit, distributed cigars, cigarettes and jokes at the door.

Never has the Institute been privileged to sponsor a happier occasion. "I'm a thousand miles from home and my kids, Mrs. Roper, and I expected to have a terrible Christmas, but I'm not after all. This is certainly great." Somehow it seems that this by itself was worth the total cost of the dinners.

There was an entertainment in our crowded reading room Monday evening when a ventriloquist stirred up plenty of hilarity well worth recounting, but we are running short of space and there is still much to tell.

At the Marine Hospital on Staten Island, our Chaplain cooperated with the local Seamen's Church Institute Association and the local chapter of the American Red Cross to provide the "best Christmas ever" for the sick seamen of the Merchant Marine. There were eighteen trees, gaily decked. The boys themselves trimmed their wards with materials which we provided, competing for a prize. One ward ingeniously com-

mandeered hospital adhesive tape to paste on plain red paper to simulate bricks for a fireplace. A robed choir marched through the whole building singing carols. A jovial Santa Claus with a troupe of little girls dressed as fairies got a laugh from a solemn fellow who had not been known to smile since his arrival.

Our Chaplain conducted a communion service at six-thirty on Christmas morning and a carol service later, both being well attended.

Many of the patients told him they had never spent such a Christmas. Even the sickest cheered up.

The bags were a joy. We hope each friend who contributed even one of them will try to picture a happy boy, who in spite of eight recent operations, sat up in bed holding aloft his gay, well-stuffed ditty bag. "I never expected any Christmas at all in the hospital and just look what I got!"

He was only one of 1,658 unfortunate seamen whom we were able to cheer in this way. They were scattered about in the Marine Hospital on Staten Island, the Staten Island laidup fleet, Long Island College of

Brooklyn, the Jones Point laid-up fleet, the Ellis Island Hospital, the Burke Foundation for convalescents in White Plains, the State Hospitals at Beacon and Central Islip, Ward's Island, Beekman Street and Bellevue Hospitals in New York, various prisons, and in the United States Marine Hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico. To these boys, with their lives depending to a great degree on warmth, we also sent 300 pairs of hand-knit woolen socks.

The photograph shows a few of our good friends at work, under the chairmanship of Mrs. George A. Green, packing the comfort bags, with toilet articles, apples, oranges, raisins, hard candies, cigarettes, Christmas cards, etc.

Among those who helped with this "labor of love," inestimable as to results, were Mrs. Robert R. Fleming, Mrs. Frank T. Perry, Mrs. F. A. Patterson, Mrs. H. B. Brownell, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Frank W. Xiques, Mrs. Henry J. Murray, Mrs. C. A. Ingalls, Mrs. Thomas Burrowes, Mrs. R. W. Douglass, Mrs. Hodges, and Mrs. Walter C. Kerr.

To these friends of the sailor- extend our hearty thanks.
man and to all who in any way We wish you all might see
helped to make it possible for Jack Tar's grateful smile. It
us to give them the best Christ- would be your reward as it has
mas in their sea-faring life, we been ours.



PACKING THE CHRISTMAS DITTY BAGS *Photo by Schoenhals*



A Sea-Going Drug Store

Kelly is a New York City cop whose beat takes him along Third Avenue in the "roaring Forties."

His heart is big, so his voice was gentle as he asked an old man to move on. The offender had been standing for some time in front of a drug store window delivering a vehement oration and making menacing gestures at it. He wore an old pea jacket and cap that stamped him unmistakably as an Old Salt.

Kelly could see nothing amiss with the drug store window. In fact it was most attractive to him with its innocent display of soap and its two huge glass globes containing bright red and green liquids respectively in accordance with the best of drug store traditions.

The voice of the Law was a bit more emphatic the second time Kelly found the Old Salt going through his ritual before the window; and later, discovering him in the midst of a third performance, Kelly deemed the hour for investigation to be at hand.

"They's goin' to be a helluva smash-up," the Old Salt explain-

ed confidentially. He seemed to welcome an opportunity to enlist the sympathies of the Law.

"See them lights? They're all wrong. This drug store lubber doesn't know port from starboard. You and me has got to get these red and green lights switched, sir, or they's goin' to be a helluva smash here some night."

So that was what was eating the Old Salt! Kelly remembered the first vivid scene in his childhood when news came that his father had been lost at sea. He patted the old fellow on the back and sent him on his way with a promise to see "the Doc" in the drug store about it with a view to getting him to conform to maritime law.

The Doc was amused, but adamant. His globes were there to stay and Kelly could tell the Old Salt that the store was firmly beached with no idea of going to sea.

Poor Kelly is now the one who is all at sea. Daily he watches for the old timer with apprehension lest he carry out his threat to smash the window

and take this little matter of navigation into his own hands.

For Kelly is the son of a sailorman and he wouldn't want to have to arrest anyone of that calling—perhaps a shipmate of his father's—who knows?

SURPRISE-PROOF

There's a little square police booth on the sidewalk just at the corner of the Institute building. We had it put there to shelter the officer who is on duty at all hours of the day and night and in all sorts of weather.

We had come to look upon it as a permanent fixture—a part of the South Street landscape—when lo and behold, we missed it one fine morning. It was out in the middle of the broad plaza between the Institute and the Erie docks.

All of a sudden our staid little brown booth had developed a cruising radius of some thirty yards, and had taken to wandering about the streets in the middle of the night.

Perhaps that is a bit facetious, but Patrolman Healey saw nothing humorous in the situation. He it was who was on duty

during the early morning hours. About four o'clock he called up Headquarters from the booth to make his report that all was well along South Street.

A moment later all was not well. Healey stepped from the booth and one of our waterfront gales picked it up and "set it up in another alley." Poor Healey! As he explained later, he "thought he had 'em." First the thing was there and then it wasn't. It had been torn from its only moorings—the telephone connection—by our own private cyclone.

All of which just goes to show that almost anything is likely to happen at 25 South Street. Fortunately, however, we are surprise-proof.

Down in Battery Park is a little monument to the memory of wireless operators lost at sea. Recently a wreath hung upon it, placed there appropriately by an illustrious visitor from over the seas. A little card in his own handwriting told the story:

"To all the brave boys who gave up their lives to save others. — Guglielmo Marconi."

Louis Rambles

A pair of twinkling brown eyes came suddenly to view over the top of the writing desk in the post office. Little "French Louis" from Charleston counted the post cards spread to view before him. Nine of them—each one scintillating a red and gold Christmas greeting.

"One for each of my folks," he volunteered. "There are quite a lot of us, you see. Four boys and four girls and mother and daddy. I'm the oldest.

"My daddy is big and blond

and mother is tiny and brunette. We all go in pairs. There's two brunette girls and two blonde girls and the same for the boys.

"The littlest one—she's a girl—is the prettiest. She looks like me." Louis' eyes twinkled. "What I mean is, she's brunette. She couldn't be pretty if she looked like me, could she?" The answer was yes but it might not have been wise to say so.

"I'm twenty-one, and I've been going to sea for five years—ever since I ran away from school. I didn't want to be bossed any more. But I was. Especially on the English ships. They go in for discipline awful hard. American ships are the best.

"I always wanted to go to sea. My daddy had been a sea-captain, and my grand-dad too. I guess it's in the blood. So when a ship came to Charleston—that's where I come from—I just left school and shipped off on her. Then I didn't dare go home for two years, but when I did they were glad to see me. . . .

"I'd been down to Texas working on a gov'ment dredge and I brought my littlest

brother—he's six now—a little baby goat. Just so high," Louis held his hand about eight inches over the top of the desk.

"It was nice to have around until it grew up and then it nibbled all the clothes when they were hanging on the line. So my mother said we couldn't keep it any more. . . .

"I've never been to Asia but I guess I've been everywhere else. And I'm always the youngest no matter where I go. Sailors are awful stupid finding their way around woods and once when I was walking inland a log fell on my foot and I had to go to a marine hospital. There were four hundred men there and I was the youngest. I look a lot older now than I did then. . . .

"Yesterday when that awful cold wind was blowing it brought back that shipwreck I was in.

"About three years ago I was on a sailing ship that was going up north to Iceland. We got into a terrible wind in the Denmark strait that was so strong it even blew your hand away when you were trying to hold on to something.

"The sails were ripped from top to bottom and we had to

chop down the masts to keep them from falling on us. When the ship went under, two of the men were lucky enough to get into a life boat but the other six of us were adrift on a raft.

"We were on that raft for seven hours before a Norwegian ship picked us up and took us all the way back to Georgia. We were all sick for weeks. These cold days always make me think of it.

"I was the youngest one there, too. And they were all Froggies but me. Of course, mother and daddy come from France. I don't speak much French myself. Daddy always said that when in Rome do as the Romans do so he never taught us older ones French. But now he's teaching the little ones and the girls.

"I've been in France. It's a nice country but the funniest country of all is Portugal. The men wear shoes but not the women. And the men drive—what do you call the cows with the big horns? First they give the ox—that's it, isn't it?—a whack with the whip and then they whack their wives. I don't like that.

"When we were in Portugal I was reading a book about it

and it made me think that writers never go anywhere. I suppose they just go through a place in a hurry and write up what they saw in the first look. That book wasn't real.

"People in Charleston are funny. Everybody thinks I must be a rough-neck just because I'm a sailor. But I'm not so bad, am I?"

The answer was NO!

Vignettes of the Seaman

"Hey there," is the favorite expression of two jolly seamen. Their conversation is a succession of "hey—theres" and they always laugh like two imps whenever they say it.

It was really a very sad story that started it all.

The good ship *Thomas Ryerson* was steaming into San Francisco Bay with a general cargo from Seattle. Everything seemed to be in fine working order.

The captain stood on the bridge, a proud and haughty man. Dignified old man, he was. Nobody ever put anything over on that skipper!

But—(there is always a but)—just within sight and sound of shore something went wrong and the good ship *Thomas Ryerson* sank within swimming distance of the land.

The members of the crew scrambled for boats or started to swim ashore.

The Captain was nowhere to be seen.

At this point the narrators doubled over in glee.

Bobbing up from the sunken hold of the vessel appeared the Captain, dripping wet, but as dignified as ever, perched on a bale of hay shouting vigorously to those in the nearest life-boat, "Hey, there!"

This is a seaman's edition of "Travels with a Donkey." Needless to say the travels were compulsory.

It happened some twenty years ago but time has not altered Joe Brigham's opinion of donkeys.

Joe was a cabin boy on a barkentine that was trying to make a port in Central America. The vessel had too much sail and rode up on a sand bar to stay for good.

The forty men in the ship's

company collected their worldly goods and loaded them into an ox-cart.

Each man was formally introduced to a donkey. Everything started off well. On the first day it seemed to be quite a lark riding through the jungle. But any good will that existed between the donkeys and their masters at the beginning of the nine days' trek was conspicuous by its absence at the journey's end.

Heat, insects, lack of water, strange foods and unknown languages co-operated with the donkeys to make it as unpleasant a trip as possible.

"The Barbadoes ain't so much to look at," asserted Charlie Higgins, A.B., with a disdainful wave of his hand.

"Ain't I been all around them?"

Charlie's buddy gave him a most meaningful glance. Psychic interrogation points slithered the ether.

With the expression of an injured gentleman defending his sacred honor, Charlie dared his buddy to deny it.

"Sure I have, so've you. In a trolley car."

The buddy got the point.

"Ain't he the funniest? We got caught in the rain—and how it can rain in them hot countries!—and we didn't have nowheres to go, so we hops on a car that goes all away around the island we was on and we went around three times before the rain let up."

The conversation had drifted around to plays and music. One bright-complexioned young English boy had just been to see the lovely Winthrop Ames revival of "The Mikado."

"You should really see it," he advised all the listeners.

The Old Salt who was listening shook his head.

"I've been there," he said. "It is pretty good but it's not given like it used be years ago when I first saw it. When I was still going to sea under sail, a little Australian girl and her company came to Seattle and gave nearly all of that Gilbert and Sullivan stuff, a different one every night for a week.

"It was only a quarter a seat in those days and I went five times in that week. I've never seen anything since that could come up to that little girl's show."

The Sons of the Sea

BY MARION L. JACKSON

The soldier marches to meet the foe
Through the cheering crowds, at the trumpet call;
With Beauty's plaudits to grace his path
The Courtier moves up the palace hall,
But, with only Duty to show a light,
The sons of the sea must face their fight!

The sons of the sea must wander far;
Where the icebergs gleam in the silent night;
They must steer their bark 'neath the Southern Cross,
Past tropic islands of heart's delight;
With the best of luck they have little to gain—
With the worst, there is care and toil and pain!

The sons of the sea have dived with Death
Through snow and fog, on the reeling deck;
They have looked on peril with steadfast eye;
They have played the man in storm and wreck;
With courage no bitter fate can tame,
They hold their own in the strong man's game!

—*Vancouver Province*

DON'T READ THIS

if you have subscribed for THE LOOKOUT for all your friends who would be likely to find it of interest.

Through its pages we aim to acquaint our readers with Jack Tar of the Merchant Marine for whom the Seamen's Church Institute exists. He is a likable fellow—picturesque, debonair, deeply philosophical, courageous, open-hearted and selfless—but the loneliest man in the world.

The true stories about our Institute sailormen as published in THE LOOKOUT are stranger than fiction and, we venture to say, just as entertaining.

In subscribing for THE LOOKOUT you are helping us to serve our seamen.

THE LOOKOUT,

25 South Street, New York City.

Enclosed find one dollar for which please enter a year's subscription for

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