

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

FEBRUARY 1919

No. 2

# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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INCORPORATED 1844

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# THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 10

FEBRUARY 1919

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## The Happy Ending

When he first went up to see the Man Who Gives Advice it was to tell him that he had celebrated incautiously on the first days after he drew his wages.

"I can sign on another vessel in a week, and I brought you my watch to leave as security if you will lend me enough money to live here until then."

His record was looked up: he was one of the Institute's old patrons, an engineer who had been coming to the building ever since it opened and this was the first time he had ever asked for help. So the Man Who Gives Advice decided to trust him to the extent of meals and lodging until the boat sailed. You learn to read the faces of men down here on the water's edge. Sometimes we make mistakes, but usually the man with a clean record, who admits a temporary folly, does not abuse the confidence in

him: he keeps careful account of his loan and pays it all back, frequently insisting that he shall pay interest too.

Three days later the same seaman was waiting to see the Man Who Gives Advice.

"Not money," he said hastily, "but I seem to be sick. I feel very badly." It was the doctor on duty in the Institute clinic, who, after taking the man's temperature and finding it a point over 104, sent him immediately to the hospital.

And when the Man Who Gives Advice called to see him within a few days, he learned that the seaman was dead and had been buried. Something very likeable in the man's personality had made a strong appeal to the Institute worker, and he went away saddened by an incident that occurs so often in the constant contact with shifting lives of strangers in a foreign port.

But one evening the following week he looked up from his report of a day in which tragedy had hovered about many of the stories from the long line of applicants for assistance. A man was standing beside his chair. It was the engineer.

"They told me you had died," he exclaimed, too startled to make his astonishment more subtle.

"Yes, I heard that too," laughed the engineer. "There was a chap there by the same name as mine who did die, and the records got confused. But here I am, and if you can send me to that convalescent home for about a week, I am going to take a job on shore and pay you back."

Last week the engineer brought in, not only every penny of the loan which the Institute had made, but sixty dollars for safe-keeping.

"I have settled down now," he announced. "I think you ought to know that it was your helping me out of a hole, that I got into through my own foolishness, that made me think about things seriously. I never enjoyed saving money before, but I am going to swell your Seamen's Wages Department with my wages after this."

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### The Clinic

From two o'clock until seven in the evening on Sunday there were twenty-four patients in the Institute's Clinic. Most of them were

men with minor ailments who needed a little wise care to prevent their developing serious illness. It is in charge of a doctor still in the service of the Navy, who not only examines his patients and prescribes for them, but who takes a vigorously friendly interest in them. He often persuades a man inclined to be careless about a weak throat or a faulty heart action to realize something of the consequences that can so easily result from neglect.

Before we had the clinic, seamen often went about with heavy colds and temperatures, possibly infecting their companions and often having to go to the hospital themselves, when a little treatment at the right time would have saved them.

This is very important preventive work. For a man to be actively ill, when his job means work of a sort that requires strength and physical endurance, is peculiarly depressing. He comes out of the hospital, weak and low-spirited: if his money has been spent, he must try to get a new berth before he is strong enough to work. Everybody has experienced the languor of convalescence, with its hours of ineffectual effort.

Moreover, a cut hand or a bad burn, properly dressed, heals quickly, but before the Clinic was in operation, seamen often went about for weeks, disabled because of their dislike of being fussed over.



### Handpicked Fruit

So many of our friends whose hearts go out in sympathy for the temporarily homeless and almost friendless seamen, write us "What can I do"! Folded into this number of *The Lookout* is a blank provided by our Ways and Means Committee on which they would like to secure in confidence as soon as possible the names and addresses of your friend, whom you think would be interested in this humanitarian work. The late Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, who believed in personal work in reaching men, was wont to remark in his quaint way "handpicked fruit is always the best." Here is your opportunity in a simple act of co-operation to assist us greatly in our work. We need "handpicked fruit." Please read the message to you on the back of the enclosed blank. "He serves best who acts quickly." Thank you!

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### Safety in the S. C. I.

He would have been pale if nature ever allowed a Chinaman to turn white, but instead he was a greyish yellow. His hands trembled and his harsh "Nah' Nah'," when he demanded that the police officer remain with him, were expressions of terror.

"You stay! I give you ten dollars, I give you ten dollars," he pleaded, and it took the police officer and the watchman in the Seamen's Church Institute some time to persuade him that he had reached

a place of safety.

He carried a receipt for two hundred dollars in the S. C. I. bank, and it was that receipt that started the trouble. In a disreputable Chinese boarding house in the Bowery, in an expansive moment, he had given proof of hoarded wealth. The keeper of the lodging house had no qualms of conscience in regard to a lonely seaman in a strange land. To him he was nothing more than an ignorant dolt, a mere tool in his crafty hands.

But he made a mistake in his man. The seaman would not give up his hard earned money. Threats made him hold the receipt tighter, and when the lodging house keeper dragged him to court on a charge of owing rent, he trembled and turned a pale green, but he held his slip of paper.

The Magistrate, knowing the reputation of the lodging house, took the Chinaman from his accusers and put him in charge of an officer with instructions to bring him to the Seamen's Church Institute for safety, and at midnight on a Sunday night, the poor alien stood there, begging the officer not to leave him, lest his countrymen find him and kill him as they had threatened to do.

It took some time to convince him that he was safe, and in order to reassure him, one of the watchmen went upstairs to his room with him and showed him how he could lock his door, and told him the watchman would stand on guard at the entrance downstairs.

The gratitude of the poor fellow was touching, and who knows but he uttered a prayer of gratitude to the God of the Christians, for His protection, in the hour of need.

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### A Correction

In the long list of Christmas gifts printed in the January issue, a contribution was credited to the Daughters of the Revolution, when the Long Island Society branch of this great organization should have been particularly specified. This branch sent fifty filled comfort bags.

Mrs. Thomas Mook and Miss E. Stanley, whose names were omitted from the list, through a clerical error, brought Christmas packages.

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### A French Boy

He explained that he was writing in English, a language so different from his own, but he managed to say exactly what he meant.

"I want to thank you and all the management for this Christmas Day program. First I found in my room a good sweater, tobacco, neck-tie, of which I am very glad and grateful to the person who put it there and who gave it. Not that I am a 'bum', or a poor beggar, but I really need those things, and they came just a propose. And it is not only the gift, it is the idea, to see that though humble seamen,

we are not forgotten among the mortals.

From a French boy who wishes you a Happy New Year."

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### How She Heard

He had been a patient in one of the many hospitals under the affectionate eye of the Visiting Lady and when he was discharged, he stayed at the Institute a few days before sailing for England. The V. L. had written his wife, during his illness and before he left the Institute he said.

"If you get a minute, please write again and say that I shall sail on Wednesday: my eyes are still too weak to make writing anything but a severe strain."

So she wrote, "Probably when this reaches you, your husband will have arrived. I know how happy he must be, and I want to tell you how glad I am, too. He spoke so longingly of England and seeing you again."

When that letter reached the wife, her husband had not yet come. She waited a few days and then began to inquire at steamship offices. She learned at last that the seaman had died at sea of heart trouble, and that through some confusion in the address found among his things, the notification had never reached her.

Without the letter from the Visiting Lady she might have been kept in suspense for many weeks, never being sure whether her hus-



band had left New York, or whether he had been obliged to sail for some other port.

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### Another Organ (\$30.00)

Since our splendidly successful services on board the vessels anchored in the harbor have claimed the constant use of the only portable organ the Institute owns, we find that another organ of the same sort is very urgently needed.

These little organs, which can be carried about and used to make the music which is so valuable an inspiration to any song service, are extremely necessary. It is a small instrument, but it has a good, full tone which makes it very effective.

A new one costs \$30.00 and it is suggested as gift from a Lookout reader who appreciates the importance of music in the days of a seaman forced to remain on board his ship.

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### A Seaman Poet

They were singing a song in the concert-hall "The Navy took them and the Navy brought them back", and when it was over, Fred went in search of the House Mother.

"I don't want to belittle the Navy, but I think the merchant seamen had a lot to do with carrying the soldiers across the sea and back. I am going to write a poem about them because I feel we ought to have a song of our own."

These are the first two verses of Fred's poem. Possibly the opening line of the second verse may be a bit mystifying, but his idea is sincere.

"Sailors, what of the debt we owe you?

Day or night is peril more?

Who so dull that he fails to know you,

Sleepless guard of our island shore?

Safe the corn to the farmyard taken;  
taken;

Grain ships safe upon all the sea;

Homes in peace and faith unshaken

Sailor, what do we owe for these?"

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### Send Us Magazines

Please do not throw away any magazines or illustrated periodical that comes to your library table. Our Literature Room is empty, and every day a new crew goes away, carrying packages of reading matter that we are able to accumulate hastily from any source we can.

We have always given each man a bundle of at least five magazines to take to sea and read during the monotonous hours off duty. Naturally the war diverted much of our ordinary supply to the soldiers in the camps, so that now we find ourselves in desperate need.

Speak of this to your friends or to any agencies who collect books

and papers. Do not hesitate to send engineering or scientific periodicals with Saturday Evening Posts and McClures. There are widely diversified tastes among seamen, exactly as there are among any other class of workers.

But this is an urgent appeal. We need everything that can be read.

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### Ashamed To Go Home

"I don't see how I can go back home to my mother now that I am sick," Paul explained to the little lady who visits the hospitals and brings the comfort of her cheerful kindness to boys who are ill among strange faces.

"But she will want you more than ever now. I have written to her and she is waiting anxiously for you to arrive," the Visiting Lady assured him.

Paul had been ill in the Marine Hospital for many weeks, and it was discovered that he had serious tubercular trouble that only very careful out-of-door treatment could help to arrest.

"I'm ashamed to go back there to Newfoundland now," he insisted. "When I was all right I was very careless about writing to my mother, and I didn't go up there to see her, even when I might have done it. I was just careless and selfish. Besides, I always said I'd come home with a lot of money, and I haven't a cent," he added bitterly.

It is the lament we often hear, of the thoughtless son who means to

go home some day, rich and successful. He finds it hard to believe that his mother is doubly anxious to have him return when she knows that he is ill and needs care.

Paul was finally persuaded to go back. His ticket was bought and he was put upon the train for Boston where he could take the boat.

Last week a frantic letter came from his mother. Paul had not arrived. Inquiries brought out the information that the boy had left the train and disappeared. His faith had not been great enough to carry him through the last stage of the journey.

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### Open Boats in Winter

Three shipwrecked survivors from the crew of the S. S. Flirt came to the Institute on Sunday morning, Feb. 16th. Their steamer had suddenly caught fire from the cargo of coal they were carrying and they had to take to their boats so hastily that they were unable to save any of their personal belongings.

They were in open boats six days and five nights until they made land 460 miles away at Bumbara, W. I., just below Turks Island. From there they took a steamer to New York, where they landed without being met by anyone who knew them.

"You will be taken care of at the Institute," the Captain told them confidently and he was not disap-



pointed. We made room for them, got them some warm clothes and by Sunday evening they were joining the singing in the Home Hour up in the concert hall, forgetting as fast as they could what the horror of those days in an open boat in February weather had meant.

The Chief Engineer was particularly loud in his praises of the Third Assistant Engineer who had broken his leg, and was out eight days and nights before he reached the hospital at Turks Island. During this time he never uttered one word of complaint, refusing to take his small share of water until the others were satisfied.

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### Roller Skates Given

A check from Mrs. John A. Hance for \$75.00 "in memory of M. L. H.," completes the gift of roller skates for which The Lookout has asked. Roller skating up in the auditorium, with the seats moved out to give a wide floor and a spacious skating rink, has been one of the happiest exercises in the Institute's list of athletic entertainments.

"I can always get permission to come ashore," a small apprentice boy told the Big Brother, "if the Captain knows I am going roller skating." Bubbling energy must have an outlet and the strenuous rushing about to gay music provides exactly the right amount of fatigue to keep active brains and bodies out of mischief.

### Navigation School Gift

One of the most useful gifts that could have been made to the Navigation School came from Lieut. Hamilton Rice, formerly of the Second Naval District Training School for Reserve Officers at Newport.

There is a binnacle with compass and magnets for correction of deviation, the binnacle mounted upon a platform by which the swaying of the ship may be simulated and instruction given upon a subject that is difficult for beginners, and of paramount importance. There are lights on either side, an electric one and an oil lantern, for use in emergencies; twelve compensating magnets. The compass is a very modern U. S. Navy one with the new method of marking, and the school is particularly grateful for this model.

Besides these, Lieut. Rice sent nine blue-prints of vessels, illustrating different types, rigging, etc; several plates of submarines and torpedo mines; two large charts of Cape Cod and the northern Atlantic and an especially useful chart of the Arctic region. There were also seven books for the nautical library.

In the work of the school this new equipment comes at a very opportune time. The Binnacle especially, complete in every detail, will enormously increase the faculty of instruction. The gifts came, skilfully packed, in such perfect condition that they could be put into immediate use. The Institute and the School appreciates the thoughtful interest which prompted Lieut. Rice to send them.

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OR  
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

### **Ships in the Stream**

There never were so many vessels lying at anchor in the harbor as there are now. And their crews are obliged to remain on board, without much work to do, waiting for sailing day. It is very hard to stand on deck and watch the inviting lights of the city across the spaces of dark water, knowing that among those lights people are gay, going to theatres and restaurants and amusing themselves.

To relieve some of the boredom, the Institute launch, the "J Hooker Hamersley" is kept constantly busy taking the ship visitors about from tramp to freighter, leaving magazines and an exchange of ideas.

On Sundays the Man Who Speaks Scandinavian takes the portable organ and goes out all day. He usually makes a preliminary visit on Saturday, arranging for a service the following day. Sometimes he has held six services in a single Sunday and this means climbing up and down the rope ladder, carrying the organ and waiting while the launch manoeuvres

her way between the ships to exactly the right position alongside.

His daughter, Miss Ljunggren, goes too, playing the organ and helping to lead the singing. The services are held for the Norwegian, Swedish and Finnish seamen who are always ready with a warm welcome, grateful for the chance of taking part in the simple ceremonies of their mother church. Sometimes the Danish chaplain goes to visit his fellow countrymen, too.

It is difficult for a landsman to appreciate just what this means to a seaman confined to his vessel, cut off from any normal activity that all of us take as a matter of course. But the enthusiasm with which they sing the hymns and the earnestness with which they listen to the necessarily brief talk which the Chaplain makes is adequate proof that it is a friendliness from the shore that warms their homesick hearts.

### **The Solace of Friends**

Last month we published a story about an Englishwoman who had written a letter to the Evening Post about her son who died and was buried in the Institute's plot in Evergreen Cemetery. Her second letter, when she learned of the quick response to her appeal for information about the boy's grave is very touching.



"I have received ten offers to my request for someone who would kindly care for my boy's grave. One lady has been kind enough to offer to put a little stone if she can find the grave. I hardly know how to thank them all enough. I did not expect to receive so much kindness. And yet I have always heard what kind-hearted people you all are. Will you be kind enough to thank them all through your paper for me, and tell them that I have now found where the boy is?"

"A lady has been good enough to send me a little book of the Seamen's Church Institute, and marked the place where the service for my boy was held (in our Chapel of Our Saviour). It is a beautiful place. I was not aware that there were such places. How thankful we ought to be. She told me all about the funeral too. I have also heard from British Consul-General, who has kindly given me the name of the place. It is the Seamen's Church Institute plots (Ocean View) Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn, Grave No. 17.

"I shall, with my family, always be looking out to see if there is any one of your country that we can help and I shall never forget them."

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### Returned Prisoners

A great many of our apprentice boys who enlisted when the war began have been coming back to the Institute within the past few weeks. Some of them have deep

scars and on all their young faces is a certain gravity that has erased some of the mischievous look in their clear eyes.

"I don't know how we could have lived through those months in the German prison camp without you," one of them told the Big Brother. "Your packages of cigarettes and chocolates always arrived just when Ted and Joe and I were feeling absolutely deserted and forgotten by the world that seemed so terribly far away from us."

Through Mrs. S. Vernon Mann, Jr.'s, efforts, money had been sent to London to get clothing for the boys, in addition to tobacco and sweets. It was not possible to send warm sweaters and little comforts to them directly while they were prisoners, but they found welcome gifts when they got back to England that carried with them a fresh supply of courage for the days of readjustment.

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### Evening Services Crowded

Perhaps it is because the war has made seamen more thoughtful, giving them a new spiritual experience, but whatever the cause, the Sunday evening services at the Institute are being attended by congregations which fill every seat in the Chapel.

It has always been the Institute's theory that its guests should be left perfectly free to do as they liked



about going to church. The Chapel is open for seamen of every denomination with services in English, Scandinavian and Russian but we have never sought to force any attendance at these services, believing that a man seeks comfort when he needs it, benefiting more when his action is entirely voluntary.

Chaplain Robinson's sensible, direct talks at the Sunday night services have undoubtedly attracted many men who are a little bit weary of anything like conventional preaching. He merely talks to them as a man who knows something about the problems of living and keeping to ideals of right and decency: only practical ethics will ever influence a seaman permanently. His quick emotions may be swayed temporarily by a strongly sentimental appeal, but in the end what remains with him is some stirring phrase that he interprets as "common sense."

The little Chapel is fulfilling its destiny as a refuge for troubled souls as well as a house of worship for thankful hearts.

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### By Proxy

He twisted his cap in his big red hands until it looked as if he would never again be able to pull it into shape over his thatch of sun-bleached hair, and although the Man Who Gives Advice looked up and smiled encouragingly, Jan still stood beside the desk and hesitated

to make his request.

"What is it? Did you miss your vessel or lose your money? You may as well tell me so I can see what we can do."

Jan would have blushed if his weather-bitten cheeks could have turned a richer crimson, and then he took a long breath and blurted out his perplexity.

"You see, I know a girl and she lives up in Connecticut and I said I would write to her and tell her that I was all right and when my boat would sail." He stopped, not knowing exactly how to go on.

The Man Who Gives Advice, accustomed to every variety of strange problems, from being asked where to buy wedding rings to the best place to purchase toys for seven children, merely nodded. He had an intuitive knowledge of what was coming, before Jan overcame his embarrassment.

"Well, I know you write letters for the boys to their mothers sometimes, and I can't write English, so I wanted you to write a loving letter to my girl and tell her all the things I would say myself."

"It won't sound very much like you, I'm afraid. Won't she be rather hurt when she sees a stranger's writing?"

Jan looked doubtful, but he decided quickly.

"You know how women are. They like to have you keep your word. She'll know that I remembered my promise so she won't care if my letter sounds educated."



## Vaudeville and Music

Some of the best Friday night entertainments that the Institute has held this season have been arranged with the help of the Stage Women's War Relief. Mrs. Garrison, the director, came down here, became tremendously interested in the work, and has since then never failed to send us vaudeville artists whenever we needed them.

Seamen are growing increasingly discriminating. They know exactly how good a magician or a ventriloquist really is.

"I don't think that girl can sing much, but she knows how to dance," Tom remarked audibly after an act in which a singing and dancing team had appeared and been encored until they were too tired to do anything but smile weakly.

"Her voice is all right," Bert defended gallantly. "I think she just gets out of breath."

They are very keen about a man or woman with a good monologue, and their interest in negro dialect is peculiarly intense when you remember that those audiences are composed of Britishers, Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, occasional Arabs, Spaniards and boys from Holland. They regard negro humor as typically American (which, of course, it is) and they have learned to understand it. The most popular story, told by a man who had the supreme gift of speaking distinctly, has been repeated about the Lobby and Reading Rooms.

A very dark-faced soldier was brought before the judge on a charge of assault, and given a chance to tell his story.

"You see, your Honor," he said, "I was all dressed up in my new uniform and I went down to a dance at the school-house. I stood outside and looked through the window and there was my girl dancing with another fellow in a fancy checked suit."

"Well," the Judge said, "you didn't expect her not to dance with anyone but you, did you?"

"No sir, I didn't mind that, but what made me so mad I had to hit somebody was that fellow. He was standing there, fanning her with his exemption card!"

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## A Fear of Gifts

It was a very small monkey with a twisted little face that leered over the shoulder of the British seaman just back from South America. He had brought it to the office of House Mother and when she saw it, she glanced hurriedly at two cages of canary birds on her only vacant chair, an embroidered silk scarf and a sandal-wood box, recent gifts from her devoted grown-up children who call her mother whether they are fourteen or sixty-five.

"What a nice monkey," she said timidly, wondering how she could possibly divert the generous thought which she saw gleaming in the seaman's eye. She had con-

fessed a nervous distaste for all members of the monkey family and had successfully discouraged several offers to bring her one on previous occasions.

"Oh, would you have liked him?" exclaimed the seaman regretfully. "I wish I had brought two. I got this for my sister and I hope he will live to get to England. But if you really want it, I know my sister—"

The House Mother interrupted. "She would be too disappointed, and I am so busy that I might not be able to keep from being lonely," she explained skillfully. "He looks very energetic."

"Yes, he is, but he would sit on your shoulder everywhere you went in the building: he is lots of company."

And the lady who never lacks companionship from her big and constantly growing family, smiled a humorous refusal.

"The boys are awfully kind," she told the editor, "I don't believe I'd have the courage to refuse white mice if they were brought specially for me."

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### Teodoro Finds a Place

"I not like Porto Rico, all the time hungry there," Teodoro kept telling the Man Who Gives Advice, who was urging upon the little fifteen year old boy the glories of a return to his home.

Teodoro had ambition. He had

stowed himself away on a ship that sailed from Porto Rico to New York and when the Ellis Island authorities took charge of him, one of the officials with a particularly tender heart, thought of the Institute.

"He is anxious to work here, and go to school and it seems a pity to send him back home, when he has made such a big effort to get away," the Man Who Gives Advice said, sympathetically. There were only twenty-four hours in which to settle Teodoro's fate. He stood, waiting for the Institute to decide what should be done with him.

"I hear I see much happy place in these New York," Teodoro said confidently. "Too many children home and no work for me, but I do sometheng here." He shivered involuntarily in his white canvas suit, whose knee trousers left the thin brown legs exposed to the winter breezes from the open window that looked over the harbor.

So the Institute determined not to crush Teodoro's zeal for progress. It got him a position in the Hotel Knickerbocker and found him some warm clothing, with long trousers. There was a light in his enormous brown eyes that was worth a little extra trouble.

"I work very well and make the money and come here and give it to you," he assured the Man Who Gives Advice. "Then maybe you let me go to sea on one of your ship".



### Ways and Means Notes

"I do not ordinarily send gifts to New York institutions", a contributor from Minneapolis writes, enclosing his check, "for I believe each part of the country should bear its own burden. But I recognize that for this year you have peculiar obligations and that you are rendering a service to the entire country."

From Connecticut, with a money order came this message. "It is a very slight token of thoughtfulness for two sons over seas preserved from the dangers of the deep."

Another man, increasing his yearly subscription from \$5.00 to \$25.00, wrote, "For this great cause of humanity. Yours is a noble cause. May God richly bless all you 'Inasmuch.'"

And from New Jersey there was a note, "It would be a great pleasure to multiply this sum many times over. My own boy has just returned from months of service in the Navy 'Of our United States.'"

It is very gratifying when people take time to write to us, with their contributions.

"Always a lover of the sea and its people I have greatly appreciated the splendid work you have done and are doing. My father was a sailor and for a short time, during the Civil War, I was in the Navy myself and I know the abuses, fraud and hardships of that and other days that your Institute

happily in this day provides a way to escape," wrote a man who understands.

The letters come from all over the country. Out in California a man wrote, "I appreciate how very important to our national life at this time the well being of our seamen is."

A most encouraging sign of the increasing interest and appreciation of the Institute, whose reputation is now nation-wide is the fact that our old friends are continually raising the amount of their annual subscriptions.

When a man from the U. S. Navy writes, "The truly Christ-like work you are doing for merchant sailors appeals to me in the strongest manner" and encloses his check, it has an added significance, coming from a source which has ample opportunity to know and to understand.

—:o:—

### About the Lookout

The editor of the Lookout has been extremely touched by some of the notes of praise which have come into the Ways and Means Department recently. Sometimes there is a suggestion that its name might more properly be the "Lighthouse", and with the Institute's Titanic Memorial Tower, showing the only green light on the coast as a welcome to incoming mariners, it might be an appropriate name.

However, this has already been used by the publication issued by the association which cares for the blind.

"The little sketches and anecdotes are splendid," a man has just written, "one of the most pathetic will draw a tear as it draws around your heart-strings. It is a fine work the S. C. I. is doing and I like to help it on.

"I sent the Institute a check for ten dollars in December and now I enclose another of the same amount. Keep the sailor boys happy if possible. It is a risky life and I love to know that there is one place in New York that they can go and not be robbed and skinned."

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### The Missing Teeth

Since the demand for rooms is so great, the Institute has been obliged to ask its guests to vacate a room by 12 o'clock each noon, unless they wish to keep it and make the necessary arrangements at the Hotel Desk.

George was careless about booking his room for the balance of the week, with the result that his belongings were carefully packed and put in the Baggage Room, until he claimed them. That evening we received an irate letter from his new room on another floor.

"As you thought fit and just to have my personal effects removed from my room No. 1215 this afternoon, I would thank you

very much if you would kindly restore to me the following articles which were in the room at the time but not found in my suit case when redeemed from the Baggage Room:

1. Lower plate artificial teeth  
Value .....\$20.00
2. Coathangers of hardwood..... .50"

In reply to this rather aggrieved note, the Man Who Gives Advice suggested that George look carefully all through his clothing, as there was a possibility that the plate had been overlooked in his irritated search. The next day George apologized. He had found his teeth inside an old uniform cap.

"I had no intention of accusing **any of your employees** of dishonesty," he assured us, "but merely thought a little thing like that had been overlooked in bundling the things up. I shall never know how the plate got in the cap as I distinctly remember taking it out the night before and putting it away on a shelf in the wardrobe, substituting for it an old one."

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### The Questing Peter

If you had gone into the Lobby that dull February afternoon and seen Peter sitting in a chair between two windows, with his book held so that the sun slanted across its pages, you would have wondered what he was reading. Peter's reading methods were a bit unusual. He said each word to himself several times, only not quite to him-



self, because his lips moved and you could hear syllables.

"What you reading, Pete," one of the apprentice boys asked, coming in from a walk through Battery Park and looking particularly English with a spot of rich red in each cheek.

"I am reading about a fellow named Don Quixote; it's awfully thick reading and you have to say over a lot of strange words, but he was a chap who knew how to find adventure."

The apprentice boy considered this carefully.

"Better stick to being a sailor, Pete. You will get lots of adventures, and now that the war is over, you can go on some long voyages. I went to Java once and there were some of the funniest girls—"

Peter interrupted him. "That's what I meant. I'd like to do something heroic so that girls would admire me. I have always been so short and looked so young that they laugh. Nobody laughed at this Don Quixote and he wasn't good looking, but he did things."

"I don't know," the apprentice boy said slowly. "I don't believe you can arrange those things. We might drink chocolate sodas and maybe you will forget about it. Or you might write to one of those moving picture actresses and ask her for a job. There's lots of adventure in that."

## Donations Received January, 1919

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola and victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, pictures, playing cards, nautical instruments, waste paper, Christmas gifts, testaments, prayer books, stole protectors, purificators, surplices and linens mended, surgical dressings.

Allen, Miss Ruth.  
American Library Association.  
Anonymous—5  
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.  
Barlow, Mrs.  
Barnnull, Mrs. R.  
Bostwick, Mrs. W. A.  
Boyd, Miss R.  
Brodin, Miss.  
Brown, Mrs. Edward .  
Brown, Mrs. J. Adams.  
Buchanan, S. E.  
Burchard, Mrs. A. T.  
Burleigh, Col. George W.  
Burnham, Mrs. Ella F.  
Burt, Mrs. P. H.  
Campbell, Mrs. Wallace.  
Carew, Mrs. Edward L.  
Cashey, Mrs. Jennie.  
Cerf, Mrs. L. A.  
Cheeseman, Mrs. T. M.  
Coe, Miss Ella S.  
Colton, Thomas J.  
Comfort Forwarding Committee of the  
Christian Scientists of N. Y.  
Cowee, Mrs. H. D.  
Cross, Mrs. Harry Parsons.  
Crowell Publishing Company.  
Dall, Mrs. H. H.  
Daub, Miss Grace E.  
Daughters of the British Empire, Princess  
Louisa Chapter.  
Davis, Mrs. J. L.  
Dives, Mrs. N.  
Eldridge, Mrs. Louis A.  
Fairchild, Mrs. C. J. F.  
Ford, Mrs. Edward.  
Fraser, I. G.  
Friend, Mrs. R. A.  
Gammell, Mrs. Robert I.  
Godfrey, Mrs. W. H. K.  
Graves, Miss Julia A.  
Grimes, Mrs. Charles E.  
Hall, Miss E. Y.  
Hall, Mrs. E. W.  
Hance, Mrs. John A.  
Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.

Helen MacGregor Lodge of the Daughters  
of Scotia  
Hindee, Miss Sarah J.  
Hovey, Mrs.  
Howe, Mrs. L. V.  
Hunter, Miss Mary.

Inniss, Mrs. I. N.  
Ives, Mrs. T. M.

James, Dr. Walter B.  
Janeway, S. H.  
Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.  
Jones, Mrs. W. S.

Kent, Mrs. A. H.  
Kimball, Mrs. S. D.  
King, Mrs.  
King, Mrs. Edward and Miss I. C.  
Kingsland, Mrs. W. M.  
Knapp, Mrs. E. P.  
Korsmeyer, Mrs F. A.  
LeRoy, Miss Eleanor  
Long Island Branch of Daughters of the  
Revolution.

Lownder, Mrs. R. T.  
Ludlow, Edwin.

McCullough, Mrs. C. A.  
Mann, Colgate  
Marsh, Miss M. B.  
Mook, Mrs. Thomas.  
Morgan, William M.  
Motor Age.

Neff, Mrs. C. G.  
New York Altar Guild, Inc.  
Ogden, Mrs. C. W.

Patten, H. K.  
Patterson, Mrs. S. C.  
Peters, Mrs. Edw. McC.  
Red Cross, Ligonier, Pa.  
Rice, Lieut. Hamilton.  
Rieck, Mrs. James G.  
Robinson, Henry J.  
Roe, Irving L.  
Rohse, Miss Jenny H.

St. Agnes Chapel, War Relief Work, N. Y.  
St. Faith's Guild, Holy Trinity Church,  
N. Y.

Shand, Miss Agnes.  
Skidmore, G. W.  
Smoot, Mrs. W. H.  
Southwick, Mrs. J. C.  
Stanley, Miss E.  
Stout, Mrs. N. E.

Strathcona Chapter, Imperial Order of the  
Daughters of the British Empire.

Theobald, Mrs. Henry.  
Tiffany, Miss Eugenia.  
Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.  
Usher, Miss Irene.  
Warde-Eisen, Mrs. A. W.  
Waterloo Chapter, Imperial Order of the  
Daughters of the British Empire.

Webster, Mrs. H. F.  
Whitehouse, Mrs. J. H.  
Whiteley, Mrs. B.  
Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wm.  
Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the Mes-  
siah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

## Church Periodical Club and Branches

Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y.  
Church Periodical Club, N. Y.  
Christ Church, Elizabeth, N. J.  
Church of the Epiphany, N. Y.  
Church of the Incarnation, N. Y.  
Grace Church, Orange, N. J.  
St. Andrew's Memorial Church, Yonkers,  
N. Y.  
St. Michael's Church, N. Y.  
Trinity Church, Elizabeth, N. J.  
Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

## Contributions for Special Purposes

Anonymous "Cash," Holiday Fund	\$ 25
Anonymous "Cash," Religious and Social Fund	1.00
Carew, Mrs. Edw. L., Holiday Fund	25.00
Cornell, Miss A. F., Cemetery Fund	15.00
Cundill, Francis A., Discretionary Fund	10.00
Day, Miss Lucile B., Holiday Fund	5.00
Gould, Miss Anna J., Discretionary Fund	4.00
Hadden, Mrs. H. F., Chapel Flower Fund	20.00
Meissner, Charles A., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Murray, James, Relief Fund	1.95
Nones, Mrs. H. B., Discretionary Fund	2.00
Notman, George, Relief and Discre- tionary Funds	500.00
Roberts, Miss Amy L., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Vanderpoel, George B., Discretionary Fund	4.00
Van Wyck, Miss, Social Fund	2.00



# General Summary of Work

## JANUARY 1919

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### Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	18	1285	1461
Scandinavian.....	4	43	49
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	4	216	223
Bible Classes	4	347	348
Lettish	4	45	58
Special Services	1	120	120
Holy Communion Services .....			2
Wedding Services .....			0
Baptismals .....			0
Funeral Services .....			10

### Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	406
Cases treated in Institute Clinic.....	141
Referred to Hospitals.....	23
Referred to other Societies.....	5
Hospital Visits .....	99
Patients Visited .....	1236

### Institute Tender "J. Hoeker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	50
Men transported .....	19
Pieces of dunnage transported .....	14

### Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments .....	17	3696	4402
Home Hour	4	411	445
First aid Lectures.....	2	390	390
Ships Visited .....			237
Packages reading matter distributed....			381
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			305

### Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	20,613
Letters received for seamen.....	6,435
Pieces of dunnage checked .....	4,868

### Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	37
Men Shipped.....	283
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	78
Total number of men given employment	361

### Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$ 69,906.41
Withdrawals.....	53,338.11
Transmitted.....	4,724.08
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust.....	57,546.82

# 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

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 to 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.

If you have not already done so, please renew your subscription; or if you have received complimentary copies in the past, subscribe now by sending one dollar.

The increased cost of paper, printing and postage makes it impossible to send the Lookout except under the above conditions.