

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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Number 9

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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Clothing a Crew

It was nearly six o'clock on a Friday night two weeks ago. Preparations for the concert were under way, when 104 men, survivors of the *Diomed* which was torpedoed off Nantucket, arrived at the Institute.

"We were told you would put us up," the Captain said, waving an expansive hand over forty-eight Chinese coolies which were a part of the crew.

The building was full and the coolies were finally taken up to lodgings in Mott Street, but this left some sixty men to be clothed and put to bed. The emergency cots were pulled out and everyone helped to make beds while the Superintendent and the Recreation Man, the House Mother, the Big Brother of the apprentices, the telephone operator and the Slop Chest man handed out shirts and socks and tooth brushes.

"I got off with my trousers but Jim saved his shirt, too," a mid-

shipman told the House Mother, selecting a striped blue and white shirt and hunting for a comb.

"Think I could wear a red necktie on shore?" Jim asked her, hesitating between scarlet and dark green.

"All I want is clean underclothes and then I am going to take six leaps to a shower bath."

It was a hot August evening. The men crowded about the harassed workers in the Institute's department store, demanding razors, brushes, shoes, suits of clothes, soap and collar buttons. Most of them were English boys and most of them had been torpedoed before. They had very little to say.

"We are not supposed to give out stories to the newspapers," one of them told the editor, politely. "It wasn't anything out of the ordinary. We were in the life-boats about six hours, but we knew we should be picked up. Last time I was torpedoed I was out three days with no water and I expected to die that

time. I wish I hadn't lost my only pair of silk pajamas on that ship."

They do not pose as heroes, these men who have narrowly escaped death by drowning or from the shells. They accept their adventure gaily and keep their eyes very wide open for any good time that may offer, once they are ashore, fed and housed.

"I don't really know where we should have gone if it had not been for this place," Jim told the House Mother. "We can't afford the best hotels and the second-raters down near the water-front are so dirty you wouldn't believe white people used them. I was here last winter and I felt like coming home, even if I had to come wearing someone's old pants and a torn undershirt. I didn't even save a handkerchief."

The papers referred briefly to the Diomed and to the three who were killed, but they were pals of Jim and David's and they spoke of them with deep emotion.

"Bob was only twenty-one and this was his fifth time. He got off safely before and I never thought he would be the one to get hit by a shell," David said soberly. "He liked New York, too, and he would have had such a good laugh with me over the clothes all of us came ashore in. The first thing Bob would have bought would have been a tooth brush—he cared more about being clean than any sailor I ever met."

Amused While You Wait

One of the best entertainments in the Institute theatre is the one which

the men give themselves. They start out by singing popular songs, thrown upon the screen, wandering through "Smiles" and "K-k-k-katy" into "Old Black Joe," "Swanee River" and "The Red, White and Blue."

"Let's have a little harmony, boys," the Recreation Man says. "Somebody do a little more tenor on this side. Put in a little more bass. You can do it. And when it comes to that part, 'Three cheers for the red, white and blue,' echo quickly, 'red, white and blue.' Try it now."

They try and they always succeed splendidly. They are particularly satisfied with the results. They like to sing the "Soldier's Farewell", drawling the final line and achieving a close harmony which is unique but effective.

On the Friday when the Diomed crew arrived, many of the boys went up to the concert after dinner. They shone with soap and their hair was still damp from copious showering; their spotless shirts distinguished them from the regular guests and they enjoyed themselves hugely.

"I want some of you to dance or sing a song or box," the Recreation Man urged persuasively.

And a boy called Blackie announced that he would box. He was too vigorous for his first opponent but he knew something about boxing and the audience encouraged him heartily.

"Go it, Blackie, don't dance about so much. Swing on him," they shouted.

Nobody was hurt and beyond a tendency to step into the footlights

it was a well-conducted boxing match. After that, one of Blackie's ship-mates danced. He knew several steps but his chef d'oeuvre consisted of jumping into the air and clicking the toe of one boot against the heel of the other. His pride in this accomplishment was so affecting that many boys laughed until they cried; but he received violent applause.

"Play something else and I will think of another step," he suggested to the Recreation Man who had rather overworked "Turkey in the Straw" by way of the proper accompaniment for clogging.

Then they sang some more and a boy did a solo about the lonely lighthouse which he had to repeat.

"He's got the worst voice I ever heard on a seaman and I have heard some bad ones," an apprentice whispered to the editor.

"Why did you applaud so loudly then?" she inquired, not unnaturally.

"Oh, because we like to hear him make that funny sound at the end—it isn't singing but he doesn't know it."

At the end of the evening they sing "America", having opened with the "Star Spangled Banner," and they hurry down to the soda fountain planning to get up special performances for the next week.

When One Remembers

A check for fifty-five dollars from Mrs. Jefferson Hogan was accompanied by a note which said that the money was for a picnic for seamen on August 31st as a birthday memorial.

Where Cards Get Wet

During the days of demands for registration cards many of the Institute seamen found themselves in curious predicaments. A man who had just arrived in New York after having been on a torpedoed vessel in which he lost all his luggage, all his papers, his registration card, passport and discharges, was approached by a draft official.

"Please let me see your card," he demanded briskly. The seaman was very much alarmed.

"But I have just been submarined. Everything I own was sunk. I will go and get another."

"You can tell that to the authorities," remarked the official even more briskly, and it took the poor merchant mariner all day to explain it.

Last September when every seaman between twenty-one and thirty-one was obliged to register, most of them complied with the rule. They did not understand the questionnaires, and those who had not even taken out their first papers, or those who did not wish to become naturalized were in difficulties. Finally these were straightened out, for the most part, and every man received his card. In the year that followed some of those men lost their cards five to ten times. When the submarine arrived they had no time to remember American laws; they had only time to remember the great law of self preservation. And the draft boards have frequently had to issue cards again and again to the same man. Those men arriving in this port during the slacker investigation have

been badly confused. One of them, who got a fresh card, finally pinned it to his coat with his passport.

"I shall wear this around my neck in a rubber bag the next time I go to sea," he told one of the soldiers who stopped him on the street. "You people have more curiosity than I ever saw anywhere."

Try Anything Once

They cannot call him a "square-head" any longer. That is one satisfaction to Lars, anyhow.

Lars was attending the Friday night concert at which a magician was entertaining, and he was watching the tricks with a concentration that sat very oddly upon his rather heavy Swedish face.

"I want three fellows, two with blond hair, and one with black hair, to come up on the stage," the magician announced, and Lars started forward. His hair was a thick thatch of pale yellow which he brushed out of his eyes with a business-like hand when he answered the call for assistants.

"I try anything once," he said to the audience, and this was so noble a sentiment that every seaman cheered.

Then Lars was shown how a red handkerchief becomes green and then red again, even when he held it in his own fingers.

"I not a squarehead no more," he called out to one of his friends, divinely unembarrassed by his public appearance, "I take up thees beesness."

But, when the magician began to

eat fire, Lars backed away. He saw large balls of flame disappear within the man's mouth.

"I don't!" he said flatly, but the audience disagreed with his decision.

"Go on, Lars. If it burns you, don't try it again."

So Lars, too, picked up the balls of flame and felt them only warm breaths in his mouth. He was enormously pleased by his success. He was anxious to try all the tricks. Finally, imitating the magician, he took a little fluid into his mouth, lighted a match and blew. A blast of flame is supposed to follow, but Lars must have blown incorrectly. Nothing happened. He suddenly moved the lighted match close to his mouth and immediately fire spluttered about him. He ran to the back drop of the stage which is painted after a part of the Hudson River. Perhaps he meant to extinguish himself in painted water.

It was all over in an instant. Lars found that he was not burned, although his face was rather flushed for several hours. He was willing to "try once" whatever else offered.

"I am going to let you tie me onto this chair with a rope," the magician announced. "I am using 60 feet of rope, although my customary length is 28 feet. However, I think I can release myself in thirty seconds from the time you tie me up."

The two other boys and Lars began to wrap the rope about the magician. They made seamen's knots and twists. Lars did a series of seven double hitches. He grinned.

"This is no mess-boy tying you

up," he assured the entertainer who looked a shade uneasy, as Lars passed the rope three times about his left knee and invented a new kind of knot. When the rope was used, to the complete end of its sixty feet, Lars backed away.

"You get out now. I try anything once and I burn my face almost. You try anything once and maybe I have to lend you my knife to cut the rope."

The magician extricated himself by supreme efforts of contortion, but it took four minutes instead of thirty seconds.

"I'll never be so liberal with my invitations to seamen's tying again," he said later.

But the audience had derived so much amusement from the entire performance that it would not have cared if Lars' knife had been requisitioned.

Basketball

There have been basketball frames and baskets erected in the Concert Hall, and wire screens protecting the windows. Sometimes, on Monday evenings, the game becomes furious. On one of the hottest nights of the summer the athletic enthusiasts played basketball until they seemed dissolving into small rivers of moisture.

Monday afternoons the boys who want to play begin to watch for the sign:

"Basket Ball Tonight. 8 p. m."

And when it goes up they pass the word around among themselves. "Be on my side. We'll beat to-

night." It is, for a little while, the atmosphere of boarding school and college: it is the nearest approach to that young wholesomeness that many of the seamen ever know.

Service Flag

Above the heads of the seamen who crowd the Lobby hangs a big Service Flag, the flag of the Institute. It has 30 stars and they represent employees who have gone from this building to take their part in the universal war.

"I wish there was a flag with a star for every seaman who has gone down since this war began," one of the older men told the Man Who Gives Advice the other day, standing at the soda fountain and considering the lures of Banana Royal as opposed to Pineapple Frappe.

"You couldn't have so many stars on a flag unless it was going to drape over this whole building," a man interrupted. "There have been easily fifty thousand seamen lost!"

Training the Sailors

Fifty thousand sailors in the making! This sums up the work, says "The Seafarer" of San Francisco, done by the United States Shipping Board's training ships in every port in the country. Successful achievement spells world supremacy for the American Merchant Marine and with it victory over the Huns.

San Francisco's part in this national program is being carried out on board the government's receiving ship, "Ocean Wave," and the train-

ing ship "Iris." These vessels are fitted to accommodate 500 boys every six weeks. After that period of intensive training, the graduates are sent out on the different merchant vessels under the Shipping Board's jurisdiction.

Boys are taken away from old accustomed haunts and practically re-born to a new world. Most of them come from interior towns and find plowing the ocean waves quite a different occupation than plowing their fields at home.

And this is where the Seaman's Institute in San Francisco is able to help these boys. They go over to the ships with a band, they take a harpist, a sleight of hand performer and a young woman who can sing and who looks attractive while she does it. They have a portable organ so that the boys can sing themselves, and they do sing, loudly enough to drown the little organ's voice sometimes.

They have also organized athletics, supplying the boys with boxing-gloves and a baseball equipment for improvised games on the wharf.

"The need for the S. C. I. to cultivate the friendship of these boys is obvious. They will make the great new American Merchant Marine of tomorrow and through timely friendship now the S. C. I. will win an important part in shaping its moral standards," concludes "The Seafarer."

Superintendent Deems Here

The Man Who Gives Advice was, when the name was first invented by the Lookout, rather specially in-

tended to designate the assistant superintendent, Mr. Charles P. Deems. Over a year ago Mr. Deems left this Institute to take entire charge of the S. C. I. in San Francisco, and last week he returned to the East on business connected with the many problems of the Pacific Coast.

He was in the balcony during the Friday evening concert and he consented to speak for a few minutes to the men who had known him and been his friends during the years he lived in New York and made these seamen's troubles and joys a part of his own life. He said to them earnestly:

"I just want to tell you men, some of whom probably never saw me before, owing to the chances and changes of a seafaring life, that I am proud of this opportunity of congratulating you. You have been among the first to help in the battles of this war, and you have been among the first to die. Long before the United States joined the Allies, you merchant men were working and suffering and losing your lives. They have called you the 'men of the hour' and you are more than that. You are the men of the second. You are on the job day and night doing a work about which you never boast, but a work of great importance. When I look at you, staying here a little while in this port, before you go out again into the front lines, I have a great thrill of pride. I am glad I know you and that I have the privilege in another port of knowing and counting among my friends men who are doing such splendid things every day,

and not bothering about the credit."

Mr. Deems is planning a new building, a clubhouse with big games and reading rooms, a place for a nautical school, for educational activities of a varied character with university extension courses. He will have a clubhouse under the California sun, a building with a red-tiled roof, with the warmth and color which the Latin tendency of that Western state, three thousand miles away, influences so enormously.

The building will be erected on a new site, will take the Institute into more pleasant surroundings, be more centrally located and one far better adapted to the work than their present location. It will be the last step but one toward the fulfillment of a long cherished dream for a permanent home on the Embarcadero.

An Unsinkable Spirit

There was a submarine on the port bow. The vessel and every member of the crew knew it. There was the usual nervous efficiency. Seamen who had been torpedoed before were assuring their comrades that they would all get off safely, hurrying while they spoke to get their life-belts adjusted.

One of the stewards, full of anxiety for his commander, rushed up to the Captain and asked where his life-belt was.

"I wanted to buckle it onto you, sir," he said excitedly.

"Mind your own business," retorted the Irish captain promptly, "and you help with the guns. I'm from Cork and I don't need any life-belt."

President Baylies Returned

After two months in California, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, president of the Institute, has returned to the pyramiding problems of looking out for merchant seamen.

During his stay in the West, Mr. Baylies visited the S.C.I. in San Francisco, conferring with Mr. Deems about the plans for the new building, a matter upon which no one is more qualified to speak than Mr. Baylies. Through his ceaseless activity this building, now five years old, was erected, after months of careful planning and the study of huge sheafs of white-starred blueprints.

It is a splendid thing to be the president of an Institute like this when the country and the world needs the best seamen that can be produced, and Mr. Baylies fully appreciates the high order of his tasks.

Christmas

This is not repeated as an annoying reminder of a holiday for which everyone's endurance will be taxed to the utmost, but the Lookout asks everyone to think this early about December 25 so that the month may not find you without a gift, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with scarlet ribbon, ready to be given to a merchant seaman on Christmas Eve.

When you are shopping, add to your purchases a neck-tie, or a scarf, warm gloves or a safety razor, handkerchiefs or tobacco, pipes or woolen socks. If later, there is candy to be spared from your Christmas supply, add that to the gift because sugar is not growing more plentiful and it is a luxury which seamen especially appreciate.

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This Welcoming Port

Probably not more than five hundred people in this port realized that an announcement that the crew of the Diomed had arrived meant that it had gone to the Institute. We all read about torpedoed vessels every day and we assume in a general way that they have had crews who were picked up and deposited somewhere, but very few of us wonder where it was.

Every week, and sometimes three times a week, seamen come to an already over-crowded Institute to be received as guests while they are waiting to be outfitted, to get new berths, or to be sent home. And the Institute is most conveniently located and splendidly equipped to receive these shipwrecked seamen. It is the only place where a man in less than modest circumstances can live comfortably, be entertained, be looked after, be surrounded by friends.

The steamship company will provide for him at a low-priced hotel, but there are few of those in these days of war prices. And for a man, lonely, without money, without

friends, and with the prospect of an immediate voyage and the chance of another submarine salute, New York can be the dreariest port in the world. There are canteens for Navy sailors and soldiers, but there are no canteens for the merchant marine.

"Why don't you call this a canteen instead of an Institute?" a British gunner asked the Man Who Gives Advice. "We find everything here except the young women in the blue uniforms, for waitresses."

The Institute is in a curious position. It is doing the work which it did long before the war, and now its activities are augmented one hundred times. It has no more room than before, no more funds, but it is constantly appealed to for shelter and cheer, for recreation and assistance for the men who man the ships.

Please, Lookout readers, tell your friends about the Institute. Make them understand that when a vessel goes down, it is more than likely that her crew will come to the Institute when they reach New York. You read about the merchant seamen, and you are helping them. Please remind the thousands of people who forget about them that they are doing the greatest war work, and the most important.

With a war separated from this United States by three thousand miles of ocean, the seaman is the divine Mercury. He makes it possible for the soldier to get to France and Flanders and he feeds him, carries his clothes, his cigarettes, his games, his letters, his newspapers, his guns and his ammunition.

When you stoke a ship, you do not think much about yourself as a soldier, no doubt, but when you have to drop your shovel and snatch up a life preserver and jump into the water, you know you are one. When you sit in an open boat and watch your vessel sink, or hear her explode, you are fighting just as much as if you were standing in a trench listening to the shells or hearing the whirr of the enemy's aeroplanes. The boom of the big guns is heard on the sea, and the merchant seamen hear the thunder and see their comrades killed.

For Victory

"Every day at noon, when this bell rings, stop a minute and pray for victory."

This is the sign on the Chapel door below the bell. Every seaman who can read English has seen this little message. He has paused and thought about his share in bringing the victory which must come to the Allied cause. And when the Chapel bell peals at twelve o'clock, the men standing about in the early autumn sunshine remove their hats and whisper their simple petitions for victory and peace.

"I used to think," a Norwegian sailor said the other noon, when the bell had ceased to echo through Coenties Slip, and the moment of prayer had passed, "I used to think that I did not care much who won the war so long as it was over and we had the old days back again. But now I can pray for victory because it has got to be victory and not just

the end of the war."

He was a seaman of a neutral nation but he could not be neutral when it came to a choice between right and justice, or wrong and oppression.

Those seamen who believe, and those men who pray, although they only half believe, are backing up their prayers with deeds. They ask for Victory at noon, but they sail away in the early dawns to make Victory possible.

Sailors' Day

Sunday, November 10th, will be Sailors' Day, a day on which we are specially urged to remember and emphasize the value of seamen to Society, and to memorialize those who have been lost while following their difficult calling. For two years this day has been observed by the Church throughout the United States.

This is a time when seamen attract most powerfully our thoughts and sympathies. The prosperity, safety and strength of our country largely depend upon these indispensable men.

The service this year will be held in Old Trinity Church at 8 o'clock in the evening. The address will be made by the Right Reverend John N. McCormick, D. D., the Bishop who has been spending nearly a year in France working for the War Commission. He is a Major in the Red Cross and his experience is briefly referred to in another column of the Lookout.

This great service is being arranged under the direction of the Joint Conference of Seamen's Societies of the Port of New York. Its officers are:

Edmund L. Baylies, president; James Yearance, vice-president, and the Rev. George S. Webster, D. D. (of the American Seamen's Friend Society), secretary. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, superintendent of the Institute, is chairman of the Publicity Committee and is responsible for the arrangements.

The Joint Conference sends out notice to every clergyman in this city requesting that this Sailors' Day be observed by appropriate services in their churches, and in addition to this is the work done by the Seamen's Church Institute of America, constituted by the General Convention. This organization, of which the Right Reverend William F. Nichols, D.D., is president; Edmund L. Baylies, vice-president; Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., secretary, and the Rev. Charles P. Deems, corresponding secretary, is arranging for a national observance of the Day in all the Episcopal churches in the country. Throughout the entire United States every bishop and every priest is notified of the date, November 10th, and requested to celebrate it.

A Personal Friend

"I should like to borrow the basketball a little while, please," he said to the Desk Woman during a lull in the busy afternoon,

"You have to see the Play Man about that," she answered. "No one is allowed to take the basketball without his permission, unless the men are all playing."

"Oh," the boy explained, "but I am a personal friend of his. I help him play basket ball every Monday

evening. I am different. I am a personal friend."

He was a little cabin boy not more than fourteen.

When Beauty Serves

"And all we had to do was to sit around and wait until beautiful ladies came and gave us salad and cakes and ices and everything," Jim told the House Mother.

It was late Saturday night after Jim and eighteen other merchant mariners had returned from the picnic which Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Roberts had arranged at the country place of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip at Scarborough. They (the seamen) had not been sure what sort of a picnic the Recreation Man meant when he talked of going to a place up in the Westchester hills, of playing tennis and basketball and soccer. They were uncertain about the people who would be there to welcome them, but they quickly dropped their harrying doubts. Just at first they were a bit shy. They found the big lawns full of French sailors from the French battleships. They saw girls in brilliant sport clothes and filmy summer frocks hurrying about with trays, and the merchant seamen, conscious of their lack of a picturesque uniform, wanted to sit quietly on the edge of the group. But when Mr. Roberts and the Recreation Man pointed them out to a pretty waitress, a good deal of shyness disappeared. Everything had been designed to make these particular seamen happy, and it is very hard to maintain a modest retirement when there are seven kinds of sandwiches and chocolate cake with

marshmallow icing.

"I always knew there was food like this somewhere, but I never expected to eat it on a day like this," Jim said.

The day was a glory of crisp air, warm sunshine, and the shadows of **late summer** on the ripening apples in the orchards about Scarborough.

After luncheon some of the boys played tennis, while the others played baseball and the French sailors left the American girls who were talking ingenious mixtures of French and English, in order to help kick a soccer ball.

There were moving pictures in the theatre, a Douglas Fairbanks film and an animated magazine. Then there was supper by the edge of the big swimming pool, and the Motor Corps girls drove up with their cars ready to take the men back to the Subway, which would carry them to the Institute.

"I was hoping that the machine I was to go in would break down so I could stay longer. Just let me know when Mr. Roberts asks us again. I could go there a whole day just to sit on that lawn," Jim concluded.

"You boys ought to have a good time on shore, Jim," she said sympathetically, "you certainly have to work hard at sea."

"Oh, well," he replied, a little embarrassed, "we do our work, and that's what everybody does. But we thought some of those girls that served our luncheon were the best looking and had the sweetest smiles we ever saw in any port."

A Bishop in Wartimes

There is a package of hymnals and prayer-books in the House Mother's office, addressed as follows:

Rt. Reverend John N. McCormick,
D. D.,

Major, American Red Cross,
c/o Holy Trinity Church, Paris,

France.

These are being sent in response to a letter from Bishop McCormick in which he spoke of the great need for prayer-books. Some of the apprentice boys going across have delivered packages almost directly to the bishop, and occasionally a captain has made himself responsible for them to insure speed and safety.

In a letter to the Living Church a month or two ago, Bishop McCormick said:

"On a recent visit to the American front, I had the inestimable privilege of giving the Holy Communion to about sixty men of a certain well-known trench-mortar battery, in which as it happens, nearly all the men are Churchmen, and in which the officers, one of them a member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, made all the preparations for the service, and arranged that the men should have the chance to attend. That we were under both shell fire and airplane bombing is but one of the ordinary incidents of the war."

From France

If the Y.M.C.A. needs you to run a hotel when you expected to work directly at the front, you can only do as our former House Steward, Mr. Trevor Barlow is doing, and put all your energy and experience into making hotel running in Paris in war-times a

congenial occupation. He wrote to Dr. Mansfield on August 14.

"You see that I have stuck at my old job. They seem to have men for every job but this, so I am afraid I shall not see very much fighting at present.

"At present we have four hotels in Paris and we shall need forty, as the men on leave flock to the Y.M.C.A. for rooms. We are everything to the men in France. We run the only sightseeing trips allowed, we run the canteens, we look after all mail, exchange all money and forward money home.

"The second day in Paris we were entertained by Big Bertha to the tune of 12 shells which continued for the next two days. It is very strange to see how calm everyone is. When the first shot comes, usually about 11 a. m., they look at their watches and say: 'Fourteen minutes for the next,' and sure enough, between 14 and 15 minutes the next shot will come along. What becomes of the shells we are not allowed to say, but as for upsetting any one it is a sure waste of time and material.

"All you hear from the American soldiers is 'Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas.'"

Please Give a Picnic

Every little while a magazine humorist writes a story about a picnic. He gives the usual amusing details of jumbled sandwiches, of enterprising ants, of a hot day, of melted ice-cream and sun-burned tempers. And the general impression has arisen that picnics are all very well when one is young and

optimistic, but that grown-ups are better off in well organized dining-rooms and restaurants. There are a good many men about the Institute, however, who do not hold this point of view. These are the seamen who have enjoyed the fun of going on the J. Hooker Hamersley over to Port Washington, to spend the day.

They have spent a day of unalloyed delight, rambling through the woods, swimming in the Sound, lying on the grass, eating luncheon under the trees, playing baseball and cricket, smoking lazily in the drowsy afternoon, and coming home at sunset, singing while the launch cut her way back into the harbor.

Men who spend their days below decks, or cramped in the monotonous confines of ten thousand to twenty thousand ton vessels know how to appreciate a day of absolute freedom out-of-doors, and they do not get these days in New York. They have to be taken to the country, and this the Institute has arranged.

Don't you want to give a picnic? Your check for twenty-five dollars sends from fifty to one hundred men on a picnic each week. You could have one day of realizing that because you cared enough to arrange it, a group of merchant seamen were shouting and playing games and rolling in the grass and enjoying the luxury of sandwiches and cake, fruit and ices. Sandwiches do not mean very much in the lives of most of us, but a sandwich, a properly spread, well cut piece of bread and butter with cheese or jam or cold meat is

a delicious food when you are hungry. To a man who has to eat his bread in large chunks, who does not always have butter, a sandwich is a particular delicacy.

Give twenty-five dollars and permit as many seamen as the launch can carry to have one supreme day of carefree enjoyment, one day of pretending to be children, of forgetting the all too imminent danger just ahead of them.

The Pleasant Inquiry

They were on the big green motor, taking the trip to see New York, when the chain became loose and the car stopped in Hester Street for readjustment. Children of the Ghetto surrounded them, sang at them, laughed, asked questions and apparently found in the visiting mariners an enormous amount of diversion.

The seamen shouted back to the children, wished them Happy New Year (Jewish) and said they did not care if the chain never were fixed. At last a large, sleek gentleman, probably the prosperous Italian proprietor of a restaurant in the quarter, came up and gazed upon the occupants of the car. He smiled and nodded and then, drawing close to one of the men, he asked benignly,

"How you likka thesa country, eh?"

"We likka thesa verra mucha," they returned and everyone decided that the trip was a success.

Draft and Seamen

The Seamen's Local Law Board, established here to aid seamen with perplexities which the Draft Law has created, has its office in the Institute and is open at ten o'clock each morning.

If a seaman, through some accident, failed to register at the proper time, failed to return his questionnaire, neglected to preserve his registration card, he is likely to be in rather serious difficulties these days. With the new Registration Day, September 12, hundreds of seamen between eighteen and forty-five registered and found a new set of problems confronting them.

To help confused seamen, and to render the work of the Local Draft Boards more efficient, this Law Board is bending all its activities. It is a haven for many men who have understood the United States laws and the war conditions very imperfectly.

One of Her Boys

Dear House Mother: This is just a short letter from one of your boys who is now in the U. S. Army. You may not remember who I am by my name, but I assure you I do not forget you and the kindness shown me by all the good staff at your Institute.

I also wish to state that I have not forgotten my little debt I owe to the Institute. I would have remitted same long ago but was unable for reasons which I cannot here state. I hope you will forgive me

for such delay but I will forward my debt the first moment possible.

I miss the sea life quite a little and were it not for the excitement in a soldier's life here, I do not know how I could keep away from the boats so long. When I attend a concert in any of our Y. M. C. A.'s here I often think of the many good concerts I was able to attend at your House, and believe me, I have not seen any yet to come anywhere near being as good as we had in the Institute. I always miss your preliminary speech and all hands joining in the choruses.

I hope you will excuse this pencil, but I lost all my fountain pens while on the march here.

At present I am a patient in one of our Field Hospitals, but there is nothing very seriously wrong with me. I am just having a good rest after doing a turn in the trenches, and also undergoing a little treatment.

The American Boys are making a great name for themselves over here. I suppose you have read the great news in the papers of late of our victorious doings. I sure feel proud that I am able to be with the U. S. Army over here.

I must now close. Hoping you will forgive me for the delay in remitting my debt to your good Institute, but I assure you I have not forgotten about same, and I will forward it as soon as possible.

I would be glad if you would remember me to all the boys.

Private V. K. O'B.

306 Inf., A.E.F.

Flower Fund

We are very anxious to see the Flower Fund grow. With a fund of three thousand dollars we can provide flowers for the Chapel Altar every one of the fifty-two Sundays each year. And this should be done. Flowers have never been free in a land where the soil is non-productive for many barren months. No wild flowers grow down on the water's edge, and it is with difficulty that the plane trees struggle along over in Jeannette Park across the street from the Institute. But flowers are important. They are like so many exquisite things which do not sustain life or keep one warm: they seem, to the sternly practical, to come under the list of non-essentials.

But flowers are necessities to the Institute just as music and moving pictures are necessities. These men must be reminded that there is sweetness and gentleness in a world given over to destruction and hatred and blood-shedding. The softness, the grace of life must be made more evident to them on their shore leaves. No man lives by bread alone, and when our seamen come to us for warmth and cheerfulness, they must find it. If they go into the little Chapel to listen to the service, to hear the music, to seek gropingly, uncertainly, for spiritual help, they find a part of what they seek in the nodding blossoms on the altar.

These are the months for dahlias and cosmos, for chrysanthemums and crimson leaves. Let us

see that every Sunday is a memorial to a soldier or to someone who would be glad to know that the anniversary of his birth had been used to make bright the little Chapel where seamen of the war gather.

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He Misses His Friends

Someone offered him a Sunday newspaper, but he shook his head sadly. He didn't want to read; he wanted only to sit quietly by the window in the Reading Room and look across the South Street piers toward the four-masted sailing vessel at anchor in the harbor. He watched listlessly the Sunday afternoon activity on the silent cobble-stones, but he did not smile when two children from the canal-boat colony did an impromptu dance on the curbing for the seamen's smoking club. His face was fixed in permanent lines of bitterness and sorrow.

"Will you come down to hear some music?" the Man Who Gives Advice suggested, as he passed through the room, struck by the look of poignant grief on the old man's face.

"I know they mean it kindly," the old man said patiently, "but I guess I wish people would leave me alone. I lost eight of my shipmates in Africa, and I am so lonesome I can only bear to be with myself."

The Man Who Gives Advice sat down beside him.

"Perhaps if you told me about them I would know some way you could be less lonely," he urged, sympathetically.

"We all had a bad tropical fever there, and the sun was a hotter sun and one that bit into your blood

worse than usual. The day we left the hospital to walk toward the ship, eight chaps dropped down on the street, one after another. You'd hardly believe they could, but they withered right up as a flower would. I went on down to the ship by myself finally, when the bodies had been taken care of, and I haven't made any new friends. I can't get used to being without Bill or Jack or Bob or Joe. They were ship mates I'd sailed with on the same ship for years—we had an arrangement so we would all sign back on with this Captain every voyage after we were discharged. I'm too old to make new friends and New York is strange to me."

The Man Who Gives Advice put his hand on the old seaman's arm.

"I know—" he began, when he was interrupted. A woman, who had been looking through the public rooms in a vain search for her husband, had come close to the old man's chair.

"Eight men dropped dead!" she repeated. "Were any of them Russians? Was one of them named Dimitri?"

He shook his head, but he looked up at the anxious woman with the first gleam of interest pushing through his gloomy mask.

"Have you tried asking at all the shipping places?" he offered helpfully.

"Yes, I have looked over everywhere for him. He sailed over a year ago, just after we had quarrelled about something and I am always trying to find him. I thought he might come back if he knew I wasn't angry."

The old man who was so lonely he only wanted to be with himself,

quite forgot the Man Who Gives Advice.

"You come down to the Russian Consulate, with me tomorrow, ma'am." he advised the woman, capably, going toward the stairs, "and if that isn't any good, I know several places we could look for him."

The Man Who Gives Advice looked after them and smiled.

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Heroes' Day

Acting upon Mayor Hylan's proclamation that Sunday, September 1st, should be recognized as Heroes' Day, a day upon which to commemorate the sons of New York City who have lost their lives in the war, the Institute held a special service in its Chapel upon that day. The flags of all the Allies floated everywhere. There was a most inspiring sermon in which heroes and heroic deeds were vitally symbolized for the large congregation of seamen, many of whom were themselves heroes, whether they realized it or not.

The response from the men was extremely encouraging. One of the largest seamen congregations the Chapel has ever held attended the service. They had read the proclamation in the newspapers; they knew there were services being held in the Parks and in the city churches and they took part in the Institute's share of solemn rejoicing with a sober enthusiasm.

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Donations Received August, 1918

Reading matter, flowers, fruits, jellies, pianola and victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, waste paper, pictures, testaments.
Allen, Miss Ruth

Anonymous—2
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Bliss, Mrs. W. G.
Brown, Mrs. J. Adams
Butler, Mrs. W. A.
Comstock, Miss Ethel C.
Harrison, Robert L.
Helpful Circle of Kings Daughters
Kent, Mrs. A. H.
Leavitt, Mrs.
MacLean, Mrs. Charles F.
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr.
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
Morgan, William M.
Osborne, Mrs. & Miss H. W.
Peake, Mrs. W. W.
Rieck, Mrs. James G.
Robinson, Henry J.
Rodenstein, Mrs. Louis A.
Rohse, Miss Jenny H.
Simpson, S. J.
Smith, F. K.
Usher, Miss Irene
Van Nostrand, Benjamin T.
Warde-Eisen, Mrs. A. W.

Church Periodical Club and Branches

Christ Church, Suffern, N. Y.
St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Anonymous	
"Relief Funds".....	\$1.00
Fletcher, Miss Alice C.	
"Discretionary Fund".....	5.00
Heath, Mrs. Walter C.	
"Social Fund".....	5.00
Hogan, Mrs. Jofferson	
"Summer Outing Fund".....	55.00
Hosmer, Mrs. Estelle DePeyster	
"Discretionary Fund".....	5.00
Jackson, Mrs. E. E., Jr.	
"Chapel Flower Fund".....	25.00
Jewett, Mrs. George L.	
"Chapel Flower Fund".....	5.00
Jewett, Mrs. George L.	
"Discretionary Fund".....	20.00
Kirby, Miss Elizabeth P.	
"Summer Outing Fund".....	25.00
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr.	
"Social Fund".....	20.00
Meissner, C. A.	
"Discretionary Fund".....	5.00
Moran, Miss Muriel	
"Chapel Flower Fund".....	3.00
Smydam, Miss Eliza Gracie	
"Chapel Flower Fund".....	.50

General Summary of Work

AUGUST 1918

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	4	180	258
Scandinavian.....	4	38	41
Open Air Meetings.....	4	841	861
Holy Communion Services			1
Wedding Services			2
Baptismals			1
Funeral Services			2

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	12	1987	2150
Athletic Nights.....	8	258	297
Ships Visited			6
Packages reading matter distributed....			67
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			9

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	53
Referred to Hospitals.....	10
Referred to other Societies.....	4
Hospital Visits	86
Patients Visited	938

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	18,679
Letters received for seamen.....	4,066
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,894

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

OUT OF COMMISSION FOR REPAIRS

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	35
Men Shipped.....	248
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	86
Total number of men given employment	334

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$ 77,159.18
Withdrawals.....	6,151.31
Transmitted.....	61,358.59
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust.....	45,674.90

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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

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.