

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XI.

AUGUST 1920

No. 8

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES
President.

FRANK T. WARBURTON
Secretary and Treasurer

REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Broad 297

25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour" and Social Service

Religious services aboard ships lying in harbor

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants

Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families

Burial of Destitute Seamen

Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift

Transmission of money to dependents

Free Libraries

Four Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Operation of Institute Boat

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

Health Lectures

Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment

Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK", a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

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A Fairy City

Some people live in the present; some people live in the past; and some people in the future.

Gordon lived in the future. He was so young that he did not even pretend to be cynical; and when he went to sea and made his first voyage to America, and his ship glided into a dock near the nose of Manhattan, he did not try to hide his impatience to pay his respects to New York.

But the glow had faded out of the west, Liberty had lighted her torch, and darkness had crept up far around the roots of the buildings, when he finally came up on deck, dressed all in his best.

He looked over the city and caught his breath, for the lights, little winking eyes, were flirting from a million windows, that reached from the ground far up into the sky. He looked long in silence, then he whispered, "It's a fairy city."

And then he started in pursuit of the fairies, and the magic, and the wonders. And after awhile he found Broadway, and he wandered up and down. He stopped and looked at the ladies and gentlemen going into the brightly lighted theatres that invited at every step. And then he walked on and on until at a crossing he met the loneliness, that is never found except in a crowd, and he wished that he was at home, where he knew people; and Broadway suddenly palled, and he mumbled, "A fellow might as well be on a desert island as here."

A girl spoke to him, and he looked at the roses that were on but not in her cheeks, and he pulled away with a bashful laugh, and then he blamed himself for being so silly. He was a sailor and a sailor had to adapt himself. He wouldn't pull away next time, but there wasn't any next time that night and while it was still quite early he returned to his ship.

The second Mate was on duty and when he saw Gordon he said, "You are back early."

"Yes I don't know anybody."

The second Mate knew what it was to be a boy alone in a great city, and he pointed to the green light that seemed to be winking invitingly across the waters and he said, "Why don't you go to the Seamen's Institute. They have a party there on Thursday nights?"

"What is it, a mission?" Gordon asked listlessly.

"Yes, but it's not like most missions," the Mate explained. "They don't preach at you. They just help you to have a good time."

"I know them places," Gordon said, and he sat down on deck and looked across the city, that such a short time before had seemed a fairy city on a magic sea. It wasn't a fairy city at all. It was a great monster that hadn't any place for strange sailor boys.

But the green light caught his eye, and he noticed that it seemed to be winking at him. He thought he must be mistaken, and he fixed his eyes

sternly on it, and then he was sure it beckoned.

"All right!" he said, "I might as well go there as stay here."

And he again left the ship and hastened over to the Institute. The watchman at the door showed him the way to the elevator and the elevator took him to the fourth floor, and the elevator man said, "You get off here."

He got off, and he found himself in the concert hall, where more than a hundred young sailors like himself were dancing, with something less than a hundred girls who had roses in their cheeks, and who were, as he explained to the House Mother later, "Just all right."

He didn't think he could dance, but while he sat watching the others, the conductor shouted. "Now everyone come along. You can all dance this."

He knew he couldn't, but he did, and after that he danced every dance, and when he made mistakes no one seemed to care.

"I had a champion time," he said to the big brother, when he was leaving, "New York is a fairy city on a magic sea."

The big brother looked at his dancing eyes and said, "Maybe you brought the fairies and the magic."

"No I didn't, you made it that. May I come again?"

And he came again and again, every time he came to New York; and every one in the Institute learned to know and love him, for even when he grew up and became an officer, he brought his dreams and his youth and his enthusiasm with him.

And then came a day when he re-

turned and he was a man. The finger of experience and not time wrought the change. The Big Brother, the Man Who Gives Advice, the Chaplains and the House Mother all crowded around him, and he told the story.

"Yes, she was washed unto a rock near the coast of Sweden, our ship I mean, and the first Mate and I knew that we had only a short time. We didn't tell the others; what was the use?"

"The first Mate had been married only three months, and it wasn't easy for him to think of death; and I had my mother. It was of her I thought.

"Then the ship broke in two, but she hung on to the rock. We knew it couldn't last. She was working her way off and when she did, it would be down to Davy Jones' Locker for us. I went forward to see whether she was nearly off, and I felt her going. I didn't think. You don't. I wanted to live, and I sprang for the mast and I climbed up, and up, while all around me there was the crashing of timber, the roar of the wind, and the waves, and the night."

There was nothing but the waves and the wind and the mast, and the mast was sinking.

"I wanted to live, how I wanted to live! I am young, only twenty-four you know. Life hasn't really begun, and it didn't seem as if I had had my chance. The mast was sinking. I had been in the Crow's Nest, and the water came up around it, and I had to climb on up. The waves seemed to be reaching for me.

"Then the morning came, and I could see ships passing but all at a

distance, a great distance, and the sun shone, and it did not seem that I should die. How I wanted to live! I wondered what my mother was doing; and she told me afterward that she was at Communion, and she had a most terrible feeling of fear and depression, and then she prayed and prayed and it passed away.

"The hours passed and I watched the sun. It was past noon and not a ship had come near me. The sun was on its downward course, and I hung suspended above eternity, and if the night again crept up around me—"

He shrugged his shoulders, but he did not smile. Ten hours he clung to the frail mast, and then a cutter went out to see the wreck. They had sent out a wireless for help just before the ship broke in two, but the rescuers did not expect to find anyone, and their eyes seemed to bulge out of their heads when they saw a man hanging on an invisible cord, a few feet above the water.

The waves still ran so high that they could not get to him and they expected to have to wait until the water grew calm before they could get him from his invisible support, but he was too impatient. He beckoned to them, then he jumped and swam in their direction.

Again he is in New York, and when he saw Liberty, holding her torch so steadily, and a million little flirting eyes, and the beckoning green light, something welled up within him, for again it was a fairy city on a magic sea.

A Baby Wanted

The Chaplain ran his fingers thru

his hair and turned from the telephone with a puzzled expression. He met the sympathetic eyes of several sailors who were waiting to tell him their troubles.

"There is a woman at the other end of this telephone who wants to adopt a baby," he said, and a blank expression immediately came into the faces of the men. They looked at one another and shook their heads.

The Chaplain turned again to the telephone and said in a mild voice, "This is a sailors' hotel. We haven't any babies here." He listened attentively for a time, then he clapped his hand over the receiver and turned again to the interested men around him, "She thinks we ought to know where there are babies," then as an afterthought, "she wants one two years, or two and a half years old." One sailor leaned against the door, another put his hand to his chin thoughtfully, and the third whistled.

"Can't you suggest something?" the Chaplain demanded. The faces of the men said plainly that the troubles at sea were as nothing compared to what awaited a man on land.

The Chaplain again spoke softly into the telephone, "Call up again in half an hour and I will tell you where to get a baby," he said.

"You are welcome," he said in answer to something.

Then he leaned forward, rested his arms on the desk and demanded, "Now what are we going to do?"

The sailors were backing toward the door, with a vanishing expression. The Chaplain smiled confidently, and

the sailors grinned shakily.

"We'll tell her where to get a baby," he said.

And he did.

The Conquest of Faith

One hot Sunday morning in July a large number of seamen assembled for service in The Chapel of Our Saviour. The brilliant sunlight filtered through the stained glass windows and cast over the heads of the worshippers, a soft restful light.

The spirit of God does seem at times to be much closer than others and that morning the Chaplain and the audience seemed to feel that they could not go without a blessing.

At the afternoon and evening services there was the same spirit of reaching out after God; and yet no one could say just what particular blessing they wished at His hands.

The Home hour, after the evening service was much the same as usual, and then a man, an officer in the Merchant Marine went to the House Mother and tried to tell her that he too had felt that peculiar something, that had been in the services all that day.

"I am no saint," he said, "I have done many things I should not have done, but I have got to do differently. I don't know what it was about the services today. It was something that made me feel I must do something."

The House Mother tried to help him, but it is very true that however ignorant we are, we must work out our own salvation. The young man had no words to tell of that vague

longing that had gripped the very roots of his being, the longing for something that will not perish. And the House Mother whose experience had been so different from his, could only guess where he was, on the road to Understanding, and she said such words as she thought would help him.

He finally said, "Will you write to me? Will you keep in touch with me?"

The new way he desired to travel, seemed strange; and like a little child he wanted a guiding hand.

Newport S. C. I.

Still another Seamen's Church Institute adds its story of service to the many we have recounted. In Newport, Rhode Island, a report of eight months' work shows that over 24,000 men received help of some kind, in the Institute building, while the Superintendent visited 146 vessels, and distributed 349 packages of books and magazines. And in the Naval Hospital 2,764 sailors were visited.

Figures cannot give any idea of the service rendered the sailors in that port, and the Superintendent says, in his report, "The remainder of the record of our work is written in the lives of the men—men who have been cheered during lonely hours by the quiet and homelike comfort which the many generous friends of the Institute, have provided in our building; men who have been steadied in time of temptation and trouble by friendly counsel and advice, men who have been encouraged to broaden their lives

by reading and study, men who have been brought back to remember the teachings of home and parents by the teaching of the power of righteousness, men who have found in time of sickness and pain friends who cared and who wanted to help."

The men in the Newport Institute have come from every corner of the globe, and according to the general policy of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, a sailor is a sailor whatever his nationality or creed, and has an equal claim on the Institute for service.

The Newport Institute takes care of seamen's baggage and wages, but it has felt the need of the men who go to it, and the Superintendent is reaching out to a broader field of service.

Wanted A Good Cry

Straight from the train she came to the Institute in search of her boy. He had written saying that he was ill, and the mother heart couldn't brook the distance that separated her from her only child.

"He is the only one I have in the world," she said. "Since his father died, I have had to go to work, and we haven't any home. When he said he was ill I just couldn't stand it. I came down here right away and I haven't any idea where to go or what to do. I was never in New York before."

How we tried to find that boy, but we failed. We did however, through the Y. W. C. A. find a good place for the mother to stay, and each time she came down we did

our best to reassure her about George.

Yesterday afternoon she gave up the search and left. She told us that the knowledge her boy had friends at the Institute would make life easier for her.

In the evening George, came rushing up to the office of the Chaplain. He had just reached the Institute and received her card. Two short hours too late!

"I've just got to get away and cry," he said, his twenty years not making him ashamed of his disappointment, and he rushed out into the darkness of South Street; and we stayed behind in the light not ashamed to brush away the tears.

Facing Death

We all hope that when it comes our turn to face the Last Reaper, we will meet him with a smile; and that should he come suddenly, as he often does to seamen, that we will play the part of men. Still none of us are sure enough of what we would do, to condemn too harshly, those who fail in such a test.

The men from the S. S. Lake Frampton, that went down recently were brought to the Institute; that is all but two. The two could not swim, and they went down with the ship. There were others who could not swim and they were saved, because they had courage enough to jump.

One man told us how he gave up, first, his life belt; then a bit of wreckage; and then a plank, to men who could not swim.

"Then one of them caught hold

of me," he said, "and I towed him along until we were picked up, but I was afraid all the time he would catch my arms."

"We told the other fellows to jump," a boy about sixteen explained as he took a newspaper clipping from his pocket, and showed us his picture, "but they were afraid." We heard one saying, "Oh God I am coming! Oh God I am coming!"

"Were you afraid?" I asked.

"No, I wasn't afraid of dying. My friend, another young fellow and I jumped in together. We weren't scared."

An older man who was standing near looked sceptical, "They hadn't sense enough to be scared," he said.

We looked at the unlined face of the boy, as he laughed at it all, and we wondered why youth seems so little afraid of death.

A Small City

Two ladies were being shown over the building a few days ago. They were taken first to the roof, where they heard the wireless operator say he could not give out any information about the Yacht races.

"Have you a wireless station?" one of them asked.

We said that we had, and then took them to the Navigation School, and from there to the Clinic where the doctor showed them a model medicine chest, that had been prepared as a sample for Merchant Ships.

"I had no idea you did things so thoroughly," one of them said, as

we went from there down to the bedrooms, game rooms, concert hall, Apprentice Room, Reading Rooms, Chaplain's Office, Administration Office and then to the Lobby.

There they looked at the post office, the Slop Chest, the Lunch Counter, the Soda Fountain, the Hotel Desk, and one of them said, "It is like a village."

But we did not stop there. We went down to the bank, the dining room, the wash room, and then on down to the baggage room, and the laundry. Then up and into the Chapel.

"This isn't a village. Its a city," they said.

His Thanks

A man in Trinidad, who was very anxious about his brother from whom he had not heard for some time, wrote to us regarding him.

The following is part of his letter of thanks when we located his brother, "I am exceedingly thankful to you, and on behalf of the Institute, for promptly giving me news of my brother. * * * I am indeed pleased with your method of advertising for Missing Men, and must thank you abundantly."

This week we had the pleasure of locating a Belgian who has not been able to get in touch with his family since 1914 when the war broke out. His pleasure at knowing that his loved ones still live and are seeking for him, may better be imagined than described.

Today two Hollanders stood beside the desk and in very broken

English tried to tell of a brother who is somewhere, a sailor that they did so much desire to see. When they saw the Missing Men Bulletin with all the names of men and it was explained to them that their brother's name would be added, their eyes opened very wide and they immediately put their hands in their pockets, and said, "Money."

There was no accent in their pronunciation of that word, and when the Chaplain shook his head and said 'No,' they looked stunned. They looked again eagerly at the Bulletin and asked by signs if the brother's name would be added. It was explained to them that it would, and that we did it for the sailors.

A queer expression came over the faces of the men, for they had seen a vision of service, and they bowed low, and spoke like men in a church as they thanked us.

The S. C. I. Boat

Day after day the Institute Boat can be seen steaming boldly up beside great ships in the harbor, and creating such a commotion that everyone on board rushes around to see what is the matter.

Those who do not know what The Seamen's Church Institute is, look curiously at the self-confident little craft and the business-like men on board who immediately begin to carry out great bundles of books and magazines for the crew. Those who do know rush to assist them and their burden on board.

Books and magazines in great numbers are needed for this work.

Send all you can, as this is the time when the drain on our supply of reading matter is greatest. Please do not forget us!

You Know What I Mean

The Captain of the sailing ship was a religious man, and the strong language used by his mate worried him. Finally he spoke to him and asked him to modify his adjectives.

The Mate had great respect for his Captain, but he had a firm conviction that sailors on a sailing ship could not understand modified language.

One day when he went forward he found a sailor painting a mast, and the deck was spattered with paint. The Mate looked up at the man who looked down, and he shook his fist. Then he remembered the Captain who was within hearing, and as he shook his fist he said, "God bless you. God Bless you. You know what I mean."

Discretionary Fund

Do you know what the Discretionary Fund is?

It is an emergency fund that can be used for any need that arises, without waiting for the Board to vote the necessary money.

It is the Seamen's Church Institute allowance. We have all had an allowance and we know a characteristic of all allowances; they never go far enough.

It is the money that can be used for unexpected calls, for which no provision has been made.

It is the Institutes' pocket money.

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Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D., Superintendent
or Lillian Beynon Thomas.....Editor

Our Post Office

The post office has been called the heart of the Institute. It is the department that reaches out with firm but gentle hand, and catches the drifters on life's sea, and draws them to safety on the raft of their past, where they find memories of love, and hope, and purity.

The careless handling of mail, has wrecked more lives, than any other one thing, that fails the men of the sea. Their calling makes it very difficult for them to receive mail, and it also makes them desire mail, as a wanderer on the desert desires water.

Cut off from land and their fellows, they dream of the time when they will reach port, and find the love and fellowship they crave. Long hours as they sit and watch the mysterious ocean, they build castles in the air about how much they are missed, and the great welcome that awaits them. The ego, unchecked by the tempering hand of every day life on shore, grows very big. In solitude we can all be kings and heroes; and the seaman so much alone, dreams his foolish dreams, and when he comes on shore he rushes for the post office, to find on paper some expression of the love

he craves.

Mail is held for six months, and some men get forty or fifty letters at one time. Before the Institute had a post office, practically all of those letters would have been returned to the senders and the sailor would have been informed that there was 'No mail for you.'

Men have told us of letters that have followed them all around the world, and were ragged and covered with directions when they finally received them. Some were always lost on the way; the trouble was, they never knew how many. Now many of the seamen do not risk losing their mail by having it sent after them.

"Hold my mail until I return," is a very frequent request, and it is held, however long they may delay.

The post office is doing a business as large as the post office in a city of fifteen thousand population. It has 746 call boxes, and these boxes are greatly appreciated. Approximately 110,595 pieces of first class mail were handled last year.

During four months this year, the post office received 2,141 orders to forward mail, and 4,282 pieces were sent to sailors who expected to be long enough in some port to receive their mail. Many of the men who wish their mail forwarded, give a date after which their mail is not to be sent on, but is to be held by our post office, until further directions.

The need of accuracy in this work, and the immense amount of detail cannot be realized by anyone who has not handled large quantities of mail.

The importance of mail is illustrated

by the case of a seaman we were asked to find. We put his name on our Missing Men Bulletin and in time he reported.

We showed him a letter from his mother, who was very anxious about him. She said she had not heard from him for more than a year, and she could not sleep thinking about him.

He refused to read the letter. He said he had written home, but no one had written to him. They didn't care about him and he wasn't going to care about them. The fact that he did care and care terribly, was evidenced by his bitterness.

His letters had been lost, and his suffering and the suffering of his family had been terrible. It is such tragedies, the work in our post office prevents.

The House Mother

We all love her; and by "we" I mean the staff as well as the sailors. For more than five years she has been at the Institute, giving of herself early and late, and never expecting or wanting anything. For thirty years she has spent herself for sailors.

We humans are so shut up in our little tight compartments of self; we are so afraid to show our feelings that we did not know how to tell her, that we appreciated the service she is giving to the world, and to us; but when we heard that she was going abroad it was an opportunity we knew we had been waiting for.

We bluffed her terribly; I am afraid we did not tell the truth; but we made

her believe the dinner was for someone else, and then when we had all gathered around the table, and she asked where she should sit, and she found it was the seat of honor, she still did not realize that she was the occasion of the gathering. Her eyes were ever turned toward the door for the someone else, for whom the honor had been planned.

It was not until Dr. Mansfield had spoken for some time on "Events", and the great shaping hand, that directs our course in this world, and had told how events in his own life had led to his work for the sailors; and had then come to the 'Events' that led up to his sending for Mrs. Roper, that she realized that she was the guest of the evening.

Many of you know us from having read of us from month to month, and you will have an idea of how we felt, as in our little gathering we drew away the veil that separates us, and like a great family gathered around Dr. Mansfield (who is to us all more a father than a Superintendent) we wished Mrs. Roper the greatest holiday in her life, on her trip to England to see her daughters, and her wee granddaughter.

It was a Friday evening, and on that night we have a concert and Mrs. Roper always speaks to the men. After she left us, she went to the platform, and told the men about the dinner we had given her and how happy the knowledge of our affection made her, and just as she finished speaking, her picture was thrown on the screen and two guests of the house, an officer and a seaman walked unto the stage,

and the officer made a little speech about what she meant to the men in the house and he presented her with a purse of gold; and the seaman presented her with a great box of candy; and the House Mother caught her breath and the tears glistened in her eyes, and the Assembly Hall rocked with the cheers and clapping of the men.

The newspapers are very particular to report how many minutes' demonstration there is at any public gathering for their favorite candidate; but we didn't count the minutes those men clapped; all we know is that the Assembly Hall wakened up and rubbed its eyes. It had never heard a greater demonstration; and it had thought it was summer and a quiet time.

Then if you had heard Mrs. Roper reply, you would know why she is so much loved. She talked as a mother would talk to her sons who had greatly honored her; and as she left the stage the boys sang,

"Where do you go from here Ma?

Where do you go from here?

"All the way from Newark to a Cardiff City pier.

"When Ma will spy a pretty boy, She'll say,

"Oh Boy, Oh Joy, where do we go from here."

As they finished singing, the House Mother put her head around the curtain and said "Oh boys I couldn't resist the temptation. I counted it. Its a hundred dollars."

And then the Assembly Hall rang with applause, and the East River murmured in sympathy; and lights from passing boats peeped thru the

windows and caressed the heads of the men.

Peter or Sam

Don't tell the lady all them stories uv your life. Tell her yer name."

The would-be-seaman looked puzzled, but continued his explanation to the House Mother, "my name on me birth certificate says Sam but in the church its Peter, and some uv the boys calls me Sam and some—"

"Tell her your name," his companion insisted, "she doesn't want to know your history."

"How kin I tell her when the church says its Peter and," he held up his only paper, on which he based his hopes of being a real seaman, his birth certificate, "and this calls me Sam."

"Maybe you are Sam Peter," his companion suggested.

"Peter Sam," he corrected.

Then without any ceremony the House Mother settled the matter for life. She looked at the birth certificate and said, "This says 'Sam' and your passport will say Sam, so Sam you are, now and for the rest of your life,"

"Yes ma'am," he agreed much relieved, the matter of names settled, "Sam's my name."

Our Thanks

We wish to thank the passengers on S. S. "Eten", U. S. & South Africa Lines for a contribution to our Relief Fund.

How Far Can You See?

These five three-letter words put a question as simply as we can ask it, but it is one not at all easy to answer.

Mariners frequently tell us that when on the last leg of the home stretch their incoming ships swing from Ambrose Channel into lower New York Bay in the evening, they set their course by the 7500 candle-power Cooper-Hewitt green light some fourteen miles distant in the Titanic Memorial Tower atop the Institute, whose welcome rays assure them that they are again "Safe home, safe home in port."

How FAR Can You See?

Some persons in their local community, especially those favored with more of this world's goods than their fellow townspeople, have sudden attacks of what might be termed "philanthropic strabismus." When asked to consider the claims of welfare institutions rendering a national service, the most alarming symptoms manifest themselves in the rapid change of focus, narrowing their horizon to a comparative small circle. The needs of the home town, which hitherto had received scant consideration, suddenly loom so large in their vision as to cause an almost total eclipse of everything beyond a stone's throw. They run to cover behind that time-worn "Charity-begins-at-home," and from that vantage-point hurl "God-bless-you" and "Best Wishes" in such an

abundance as to cause one to wonder their stock has not long since been exhausted. We sympathize with the writer in a recent issue of a religious publication when he said "We have God-bless-you to burn!"

Those who are thus afflicted with this locality-astigmatism fail to consider the nation-wide service rendered by these service-to-man institutions, but look upon all as local institutions simply because the nature of the service rendered demanded their location for the greatest good for the greatest number. Their pocket-nerve is more or less sensitive dependent on how thickly it is sheathed with the coating of selfishness. It is abnormally developed in the self-centered life whose main purpose, apparently, is to look out for Number One, caring little for anything that does not by centripetal action pour into his lap the good things of life. Instead of yielding to the expansive power of the Sun of Righteousness, he reverses the law of nature and gradually becomes atrophied to such an extent that the very thought of giving causes great pain. He is trying to reverse the Master's promise and to prove that it is more blessed to receive than to give. In his opinion he fills an important niche in the community, while his actual value could probably be more nearly expressed by a cipher with the rim knocked off. Only a Billy Sunday could fittingly describe his real value!

How Far Can YOU See?

The fact that you are reading this in THE LOOKOUT locates you in the class of those who have caught the vision. Very few copies of this publication go into the hands of those who are not direct subscribers to it or who are not co-operators with us in a financial way in this great work for seamen.

How Far Can You SEE?

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest." There are thousands of good people who look upon themselves as stewards of their earthly possessions and whose minds travel beyond the horizons of their local communities. They see in vision here and there the great movements for the betterment of Humanity and eagerly grasp the Opportunity to join their mites in co-operation with others. The great philanthropies which had their inception in the war brought our people closer together, helped them to realize as never before the brotherhood of man, and to answer in the affirmative that age-long question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We need more co-operators; we must have them in order that the development of this seamen's work may not be halted.

The Lions in the Way!

The sources of income for our work are becoming more and more circumscribed: (a) By national and state income taxes, property taxes of various kinds, local assessments for improvements, etc. (b) By the avalanche of national drives for colleges, hospitals, foreign relief, etc. (c) By the

nation-wide campaigns of various religious denominations for unprecedented amounts of money extending for a year or more. (d) By the Community Budget (the natural successor to the War Chest) contributed to by thousands and administered by local committees, but usually for local purposes largely. (e) By local organizations of all kinds, having seen the marvelous outpouring of gifts to the great philanthropies of the war, that are taking advantage of loosened purse-strings to swing communities over to pledge themselves over a period of years to putting thru building projects temporarily shelved on account of the war. (f) The wild orgy of spending money for millions of pleasure automobiles and airplanes, their cost of upkeep and operation—everything for ease and pleasure, resulting in deadening the sense of personal responsibility. (g) The above and numerous other combinations, coupled with the natural necessary shrinkage of thousands of sympathetic givers who actually over-extended themselves away beyond their incomes in the matter of contributions to the war philanthropies, all tend to narrow down our sources of income. (h) The starting of Seamen's Church Institutes in other ports, which is being vigorously pushed by the Seamen's Church Institute of America, not only still further narrows our territory, but causes a sharp decrease in income, as we can hardly expect all our contributors in these ports to continue to support our work and theirs, notwithstanding the claims for each is nationwide. We are glad beyond measure

for the extension of this work to other ports, even tho our finances suffer thereby, because it will continue and conserve the good work begun in any port.

The Way Out

Nearly four thousand friends of the seamen voluntarily doubled or increased their annual contributions last year, which was a material help to us. For this we are profoundly grateful. We need ten thousand or more new friends to join with us. Our light is not hidden under a bushel; and yet hundreds of thousands never heard of this seamen's work. Will you not as a "Committee of One" devote a little time to acquainting your friends with this great work? If you haven't a copy of "60 Questions and Answers," we shall be glad to send you as many as you will be pleased to distribute. Or, send us the names of your friends in confidence, and we will mail literature, but will not unduly solicit co-operation. We received about 30,000 new names and addresses last year. We protect those who co-operate with us by not publishing a list of contributors and amounts. Further, we never sell or permit others to use our mailing lists. The names and addresses suggested by friends are far more reliable and valuable than professionally prepared lists. A well-aimed rifle shot is usually more effective than blazing away with a shotgun in the hope of occasionally reaching the mark. Our hope is in increasing the number of friends of the Seamen thru the hearty co-operation of our friends. Can we depend on you? Give us concrete evidence of the

scope of your vision.

Mother is Well Now

It was twelve o'clock at night, and the House Mother should have been at home and in bed; but if she had been she could not have helped the anxious father who had come to the Institute in search of his son.

"My wife is ill from worry," the man explained, "and the doctor says the only thing is to get that boy. We said he could go to sea, after he had nearly worried our lives out. We thought he would soon get sick of it, but he hasn't. He loves it, and he won't come home."

"Do you know the name of his ship?"

The father thought he did and the House Mother called up "Shipping Information." The ship was located, and the father and a friend started off to find the boy. They could not wait until morning; and they found him.

In the morning they came to the Institute for his baggage, and as they were going out together, the boy whispered to the House Mother, "I'm going home, but I'll be back."

The House Mother smiled. She knew the lure of the sea; but she also knew the power of family affection.

On Sunday the boy drove up to the Institute in his father's car. He had come back, but he had come back to take a chum out to his home to rest. He said this shipmate had not been well and he was sure it would do him good to have a vacation.

"My mother is well now," he explained to the House Mother, as he went away.

Chasing a Sailor's Gear

The telephone rang and the Chaplain turned from the sailor he was interviewing, and took down the receiver.

"Yes."

"Yes."

"We will take care of it for him," he answered and hung up the receiver. Then he called to an assistant and said, "I have just received word from one of the city missionaries that there is a sailor in the Bellevue hospital. He was taken from the S. S. Huron at Pier 3 Hoboken, and all his effects are in his locker on that ship. He wants us to get them and keep them for him. Will you go over and get all his things and bring them here?"

The assistant went—and that was just the beginning of his going. He reached the ship, but he hadn't any keys and could not open his locker. He returned and went to see the sailor in the hospital. The sailor looked distressed, for he had given his keys to the city missionary, and the city missionary had gone away for the week-end.

The ship was expected to sail on Monday and when the keys were not delivered on Monday morning the assistant went back to the hospital. He heard that the city missionary was visiting in the ward. He started after him. It wasn't his intention to visit the hospital that morning, but he did, most of it. He went from ward to ward in hot pursuit of the Chaplain who kept a few wards ahead until the morning had worn thin, and the boat was expected to

sail in the afternoon. If it did it would take all the sailor's possessions, including his papers and his other valuables. He would be at great expense and trouble to get them, and get back to sea; and he had trusted us.

As the clock struck twelve, the assistant caught a glimpse of the vanishing missionary, and he hailed him. He wasn't the right man!

The assistant ran out of the hospital, jumped on a trolley and went at full speed back to the ship in Hoboken. He determined to get into that locker and get possession of that sailor's luggage. The sailors on the ship joined him when they understood the case. They schemed and planned, but that locker was made to keep things. They could not get into it.

The assistant returned to the Institute. He was sore in body and mind, but he did not say the things he thought about missionaries who did not realize the value of keys.

At the Institute he found the keys. The city missionary had been informed of the trouble, and he had delivered them. The assistant rushed back to Hoboken, and secured the luggage and the whole department, sighed with relief.

Cemetery Fund

This fund is for the seaman who dies away from home, that he may be buried with his fellows.

The larger the fund, the greater the number of seamen may have final care.

Newest Recipes

Delectable Doughnuts

Doughnuts came into prominence thru the Salvation Army during the war and "doughnuts" are still very acceptable. It takes 100 parts of pure common cents to make one "dough" nut. No grease is required. They should be checked out in lots of five or ten, and in some cases, twenty-fives and fifties, and sent to the Ways and Means Department, 25 South Street, New York City. We have facilities for handling cases large or small.

Jack Tar Hasty Pudding

Take a few magazines of late vintage, add a story-book of interest or a dozen books as suits the taste. The added number serves to enrich the lot. Pack carefully to avoid damage in transit and send to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. This will serve to feed the mind when most needed. This recipe has been tried by thousands and has always proven successful.

Seamen's Service Salad

Take a few leaves, not too old, in the way of trousers, coats and shoes and add thereto such feminine touches as will tend to make a serviceable mixture. These combinations are highly appreciated by shipwrecked or otherwise unfortunate sailors who are ministered to by our Destitute Seamen's Committee.

Summer Souffle'

Take a little summer time that might otherwise be wasted either at the seashore or the mountains, and combine with it a high resolve to

turn the ennui of the dragging minutes to a useful purpose. With this constantly simmering, take a hank or two of gray yarn, and pass same thru flying needles with feminine fingers so as to produce a garment of practical value. These may be served in the form of stockings, sweaters or wristlets. Very acceptable in whatever form it may turn out.

Christmas Plum Duff

Take a little Inspiration, add a Vision or two of the seamen's life. Do not let it simmer too long. Then make a big stir with a few ounces of Resolution and mix thoroly with £5 of Push (equivalent in Dollars may be substituted if desired). This can be served in many ways and will bring Christmas Cheer into many a sailor's life. This recipe may be doubled or increased as many times as may be desired.

Ship Visiting

Had you been on South Street this week you would have seen the Institute boat waiting at the dock with an expectant look. She has just come from the hospital where she had a major operation on her internal machinery, but she has had a wonderful recovery. According to the Captain 'she is as good as ever' and on her first visit to ships in the harbor this summer she certainly showed her old form.

Four ships were visited, and books and magazines were left on each one, and the Chaplain stayed to visit awhile with the crew, and hear their opinions on men and things.

On one ship they had seven thousand tons of sugar and the crew complained that they hadn't any sugar for their coffee.

On another ship the men opened the packages before the Chaplin left, and when they found pamphlets that are issued by the government on venereal diseases, they expressed their appreciation of the care for their welfare that provided them with the information contained in the leaflets.

At home we are all more at ease than when away, and so it is with the sailor. He is at home on the ship, and there he is more friendly and communicative than when on shore, so a great educative work can be accomplished by visiting him, when he is most receptive; and it is planned not only to extend the work in the harbor, but to take to the men booklets on any subject that will be of benefit to them.

The Relief Fund

This is a fund that is used for destitute seamen. It provides them with bed, and meals, and car fare when necessary.

It is a fund that provides shipwrecked men with clothes when they have lost everything. This is very necessary; for often ships are wrecked in the night and the men escape without enough clothes to cover them properly. In the majority of cases they lose everything. It is impossible for people who have always had possessions to know what it means not to own one thing on the face of the

earth, not even the clothes that cover them. Such is the condition of many shipwrecked men.

The Relief Fund also provides whatever is necessary for sick men who have left the hospital, but are not able to go to work. Such men must have help.

This fund also helps unfortunate men, who for some reason that they could not control, are without subsistence.

Many of these men, when able, pay for the assistance given; some are never able, and never pay.

Recreational Fund

This fund is to provide something for idle men to do.

By the nature of their calling sailors have periods of enforced unemployment; and if you apply your human experience to the idle moments in your own life you will recall that you did 'something.'

The seamen will do 'something' with their time, and it is the aim of the Institute, to give them something worth while to fill those days of waiting; but such things cost a lot.

Motion pictures three times a week mean that we must pay a motion picture operator, and a pianist; and we must pay for the film. If we have an entertainer we must pay from ten to twenty-five dollars, and if we have two—well you can see, that we need a very large recreational fund.

Then this summer we would like to take the men on our boat for outings, and it would make it a real picnic if we could serve ice cream and cake. But ice cream and cake cost money. So we need a large recreational fund.

General Summary of Work

The date of publication of The Lookout has been changed.

The first week in every month it will be mailed to our subscribers instead of the last week as has been our custom.

This pushing forward of the date of issue has made it impossible for us to give a General Summary of the work accomplished in July, as we have to send the copy to press the twentieth of the month previous to publication.

The General Summary of July work, will be published in the September issue of The Lookout.

DONATIONS RECEIVED.

The Lookout has given considerable space to acknowledgments of donations of reading matter, flowers, fruit, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, and other things of that kind, as well as contributions for special purposes, and gifts from Church Periodical Club and Branches.

These lists have not included the names of those who have given through the Ways & Means Department, and thus they have frequently been misunderstood.

For this reason it has been decided to discontinue the publication of the names of contributors in The Lookout. Every gift is acknowledged through the mail, and we believe you would prefer to have the space used to tell more about the work.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GIFTS.

Your gift to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has been acknowledged through the mail. If you have not received our letter please let us know.

What About

THE LOOKOUT

Ten years ago THE LOOKOUT first knocked at your door.

It introduced itself by saying, "We intend to build a new Institute that will be a model to its kind throughout the world."

THE LOOKOUT helped to arouse your interest in the largest and most successful institution of its kind in the world. It helped to make you part of that great organization, The Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

THE LOOKOUT must grow, because the Seamen's Church Institute is growing. It must point the way to greater service to the men of the sea.

How can it do more than it has done?

Put yourself in the Editor's chair and tell us what you would do.

Constructive criticism is what we want.

How can we improve THE LOOKOUT?

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may receive THE LOOKOUT.

1. **Founders** or **Benefactors** receive THE LOOKOUT for life.
2. Everyone who subscribes one dollar a year to THE LOOKOUT DEPARTMENT.
3. All who contribute annually **one dollar or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
4. Those who **make any gift** receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

If you have not done so already, 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 and printing and the postage thereon **make it impossible** to send THE LOOKOUT except under the above **conditions**.