

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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No. 2

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

Is This The Thanks?

Born to the sound of dipping oars and lispng paddles, the water was ever his home. He played on the dykes of his father's farm and dreamed of the big ships that would take him to far countries; and he went to far countries and dreamed of the ships that would take him home.

The Institute was home in New York. "Better than anything we have in Holland but——"

Back there was a mother and brother and memories—it is the memories of the world when it was young that fill the ships with toil worn laborers going back, and George being a sailor worked his way across.

Four years, all during the war he had been on American ships. He had been hurt twice, but he had survived, and he was going home, with his pockets far from empty and a good bank account at the Seamen's Church Institute. He wouldn't have changed places with anyone. He and the world were just as all right as they could be.

George was only a sailor, and his brother writing to Dr. Mansfield, the only one who appeared to care that a sailor had died in a strange port, without his family being notified or anyone making a serious attempt to see that his effects were sent to his people, expressed in his labored English something of his grief and anger. "When the ship arrived at Danzig and the state of my brother was of that nature, that he was brought to the hospital, it would not have been too much trouble to inform us of this, moreover as Danzig is but about twenty hours from Amsterdam."

"We have received the tidings of death from the Dutch Consul at Danzig when the steamer Saco was started already five weeks ago. About the clothes of my brother, of which the captain has to take care of (a trunk and a chest) we have nothing received. On Dutch vessels it is usual that in case of illness of one of the men of the crew, the family is informed of this, and in case of death all things belonging to the dead per-

son are sent to the family. I did not know better of it was in America like here, but it seems that it is not the case, because we have received nor the trunk neither the chest."

Then at some length he explained that the doctor who had attended his brother had sent him a list of his brother's possessions, but he had been unable to get them, and a valuable diamond ring that had been in possession of the financial agent, he was told had been stolen. His brother also had eight hundred Guilders and they sent them to him in German Marks which were worth only six cents (Dutch). Disgusted and feeling that no one was honest he had written impatiently to Dr. Mansfield for which he apologized, "In regard to the letter which you have sent me and which were not stamped sufficiently, I tell you that I am very sorry to have insulted you. I perhaps was humored a little to peevish on that moment, which tendency is to explain, when you know how we are treated by the different American authorities during the time that I have tried to bring light in the tragical matter of my brother.

"I will say that we are no beggars who ask for charity, but that we have laid a claim to our rights, our good rights which nobody can never dispute us.

"Must we accept this treatment like thanks for the FIVE (5) years which my brother has worked (DURING THE GREAT WAR!!!!!!) on AMERICAN steamers????????? Are these the THANKS?????"

"I tell you we have had a good lesson on my brother.

"We are much indebted to you for all the troubles which *YOU* have taken for us and which *we shall never forget!*"

Where is Mrs. Roper?

The watchmen were running up and down stairs looking for her; the telephone operator was telephoning all over the building for her; the dining room girls were asking each other if they had seen her. And it was all because of two sailors who stood stubbornly in the passage and refused to move until they saw the lady 'wat give ees som tings.'

Shipwrecked Hollanders they had been sent to New York without enough money to pay for their meals. When they arrived at the Institute they were too exhausted to eat and tumbled into bed—but the next morning, oh, my! A circular motion in the neighborhood of the stomach was expressive of what happened.

Then the House Mother learned about them. They couldn't speak English very well, but she learns those things without words, and she knows what a shipwrecked man needs. There were enough warm things left from Christmas; and the night before they stood stubbornly in the passage they were going back to Rotterdam and everyone searched for the House Mother.

"Suppose you wait until morning!" a watchman who was weary tramping up and down stairs suggested. They made a motion that she would be asleep when they left; and they could not go up town to a show where a friend wanted to take them; they

couldn't do anything until they had said good-by and thanked her again. And just then the House Mother appeared, and they shook hands solemnly almost indifferently and went out, and the eyes of the Watchman fairly popped out of his head, and he gasped, "Why they have been standing there an hour and a half, and it would have taken the whole police force to move them. They said they had to see you."

"Well, they have seen me," the House Mother said. She understood.

The Apprentice Boys

The Institute is the New York home of hundreds of Apprentice boys. If you would care to see whether they appreciate it come down some Thursday evening; or come down some Sunday evening; or, well come down any evening. You will find them here, fine clean young boys just like your own sons or brothers.

If you care to be popular with them, treat them like men and ask a seventeen year old lad if he isn't twenty. Talk to them about the political situation and listen with attention to their views on Einstein's theories.

But if you know boys between fifteen and twenty you know the Apprentice boys who come here so regularly and wear out the magazines of which we never have quite enough for them.

We need magazines now, for the Apprentice room. If you would like to add to the pleasure of the boys every month subscribe for the Graphic, Illustrated London News, the Tattler,

or Punch. Subscribe for any magazine you would like the boys to have. The ones suggested are always popular.

Its This Way

"You see it's this way," he explained as he tossed his head back to keep his hair out of his eyes, "I've got to pay for my room. The man trusted me. Here is the key. If I didn't pay he wouldn't trust another fellow and he might be alright so you see I've got to pay.

"I was making seven and a half dollars a day and seventy-five cents a fall before the war. I was a cowboy, riding in the movies you know. Gee, I liked it but I got this wound in my arm. It doesn't heal very good, and I'm scared to go back. If I fell on it I might lose it. So I'm going to sea, if I can get a job, for a couple of years, but I ain't awful strong.

"I'll show you my arm if you like. Shrapnel, you know—but I'll be alright if I can get a job. You see how it is. I've got to pay for that room."

That evening he came back and when he saw the desk woman he snatched off his hat, and opened his overcoat. "I got this overcoat in New York. Some coat, isn't it? I met a friend and he had two so he gave me one. And he paid for my room too. He is in luck just now and I ain't. Gee, I was glad. I'll come and tell you how I get along. Thank you."

When you are at the movies tonight, you may see our sailor boy. You will know him by his honest face. He wears his hair straight back, and he

made seven dollars and a half a day and seventy-five cents a fall before the war—but now he has a wound, he'll show it to you if you like, but he isn't awful strong and it doesn't heal very good.

None Better Loved

There is nothing calm and peaceful about the Missing Men department. We are either riding on the crest of the wave, or else we are down in the trough of despair. We have found a long lost boy, and the blessings and grateful tears of parents are our portion; or after long searching we have failed to find any trace, and we see the grey pallor of lost hope come over a face aged by worry. The following letter is just one of many:

"I have a darling boy that I thought possibly you might be able to help me locate. His name is Cyrus Hollingsworth, and his age 15 years. He has rather large blue eyes, and a scar under the right one from a Ford kick. He left Portland, Oregon for Australia, July 26th, 1918, and from there he went on the S. S. Guernsey to Christiania, Norway.

"The American Consul there found him working on the S. S. Horten under the name of Frank Jones, and started him home on the S. S. Stavangerfjord, which left Christiania, Aug, 16th, 1919. We have since not been able to hear one word from or about him.

"The police of New York have been notified but seem to have found no trace. While in Sydney he wrote to me from the Seamen's Institute, so I thought there was a chance he might

show up there under some name or other. He had a lady friend in Tonsberg, Norway, who might write to him. Should you find him, please notify the police at once.

"He was a very dear boy and has done nothing worse than leave home. We love him very much and want to see him is the reason we set the police after him. I hope you may all be very kind to the little fellow and give him our best love. Should you be able to find him, there is not a boy in this world loved so much or missed so much as Cyrus. I pray God every night and day that the dear God may take care of Cyrus."

"Roy"

The Man-with-his-Finger-on-the-Pulse, accustomed to watch the influences that affect the inflowing stream of sympathetic cooperation, is occasionally startled by some manifestation extraordinary. The veil is thrown back and he is permitted to view the tangible results of cooperation. Such a one is disclosed in the following letter from a large hearted Pennsylvania woman who writes:

"I am enclosing my check for double the usual amount. I happened to have a little more this time—I know you will not object. I am anxious to help you. One of my boys, Roy has been with you and he says 'you sure do have the goods'; he was in your Seamen's School. Roy was one of my first Sunday School boys. I am proud of that boy; he has had a very hard fight; he is coming out on top. It's things like that

that make life worth while—for Roy still calls me his 'Little Pal!'. I cannot tell you how much happier sending you a check makes me. Heretofore I sent it annually hoping it would do some good—now I know that it is going to do some lad like my laddie heaps of good."

This glimpse behind the scenes gives a little idea of the ever-broadening influence of the Institute in the lives of men. We reach men and succor them at a time when they need help most. To give credit where it is due, you who contribute of yourself through the medium of your earnings to this great work, reach men in need through the instrumentality of the Seamen's Church Institute and succor them "just in the nick o' time."

The sailor boy pays for services rendered about three-quarters of the total cost of operation of this great plant with its multiple ramifications in meeting every real need of the seamen. Every dollar therefore that you contribute cooperates with three sailor dollars in helping to build a virile manhood among the thousands of American lads, British apprentice lads and those of other nationalities who are daily casting their lot in with those who "go down to the sea in ships." Their chance to win the fight for character and manhood is greatly enhanced by your sacrifice. Their value to the maritime world will be multiplied many fold by your cooperation. There are thousands of "Roys" by other names flitting hither and yon on the great deep whose parents rest easier because they have the assurance that when their 'Roy' reaches

New York this great bulwark will be his protection while in port.

What the YMCA was to your boy in your local community, now that he has temporarily broken the home ties, the Seamen's Church Institute is to him when he comes ashore here in New York. It is more, because here he finds a temporary substitute for the Home, a place of safety for his money, a storage for his baggage, a permanent mail box to receive his mail while away, and many other conveniences not usually found in the smaller YMCA s.

How much will you use us during this year to help multiply the channels of usefulness to thousands of men of which "Roy" is but a single type? This "successful experiment in cooperative Christianity" has passed the experimental stage in many ways in interpreting in a practical way the underlying principles of Christianity. It aims to make philanthropic dollars more efficient because it recognizes the wastes of antiquated methods and obsolete machinery and endeavors to represent the giver in the true sense of cooperative help without pauperization.

Makes You Feel Religious

He had been on the edge of Eternity. He thought he had turned the corner, and the mystery would soon be solved, but a ship came just in time. He was brought to the Institute for the first time but it opened its arms to him just as if he belonged. He was taken in and clothed and fed, and he took what was given him with a quiet "Thanks" as the reticent men of the sea do.

But before he left he went to the desk where he stood some time in thoughtful mood. Then when the Desk Woman paused for a second he leaned over and said, "It makes a fellow feel religious to be treated as I have been here."

"We are glad. Hope you'll come again."

"Come again! Why it's home."

Romance Creeps In

Even the seamen agreed that it was cold, although a number qualified the remark by saying they had seen it colder. The Institute doors pressed in close to the heat and fought against every effort to pull them open. The wind blew down South Street carrying little eddies of dirty snow before it, and whistled as it passed the Institute and went on to wherever winds go.

Running before the wind like a creature of the northland a young sailor came to the door. It resisted, but with a merry laugh he jerked it open, let it slam angrily behind him, and he ran lightly up the stairs, two steps at a time. But when he met the Man Who Gives Advice he stopped bashfully, snatched off his cap and fingered it uncertainly.

"I'd like to talk to somebody about my wife," he said hesitatingly. "You see it is like this. I couldn't get a passport for her to come with me. She will come on the first steamer that comes from France and I am afraid they will not know where to find me and they may take her to Ellis Island."

"What would you like us to do?"

"They may call up here and if you'd

be so kind as to take my address and send me a telegram. I'll pay for it. You see she doesn't know this country—she."

He had to tell it. It was too big for any sailor boy to keep all to himself, when he had a wife like that.

"Yes?" the Man Who Gives Advice said sympathetically. He wasn't bored, the boy had such a clean wild woods face. He seemed to belong in the open places of the earth, close to the heart of nature.

"I was shipwrecked near the coast of France," he explained eagerly, his color coming and going like a girl's as he talked. "It was during the war. We were taken to a small French village. The people were poor but they took us into their homes and gave us the best they had. I was staying with a family, and one of the girls helped me to brush up on my French. I had learned it at school. I taught her English. She was going to school. Her hair was down her back."

"And you taught each other something else?" the Man Who Gives Advice suggested when he paused.

"How did you know?" he asked naively.

"I'm a great guesser," the Man Who Gives Advice acknowledged.

"I sent her to high school," the sailor continued. "They were poor you know, and when the war was over we were married. So you see I don't want her to get a bad impression of America. It is my country."

So in every strategic place in the Institute a card was posted telling everyone to watch for a message about the young bride who taught her husband

French.

And it was the French Captain of the ship who came to look for the husband. "The bride—she belongs to my country and I must find her husband for her. She has sorrow. She is a prisoner in the cabin and cannot leave until he comes for her."

And what a scurrying there was around the Institute. The post office sent him to the Chaplain's office but the House Mother met him on the way, and after that his path was easy. A telegram was immediately sent to the anxious husband, and the Captain asked, "You think he will come tomorrow maybe?"

"We think he will come to-night. Just as soon as he gets that telegram."

"He is a nice man? I have not know him. Just his picture seen."

"He appears to be a fine clean man, and he says his wife will like whatever country is his country."

A broad smile crossed the face of the anxious Captain, "Yes; I think maybe."

Nobody But Sailors

"New York harbor is a constant joy to me," a woman from the far west once said when speaking of her visit to New York. But it all depends from what viewpoint you see the harbor. To the little old man from the south it was a great monster that dragged boys into its untroubled bosom and swallowed them without a gulp.

"My boy might drop off a tug into that harbor and nobody would miss him," he said sadly, "and I think that is what has happened."

"How long since you heard from him?" the Chaplain asked in a busi-

nesslike tone.

"About three months."

"Oh, that is nothing. There was a boy turned up to-day and his mother had not heard from him for seven months."

"Seven months!" he said and his face brightened, "and how old was he?"

"Sixteen!"

"The same age as my boy. Here is a letter he wrote."

He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a much fingered letter. He opened it and read, "I am staying at the Seamen's Church Institute, and I have a nice clean room all to myself for thirty-five cents. There are fine baths with hot and cold water. It is a dandy place."

Then he ended it with one triumphal statement, "Nobody but sailors can stay here."

"How old did you say that boy was?" the father asked.

"Sixteen."

"And he didn't write for seven months," he said, and went away comforted.

The Green Light

It is always more blessed to give than to receive; but there are times when one's heart is specially tender, and to give is not only a joy, but a necessity.

It was such to the woman whose husband had always been a supporter of the Institute, and as she sat alone beside his vacant chair, she wrote, "I see the Institute from my house and watch nightly for the lovely soft green light. It is an event in my sad loneliness to see it come up each evening—we used to watch it together."

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Missing Seamen

The response from the Agencies that are working for seamen in American ports; and from the seamen's unions that have received our Missing Men Bulletin, has been most encouraging. We asked that they cooperate with us by posting our Bulletin in a conspicuous place, and up to date of writing forty-six organizations have written expressing their willingness to do so. Many have expressed a deep appreciation of this attempt to keep 'the worlds external transients,' in touch with their friends.

The following extracts will give some idea of the splendid cooperation promised.

"We received to day your Missing Seamen's Bulletin and it certainly does not need any assurance on our part that we post same with great pleasure, trusting that it may accomplish many reunions."

* * * * *

"I think it is a splendid idea and am sure it will bring results."

* * * * *

"It is a splendid idea and will be welcomed here, where we shall be glad to give it our attention. We will

gladly cooperate in making its work a success."

* * * * *

"We can herewith assure you that we will be very glad to assist you in your endeavor to help relations to find each others whereabouts. In fact this home has for years been in the position to help a little in this way and it is as you mention a very interesting and blessed work. We will post your Bulletin in the most conspicuous place we can find."

We have not had time to hear from foreign countries but we have no doubt that our aim to encircle the world with a band of men and women who care enough for the seamen to help them to keep in touch with their families and friends, will be accomplished.

The number of men located since the Bulletin has started on its rounds has been most gratifying. Already a number of men in other ports have seen their names written to find out who is inquiring for them. The following letter is interesting, not only because of its contents but because it was the first letter received from a man in another port, who had seen his name on our Bulletin.

He wrote, "I am very much alive as you see. I was sunk eight times but I turn up again. Have not been home in thirteen years so will be very glad to hear from some of my people. I saw my name on the Missing Seamen's list, so that is why I am writing to you."

In this particular case the man was wanted to help settle his mother's estate and get his share.

Heard in the Lobby

"I like it here because a fellow is among his own kind," the seaman explained as he staggered up the steps under a great seabag and stopped to speak to the watchman who was answering questions.

The Watchman.

"Baggage room? Two floors down. Just around that corner."

"The Chaplain's office? On the second floor. Up this way."

"Dr. Mansfield? The Administration office. Take that elevator."

"You want to go to school? In there. Take that elevator. Thirteenth floor."

"Yes, there will be a concert tonight. Eight o'clock. Up that stairs. Come early if you want a seat."

"The House Manager? Yes, this way. Half way up. You'll see the sign."

"The dining room? It isn't open yet. Five-thirty."

"Get your mail? The post office is around there. Get in line."

"Rooms? I don't know. We are usually sold out. Ask at the desk."

The Hotel Desk.

"Yes, we have a few rooms. Let me see your last discharge."

"I haven't any."

"Are you a seaman?"

"I sure am. Don't I look like one?"

"You look alright, but we don't depend on looks."

"I've been going to sea for sixteen years."

"I don't doubt you but I'm from Missouri. Haven't you something to

show?"

"I haven't any papers but I can prove it."

He showed a tattooed arm that looked bad enough to belong to a pirate. "I've just had it done. I guess I'm an old fool, at my age."

The clerk agreed heartily with him and again asked for papers.

"Well, I have a discharge from my last ship," he explained comfortably as he rolled down his sleeve, "I ain't paid off from this one yet. I kin git one to-morrow if you want."

"Show me the one from your last ship," the clerk said wearily.

The Lunch Counter.

"Tickets—get your ticket."

"Do I need a ticket?"

"Egg salad—kidney stew—Ham and eggs!"

"Move along—the rush is starting."

The Soda Fountain.

"Gimme a cigar. The best you have."

"Gimme an ice cream. One of them with a cherry on top."

"What do you charge for your oranges? Give me a couple."

The Slop Chest.

"Have you any silk shirts?"

"Silk did you say?"

"Yes—I like them with a stripe. A wide one."

The Post Office.

"What is your name?"

A sound like the last fourteen letters of the alphabet backward.

"Say that again."

He did, and it sounded worse than the first time.

"Show me your passport."

"I lost him," and he threw out his hands helplessly.

"Just what you'd expect," the exasperated clerk mumbled; "a man with a name like that always loses his passport. If your name was Smith you'd have two or three passports."

The Seeker of Letters grinned. "Maybe. Two years I will be an Americano. I will be Smith—you think Fernando Smith?"

"Your name is Fernando?" the clerk asked, glad to have some clue. "What letter does your last name begin with?"

"Letter?" the man asked inquiringly.

"Yes, letter?" the clerk repeated raising his voice as we do with foreigners. "What letter, A B C D?"

"Yes. A B C D!" the seaman answered agreeably, with a grin.

"Write it," the clerk commanded and he shoved him a pencil and a bit of paper. The seaman wrote but it was worse than the sound.

"Hurry this line up. I want my mail," someone called.

The clerk scowled, then laughed. "Go and get someone who can speak your language. Get him to write your name. Write it," and he made a motion with a pencil.

"Write it," the seaman repeated, as he walked away looking from right to left.

The clock struck eight bells, and before the sound had died away, the soft tones of the organ in the Chapel of Our Saviour stole through the rotunda.

Expressive!

When there is a will there is a way. Karl hadn't the way but he had the

will and this is the result, "Dear Superintendent and the Frind her sendt the Christmas gift. A many many thanks for the Christmas gift. i vas saa Happy and glad hven i get det saa i pat to write to you vet away. Fgan many thanks and i wish your an Merry Christmas an a Happy New Year."

Magazines and Books

We need magazines and books. We never have enough. Do not throw away your magazines. It will be a little trouble to pack them up and send them to the Institute, but everything worth while is a little trouble.

And those books that you will never read again some sailor boy would greatly appreciate them. He would not only read them himself. He would hand them on to a friend.

Put your name and address in the package. We will let you know when we receive it.

A Tribute

I was so sorry to hear Mr. Wood has been ill. How he must have been missed in State Street! I shall never forget the days when I first came to the old Institute and our Thursday evenings there. I can always picture the room in which we had our progressive whist—and especially those September evenings at Hudson-Fulton Festival time in 1909. I was very homesick before I came to see Mr. Wood—only fifteen years old! That is why I remember him always as a big brother. He is a fine chap isn't he! I have met boys in ports in Australia and all over the East who

all spoke of him with real *affection*. I wonder if he realizes the number of his friends!"

This is a portion of a letter received a few weeks ago from a former apprentice who has not been to New York since 1913 and is typical of what his friends among the boys of the British Mercantile Marine say and write of Mr. Wood. The secret of the Big Brother's success in his sixteen years among the apprentices who come to this port in this very capacity for friendship,— a friendship which has meant service and sacrifice and love and tolerance and kindness. Mr. Wood's memory for a countless host of boys, for each and every one of whom he never lost the personal interest, has often been commented upon by his associates, and the apprentices themselves have a habit of saying "Mr. Wood never forgets a boy." After a six or twelve months' absence it means much to a lonesome lad to be greeted by name and to find a real friend who understands him and knows the peculiar difficulties and temptations of his life at sea and in strange ports far from the steadying influences of home.

The Big Brother in New York from long experience knew better even than the real brother or father at home in a little English village what a fellow was up against in a strange port with no friends ashore and no decent place to spend the evenings. His policy has not been to preach against the evils of the waterfront and the moral dangers of their lives, but to make of the Apprentice Department a second home so attrac-

tive and interesting that they will care for the clean and good things it stands for and the response has been an evidence of his success. For years past the boys have been spreading the news in Singapore, Kobe, Cape Town, Karachi, Bombay, every port where an English ship stops, that "the New York Mission is the finest in the world",—we hear it in letters, from new boys who have been sent to the Institute by chance acquaintances out East, from boys who had a stubborn prejudice against all sailors' Missions, from the mothers at home who write grateful letters,—from all quarters.

We believe that the lives of numberless apprentices have been made happier and safer morally because of the unselfish devotion of Mr. Wood during these past seventeen years; and who can estimate the far-reaching results of this effort made with the indefinite patience of one who cares. He has not builded in brick and stone but in the hearts and lives of boys, a constructive work of no mean proportions but not to be reckoned in statistics.

M. L. K.

Have you seen Bennest?

If you haven't you are fortunate.

But Bennest is good to look at and he 'has a way with him.' He tells with frankness of past misdeeds and reform and sudden fortune. You will know him by his smile. It is the kind that lights up the whole face and springs from a heart warmed by the consciousness that he is 'doing you.'

New York may be cold and sceptical but Bennest did not find it so. A patriotic association listened with

sympathy to his story of his ranch, and the five hundred cattle he brought here and sold. They heard about the friend, and the disappearance of all his funds. But there was one cheering feature about his story; it was not as bad as it seemed. Most of the value of the cattle was in notes and he had stopped their payment, but for the minute he was out of luck.

He came to the Institute, for he had been a sailor during the war, and he told his story in detail to the Man Who is Never Fooled. The icicles on the scepticism of the Man Who is Never Fooled began to drip and he reached for his relief book, with an expression that said, "At last there is the kind of a man we should help. This man may be saved from the evils of a big city."

But scarcely had the ink dried on his generous pen when a Chaplain came in and anxiously asked, "Have you seen anything of a fellow called Bennest?"

"Yes a fine young fellow."

"So fine he has been to a patriotic association and secured a suit of clothes and board and room and—"

"Say did you see a fellow called Bennest?" the House Mother interrupted, "it seems that he—"

The Man Who is Never Fooled shook his fist; the House Mother laughed; and the Chaplain looked puzzled.

Who has seen Bennest? We haven't since.

Herman

A curious quaint little figure, shapeless in an overabundance of clothes,

he rapped sharply at the door and asked for the House Mother.

At sight of a lady he snatched his cap from his fair kinkly hair, "I beg your pardon, lady. I thought it was Mrs. Roper."

A sweater reached from his neck almost to his knees. Below it and down to his boot tops flapped wide and shapeless overalls. Over the sweater was a vest held by an insecure button and over the vest a coat, that came short of covering his chest.

"I've been working on a ship for two days," he explained, "cleaning brass and things. This afternoon I saw them laying the cork, you know how they do it, and I got curious and offered my services. He let me continue on it and so I went forth."

"Why did you not stay at home and work for your father?"

"Blessed be the father that hath;

"Blessed be the mother that hath;

"And blessed be the child that hath its own," he quoted.

"Where did you learn that?" the House Mother asked.

"I made it up," he said, "it is better for a man to have his own; and a woman to have her own; and a child to have its own. I make up lots of things, verses and songs and things and I throw them away," and he gave a prodigal wave of his hand.

"Gee, if I had a mother I'd never be away from home," he continued and then like the little boy he was, he turned a confident face to the House Mother and said, "I want to stay here to-night. I don't want to go away."

He has adopted the House Mother

and day after day he follows her around for the mothering his lonely little heart needs; and the House Mother's heart is always big enough for one more.

Jack's A Cinch

To the Seamen's Church Institute:

One of the outstanding facts of the Great War is that the men of the merchant marine when exposed to great danger stuck by their ships. For non-combatants to make repeated trips, well knowing the German record for sinking without warning, shelling boats, and leaving crews to drift and starve—showed courage of a high order. Their record is a glorious one.

Yet no manual worker is less looked out for than our seamen. He is the eternal transient, alien, stranger. The public regards him as a tourist with cash to spend.

“Stand in a row,
Don't let him go—
Jack's a cinch,
But he's every inch
A Sailor.

There is a great and crying need for work such as the Seaman's Church Institute is doing. Jack is more than ready to pay as he goes—but he wants somewhere to go.

Thos. D. Parker,
Commander U. S. Navy, (ret'd)

Doing His Best

“Plees! Plees, will you give me one of him?”

The Chaplain who looks for men turned at the sound of the boyish voice, and saw a young sailor following him.

“My brother you not forget? He lev me sick in Japan. In navy. Must go. I see him never no more. You find him plees?”

“Yes, I remember, and we have put his name on the list.”

“I see him on the list. You give me one plees. I send him home.”

The Chaplain handed him one of the Missing Men Bulletins and he explained, “They write. They not sink I do all I can. I come to you. I cannot do more.”

The Chaplain assured him he was doing all that could be reasonably expected of him. His face brightened. “Sank you! Sank you very, very much. You find him. Plees! Plees!”

The Post Office

There is nothing about the Institute that the seamen value more than the post office. Unlike other offices, mail is held here for them for six months and longer on request. Many men never have their mail forwarded, as they know well from experience that they are likely to lose it if they do. So month after month, when they are away on long voyages big letters and little ones; thin letters and fat ones; circulars and papers accumulate for them, until sometimes they receive thirty, forty, or fifty letters, and many circulars and papers all in one mail.

To handle this great accumulation of mail is one of the most serious problems of the Institute. It is a problem that has grown more complicated as time went on and the business increased. First the post office was enlarged and a system of post office boxes was installed. The boxes

were rented almost immediately, but the business was so great that the relief was only temporary. It was evident that something more had to be done.

A post office expert looked over the situation and said there had to be more room. The post office is doing a business, as large as that done in the average office in a city of fifteen thousand people. But it was out of the question to enlarge it further. The rotunda could not be robbed of another inch. Some other solution had to be found.

Like most things, when there is a will there is a way, and the way has been found for the present.

Three hundred and ninety-four new boxes have been put in across the middle of the office like a partition extending from the floor to the ceiling. The latest system of filing has been introduced, and the most perfect method of keeping records is now being used.

Two clerks will give out mail to the seamen and a third will keep records and attend to the officers' window.

The seamen say, 'there is not another post office like it in the world,' and 'they don't know what they would do without it.'

We wonder what they would do.

His Pleasure

Rev. Sir:—

It is one of the great pleasures to take the opportunity of thanking you, Mrs. Roper and Chaplain Robinson for your untiring efforts for making for us men one of the happy days of

our lives this glorious Christmas day. Your presents to us men will I venture to say be long remembered by most of us. I also thank the Board of Directors and the remainder of your staff, and I do earnestly pray that God in His great goodness will long spare you and your staff to carry on His cherished work in this beautiful Memorial Hotel of ours.

Yes, when I say this I am speaking for a good number of my seafaring friends who make this Institution their home while in New York. I have travelled near and far and I have never come across such a home where Hospitality, Goodness, Loving Kindness and God's blessing is shared out to us men of the sea, by you and your staff. Let me tell your Reverence candidly this Glorious Institution would be a myth, if it were not for your efforts in putting Christ at the helm. We realize this in you and Mrs. Roper and Chaplain Robinson and the remainder of your religious staff.

Where could we find a better woman to be House Mother than Mrs. Roper? A woman who has a word and smile for everyone of us, and who is anxious to do all she can to make us all feel at home? The same can be said of Chaplain Robinson and the other Chaplains. No, I venture to say if this home of ours were not here, most of us seamen would be on our old evil ways seeking the worst kind of pleasure and bad habits. But thank God through you we have a home, good life and good wholesome pleasure to welcome us every time we arrive in New York.

Again may I say from the bottom of my heart. May God bless and crown your every effort, and may you and Mrs. Roper and Chaplain Robinson and remainder of your staff be long spared to carry on the Master's work. You and your noble work will be in my thoughts wherever I go, and I will not be lax in speaking of the Seamen's Church Institute. I also take this opportunity of thanking Miss U for her beautiful talented selection on the violin every Sunday night at the services, and home hour, something which will long be remembered of the goodness of your staff.

Words fail me to express as I would like to the gratitude to you and your staff. I am speaking from a man's point of view and I may say there are very few who would not support my point of view.

What a glorious consolation to come here and be among such wonderful good people. May I take the privilege of wishing you, Mrs. Roper and Chaplain Robinson and staff a very Happy and Prosperous New Year, and many of them. This is the sincere wish of R. B.—Room 1120.

Donations Received January 1920

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, waste paper, hand rags, post cards.

Ackley, Mrs. S. M.
Alexander, Miss A.
Allan, Mrs. George S.
Allen, Miss Ruth
American Field
American Scandinavian Review
Anonymous — 8
Anonymous — N. Y.

Ans. Ilm Barred
Babcock, Mrs. F. S.
Bacon, D.
Bailey, Mrs. James S.
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Baldwin, Miss Martha
Bartlett, Miss Ethel
Beall, Miss M. L.
Black, Miss
Bliss, Mrs. W. G.
Bonner, Miss Kate d'A.
Borden, Mrs. E. L.
Boyd, Miss R.
Bridgman, Miss Anne T.
Brush, Mrs. J. H.
Bull, Miss Dorothy
Burnham, Mrs. Ella F.
Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth
Chase, Miss
Chittenden, Mrs. S. B.
Coe, Miss Ella S.
Collier, P. F., & Son
Collins, Mrs. Fred N.
Colton, Thos. J.
Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
Craighead, Miss Alice W.
Cross, Mrs.
Cross, Miss Helen
Curtis, Mrs. C. F.
Davis, Mrs. A. D.
Davy, H. G.
Dawes, D. B.
Dawson, Mrs. A. E.
Donnell, Mrs. G. W.
Drummond, Miss Mary
Duffield, Mrs. Roy F.
Duval, William C.
Dyett, Mrs. J. S.
Fairchild, Mrs. C. S.
Foote, Mrs. Arthur E.
Fuller, George W.
Gibbs, Miss Agnes
Given, Mrs. J. L.
Godfrey, Mrs. W. H. K.
Gordon, Miss Grace L.
Graham, Hinkley & Co.
Gray, Miss A.
Greenwood, Mrs. Wm.
Griffin, Mrs. A. D.
Guernsey, Mrs. H. W.
Hall, A. H.
Hall, Mrs. J. B.
Hance, Mrs. John A.
Harrison, Robert L.
Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
Hatch, Miss C. J.
Hinck, Mrs. O. H.
Hitchcock, Mrs. W. A.
Hospital Book & Newspaper Soc'y.
Hunter, Miss Mary
Hyde, A. M.
Innes, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. T.
James, Mrs. Mary E.
James, Mrs. Wortham
Jenkins, Edward E.

Jenkins, Mrs. Edward E.	Satterlee, Miss Marion
Johnson, Mrs. Bradish	Scott, Mrs. Frank
Kayser, Miss L.	Sheldon, Edwin B.
Kayser, Miss Mary	Signe Ebe
Kent, Mrs. A. H.	Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.
King, Miss S.	Smith, Mrs. Wilbur L.
Kitchen, E. F.	Smythe, Mrs. Hugh
Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.	Southwick, Mrs. J. C.
Koster, Mrs. C. H.	Spier, Mrs. C.
Langton, John	Stillman, Miss Marjorie W.
La Tribuna	Stires, Mrs. Ernest M.
Lee, Mrs. James Morgan	Stout, Mrs. N. E.
Leshure, Mrs. John	Stratton, Mrs. E. Platt
Lownder, Mrs. R. T.	Strong, Miss E. K.
Lyon, Miss Fanny C.	Survey, The
Lyon, Mrs. F. F.	Svenska Tribunen Vybeter
Maas, Charles E.	Tiffany, Miss Eugenia
Macdonald, Miss Helen M.	Todd, John G.
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon	Turner, Miss Helen G.
March, Miss V. A.	Tuttle, Mrs. F. J.
Marsh, Miss Ruth	Tuttle, Miss J.
Mead, Everett A.	Usher, Miss Irene
Megie, Mrs. B. C.	Valentine, Miss Myra
Merchant Marine National Civic Federation	Van Etten, Mrs. Amos
Cincinnati, Ohio	W., M. L.
Merrall, Miss C. R.	Walbridge, Mrs. T. H.
Merrell, K. S.	Waltz, Mrs. Newton
Metcalf, Mrs. F.	Watson, Mrs. J. Henry
Meynen, Mrs. Philip K.	Watson, Mrs. Wesley
Mills, Miss Dorothy	Wayre, Charles D.
Morgan, Mrs. James L.	Ways & Means Dept., Evening Force
Morris, Mrs. F. P.	Weekly Times
Moses, Mrs. James	Westphal, E., Jr.
Moulton, Mrs. A. J.	White, Miss Adelaide, Knitting Circle
Moulton, Miss Mary T.	Whitehouse, Mrs. Francis M.
Mowe, Mrs. Wm. Robert	Whiting, Giles
Nash, Miss	Church Periodical Clubs and Branches
New York Bible Society	Church Periodical Club, New York
New York Herald	Church Periodical Club, Mass.
Nichols, J.	Grace Church, East Orange, N. J.
Ogden, Miss E.	St. Agnes Chapel, New York
Olmstead, Miss S. R.	St. George's Church, Newburgh, N. Y.
Oppenlander, Mrs. E.	St. Thomas' Church, New York
Ostrander, Mrs. C. F.	Trinity Church, Princeton, N. J.
Parsons, Wm. H.	Trinity Chapel, "Boys' Club," N. Y.
Parsons, Mrs. Wm. H.	Woman's Auxiliary, Church of Messiah
Pelzer, B. H.	Chapel Flower Fund
Plymouth Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.	De Long, Mrs. George B.,
Popular Mechanics Magazine	"In Memory of B. H. L."\$20.00
Potts, Mrs. Charles E.	Discretionary Fund
Prime, Miss Cornelia	Meissner, C. A. 5.00
Putnam, Mrs. A. E.	Holiday Fund
Quinley, Mrs. W. H.	Fisher, Miss Ida 2.50
Ramsdall, Mrs. B.	"From a Friend" 2.00
Reboul, Mrs. G. H.	Lee, Mrs. Sophia E. 2.00
Rey, Miss	Merrnod, Mrs. A. S. 10.00
Richardson, Mrs. C. S.	Anonymous 9.00
Rieck, Mrs. James G.	Nixon, Mrs. Flora J. 10.00
Robert, Edmond	Relief Fund
Robinson, Mrs. E. S.	Bagg, Mrs. 4.00
Robinson, Henry J.	Hopkins, Mrs. H. C.,
Rockwood, Mrs. George I.	"In Memorium H. C. H." 5.00
Rohse, Miss Jenny H.	Williams, Mrs. Andrew 1.00
Roosevelt, Mrs. W. Emlen	
Sackett, Mrs. C. C.	

General Summary of Work

JANUARY 1920

Religious Department

	Services	Attendance	
		Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning	4	151	171
" Evening	8	926	1027
Miscellaneous	13	742	798
Bible Class Meetings	4	446	446
Communion Services			5
Baptisms			3
Weddings			0
Funerals			2

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing	295
Assisted thru Loan Fund	76
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	394
Referred to Hospitals	63
Hospital Visits	56
Patients Visited	5,337
Referred to other Organizations	

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips	
Visits to vessels	
Men transported	
Pieces of dunnage transported	

OUT OF COMMISSION

Social Department

	Services	Attendance	
		Seamen	Total
Entertainments	21	6864	7490
Home Hours	4	539	579
Ships visited	8		
Packages of literature distributed			238
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			571

Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering School enrollment	121
First Aid Lectures	8

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	22,240
Letters received for Seamen	9,758
Pieces of dunnage checked	6,798

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	29
Men shipped	204
Given temporary employment	11
Total	215

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$ 87,951.15
Withdrawals	79,816.92
Transmitted	17,148.07

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

New Laundry Equipment \$3,000

The New Tailor Shop, \$1,000

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

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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.