

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

MARCH 1919

No. 3

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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THE LOOKOUT

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

Log-book Stories

All day long they come to the little office on the second floor with their requests for relief, advice, temporary assistance, skating tickets, with letters to be written and a collection of curious problems for the Institute workers to solve. In the big Log-book where each man on duty keeps a brief record of his visitors' worries, there are many one-act dramas written in a single sentence.

Two young English boys came in the other afternoon. They were signed on the "Carmania" and their luggage was on board. Having been told that the boat would sail at two o'clock, they went ashore to buy one or two little gifts to take home to their sisters in the land where American-made articles still have a glamour. When they returned to the ship, an unpleasantly deserted pier welcomed them coldly. The "Carmania" had gone, carrying the boys' clothes and their hopes of an immediate job.

"We'll help you out for a few days if the British Consul will recommend it," decided the Man Who Gives Advice. The downcast faces of the boys brightened suddenly.

"Where else in New York could we go but here?" one of them asked. The Institute has a paternal attitude thrust upon it very frequently and sometimes it is a bit difficult to maintain.

A Bit of Faith

Another man followed the boys, who had had his money stolen in a moving-picture theatre near the waterfront. He was living at the Institute, expecting his ship to sail any day, but had some friends in Brooklyn to whom he could appeal.

"I haven't even a nickel to telephone them," he explained in great embarrassment. He was given a loan of telephone money and carfare, and he came in two days later to pay it back.

"I don't suppose you believe half the stories chaps tell you about hard luck," he remarked as he turned to leave the office.

"We believe some of them," replied the Man Who Gives Advice, dryly. "Only we have to learn just when to do our believing. We took your word and you didn't fail us. There happen to be several hundred other seamen of the same sort, in spite of the mixture of poor-spirited ones."

The Brother

Of course, not all the applicants to the Relief Department want to be helped financially. A young seaman came in to leave a check for his brother when the boy should arrive in New York.

"Paul is pretty young and if he should spend all his money and be hard up, I shouldn't like to think of his being obliged to borrow. You just keep this check and don't say anything to him about it, unless he seems to need it."

He went away, but a minute later he put his head around the corner of the door.

"I say," he added, "maybe you had better give Paul the check anyhow. I want him to have it; he's a good kid."

What You Can't Buy

And sometimes they just want to borrow a few minutes' conversation.

"I'm not sick or broke, but I'm sailing this afternoon and all my friends live in Chicago, and I wondered if I could chat with you a few minutes," one of the American seamen ventured

diffidently. "No matter how much you like the sea and the service, you do get lonesome once in a while. My people are all dead and I have had the nearest thing to a home in this building that I have found since I went into the merchant marine."

He talked a little while, just about the things that were on his mind—the League of Nations and prohibition and the harbor situation, and then he picked up his hat.

"Thanks," he said, gripping the hand of the Man Who Gives Advice, "I know how busy you are, so don't think I don't appreciate this giving up your time to talk."

Out of Hospital

It is the men who have just come from the hospital who often need practical help. They like to pay for the care they have received during their illness, and unless a seaman has been able to save a large part of his wages he is likely to leave the hospital with no money and no strength for an instantaneous job.

When we can arrange to send a man to the Burke Foundation for two weeks so that he may convalesce in the fresh air of Westchester County, it usually puts him on his feet quickly, sending him back to the shipping offices with a new supply of energy and optimism. Occasionally a man is taken directly to the hospital from his ship and his luggage is mislaid.

"I haven't even a suit of underwear," one man told us, after spending his first day of release from the watchful eye of a nurse and doctor

in the vain hunt for his bag of clothing.

These are situations which most of us, living our entire lives without ever finding ourselves in such a predicament, find it hard to realize unless we pull the strings of our imaginations very hard. But the seaman grows accustomed to the raw realities of the world; he has to.

The Acquisitive Taste

"I'd like some books on electricity and specially some books on psychology," requested a Norwegian seaman whose gravely serious face was lighted by shining, eager, blue eyes.

"Do you want to become an electrician?" inquired the Man Who Gives Advice, interested and rather curious.

"No, I don't believe I'd like to change my trade. I'm a ship's carpenter," answered the man, who spoke slow, carefully enunciated English with scarcely a trace of accent. "But I want to know about everything. I want to learn things, whether I use them or not, and I heard a lecture on psychology and it gave me ideas. I could understand the books that they write for beginners, couldn't I?" he asked anxiously.

As the Institute library and Literature Room are both very badly depleted, neither of them yielded any text books on either subject. We shall be glad to have them sent in from LOOKOUT readers.

A Gentle Gratuity

He slipped it into the surprised fingers of the Man Who Gives Advice

and was out of the room and half-way down the stairs before that astonished person had caught his breath and followed him.

"Yes, you take it. It's only a dollar and you did so many things for me," the seaman insisted. There had been letters written and an affidavit sworn and a long explanation of some confusing legal papers.

"I can't take it—I was glad to help you; it's what I am here for," explained the Man Who Gives Advice emphatically, but the seaman tucked the bill into the pocket of the protesting Institute worker's coat.

"Then you give it to some chap that comes in sick and wants a bed or a meal," he said firmly and hurried away.

Lew Has An Excuse

The Man Who Gives Advice wrote down "Lewis" when Lew gave his name, but the old seaman shook his head.

"Lysander is my real name, but it sounded so flowery for a sailor chap that I have been called Lew all my life; that's short and you can remember it."

Lew had been in several times to see about getting some legal advice. An appointment with a lawyer had been made for him, but when the hour came Lew failed to appear at the lawyer's office.

"He's a busy man and he was doing you a favor, so you ought to have gone there, Lew," rebuked the Man Who Gives Advice later.

"Yes, I know that, and I was

mighty sorry, but you see it was this poor port foot of mine: it was so lame I couldn't get over to the car; it's got rheumatism in it, and this winter I've had it in my whole port side pretty bad."

New Apprentice Room

It is the same room, the big reading and game room and club for the apprentice boys of the British Merchant Marine, up on the fourth floor, but when the door opens you see a place so transformed and glorified that it scarcely seems possible that new decorations could work such an amazing charm.

New hangings of a rich creamy tan soften the light from the wide windows. The walls and ceiling have been tinted the same shade of warm buff. There are two long refectory tables of quartered oak, covered with magazines and long low benches at either side. There are new comfortable chairs and lamps with parchment shades. Candle sconces (electric lighted) have been put on the walls and new chandeliers of candles. It is a room out of an English country house, simple, beautiful, with a subtle air of welcome and home.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Vernon Mann, Jr., are the good fairies who have made this magical change. In his note to Dr. Mansfield, Mr. Mann wrote:

"As we were especially interested in the apprentices who go to your Institute, we decided to ask a few of our friends to join us in some form of a memorial, by redecorating and refurbishing the Apprentice Room. For this purpose funds have been contri-

buted from about one hundred American citizens.

"We have done this in appreciation of the sacrifices made by the British apprentices in the cause of the Allies."

Mr. Mann further suggests that some tablet be placed in the room as a permanent tribute to the boys who lost their lives in the long war. Many lads who came often to the building in the years since it was open will come no more. And many others who will come now and enjoy the beautiful room were wounded, torpedoed and ship-wrecked.

It is the sort of gift which Mr. and Mrs. Mann and their friends have made which comes from an instinctive understanding of the potent effect of atmosphere upon adolescent youth. Every time a boy goes into the room to play billiards or a game of chess with one of his friends or to turn the pages of "Sketch" and illustrated English periodicals, he will have that pleasant sense of being at home in the house of a friend. The room is a peculiarly gracious combination of artistic design and the cosy, intimate air that we all feel when we say "home-like."

Organ Given

The Portable Organ, for which the LOOKOUT asked in the February number, has been given by a friend, in the name of "Epiphany," who wishes to remain unknown, whose check for \$30.00 came two days after the issue was mailed. Several other people, realizing the great value of music in the ship services, also sent their checks, desiring to make the gift of the organ.

There is something distinctly inspiring about these swift responses to a department of the work which is growing daily in its significance.

Paul Goes Home

Last month there was a story in the LOOKOUT about Paul who was ill and ashamed to go back to Newfoundland because he had no money. He was put on the train, but he got off at Boston and his mother notified us that he had failed to make the final stage of his journey.

Yesterday there was a letter from her. Paul had come, and there was happiness in every line of her excited note.

"He wanted to make just a little money to bring me before he got here," she wrote. "He is in the hospital now, but he is improving and I am so delighted to have him here where I can nurse him when he is better."

Teodoro Too

This is another sequel to a February story. Teodoro, the Porto-Rican boy who stowed away on a vessel, arrived in New York in white duck trousers and was given work at the Knickerbocker, come down to the Institute last week. He was wearing one of those suits that are designed for the imaginative movie actor, with wide brown and cream checks, yellow shoes and a tie in which crimson quarreled with orange. He also wore three badges upon his coat, and a huge glass stick-pin.

"You are quite changed," commented the House Mother.

"Me New York boy now, dressed right," he asserted joyfully.

A Seaman Gives

After the lecture on the Armenian sufferers given by Professor Riggs of the College at Harput, in which he described with eloquent detail the indignities and tortures inflicted on Armenians by the Turks, someone in the audience offered to take up a collection.

One seaman, who did not look particularly prosperous, but whose face showed how greatly he had been moved by the sufferings of a persecuted people, put \$60.00 in the hat which was passed around. Another man, just out of the Marine Hospital, went up to Professor Riggs and spoke to him.

"I only have this \$5.00 in Porto-Rico money, but I wanted to help. Do you think you could get it exchanged so that it would be worth something?"

"I think so. Anyhow, I should like to keep this money. It is the best gift you could make, to give me the only thing you have."

There has rarely been a lecture given in the Concert Hall which moved the seamen so profoundly. Their own hardships and four years of physical and mental anguish were completely forgotten; they saw a vivid picture of the terrors through which other human beings had been forced to live—and die.

712 Guests

On the night of March 5th, 712 seamen slept in the building at 25 South Street. This is the largest number we have ever accommodated, except during ship-wreck and submarine emergencies when cots were put up in the basement, the apprentice room and on the enclosed roof.

When the Institute was opened 518 was the maximum. We have gradually added beds, until every scrap of space has been utilized. And hundreds of seamen are turned away from the Hotel Desk each evening, while many others do not even apply when they see the sign "All Rooms Taken" put up.

We need another building as large as the present one to take care of the merchant seamen who are coming to this port—nearly a million strong every year.

Neat and Direct

Before all of us became so self-conscious about platitudes there were certain people who always made one reliable remark whenever the Japanese were mentioned. It was, "Ah, yes, what a wonderful little people they are!"

The other day a Japanese sailor went down the corridor to the House Mother's office. He was carrying a small card in his hand which he studied, moving his lips, without seeming to lose the perplexed little frown between his brows. When she looked up from her desk and smiled, he held out the card, pointing to a certain word on it. Somebody had written

in English five important nouns for his direction. Apparently he could not speak any English at all, but he had learned what these five words would do. They were: Meals, Bed, Baggage, Bath, Clothes.

Whenever he wished to be directed to any one of these five commodities he pointed out the word on his card. Once or twice he forgot which one stood for meals and was shown to the Baggage Room at lunch time. But mostly it worked with oiled ease. He was pointing to the last word, and he made two very comprehensive gestures. "Up or down?" he asked, in his expressive sign language and she led him to the Institute's department store for seamen, the Slop Chest.

Send Us Magazines

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

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

Speak of this to your friends or

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

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

Punch

Just as the Visiting Lady was leaving Ted's bed in the long, cool ward, he put out his hand and touched her arm.

"Is there anything you want?" she asked, seeing a question in his eyes that he hesitated to put into words.

"I hate to bother you when you have so many other sick boys to see, but I have been awfully homesick to see some copies of 'Punch.' I thought perhaps they sent them to the Institute sometimes."

The Visiting Lady smiled happily. This was the only thing Ted had ever asked her to do for him, although he had been lying in bed over four weeks, patiently examining the white ceiling and unable to be propped up higher than one pillow.

"Of course," she replied promptly. "I will get 'Punch' for you and bring it the next time I come."

From the bed next to Ted's an Irish boy with a twinkle in his merry eyes that no illness could ever quite blur, raised himself upon his elbow.

"I say," he called after her, "bring

me some of that. I get so thirsty for a drop of something cheering. Make it strong!"

Henri of France

"We have adopted him," they told the House Mother proudly, introducing a little French cabin boy who said "Bon jour, madame," three times and then looked adoringly up at his two friends. They were young American seamen to whose warm, ready sympathies the lonely cabin boy had made instant appeal by something forlorn and wistful in his big brown eyes and pathetic gratitude for a friendly word.

"We are going to look out for him. He doesn't seem to have much money, but we are paying for his bed and helping out with his meals."

"Has he any warm underclothes?" asked the House Mother, looking at the thin blue suit and observing the absence of any overcoat.

"We bought him two sets and he has them both on," they announced contentedly. Poor Henri had to wear all his underclothes at once because he had no suit-case nor any place to keep his things when he was not wearing them.

The House Mother searched among her gifts and gave Henri a box of cigarettes that was left over from the Christmas packages. He opened it, divided them carefully into two little piles and gave them to each of his foster brothers. It was all he could do, the only things which he could give them from himself.

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Edmund L. Baylles,.....President
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Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
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First Organizing Secretary for the Seamen's Church In- stitute of America

It was in the General Convention of 1889 that a group of those interested in the welfare of seafaring men first presented a resolution looking towards the establishment of a national mission for seamen. In accordance with their report in 1892 the matter was referred to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, there to be buried until brought to life in 1904.

At the Boston Convention, Bishop Potter, Bishop Nichols, Bishop Lawrence and the Rev. A. R. Mansfield (Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York) put strongly the need for co-operation between existing agencies, and for the creation of new agencies in dioceses without such work, that a Joint Commission on work among seamen was created.

An interesting part of the preamble to this resolution is the sentence: "That as the General Convention in 1907 is to take note of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, one suggestion in that

connection is that under that true pioneer priest, Robert Hunt, our Church forefathers with their faith and worship went down to the sea in ships as they brought that faith and worship to the new land."

At each subsequent Convention some progress has been made. At first the Seamen's Church Institute of America was created as an auxiliary to the Board of Missions, but in New York in 1913 the Board of the Institute was made a Standing Commission.

Finally in St. Louis in 1916 a national organization was practically completed and the "Articles of Affiliation of the Seamen's Church Institute of America" were adopted.

Its methods are outlined as follows:

1. To initiate and arouse interest in religious and philanthropic work at every port where such work has not been already established.
2. To support, as may be advisable, such work in ports where local interests and resources fail to meet the need.
3. To develop interest in such ports, to the end that each local agency may become self-supporting as soon as possible.
4. To unite, so far as practicable, the several independent agencies operating in a single port.
5. To co-ordinate agencies at all ports by establishing common methods, activities, seamen's organizations, means of dealing with undesirables, general standards of conduct, etc.
6. To affiliate all existing agencies to the end that the aforesaid methods,

and such others as may be agreed upon, shall be carried out, due regard being had for the local autonomy of each affiliated agency.

It was authorized at that time to appoint an Organizing Secretary whose duties should be those outlined in these six very comprehensive analyses.

In September, last year, Edmund L. Baylies, Vice-President of the S. C. I. of America (who is President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York) made an application to the War Commission of the Episcopal Church in which he said:

"Groups of Churchmen in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco and elsewhere, composed of Bishops, Priests and Laymen, earnestly desire and hope that religious and philanthropic work among Merchant Seamen may, especially at this time, be initiated, supported, developed and united.

"The Executive Committee of the Seamen's Church Institute of America (Constituted by the General Convention) considers it important, as a war measure, to appoint at once a Secretary whose duty it shall be to recommend and organize work among Merchant Seamen, made necessary by the war, and to serve as a connecting link among all seamen's organizations affiliated with the S. C. I. of America and all other seamen's organizations.

"This Committee, therefore, respectfully makes application to the War Commission of the Episcopal Church for an immediate appropriation of \$7,000.00 for the salary of such a Secretary and for the expenses of this work.

Seamen's Church Institute of New York has already resolved to contribute to the Seamen's Church Institute of America the sum of \$1,000.00.

The Committee very earnestly hopes that its application will be granted for the sake of the men, who from the beginning of the war have performed such heroic and self-sacrificing labors."

This request was granted by the War Commission and after careful consideration the Reverend George W. Davenport, rector of St. Paul's Church, Burlington, Vermont, began his duties as the first Organizing Secretary on February 15th. Mr. Davenport is a man of unusual ability, a convincing speaker whose enthusiasm for his work is balanced by a fine discrimination and the power to do a tremendous task with force, tact and discretion.

"We hope that when seamen see the flag of the Seamen's Church Institute of America flying from a building they will know that they can find there the same help, the same comfort, the same spirit they have found and appreciated in San Francisco and New York," Mr. Davenport says.

It does not mean entirely trying to build Institutes exactly like this New York structure in every detail. Different ports must adapt their work to the peculiar conditions which exist. But it means working out a comprehensive service for seamen. It means efficient handling of complicated problems, and the solutions which the long experience of the New York Institute has enabled it to make.

Mr. Davenport has already made addresses in New Haven, Washington and Baltimore, coming into contact with the men and women who have in their hearts the sincere desire to co-operate in this gigantic undertaking.

What we have learned about the best methods of working for and with merchant seamen will be of enormous value to ports in which no vital activity has yet been started. Mr. Davenport expects to go to San Juan, Porto Rico, Havana and eventually to Honolulu.

Ultimately there will be no port flying the American flag which does not have an Institute to which the Merchant Seamen of any nationality can come, find friends, wise guidance and sympathetic assistance.

England has already established missions in many parts of the world, and with the co-operation between Great Britain and America the world can be encircled so that no port shall exist which shall fail in giving seamen the help and protection of the church.

He will go about the country stimulating the interest in this work for seamen in ports where no Institute exists, making surveys, bringing organizations and people together, and reproducing the spirit of the work in New York.

In cities where work for seamen is already being done he will seek to affiliate it with the entire scheme, so that there may be one united Seamen's Church Institute wherever the American flag flies.

The merchant marine is growing

rapidly. We are building ships and training new men constantly. The question "What are we going to do for these men?" is to be answered in every city where seamen stay while they are ashore.

Mr. Davenport will not only establish new work, looking over the field, gauging the possibilities and helping organize and develop, but he will particularly seek to relate the work already done so that the methods and standards of one Institute may be the methods and standards of all.

Frank A. Harley.

Our service flag has its first gold star for a member of the Institute staff who has been connected with the work for over seven years.

Frank A. Harley, the assistant house steward, died of pneumonia in Germany last month. He was with the American Army of Occupation, after having served half a year in active engagements at the front. He was in three of the largest battles of the war.

He was born in England and had been at sea before he began his work assisting Mr. Barlow at the North River Station. When the new Institute was opened he came over to 25 South Street, and was one of the most tireless, self-effacing, conscientious employees we have ever had. He became an American citizen.

The seamen who come back to the building after every voyage grew to know Mr. Harley well and to feel a warm affection for him. He was always ready to help them out, straighten their difficulties, anxious to

see that they were comfortable and contented.

He died in the service of his two countries: England and America, and the Institute is proud of him.

Sea Scouts

There is a Sea Scout movement being organized all over the country by the Boy Scouts of America. A second-class Boy Scout, who is over fourteen, is eligible. On February 11th we celebrated Sea Scout Day at the Institute. The roof was dressed with all the flags in the locker. The J. Hooker Hamersley flew all its banners and pennants, and the Sea Scouts went out on her when the Navigation School made its cruise. They went over to Newark Bay, compensated a compass and took part in the ceremonies like bona-fide seamen.

Then they visited the school, had a meeting, launched a ship and laid a keel.

Burial Fund

Please remember that the Burial Fund still needs contributions. Our new plot in Cedargrove Cemetery must be paid for and there is still about \$2,000 remaining to be raised. This has been a year of great loss among seamen, due to the influenza epidemic. There were days when four funeral services were held in the Institute Chapel, and we want to be able to give all the men who die far away from their own land their fitting resting places among their fellows.

Football on Skates

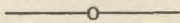
Once when we were very enterprising we read a book called "Poor Boys Who Became Famous," and all we gleaned from this worthy work was the general idea that if you are young you can do anything.

Watching a crowd of young seamen roller skating in the auditorium reminded us of this. Some of the skaters had obviously never worn a tricky pair of innocent-looking rollers before, but they had courage and more than that—ambition. In the afternoons the men and boys who skate are largely Americans whose narrow shoes are not difficult to fit, but when the British boys have their evening skating parties their wide-soled English boots baffle almost any clamp. One of the staff got some skates fitted with extra wide clamps to take care of this, but when the crowd swells beyond the ordinary limits there are always several American boys trying to keep their skates on with bits of rope.

Football on skates has become tremendously popular; it sounds dangerous and it looks as if the players could not possibly emerge from a vigorously contested game with the usual quota of limbs and features, but they manage. Anyhow, with the windows open, letting the tang of salt air from the harbor sweep across the big room, and with the piano playing rollicking music, it is certainly cheerful exercise and wholesome.

There are usually three or four accomplished skaters holding the very center of the floor, doing fancy fig-

ures and pretending to the amateurs that keeping your balance is a simple matter.



Jan and High Finance

"You see this stock?" Jan asked the seaman on the lunch counter stool beside him, propping an imposing certificate against the chili sauce bottle. "Well, I've got ten shares, worth \$100 each, and I am going to sell it and treat everybody around here."

His companion rather stolidly pried apart his broiled ham before he answered.

"Maybe it isn't any good. Where did you get it?"

"My father bought it in Holland years ago, but he paid \$100 a share for it then; maybe it has gone up."

Jan went about the lobby, showing the glittering security which had been endorsed by the Holland Government.

"You'd better go up to a broker with it," advised the Slop Chest man. "The paper says that stock is selling at \$16.66 a share."

Jan was filled with indignant denial. It must be worth more than that. Why, that would only be \$166. His father—

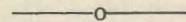
"All right. Go up to a big broker and find out." And that afternoon Jan went. He was told that it was common stock that had been called in 1870, but, of course, Jan's father in Holland had never been notified. It wasn't even worth \$16.66. Dissatisfied with an opinion which agreed so imperfectly with Jan's dreams, he took the stock over to the office of Mr.

Morgan; the bad news was confirmed.

"There's some mystery about it," Jan kept saying sadly. He walked very quietly into the Lobby where his shipmates were waiting for him to celebrate the sale.

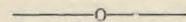
"And I have some mining stock, too," he remembered swiftly. "I suppose that isn't any good either."

Jan's pal put a consoling hand on his arm and drew him over to the soda fountain. "We'll eat one of those S. C. I. Specials and forget it," he urged. "You won't miss that stock in a day or two."



Forty-Four More Beds

Up on the third floor there were forty-four more beds put into the improvised dormitory last week and they were all filled the first night they were made up. Additional shower baths have been installed, equipping the third floor completely as a sleeping and dressing room for the men who can afford to pay only 20 cents a night for a bed, with the chance to get a hot bath and a self-inflicted shave before one of the long rows of new mirrors. New lockers with numbers corresponding to each bed take care of clothes and small personal belongings.



Pursuing Fashion

Beside the Information Window a man was waiting until the pleasant-faced young woman was free to speak to him.

"I just wanted to inquire where the best shoe store would be. My sister

lives in a little town, but she always likes to have the latest New York styles, especially in her shoes. I wanted to get her something fancy—those shoes with colored tops that I've seen girls wearing."

The young woman glanced at her own modest black boots before she answered. She wasn't entirely certain where the exotic foot-gear flourished in its most flamboyant forms. But she was willing to find out.

"What size does your sister wear?" she asked, thinking about shoe shops hastily.

His face clouded; he reflected, and then he moved mournfully away from the window. "I don't know. I never thought of that," he murmured.

Mail and Gratitude

"I shall always boost the S. C. I.," a seaman wrote to the Superintendent the other day, thanking him for letters which had been forwarded to me. "That mail meant a lot to me," he added.

Mail plays rather an important part in the lives of most of us, even when we are living at home, where we can telephone our friends or call upon the people with whom we have business relations. But to the seaman, who gets home sometimes once or twice in two years, his letters are frequently the most vital influence in his life. He rushes to the post office the instant he enters the Institute, and he seldom fails to leave a forwarding address if he can be sure that mail will reach him there.

We do not have space to publish the letters of appreciation which constantly come to us from men who depend upon us for the connecting link which keeps them in touch with their old associations.

From An Engineer

"As an old sea-going engineer, I am very much pleased to learn of the good work being done by the Seamen's Institute," a man wrote to the Ways and Means Department.

"Strange as it may seem to you, this is the first time that this has been brought to my attention. During my sea-going days I never put into the Port of New York, but always travelled from London and Liverpool to the East. I naturally did not come in personal contact with the New York work. I am pleased to enclose my check for \$25.00."

Jock o' Glasgow

"Glasky" was the way he said it himself, speaking a broad burring Scotch that delighted the ear and made the Institute workers long for the time to follow Jock about and hear him talk.

"I'm pretty old, but I always sew my buttons before I go to sea," he informed the House Mother ingenuously. He had brought one of his coats down to her office while he chatted, using a thread that flowed from his huge needles and streamed over the floor. Jock's pink cheeks and gleaming white whiskers made him look like a poster of the typical old

tar. He was quite unaware of his charm, making friends with everyone who stopped to give him a word of greeting.

The night before he sailed he was complaining to one of his ship-mates that he had trouble with one of his legs.

"It feels numb-like," he said, rather frightened.

"Well," the man around Jock suggested helpfully, "what you need is a little drink of brandy to start your circulation."

"Canna do that," refused Jock vigorously. "I'm not a drinkin' mon; I signed a pledge ten years ago."

"But this is different. Just a drop or two of something would help you."

At last Jock consented. His legs certainly did seem numb, and perhaps these fellows knew more about circulation than he did. Somebody who carried a convenient flask gave him a gentle drink and he felt so much better that an hour later the House Mother found him sitting upon the floor outside her door. He was happily singing some old Scotch folk-tunes and having no trouble with "It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht."

A Quick Response

Letters for wandering seamen come pouring into the Institute with every mail. When a man is not sure of his address, he just tells his friends to send his mail care of the S. C. I., knowing that he will receive it safely. Last week a man whose ship was down in Norfolk wrote us to forward any-

thing that might have come in for him. This was done at once, and forgotten. But the seaman remembered. As soon as he got the mail, he wired:

"Have received the eight letters forwarded to my ship for which I thank you very much."

It was rather unusual: it showed a spirit which is distinctly encouraging, the recognition of a service which could easily be taken for granted.

Tom and Work

"I have saved \$1,000. since I have been to sea," Tom told the Man Who Gives Advice, with a not unnatural pride in his young voice, "You see, I worked on yachts in the summer and that pays well, and I haven't spent much on shore, because I have an ambition."

The Man Who Gives Advice was interested. To have an ambition is growing increasingly common among the younger generation of seamen, but Tom looked as if he had the kind of pluck which could not easily be discouraged.

"I have made up my mind to be a civil engineer, and I have found out that it will take me six or eight years' hard study before I can get a diploma. So I want to work here in this building nights and go to school in the day-time. I know how to work with seamen, and I know I can be a good engineer."

"Your thousand dollars will have to be very carefully spent to last

those six or eight years," suggested the Man Who Gives Advice, but Tom regards it as inexhaustible. He means to work for a scholarship, and somehow we have a premonition that he will get it.

Pianola Records

Please send us records for our player pianos and pianolas. There may be old rolls in your music library which you seldom play, or new ones which you do not care for. The seamen will be greatly refreshed by the change from our selection which has been played so many times that the perforations are all growing larger.

Send us waltzes. We can use these for the roller-skating and for games of all sorts in the Concert Hall. Any good waltz tune is certain to be popular.

If you have Victrola, Edison or Columbia phonograph records, please send those too. During the time so many soldiers were in the camps, almost no rolls and records were sent to the merchant seamen. This is spring cleaning time, anyhow, and a very good period in which to sort out the things which you no longer use constantly.

Waltzes or fox trots, operatic potpourris or symphonies—send them all. There is always an audience for every kind of music down here at the harbor's edge.

Donations Received February, 1919

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola and victrola records,

knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, confectionary, surgical dressings, hospital supplies.

Acker, Miss
 Allen, Miss Ruth
 American Library Association
 American Red Cross, Auxiliary No. 27, N. Y.
 Anderson, Mrs. E. J.
 Andrews, Miss Marjorie
 Anonymous—6
 Anonymous, Southport, Conn.
 Armour, Mrs. Herman O.
 Armstrong, Mrs. C. D.
 Arnold, Mrs. Glover C.
 Atkins, Mrs.
 Bailk, Mrs. C. Frank
 Baker, Mrs. B. W.
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
 Bangs, Mrs. L. B.
 Barlow, Rev. J.
 Belcher, Miss F. S.
 Benton, Miss Susana F. F.
 Bilbrough, Mrs. W. H.
 Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
 Brown, Miss Bergh
 Brown, Miss F.
 Brown, Miss M. A. Stewart
 Buchanan, Mrs. S. E.
 Buckingham, Mrs. Benjamin H.
 Burnham, Mrs. Ella F.
 Burton, Miss
 Campbell, Mrs. Wallace
 Carew, Mrs. Edward L.
 Chaplin, Mrs. Duncan D.
 Chase, Miss Mary C.
 Children of the Junior Red Cross, Bellfonte, Pa.
 Coe, Miss Ella S.
 Colonial Dames of the State of New York
 Colton, Thomas J.
 Condon, Miss Elizabeth
 Conover, Mrs. J. S.
 Craig, Miss A. B.
 Crowell Publishing Company
 Davidson, J. C.
 Doyle, Miss Grace A.
 Drummond, Miss M.
 Edgar, Mrs. H. L. K.
 Elliott, Mrs. Dexter
 Ewing, Mrs. J. W.
 Fairchild, Mrs. Charles S.
 Fillebrown, Mrs. J. P.
 Foote, Mrs. A. E.
 Ford, Mrs. Edward
 Gammell, Mrs. Robert I.
 Gerrard, Mrs. F. B.
 Gesner, Mrs. A. H.
 Gevmonat, Miss M. L.
 Gilbert, Miss Isabel
 Given, Mrs. John L.
 Godfrey, Mrs. W. H. K.
 Gould, Miss Anna J.
 Gray, Miss A.

Greenleaf, Miss Ida
 Grout, Mrs. Jefferson
 Hall, Mrs. J. B.
 Halsey, Mrs. G. P.
 Hance, Mrs. John A.
 Harris, Miss Ida M.
 Harrison, Mrs. George
 Hatch, Miss C. J.
 Hayden, Mrs. Albert, Sr.
 Hayden, Mrs. Albert, Jr.
 Held, Miss Harriet
 Hendee, Miss Sarah J.
 Homan, Miss
 Hooke, Mrs.
 Hospital Book & Newspaper Society
 Hovey, Mrs.
 Hudson Street Hospital, New York
 Jackson, Mrs. Edwin E., Jr.
 James, Mrs. Walter B.
 Jones, Mrs. W. Strother
 Joseph, Mrs. Louis
 Kenyon, Mrs. George G.
 King, Mrs. Edward
 King, Miss I. C.
 Knapp, Mrs. H. P.
 Lake County Chapter, American Red Cross,
 Painesville, Ohio
 Lane, Mrs. Wm. H.
 Lewis, Miss Kathleen
 McCauley, T. H.
 McLean, Mrs. Charles F.
 Madson, Mrs. T. M.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 March, Miss V. A.
 Maxwell, Miss Ella J.
 Meynen, Mrs. H. G.
 Morgan, William M.
 Morris, Mrs. F. P.
 Morse, Mrs. W. B.
 Moseley, Mrs. H. P.
 Motor Age
 Mowe, Mrs. W. B.
 Mulligan, Miss Mary P.
 Munn & Company, Inc.
 Murray, Mrs. Hamilton
 North Orange Baptist Church, N. J.
 Osborne, Mrs. and Miss H. W.
 Park, Mrs. F. A.
 Pedersen, Dr. Victor C.
 Popular Mechanics Magazine
 Post, Miss Mary
 Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
 Quackenbush, Miss Jane
 Rennall, Mrs. F. W.
 Richmond, Mrs. Howard
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
 Robertson, Mrs. William
 Robinson, Mr.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rohse, Miss Jenny H.
 Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
 Rudolph, Mrs. W.
 Sackett, Mrs. C. C.
 St. Agnes Chapel, War Relief Work, N. Y.
 Sanger, Mrs. A. M.
 Wm. Shakespeare Chapter, Imperial Order.

Daughters of the British Empire
 Sheldon, Mrs. Edwin B.
 Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.
 Smoot, Mrs. J. H.
 Smythe, Mrs. S. E.
 Spring, Mrs. Frederick
 Staatsburg Red Cross
 Stafford, Miss L. G.
 Stütt, Mrs. S. H.
 Stout, Mrs. N. E.
 Strathcona Chapter, Imperial Order,
 Daughters of the British Empire
 Swett, Mrs. Paul F.
 Tiemann, Miss M. C.
 Tourtellotte, Miss
 Truslow, Miss
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Warde Eisen, Mrs. A. W.
 Waterloo Chapter, Imperial Order,
 Daughters of the British Empire
 Wayne, Charles D.
 Welles, Miss A.
 Whiteley, Mrs. Benjamin
 Williams, Miss M. A.
 Woman's Auxiliary, First Reformed
 Church, Reading, Pa.

Church Periodical Club and Branch

Christ Church, Suffern, N. Y.
 Church of the Epiphany, N. Y.
 Church of the Incarnation, N. Y.
 Church Periodical Club, N. Y.
 Grace Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Grace Church, Jamaica, L. I.
 St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. James' Church, Flushing, L. I.
 St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the
 Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Contribution for Special Purposes

"Epiphany", Portable Organ	\$30.00
Almond, Mrs. T. R., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Butler, Miss Virginia, Discretionary Fund	4.00
Comstock, Mrs. Robert, Chapel Flower Fund	5.00
DeLong, Mrs. George B., Chapel Flower Fund, In Mem. of B. H. L.	10.00
Hance, Mrs. John A., Roller Skating Fund, In Loving Memory of M. L. H.	75.00
Hance, Mrs. John A., Special Concert March 14, Celebration of Wedding Anniversary	50.00
Harkness, Mrs. Ed. S., Discretionary Fund	500.00
Imperial Order Daughters of the British Empire, Westminster Chapter, Cleveland, Ohio, "Dis- cretionary Fund"	500.00
Meissner, Charles A., Discretionary Fund	5.00

General Summary of Work

FEBRUARY 1919

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	16	1367	1496
Scandinavian.....	4	83	89
Tuesday Evening			
Gospel Services	4	220	225
Bible Classes	4	307	307
Lettish	4	83	89
Special Services (Welfare Mts.)	3	120	121
Holy Communion Services			6
Wedding Services			0
Baptismals			2
Funeral Services			18

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	226
Cases treated in Institute Clinic.....	210
Referred to Hospitals.....	21
Referred to other Societies.....	2
Hospital Visits	89
Patients Visited	1799

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	28
Men transported	40
Pieces of dunnage transported	80
Visits to vessels	136
Bundles of magazines distributed	184

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	17	3854	4147
Home Hour	4	732	784
Public Lectures	4	886	956
Ships Visited			198
Packages reading matter distributed....			241
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			514

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	18,494
Letters received for seamen.....	6,345
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,092

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	31
Men Shipped.....	156
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	57
Total number of men given employment	213

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$ 59,027.98
Withdrawals.....	56,828.07
Transmitted.....	9,608.19
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust.....	57,546.82

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may be a subscriber to the Lookout.

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

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

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