

The LOOKOUT



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

Vol. XII.

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 12

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES FRANK T. WARBURTON REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President Secretary and Treasurer Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

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

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea.

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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Sailors' Day

Over 1,500 seamen assembled in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Sunday, November 13, for the sixth annual Sailors' Day Service in the port of New York. Practically every nation was represented in that great gathering of men, and the Cathedral made a fitting setting for one of the most picturesque and inspiring services of the kind ever held in this country.

The Very Reverend Howard C. Robbins, D.D., Dean of the Cathedral, read a letter of regret from Bishop Manning, who was unable to be present, and he welcomed the men of the sea to the Cathedral. He said that it was peculiarly fitting that the seamen should be there so near Armistice Day, which would not have been possible without them. And also because of the great news from Washington, which might mean a turning point in history and a great thing for the seamen, to whom war is most disastrous.

Right Reverend Charles Edward Woodcock, D.D., Bishop of Kentucky, preached from the words, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." He said that seamen are the same as the rest of us. They are perfectly human. We wouldn't care to know them if they were not. Like the rest of us, they know a lot about life except how to live it.

Some people have doubled their fortunes but it hasn't made them rich. Some are damning profiteers and it is their way of mourning that they didn't have a chance and have it first. We haven't increased our contentment and peace. The world asks men to express themselves in terms of character and service. Not, who is your grandfather is the important question, but what can you do? Not what have you, but how did you get it?

We must learn to interpret the success of failure. Nothing can defeat a man but himself. Welcome the blessing of discouragement. A man who never made a mistake is a mistake. A satisfied man is either in a rut or stagnating. A rut is the grave with both ends knocked out, and when a man stagnates, he profanely buries himself. No man should talk louder than he lives, and some men haven't any reason to shout. Put the truth you know into the life you live.

Dr. A. R. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute, who was responsible for the service this year, read the lesson and the prayers. The object of Sailors' Day is not only to emphasize the necessity for and the value of seamen but to memorialize those who have passed away during the year. For this service the standards were carried to the rail of the altar and held while the prayers were read and the hymns were sung.

Social and Religious

The Social and Religious Department is the visible expression of the purpose of the Institute, which is not merely a cheap, clean and safe home for seamen. It would be worth while work to provide that, but the Institute does more, a thousand times more than that. It provides the building, a great undertaking, and it provides the spirit of home, which is a greater undertaking. It is greater because while the building once constructed is always here, the spirit of the house, a more subtle and elusive thing, could easily be lost.

You have all gone into a hotel some time in your life, and almost before you have signed the register, you knew there was a personality behind the atmosphere that you felt. There was "a something" in the place that made it different and more delightful. Money cannot pay for what I am trying to describe. I felt it once in a hotel in a Southern city. I inquired and found that the man who built the hotel had created it. He had built the hotel for a home for strangers, and if they did not seem happy there, he always tried to find the cause. And a quaint touch was, that if everything else failed to please them, he ordered that they be given the room of a greatly loved son, who had died in young manhood. When he had given them that, he had given his very heart. He could do no more.

The Institute has created a spirit that makes it different, because it was built to be a home for strangers. The Social and Religious Depart-

ment create that spirit. If our guests are lonely or in trouble of any kind, they try to find a remedy. They are always on duty, ready to lend a helping hand. And those who have never been alone in a strange land, and compelled to do business in it, can not realize the value of having someone at hand, who can be trusted.

The seamen have been the prey of the vile and degraded in every port, until they have learned to expect to be cheated and abused. They have not known where to turn to find some one they could trust. But all over the world, they have met and talked of this place.

In little ports on the Coast of Africa, and in India and in China and in the South Sea Islands, men have talked of this place and advised their pals to come here when in New York. They may not have any use for religion, or say they haven't, but by their acts they trust those who are holding Christ up, by living as He commanded.

It is impossible in one issue of THE LOOKOUT to cover all the activities of this department, but an idea of the work will be given, that our friends may begin the year with a clear knowledge of what is being done with their contributions to this work.

The Chaplain's Office

The Chaplain's Office cannot be described by words. They are too cold and futile to give you an idea of the life that flows through it in a constant stream. From nine o'clock in the morning until six and after at night, men of all kinds, good,

bad and indifferent, come there for some purpose.

A Chaplain is always on duty, and he would have to surpass Solomon in wisdom to answer all the questions asked him. He has to meet the needs of men of all classes and of all nations. He has to understand the gentle and the brutal. He has not only to try and translate their often very incoherent explanations, but he has to grasp their viewpoint. The trying nature of this task may be grasped by the fact that a strong man cannot endure it for more than four hours, without utter exhaustion.

One moment it may be a highly cultured man who asks for a minute of the Chaplain's time. He is too sensitive to talk of his troubles before others, and the Chaplain must listen to him alone. He explains about a wife and children and no employment. It is easily seen that every word hurts him to the quick. It is the nearest he ever came to begging. "I can't stand it," he says finally and the tears come to his eyes. "My wife and children without enough to live on and I have pawned everything but the clothes on me and I have been the master of a ship, and I can't get even a seaman's job."

In that case a Chaplain went out with the man to try and secure a position for him among the friends of the Institute. Fortunately a man in one of the offices recognized him as an old schoolmate, and gave him the position of mate on a ship, sailing in a week.

Then there are the men who are

sick and down and out. Sent from the hospital, they are not yet able to work, and they have no money. They must be sent to a convalescent home. Arrangements have to be made, they have to be provided with clothes and a ticket and instructed how to go. It all takes time.

Much of the work of the Chaplain's office is necessary because New York is so big, and it is so difficult for a stranger to find anything that he needs that is out of the most ordinary. A man who is sick does not know where to go and so the Institute secured the services of a doctor. He diagnoses the cases that come to him. If the ailment is simple, he prescribes for it. If it requires special treatment, he sends the man to a hospital where he will get what he needs. The health of the men in the Institute is remarkably good, and the special care our doctor has given the men and the house, deserves the credit.

When our men are sent to hospitals, it is the duty of the Social and Religious Department to visit them, supply their needs by taking them reading matter, writing their letters and whatever else they may require. One Chaplain spends all his time visiting sailors in hospitals and doing for them what their own families would do, were they in their home city.

Shipwrecked men, men in trouble about legal matters, men who have been robbed, and men in every kind of difficulty that can overtake them, in a strange port, come to the Chaplain's Office for help and advice. The man who sits at the desk has

one of the hardest tasks in the Institute. For he has not only to give advice and help, but he must judge the need of his fellows, not always by what they say, but by what they do not say and what they inadvertently disclose. He certainly needs to be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove.

Missing Men

This Institute is the one steady sure thing, and the only one in the lives of many sailors. It is to them, what our homes are to us. It is the place where they can leave their luggage, have their letters sent, and get a bed when they return.

And because it is that in the lives of so many men, it is logical that when people lose track of their sailor friends, they should write here for information. One thousand letters of inquiry were received by this department last year.

Nearly every letter said, "I have so often heard him speak of that place." Yes they do, and they have their letters sent here. Then when they do not write, their friends write to us. The addresses on their letters are peculiar. One came addressed to the Sailors' Home with the green light, New York. Another was addressed to the Sailors' Home, near South Ferry, New York.

Fifty per cent of the men sought for last year, were located by means of putting their names on our Bulletin Boards, on our Moving Picture Screen, and in our Missing Men Bulletin, which is published regularly and sent to ports in twenty-one dif-

ferent countries. We also leave a card for the missing man in our Post Office, asking him to call at the Chaplain's Office for news.

We have in several cases, had letters from other countries inquiring for a seaman who saw his name in another foreign country, and wrote to us from there for information. We have put people in touch with each other who were not in this country, and that we never saw.

It is a worth while work, in the return of human happiness and good will.

The Navigation School

The full name of this department on the 13th floor is, "The Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School." It occupies a large portion of the floor and part of the roof. It is where seamen are trained to navigate ships, to be engineers and to be radio operators.

This school had during the year past a total enrollment of 972 students, and 527 successfully passed Government examinations and secured licenses.

Many a young American boy has been inspired to seek a higher standing in his work, just by having this school at hand. It is easy when staying in the house to get on the elevator and go to the top floor. Some of them go up, more from curiosity than a desire to learn. Boys often stand with careless feet at the brink of opportunity.

Many boys have gone up, and when there, have suddenly realized their possibilities and become students. Some have not been very

good students at first, but have improved when they began to know their power. And when they get their license, of course, the whole Institute, is scarcely large enough to hold them.

They saunter with an air of carelessness from one department to another, telling of their honor, and their faces glow when they are congratulated. They expect us all to be proud of them. We have to take the place of the distant family, and we are proud of them, and of the country that can produce such fine young men. —

Seamen's Wages Department

It is not natural for a seaman to save, but there are some who do it. Their feeling of responsibility to parents or wife is stronger than their natural inclination. We call them good men.

Their good intentions are shown by the number who put their money in our Savings Department, when they first come to the building. Some fairly run to the stairs and hurry down it, their faces stern with their determination. They confide to the banker that they are not going to be like the other fellows who squander all they have made in one night. They pat themselves very hard on the back. They walk out with a very self-righteous feeling.

Frequently they hurry to the House Mother and the Chaplains and boast of their bank account. They may even suggest that they may invite them to go to a show. The Chaplains' Department has learned to be fearful of such loud virtue.

It has been said that the road to destruction is paved with good intentions. The way down to the Savings Department in the Institute is certainly paved with them; and the way up is very often paved with excuses. To themselves they mumble, "I've been eight months at sea and I got to have a bit of a time. I won't spend much; they won't get it from me. I know them."

But you know from the accounts in these pages every week, they cannot cope with the landsharks who are constantly waiting for them. Liquor or dope of some kind is used to rob them of their senses. Their money is taken and they are cast on the street, some distance from where they went in. They have no redress.

But not all come to such an end. Last year there were 6,672 deposits made amounting to \$1,201,067.51, of which \$238,701.25 was transmitted at request of depositor to family or friends, in 21 different countries.

Now the men are drawing on their accounts steadily. Many long ago drew out the savings of years. It has gone for themselves and friends in this unemployment time.

The Lunch Counter

If you wish to prove your democracy, have a meal at our Lunch Counter. Have it at noon, when there is a crowd, and if you do not discover that you are less democratic than you thought, you are the real thing.

Everyone is welcome and everyone patronizes it. They are there

from practically every country in the world. Their language will, in all probability, not trouble you as much as their color. A good complexion at the Lunch Counter is entirely comparative. There are red, black, yellow, tan and white, and while we have never seen anyone blue or green, still we have seen an approach to it.

It is one of the most remarkable things in the world to realize that such a mixed lot of men, of every color and nation, can meet together in this one building, and live together in peace.

But they do. They eat their meals at the same lunch counter; they sleep in the same dormitories and they mingle together in the same Lobby. But they have one bond, and it is close enough to prevent trouble. They are all men of the sea. They all know the ocean in all its moods. They all know ships.

It's a relationship—the brotherhood of a common job. It means that the quiet, individualistic men of the north have at least one key to the character of the noisy, excitable, hot-tempered men of the south. They understand the same job and the life they must live, if they go to sea. They understand when they are on the beach, that a seaman cannot be expected to have money. Nationality or color is not a barrier when one is in need. If they have been shipmates, they are bound by the honor of the men of the sea, to help each other when in trouble.

Yes, it is a real test of democracy to have a meal at some times in our

Lunch Counter. It has revealed a number of people to themselves.

Just Keeping Clean

Cleanliness is said to be next to godliness, and it is certainly the second consideration in the Institute.

We were pleased recently, when the head of a very important institution came down to our building to study it and find out how we kept it so clean. He said he had been told ours was one of two, of the best kept institutions in this part of the world.

Of course we are not boasting when we say we knew it. We have been told, so many times, by people who have been shown through, that we could not doubt it. No labor is spared to keep this building perfectly clean. We know that many of the men who patronize it have never been in such a clean place before. But that is what this, as a Christian Institution aims to do, set a standard for men. We desire it to be better than they have ever had before.

One man showed the influence of his life here in a very telling way. He said that when he went home, he was not happy because they did not know how to live. When asked what he meant he explained by saying they used the same soap to wash themselves as they used to wash their clothes. One knew the other things that he did not mention.

It takes work to keep every bed fresh and clean every night. No man is ever asked to sleep in a bed used by another. And if he stays

for a week or two his sheets and pillow cover are changed twice a week. His towels are clean every day and his room and the bathrooms and toilets are cleaned every day.

An amusing thing about this place is that when once you have set a standard, you have every incentive to keep it up. Men who have been here once and know the system will make as much fuss as a guest in the Hotel Astor if their bed is not fresh and clean. They value it and they are not going to let the employees get away with careless work if they can prevent it.

The men prove their appreciation by coming here first when they come ashore. Our house now, even in these hard times, is full every night, although we have added 74 beds, making a total of 788.

Clothes Shop

At the turn of the stairs, as you go down from the second floor to the Lobby, is a most unexpected little shop. It is the tailor shop where the men get their clothes pressed and repaired. It is such a retiring little place that you will not notice it unless you look closely. But it is always open for business and doing a good one.

Go on down and cross the Lobby and to the left, you will see what is called "The Slop Chest." It is "A Gents' Furnishing Store" or "Men's Clothing Store," or whatever name you are familiar with for a store that keeps everything in the way of clothing that one class of men may need, both at work and at play.

It was opened to prevent the pi-

racy of the stores in this part of the city. In the early days they charged whatever they thought they could get, and foreigners, without a knowledge of the language or the money, gave them whatever they asked and did not know how to do otherwise.

The Reef

I've struck this reef before—

Come off with damage, less or more:

Here a ninth wave drove up my deck;

Here came my precious freight to wreck,

And here lay scattered all along the gleaming shore.

And this has come about

Both with the tempest, and without.

When breath there was not on the deep,

And all my caution was asleep. . . .

At last the truth I know, nor room can be for doubt:

As long as I shall sail,

Whether my bark be stout or frail,

Somehow—again—upon this reef

(No other) I shall come to grief;

Nor swaying bell nor any signal shall avail.

There is no power can save,

Invoke I gods of wind or wave!

This certain course my bark shall fare,

Whether I watch, or have no care. . . .

Wherefore this song—if any choose to heed the stave:

My reef is mine,

My wreck is mine,

My salvage, too, is mine

(If aught of precious I may save)—

And all retold, and still retold,

To the last sailing date,

Till the great sea shall give a grave. . . .

My fate's seal'd orders from of old,

My temperament my fate.—

My reef is mine;

What thinkest thou, O Voyager, is *thine*?

—EDITH M. THOMAS.

The LOOKOUT

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or
LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

A Merry Christmas

We have never seen most of the readers of this little magazine, but by your works we know you.

We know that you have turned a kindly and sympathetic ear to every request that has been made. We know that many times you have done much more than we asked. We know that you have thought of kindly Christian things to do. And we know that we have had the prayers of many.

We know that at times, when we have been tired and a bit discouraged your letters and gifts have come to cheer us up. We know that at times, when the steady strain has weakened the faith of some of us, your faith has strengthened ours. We know that because you are looking to us for the best that we can give, and because you believe we will give it, we won't fail.

We are partners in a great enterprise.

And so, we send you our Christmas greeting, all wrapped up in the encouraging and inspiring thoughts you have given us during the year. They have bound us to you by bands of steel that time will not wear down. For the greatest gift you send is not the material thing, but the spirit that comes with it. It is that spirit in you, that has kept strong and pure, our faith and hope and love that goes out to humanity.

It has been a hard year in many ways. There has been much heart searching in the world and much bitterness. Day after day we have had to face a steady stream of discouraged, destitute and hungry men. Men heartbroken and often bitter. It is a procession that will leave its mark on the hardest. Even the strongest nerves break under the strain in time.

But the world is good—humanity is sound, for there is still gratitude, and kindness and love and hope and faith. Not as much as we would like, but enough, if given a chance, to leaven the world.

And so, we wish you from our hearts, "A Merry Christmas."

Our Christmas

In our last number in a very abrupt and short notice we explained that we could not give Christmas presents this year. The reason of the short note was, that THE LOOKOUT was almost on the press before we finally decided that it was not wise to try to give every man a gift as before.

It was with great reluctance that we gave up this custom, which has meant so much to the men and to us. It gave a certain feeling to Christmas that nothing else can. But this year, with hundreds of men around us cold and hungry, we do not feel justified in giving presents to everyone. If we did that, men who had money and did not really need anything, would get something that might mean life itself to another. So, instead, whatever you send in will be given to men in hospitals and to men in actual need. And there are unfortunately many both sick and in need.

We are planning also to give every man in this house a card of greeting, and a Christmas dinner free. We will also do the same for the poor fellows in the Welfare headquarters; that will mean about 1,100 dinners.

We also have planned to have Special and Extra Services and Entertainments on that day. We are sure that funds enough will be contributed, so that the day will not be observed without a special character. What it will lack in presents, and confidence about the future, we will try to supply in good will and a spirit of peace.

Yes—there will be a fine spirit, we know—for this is home to so many. And as even those who are disgruntled at society, often say to us, "We may damn you and find fault, but we always come back." That is the proof that it is home to them. They are just like the rest of us who often find fault with things in our homes, but we always go back.

The Woman's Auxiliary

It seems at times that there is a Special Providence caring for this work, for the men of the sea. This thought was recalled to our minds when we learned that the members of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of New York, had in the neighborhood of \$700 worth of knitted articles for us.

Never have our men needed them so much and never has it been so impossible for them to get work to earn them. And yet all this summer, at the mountains and the seashore, in the city and in the country, busy fingers have been making socks and sweaters and mufflers and wristlets, for these men, whom they do not know. They are being sent to us this year, and never before have we received any such recognition from the Diocesan Organization. They are an answer to prayer.

The Woman's Auxiliary has also contributed \$691.75 for the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of America. Of this amount \$654 was given to the work in Port Arthur, Texas, where it was greatly needed. The missionary spirit of the Social Service Department was evidenced in the fact that so much of the contribution was appropriated for work outside of this Diocese.

The Woman's Auxiliary of western New York sent several packages of supplies to the General Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, to be distributed at his discretion. These he is dividing between the New Orleans and the Port Arthur Institutes. These homes are

just beginning and the help has supplied a need and has been gratefully received.

The organized women of the Church are thus functioning locally and nationally, in their work for the Seamen's Church Institute.

The Hotel Desk

Here is where the men who come to the house strike first. The clerks at the Desk are really the reception committee for the house. They give the first impression of the spirit of the Institute, and their patience is often sadly tried. They would need to be a combination of all the books of knowledge ever written, to answer all the questions asked them in one day alone.

Here the men are registered, but before a man is taken in he has to prove that he is a seaman. The hotel desk clerk has to be both prosecuting lawyer and judge. He has to make up his mind from the written and verbal evidence whether the man is really an active seaman. And it is often a laborious business to find out.

"Are you a seaman?" is the first question. An affirmative grunt or nod is the reply.

"Show me your last discharge," the clerk says.

"I didn't get a discharge," and the man begins to take a little interest in the proceedings.

"When were you on a ship?"

"I just came off one. It is lying at Pier 9."

"Let me see your passport, then," the clerk says finally.

"I haven't got a passport. I lost it."

"Then I can't give you a room. You have to show me something to prove that you are a seaman."

Then the trouble begins. The man declares that he is a seaman and has been a seaman all his life. He always stays at the Institute and he stayed in it the first night it was open. He is known by everybody and if he is not given a bed there will be trouble in the house.

If the clerk is not timid and still persists that he has to prove his right to a bed, he either goes for a Chaplain or the House Mother, or else he feels around in his pocket. Frequently he has the best of proof of his claim, but never thought of it. At other times he is bluffing, and when he sees he has to give proof he sneaks out. It requires a lot of qualities to be a good hotel desk clerk.

The Post Office

This is the department where you get very close to the hearts of the men. They have been away for weeks or months. They have not had any contact with their fellows except those on board ship with them. They have not heard from any of those they love.

They have been afraid to have their mail forwarded; it is so often lost in that way. The Institute has instructions to hold it for them. At last they get back. They are impatient for news. They have been asking themselves how much they have been missed. How many letters will they get? What will their friends say?

Suddenly an eager face appears before the post office clerk. A hopeful, rather excited voice says, "Is there any mail for ——?"

It is all in the day's work for the clerk, who goes to the box and brings the letters. She goes over them all carefully and says, "I am sorry, there is nothing for you today."

"But there must be. I gave them this address."

The clerk shakes her head, but at his insistence she looks again. There is no mail for him.

His face is tragic in its disappointment. She would give a great deal if she could only get one letter for him, the one he desires most.

Then comes another. He talks all the time she is looking over the mail. He has been away eight months. She looks up, his voice is so boyish.

"And I expect a lot of letters from home," he goes on; "I know my mother will write every week."

He has quite a bundle and he opens one before he gets the others. The clerk has finished and she looks up. She hears a sob. His face is working strangely and the tears are welling from his eyes. In a drawn, strange voice he says, "My mother is dead. My mother is dead."

What can one say! And so it goes, day in and day out at the post office. Disappointment, joy, tragedy and tears.

Our post office is as large as one in a city of 15,000 people.

The Shipping Department

This department was established to help in the fight against the boarding house keepers and the shipping agents. These people were in league in the early days and a man could not get a ship unless he stayed at one of the boarding houses in the combine.

When the Institute was first established, the men were afraid to stay at it, lest they would not be able to get a ship. That could not go on, so a Shipping Office was established to ship the men who stayed in the house. Later it became larger and shipped anyone who applied if there was work to be had.

This department will be closed at the end of the year. During this time of unemployment it has very little work and so is an expense that we cannot afford at this time.

The Barber Shop

On the second floor is the Barber Shop that had many reasons for its being, as well as the usual one.

Around this part of the city were many barber shops that also had many reasons for being, beside the ostensible one. Some had women in them whose business was to help in getting the money from the seamen who patronized it.

Men come in from a long sea voyage, hungry for the sight of women, and ready to be deceived by them. Well, it was the old, old story, until our Barber Shop was established and the men had a place to go where they knew they would be fairly treated.

Legal Matters

You may ask why the Institute should help the seamen in legal matters. There are plenty of lawyers in New York. He could go to one of them.

So he can and that is what he has been doing for years. There are good seamen's lawyers but there are very bad ones, men who see in the seaman, not a human being depending on him in their trouble but a simple fool, from whom they can make easy money. We regret to have to say there are many such, and that kind are loudest in their protestations of friendship for the sailors.

They know the seaman will not have money to pay them for their case, and so when the case seems sure, they agree to fight it for half that they get. As a rule, before the case is over, the seaman, travelling from port to port on the other side of the world, cannot know what is being done. When he returns, he may get his share or he may not. He accepts it like he accepts all the other hardships of his life. He shrugs his shoulders, mumbles that it is always the way and goes out. Sometimes he kicks up considerable of a row, but he has to have a few drinks to give him enough courage, and then he is likely to be run in for drunkenness.

We have a Chaplain who has made a study of the law regarding the more common troubles that seamen encounter. He hears the case of the man, then he sees the other side, and in nine cases out of ten he gets the

matter settled without going to court. This Chaplain has also saved the seamen thousands of dollars, that were being taken from them illegally, the income tax being the method by which they were relieved of it. There is no doubt, it is not an easy matter to compute the income of some sailors, but in many cases it seemed that no real effort was made to see that these men got anything like justice.

The Baggage Department

You must picture yourself as absolutely homeless, without a place on earth that you can call yours, not even one small room, before you can understand our Baggage Department.

It is two floors underground, and if it could overflow, it would. It has been full for years, but it is like the old family table in the home, where many of us were raised; that can always accommodate one more. That dunnage room makes me feel queer every time I go into it.

There are trunks, the ordinary usual uninteresting kind and suit cases and bags. Then there are trunks and suit cases and bags that are not ordinary and not uninteresting. They bear the marks of much travel and the weathering effects of many climes. They have seen life and they have seen it from many angles.

Some have become discouraged and disheartened. They look tired and worn. They are disillusioned. They have travelled from country to country in search of the gold at the end of the rainbow, but always have

been disappointed. The far corners of the earth are just their own corners, in another place, and having all the failings of their own. The Land of Promise has faded at their approach, and so they go on, without hope, just waiting until a little more shabby and tired looking, when their owners will throw them away, and get new ones in their place.

There are other suit cases and bags that appear cynical. They have rather a hardened look, like people who have seen too much, are apt to have. They look worse than they should because they do not care. Are they reflecting the mind of their owners? We cannot say. They are all in a row on a shelf. We do not know who will claim them.

Then there are shiny new ones—some leather and some imitation leather. Some of them no doubt belong to young men, but there is a great difference in the expression of new bags. When you come to see the Institute, take a look at the bags in the dunnage rooms. You will understand.

There they are, containing the worldly possessions of many men. Queer stories they could tell if they dared. Sometimes their owners do not return, and then they are opened. Yes, each has its own story that can be patched together from a few letters and photographs and —.

Tender, pathetic and sordid, those are the stories concealed behind the cases and trunks and bags in the dunnage room. Stories that carry us back to Africa and China and India and Australia, stories that re-

veal the beautiful and the bestial; the tender and the savage in mankind. They are all there—but we cannot linger. Life is being lived around us.

Over 80,000 pieces of baggage were checked in during the past year; and men are constantly calling to get their gear—as they start out on a voyage—or else that they may pawn it for food.

Friends

The following note was sent with a contribution: "I was many years ago, one of the sailor boys and now am 80 with little means."

Another contributor wrote, from far away China: "Your annual appeal for help has just reached me and am returning my check—which is all I can properly give to your work. Here in China you can well understand the opportunities are legion and the needs overwhelming and year after year I feel as if I ought to keep what little I have to give for the needs in China. In particular we have a very acute seamen's problem in this great port of Shanghai and only a few scattered agencies trying to reach and meet the need.

"The Navy Y is making a brave effort but without a proper building or equipment and I do feel as if one ought to help right here all he can. It is only my long association with the work in New York in this modest way, that makes me decide to keep up my annual gift this year, and I send it with the best of wishes for success in the great work you are doing."

Homesick

You wouldn't have suspected it. He was large, more than six feet in height, and quite young. His face was bronzed from exposure to sun and wind. He was from Belgium, and was the type of man you would never think of being homesick. Why we do not expect a big man to have the usual tender emotions is difficult to understand.

But he was. He stammered the story to our Chaplain, and over and over he told about his three little boys, aged seven, five and three. They were back in the old country, and his great ambition was to earn enough money to send for his wife and children. It seemed a rather big undertaking for he hadn't a cent and no work. He explained that before the war he had a small boat of his own. It was lost, and he had to return to sea.

There was very little chance of getting work at sea, so the Chaplain gave him \$6 to help him to go to a mill in Maine. He went with great hope of soon having all the money he needed. But disappointment met him there. He found that there was a strike, and the job he had been engaged for belonged to a man who had thirteen children. By some strange chance he had gone to the home of that man to board.

He felt he couldn't take the work of a man who needed it so much and he told his employer, who gave him a job as dishwasher in the company restaurant. Inside of a week he was made Steward at \$7 a day. His joy knew no bounds. He saved a little, helped the man with whom he

boarded until the strike was over and he returned to work, and he had a pretty good time planning what he would do for his family.

But now came the complication. His wife had an old father living with her and did not care to bring him so far. She refused to come. But undaunted, the husband saved until he had enough money to bring the family over and keep them for awhile when they did come. But the wife still would not come, and the father in the man so yearned for his boys that he took sick and had to pay part of his money to the doctor.

At last he felt that he could not endure it any longer. His employer sympathized so much with him, that he told him he could leave and go back to the old country and he would give him work when he returned. That was enough. He suddenly bobbed up in the Office of the Chaplain who had helped him. He paid back the money loaned to him, and deposited \$200 in the bank to be used when the family arrives. He took enough to bring the family out with him, and started off to find a way to get across to Belgium.

"I want to be an American," he said, "I want to live here always and my boys here. This our country."

Anna Christie

If you have not seen the play "Anna Christie" and you wish to understand the men of the sea, do not miss it. To those of us who have worked for years among seamen, it was not a play, it was life.

"That old devil, the sea," was the refrain of the puzzled old man.

Yes, that is the attitude of many of them. O'Neil, the author, went to sea for six years and the actors in a marvellous way enter into the psychology of the men, whom he understands perfectly. The Irishman, we have in the Lobby, nearly every day, arguing about something. The type of the Captain of the barge are passing away, but we have one from time to time.

In the very midst of immorality, it is a defense of the morality of the men of the sea as compared with other men, and without a word being said on the subject, it is a strong argument for a single standard of morality for men and women.

It is difficult for any critic to say what another person will enjoy in a play, but if you are interested in life, and enjoy a wonderful portrayal of character in a most dramatic way, you have it in "Anna Christie."

Pauline Lord is remarkable as Anna Christie and in fact the whole cast is wonderful, as there are no weak spots. In the mind's pictures every character stands out, strong and clear, an entity, struggling in a very human way with circumstances, that fairly tear their hearts from their bodies.

Our House Manager, who was a seaman at one time, says it is the finest play he ever saw. The House Mother is equally enthusiastic, and the Editor considers "Anna Christie" and "Liliom" the two greatest plays she has seen in New York in over four years of theatre going.

"That old devil, the sea," the barge Captain said, when life became too complicated, and finally he went back to placate the monster that it might spare his "Anna."

We laughed at the simplicity of the old man, while we each in our own way are making our offering when life becomes too complicated, hoping that something will placate the fate that is too much for us.

Just Folks

This is not an account of seamen. It is an account of the effect on us, of what you, who read this little magazine have done.

"Folks are good," one of the Chaplain's said as he told the story, and his eyes looked a little moist with the quick tears that come, when folks do the big, fine thing.

A few numbers back we told the story of a young seaman in a hospital in Bermuda. His back was broken, he had only a scant six months to live, although he did not know it. A sailor who comes here when in New York, was in the same ward. He found that the poor fellow was Danish, and he could not read English. The long days he passed, lying in bed with nothing to think about but the end, and what that might be, he did not know.

The heart of the sailor who saw him was touched, and he wrote to the House Mother to see if she could not get some Danish papers and books for him.

We have constant evidence that your hearts are open to the cry of need, but there was something about the response to that appeal that par-

ticularly touched us. Books and papers, enough to fill his waking hours for months, have been sent, and with them came some little word or message, that showed the giver was with the gift.

And that was not all. A few days ago we received word from a lady who said that she had a friend in Denmark, and if it were possible to move the young man, she would try and arrange for him to be taken home to see his own country and people, before the faint spark of life flickered out.

That did get us, right by the heart strings. We in this country have been called materialistic, but as long as there are folks who are willing to go to no end of trouble, for an unknown sailor, that he may see his own land and his own folks before he goes on the great adventure, then sentiment is not dead. Materialism has not crushed sympathy from our hearts.

The Captain

The whole crew filed into the room to see him. The House Mother was there too and her smile was a bit shaky when she saw those great strong men gather around the baby, pat his hands and call him "Captain."

"Yes, he is the captain," the father said proudly, as the mother held him toward one of the men, the father of children far away, who wanted to hold him for a little while.

The father was captain of a barge and less than two years ago he brought his sweetheart to the Institute and was married here. They had been very happy on their float-

ing home, and happier than ever before, when the baby came and claimed a share in their lives. And the crew too were happy, for that baby soon captured the hearts of them all.

The barge was the only disgruntled member of the family. It may be that its load of joy was too much for it. Barges may not be accustomed to so much happiness on board. Or it may have been that it grew tired of the monotony of life—whatever the trouble, one day last week it shivered and began to sink.

And then it was, that the real affection of the crew was tried. Below them they saw a watery grave yawning for them—but their thought was for the baby. Someone threw a line across to a vessel anchored some distance from them. Someone put the baby in a bag, tied it up and put it on the line to be drawn across the yapping gulf of water that seemed to stretch so far between. It was not until the baby was safe on the other side, that anyone thought of themselves. Then the mother went across and then the members of the crew. At last all were safe, but the barge had disappeared.

That night the mother and father came to the Institute. They had lost everything, but their thought was for the baby. Would the Chaplain baptise him? Of course he would, and arrangements were made. Then the mother to Mrs. Roper: "Won't you come down to the hotel and see the baby?"

The House Mother would, and made a bee line for the "Captain."

General Summary of Work

OCTOBER, 1921

RELIGIOUS WORK

South St. Institute, 25 South St.	No. Attend.	North River Station, 341 West St.	No. Attend
Sunday Services, A. M.	5	Sunday Services, P. M.	5
Sunday Services, P. M.	5	Song Services	5
Bible Classes	5		299
Gospel Meetings	4		299
Weddings	1		
Funerals	4		
Baptisms	5		

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island

Sunday Services, A. M.	4	250
Funerals	2	

Institutional Service

South St. Institute		North River Station	
Home Hours	5	Home Hours	0
Entertainments	6	Entertainments	5
Lodgings Registered	21,484	Incoming Mail for Seamen	430
Incoming Mail for Men	14,934	Dunnage Checked	100
Dunnage Checked	3,594	Free Baths	
Free Baths	543	Free Clothes Washings	
Free Clothes Washings	427	Packages Literature Distributed	94
Packages Literature Distributed	279	Knitted Articles Distributed	
Knitted Articles Distributed	450		

Relief

Meals, Lodgings, Clothing	610	Meals, Lodging, Clothing	2
Assisted by Loans	89	Assisted by Loans	3
Minor Relief and Baggage	467	Minor Relief	2
Cases in Inst. Clinic	510	Cases Referred to Institute Clinic	
Ref. to Hospitals	170	Referred to Hospitals	1
Ref. to Other Organizations	9	Referred to Other Organizations	

Employment

Ships Supplied	17	Ships Supplied	1
Men Shipped	93	Men Shipped	1
Temporary Employment		Temporary Employment	
Shore Jobs	68	Shore Jobs	2

Visits

To Hospitals	19	To Hospitals	
To Patients	30	To Patients	
Other Visits	15	Other Visits	
		To Ships	19

U. S. Marine Hospital, No. 21

Fox Hills Hospital	No. 21	Hudson Street Hospital	
To Hospital	14	To Hospital	25
Number of Hours	41¾	Number of Hours	89¾
		Number of Hours	3

Educational

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	56
First Aid Lectures	4
Other Education Lectures	1

Seamen's Wages

Deposits	\$40,777.13
Withdrawals	56,106.85
Transmissions	13,061.19

SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

Almighty God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thy blessing upon all organizations throughout the world engaged in ministering to the welfare of seamen. Give wisdom to all who have undertaken to direct the management of their interests.

Endow with judgment and strength from on high the Executive Officers, Chaplains, Missionaries and all associated with them: direct and prosper all their doings to the advancement of Thy glory.

Grant, we beseech Thee, that the Seamen and Boatmen gathered from all nations of men who dwell on the face of the whole earth may find within the walls of the Institutes and Missions deliverance from danger and strength against temptation, inspiration to nobleness and purity, and, above all, such influence as will lead to their repentance and salvation through faith in Thy blessed son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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 five dollars 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.

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