

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XI.

OCTOBER 1919

No. 10

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

Insouciant About Money

There was a brief lull about the Hotel Desk. It was 9 A. M. and the clerks were working on the books, replacing the pens which get worn with the various entries of over 700 men a day. Suddenly a hand came through the window and waved frantically at the Desk Woman.

"You remember me?" he asked excitedly. "I stay here last night and I leave all my money in my room when I go out this morning."

She did not remember him, but his name tallied with his room number. There was no watchman near her at the time, so she had to keep the anxious man waiting a few minutes. Once or twice he seemed about to sob but he controlled himself, and at last they went up to the room. He rushed in, felt beneath his pillow and found the pocket-book containing \$250.

Then the tears did come.

"Thank God I stayed in this house!" he exclaimed over and over. "I never

was here before and it was the fortune of angels that my friend say come over here. In another hotel or boarding-house. I would have worked hard four months and all would have been gone."

He wiped the perspiration of joy from his forehead, turned a childishly confident gaze upon the Desk Woman and inquired;

"You think if I had not remembered, they would have kept my pocket-book for me?"

"Yes, I think so", she smiled, "but why not put a large sum like that in the Seamen's Wages Department?"

"Thank you", he kept repeating, "oh, thank you—it is a good thing I came to this house!"

Grit That Counts

A Pennsylvania miner, who has subscribed to the Ways and Means Department of the Institute, wrote to us the other day:

"I have lost a leg in the war and am

in the hospital for treatment. Cannot send you my usual \$5.00 this year, *but come again next year.*"

He faced a withering rain of shot and shell, stood for all of us in the front line of battle, and lost a leg. Are you willing to stand for him? The editor would like to write to him that a hundred volunteers jumped into the breach.

A Gentle Problem

"How can you ask someone to give \$3,000 for new laundry equipment and make the idea charming, picturesque and moving?" a slightly cynical friend asked the editor recently, glancing over the September LOOKOUT.

Apparently we didn't. And yet, the installing of a new tumbler drier in the Institute Laundry was a sort of event. It was not as colorful or romantic as gay signal flags for the flag-staff, or a portable organ, or drinking-fountains. But, somehow, the idea of giving fresh, well-aired sheets, really clean towels, and spotless counterpanes to seamen guests appeals to us as enormously attractive.

The trouble is that most LOOKOUT readers take clean linen entirely for granted. It wouldn't occur to one of you that you were being fastidious when you had fresh sheets and pillow cases every day, or every other day, according to your income in these expensive times. But you might think that a seaman was, if he demanded the same thing. You would argue that he wasn't accustomed to it.

When the merchant seaman comes ashore, he goes up to his room in the Institute. He sees his bed with an inviting cover, slips into it with a pleasant knowledge of its belonging to him.

"Why at some of these boarding-houses on the water-front", a seaman told the editor, "the sheets would be grey instead of white, and almost always wrinkled as if they had been used many nights before you took the room. That is why I come to the Institute, more than anything else. I get a good shower-bath, get out my shore clothes, and feel like a regular fellow, after weeks at sea where I was crowded in with too many other men to find it comfortable."

And sheets for over 712 beds, pillow slips, towels and napkins means that the Institute must keep her Laundry in a state of the highest efficiency.

That is why we put in a new drier that cost \$3,000, and that is why we want someone to make it a gift. With the new drier, at least 1,000 more pieces of linen can be washed in a day. The clothes are put in it, revolved with fans playing upon them, and the lint and nap which used to float about, getting into the throats and lungs of the laundry workers is all caught in a waste-pit.

\$3,000 is a great deal of money or not, just as clean linen is important or not. It is all in the point of view. Why not make this Tumbler Drier a memorial, just as the stair-case and the magneto clocks and hundreds of other practical things were made memorials in the Institute?

The Retort Caustic

As he propped himself negligently against the wire grating of the Hotel Desk, he surveyed the little friendly knots of seamen with a scowl of bitter dislike.

"What do I get out of living?" he muttered. "Always a fireman, once you start and no chance—."

He was interrupted by the voice of the Desk Man.

"You wish a room? Name, please. Are you a steward?"

"A steward!" exclaimed the scowling one. And then he added in the voice of a man goaded beyond endurance. "Me? Sure, wit a shovel."

The Expected Part

It was a year ago that Edward N. Hurley, then Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, paid tribute to the bravery and character of the officers and men of the American Merchant Marine in wartime. He also emphasized the importance of the Merchant Marine personnel as an asset for the nation in the coming peace times.

A year later it is well to recall his words.

"I do not believe the American people appreciate the wonderful work these men have done to help us win the war. We have every reason to be proud of what we have accomplished so far in the training of men to man our merchant ships.

"While there has been glory and official honor for the Army and Navy

merchant seamen have been taking their chances down in the fire-hold and in the life boats, and on pieces of wreckage in the freezing north Atlantic, for ordinary day's wages. For them there have been no decorations or uniforms, or war correspondents. They have faced the piratical submarine and the torpedo, not once but again and again as a regular part of their duty, and stuck to the job until they were crippled, killed, drowned or frozen to death. In many cases their names and achievements have not been given publicity for military reasons.

"That is the spirit that has made the merchant marine so important a part of the military forces of America and the Allies. The dogged courage of the British mariners is the result of long training and fine traditions. As we build up our own merchant marine, we shall support it in the same spirit. We must go out over the world and give to other nations the peaceful service which is the basis of world trade. We must take the lean years with the fat years in shipping and instead of theorizing about the difficulties and limitations, show our determination to keep a merchant marine intact as a basis for commerce in times of peace and a protection in the event of war."

An Unreliable Memory

Hugh was at the window of the Baggage Department, a wrinkle of anxiety making a furrow between his weak blue eyes.

"It was a big suit-case—more like

a Gladstone bag really—and it had everything in it. Here's the check, you see."

The Baggage Man looked somewhat worried, too. He had not been able to find Hugh's single piece of dunnage and Hugh was evidently not gifted with the priceless boon of patience.

"Look here," he exclaimed at last! "I must have the money then. I must be paid for the contents. They were worth \$65.00 and that is a low figure." He began to describe the glories of his best clothes, his overcoat, his shoes. "All new they was, and I must have—."

Just then the Dunnage Man interrupted.

"Here is your suit-case," he said, and smiled a very little, as he pushed across the counter a tiny hand-bag about the size of a physician's case.

"Well," admitted Hugh, "it is mine, but—I remembered it much larger."

Disappointing "Scieners"

Tim had occupied a Lunch Counter seat for nearly an hour. He had permitted a catholic taste to lead him through varied arrangements of oysters, a small steak, a great deal of cabbage and at least three sorts of pie. With some slight difficulty he slipped to the floor and started in the general direction of the open air.

"Here," called the cashier, "You haven't paid. Where is your check for your meal?"

"Check?" asked Tim, not in shrill surprise, but in torpid astonishment.

"Sure," answered the cashier, "don't you usually get a check and pay at this desk?"

Tim's flushed face assumed a look of hurt bewilderment, which rapidly changed to disgust.

"Do I have to pay here?" he inquired, "why, I thought you people did this free. I thought you was some of them Christian Scieners!"

Two Pianos

Please do not forget that we still need two upright pianos over at the North River Station on West St. Speak of it to your friends. People occasionally have pianos which they no longer use and which are in good condition.

A surprising number of seamen play very well and many more can play sufficiently for their own amusement and the entertainment of their ship-mates on lull days and idle evenings ashore.

It does not matter if the case is slightly scratched if the felts are not badly worn.

The pianos should be sent to North River Station, 341 West St., care of Allan Gookin, Manager.

More Baggage Room \$600

A huge wicker hamper was being hoisted to the top of a towering pile of trunks down in the Baggage Room. In the long rows of steel racks, beautifully made English hand-bags, cheap suit-cases and hundred of canvas dunnage bags already seemed to fill every inch of space.

"There must be over 5,000 pieces of

seamen's luggage in this place right now," the Baggage Man said.

He went over to the window to receive two more pieces. They were small parcels wrapped in newspapers. Each man writes his name carefully on the check that is tied to his dunnage. When he claims it, he not only has to present the other half of the check, but he must sign his name and it must be identical with the original signature.

"But I don't always write the same way every time," one of the men protested the other day.

"You just try your best to remember how you wrote on this check," suggested the Baggage Man drily, "or you will have quite a bit of trouble getting it out."

Down in the cellar below the sub-basement, where the Baggage Room operates, they have had to build a mezzanine of iron frame-work to take care of 500 more pieces.

"And that doesn't give us any room to play games in," declared the Baggage man. "If we deliver 250 pieces in a day, it seems to me that 275 come in. The men send us their stuff by express from every port in the U. S. They write to us, enclosing the baggage check, asking us to ship their things to them.

"Lots of fellows just take a bag with their sea-gear when they go to sea. They leave their suit-cases and trunks with us to be stored, paying a very low sum of ten cents a month for the privilege.

The new mezzanine for the Baggage Room is helping to relieve the congestion. "It means a lot of comfort to a sea-going man to know that he can leave all he has in the world right here with us," the Baggage Man reflected. "He knows it is being taken care of and that if he is killed, or if he should die, his relatives can get his things by being properly indentified."

Someone should make the new mezzanine his gift to the Institute or make it a memorial to someone else who loved the sea. Anything that helps to lift the cares of the merchant seaman is tremendously important these days.

A gift of the Baggage Mezzanine would be one of the care-lifters. It will cost \$600.

Tom Seeks a Job

Tom, usually so optimistic, so full of rollicking sea yarns, that even the staff paused in its rush of work to listen, was in a gloom. He could not get a berth and he could not find anything to do on shore—at least, he could not find anything that he liked doing.

"Dish washing and such like are not beneath me, but they ain't a man's sized job," he explained, after a fruitless round of the up-town hotels and restaurants where he had sought work as house steward or waiter. He sat in the Reading Room, spelling out the words of an article on the reason that living costs so much. His inability to

grasp its meaning irritated him savagely. Finally he picked up a newspaper and read the advertisements. His eye caught two words and he read them twice before hurrying down to the Desk Man.

"I say," he asked eagerly. "Where are the Polo Grounds?"

"Oh, 'way up town," replied the Desk Man. "155th St. is pretty far from here, Tom."

"Well, you write down the directions. I'm going up there." Tom decided swiftly, pulling up his belt and altering the position of the safety pin which attached a small red bow to the neck of his flannel shirt.

"Go ahead," said the Desk Man indifferently. "I don't think there is a ball-game today, though."

"Ball-game!" snorted Tom, derisively. "I said Polo Grounds. Polo. I'm going up there to get a job taking care of the ponies."

Albert Is Perplexed

Or else we could have headed it; "The Educational Value of War." Because in figuring up the possible benefits of what everybody calls the late unpleasantness, we should not forget the impetus it gave to the study of geography.

Albert was sitting in the Reading Room, his head bent low over a map of Europe, and his whole figure tense with intellectual concentration. From time to time he murmured to himself with a worried expression on his bronzed forehead.

"What is bothering you, Al?" asked one of his shipmates. "You

look as if you were a German general figuring out a new entrance into Paris."

"Well," explained Albert, measuring a spot on the map with a finger where-on dirt and tan struggled together for supremacy, "I never realized before what a little bit of a place that Germany really is. Think of all Europe once bein' scared to death of a country that is only an inch and a half across!"

Thanksgiving Comes

In his book "Prejudices," Charles Macomb Flandrau talks most entertainingly about holidays. He says:

"If the Fourth of July drives one distracted with its fiendish noise, the day of giving thanks has almost the same effect if one pays any special attention to it, by reason of its unnatural quiet.

"It comes at a dreary time of year when outside there is nothing in particular to do and nowhere in particular to go. One stays in the house and some time during the day eats a variety of rather unusual and not necessarily agreeable things one would never think of ordering at a restaurant or a club.

"Until one has freed oneself from the thralldom of holidays (I have), the semi-historical, semi-culinary torpidity of Thanksgiving Day usually upsets one's routine, one's digestion, one's entire scheme of life."

That is the sophisticated opinion of plenty of people who have had chances all their lives to become surfeited with holiday-making. It is

amusing, but it scarcely expresses the attitude which any seamen in the Institute would understand.

A holiday on land means something very important to the man who sails the seas. He often has to spend days of rejoicing on ship-board. When he is on shore, he has the happy eagerness of a child, expecting things of a holiday which most of us do not.

Thanksgiving Day, distinctly an American holiday, appeals strongly to our seamen of all nations. They know why we give thanks and they feel the deeper spiritual significance beneath our feasting and autumn leaves and signs of festivity.

That is why the Institute wishes to serve a Thanksgiving Dinner to every man who lives in the building on that day. If every LOOKOUT reader sent 50 cents, we could feed our seamen gloriously. But realizing that this may not happen, we hope that all of you who care about the holiday feeling, the celebration of the harvest-time and gratitude that makes for warm hearts and contentment will send whatever amount you can for the Thanksgiving Dinners. This means music and decorations and the feeling of gaiety too.

The Eloquent Verse

He was not one of the fresh-cheeked, twinkling-eyed seamen who look as if they had stepped from advertisements and would try to persuade you that certain brands of soap and tobacco were important.

He was just a weatherbeaten man, a little stooped, a year or two past

sixty, and he sat up in the Concert Hall, watching with close absorption the face of the House Mother when she made a little talk about ideals. Only she doesn't use that word. She just talks about the fun in being generally decent and square and feeling right about things.

A day later the elderly seaman tucked a manuscript under the House Mother's door. "Dedicated to Mother Roper" the envelope read, and inside were eleven stanzas of carefully written verse. There is only room to print one of them, but it is interesting because his inspiration so evidently came from that Concert Hall talk.

"Now my days are nearly spun
And my labor all but done
All I ask is peace to come
Spirit of hope, hear my prayer!"

They are often inarticulate, our merchant seamen. They cannot express the things they mean—they are embarrassed when they try, but sometimes they can write verse and sometimes they can play the piano. You have dreams when you sail the seven seas, and if you manage to keep them, without bitterness, it is because there is a big spirit somewhere that cannot be subdued by hardship.

Send Magazines

Please do not forget that our Literature Room constantly needs magazines, books, papers and reading matter of all sorts. These are tied in packages for the crews when they sail, or put upon our Reading tables where they receive hard wear and need continual replacing.

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Edmund L. Baylies,.....President
Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer
Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
or
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Sailors Day November 9th

Sunday, November 9, will be Sailors' Day, a day on which we are specially urged to remember and emphasize the value of seamen to Society, and to memorialize those who have been lost while following their difficult calling. For three years Sailors' Day has been observed by the churches throughout the United States.

Everybody realizes more poignantly than ever before how greatly the prosperity, safety and strength of our land depends upon the indispensable man, the merchant seaman. Our thoughts and sympathies have been turned to him during the past five years and a day in his honor has the hearty support of the whole country.

The service will be held in the Old First Presbyterian Church, University Place Church Building at Ninth Street, at eight o'clock in the evening, with an address by the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, D. D.

This great service is being arranged under the direction of the Joint Conference of Seamen's Societies of the Port of New York. The Joint Conference sends out notices to every clergyman in this city requesting that

this Fourth Annual Sailors' Day be observed by appropriate services in their churches, and in addition to this the Seamen's Church Institute of America is arranging for a national observance of the Day in all the Episcopal Churches in the country. Throughout the entire United States, every bishop and every priest is notified of the date, November 9th, and requested to celebrate it.

When the Old First Presbyterian Church is filled with seamen and mariners of every grade it will be a gathering of sea veterans, of men who have been wounded, of men who have seen their comrades drown or die from shells. It will be a congregation of men of the sea who have known the terrors and furies of an enemy beneath the sea, combined with the perils of winter winds and towers of water.

Representatives from the Shipping Board, Consuls, Shipping Commissioners, officers of Seamen's Societies will attend, but the service will be primarily a service for seamen, for the men who need our thoughts and prayers and encouragement.

About Christmas Gifts

People often write to us about the Christmas packages, inquiring how many parcels each person should send.

Each package can have as many things inside its white tissue paper and scarlet ribbon garment as you wish to send. For instance, a sweater or some large article might be accompanied by cigarettes, or a pipe and tobacco and candy. Any other small thing, a really gay Christ-

mas card, or a calendar that a man could tuck into his letter-case might go into this parcel. If you are sending a muffler, a scarf, neck-ties, a safety razor, handkerchiefs, stationery, it becomes a matter for you to decide just how many things you will include in your gift.

But the important thing is that we should have gifts for every man who sleeps in the building on Christmas Eve, for some of the men coming in from ships on Christmas Day; and we have always been able to take cheerful packages to the seaman who lie long days in hospitals.

Some of our old friends, men who have been coming to the building ever since it opened, are ill. The fun of opening a parcel, sent especially for him, would almost erase the monotonous day of a hospital ward for a man who may be depressed and worried.

"I don't know when I have done such a thing as cry," an old seaman confided to the House Mother last Christmas, "but when I saw that red ribbon and those little Santa Clauses pasted all over my present, I just had to use one of my new handkerchiefs."

And it was true of many men last year and the years before. Men who looked as if they did not bother very much with gentle moments, were so touched by the generosity of their unknown friends that they actually cried.

Send whatever you like. Do not feel that one thing is too little, if the demands upon you are great and you cannot afford to do any more. The

Christmas Parcel staff at the Institute can usually supplement a single article with candy or tobacco.

But have the fun of tying up a package for a sailor. The LOOKOUT will tell you what happiness you tied up with it when it writes its holiday number.

They Do Not Forget

Sometimes the LOOKOUT reflects sadly upon the careless letter writing habits of seamen. Whenever mothers and wives appeal to us for word from seamen who have not written home in a year, we feel as if letter writers simply do not go to sea. But they do. A letter came to the superintendent yesterday. It was laboriously inscribed, with words crossed out, obviously a painful effort. But it expressed something the man wanted to say.

"When I arrived aboard my vessel, after leaving the Institute, I was naturally most curious as to the contents of the Comfort Bag you gave me. When I looked at its contents, what a surprise! Of all my travels, North, South, East, West, I must admit that the New York Mission is the best. I always find my way to the sailor's mission in any port. But I have never found anything to equal yours.

"All the boys join me in thanking you for the reading matter. How handy it will be, and won't we have fun out of the phonograph which the Y. M. C. A. gave us? It has turned many a weary night into happiness."

This man was an engineer who naturally took his meals in the Officers' Dining Room. In his final paragraph of remembrances to the staff he added, "And remember me to the cashier lady in the dining room whose name I forget."

Thinking About the Seaman

Sometimes you hear people say, "But why do all this for a seaman? He's strong and ought to be able to take care of himself." It makes one wonder if those people do not belong to the class which goes away in the summer, leaving the pet cats to the mercy of the streets.

Not that the sailor bears any relation to a pet cat. On the contrary. But he does his work under conditions which the ordinary business man would call impossible. He sleeps in a dark, damp, ill-smelling cabin, lined with bunks, depressing in their discomfort and evil appearance. He eats whatever the company has permitted the captain to order. Occasionally it is palatable, but more often it has not even the virtue of being clean and nourishing.

The life of the average seaman is only 12 years on the seas, contrasted with 22 years or more, the life of the average landsman at his work. In an average year six seaman die every night, victims of the peculiar danger to which they are subjected at all times on the sea.

And when he comes ashore, he naturally regards any change with ample friendliness. His work of battling with elemental forces engenders

in him a quality of perpetual youth; his childish belief that everyone means well by him has been the tragic cause of his land troubles in the past. Almost any lure would catch him, rob him of his wages, render him drunk and demoralized.

Of course the water-front conditions have been improved greatly in the last fifteen years, but being a land shark is far too lucrative a profession ever to be completely stamped out. The seaman will be preyed upon as long as he lives, and all that any of us can do is to help him to the realization that his enemies have nothing to offer in exchange for his self-respect and clean mind.

After all, whatever the Institute does—and the LOOKOUT readers probably do concede its many striking virtues—it exists primarily to help the seaman to help himself. That is the big hopeful note in all modern philanthropy and this corner of South St. and Coenties Slip emphasizes it so subtly and withal so forcibly that no seaman guest can live here and fail to recognize it.

A Choice of the World

"What nationality are you?" the Desk Man inquired mechanically as a part of the formula.

The second officer who was registering looked doubtful.

"I claim none," he finally said rather crisply.

"But surely," urged the Desk Man who had made up his mind long ago never to be surprised at anything a seaman said, "you have a country!"

"Well, "replied the applicant for a room, "I was born at sea, but raised in Norway. What country am I from?"

Considering Mother

"Will you address this for me? My writing will do inside but I cannot trust it outside," Billy told the House Mother. Then he explained further.

"You see it is a picture of me I am sending home to my mother. She hasn't seen me for a year and I have grown taller and much broader."

The House Mother looked at the small tintype which had been taken before the convulsively striped pole of one of South Street's best barbers.

"Whatever made you stand by that pole? It makes a queer background," she commented. Billy grinned.

"Well, I thought she'd be happier to see me near a barber shop than a saloon; I picked it out special."

WHAT THE INSTITUTE NEEDS

In the brave days when the Institute was at No. 1 State Street, and they were fussing with caissons and worrying over steel beams, the LOOKOUT used to run a page with the new building's needs very neatly listed. And nobody objected, so there is no good reason why it should not do it again.

Sometimes if you know what money is wanted for, you feel more concrete in your generous impulses.

New Laundry Drier, \$3,000

Full story about this on another page.

Enlarged Soda Fountain, \$3,500

This is to extend the soft drinks bar into a complete semi-circle giving more room for newspapers, fruit, sweets, tobacco and souvenirs. The Soda Fountain is the social center, the gathering place for the talkative and lonely. It is the heart of the Seamen's Club.

New Tailor Shop, \$1,000

This is the cost of building a special shop for repairing, cleaning and pressing, for re-fitting the ready-made clothes that the men buy at the Institute's small department store when they come ashore. It is one of the most potent agencies for keeping the men proud of being well-dressed, clean and self-respecting.

Chapel Flowers Fund

Fund to provide flowers for the Altar in the Chapel of our Saviour every Sunday in the year. Seamen are very responsive to the delicate beauty of flowers, just as they respond to the music even when they cannot understand the language that is sung. This Flower Fund is to be invested so that it may yield an income of about \$2.50 each Sunday. You may suggest any particular date upon which your flowers may be used as a memorial to relatives or friend who would be glad to have their memories kept green and fragrant in this gracious way.

Mezzanine for Baggage \$600

Full story about this on another page.

Cemetery Fund

Last month there was a long editorial on "The Strange Land." That is what it means to a seaman to die in this country, away from his family. The Institute wants to be able to take care of every man who has the slightest connection with us. We want to provide for his final rest with dignity and with the care that shall be a consolation to those who mourn him.

D'Avalos' Prayer

"When the last sea is sailed and the last shallow charted,

When the last field is reaped and and the last harvest stored,

When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,

Grant me the last prayer that I shall pray, Be good to me, O Lord!

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,

In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar;

Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and roll me under,

To the cold tunny-fishes' home where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and hearing,

Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the sea-foam

About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering

Towards the lone northern star and the fair ports of home."

—John Masefield.

Responses to Appeals

There have been several replies to the requests for contributions to special funds which the LOOKOUT has made during the summer. The Institute is always very appreciative when these tangible evidences of support and encouragement are received. For the Cemetery Fund checks have been sent as follows:

Mrs. J. H. Crane	\$50.00
Mrs. Robert H. Comstock	10.00
Charles E. Dunlap	25.00

For the Chapel Flower Fund, money has come in from:

George B. Vanderpoel	\$52.00
Miss V. B. Kendall	10.00
Mrs. George Esselstyn	5.00
The Misses Moran	2.50

Already checks are being sent for the Christmas Fund, and the American Navy Club, Y. M. C. A., at Hamilton, Bermuda, sent three pounds, thirteen shillings, tenpence, for the Discretionary Fund, by way of neighborly friendliness.

The Heroic Peter

"Tell me something brave and courageous and—well, noble, about the sailor," someone asked the editor the other day.

"But the bravest ones don't always get back to land, and the courageous ones on shore sometimes get into jail for pugnacity," was the rather dampening response.

"There must be some, though," persisted the Institute admirer and she was told that there was one. There was Peter.

Peter had saved up his money from many cruises until he saw ahead a complete month of luxurious idleness. He engaged a room at the Institute, ordered a daily paper and bought two new pipes. He felt very contented: he even wondered a little if a month of pampered ease might unfit him for the sea again, but it was a comfortable and not a worrying thought.: He'd been working steadily for nearly six years with only a day ashore at rare intervals in his long voyages.

It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day of Peter's vacation and he was sitting in a Lobby arm-chair, a purple haze of tobacco obscuring his head and shoulders. He gradually became aware that a boy's voice near him was full of trouble.

"I ought to go home to my mother; my father just died and she's sick and I cannot get a berth, what with my small size and not looking very strong. And even when I get there, I won't have any money or chance of getting a job in England, I'm afraid."

Peter listened quite shamelessly. He moved uneasily in his arm chair and the purple haze drifted away as his

neglected pipe went out. At last he arose and went over to the boy.

"Boy," began Peter rather brusquely. I'll have to find out if your story is true, but if it is I'll be sendin' you home. I felt it comin' from the minute you began telling your hard luck. I was plannin' on staying here a month and doin' nothing, but I've got an unreasonable nature, never satisfied unless I'm on the sea."

As he rose slowly, disregarding the startled protests of the bewildered boy, Peter looked thoughtfully about the Lobby.

"I thought I'd be spendin' a lot of time, sittin' here in the sun and smokin'", he muttered. Then he smiled. "I dunno if I'm plain soft-headed or if I just lack sense; must be both!"

Bread Upon Waters

One of the Institute's firmest friends, a steward who watches over the destinies at 25 South Street as if they were his own, was at sea two months ago when a steamship capsized. The crew was rescued by his vessel and later, one of the shipwrecked men wrote to the Institute's seaman friend from Glasgow. He enclosed a money order for \$5.00.

This so touched our friend that he wrote an ardent letter of appreciation to Dr. Mansfield in which he tried to say the things that over-flowed from a full heart.

The ship-wrecked man wrote:

"You will be thinking I have forgotten all about you and your kindness

to me, when you get back to New York and find no letter awaiting you. But I still remember. I intended to write before I left New York but the chaps and myself got a hurried despatch, only a matter of 10 hours notice, to sail in the Adriatic for home. I got home last Saturday and of course I have been quite busy visiting my folks.

"I expect you will be as busy as ever; in your ship there is always plenty to do, as there seems to be a big passenger trade via Panama.

"I would like to send you a little present some way but you may have difficulty with the customs, so I enclose a wee order for \$5.00. I will send you some views of my native town, Glasgow.

"I did not see the House Mother before I came away, but please give my best regards to her and her daughters in the good work of the Institute."

Chief Stewart of the Clan Gordon.

To Dr. Mansfield, upon receipt of this letter, the steward wrote:

"Our very attempt at throwing bouquets to eulogize you for the beneficent influence of your Institute would certainly convey the niceties, but it would fall short of expressing our sincere appreciation. It is ever alive in our hearts and perhaps a word of encouragement to the true champion of our cause may be something.

"The kind words, the practical examples set before us continually at the Institute have not fallen on barren ground. Indeed they have taken root on the desert of life.

"I have witnessed your tireless exertion in advising, educating and thereby elevating seamen to a higher degree of self-respect. I have often seen you and your co-workers succour the destitute. The touching scenes of distress through the long War-winters have been softened by your ever ready help. And all that was rendered without even the smallest signs of recompense. True, a word of encouragement from us is your honest due, but visible and tangible proofs of good results is the only comfort to the hope.

"By the enclosed letter, consequent upon duty at sea, you will see that the noble example set by you and your Institute not only influenced but quickened our senses, ever ready to follow your lead toward the better appreciation of the bond of good fellowship, self respect and responsibilities toward each other that make the scattered episodes in the life of seamen ever dear and cheerful.

"Now, dear Mr. Mansfield, I wish to turn the material part of my rescued brother-seaman's appreciation over to the Discretionary Fund of your Institute. May it strengthen you in your object of drawing us nearer to the goal of unimpeachable respect and usefulness."

The Musical Soul of Simeon

Simeon seized the first intermission, which promised to last long enough to permit his wedging a grumbling exit past a row of unusually large sea-booted listeners, to escape from the Concert Hall. He stood outside in the

corridor a few minutes and debated as to his next move.

"What's the matter?" one of the Institute staff asked him. "Didn't you like the concert? Maybe you don't care much for music."

"Oh, I like music all right," Simeon retorted defensively. "But what I can't understand is there here—what they are playing now," he illustrated, waving a large hand in the general direction of the stage from which floated the strains of Schubert's Ave Maria. "I don't like classified music."

The Affable Manuel

It was just at the close of the evening service last Sunday evening and the Man-Who-Preaches had watched most of his congregation drift out into the Lobby or onto the street, when he saw a black-haired man with gleaming brown eyes standing in the back of the church, obviously waiting for him. He nodded to him smilingly, and a few seconds later went back to speak to him. He shook his hand cordially and asked what he wanted.

"No spik English much," answered Manuel adding "Me Portuguese," but he beamed gratefully upon the Man-Who-Preaches just the same.

Thinking that Manuel must want something very particularly, an apprentice boy who speaks Spanish was pressed into service.

"You want something to eat?" he asked of Manuel.

"No, I had my supper," Manuel replied, looking a little puzzled.

"You want a bed?" persisted the

interpreter.

"No, I got a room here for a week," Manuel responded politely.

"Well, then, what do you want?" demanded the apprentice, for by this time a large crowd had gathered about the Man-Who-Preaches and Manuel.

"Oh, nothing," explained Manuel, pleasantly, "I was just looking around the building. He smiled and I smiled too." And Manuel once more turned his radiant and approving glance upon the Man-Who-Preaches.

Donations Received September 1919

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, hand rags, wireless box,
 Acker, Miss Louise
 Allen, Miss Ruth
 American Library Association
 American Museum of Natural History
 Andrews, Miss Cordelia
 Appel, S. & Company
 Anonymous, 15
 Archer, Mrs. George A.
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
 Barker, T. G.
 Bingham, Mrs. A. W.
 Bliss, Mrs. W. G.
 Boyd, Miss R.
 Boynton, Mrs. F. P.
 Bradford, Mrs. William H.
 Bradin, Miss I. M.
 Brett, Edward J.
 Burke, Miss Marion
 Burleigh, Col. George W.
 Burnham, Mrs. Ella F.
 Cashey, Mrs. Jennie
 Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth
 Champlin, William
 Colton, Thomas J.
 Comstock, J. C.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Cooke, Miss Hilda
 Craig, Miss A. B.
 Craighead, Miss Alice W.
 DePeyster, Miss Augusta
 Dominick, Mrs. M. W.
 Edgar, Mrs. H. L. K.
 Elliott, Mrs. Dexter

- Fillebrown, Mrs. J. P.
 Fleming, Mrs. M. L.
 Fuller, George W.
 Ganser, Miss Christine
 Gardiner, Mrs. S. W.
 Gennerich, Mrs. H. W.
 George, Miss M. J.
 Given, Mrs. John L.
 Graham, Hinckley & Company
 Hall, Miss E. Y.
 Hand, Mrs. Augustus N.
 Harrison, Robert L.
 Hartshorn, Mrs. Stewart H.
 Havens, Mrs. Edward C.
 Homan, Mrs. C.
 Hotchkiss, Mrs. C. E.
 Hyde, Mrs. D. Cheney
 Jackson, Mrs. E. E.
 Janeway, Mrs. S. H.
 Jenkins, Mrs. Edw. E.
 Jennings, Mrs. W.
 Kaut, Miss Jean
 Kayser, Miss Mary
 Kayser, L.
 Keating, Isaac H. B.
 King Manor War Relief Committee
 King, Mrs. Edward
 Kirby, Captain A.
 Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.
 Knapp, Mrs. Philip W.
 Lawrence, Miss. I.
 LeBoutillier, Miss Mary
 Lictard, Miss M. C.
 Lockwood, George W.
 Lucas, Mrs. Wm. Edward
 Lyon, Mrs. F. F.
 McCarter, Mrs. Peter
 McNab Company
 Mahn, Mrs. George
 Martin, E. M.
 Martin, Miss Julia T.
 Matchen, Mrs. C. W.
 Megie, Mrs. B. C.
 Merritt, Mrs. John
 Meyer, Mrs. C. B.
 Mills, Miss Dorothy
 Morgan, William M.
 Morris, Mrs. G. S.
 Mowe, Mrs. William R.
 Mulligan, Miss Mary P.
 National Humane Review
 Neave, Mrs. Charles
 New York Society Library
 Nicholls, George
 Patten, Miss A. M.
 Powell, Mrs. George
 Prigge, Miss Frances
 Prime, Miss Cornelia
 Pyne, Comdr. F. G.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rohse, Miss Jenny H.
 Samson, Mrs. Wm. H.
 Schmitt, Mrs. David
 See, Miss Amy G.
 Seeley, Capt. Henry M.
 Sherlock, Mrs. John C.
 Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.
 Squire, G. H.
 Stillman, Miss Marjorie W.
 Stillwell, Mrs. R. H.
 Textile Machine Works
 Thomas, Mrs. H. B.
 Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.
 Townsend, Miss M.
 Turner, Miss Helen G.
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Valentine, Miss Myra
 Van Etton, Mrs. Amos
 Van Sickle, Mrs. Carl
 Warde-Eisen, Mrs. A. W.
 Waterloo Chapter, Imperial Order
 Daughters of the British Empire
 Weeks, Mrs. Kate P.
 Whitney, Mrs. S.
 Williams, Miss M. A.
 Young, Mrs. W. H.

Church Periodical Clubs and Branches

Church Periodical Club, New York.
 St. Michael's Church, N. Y.
 St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, B'klyn, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

"Discretionary Fund"	
American Navy Club, Y.M.C.A. of Hamilton, Bermuda.....	\$18.45
"Social Fund"	
Babcock, Rev. Edward W.....	\$ 1.00
"Cemetery Fund"	
Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.....	10.00
"Cemetery Fund"	
Crane, Mrs. J. H.....	50.00
"North River Station Social Fund"	
DeVotti, Fred	5.00
"Cemetery Fund"	
Dunlap, Charles E.....	25.00
"Chapel Flower Fund"	
Esselstyn, Mrs. George In Memory of George Esselstyn	5.00
"Social Fund"	
Haile, Mrs. Wm. H.....	20.00
"Chapel Flower Fund"	
Kendall, Miss V. B.....	10.00
"Christmas Fund"	
Lodge, Mrs. E. H.....	1.00
"Discretionary Fund" for July and August	
Meissner, Charles A.....	10.00
"Chapel Flower Fund"	
Moran, The Misses.....	2.50
"Chapel Flower Fund"	
Vanderpoel, George B.....	52.00

General Summary of Work

SEPTEMBER 1919

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English (morning)	4	86	107
English (evening)	8	616	716
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	5	200	217
Services on Board Ships	4	54	54
Bible Classes	4	220	220
Holy Communion Services			5
Wedding Services			2
Baptismals			4
Funeral Services			3

Relief Department.

Assisted through Loan Fund	68
Board, Lodging and Clothing	144
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	61
Referred to Hospitals	43
Referred to other Societies	1
Hospital Visits	42
Patients Visited	3232

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips Made	26
Visits to Vessels	19
Men Transported	18
Pieces of Dunnage Transported	55

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	18	5,267	5,553
Home Hour	4	409	460
Ships Visited			53
Packages magazines distributed			195
Comfort Bags, Knitted Articles and Hand Rags distributed			196
New Testaments distributed			7

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings Registered	20,973
Letters Received for Seamen	10,760
Pieces of Dunnage Checked	6,884

Shipping Department.

Vessels Supplied with Men by S. C. I.	35
Men Shipped	341
Men Given Temporary Employment in Port	23
Total Number of Men Given Employment	364

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$89,036.26
Withdrawals	77,756.79
Transmitted	9,979.12
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust	67,655.02

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

New Laundry Equipment \$3,000

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

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

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

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