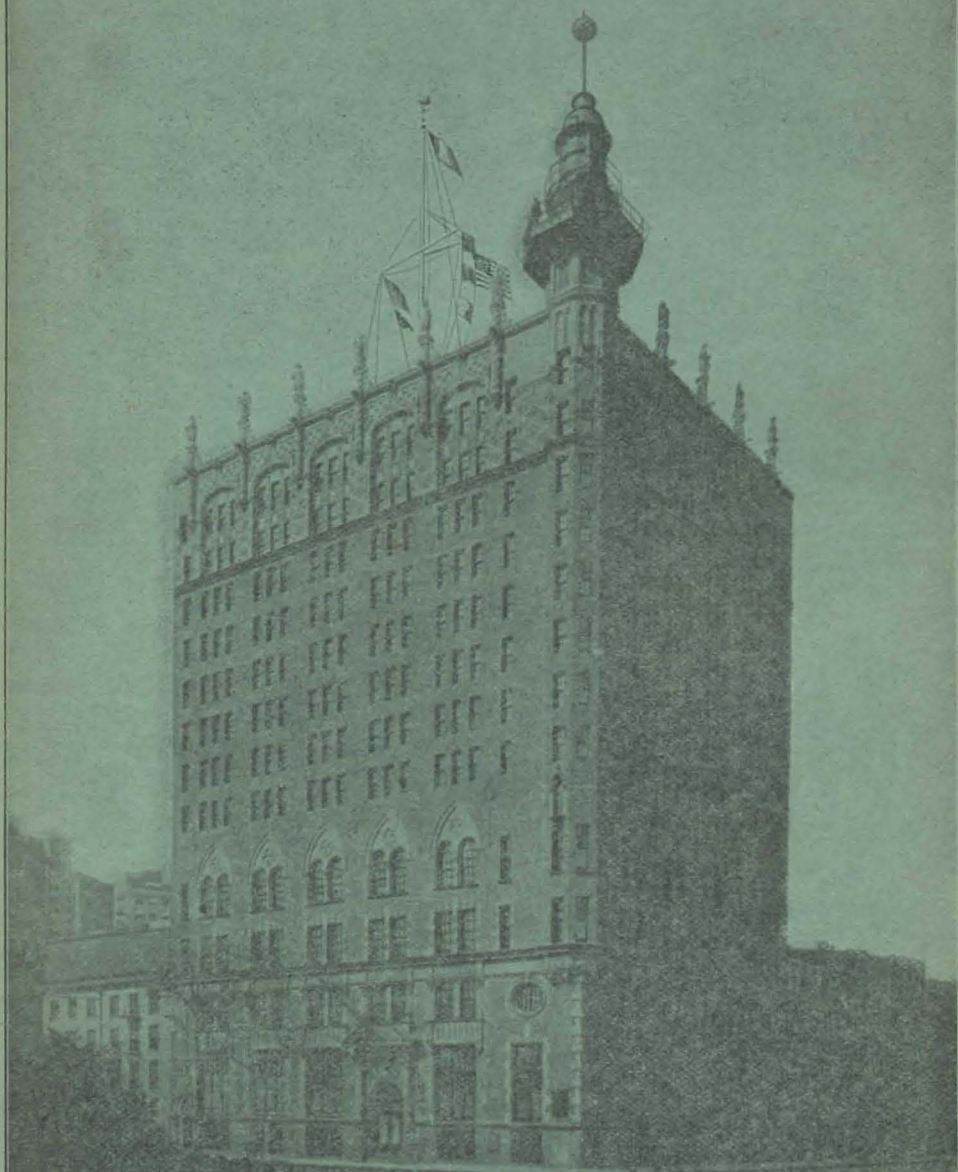


The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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DECEMBER 1918

No. 12

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

Home

He is an officer on one of the ships in port for repairs. On board he has his cabin, and all his belongings, his photographs and his little personal comforts. But he comes over to the Institute every night to secure a room.

"I haven't been home in over two years," he confided to the Desk Woman, "and I wanted a place to which I could come in the evenings and feel as if I were going home."

We wondered about the phantom figures which must people that room up on the 12th floor, when he comes home to it after a day of directing on his vessel.

Another man, a young Canadian officer, sent here by the British consul to stay after he left the hospital, leaned over the desk when he was going away and said,

"I have been in lots of seamen's missions, but they were only places to look in for a little while. I never

saw one before where I wanted to live. I think it is because nobody bothers you here. If you want to be amused you can, and if you want to go to the Chapel you can, but you never **have** to do anything. That is the only way such a place can make the men love it. I really hate to go!"

His Sentiments

He must have been taller than the House Mother's desk, because if he were not, he couldn't be a deck-boy. But he looked very young and very under-grown, as he stood in her office telling about his work.

"You know I'm British," he explained, although she had already guessed it, "and two of my brothers were killed in the war. And the ship I am on is carrying food, and I suppose I am helping to feed some of those Germans. Doesn't that seem terrible?"

He thought a minute, and then he drew himself up to his full four

feet, ten, and added, majestically:

"Well, I realize that we must consider the women and children first!"

Miracles Happen

It doesn't occur to you ordinarily that you could be robbed of your shoes, when they were tightly laced upon your feet, does it? But that is what happened to Henry one night last week.

"They are putting something strange in the drink in these saloons," he told the House Mother. "Lots of the fellows are beginning to think so, and I believe it is because they know prohibition is coming, and they are mixing some sort of drugs with whiskey to make the supply last longer.

The House Mother agreed with him. She had heard this before, and she was beginning to believe it herself.

"You see," Henry went on, "I took a couple of drinks in a place on South Street, and then I walked up the street very slowly. My legs felt as if they were not there at all. Suddenly something struck the back of my head, and when I finally came to, I had lost all my money, my papers, my watch, and even my shoes."

He held out a stockinged foot to show her. "Those are good wool socks; I wonder why they left those," he added, curiously.

But the House Mother knew that unless she could secure some sort of boots, Henry could not apply for another berth, and while a little talk

on the beauties of temperance seemed rather appropriate, the important thing at the moment was Henry's inability to walk the streets unshod. She thought it over, and then she went to the store-room and looked through a package that Mrs. S. Vernon Mann had just sent to the Institute.

"There is just one pair of shoes," she said, finally, "but I'm afraid they would not fit you."

Henry took them silently. They were almost new, and his eyes opened very wide. He put one on, anxiously. Then he stood upon it.

"It's just like one of those miracles," he exclaimed. "The chap said you could do anything in this place, and I always thought they were exaggerating. But they weren't."

Teach Dancing

What does a young seaman, lonely and eager to meet some young women of the sort to whom one must be introduced, have to do in order to make friends? Hundreds of young men come to the Institute every day, most of them strangers in New York: very few of them have acquaintances in the city, and they are hungry for the companionship of nice girls. One of them wrote to the House Mother with a suggested solution.

"This is an idea which I have often heard mentioned by other seamen and that is, why not have a school for dancing on the fourth floor with instructors, that is, men instructors? Then the seamen might learn

to dance, and, the result of this will be that instead of going to cheap shows and saloons, the men will go to decent dance-halls, and there get acquainted with decent girls. Only this morning I was speaking with an old shipmate and he said, 'Two years in New York would make a fellow a woman-hater,' and he is right.

"There is no way to get acquainted with decent girls. We don't like to go to a dance-hall because we can't dance, and we are too ashamed to learn where they have women instructors, and we believe that the dance-hall is our only way to get out of our bachelor life, and saloons and lewd women.

"Or why not start a Matrimonial Bureau? There are enough of us fellows going to sea who are decent. Sometimes while uptown alone or with a shipmate, and I see girls and fellows enjoying themselves, I feel awfully lonely, and I know that I could give a girl anything that these other fellows give. Our wages are not bad now and the day of the drunken sailor is nearly over, so won't you try to do something for the lonely boys in the Institute and thereby be a real honest-to-goodness Mother?

"I sincerely hope that I have not offended you. I mean only to suggest and say what is on my mind and a good many other shipmates' minds. My spelling isn't good, but we fellows of deep water aren't bad.

(Alias) "Lonesome."

That seems to us a very touching letter, "Lonesome" is saying (and ex-

pressing himself extremely well) what is certainly in the hearts of many of our seamen. There are no Clubs for Merchant Seamen up-town where the men can go and meet girls in whom they would be interested; and yet there are plenty of those girls in this lonesome town who would be glad of an opportunity to meet the fellows of the deep water.

Saving His Christmas

"I thought you might have one of those knitted mufflers for me," he said, a little embarrassed now that he had actually reached the House Mother's office and made his request. He was one of the old seamen who prefer to be called sailors, because when he first went to sea, forty years ago, there were white sails and young forests of masts. "These funnels don't make a ship look right to me," he has often grumbled, but the world has gone right on using steam and turned him into a seaman.

"You know," he elaborated the day he asked for the muffler, "I feel the cold a lot more this winter than I ever did. I've got one of those helmets that you gave me last year and some wristers. I never thought I'd put on those things—they always looked silly for a great big fellow like me, but I don't care any more. I want to be warm."

The House Mother got a muffler from the dwindling stock of knitted articles, and the old man tucked it about his neck under his white

beard. He still stood in the doorway, and she smiled up at him encouragingly. "What else is on your mind?"

"Well, it seems asking a lot, after this muffler, but I was here last Christmas and the year before, and I got one of those packages all tied up with ribbons, and I was looking forward to this Christmas. We always made it a big day when I was younger and had a family. I often worked it to get home to them somewhere around the 25th. But this year I won't be here. I've signed on to sail in a couple of days."

He hesitated, and then looked pleadingly at the lady who seems to hold pieces of happiness in her hands.

"One of those presents will come down here for me at Christmas and I won't be here to get it. I was hoping you'd save it for me."

Do you suppose she said, firmly, "No!"?

The Wrong House

Gabriel is down at Camp Upton, but he was one of our former patrons, and he often writes to us. Last week he wrote about his "dear small brother" who had been robbed when he came ashore and was in trouble.

"I told Jean to go to your hotel to stay, and he told two boys on his ship, one of those Standard Oil boats, that he did not know the way to 25 South Street. As soon as he was paid off, they started, but those

chaps took him to some filthy boarding-house down near the piers, and in the night they took all his money (he had saved about \$300) and his watch. When he comes to you, please try to help him out."

A day later Jean appeared. The dear small brother was a boy of twenty-one, but he certainly looked as if he ought not to be alone in a great city.

"Didn't it occur to you that those boys were taking you to the wrong place?" the Man Who Gives Advice asked him. Jean shook his head.

"It did not seem grand, as Gabriel had told me, but I thought Gabriel had forgotten how dirty it was. This place is so clean," Jean added appreciatively. "But you will see that my watch cost \$90.00 because here is the receipt. Maybe you will get it back from those boys."

It was too late to recover the stolen property, because in the week that had elapsed both the boys had signed on other vessels and gone away. Jean's brother sent him some of his soldier's pay, and Jean is looking for a new berth.

"Next time I come to New York," Jean assured the Man Who Gives Advice, "I hope you will come down and see me paid off, and take my money and keep it."

The Man Who Gives Advice sighed. If he could do that for every seaman who entered this port, there wouldn't be any water-front crimes.

The Unforgiving Town

"Christmas always makes me think of the Sunday School entertainments we used to have when I was a kid," Jim was telling the Desk Woman down in the Lobby. "I lived up in Maine, and I used to speak a piece about 'Just Before Christmas I'm as Good as I Can Be,' and there were those cornucopia things with hard candy. Gee! I'd like to be back there."

Jim looked wistfully across the warmly-lighted lobby. There was nothing in it to remind him of the little Maine town. Beside him a Norwegian seaman was trying to make a Dane understand that ginger ale was a soda fountain drink, and not a medicine. Two French sailors were still doing a little peace celebrating, and four British apprentice boys hurried through the crowd and up-stairs to their own Game Room.

"You hardly see an American in here that looks as if he came from a small village, where everybody knew everybody else and they all spoke the same language."

"Why not go back there this Christmas then? You can afford to stay ashore a few weeks," suggested the Desk Woman to whom Jim had confided that he had saved several hundred dollars.

He laughed, and it was not a pleasant laugh: it curled the corners of his sensitive mouth into something like a sneer.

"Why, do you know that there wouldn't be a welcome for me up there? I was a mischievous kid, and those people are so hard that they hold against me still the wild things I did when I was thirteen or fourteen. I happened to meet a man in the subway last time I was ashore, and he told me bluntly that they hadn't forgotten."

"But you must have had some friends there who would understand," she insisted.

"Yes, there was one, and he died this fall of influenza. He was the only man who ever understood me."

One of Jim's shipmates had joined him, listening silently but he suddenly spoke.

"Stay around here for Christmas, then Jim. It doesn't matter whether you're understood or not. They take you for granted down here, and send you a better Christmas present than one of those molasses popcorn balls I used to get."

Jim turned and looked at the bright-faced American boy. "You have the right idea, Bob: you and I will do a little small town Christmas here in this building."

Knitting for Seamen

Winter storms and sprays of ice have already begun for our merchant seamen. The peril of the submarine is removed, but the same old perils of the elements exist, and we have hundreds of demands for sweaters, scarfs, wristers and helmets.

Please knit some socks and sweaters for these seamen. They are out in every kind of wet weather, and the damp cold at sea pierces deeper than the dry air on land. Of course the soldiers abroad still need things, too, but these soldiers of the sea have done their tasks so uncomplainingly these four years, that they deserve their share of woolen comforts.

If you wish directions for the helmets, we have them here, but the Red Cross instructions, which almost everybody who knits now possesses, are very satisfactory.

Christmas Pushed Forward

Four boys, who had been torpedoed, lost all their things, and then had a chance to sign on, at once to go to Russia, were in the House Mother's office on the day they were to sail.

"Russia sounds pretty cold to me," one of them said, shivering as he heard the long wail of the wind that bombards the Institute, and the House Mother saw his thin coat and shivered too. Then she made a quick decision.

"You boys ought to have a Christmas present this year, and I am going to give you each something now, even if it is three weeks ahead."

She hurried away and returned with her arms full of things which started one of the boys whistling, "There are smiles to make you happy." There were just four sweaters, helmets, mufflers and wristers.

"Siberia has no terrors for me now," shouted the youngest boy who was probably not over eighteen. "Tell me the words for Merry Christmas in Russian. I want to do a little special extra thanking over there."

Those Soothing Words

A good deal of loud singing issued forth from a room on the sixth floor the other night, varied by a rich, if slightly thickened, voice declaiming what must once have been poetry. The House Steward at last decided to knock upon the door, and when he was admitted, he found a seaman sitting on the edge of his bed, more or less exhilarated by alcohol.

"Look here! do you know where you are?" he said, putting a firm hand upon the singer's shoulder.

"No", he replied dreamily, "Where am I?"

"You are in the Seamen's Church Institute, and you will have to keep quiet if you are going to stay here."

"All right," consented the man, "I will." And curiously enough, he did. Perhaps the name had a soothing effect, for they all wish to stay; and unless they have absorbed too much of the water-front prune juice and wood alcohol, they make an effort to control themselves.

Their Own Thanks

Just the day before Thanksgiving one hundred and nine British signalmen and gunners were taken from the Institute and sent on board a ship. They went away in a dense

cloud of disappointment because many of them had invitations to dine with people in their homes on Thanksgiving Day.

"This was one year when I could thank the whole world and enjoy myself," one of them said sadly. "There never was a day since I knew peace was coming that I looked forward to so much."

When Dr. Mansfield heard of their dejection, he made up his mind to see that at least some of them had a chance to rejoice as they had planned. He pleaded with the Captain until that tender-hearted officer relaxed his discipline sufficiently to let fifty men leave the vessel for the day, and those who had no invitations up-town, made their way like homing pigeons to the Institute. It is never Dr. Mansfield's idea of hospitality to have so many seamen that he does not know what to do with them. He has invented a special elasticity for the welcoming walls of the Institute, and somehow the men always find room.

"I wouldn't mind eating turkey standing up," a tall Britisher told one of the staff. "We don't have a day like this in England, but I think they are celebrating it this year. I never thought I'd like pumpkin pie, that is an American vegetable, but after eating it, I wouldn't care if it snowed pink!"

"Snowing pink" is a poetical British fancy, apparently, for these men are always expecting it to happen, and telling everybody they wouldn't mind.

Mr. Baylies III

Since November 13th, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, President of the Seamen's Church Institute, has been very seriously ill with influenza, followed by double pneumonia. He is at last past the crisis, and seems to have turned the corner toward full recovery. Mr. Baylies' friends and associates at the Institute have been gravely concerned over his illness, for so much of his energy, keen foresight and wise judgments have gone into the making and developing of the work among merchant seamen, that he has become literally indispensable.

Thanksgiving Prayer

In his prayers of thanksgiving, at the morning service of Nov. 28th, Dr. Mansfield included a prayer of profound thankfulness that Mr. Baylies had been helped to resist the disease to which so many thousands have succumbed this autumn, and is definitely getting better.

A part of this special prayer follows:

"Almighty and everlasting God, source of all true life, we bless thee, we thank thee, for thy goodness to thy servant, Edmund Lincoln Baylies. Thou has looked upon his sorrow, thou has heard his and our cry, and art restoring him to life and health. Thy mercies are great and wonderful and we praise thee with joyful lips."

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OR
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Gifts for Christmas

Now is the time for the packages wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red ribbon. Choose any article that a seaman would like, and if you wish to add a gay card or some cigarettes or a handkerchief with an alluring border, just to make the gift seem more personal, they will enclose a bit more of the Christmas feeling.

Going to sea does not make a man so very different from any man you know, so send whatever you would buy for any other man friend. The man who receives a pocket knife is always delighted, and Christmas dinner is always brilliant with the new neck-ties. Send sweaters, woolen socks, gloves, safety razors, pocket mirrors, candy, pipes, tobacco—there are so many things that are attractively useful.

On Christmas Eve we go from room to room, leaving on each bed a Christmas parcel. It is your gift to some seaman you never saw, but it comes to him with the friendli-

ness and the cordial greeting of your own good wishes. Last year we frequently had requests for the names of the Christmas givers.

"I'd like to write to the lady that sent me this," a British carpenter said, displaying his new woolen muffler which he was wearing even in-doors. Writing is a tedious process but they want to try to express something of their thankful hearts.

Each man seems to feel as if the present were sent to him directly from someone he knew. He is surprised that anyone should bother to tie up a package with a sprig of holly, or dainty poinsettia seals, for an unknown seaman, but he accepts it with simple gratitude.

There will be nearly seven hundred men in the building on Christmas Eve, and perhaps one hundred more in the hospitals. Let us have a separate gift for every man. They may be received here as late as the 24th, but it is much better to send them a day or two earlier.

Send that bill-case or pocket-book that you half intended for some man who is probably already overstocked with leather luxuries. It will come to a seaman who will carry it proudly wherever he goes, exhibiting it to all his friends.

"I got this for Christmas," an old man proudly told the editor, pulling down the cuff of his flannel shirt. "I hadn't had a present from anyone in ten years."

Mark your package "Christmas Gifts" and the committee at 25 South Street will take care of it.

Christmas Dinner

With all the excitement of gifts and a tree and the smell of ever-greens, there are hungry men on Christmas Day, and these men are to be the Institute's guests for dinner. Many of them will be lonely husbands and fathers who had hoped to be on shore in a country three thousand miles away on the Day, and we want them to be so surrounded by a sense of being at home, that they will have no time for regretting.

Somehow there is something very merry about Christmas food. Nobody can be sad when he is eating plum pudding (unless he eats too much, but then the sadness comes much later), and the very color of silvery celery and rich red jelly, and the golden brown of turkey is vividly cheering.

You can entertain a seaman at Christmas dinner as your guest down here on the water's edge. He will be among his friends in a delicious haze of purple tobacco smoke, and enjoy himself enormously, and he will be your guest. Everyone who sends to the Christmas Dinner Fund is looking after the Christmas happiness of several lonely men.

Contributions to the Christmas dinners may be as large or as small as you find convenient. A dollar will very nearly pay for two dinners—at least it will pay for a dinner and a half. Just send that if you want to have your share in being one of the Institute's hosts and hostesses.

Greens and Tree

Please do not forget the Christmas ground pine and bay leaves and holly, and the Tree of Light. Sometimes it seems as if our seamen were almost too removed from the Christmas thoughts of people who never have time to come down to the Battery or South Ferry. The water-front sounds rather picturesque; perhaps there is an impression of romance about a sailor's life which is supposed to be sufficient for him.

But we see the men who carry the cargoes, and we know what they need. When they are lucky enough to be ashore in this port on Christmas, they should have some of the softness and gentleness that most of us take as a matter of course.

With Christmas greens, and a rainbow-festooned tree, the Institute is no longer a hotel and club. It is a fairy palace of delights, for a little while. It takes on the enchantment of the old folk-songs and Yule-tide legends, and to achieve this, we have to ask the co-operation of every landsman who wants to give some of his own comfort and happiness to a rover of the seas.

This Thanksgiving

Autumn leaves flaunted their scarlet and orange all over the big lobby, and the piles of crimson apples and winter fruit made a harvest festival of the day of thanks at the Institute.

The guests did not arrive just as dinner was being served, because

most of them were already in the building, and few of them realized that they were invited to the Institute's dinner literally as guests. Last year we had to let the men pay a nominal sum for their Thanksgiving dinners, but on this day when every seaman had so gloriously earned his right to the gratitude and thanks of the whole world, Dr. Mansfield wanted to entertain them in their New York home, and he did it royally.

At the morning service, Mr. Lynch made the address. He congratulated his listeners upon their splendid work which had made this peace possible, and he made every man feel as if his own personal efforts were being recognized. The vigor with which they sang the hymns of thanks was adequate proof of their delight in the service.

Dinner was served from 11:30 A. M. to 5. P. M. and it was a dinner of gorgeous proportions. The menu was:

	Soup	
Celery		Olives
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce		
Mashed Potatoes		Peas
Waldorf Salad		
Ice Cream or Pie		
	Coffee	

"The best part of that dinner was that it was such a surprise," they kept telling the House Mother. "We didn't expect the Institute to give us a dinner like that, and we don't know how to tell you how pleased we are."

"But I think the best part was that I had so much to eat, that for

once in my life I couldn't think of another meal," a young deck boy said to her softly.

"You people on shore never seem to have the appetites we chaps carry around with us all the time. And this dinner didn't taste like a hotel dinner: it tasted as if it had been cooked at home."

Music filled the lobby all the afternoon from the violin and piano of the Beasey Sisters, our old friends who have made so many holidays gay and joyous with their melodies. Later, Mrs. Warrington and Miss Hughes sang songs in which the men insisted upon helping them, and in the evening there was what we sometimes call a "Free and Easy". It was the nearest approach to a family reunion that we have ever had. Shy seamen, who seldom speak to strangers, talked to everyone. There were pillow fights and peanut races and everybody sang.

"I have learned a lot of choruses down here," a Norwegian seaman said, "and it has helped me to speak English. First time I sang 'The Long, Long Trail,' I didn't know what it meant, but now I do. I take that trail home to Christiana very soon."

It gave you a little thrill of something intangibly wonderful to see the Concert Hall filled with happiness, with smiles on the faces of some of the most solemn, the most taciturn mariners. They were not remembering the days and nights of hardship, or thinking of a winter of cold discomfort. They made an atmosphere that hung over the whole

building like a protecting spirit—they were all friends together, delighted and contented.

Perhaps the rest of us thanked God and took courage, too, on this 1918 Thanksgiving, but the men of the sea had a deeper satisfaction than ours. They had done their work well, and they had the light hearts that come with good will.

Holiday Vaudeville

Miss Augusta M. de Peyster, who is secretary of the Seamen's Benefit Society, our women's auxiliary, has for several years made the annual Thanksgiving entertainment in the concert-hall her own particular gift of laughter and amusement.

This year the concert-vaudeville was held on Friday, the 29th of November, and the good spirits of a house full of cheerful guests made it one of the most successful entertainments we have ever had for this first winter holiday.

"I always like a magician, no matter what he does," many seamen had told the House Mother, and that was one reason for getting a wizard from the vaudeville circuit. Disappearing billiard balls and white handkerchiefs that turn into red ones never seem to bore men who watch every trick with naive delight. They offer their hats and watches trustingly: we sometimes wonder if seamen believe in fairies.

Of course there were choruses, with the words of sentimental and popular songs thrown upon the

screen. Our merchant mariners know all about community singing now, and they have lost all that self-consciousness which used to assail them the instant the piano sounded the opening chords of a song.

"Everybody has some kind of a voice, so let him use it," is the theory of the Recreation Man, and singing lustily is one of the best possible ways for letting off surplus energy, a dynamic quality with which many of our seamen are over-supplied.

Then there was a vaudeville team, a man and woman who played banjo and sang and danced a little. Artists from the variety shows must get inspiration from the attentive, appreciative audiences in the Institute, for they are always applauded and urged to do their acts all over again. There is seldom a blasé seaman in the Concert Hall, although all of them have probably been to music-halls and seen the best vaudeville in Europe.

But they know how to be entertained. They come up-stairs expecting to have a good time, and they go away entirely satisfied: it is an attitude that is very stimulating to the performers.

One of the boys from the "Dorothy Bradford", the training ship anchored out in the harbor, sang. He had a very good voice, a fresh, young, lilting boy's voice with power behind it.

"When he gets out of the service, he will sing at the Metropolitan", one of his ship-mates announced proudly. And as no extrav-

agant statements ever surprise seamen, they agreed heartily, and promised to go to the opera if it were something they liked.

After the Pathé Weekly and a Sidney Drew film, they sang "America" and gave three thundering cheers for Miss de Peyster.

A Day's Work

Relief can imply so many different things down here. It may not mean relieving the actual physical distress of a seaman, although it frequently does that too. We managed to collect a few specimen days from the missionaries who look out for seamen's problems. The first series were some of the things that came to Chaplain Robinson.

Wednesday

Helped man to get valise.

Helped man with Power of Attorney papers.

Helped man to fill out papers for assistance back to England.

Got letter from man going to sea at 8 A. M. before the Post Office opens.

Thursday

Referred man needing overcoat to the House Mother.

Sent man to Hospital.

Referred man to Swedish Consul.

Went to Consul with British sailor, who left \$9.00 with me to keep.

Friday

Persuaded drunken man to leave \$200 in Bank.

Companioned a 15-year old boy, terribly homesick, two days from home.

Saturday

Got man on the trail of his lost baggage.

Sent man to hospital.

Found a shore job for a seaman.

Sunday

Helped man with only a check (and no currency) to get a room here.

Helped along a Syrian to work passage home.

Got Hexia for a man with influenza symptoms.

Wrote two letters for a man to send to his sisters.

Helped to adjust shipwrecked crew, 55 men.

Helped a man in distress about bank money.

Monday

Baggage difficulties straightened out.

Boy robbed, tided over until he can get berth.

Four influenza convalescents helped.

And everyone of those cases is a story. There is not space in this issue to color those bare facts, but they scarcely need it. They show more plainly than any narrative what it means to be in the Relief Department, in this building of men from every country in the world.

Diary, Dec. 1 to 5, by Chaplain to Scandinavian Seamen

December 1.—Conducted Scandinavian service at 9.30 A. M.

Attended service at Trinity at 11 A. M., when Capt. Carpenter, of the "Vindictive," of Zeebrugge fame, addressed the congregation.

In afternoon visited St. Vincent's Hospital, Staten Island, and 11 patients, all seamen.

Ushered for Evensong at Institute at 7.30 and attended Home Hour in Auditorium at 9 P. M.

December 2.—Extended relief to an old applicant for admission to Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Spent part of forenoon in working on same man's application papers.

Extended relief to convalescent seaman.

Referred a destitute sailor to the baggage room for a suit of working clothes.

Referred order to the Slop Chest for some underclothing for a patient in St. Vincent's Hospital.

Gave relief to one of our own clinical patients.

Gave relief to a convalescent sailor just out of hospital.

Gave relief to another sailor just out of hospital.

Gave relief to yet another convalescing seaman just discharged from hospital.

Attended Clinic in absence of Mr. Wood. An old sailor suffering from liver complaint needs an operation. A youngster had to have an adhesive plaster strapping applied to chest to help heal some ribs bruised by a

fall. Two more men with minor ailments treated.

December 3.—Had to distribute posters for giving publicity to the Government work under Dr. Wilson at the Skin and Cancer Hospital for treatment of venereal disease. In course of forenoon visited six offices for that purpose.

Visited Danish Consulate twice during day in interest of a seaman's widow, and turned over to him money and valuables left here by deceased for transmission to her.

Gave relief to tubercular patient going to Marine Hospital.

Made out Nationality Certificate for Scandinavian seaman to assist him to obtain necessary papers to enable him to ship.

Referred needy man to the Municipal Lodging House.

Referred needy seaman to New Jersey for a job.

Referred mentally deranged seaman to Bellevue Hospital. He later came back, so had to take him to Police Station to be taken care of. He is now in the hospital observation ward.

December 5.—Gave relief to the Sailors' Snug Harbor applicant above referred to.

Made inquiries for another old shellback who was arrested recently in New Jersey and sentenced to three months in jail for seditious utterances.

Had an inquiry for mail from one of my Scandinavian boys. Forwarded him two letters and wrote him one of my own.

(To be continued)

D E P E N D A B L E



F R I E N D S H I P

Ways and Means Department Service Co-operation

You who have made contributions of \$5.00 or \$10.00 during the year 1918 to the work of the Institute will receive by an early mail a novel booklet, bearing on the outside the same cut which appears at the top of this page. Please read this booklet carefully. We feel confident that a large number of our friends will welcome this opportunity to render a little personal service in the way of seed-sowing that will unquestionably return a large fruitage.

In this booklet there is also an opportunity for our old friends to indicate, as many of them have already done, their purpose in regard to future contributions. This will obviate the necessity for sending out a subscription book every year, an expense to us and perhaps an annoyance to many of our friends.

If you will co-operate with us, it will serve to reduce our expenses in all directions, and will enable our force to devote its time to more productive effort.

Those Eight Postcards

The cards enclosed with the October issue have stirred a number of our interested friends into action. One man first secured his partner's subscription, and then made converts

of his business friends as they came into his office, even from as far West as Chicago. He got signatures on every card, each for six years, totalling Three Hundred Dollars. Mr. Isidor Dreyfus, of New York, stands at the head of the list and has, naturally, our heartiest thanks. A New York woman has sent us three cards amounting to \$125.00, and there have been many other responses for varying amounts.

From St. Louis

"I am enclosing my check for \$50—being double my previous subscription, and you may count on this amount annually until further notice." Our Merchant Marine is growing, hence, contribution must of necessity also grow to do this work properly.

From Quincy, Ill.

"Enclosed find contribution to be applied to your noble mission. This is in honor of the memory of my sister, who, all her life practiced the greatest self-denial in every way for suffering ones and I hope to continue to give to the various charities she remembered.

I am very appreciative and deeply grateful for the help your organization gives the Seamen."

Word from Little Rock

"I am swamped with calls for contributions from every direction, and yet, I cannot turn down your appeal, although I do not feel that I can at this time contribute more than the \$2 herewith."

That is double what over six thousand contributed last year.

Larger Post Office

Last year 41,705 letters came into this building for seamen. This does not include papers, mail for the staff, mail for the Ways and Means Dept. It means mail for seamen. And this year the incoming letters will approximate 60,000. Therefore it has been necessary to secure the services of a trained postal clerk to handle this work. It has to be re-organized and the Post Office itself made three times as large. We wish to put in some private boxes so that men who have all their letters sent here, and who do a large correspondence shall have quicker access to their mail.

Sometimes 500 letters for seamen come in during a day, and that means reading names in every language, written with every sort of ambitious pen and pencil. Of course this makes the Institute postal clerk a fourth class Post Office position, and we now have Mrs. Etta Shaw as postmistress, a trained worker with eleven years' experience.

Letters are highly important factors in this work.

We are always urging the men to write home, and to have their

mail sent here, and we want to stimulate this keeping up of the messages between the wanderers and the stay-at-homes by having a system that will make every letter a personal charge of the Institute.

Donations Received Nov. 1918

Reading matter, flowers, fruits, jellies, pianola and victrola records, banjo, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, white prints, pumpkins and Xmas Gifts.

Allen, Miss Ruth
 Andrews, Miss Cordelia
 Anonymous—3
 Babcock & Wilcox Company
 Baker, Mrs. B. W.
 Barnard, Frederic
 Bate, Miss Leslie M.
 Bleecker, Mrs. T. B.
 Bliss, Mrs. W. G.
 Bogert, Miss A.
 Boyd, Miss R.
 Breitung, Mrs. E. N.
 Brooklyn Spar Company
 Burleigh, Col. George W.
 Burton, Mrs.
 Clarke, Miss Lucretia
 Coe, Miss Ella S.
 Dall, Mrs. H. H.
 Davenport, M.
 Denning, Mrs. W. T.
 Dierson, Miss A. K.
 Downing, Mrs. H. F.
 Ellis, George H., Company
 Esselstyn, Mrs. George
 Gammell, Mrs. Robert I.
 George, Miss M. J.
 Giles, Mrs. Robert
 Greenwood, Mrs. William
 Haile, Mrs. William H.
 Hall, Miss I. G.
 Hall, Mrs. J. B.
 Hance, Mrs. John A.
 Hanson, Mrs. Fernald L.
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
 Hicks, Miss M. H.
 Hillyer, Mrs. Frances S.
 Janeway, S. H.
 Jenckes, Mrs. Ray Greene
 Jones, Mrs. W. L.
 Knapp, Mrs. H. P.
 Knapp, Mrs. Philip W.
 Kneeland, Miss
 Lawrence, Miss Isabella
 Leavenworth, Mrs. Woodward
 Lugo, Mrs.
 Mason, Mrs. H. Lee
 Meneffe, Miss A.
 Morgan, William M.

Mcunt, Mrs. J. F.
Needlework Guild of America
Page, Mrs. A. E.
Pedersen, Dr. Victor C.
Quackenbush, Miss Jane
Rieck, Mrs. James G.
Robinson, Henry J.
Rohse, Miss Jenny H.
Sargent, Chas. C.
Shaw, Mr. & Mrs. E.
Sherlock, Mrs. John C.
Simpson, Miss Helen H.
Slackers'
Soules, Miss M.
Spring, Mrs. Frederick
Swift, Mrs. L. W.
Tayre, Mrs. M. H.
Throop, The Misses
Tiemann, The Misses Julia A. & M. C.
Udall, Miss Mary Strong
Usher, Miss Irene
Waltz, Mrs. Newton
Ward, Wilson & Hayden
Watchful Circle of the Maravian Union of Kings Daughters
Whiteley, Benjamin

Church Periodical Club and Branches

All Angels' Church, N. Y.
Church Periodical Club, N. Y.
St. Agnes' Chapel, N. Y.
St. Michael's Church, N. Y.
St. Paul's Church, B'klyn, N. Y.
St. Thomas' Church, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

From a Friend,
Holiday Fund
\$ 2.00
Anonymously,
Discretionary Fund
1.00
Alexander, Miss Agnes,
Chapel Flower Fund
10.00
Arnold, Mrs. Glover C.,
Chapel Flower Fund
3.00
Bershach, Maurice,
Discretionary Fund
4.00
Blakeslee, Miss Fanny,
Cemetery Fund
5.00
Discretionary Fund
5.00
Breslin, Miss E. M.,
Holiday Fund
4.00
Clark, Miss E. V.,
Cemetery Fund
10.00
Coe Miss Ella S.,
Holiday Fund
25.00
Emery, Miss Helen W.,
Holiday Fund
25.00

George, Miss M. J.,
Social Fund
1.00
Gibson, Mr.,
Discretionary Fund
4.00
Godfrey, Mrs. A. E.,
Holiday Fund
25.00
Hall, Mrs. J. B.,
Holiday Fund
10.00
Huguenin, Miss Sophie,
Chapel Flower Fund
20.00
Huntley, Mrs. H. M.,
Apprentice Boy Work
119.18
Johnson, Carl,
Religious Fund
2.00
Lawrence, Rev. Wm. A.,
Discretionary Fund
10.00
Low, Mrs. Seth,
Holiday Fund
10.00
Relief Fund
15.00
McDunnough, Mrs. M. S.
Holiday Fund
1.00
Mahan, Miss E. L.
Social Fund
5.00
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr.,
Holiday Fund
5.00
Meissner, Charles A.,
Discretionary Fund for October
5.00
Discretionary Fund for Nov.
5.00
In Memoriam J. M.,
Chapel Flower Fund
50.00
Probasco, Mr. & Mrs. S. K.,
Holiday Fund
2.00
Richard, Miss Elvine,
Cemetery Fund
50.00
Robbins, Mrs. J. W.
Holiday Fund
25.00
Roosevelt, Mrs. W. Emlen,
Chapel Flower Fund
5.00
Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
Holiday Fund
15.00
Russian Congregation,
Discretionary Fund
10.00
Scrymser, Mrs. L. A.,
Summer Outing Fund
60.00
Spencer, J. Clinton,
Holiday Fund
25.00
Stanford, Mrs. M. E.,
Holiday Fund
4.00
Stevens, Mrs. F. K.,
Cemetery Fund
50.00
Thorn, Miss Mary,
Cemetery Fund
100.00
Tidd, Mrs. George N.,
Holiday Fund
5.00
Weeks, Miss Kate P.,
Holiday Fund
2.00
Whitelaw, R. Malcolm,
Discretionary Fund
100.00
Zabriskie, Miss Ethel,
Holiday Fund
30.00
Men's Club of St. Paul's Parish,
Westfield, N. J.,
Discretionary Fund
25.00
Women's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.,
Holiday Fund
20.00

General Summary of Work

NOVEMBER 1918

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	18	1108	1305
Scandinavian.....	6	39	45
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	4	159	164
Bible Classes	4	290	294
Lettish	1	37	73
Sing Songs	4	400	450
Holy Communion Services			1
Wedding Services			0
Baptismals			2
Funeral Services			20

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	260
Clinic Cases.....	56
Referred to Hospitals.....	8
Referred to other Societies.....	3
Hospital Visits	77
Patients Visited	807

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	41
Men transported	32
Pieces of dunnage transported	73

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	18	2863	3095
Home Hour	2	144	163
Special, Religious and Social Talks.....	6	815	
Public Lectures.....	4	416	447
Ships Visited			80
Packages reading matter distributed....			132
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			23

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	19,920
Letters received for seamen.....	7,286
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,123

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	31
Men Shipped.....	224
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	20
Total number of men given employment	244

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$ 56,994.78
Withdrawals.....	44,345.24
Transmitted.....	3,648.48
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust	45,674.90

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

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