

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XI.

SEPTEMBER 1920

No. 9

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Broad 297

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

Operation of Institute Boat

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

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.

THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 11

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You'll Know

The following letter written to the Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, gives such a remarkable account of service, that it cannot but be an inspiration to everyone who reads it. Mrs. Davis writes from Vinal Haven, Maine.

"Indeed I shall be glad to tell you about our work here, and for convenience I will divide the tale into three parts, past, present, and future.

"As for the past I am the daughter of a sea-captain, and Mr. Davis is a lobster fisherman. Both of us were born on an island in Penobscot Bay (though not this one) and we know the isolation and limitations of life on an island as none but those who have lived all their life under such conditions can know them. From childhood we have longed to do something to alleviate the condition of those, who like ourselves were born, and must live in this environment. I have managed by dint of hard work, to get some education, enough to obtain a teachers' certificate, and have been teaching in the public schools. Mr. Davis still follows his lobstering for a living. Our only child gave up his life in the great war, and since then we have longed more than ever to be about the Father's business. We have done what we could, but our best is so inadequate to meet the need that confronts us on every side that sometimes we feel our inability very,

very keenly.

"As for the present—through the kindness of Bishop Brewster, Miss Thomas, and others of our church, we now have a Neighborhood House made from an old fish-house that was my husband's. In it we have a little library, games for the children, a reading room, and on the second floor a little hall, where we can have a Sunday School, meetings, entertainments, parties and etc.

"The building is very small and it needs many things to make it what it should be, but it is far better than nothing and we appreciate it very much.

"Bishop Brewster comes to see us once or twice a year, and though we are not included in the regular budget of the church, he allows us \$40 a month to keep up the work of the Neighborhood House. From this sum we have to pay taxes, insurance, light, fuel, and janitor bill, repairs and necessary supplies, and meet the urgent need of those who apply to us for aid. (What remains is our salary). We do anything and everything we can for those who need our aid. Welfare work, district nursing, school work of all kinds, especially do we work for the betterment of our public schools. Mr. Davis works among the men and I among the women and children. We try to teach good morals, good housekeeping, sanitation, in fact to give a lift wherever we can. Our friends have been good enough

to say we have succeeded in a measure, and we feel that we have at least done something. But we long to do more. Mr. Davis has a good sized sloop boat, that he would gladly have fixed up and go about among the other islands, teaching, helping, as he does here, but he cannot afford the money to repair the boat, or the time to go in her as he has to earn a living.

"It would cost about \$150 to put this boat in good condition for use. We dream of some day having her put in condition, and of putting in the time from April to November going about among the fishermen and their families, up and down the coast, thus reaching those who live far from villages, and where no one ever interests themselves in the people, to try to help them.

"Mr. Davis is a man well fitted for this work. He knows the fishermen, he knows how they live, what their problems are likely to be, and he has the tact and ability to make friends of everyone that is needed in such work. Most people give me all the praise for what has been done here, but he has done as much, if not more than I have.

"If you could interest anyone to help him get his boat fixed up for such work he would be very grateful. It does seem a shame to have her hauled up on the bank doing nobody any good, when she might be so useful. Mr. Davis does not use her because it costs more to run her than it does the small one that was our son's. He uses the little one for his fishing and this one is

idle. I suppose he could sell her, but he has been hoping that sometime he could put her into this work. The initial cost would be about \$150, and probably the cost of running her would be in the neighborhood of \$100 a month, which would include his living of course. He would be glad to go for nothing, but unfortunately he has to eat, a bad habit that most of us have.

"As for me, I suppose I must go back to school in September, but even though I have to do that, I find many opportunities for doing the Master's work. I am going to ask the school board to allow me to have a Sunday School during the week this year, as my school is seven miles from my home, and I go a mile and a half beyond the school house to get some little fellows who could not come to school otherwise, making in all twenty miles a day; and I have to go with a horse as I have no car. I could have a school in the village and much better pay, but I love the work among the out-lying sections of the island and would not give it up for anything that could be offered.

"My present job is making a wedding for a couple who have lived together as man and wife for 26 years. Mr. Davis is trying to find some way of getting a boat for a young man who has a wife and baby and no means of helping himself to get one. If he could have a small motor boat he could earn a good living.

"This is our situation and these are our problems. If you too are

doing this kind of work for God and humanity you do not need me to tell you how much we love the task, you'll know.

"We shall be glad of any assistance offered us. Clothing and shoes are always needed among the poor, books and magazines are eagerly read, and when the island people have done with them we put them on the ships that come here to load paving, and on the beam trawlers that come to this and other ports in this vicinity. Nothing is wasted. I teach the mothers to make over things for their children. We especially need clothing for children from two to nine years old, sweaters for old and young, warm socks in winter, gifts for our Christmas tree, and we are grateful for them indeed.

"A lady in Ohio has recently sent up a Victrola for the Neighborhood House, and it is very useful. We also have a piano in the hall.

"We thank you very sincerely for your kind interest in our work and shall hope to hear from you again. We have heard of the Seamen's Institute of course, but we did not know you were interested in just fishermen. We thought you only did work among the sailors who come to the big city on ships. Any advice or assistance you might give us for the people here would be very welcome. We have to work in the dark, as we have so far not been connected with any organization."

The Children of the World

"They are just like children," the employees say over and over again

to each other, after some peculiar experience with the sailors.

"Indeed they are just children," the Chaplain said with a fatherly smile as he turned from a semi-intoxicated sailor who was determined to draw all his savings out of the bank. He had just succeeded in 'heading off' that fellow, when another chap came up and congratulated him on the way he had handled him. Then he asked him if he didn't remember him.

"Why yes," the Chaplain said, "I tried to get compensation for you when you lost your toe. Did you ever get anything?"

"Yes! I got six hundred dollars yesterday."

"Good!" the Chaplain said, heartily, "I am glad."

"But I haven't it now," and he grinned sheepishly.

"You haven't it!—any of it?"

"No, I went uptown last night, and I met a couple of women and they introduced me to a fellow they called Jack, and—I got back sometime this morning, but I hadn't any money."

"Children, that's what they are, just children."

Service Begets Service

The Librarian was bending over his desk, sorting out a bundle of newly arrived magazines, when he heard shuffling feet coming down the hall toward his office. There was something unusual about the sound and he went to the door.

A seaman was looking toward his office, as he helped another man along. It was evident that one of the men was in distress.

"I brought him here because I didn't know what else to do," the seaman explained, as he shoved his companion into a chair, "he is all in."

"What is the matter with him?" the Chaplain asked.

"I guess he's been eating the husks all right," the seaman said, as he fixed his eyes on his companion.

"Do you know him?"

"No, I don't," he acknowledged, "I saw him up town, lying up against a wall, and I could see he was all in. I just couldn't leave him there, and I thought maybe you'd know what to do."

"Is he hungry?" the Chaplain asked, as he looked at the boy who was lolling over his desk, his eyes partly closed.

"He was, but I gave him something to eat. He hadn't eaten for several days he said."

"You started this thing," the Chaplain said to the seaman, "are you ready to see it through?"

"Yes," the seaman said, and he met the Chaplain's eyes squarely, "I feel that its up to me. What should I do?"

The Chaplain telephoned to a Mission that takes care of such cases, and when they said they would take the young fellow and do what they could for him, the Chaplain instructed the seaman how to get there, and he went out sup-

porting the young fellow who in three short weeks of riotous living had reached the depths.

Seamen's Identification Cards

Every problem of the seamen, they bring to the Institute.

A few days ago a seaman rushed into the Chaplain's office and said there was a notice up in the Barge office saying they were not issuing Seamen's Identification cards to American citizens, while the offices issuing identification cards to men of other nationalities were humming with business.

It seemed incredible; but scarcely had one man finished his report than another arrived with the same story.

A representative of the Institute at once went on an investigation tour, and inside of three hours, the Institute had machinery to enable American seaman to secure papers to allow them to ship out; as agreed with the Shipping Commissioner of the Port of New York.

The closing of the office was not intentional discrimination against American seaman, but seemed to be, a matter of shifting the work of one department to another.

However had the Institute not been 'on the job' it would have resulted in very decided injustice to American Seamen.

Before You Lecture Me

He was a sorry looking wreck of humanity, as he stood before the Chaplain, and asked who was advertising for him. But before the Chaplain could explain, he looked up

defiantly and said, "Before you begin to lecture me, let me tell you that I know all about it. I know all about it."

"I am not going to lecture you," the Chaplain said in a business like tone, "Did you desert your ship?"

"I did, I might as well tell you the truth. I did."

"Have you a wife and children to whom you have not written?"

"I have."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll write to her now."

He wrote a short note, and at the bottom he put a row of kisses. It seemed likely that was all he would be able to send; but for some reason he left the office wiping his eyes, and he came back to tell the baby's age.

Wearing a Crown

Overall Jim ran away from home at fifteen; and he learned what it was to serve in the humblest capacity on a ship. He had his dreams too, vague intangible things until he found the engine room, and then he knew what they were. He wanted to be an engineer.

And that is what he was, an engineer who served so well and faithfully that he was known not only to the Captains and the seamen, but to the men who managed the great company for which he worked.

Overall Jim he was christened when a messman, wearing donated overalls a few sizes too large; and Overall Jim he was when standing over his engines delighting in their

soft purr; and Overall Jim he continued to be when sitting in the office telling the managers of the company his opinions on things and events.

Then came the day, when the engines purred just as softly as the day before, but he did not stand around with attentive ear.

Jim had laid down his tools, and the woman who scrubbed the office said he had put on a crown.

No one agreed with her. It did not seem right for Overall Jim to have to wear a crown. He would have to dress up in fine clothes to match a crown—no; and when they buried the part Jim had discarded, officers and crews, and members of the company went to the service; but nobody seemed to care to hear about Jim walking the golden streets. It wasn't natural.

It was a wiper who said to his companion after a long pause, when the service was over, "Maybe they'll let him attend to the machinery up there."

"Machinery!" said his companion jeeringly, "they ain't got machinery up there; everything runs without it."

The first speaker did not look satisfied. A heaven like that did not seem fair to Jim.

A Nightmare in Daylight

It is in dreams that most of us find ourselves in impossible situations. Our way out is to waken up at the critical moment and find that it is not true. We are safe in bed and not where we feared we were at all.

The crew on a small drifter on the Atlantic Ocean, found themselves in an impossible situation; and they wakened up at the critical moment, but they found it was all true.

During the war, a large number of small boats called 'Drifters and Trawlers' were built in Canada for patrol duty and mine sweeping. When the war was over the Imperial Government bought a number of these boats for the fishermen in England and Scotland; but the trouble was to get them there. They were not built for ocean travel.

It was finally decided to take nine Drifters and two Trawlers over in a party. They were manned with experienced seamen who were willing to try to get them to the other side; and they started off like a party of tourists on the top of a smoking volcano. The men knew what the Atlantic could do; they could only pray that it wouldn't.

It didn't; but the engine on one of the Drifters balked in mid-ocean, and even when they transferred an engineer from one of the other boats to that one, a man who was guaranteed to make any engine that had any life in it, use it to good advantage, failed to make it work. Just then a thick fog came down, and wrapped each little boat in its own sheet of white mist; and when it lifted, the disabled 'drifter' was alone, a Drifter by name and nature. It was helpless.

Hours followed hours; daylight followed darkness, and darkness followed daylight; and the little vessel rocked in the great cruel arms of

the ocean, that any minute might tighten its grasp, and squeeze the very life out of the little craft.

It was a vessel coming to New York that saw it and took it in tow, and after it had been led back twelve hundred miles, it was the Institute boat, that first tooted up besides it in the harbor and said "Hello!" in the nice friendly way little crafts do, and asked if it could do anything.

"If you could help me get a bit clothes, "an overalled man with a much perforated rag that looked like a dishcloth around his neck, said with an accent that smacked of the heather, and he watched the Chaplain anxiously. He was the engineer who had been sent from another boat to drive the balky engine, and he had been left with nothing but what he had on.

"Come along!" the Chaplain said, "we'll fix you up and bring you back to your boat."

"You see by rights we're not here; we're in Scotland," he explained, "my clothes will be over there by this time."

But that is a habit of nightmares; people get separated from their clothes in most unaccountable ways.

A Quiet Picnic

A quiet picnic seems a contradiction in terms; but noise does not always indicate happiness. In this case it didn't.

One hot summer morning the Institute boat took all the patients from the Marine Hospital who were able to go, up the Bay for an outing.

Nurses and attendants accompanied the men, who were helped on, or hopped on with their crutches, or crawled on slowly and carefully.

"It was a quiet picnic," the Chaplain said, "for men cannot come from the shadow of illness with a joyous shout, and many had not yet come out of the shadow. But you know there is power and feeling in minor music that is not in the major; and that day we had quiet enjoyment, that was very deep."

Lunch was served, to make it a real picnic; and in time to prevent the weakest being too tired, the boat returned and the men were helped off, or hopped off on crutches, or crawled off slowly and carefully, a day's pleasure added to their happiness account.

Port Arthur Institute

In June, Rev. J. A. Frampton went to Port Arthur, Texas, to find out whether there was a need for a Seamen's Church Institute; and if so, to establish one.

He expected that it would take him at least a year to get the work under way; and behold inside of two months he is so impressed with the need and has so impressed the people of Port Arthur with this need that the Rotary Club and the Lion Club have provided the option money on a large boarding house, that was available for \$7,000.

His presentation of the situation so impressed his Bishop that he was instructed to go ahead, and The Seamen's Church Institute of America has provided the money for a first

payment, on a building that will accommodate between twenty and thirty men a night.

Another Seamen's Church Institute has been born; the particulars we will know later; but we do know that Mr. Frampton has been asked to address the clubs mentioned; and he is drawing to him the support of the men in that city, in a cooperative effort for the world's transients; the men who until now, have had no home in Port Arthur.

The Time to Act

We cannot put you in a position to co-operate with us unless you will write us signifying your **willingness**. We shall be glad to send to members of the legal fraternity (and others) complete information in regard to the field and how, thru seventy-five years of continuous study and ceaseless service, we have justified those who have made provision in their wills for the development and continuance of **this** seamen's welfare service. Will you not give a little time to acquaint yourself with this work and its far-reaching influence, and will you not co-operate in helping to assure the permanency of this service-to-man work?

A Piano Needed

We are still in need of a piano for the North River Station. If you have one that you do not need, or one that you do need, but would rather give to the sailors, it would be greatly appreciated.

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How We Serve

"This is a great place, this office," a Chaplain said one day as he leaned back in his chair and watched two seamen walking toward the stairs, "here we see the world pass, and we give it a helping hand."

It is this fact that impresses everyone who visits the Institute and takes time to investigate the work being done. At a first glance it would seem that the material welfare of the sailor is our chief concern; but half a day, yes even half an hour in the Chaplain's office would convince the most critical, that we endeavor to serve the seamen in every way in which they may require service.

The following from the Log Book on Thursday, August 19th, will illustrate better than anything else, the kind of work that is being done, quite outside of supplying the guests of the house with board, and rooms, and entertainments, and medical care.

R. Macdonald to see doctor.

Dressed superficial scald on shoulder.

Prepared affidavit certificates for seamen in lieu of identification.

Richard Hill complaining of assault by Chief Engineer on high seas wants to have the man arrested. Advised to see the Legal Aid Society, 1 Broadway.

Sent three men to House Clinic.

Prepared three sets of affidavits of birth for seamen to use as identification when signing on.

Edward F. Sawyer advised that army discharge is sufficient.

John Toot advised about alien passport.

Unfair wage question discussed with tug man.

Seamen wishes ticket for west coast.

Michael Pilger—letter written for passport.

Leo Hubert—cash loan \$2.

Institute passport made out for J. H. Hetur, a Swede.

British seaman asks for relief—referred to British and Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Roumanian wishes to aid parents, is directed how to send help.

Three Spanish firemen in search of work are directed to our Shipping Office.

Man directed how to get citizens' papers.

Officers directed to Officers' Unions.

Irishman cannot get passport—directed him to Custom's House.

And these are only a few of the entries made in the Log Book, on that day.

He Taught Us.

The following from the 'Log' written by one of the Chaplains gives an idea of the every day service that is rendered. He wrote, "The Chaplain on duty in the Chaplain's office, was particularly busy, when a sailor rushed in excitedly, and wanted to know if we would take his partner in, 'He has money and is just off the ship—and the taxi is waiting, and it costs money—he lost an arm and a leg.'

"For the moment it seemed that the case required an emergency first aid. Upon further inquiry it developed that the poor cripple was an American sailor, who had become entangled in a windlass in a British port, and after some months in a Grimsby Hospital had his left leg and arm amputated. The Chaplain went down to interview the poor chap. He found that he had been sent to us as a likely harbor from the storm and stress of a great city.

"The amputated arm prevented the use of crutches. He was practically helpless. Yes, the Chaplain agreed, and he told his friend to bring him in, and we would care for him for a few days until a better disposition could be arranged.

"So one of the men carried him in and set him on one of the benches in the Lobby, amongst his fellow sailors, and the sailors showed their sympathy in many ways, talking to him and helping him.

"One of the Chaplains after a vain endeavor to borrow a wheeled chair, improvised one from an or-

dinary reading chair, with a little platform on roller skates, upon which he moved about and chatted with his fellows.

"Meanwhile frantic endeavors were made by telephone to find an institution where he might be properly cared for until his compensation was arranged by the sailor's union, and he could be sent to the west coast where he wanted to go, for his home is in Seattle.

"Nobody seemed to want him. 'Too much trouble. No we don't take those kinds of cases,' came back over the wire. (It is so easy to refuse on the telephone.)

"The French Hospital offered to take him, but naturally his inclination led him to want to go to the Marine Hospital, where he would be amongst his own kind. The Marine Hospital agreed to take him.

"So after four days sojourn with us, the Ambulance called one morning and took him off to where he wanted to go. He is getting nearer his journey's end, bearing with comparative cheerfulness his absolute disability to work. In time probably he may learn something to do and feel of some use to others.

"His visit has done us all good, in teaching us unselfishness and a larger view of Christian duty and brotherhood."

Books and Magazines

The Institute boat is busy all the time these days, taking out parties of students from the Navigation School; or the Apprentice Boys on Thursday evenings; or the Sailors

on Thursday afternoon; or the Chaplains to visit the ships in the harbor and take books and magazines to the men who cannot come ashore.

And you have no idea of the pleasure the books and magazines you have so generously sent to us have given; it is impossible to convey it to you. It is also impossible for anyone to tell, the benefit as well as the pleasure the men have derived from the same source. Such things cannot be measured.

The friends of the Institute never kept us so well supplied before; and we hope you will continue, for the need is like a great harvest that stretches before us.

Christmas on the Way

It is not too soon for people with a family of a thousand to begin to think of Christmas. Our family this year will be a little more than that; and it will take a lot of planning, a lot of work, and a lot of helpers to see that Santa Claus does not find his supply exhausted before he gets around.

A little thought and a little work each month for the world's wanderers; the homeless ones; and we will have enough to make the Institute as much like home, as possible.

A Lonely Father

He signed his letter, that way. It was a simple account of his need for his boy. He wanted him to come home; but if he wouldn't do that he wanted him to write.

We looked for him and finally he called. He was a fine looking young man, with a smile that would make more than a father lonely for it. He seemed distressed to think his father had not received his letters. He said he had written from every port.

"Why not go home," we suggested, "It would do him good to see you."

A minute he looked down, then he glanced up and with a most engaging grin said, "He is too religious."

Contribution for the Launch

An appeal was made in the Lookout, for a launch for Bishop Hulse, who is in great need of it, in his work in Havana.

No one has yet offered a launch, but the following letter with a check for one hundred dollars, has encouraged us to believe that if he does not receive the little boat that he wants, he will get sufficient money to be able to purchase it.

"I have read the need of Bishop Hulse for a launch. I am enclosing a check for him, if you will kindly see that he receives it to be used for that purpose. I do so wish I had more means at my disposal, and sincerely hope this need, and also for our own seamen's mission may speedily be raised.

"With every good wish",

Signed.

Mrs. Anna Wilkins

Miss Minnie R. Nash."

The Lawyer's Opportunity

The legal fraternity has a rare opportunity as well as a real responsibility in the matter of increasing the endowments of the Seamen's Church Institute, and other national philanthropic institutions. You are frequently called into conference with your client in regard to making a Will, in helping to decide how the accumulations of a lifetime shall be so disposed of as to best meet the testator's wishes. We are speaking now more particularly in regard to the devising of the larger estates which have been accumulated more thru taking advantage of the natural resources of the country or thru a fortuitous combination of circumstances than thru the individual efforts of the testator. In these latter days public sentiment seems to be crystalizing around the idea that a certain proportion of such mushroom wealth should be devoted to philanthropic objects, especially where the diversion of a reasonable proportion would not materially affect the heirs-at-law.

"If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?"

The question "If a man die shall he live again" may be answered in the affirmative so far as this earth is concerned if a provision has been made in one's Will whereby, when the testator shall relinquish his hold on the present life, his loving ministrations may be continued for many years to

the benefit of his fellow-men thru a never-dying corporation which makes it a business to care for seamen. Whether we shall live in the future for the benefit of our fellow-men depends upon our foresight in making provision NOW.

Some philanthropically-inclined persons measure their benefactions in terms of the number of appeals they receive rather than the appeals favorably acted upon. Too many consider their obligation to help support an institution in the light of its physical location rather than the character and scope of the service being rendered. In many cases they forget that the obligation is nation-wide or even world-wide and, therefore, rests equally upon the farmer of the Western plains, the manufacturer in the great city and the business man in the local community—each according to his several ability.

Self-Centered or World-Visioner? Protect Our American Boys!

There are self-centered minds which never travel beyond the horizon of their own community, which hide behind the time-worn phrase that "Charity begins at home" (and in such cases, it usually ends there), whose public benefactions and bequests, if any, are usually distributed locally and, in the final analysis, with an idea of advertising the donor. There are great minds which have a world-vision,

which recognize a MAN and his needs wherever he may be located, and find a way to co-operate with funds and helpful suggestion. Were it not for these great hearts with their world-sweep, philanthropic institutions rendering a national and sometimes an international service, would fare badly.

Protect Our American Boys!

We are but on the threshold of the door of Opportunity swung open to us as a result of the war, thru the awakening of American youth to unappreciated fields of endeavor. Most cities have their Y. M. C. A.'s with its many character-building activities for their young men and boys. They enjoy its privileges, but seldom recognize its restraining influence in the formative period of their lives until Fate or Fortune swings them beyond its limits. Thousands of these fine young men from every state in the Union have heard "the call of the sea," many are in training, while many others are already sailing the ocean blue. They are away from home and its restraining influences; they have, in a way, cut loose from the moorings, and under these circumstances their characters are subjected to the terrific strain of a roving life. Will the anchor hold? It behooves us, like the Children of Issachar of old, to "have an understanding of the times and to know what to do" to look after their welfare in every seaport and lakeport of our country. For seventy-five years the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, has been lifting, LIFTING, LIFTING, and we believe, as a result of this tireless work, the sea-

men class is better physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually.

No Hampering Restrictions

In making provision for a fund to be administered for the benefit of the seamen, it is well to bear in mind that conditions are constantly changing. Therefore, it would be the part of wisdom to leave a bequest or trust fund free from hampering restrictions, and depend upon the collective judgment of an interested board of directors, having before them the need under the then present conditions, to apply the proceeds to the best advantage.

Memorial Suggestions

The necessity for doubling our capacity by the erection of The Annex on adjoining property already purchased, is being constantly pressed home thru the daily turning away of hundreds of seamen who need the service we are fitted to render. In this great addition, memorial rooms have already been applied for. There will be opportunities for taking several hundred memorial bedrooms, a seamen's dining hall, a general lounging room, a modern entertainment hall, a seamen's recreation hall and bowling alleys, a swimming pool and other necessities for an all-around service.

Our ability to render a ceaseless service to these "unsung heroes of the deep" is limited only by the generosity of those who place funds at our disposal.

Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the
"SEAMEN'S CHURCH

INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK", a corporation incorporated under the laws of State of New York, the sum of _____ Dollars, to be used by it for corporate purposes.

We, who have an intimate knowledge of the needs of the seafaring class and how to meet them, and who are co-workers in the accelerating movement toward providing accommodations in all seaports and lakeports of America to meet their community need, have a duty to perform in helping you to have a thoro knowledge of its scope in order that you may be in a position to pass it on to others at the psychological moment.

What They Could

On the Service Flag of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, there is one gold star, and around that star there is woven a wonderfully sweet and touching story of service, and loyalty, and faithfulness.

Frank A. Harley served the Institute for a number of years, as assistant House Steward, a quiet, industrious, faithful young man, who never dreamed of greatness beyond the average lot of men. But he had his vision, than which there is none finer, a vision of a little home of his own; and he knew the girl who would help him make it.

And then came the war.

Day after day as he went about his duties, here, there, and everywhere through the building, he

heard voices calling him; the something that lifts men above the clod was stirring in him; the divine spark that raises men to the high plane of selflessness, had taken fire in the breast of Frank A. Harley.

Dr. Mansfield in speaking of his last interview with him said, that the impression he left was one of strength, of vitality, of abounding life. And who can doubt that on Flanders' Field he found life and found it more abundantly.

But there was the girl, left with her shattered dream of a home, and without even a grave.

She knew what he would have liked, and with wonderful patience and devotion, she wrote to his family in England for permission to bring his body 'home'; she wrote to the authorities; she—well it took a long time, but last week, there was a funeral in the Chapel of Our Saviour, attended by the girl who had been faithful unto death and after; attended by those who had been his comrades, in khaki; and by those who had worked with him and knew his worth.

Dr. Mansfield conducted the service that was beautiful both in word and in spirit; for all who took part felt themselves in the presence of both the dead and the living, 'who had done what they could.'

And it seemed more in triumph than sorrow that all joined in the hymn,

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring:
To every arm Thy strength impart;

Thy Spirit shed through every
heart.

Wake in our breasts the living
fires,

The holy faith that warmed our
sires;

Thy hand hath made our nation
free;

To die for her is serving Thee.

Gambling on South Street

Two hundred and sixty-six seamen signed a petition to Dr. Mansfield with the following preamble. "We the undersigned seafaring men and guests of the Seamen's Church Institute, hereby respectfully request you kindly, through your influence with those in power, to bring about the abatement, if possible a stoppage of the ravages of the gambling gangs who are operating in the neighborhood of the Institute and robbing us seafaring men of our hard earned money, right and left."

With this petition were five signed statements from men who swore to having seen gambling crooks near the Institute, who by various tricks had taken as much as two hundred and fifty dollars from one seaman.

Two seamen told of having been to a Police Station where they asked permission to get their shipmates together and go out and clean up the tricksters. Such permission was of course refused.

Dr. Mansfield at once wrote to the authorities, and while the policemen cooperate with the Institute, the magistrates do not, and the evil flourishes at our very door.

The following report written by

one of the employees to Dr. Mansfield gives some idea of the problem.

"This morning at 11 o'clock I found a big crowd on the south west corner of South Street and Coenties Slip, where a three card crap game was going on, even men in Naval uniform joining in the same.

"I sailed into them grabbed the cards in one hand and the man in the other, but as he had no coat on he tore himself loose and ran. I blew my whistle and started a chase.

"This took place while in an act of deliberately taking a ten dollar bill from a truck driver, who wanted change to go across the ferry, and urging the said truck driver to take a chance on the cards. The man ran past the Institute door. I blew my whistle and called on him to halt, while passing the soldiers in front of the door. Not one of those cowards would lend a hand to stop this man, finally a group of sailors joined the chase, and a policeman on the Old Slip and Water Street arrested him.

"Credit should be given to the seamen who actually took up the chase and were the means of collaring the man and having him taken to Court."

But the past experiences, that the Institute employees have had with the Magistrates, have been most unsatisfactory. They fine these card sharpers one dollar or more and let them go. And that means that they go back to their nefarious tricks; and they often make enough in a few minutes to pay their fines for many years.

Son and Brother

Some weeks ago we received a letter from a man in Georgia asking us to try and locate his son. He said he had heard that his son was dead, but it was merely a rumor and he was unable to get information.

After quite a long search we learned particulars of his death, from a shipmate a Mr. Miller; and we wrote fully to the father and enclosed a snap shot taken by his friend just before he was drowned. We have just received the following letter.

"We received your letter to day and we are so glad and thank you so much for the kindness in writing to us, for all that we have been able to find out is from you, and yet we sent letters far and near.

"Our hearts leaped with joy when we saw the letter and we saw at once the face of our dear brother and son. But soon we were all in tears when we saw it was not from him, for we had tried to think it was a mistake. But we know now, that we will never see him any more, but we will have to be contented the best we can, and live in hope of some day seeing him, where there will be no parting forever more.

"Certainly am I thankful for the little picture. We have a large number of his, but this was the last one, and he looks so dear and sweet that we can never forget the one that was kind enough to send it to us, and we would like a picture of himself for he was the last friend of our brother.

"We would give lots to have a picture of his casket, but how sad to see him in that form. Five long years ago he kissed us all good-by and left with a smile, and said, "You all write to me and some day I'll slip back to you all," and we had waited for his return but at last it is too late. May God's richest blessings rest upon all who did for him, and our prayers will go out for them.

"I want you to send Mr. Miller this letter, and tell him to please write us a letter, and tell us all, and send us the other picture and a picture of himself. Also tell us how, and if we can have his body brought home, for we want it here in the little family graveyard beside his mother: for that was why he left home, he seemed never to be satisfied after she died. * * * * *

"Thanking you so much, and may God bless you all for what you have done for a dead brother and son."

Ignorance of Money

There are no doubt many people these days who are ignorant of the value of money belonging to other nations; but the ignorance of the sailor is past belief.

Within a comparatively short time three, one hundred dollar Confederate State Bills have been paid to sailors who have come to South Street. They accepted them, not realizing that they were worthless.

And many sailors when they have good money, have no idea of its value. Paper money in so many countries is worth very little; and a Portuguese sailor who went into

a modest lunch room on South Street last week, had evidently had experience with cheap paper money.

He had a simple lunch and his check was punched for thirty-five cents. He felt in his pocket and drew out a ten dollar bill; but he did not hand it to the cashier. He put his hand in again and drew out another ten dollar bill and he handed both to the cashier, who looked at him in astonishment, and informed him that he wasn't a banker.

The sailor grinned. He did not know.

Yes they are children, children of the world.

The Power of Appeal

The Chaplain looked into the upturned faces of the men before him and he said, "I know you want to do what is right; but there are some of you who are not acting the part of men. You are not playing the game. You are dodging. You are shirkers."

Then he told the story of the wife of a sailor who had appealed to the Institute for help in locating her husband. She had four small children, she was destitute; and he did not write to her. And despite all that she had faith in him. She believed he was good. He would do the right thing if she could only see him and talk to him.

The Chaplain pictured that young wife, nothing but a girl yet, and then he said to the men, "If you are not playing the part of men; if you are shirkers, get busy and do the right thing."

Yes he talked as man to man to them, and after his service a seaman walked up to him and held out one hundred dollars.

"I want you to send that to my wife," he said, "I haven't been playing the game. I have been a shirker."

A few minutes later another man came to him and asked him if he would write a letter to a little woman a thousand miles away. He had deserted her, and the words of the Chaplain had stirred the dormant decency in the man. He wanted to send her all the money he had.

And another man sat at his desk and made the confession a man hates to make and a man hates to hear.

He had not written home because he was ashamed.

Yes, it was drink that did it; he acknowledged it frankly, and he also acknowledged, that it had mastered him.

"Its beat me! Its beat me!" he said pathetically, but before he left he clenched his fists, and threw back his head and said, "But I'll go west and I'll make good."

Tall and Darkish

Two boys in New Jersey ran away to sea; and a young man in search of them called at the Institute. He said he wanted to find a tall darkish man who had been on a ship where the boys were.

He had neglected to get the name of the man, but he was quite disappointed, when we were unable to locate him.

General Summary of Work

JULY 1920

Religious Department

	Services	Attendance Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning	4	239	267
“ Evening	8	275	320
Miscellaneous	4	105	115
Bible Class Meetings	3	220	241
Communion Services			3
Baptisms			0
Weddings			0
Funerals			3

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing	16
Assisted thru Loan Fund	75
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	433
Referred to Hospitals	64
Hospital Visits	31
Patients Visited	3,125
Referred to other Organizations	19

Institute Tender “J. Hooker Hamersley”

Trips	25
Visits to vessels	63
Men transported	0
Pieces of dunnage transported	0

Social Department

	Services	Attendance Seamen	Total
Entertainment	9	2,937	3,318
Home Hours	4	298	344
Ships visited			71
Packages of literature distributed			501
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			50

Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering School enrollment	78
First Aid Lectures	6

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	22,118
Letters received for Seamen	13,711
Pieces of dunnage checked	8,236

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	30
Men shipped	364
Given temporary employment	14
Total	378

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$102,422.86
Withdrawals	100,981.34
Transmitted	17,375.18

What About

THE LOOKOUT

Ten years ago **THE LOOKOUT** first knocked at your door.

It introduced itself by saying, "We intend to build a new Institute that will be a model to its kind throughout the world."

THE LOOKOUT helped to arouse your interest in the largest and most successful institution of its kind in the world. It helped to make you part of that great organization, The Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

THE LOOKOUT must grow, because the Seamen's Church Institute is growing. It must point the way to greater service to the men of the sea.

How can it do more than it has done?

Put yourself in the Editor's chair and tell us what you would do.

Constructive criticism is what we want.

How can we improve **THE LOOKOUT**?

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 **one dollar 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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