

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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APRIL 1920

No. 4

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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INCORPORATED 1844

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Vol. 11

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

I AM THE LOOKOUT

I am the Mouthpiece of over a million real live red-blooded seamen of every tongue and clime who are temporarily homeless and almost friendless when they touch America's shores and who want a chance to live decently under conditions suitable for human beings in order that they may better serve you.

I am mightily interested in these "seadogs" who link the continents together and make a neighborhood of the world.

I owe it to the business world to help protect the seamen who are the shuttles of commerce weaving the fabrics of the world's business life.

I stand for these "unsung heroes of the deep" who were prompt to respond to the Nation's call and who, notwithstanding the piratical submarine, floating mines, and bombing airplanes, stood unflinchingly at their posts of duty during the late war, putting across the ocean untold quantities of foodstuffs and munitions, and safeguarding the lives of millions of America's soldierboys.

I represent the development work in one of the most practical experiments in Cooperative Christianity in modern times. I number my friends and cooperators by thousands upon thousands. But I MUST have many thousands more. I need individual units of enthusiasm and cooperation in every hamlet in this broad land. I NEED YOU and your friends and YOU NEED ME. I cannot be fettered; I MUST GROW.

I am the Voice of a cooperative work which is endeavoring to interpret the principals of Christianity in everyday life to a class of men who seldom have Sabbathday privileges and who live in an atmosphere hostile to religion.

I am the Herald of a work which is cooperating with the Government and many civic organizations in furthering the cause of Americanization.

I am a Source of Inspiration and Hope to thousands whose kindly thought and generous impulse find expression in a multitude of helpful ways.

I show my friends how their cold insensate dollars may, thru the alchemy of sympathy and love, be transmuted into warm-hearted service for men in need, without regard to race or creed.

I have challenged for years the entrenched forces of VICE, STRONG DRINK, and WRONG, and have championed the work of the Seamen's Church Institute, within whose hospitable walls thousands of storm-tossed mariners annually find protection from the evils of a great city.

I am the Forerunner of a nationwide movement which is crystallizing for action among the best brain of the land, looking to the erection in every seaport and lakeport of America of a real service-to-man institution—a mighty bulwark against the forces of evil which constantly beset and menace the seamen.

I am constantly gleaming here and there from the thousands of sailors who visit my home daily, the little

stories so full of human pathos and telling them to thousands of readers every month.



Misfortunes Travel in Company

"Business is dull to day," the Chaplain said as he looked around the almost deserted office.

"Good thing it is," someone mumbled, "handling sixty or seventy men, either sick or in trouble, every day is no joke let me tell you."

"It is a strain but—" he was interrupted by a voice with a strong English accent, "I'm back again. Everything is arranged, and I'm going home on Saturday, thanks to you. I do not just know what I would have done without you."

"Glad we were able to help you," the Chaplain answered, as he took the hand of the young, rather sick looking man. "Hope you'll have a good trip across."

"Yes," the seaman answered, and he held the hand of the Chaplain close in his and tried to say what he felt. But he couldn't. He turned abruptly away, with his head down.

Misfortune had crossed Arthur's path in a zig zag line that met him wherever he turned. First he was taken from the ship to the hospital, and when the Captain heard it, he discharged him.

Arthur came to the Institute from the hospital, too weak to be up and the Chaplain sent him back to the hospital, and visited him there.

Again Arthur returned, still too weak to work, and the Chaplain sent him to Burke Foundation, where he was built up some, but he was so

eager to get to work that he left too soon. Again he appeared at the Institute.

He was kept for a day, and a position on a ship was secured for him. Arthur seemed likely to get along all right. But next day he again appeared, a little sheepish looking, for he had been discharged from the ship as unfit for work.

The Chaplain appealed to the British Consulate, where the man was given support and care until a passage home was secured for him.

Well Known

A letter addressed to "The Seamen's Institute near South Ferry, New York," had the following note to the Postmaster on the outside of the envelope. "Will you kindly forward this to the Seamen's Institute? Address is unknown to me, but institution is near South Ferry, and has a light-house effect on the roof. Thank You."

The letter reached here without any unnecessary delay, as did another addressed merely, "Sailor's Home, New York."

Cleanliness Next to Nakedness

Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but there are times when it is not rewarded as it should be.

Stanley had a tragic tale that somehow made the Chaplain hide a smile.

In a burst of extra piety he had a washing up. Nothing escaped his eager hands. His clothes, all but a meagre few that covered him were put through a thorough cleansing and hung out to

dry. He had always been told, that there was nothing like the wind to dry clothes and there was a good stiff breeze blowing.

The trouble was the breeze was too strong and when Stanley went to take in his washing, there was nothing left. Not a rag or tatter of all his wardrobe was to be seen.

His plight was terrible. You may smile if you like but if you were a little boy on a big ship in New York harbor and you hadn't enough clothes to go on shore with, and you hadn't any money to buy more, what would you do?

Stanley had heard of the Institute. He had never thought much about it before, but he had heard boys talk of getting help there. The trouble was to get there. He made many plans, but gave them all up, until one night he slipped ashore, and by slinking around dark streets he reached the Institute without being arrested, and stated his case.

Of course he got some clothes. Who could disappoint the eager trusting boy! We hope his first lesson in cleanliness will not prejudice him against it.

The Agony of Bereavement

A stranger in a strange land, that is what sailor boys are much of their lives. Strange ports, strange lands, strange people, very interesting while the boys are well, but how lonely when they are ill!

He was a young Dutch sailor, who made the Institute his home, and he loved it so much he made his parents understand that it was a real home.

It was from here he wrote to tell them he had recovered from a slight illness and would return to them as soon as possible. But he did not return.

The parents wrote to us and after telling us that he said he would repatriate as soon as possible, they said, "We received that letter on February 11th. Two days afterward we got a wire that our beloved son died of an inflammation of the lungs on February 9th.

"It will be understood by you how we are touched by that intelligence. We would be very pleased if you would be kind enough by writing us how he deceased? Has he asked for his parents? Has he had many agonies of death? Which were his last words? How was his funeral?"

These are questions that are seldom answered about a sailor who dies in a strange port; but we were able to tell them that their son was so determined to be well and go home, that he kept around until he became unconscious. He was taken to a hospital where he died believing he was "going home." He was buried by the company, with the respect his parents would have desired.

More Papers Needed

The Librarian would like very much to have a number of people who are interested in the Apprentice boys, subscribe for papers for the Apprentice Room.

Such papers as the Graphic; Illustrated London News; Tattler; or Punch are always popular. Have the papers addressed to The Apprentice Room, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St., New York.

Safeguarding American Seamen

One of the chief hazards of seafaring life, grows out of the fact that when a vessel is at sea the ship's company is out of the reach of the resources of medicine and surgery, in case of accident or sudden injury.

There is a law making it mandatory for cargo ships to carry medicine chests; and the Master of the ship if he so desire, can secure a 'Blue Book', a government publication on, "Prevention of Disease and Care of the Sick." But if he does secure it, the problem is not solved for there is seldom anyone on board who understands how to use it.

Dr. C. H. Lavinder, Senior Surgeon, U. S. Public Health Service, and Dr. Mansfield, a few weeks ago put the matter before the annual meeting of the Board of Supervising Inspectors, of the Steamboat-Inspection Service. Dr. Lavinder told the following story.

A sailor at sea was taken suddenly ill, and he applied to the man in charge of the medicine chest for aid. His case was diagnosed as requiring medicine 13; but medicine 13 was all gone.

The sailor demanded that something be done. The medicine chest was there by law, to help in just such an emergency. He wanted the help.

The man in charge was resourceful. He thought a minute and decided that mathematics being an exact science, it could be depended upon.

He took some of medicine 6 and some of 7 and gave the sailor the mixture.

But that was a time when six and

seven did not make thirteen.

The sailor died very promptly.

Dr. Mansfield, who is Chaplain of the Marine Hospital, at Stapleton, Staten Island, says that the answer to the question, What is the use of the medicine chest without people trained to use it? is found in that hospital where there are sailors, some maimed for life, others who will recover, but who are undergoing unnecessary suffering, all because there was not ~~someone at hand~~ to care for them when they were taken ~~suddenly~~ ill; or when they were injured. Dr. Mansfield in his address to the Board quoted a number of very convincing cases.

The remedy is to bring to the aid of the sick or injured seaman a type of emergency care, which, while it makes use of the best resources of medicine and surgery, can be administered by a person without professional training.

First aid has not only grown much more efficient, during the last few years, but has become much simplified. Simple as the procedure of modern first-aid is, the effective application requires a certain degree of intelligence, education, and practical instruction, and this is chiefly to be found among officers.

It is proposed, therefore, that a regulation be framed by the Board of Supervising Inspectors, requiring that after a given date, every candidate for the license of Second Officer or Third Engineer, present evidence that he has completed a course of instruction in the principles of first-aid, approved by the U. S. Public Health Service, for this particular

purpose, and to present a certificate from the U. S. Public Health Service, that he has passed a satisfactory oral examination based upon the contents of the "Handbook of the Ship's Medicine Chest," or some other approved manual arranged for the purpose.

Dr. Mansfield pointed out that such regulations would not be without precedent. The British Board of Trade in its regulations for the examination of Masters and Mates in the Merchant Marine, require such certificate ~~from some approved body, named in the regulations.~~

The danger from lack of care of the sick and injured at sea is not imaginary, but a real condition which every year is responsible for many needless deaths, and many more needless complications of simple injuries and illnesses.

The reception given Dr. Mansfield and Dr. Lavinder was most encouraging, and while the desired regulation was not approved this year, more than reasonable hope has been given that there will be something done next year.

The Viewpoint

At a reception one evening in a new England city, the wife of a very prominent physician, was much exasperated because her husband had not been able to attend.

"Next time I get married," she said impatiently, "I'll marry a minister."

The minister's wife who was sitting near, leaned over and said, "Next time I get married, I'll marry a sea Captain."

Our Younger Sister

One morning, some five years ago, the Venerable John A. Emery came to the Institute and asked to see Dr. Mansfield. He was at once taken to the administration offices, where the interest of his visit was added to by the fact that he came from San Francisco, where he was deeply concerned in the work for sailors.

At that time the seamen's work in San Francisco which had been organized as a branch of the Missions to Seamen of England, had been handed over to American control, and the legal entity of the organization was vested in the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California, a corporation sole, with an advisory committee to direct the detail of Institute activity.

The Venerable John A. Emery had much of interest to say about what they were doing among the sailors in San Francisco, but he emphasized the fact that they needed a strong man to take charge of the work. He pointed out the work Dr. Mansfield had done, and said that only a man with a strong spiritual nature, with vision, with fearlessness, with patience, with business ability, with tact, and with more tact, could do what had to be done.

Dr. Mansfield agreed that such a man would be most desirable, but he knew from experience that such men are rare. He felt that he would like to see the work in San Francisco go ahead, but he did not know where they would find the man they sought.

However, the Venerable John A. Emery had not crossed the continent for nothing. He said that the Bishop

of California had asked him to discuss the matter with Dr. Mansfield, and ask him to let them have Reverend Charles P. Deems, the Assistant Superintendent of the New York Institute, the man he had trained to share with him the burden of the work in New York.

It was almost like asking Dr. Mansfield for his right arm, but when a man has spent twenty years of his life for a cause, he does not let the personal element stand in the way. Mr. Deems was called into conference, and because he was the man they sought, he accepted the call.

Reverend Charles P. Deems is the Superintendent of the growing Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco, and since 1915 he has been putting into practice much of the knowledge gained in his work in New York. Small wonder that the New York Institute feels like a big sister to the San Francisco Institute.

In 1917 Mr. Deems was able to announce that the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco was a state corporation. It had not yet a permanent building or a permanent site, but it had taken a big step toward the realization of the dream behind it, and in that step the New York Institute in the person of Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, President of the New York Seamen's Institute, and Vice-President of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, was the inspiration.

Mr. Baylies in his address on the occasion of the Charter Member Luncheon, of the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco, in August 1917, said: "I want to convert and convince

every one of you to the cause for which I speak—the sailor.”

That Mr. Baylies accomplished what he set out to do is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Deems afterward said, “We shall always feel that this address was epoch making in its effect upon the attitude of the general public toward our work. We can now count upon the enthusiastic backing of a group of men who are each remarkably representative of the finest type of citizens our community can boast of.”

San Francisco is planning big things and with each year her dreams grow larger. What has been done, can be done, and the Seamen’s Church Institute Exhibit at Detroit last summer was an inspiration to those from the west who saw it; and at a luncheon given in Detroit to people from the Pacific Coast, Mr. Baylies and Dr. Mansfield were guests and had an opportunity to say a word for the work for sailors, an opportunity that neither of them ever let pass.

People from San Francisco are constantly coming to look through the Institute; and a very recent letter from there asks whether their new building, which will accommodate about four hundred men, should have a preponderance of dormitories or single rooms?

Our interest in the work in San Francisco is maternal as well as sisterly. Her Superintendent was trained with us; our President and our Superintendent have given of themselves to her; and Mr. Baylies has offered to go back and put his shoulder to the wheel again if necessary.

So whether her new site costs \$95,000, or \$225,000; or her building costs

twice the \$500,000 already assured, she will do well, for into her hands she has gathered the best traditions from her own past and ours, and her success is assured.

S. C. I. Safety, Comfort, and Inspiration for the sailors in San Francisco. That is what Mr. Deems is aiming to have; it is what he is getting.

To Unknown Givers

Our thanks to the many anonymous givers of books and magazines. We are constantly receiving packages without any name enclosed, and we are thus unable to acknowledge them personally.

Thank you.

A Princess

All kinds of people appeal for help to the Missing Men Department, but it is not often we receive a letter from a Princess, and a Princess who really belongs to our democratic country, but we have received one such letter.

Princess Wa Wa Chaw wrote, “In search of my brother American Indian, name Thunderbolt Flowers.—Ship arrive without him. I was told he was ill discharge claim but we are a ward to the Government. Why then can they discharge? My belief is that his black and blue body in which he said in his letter has caused trouble. Kindly place his name on your list.

Your trouble

I thank
Wa Wa Chaw

A shipmate reported fully about this man within a few days after his name was added to the list.

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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 Lillian Beynon Thomas,.....Editor

Carrying On

"The time has come to speak of many things, of shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings."

* * *

We are living in serious times, times when we dare not dodge any of the facts of life, either cabbages or kings, and the Institute is facing them squarely. The cost of living is advancing by leaps and bounds and wages are unsteadily going up. We are in a circle from which we cannot escape.

We do not know whither we are drifting, and we have no solution of the problem to offer, except the old, old solution that Christ offered, a solution that has been rejected all down the ages. But we have not lost faith.

Even as we look into the depths of selfishness and greed that are on every side, memory lights the world with the glow from the sacrifice of millions of men, men who gave themselves and asked nothing in return, nothing but a better world.

Can a world that breeds such men be lost?

Never! It has in it the spark that cannot die.

We are 'Carrying On' with faith in

Christ's words "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." We are trying to show Christ to the world, and we are showing him. Never in our history have we had such recognition of our work as we have had recently. Not that recognition is necessary. We know when our work is good, but we are very human and sometimes we get discouraged, and a word of commendation helps.

With your help we are going to "Carry On" more effectively than we have ever done; and we may need at times to lean heavily on your generosity, for we do not know what is ahead. But of one thing we are sure, and that is that the world never needed Christ more than it does today, and out of all the turmoil and strife, there will emerge a world purified by suffering.

We desire to play no mean part in the reconstruction of the world; and with you who have faith in us 'standing by' we will play a big part.

Here come men from every country in the world. They have seen many things; they know many things. They are not afraid to speak of shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings. To many of them nothing is sacred. Religions, governments, old traditions, are but words to conjure with, for so often have they seen them misused, that they have lost faith in everything but works, and it is in our work that we desire to uphold Christ.

We do not wish to pauperize these men. They are charged a reasonable amount for their room and meals; but around them we wish to put the influences that you would wish to have around your boy were he one of the

earth's transients, a wanderer going from port to port. We are making the Institute a home for them, and the home is making them better men. It is restoring their faith.

It is a big task and we need both your prayers and your money.

Mothers' Day Fund

Cash contributions for flowers for Mothers' Day, are needed. Each year we like to give every sailor in the house a flower, to turn back the film of memory, and recall the love and care of a mother.

Last year on Mothers' Day, the supply of writing paper at the Hotel Desk was exhausted long before the afternoon was over, and a fresh supply had to be procured from another department.

The fragrance of the carnations in their button holes, evidently did recall the too oft forgotten days of childhood, and the mothers who had cared for them.

Address your contribution to Dr. Mansfield, Superintendent, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St., New York.

Flowers for Easter

The flowers for the Chapel of Our Saviour on Easter Sunday were given by Mr. John White Johnston in memory of A. B. Seaman, Peter Johnson, late of Orphir, Orkneys Scotland.

By the Altar Guild of New York.

By Miss Margaret Sorlie in memory of Frank A. Harley.

By members of the Hope Club.

Shattered

The Chaplain described the Missing Man as a splendid young fellow, "A man who has impressed me more than anyone I have met for a long time. It seems that he writes, and after he left the army he went to sea to get atmosphere for his stories. Something of the Jack London idea. But he appeared reluctant to write home. I think there must be trouble of some kind. He was reticent and he was not the kind of man one asks for confidence."

We wrote to his people and told them we had seen him. At once we received telegrams and telephone messages begging us to get him to communicate with his people. It was evident that they were all very anxious to see him again.

Again we left a message in our post office for him, and then a beautiful young woman called at the office of the Chaplain. She said she was the wife of the man we had tried to persuade to write home, and she was most anxious to see him.

To the Chaplain she told her story, a story of a few months of happy married life and then the war. The husband went 'across' and she went into war work. She had been in business before her marriage, and she knew how to direct workers. She soon rose to the position of manager of a large office force. But when the end of the war came and her husband wrote that he would soon be out of the army she returned to her southern home to have it ready for him.

She counted the days. Many young wives know what counting the days

means, and finally lagging time reached the day that he would be free. That night he would take the train for home.

Someone brought her a letter, and while she read it, her friends and his, stood anxiously around her, waiting for the latest news. But as she read she turned very pale, and after groping with an outstretched futile hand, she asked to be left alone.

What could she do? What should she do? Would she tell? Could she keep it from them? She could not think.

For the letter was a farewell. He said in it definitely that she would never see or hear from him again.

Sensitive, high strung, fine, clean young man that he was, in order to face the horrors of war, he had deadened his feelings with liquor, and liquor had deadened his feelings for decency in other ways; and he called himself unclean, unfit to return to his wife and friends.

"I know something about life," the young wife said, "and I know I cannot live with him, but I want to see him to tell him that I understand. I want still to be his friend and pal. He is a good man, and I do so want to get letters, to know where he is."

She wrote a letter to him and put it in our post office for him. The Chaplain who had talked to him also wrote him, and into his letter he put all the power that God has given him, to help people mend their broken lives. There were many prayers in the Institute that those letters might be answered. That the price paid by that young couple might not be so high.

The letters were delivered.

A few days ago the wife telephoned to the Chaplain, who has become a close friend to her.

The husband had not answered the letters.

Seamen's Benefit Society

The Lenten Sewing Class, of the Seamen's Benefit Society, this year made towes for the Institute, which they sent down to us. Will the class accept our thanks, on behalf of the seamen who will use their gift.

Want More Like Us

Two men connected with shipping operations on the Great Lakes came to the Institute. They had heard about it and wanted to see for themselves. They saw and everything looked very good to them, and they said so. But they had seen only one side. They wanted the mens' side too. They were not from Missouri—but.

The next day one of them came to the Institute and without speaking to any of the employees he mixed with the men in the building. He knew fully forty of them, and could call at least half of them by name. They all knew him. They were seamen from the lakes.

He asked them what kind of a place the Institute was? He talked freely to them and they talked freely to him. He asked if they had any fault to find with the place. He tried to get a frank opinion.

Next day he returned to the Institute, and he said the men without exception spoke in the most glowing

terms of the Institute, and said they wished there were similar Institutes in each of the Great Lake Ports. They were very sure that in Cleveland, Buffalo and Chicago, such work would be especially successful.

Imitation is the greatest compliment, and they wanted something similar to the New York Seamen's Church Institute, in every port they had to stay at.

Thanks from the Family

They thought their boy was dead. They had not had a letter for more than a year, and part of that time the war made the life of a sailor very dangerous.

They wrote to the Institute and asked our help to locate the loved one. We advertised in our usual way and one day a sailor answered the advertisement. He told us he was quite sure Anton had been drowned. He gave particulars about an accident that seemed so conclusive that we wrote to the parents, but urged them not to give up hope, as we were going to continue advertising until we had more particulars.

And we did. We continued to advertise and one day Anton walked into the office and was much surprised that everyone was so anxious about him. He wrote home at once and the grateful parents wrote, "Very many thanks for your good advice, which we received from you. Very glad we were, thanks to the Lord who everything leads and manages, Anton has written too, and then we just believed that he really is alive. Our kindest thanks for your willingness, and our kindest and well meant regards from us all."

This is a translation, and the letter was signed, "Famielie Woudenberg."

Books and Magazines

We need more books and magazines for the reading rooms. The response to our request for reading matter has been splendid, but the more we have the more we can do with it.

There are always boys going away on ships who want to take books and magazines with them. We never refuse them a good bundle when there are any in the house.

Address all books and magazines to the Librarian, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St. New York.

A Landmark

A few blocks from the Institute where South Street is lost in a maze of entrances to L's, and subways, and ferries, there stands a building that for a hundred years has looked out over the Harbor, where the nose of "Manhatta," divides the waters of the East and West rivers.

On a riotous noisy corner it stands, a corner where history has been made, for the old Eastern Hotel has in its day, housed men and women whose names we all know. When you are passing on the way to the Institute give it a glance.

A crude scaffolding is around it now, for it is being made over into an office building; but if you come when the traffic is hushed and you listen closely, you may hear the old building sighing for the days when Generals planned campaigns within its walls; and politi-

cians gathered to count their votes.

It was a place of importance once, for Jenny Lind sang there. Barnum for many years made it his headquarters, and an old account tells of a fake 'stone man,' that he had carried to the Eastern Hotel every night, and locked in a room guarded by a man who sat at the door all the time it was there.

The sailors all knew it once, but it was much too grand for them in the old days. In later times it has not been good enough for them. With the growth of buildings around it that blotted it out of the sky line it lost heart, and at the age of a hundred it is starting life over again as an office building.

Give it a second glance as you pass; it may retain some of the dignity consequent on 'having seen better days.'

What We Could

The care taken of the dead is said to be a sign of civilization. In the matter of caring for sailors who die away from home and friends the business interests have not always given evidence of a high stage of civilization. It is an important part of our work to see that every sailor receives, not only decent burial, but Christian burial, when there are no friends to care for them.

One instance was that of a second mate who came to us to help him send some money to his parents in Germany. On two occasions the Chaplain helped him forward the money, and he was so much attracted to the man, that he gave him his card, and asked him to call again.

But the call was from the Chief of Police. The young man had fallen

down an open hatch in the ship, and had been killed instantly. The only mark of identification he had was the Chaplain's card.

The Chaplain went over at once and identified the man, and when the Company refused to bury him, the Chaplain arranged for his funeral and he buried him.

Another was the case of a young man, the Social Service Bureau of the U. S. Shipping Board of Boston asked us to locate. We advertised for him and soon located him. The Chaplain had quite a talk with him and gave him his card.

A few days later he was killed by a motor truck and the only mark of identification was the Chaplain's card. The Chief of Police telephoned to us and the man's friends were notified at once.

It may not seem much; but it is much to the friends.

Hallucinations

It is interesting to talk about people who have hallucinations, but it is quite another matter to be left alone with a man who has an unknown number of them.

The Institute doctor had a patient who insisted on drawing diagrams on the floor, supposed to represent a menagerie that he believed inhabited a part of his anatomy. The doctor saw that his examination could not proceed until the drawings were completed, so he got down on his haunches and watched his patient.

During the drawing the doctor's assistant arrived. He was rather a new assistant and he looked anxiously

down at the two men on the floor. He was pretty sure one of them was crazy but the question was, which one was it.

He took another look at them. Both appeared normal and equally interested in pictures that he could not see. Then he began to wonder. He was a comparative stranger in New York. He had heard much about the dangers of the city and the effect it had on people. He began to wonder if there was something queer about him.

Just then he saw a faint flicker in the corner of the doctor's eye. It was not a wink. Of course a doctor could not wink in the presence of a patient, but it was evident the doctor wanted something. The assistant used his imagination but he could not think of anything unless he wanted him to join in the game whatever it was, so he got down on his knees beside them.

There was no doubt then that the doctor's eyes opened wide in surprise and he asked abruptly, "What is the matter with you? Have you a menagerie inside of you?"

"No," the assistant answered dryly as he got quickly to his feet, "It is outside of me," and he waved his hand expressively toward the two on the floor.

A Quiet Seaman

He did not look as we expect the possessor of a Croix de Guerre, and the D. S. C., and a medal from Washington for selling bonds, but he had all those things and more.

He was reserved, quiet with the usual quiet of the men of the sea, and yet he had fought as few men have lived to fight. Fought in the United States Army on the Mexican border; fought with the Australians, at Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and in France; and in the U. S. Fighting Sixty-ninth.

He knew what it was to see most of his companions killed, and filled with a hatred that knew no fear he advanced alone and killed eight of the enemy. And yet as he stood in the Institute, he appeared one of the most inoffensive of men. It seemed incredible that he could have seen such things; that he could have done such things.

It was understandable that he could risk his life to save a Captain as he did; and what did this man of blood talk about?

Love! Yes, that was it. The old, old story. He had met a nurse and she had cared for him and he had learned that he would never be well enough to do without her, and so they had been married.

He was a boatswain and after next trip he was going to study to be an officer. Yes, he was going to do big things. But the House Mother noticed that his coat was thin, and she remembered a coat that had been given by someone who wanted to help a sailor.

"They'll be delighted to know that this man has it," she thought, and the hero of many battles took it and felt it happily, and fitted it on, and said, "I knew I ought to have one, but it takes a lot to get started. I thank you ever so much."

And he brought the House Mother

a string of beads he had made in the hospital, the saving work of many a dreary hour. And as he was leaving he said in answer to some question about his medals, "A general told me that he'd be willing to give up his generalship to have what I have here."

Then he fingered his new overcoat, and said quietly, "It will help a lot having this coat. We can spend the money for things we need very much to get a start. I'll never forget the Institute."

Will You Be Good?

Shore is the place where dreams come true, at least sailors at sea think it is. This is especially true of the boys who run away to sea in pursuit of romance, and who come ashore on the same quest.

The green light from the tower met Jerry as he left his ship, and came straight to the Institute, and the light, from the open door welcomed him. His bright restless dark eyes shone, and exuberant life spoke from every move of his slight lithe frame, as he shifted his sea bag. He was the kind of boy mothers love best and worry about most.

He was also the kind of boy that watchmen regard with a certain amount of reserve. Jerry could not be said to be popular with the men whose duty it is to keep order. Not that they often caught him in mischief. That was just the trouble. They couldn't catch him, but trouble had a way of starting soon after Jerry arrived.

The sun shining brightly into the reading room did not lure him to bask in its rays; it lured him to sit beside an old sailor who, with head thrown back and mouth open, was oblivious of his surroundings.

Jerry might appear to be reading earnestly, but in a few minutes there would be a cough and a sputter; the sailor would spring to his feet and strike the man beside him, and in a second there would be a fight or a near-fight, and Jerry at a safe distance would be watching with the innocent look of a very good baby.

So it was all day and at night too. Jerry never had enough money to buy a room so he bought a bed and there was far more scope for him in the dormitory. A bedroom all by himself! That was too tame.

In the dormitory there was always a man, whose faith in locks and keys had been shattered, a man who insisted on taking his clothes to bed with him, and such a man Jerry spotted as quickly as a crook spots a sailor. When the light was out it was no trick at all to slip out of his cot and creep along the floor until within reach of the fearful one. A quick sharp tug at his quilts was always enough to start something.

By the time the watchman reached the seat of the disturbance, Jerry was always back in bed, breathing heavily, sometimes a little too heavily. When quiet was restored and nothing was to be heard except the reiteration of the sailor that he hadn't been asleep, but as wide awake as he had ever been, and he knew someone was trying to rob him, Jerry was the first to call

sleepily, "Keep quiet. A fellow can't get to sleep with all that row."

When it was quiet, he started off again, in pursuit of adventure, but everything comes to an end. Jerry was caught in what the watchman called, "a mighty suspicious position." Jerry insisted that there was nothing suspicious about being under another man's bed. He said he had dropped a penny and it had rolled away, and it was all he had and he wanted it to get a bar of chocolate for breakfast.

But the watchman was adamant. He reported Jerry, who was reprimanded, but was given one more chance. He promised to be good, but the watchman shook his head doubtfully.

Soon Jerry went to sea.

He came back a few days ago. Jerry is a man.

We do not know how it was done, but it quite often happens. One long

trip at sea frequently changes a boy into a man.

Jerry's eyes are almost as bright, but his smile is not quite so mischievous, and not quite so spontaneous. He always has money enough to buy a room, and he lets the sailors sleep with their mouths open full width without disturbing them.

Yes Jerry behaves himself; he is quite respectable. We suspect that a girl someplace has had something to do with it, but sometimes we miss the boyish dancing eyes, the merry spontaneous smile, and the pranks; but the watchman says he has learned sense, and time he did too, so we suppose, it is all right.

Sample Copies.

We have a few sample copies of the Lookout which we will be glad to mail, free of charge, to friends whose names may be sent to us.

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Religious Department

	Attendance		
Services	Seamen	Total	
Sunday Morning	4	119	138
“ Evening	8	609	708
Miscellaneous	5	189	212
Bible Class Meetings	4	258	288
Communion Services			8
Baptisms			1
Weddings			1
Funerals			4

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing	262
Assisted thru Loan Fund	70
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	501
Referred to Hospitals	47
Hospital Visits	50
Patients Visited	5,077
Referred to other Organizations	8

Institute Tender “J. Hooker Hamersley”

Trips	
Visits to vessels	
Men transported	
Pieces of dunnage transported	

OUT OF COMMISSION

Social Department

	Attendance		
Services	Seamen	Total	
Entertainments	26	6339	7676
Home Hours	3	199	232
Ships visited			55
Packages of literature distributed			290
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			140

Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering School enrollment	120
First Aid Lectures	10

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	22,199
Letters received for Seamen	11,577
Pieces of dunnage checked	7,539

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	36
Men shipped	223
Given temporary employment	35
Total	258

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$111,444.44
Withdrawals	112,218.68
Transmitted	21,782.63

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

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