

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIV

SEPTEMBER, 1923

No. 9

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinics 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

Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

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

Health Lectures

Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment

Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

FIND ONE FRIEND

NOTE:—We know you have a genuine interest in this Institute and would do anything you could to help it. Its great need just now is for new friends. Could you help us find one?

Enclosed is \$1 for which please send "The Lookout" for one year to the name and address given below. I think this friend ought to know about your work and would support it.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

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The Reconstructed Basement

For the past ten years the entire South Street side of the Institute basement has been leased to the British government to house the British Consular General Shipping Office, where all crews of British ships, engaging and discharging men in the Port of New York were signed on and paid off.

Desiring, for important reasons, different quarters, this lease has not been renewed by the British government.

The Building Committee approved a permanent improvement and rearrangement of the space thus left vacant, in accordance with the plans for the building when the Annex has been added.

Around a spacious hallway are grouped a barber shop, a tailor shop, the employment bureau, the savings department, and wash rooms.

The barber shop is a big room with white ceiling, cream upper walls, Pompeian red wainscoting, and a deeper red floor. It will have four chairs, with all modern appliances. It is a bright cheerful room and will almost certainly be an appreciable source of revenue for the Institute.

Next to it is the tailor shop, a sharp contrast in sober dark oak and light walls, where the seamen will be able to have their clothes made, cleaned, pressed and repaired, and their money, when they pay for these services, correctly changed.

Next comes the room that is to be used, until the annex is erected, as the employment bureau.

It is built so that when it can be spared from its present use it can be transformed into a locker and wash room for the male employes of the House Department.

Next to it comes the savings department. This is not new, except that it has acquired an additional window, relieving the congestion at the door.

The remainder of the space is being added to the wash room and laundry. This wash room and laundry is one of our greatest conveniences. Any seaman in the Port of New York can get a fifteen cent ticket entitling him to soap and a towel and the right to take a bath and wash his clothes. It doesn't matter whether he is a guest in our building or not. It doesn't matter whether he is black or white or yellow. It is a special convenience to the man who is too poor to buy a room, and is perhaps sleeping in the park. This enables him to keep himself clean and decent. This department does not add to our revenue. It merely pays its way in dollars and cents, but there is not anything the Institute does which pays bigger dividends in human comfort and decency.

So the basement is being rebuilt looking toward a still greater Institute where there will be room for

many men who are now crowded out into cheap boarding houses where nobody cares what happens to them.

The Double Concert

There is a universal feeling that to boast of one's good fortune is to tempt fate to retract it, so it is almost flying in the face of Providence to say that in a summer and a half of outdoor concerts the entertainment has not once been stopped by rain. Now and again, as for example on the evening of August 27, a few drops have fallen before the concert and real showers have come after, but during the entertainment the elements have been favorable.

It happened that on the evening in question a very unusual thing occurred. Two bands turned up to play for us instead of one, through some error in the department of park bands.

The concert man, embarrassed by his good fortune, consulted with both leaders, as to what should be done about it. It was amiably decided that the band which appeared on our program, that of the National Biscuit Company, should have the stage, and the city band generously offered to stay and play in the intermissions. As a result the audience was treated to a continuous program for more than an hour.

If the event had been staged for the purpose it could hardly have been a better demonstration of the value of the memorial stage. Both were good bands, well conducted, but the sound carried to a much greater distance when the band on

the stage was playing, particularly the low notes had a depth to them that was lost in the case of the band playing in the open.

The Institute is most appreciative, not only of the delightful concerts given by these two bands, but of the splendid spirit in which they accepted the error and made the mistake profitable to the Institute.

Opening Jail Doors

Through a double screen the man in the jail cell talked heatedly to our Social Worker. She couldn't see him, but as his tongue almost tripped with the rapidity of his speech she could imagine the expressive Spanish gestures that accompanied his excited narration.

She had been sent to see him in response to a letter in broken English telling us that he was accused of assault and attempted theft, that a useless lawyer had been appointed to defend him, and that if we would not help him he would almost certainly be sent to jail, perhaps for years, for nothing but a fist fight. He was a stranger and he had nobody in the country but us to see that he got justice.

There is no denying an appeal like that, so a reliable person was immediately sent to hear his story. What he told her was that he was sleeping in the park one night when an Assyrian, who was a degenerate, had come up and asked him to go to his boarding house with him. The Spaniard had ordered him to get out.

The next night he came back again and called the Spaniard a negro, and the Spaniard, in a rage, hit

him on the chin and knocked him down.

When the police came up the Assyrian accused the Spaniard of assault and attempted robbery.

Later he claimed he was told that if he would plead guilty of the first charge he would be let off the second, but he refused, as he was not the aggressor.

The Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law went to the court and met the young man's lawyer. He inquired whether the lawyer had investigated the seaman's story or the character of his accuser and found that he had done neither. He was rather indignant at being questioned and said that if we were not satisfied that the man was being properly defended he would give up the case.

In the end it was turned over to the Voluntary Defense Committee and the man was acquitted, and if ever there was a grateful seaman in the Port of New York that Spaniard was one.

The Apprentice Work

There is in America nothing equivalent to the British Apprentice system, which sends young boys from fourteen to nineteen years of age to sea as apprentices to be trained as officers in the merchant marine. But if there were how those of you who had sons in that service would agonize over them when they landed in foreign ports! How you would wonder what sort of company they were keeping! How you would pray that somehow they might walk unscathed through the danger of too

much liberty! How you would be moved to gratitude if some group of people in one of those foreign ports should band themselves together to protect your boys, not for money, not as propaganda, not for any reason in the world but because they were boys, and strangers.

The Apprentice Department of the Institute represents such a group of people banded together to help the Apprentice lads who come to it. Some of them are Belgian, but the great majority of them are British. Very frequently those fathers and mothers across the water pour out their gratitude to us as this father and mother have done whose letters are printed below.

The mother in Harrogate writes:

37 Mornington Crescent,
Harrogate,
Aug. 5th, '23.

Dear Mrs. Baxter:

I feel I want to write to you and thank you very much for your kindness to our boy Eric during his stay in New York. He has written and told us how very happy he has been at the Mission, and of the many kindnesses you and your helpers have shown to him. He says you have made him feel so much at home, so much so that when he writes to us about the Mission he calls it his second home. I can assure you my husband and I feel very grateful to you all and appreciate very much all that you have done for him. You don't know what a relief it has been to us (and must be to all the boys' parents) to know there is someone who takes an interest in our boys

when they are so very far away from home.

We realize the many temptations that await them when they arrive in port and feel very thankful that there are such places as the Mission where they can spend their leisure hours and so escape any harm they might otherwise have been tempted into.

We trust that God will bless you in your good work and reward you accordingly.

Once again thanking you, believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

ANNIE HARRINGTON.

The grateful father's letter is in almost the same strain of appreciation of the Institute's work.

52 Constitution Hill,
Norwich, England,
July 3rd.

Dear Madam:

My son Jack Betts, an apprentice on S.S. "Mineric," has now left New York and in a letter just received from him he tells us what a very happy time he has had during a fairly long stay in your city. He speaks in the highest terms of your very great kindness and hospitality at your Institute.

I am writing to sincerely thank you on behalf of my wife and self for anything you have done to make him feel "at home," although away from home. Of course, we are anxious about him, especially as this is his first voyage, but still the thought that there are such worthy institutions as yours and such kindly people as yourself to interest themselves

in these boys is a great joy to us. He has already experienced many kindnesses and we are very grateful to you all.

Such work as yours will not go unrewarded, for I am sure Jack will not forget it—nor shall we.

"Inasmuch as ye did it." I am sure that is the spirit in which your splendid work is done and we pray that God's richest blessing may continue to be with you and your work.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

R. F. BETTS

A Perfect Week-End

Mrs. Sparks, who has been mentioned in *The Lookout* before as one of the good fairies of the Apprentice Department, was responsible for giving twelve young apprentice boys a small foretaste of heaven.

Heaven, in this instance, took the shape of a week-end at a beautiful country home on Long Island, loaned by Colonel Wagstaff for the occasion.

Two of the young men from the Institute accompanied the boys, who arrived at their destination on Saturday just in time for tea, followed by a swim, and still later by dinner.

Mrs. Sparks and the two chaperons who were assisting her had invited a number of young people to come in to dance in the evening, and the boys danced and danced and danced, and if happiness can be laid by for a lonely day, it was done that evening.

Sunday morning they went to church and afterward had a swim

and made a bonfire and cooked ham and eggs on the beach.

The weather man was in an amiable mood, adding the last touch to a perfect holiday. They were carried off reluctantly to the ten o'clock train, unwilling to admit that the week-end was over and a work-a-day world was waiting for them just around the corner of tomorrow.

Three Days to Live

A woman wrote us that she had had a letter from her husband saying that the Veteran's doctor, he didn't say where, had told him he had only three days to live.

Since that she has heard nothing, and wondered whether we could find out about him.

He had two names that he used interchangeably, and we tried both of them in looking in the marine and veteran's hospitals, but have found no trace of him.

His wife is wondering whether he was really dying, or whether he was using that as a means of escape from his responsibilities.

Father and Son

A seaman came in one day and asked the worker in charge of missing men if she could locate his son, who was an officer on a ship. He confessed that he was in great financial straits and hoped that his son might be in a position to help him. Our worker promised to do her best.

In about half an hour he was back

with a shining face and a suspicion of moisture in his eyes.

He had gone straight out from that interview, walked to the corner of Jeanette Park, and come face to face with his boy.

After they had exchanged greetings the son, with a discerning eye, had observed that his father seemed to be in need and had insisted upon giving him five dollars, for when the opportunity presented itself, the father had been shy about asking for help.

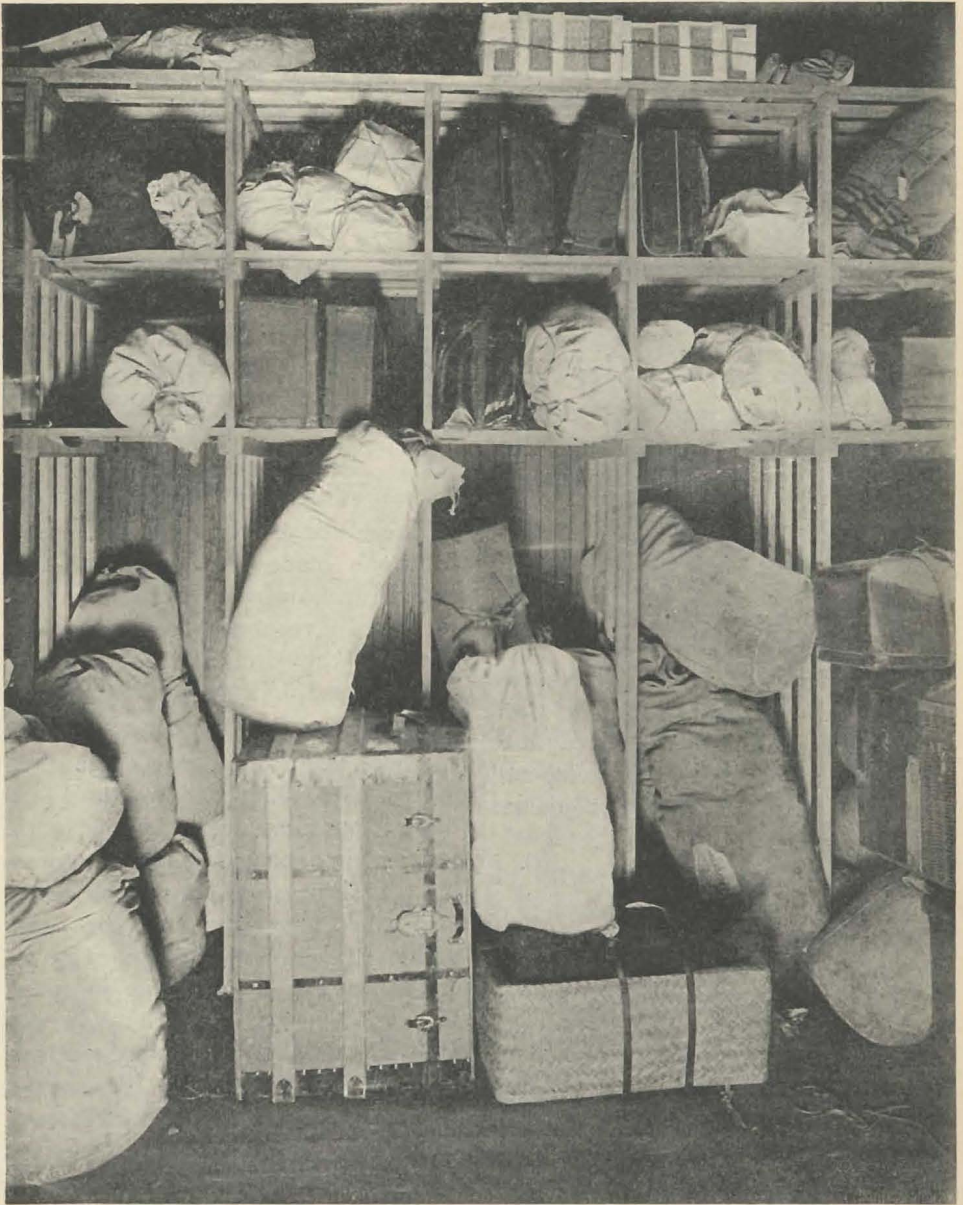
What Did She Do?

The editor dropped into the House Mother's office the other day and found it a bower of roses and carnations. In response to her casual question the House Mother looked embarrassed, but later, when a third party had gone away, she explained.

There is an old barge captain, it seems, who, whenever he has a few drinks, becomes deeply moved with gratitude to her for some kindness she did him some time, she can't remember when or what, or how, and he is never very clear on it.

"If only he would come in some time when he is sober, we might get it straight," she said, "but he never does, so all I know is that he is intensely grateful to me for something."

One of the proofs of it was a huge box of flowers that had arrived from a florist for her the day before, with the captain's card, mute evidence that he had again been overcome with the weight of his indebtedness.



Showing one section of the over-crowded baggage room, where every available inch of space is pressed into service.

The Baggage Room

Our baggage master wears, day by day, a more distracted expression. Those of you who have visited the Institute must have been impressed with the three story baggage room with its tiers and tiers of shelves all groaning under their weight of sea bags and suit cases.

You will have observed that it was an orderly, everything in its place, baggage room. It is the struggle to maintain that orderliness under almost impossible conditions that is distracting the baggage manager.

For some reason the demands upon this department of the Institute have grown with leaps and bounds lately. In the month of July this department broke all previous records by handling 7,276 pieces of dunnage. In addition to the crowded shelves there are piles of baggage in corners, and fringes of baggage around the walls, and worried expressions on the faces of all the workers as they try, under these conditions, to maintain the standard of efficiency the Institute demands of every department.

Unexpected Help

Between the men, who formed an expectant row in front of the chaplain's desk, there suddenly appeared a woman with a tiny baby in her arms and two wistful little children clinging to her skirts.

The chaplain rose and led her into a little private office, while the men looked on interestedly and with sympathy in their faces.

Their sympathy would have been deeper if they had understood her errand. Her husband is a seaman but he is in jail for theft, and in the meantime she is having a hard struggle to keep a roof over the heads of her little folk. They were neat and clean, but there was a peaked wistful look about the two small girls that suggested that she had not been able to manage quite enough food for their little stomachs.

The chaplain promised to see what he could do about getting the husband paroled, as it was his first offense, and he was so badly needed by his family, and the mother went away cheered.

That was on Friday. On Sunday he was at the chapel under the Church of the Incarnation when something suddenly moved him to tell the vicar about this woman, and ask him if he knew of anybody who would help her.

"Where does she live?" the vicar asked.

Our chaplain took out the piece of paper on which he had written her address and found that she was a resident of that parish only a few blocks away.

"I promise you she shall not want for anything," the vicar said.

We had a chaplain here a little while ago who believed firmly in divine guidance, and surely it must have been some such impulse which moved our chaplain to mention this particular case out of the many he had handled during the week to the person, of all others who would be most likely to help.

The LOOKOUT

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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or

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The National Organization— San Pedro Institute Obtains New Building

In the two years of its existence, the Seamen's Church Institute of San Pedro had hopelessly outgrown its present quarters. The Institute had become so popular with the seamen that it was impossible adequately to render the thousand-and-one services that the seamen expect of an Institute, and which the Institute exists to render, in the space at its disposal. Something was necessary to be done. The Institute had land enough on which to erect additional buildings, but buildings represent large amounts of money. Just then intervened the *Deus ex Machina*.

About a month ago there came to the National Headquarters a telegram from the Superintendent of the Institute at San Pedro, telling us that the Navy Department was about to dispose immediately of cer-

tain welfare buildings at the Naval Base at San Pedro, among which was one called the Murphy Club, which would be admirable for our purposes, and we were asked to aid in securing it for our work in "Pedro." The friends of the Institute immediately besieged the Navy Department with letters and telegrams, and in a very brief time we were gratified to hear that the Secretary of the Navy had authorized the sale of this building to us for a nominal figure. The Y. M. C. A., under whose auspices the welfare work in the Murphy Club had been conducted, very graciously released its claims to the building, and it is now ours.

The Murphy Club is in two sections—one a building 40 ft. x 117 and the other 40 x 60. The larger section is to be used for Institute purposes. It is of frame construction, plain but well built, and of the front end, 30 ft. is in two stories. The second floor will be used for staff living rooms or dormitory rooms. Below will be abundant space for office, library, baggage room, showers, etc. Beyond this there is a space of 87 ft. to be given over to a general recreation or concert room. At the further end there will be provided a little chancel so that Divine Service may be reverently and properly held, and there will also be stage and dressing rooms.

This new building comes at an opportune time, and will most effectively aid in making "Pedro" a place where can be found the

Safety, Comfort and Inspiration for which the Seamen's Church Institute stands.

A New Institute in the East

The Seamen's Church Institute of America is reaching out a friendly hand of protection to the seamen who come on shore in the port of Manila. Last spring the Reverend John Williamson spent several weeks here studying the organization of this Institute preparatory to setting out to establish one in that far eastern city.

The following clipping from the Manila Bulletin shows that he has already begun to interest the people of Manila in assisting him:

A Worthy Work

Manila should give especial welcome to Reverend John Williamson, of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, who has come to Manila to establish a seaman's institute here. Such an institution has been a crying need for years, and will be more so as the port enlarges and shipping increases. We have done, perhaps, the best we could with men "on the beach" here, but at best it has been little enough—and entirely haphazard except for the excellent work of Miss Smith in the Red Cross. An organization solely for the seamen is just what is needed. Lack of all facilities to meet the problem has endured too long.

Youth and Its Dreams

One day the chaplain in charge of religious work received this rather

appealing letter from two young American boys who wanted to go to sea.

Dear Chaplain:

With no introduction except we are two young Americans interested in the sea and the American Merchant Marine, we come to you for some needed advice. We presume with your vast experience in this line of endeavor you can favor us with some practical advice.

To begin with, we are both single, twenty one years of age, and possess an honorable discharge (excellent) from the U. S. army. We are both physically well and hope so, mentally. We have been always interested in the sea from boyhood through the stage of adolescence to manhood. From a romantic point of view it has been transferred into a genuine desire to try the sea. We pretend no fallacies; we understand the life to be hard and no place for weaklings but with our desire to serve the sea and the Merchant Marine we earnestly feel we can mold ourselves into seamen. We have never been to sea as seamen and therefore can start as honest-to-goodness-green-hands. We have a good education but have not completed high school and therefore are not eligible for the school-ship at Philadelphia.

We are now employed at satisfactory positions and can be available for sea duty in a few months. In the meanwhile we would appreciate any advice or information as to how two young fellows can make the sea their future, if, of course, they suit the sea.

We realize we could have lumped around ports until we got an opportunity to sail but we were selfish enough to believe we could take advantage of your advice.

Thanking you most kindly for any effort on your part, we are for the American Merchant Marine,

L. & B.

Realizing that it might mean a revolution in their lives he sent a careful answer, reminding them that sea life is not compounded exclusively of adventures in strange lands, but that it involves also storms at sea, and harsh discipline, and often a not very dainty diet.

Whereupon they replied with the extremely youthful letter which follows. With what amazing faith and courage youth lays out its life for years ahead!

Dear Chaplain:

We certainly did appreciate your most welcome letter and your interest in us, though we are total strangers. We realize that after all is said, a letter is inadequate to give full advice without a personal interview. We therefore expect to be in New York during the first week in October and thank you heartily for your cordial invitation.

Frankly speaking, though we are very much interested in the Merchant Marine, we are not really planning for a future on the sea for the "homing" instinct in us is too great to be ignored. We are two pals who have common ideals with a definite ambition in view. We are great believers in the open air life and have for our motto, "Man made the town,

God the country." There it is in a nut shell. After having spent a few years living in the seeming humanity of the world, having our minds broadened by travel and our characters strengthened by our victory of any vicissitudes that may befall us, we will settle down on a farm, however small, and live a pure simple life away from the maddening crowd.

At present our folks live together on a small farm in Pennsylvania and therefore we do not have any erroneous impressions of farm life.

I feel that I have undertaken quite a task to tell in writing that for which we are striving but believe your generosity of an interview can bridge over the rough edges.

We planned to come to New York and try to ship out but now we are glad that we are going to have the benefit of some good advice which may mean much to us.

Thanking you ever so much for your letter and interest in us.

Very friendly yours,

L. & B.

The Call of the Sea

"I'd like a job on a ship" he kept murmuring, as the Institute workers hurried preparations to send him to a good family on Staten Island.

Now and again, when they had a moment to spare, they paused to explain to him why he didn't want a job on a ship. The dominant reason was that he was too young. He claimed sixteen years, but put short trousers on him and he would have passed for a pink-cheeked twelve-year-old English boy. They were

satisfied that a job on a ship would not be good for him.

He stood there with as anxious and worried an expression as a small boy's face can wear, gently insisting that there was nothing he wanted so much as a job on a ship.

"Then why did you leave the ship you were on?" somebody inquired.

"'Cause I only made \$6.00 a month."

"And tips?" the inquirer prompted. He had been a bell boy.

The boy gave a grunt of disgust. "The passengers were nearly all Germans and you would have to take a taxi load of money along to go to a movie," he replied contemptuously.

"Then you don't want a job on a ship," the questioner assured him, but he shook his head obstinately. He thought he'd rather have a job on a ship, if we didn't mind. Even in three short trips the sea had cast her spell on him.

But he consented to try the job on land. There was nothing that a boy of his years ought to do, that an English boy could get on an American ship, and he could not be allowed to hang around with the older men in the Institute.

So the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief gave up part of her sleep that morning to take him over personally and deliver him to his new employer.

The latest reports were that he was doing well and working faithfully. At sixteen anything may happen. It may be the turning point in his career, or it may only be an interlude between one adventure and the next.

His Elder Brother

A small sturdy little boy of about ten years entered the Social Service Office the other day, steered a straight course past the man at the desk and stopped before the Chaplain-Who-Understands-Law.

"I'm looking for my brother," he said, "do you know where he is?" His bright young eyes looked into the chaplain's in a very business-like way.

The chaplain smiled. One could not help smiling at the grown-upness of this very small person. "Was brother a seaman?"

As if he had been familiar with card indexes all of his handful of years the boy had an answer for every business-like question on the tip of his tongue.

His brother was a seaman, and he would be twenty in a few months, and he had stayed at the Institute.

The worker in charge of Missing Men had come to take down the details. "Is it your father and mother who want to locate the boy?" she asked.

"No, I'm the one that wants to see him," he said with the same uncanny maturity.

It seems the brother had gone to visit an aunt and was going again the following night, and not finding him here the little boy was going to the aunt's to see him.

It is one of those half told stories, the beginning and end of which can only be guessed about, but let us hope that big brother is worthy of little brother's devotion.

The Miasma of Idleness

"Seamen sit and think, and sit and think, and sit and think, and after awhile they are apt to think they are sick," said the assistant in the clinic, "and so we often have men come up here with nothing in the world the matter with them but too much introspection."

"And what do you do with such cases" we asked. "Tell them they are not sick?"

"No, indeed," he replied. "We give them a perfectly safe pill and they go away happy."

But that is only one type of case. The great service of the clinic is to take care of small cuts and bruises and sores and colds and prevent the little trifling illness from becoming a big and serious one.

All of the serious cases are referred to hospitals as we have no sick bay here, but sometimes, often indeed, a man who has had a bad case of Flu has been saved from allowing it to develop into Pneumonia by being sent off to the hospital by the Institute Clinic.

Comforting the Bereaved

The work of this Institute does not end at the front door. Often we are the go-between for a man and his family, and sometimes when a man from a far country has taken the last long journey from this port we are the only ones to get in touch with the family and tell them the details of the man's sickness and burial.

The man referred to in the letter printed below was a Roman Cath-

olic, and therefore his friends preferred not to have him buried from our chapel, but the Institute took care of his body, and helped with the arrangements for the burial, and wrote to the widow in Ireland, and sent her a picture of his grave, where he was laid in the Institute's burial plot. The letter is one of thanks from that sad woman in Ireland.

Dear Sir:

I take the opportunity of personally thanking you for your kind message of sympathy and condolence, which you were so kind as to forward to me on the occasion of my husband's death. I also wish you to convey my thanks to the men for their generosity and kindness, and for the great respect they showed to his remains. I am deeply grateful to them all for what they did. It was a great shock to me to hear of his death, for I had just received word that he was signing on a ship for home, and when I went to make inquiries I was told he was dead.

With regard to his bag you can distribute it in whatever way you think best. I am very glad to know that he got a Christian burial and I am content to let his remains lie along with his comrades, among whom he spent the most of his life. This is all I can say. I hope you will accept this letter as a token of my appreciation of your kindness and that of the men. I again thank you from my heart on behalf of my five orphans and myself.

Yours ever grateful,

MRS. B.

On Crutches

Thump, thump, thump, the crutches came up the stairs and into the social service office where the user of them stopped and balanced himself before the Man-at-the-Desk.

"I have a wife and baby coming from England on the Carmania today," he began, "and," looking down at the crutches, "I don't see how I'm going to take care of them."

The Man-at-the-Desk looked sympathetic, so he found a chair, set his crutches down and poured out the whole story.

Between the time he had sent for his wife and child in England, and their arrival in America he had met with an accident. He ought at that moment to have been in a hospital in Baltimore, but he was afraid the immigration authorities would not let his wife in unless he came to meet her, for although he was an American citizen by birth, she was English.

Lame and financially embarrassed as he was, his plight was serious.

Fortunately the young man at the desk throws himself into everything he undertakes, heart and soul, and he immediately adopted the man and his family and his troubles.

He went to the pier, got a pass to go on the boat, and found the woman, who was being sent to Ellis Island. By promising to see that she had the money to reach Washington where her husband's people live, he managed to save her that discomfort and brought them to the Institute.

He deposited them with the House Mother, and went out to find a hotel for them that came within their means. Having found it he returned, got a taxi, took them to the hotel and arranged for them to get to the train the next morning.

Generally, however much he feels, a seaman is dumb when it comes to expressing gratitude, but this man was an exception, and his appreciation of what the Institute had done for him knew no bounds. He expected to get some money for damages, and if he did, he assured us that he would not only pay back the amount he was indebted to us, but he wanted to be allowed to make a contribution to the Institute.

A Friendly Spirit

The head of a large department store was once told about a woman who had been rudely treated by an employe, and who was about to withdraw her patronage. He made a characteristic answer, "If I went to a friend's house," he said, "and her maid shut the door in my face, I wouldn't refuse to speak to my friend again—I'd report the maid."

The writer of the letter printed below had the same sensible point of view, and when a seaman, sent as a messenger, felt himself inadequate physically, let us know about it instead of deciding never to send anything to the Institute again. A sense of humor is certainly one of the gifts of the gods.

Dear House Mother:

I fear the man who was sent after the magazines I offered you was a

"weak sister." He came in complaining he had a sore hand and made a little five-pound package of small books and departed, leaving the other 95 pounds, the best of the lot.

My sister was inclined to call the junk man, as she was disgusted, but I assured her this was not the kind of young American who had carried our flag onto the seven seas and I would write and ask you to send a real jack tar who was not afraid to carry a package for some unknown shipmates. I know they will appreciate the reading matter and I want them to have it.

Yours truly,

J. J. BELLMAN.

Had So Much Money He Nearly Had to Sleep in Park

It can't truthfully be said that a seaman is often burdened by the amount of his wealth, but one paid us a visit the other evening who was uncomfortably rich.

In exchange for a room ticket he proffered a hundred dollar bill. The hotel desk could not make the change, as it did not have that amount out of the bank. He was asked if he would mind getting the bill changed.

He tried several seamen, who probably thought he was making an indecent display of his prosperity.

Unable to make change here he tried the stores in this locality, but they looked with dark suspicion upon his hundred dollar bill. He didn't seem to them like a hundred dollar bill man.

Finally, much discouraged, and with a park bedroom looming nearer and nearer he returned to our Social Service Office.

The-Man-at-the-Desk was full of sympathy. It was hard to have so much money one couldn't go to bed. He took the bill and went to a nearby tobacco store, where he was known, and brought back the change.

The Elusive Franc

When he drew his \$244.00 out of our Savings Department he had determined to go to France, so he had the money changed to a draft on a French bank for 3,300 francs. He didn't go to France.

In April he went back to the same bank to get the money changed back into American money. The bank was willing to do this if he would return with proper identification. But this is where the peculiar temptation of the seaman to drift played him false. He allowed three months to pass before he went back with proofs of identification. In the meantime the French bank failed.

"Sorry we can't change it now," the bank informed him politely but firmly.

The seaman was desperate. All his savings wiped out in a few minutes. He came back to the Institute wearing a very sober face. It was his own fault, but couldn't we salvage some of his money.

The Information Man went forth to the bank and plead for the seaman. He explained to the manager that the money represented the sea-

man's entire savings from months of work. Couldn't they reconsider their decision?

When it was put to him in that way the manager agreed to cash the draft at the present value of the franc which brought him \$181.50.

The Time Ball

Click, click, click, click, click, click goes the instrument in the Navigation school, for twenty-eight clicks, then it stops for one second and begins again at thirty seconds to twelve and clicks twenty times. Follows ten seconds' silence and then one more click and the time ball at the top of the pole on the Titanic Tower of the Institute slides down marking exact noon, Washington time. Immediately watches and clocks all over the harbor and lower New York are adjusted.

It might be interesting to our readers to know the connection between this time ball and Washington. There is a wire direct from Washington to the Postal Telegraph, and from the Postal Telegraph to our building, and finally wound about a drum at the base of the pole down which the ball slides.

Once in a while a visitor is lucky enough to arrive at the Navigation School during the last minute before noon when the instrument is giving its warning clicks, and these always watch with eager eyes the big ball's release, but any hour that you pass this way you can see the long slim pole at the top of the tower, which is not, as might be supposed, a mere part of the architectural scheme, but

as much an article of utility as the clock on your mantel.

The Dead Body

"There is a dead body over there on the street," a seaman said, with some agitation to the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief, pointing to the water side of South Street. "Can't you people do anything about having it moved? It's been lying there since nine o'clock this morning."

When she reached the Institute she went immediately to the Superintendent's office about it. Dr. Mansfield was at first disposed to be incredulous.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that a dead body has been lying on the street for four hours?"

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief nodded. That was the story the seamen were telling with rapidly growing indignation. To the seamen it was not only a gruesome thing for the body, which had evidently been picked up out of the river, to be neglected in that way, but it was a personal grievance. Nobody cared about the stranger, they thought. He could die and his body lie about the streets and it didn't matter.

The Superintendent reached for his telephone and called the police Lieutenant of this precinct and asked if he knew that a dead body had been lying on South Street for four hours. The Lieutenant didn't. He knew that it was there at nine in the morning and had given orders for its immediate removal. In one of those slips that occur in even well regulated departments the order had

not been executed. In twenty minutes a special police wagon had come and removed the body.

Praised Clean Beds

An architect in Philadelphia asked us to locate his son, who had been working a passage to Europe, and from whom they had not heard for a time.

The worker in charge of missing men was able to write them a comforting letter, and shortly afterward we had a letter from the father saying that the boy had returned home, in which there was the following gratifying paragraph:

"He has a great deal of praise for the Seaman's Church Institute, and was particularly impressed with the nice clean sheets and pillow cases, and particularly with the fact that they are used only once."

A Suspicious Character

The Man-at-the-Desk, who for the moment was not at the desk, wandered into a saloon at the corner of 46th Street and 9th Ave., and the door swung to behind him.

"Have you," he said to the man behind the bar, "a seaman's baggage here?"

The man behind the bar eyed him darkly. This was a new line for a prohibition agent. "We don't sell anything here," he said belligerently, answering what he supposed was his visitor's thought instead of his question.

The Man-at-the-Desk explained that a seaman claimed to have left his baggage there, because he was ill when he came off the ship, and was not able to carry it. In fact he had been obliged to get one of the water front hangers on to bring it that far for him.

The story did not at all appease the man behind the bar, and he emphatically denied everything. He had no baggage, no whiskey, no anything. The Man-at-the-Desk continued his search.

The seaman had told the hospital visitor that he had left his baggage in a place owned by a man by the name of Doelger, at the corner of 46th Street and 9th Ave.

It transpired that all the saloons had the sign Doelger's beer, so that was no distinguishing mark. From one to another he went and asked the same apparently footless question. "Did they have a seaman's baggage," and each man followed him to the door and watched him go into the next place with suspicious eyes.

Finally on the corner of 48th Street and 11th Avenue he found a man behind a bar, who did not glare when he put the question. Instead he became voluble. He did have a seaman's baggage. The man was terribly sick. He went into a protracted and graphic description of how sick the man had been, and finally from the back room produced the much sought baggage.

General Summary of Work

JULY, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services A. M.	0	0
Sunday Services P. M.	5	516
Communion Services	0	0
Bible Classes	0	0
Fellowship Meetings	0	0
Weddings	0	
Funerals	1	
Baptisms	0	

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

Sunday Services	5	125
Communion Services	1	4
Funerals	2	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services	5	394
Entertainments	9	11,300
Packages Literature Distributed		6
Knitted Articles Distributed		107
Apprentices Visiting Building		930
Lodgings Registered		25,053
Incoming Mail for Seamen		13,407
Dunnage Checked		7,276

Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	1,001
Assisted through Loan Fund	83
Baggage and Minor Relief	331
Cases in Institute Clinic	345
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	20
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	50
Referred to other Organizations	60

Employment

Men Shipped	570
Shore Jobs	84

Visits

To Hospitals	17
To Patients	115
Other Visits	52

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21

Number of Visits	11
Number of Hours	51

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	14
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	2
First-Aid Lectures	27

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	\$30,834.86
Withdrawals	30,232.45
Transmissions	3,042.15

The LOOKOUT



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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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