

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XI.

NOVEMBER 1920

No. 11

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 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	Free stationery to encourage writing home
Hospital Visitors	Free English Classes
Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals	Information Bureau
Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats	Literature Distribution Department
Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Operation of Institute Boat
Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Department of "Missing Men"
Transmission of money to dependents	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
Free Libraries	Comfort Kits
Four Free Reading Rooms	Christmas Gifts
Game Room Supplies	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.

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The Man Behind This

In the September number of *The National Marine Magazine*, Captain Felix Riesenbergh has written most sympathetically and understandingly of the work of the Seamen's Church Institute.

"Down where old Governor Kieft of Fort Amsterdam built his stone tavern back in 1648, by the side of Coenties Slip," he wrote, "is to be found the gathering place of sailor men from all over the world. South Street still rushes by, its life changing with the changing character of the sea. Men from every ocean, sailing under every flag, congregate about the wharves and near the business that takes them to the far corners of the world. * * *

"Less than a score of years ago a deep water man would be sighted off the Hook, and as she towed into the harbor to anchor off the Statue of Liberty, shore boats would put out from the Battery carrying the crimps. Her canvas would hardly be furled before these harpies scrambled over her side rushing the men and forcing their cards into horny hands. Whiskey, cheap cigars, lascivious pictures, evil boisterous comradeship, all of these things were forced upon sailor men come in from four or five months of severe sea discipline and hard sea grub. Work was at an end, play was near. Plied with strong drink, with freedom so close at hand, every element con-

spired for his downfall. The plundering of seamen was a strongly organized business, a 'protected' business, from which the sailor had small chance of escape. He was robbed of his pay day, and his soul and body were often ruined in the sordid game.

"Stripped of his pay, most of it owing by the time the ship paid off, usually two or three days after entering port, he was fair prey to be shipped off again, sick in body and mind, after signing two or three months' 'advance' over to his captors.

"But this was a common thing, a regular thing, and if the world was not getting better day by day and year by year we might expect to see such 'business' still flourishing in the port of New York, as it still does in some of the less favored quarters of this cruel world.

"Here is a definite concrete improvement. The blackest pessimist cannot help but say, 'Yes, here at least the world has gone ahead.'

"Standing in the crowded lobby of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, that great structure beneath the Titanic Tower, down by the wharves of South Street, the atmosphere is charged with a spirit of service come down to us through the ages since the time when He of Nazareth spoke to Peter and Andrew, drawing their nets by the shore of Galilee, and said 'Come with

me and I will make you fishers of men.'

"Down on the toe of Manhattan in their steel towers are many men who have gathered great riches, who have piled their wealth until the counting of it passes understanding. But under the Titanic Lighthouse something greater than money has been gathered by the fishers of men. Souls have been taken home from the sea and strong men have grown from the influence of its surroundings.

"The fighting men in great movements carry their lines of trial written on their features, but here has been a fight for a quarter of a century wherein the workers have wrought with satisfaction, giving, always, giving and growing with their deeds.

"Always there is a man behind these things, a disciple of the creed, the personality that has triumphed over crimps and boarding masters, over politicians and publicans, over strong-arm men and the other crooks, the man who stands squarely in the midst of his achievements. The Reverend Archibald R. Mansfield, gray, but clear eyed, calm and serene within, is the living embodiment of service to the sailor. Where he has given his years, others have given liberally of support, and many serve with him in the great cause of homemaking for the men who, by reason of their calling, are so often far from home."

A Sailor's Oratory

A Captain in the merchant marine who received much commendation

for his wonderful courage and endurance during the war was asked to address a meeting in the West, at which Ex-President Taft was the chief speaker.

Mr. Taft spoke first and at considerable length and when he had finished the audience rose, almost to a man to leave the building.

The Chairman sprang to his feet and rushed to the edge of the platform and shook his fists while he called excitedly, "Come back and take your seats. Come back every one of you. This man went through hell for us during the war and it is up to us to go through hell for him now."

Help the Boys

Every Thursday night is "BOYS" night at the Institute.

If you were at the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip about 8 o'clock on that evening, you would see boys and boys and more boys coming from all directions.

You would see boys in uniforms and boys without uniforms; you would see boys who seem much too young to be away from the restraining influence of home and boys with experienced young eyes; you would see a fine band of wholesome, clean young boys, more boys than we ever had before, wending their way to the Institute.

They come for the party; and how they enjoy it! All who can dance do so; all who want to learn, try, and the others play games.

Among the boys are a few mature men, officers who have graduated from the Institute; men who for

years have come to the Institute for the touch of home that every man craves. And a few men who did not know us when they were boys, have since learned to value the home atmosphere and they too come.

The cost of music—really good dance music—has gone up; and we serve ice cream to make it a real party. Ice cream has gone up too.

The cost is \$25 a night, and the society cannot spend the money in this way. And yet if these boys are to be kept in this wholesome environment, we must give them the same class of entertainment as the Community Centers gave in war time.

Someone who has thanked God for the kindness shown their boy when he was a stranger in a strange land, may wish to make this contribution to the Institute. Thirteen hundred dollars would cover all our expenses for this entertainment for the boys for a year.

Or it may be that many who cannot afford to give so much, would like to contribute something. Whatever you give will help.

Grandmother or Mabel L.

He looked like a man; he was six feet or more with broad shoulders and large hands and feet. The framework of a big man was there, lightly covered with the healthy flesh of youth.

His voice was big too, so big that it was difficult to tone it down for the ears of the Chaplain alone, as he explained about the beaded bag and the ostrich feather fan and the handkerchiefs he had given Mabel

L. and she hadn't even written him a note of thanks.

"And she has a picture of mine too," he said angrily, "and I am going to write to her to send it back to me at once."

"What will you do with it?" the Chaplain asked, hiding his amusement under a most judicial manner.

"I'll send it to my old grandmother. She's a hundred and three years old and I know she'd be tickled to death to get it, and there may not be any time to lose. She may be dead before I get it from Mabel L."

"I'd write to her at once," the Chaplain said.

"I will. Have you some paper?"

"Here it is. How much do you want?"

"One sheet. I can tell her all I want on that; and I'll take one and write to my grandmother and tell her the picture is coming."

The Chaplain handed him two sheets of paper and two envelopes, and he went away unconscious that he wasn't the first man who had written to a grandmother, or a mother, or a sister, because the other woman had held his gifts lightly.

Getting into Touch with God

He had come to the Chaplain's office to claim some papers he had left there for safe keeping. As he received them the Doctor handed one of them to the Chaplain.

It was a citation, signed by Marshal Petain, for conspicuous bravery in the recent war. The Chaplain looked up at the youth and said, "You have been near to God."

"Yes," he replied, "many of us learned to believe in God over there. Oh how I prayed and prayed and prayed as I ran across the field."

Of Polish extraction, and a member of an artillery unit, he had rescued a fellow soldier under heavy fire.

"Your soul reached out, and out, and out, until it got into touch with God," said the Chaplain, and taking the boy's hand, as man to man, they said "Good-bye!"

There are times, are there not, when we know that our souls pierce the veil of the Infinite, and become part of God Himself, "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

Contributed.

Sailors' Day

Requests have come from clergymen all over this great country asking for material to be used in a Sailors' Day Service. From Michigan and Alabama, from California and Maryland, from Maine and Illinois and South Carolina and Florida, and most of the other States of the Union have come requests, that tell of the widespread interest in sailors' work.

One man asked for 60 copies of an article about the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, that he might distribute it, that men might know what is being done.

A woman asked for material to be used in a study class; that they might devote part of their course of study the coming winter to getting an undersanding of their brothers who go down to the sea in ships.

Music Hath Charms

The Chapel door stood open and it was all dark within.

In the Lobby there were many men standing around, some waiting for mail and some waiting for a bed, and some just waiting.

Many were talking and many were not; but the lights were bright and the click of the glasses at the Soda Fountain, and the subdued hum of conversation gave to it all an atmosphere of home.

Unconsciously at first, like the first faint awakening of spring, there stole through the lobby the soft tones of the organ. Then growing in volume and sweetness, the music continued, until every man stood more attentive, and every face was a mirror to some hidden emotion.

It was a rough-looking old sailor without a collar and with thinning hair who snatched his cap from his head and stepped into the Chapel. He stood awhile, leaning against the door, one leg crooked, his boot-toe resting on the floor. Then his eyes becoming accustomed to the dark, he saw a chair, and went over to it and sat down.

A young boy was the next who approached the door, and not seeing anyone to stop him, stepped inside. He, too, stood a few minutes; then when accustomed to the gloom, he went to a chair and sat down, his cap held firmly in both hands.

One by one, each in his own way, the sailors slipped through that door, stood a few minutes and then found a seat and sat silent. It was quite an audience the organist found when

at last he looked around him; and he turned on the lights.

"What would you like me to play?" he asked.

There was a pause, and then the old sailor who had entered first said, "I wished you'd play the Wedding March."

There was an audible smile from the men; but the Wedding March rang through the church and lobby.

It was the boy who asked for the Dead March that followed.

Soda Fountain Equipment Needed

Our Soda Fountain has had an interesting history.

It was given to the Institute seven years ago by Miss Grace Scoville, and even she, with her great vision of the work could not have known what that Soda Fountain was to mean to the sailors.

It is not only that they have been able at it to get the best ice cream and drinks, but it has been a social center in the Lobby. It has been kept open early and late, and back of the counter there are always white-coated men, and back of the men there are pyramids of brightly-colored fruit. The click of glasses and the ready laugh that comes with eating and drinking together, and that the sailor has been wont to find only in the saloon, has been heard eighteen hours a day at the Soda Fountain.

Once during the seven years the Soda Fountain had to be enlarged and we appealed for \$3,500 for that purpose, but we did not get it. The money had to be taken out of our

current expense money and that left a shortage there.

Again we need money, this time for new equipment. Some forty-five thousand hours of work has worn out the first soda fountain and it will take \$2,500 to replace it.

We need this money now, and the men and women who invest in this way will be investing not only in a Soda Fountain that will wear out, but in "Cheerfulness Center" in the Lobby, a spot detested by every crimp and crook, who would batten on the sailors.

That Boy

"I don't know what is the matter with me," a large overgrown boy of sixteen said to the Chaplain anxiously, "I don't seem able to stick at anything. I try and I make up my mind I will stay with the next job I get and then something happens."

"Happens how?" the Chaplain asked.

"Well, I guess it's all my fault. I have trouble with the Mate or someone and I leave. I don't seem able to be patient.

The Chaplain looked considerably at the boy, and because he was a father and had a boy of his own he understood a little. He understood that the boy did not know what was the matter. He had seen many boys like him, growing young creatures, with something new stirring within them. Something they do not understand, but something that demands expression. The trouble is they do not know how to express it.

"You must try," the Chaplain said, his hand on the boy's shoulder, "try to stick to your job and make good. Your father is right when he refuses to help you."

"I guess maybe he is," the boy said slowly, "but I don't think Dad knows how hard it is sometimes."

"Perhaps not, but you are young and strong and it is up to you. Be a man."

"I'll try," he said thoughtfully, "but I'm getting afraid to trust myself."

And he went out alone into the night, a boy of sixteen who had run away from home and defied all restraint, and then had asked for help.

A few days later the father called but the boy had gone—no one knew where. He had gone out into the world to try and make good.

"I don't know what to do with him," the father said anxiously. "He is all I have and I would do anything for him but I don't know what I should do."

Hundreds of fathers are asking the same question—and hundreds of boys who have run away from home are coming to us, from year to year.

It is a strange thing that in this world "fathers" seem to stand for Justice, while "mothers" stand for Mercy.

And when the years have rolled around—and the boy is a man—when he has made a success or a failure of his life—it matters not which—it is to the mother that he returns.

We have yet to meet a man—who had been a wayward boy—who

returned to his father merely because he had been just.

Children expect justice. That is their due. But mercy? Well that is different. That they remember. That draws them back after the years.

A Letter to the Board

Gentlemen: We, the National Amalgathed Seamen's Union of Estland have organized an international free reading room in the city of Reval for the seamen of the world.

As this is a seaport and lot American, English, French, German and Scandinavian ships been heere in last year, importing and exporting of mercantile and will be more in futture. In my experiance, the seamen feel lonesome in strange city and have no place to go. For this purpose we intende to build a Sailors home five stories high of congreete or lime stone, where would be in one bulding: Nautical Collage, Marine Engineering School, Marine free Hospital, Free reading room for seamen of all nations, Meeting room for Masters, Mates and Engineers Corporations, Stock Exchange office Lunch and lodging rooms and Marine printing press in bocement. To ecommblish all this the city autoritys have given for this puppose 348 33/49 Russian fathoms of land/1 Ressian fathom—7 American feet/at the harbor street where every seamen most pass by. Now Gentlemen of Hunkle Sam! We kindly ask to do some fever for us, who is interested for betterment of seamens life and send the Architec-

tural drawings your Seamen Church Intitute No. 25 South St. New York City.

It would be better if you can send by mail plan of the house both external and internal of each floor for stean fitting, electric viring, soring and outside wive on a postal card wich no doubtite you have, to show for our covernement officials who will assist us in financiol point to accomblish this. I cot your address from N. Y. Herald with was given by officers of U. S. S. S. "Sharlot" while lieng here and lott of books and berriodicals for seamens free reading room. We would Subscribe some Pepers but have no American money in the banks, but cud send our pepers to your reading room and can trade that way, begouse there is plenty of Esthonian sailors, who live in New York when I was there in 1913.

I our abidient serwant,

.....,

President of Masters and
Mates Union.

The Institute's Cat

"He was an ordinary bum on South Street a month ago," an old sailor said with a grin, as he stroked the back of a large grey cat, that has adopted us. He came in one night looking for a bed and a meal, as human bums have done, and the sailors, fully understanding the situation, provided him with everything that was necessary.

He has grown fat and sleek and he has made a position for himself; he is a cat policeman. He works overtime keeping other cats out of

the lobby, and he never asks for extra pay, and he seldom takes any time off.

A few nights ago he was lured away by an extra good meal, and when he returned he found a large black cat had come in, and, worse than that, a sailor was stroking its back.

Without waiting to inquire about his business, the grey cat made one bound at the newcomer and a hot argument ensued. The sailors gathered around and rooted vociferously for the grey; but it was evident that he had learned a few things while earning his living on South Street. His language was not choice; at least it sounded more forceful than elegant; and when he found that the black cat would not yield to argument he tried something else.

Yowls and spitting and fur and an interested group of sailors betting on the grey. The fight was short and sharp and when it was over, the black cat, defeated but unbowed, walked out, followed by the grey, amid the applause of the sailors.

At the door the grey cat made a few remarks to his opponent which were no doubt intended as a warning; then he returned to receive the praise that he seemed to feel was his due.

Definite Instructions

The banker received a telegram a few days ago saying, "Send me three hundred dollars out of my five hundred dollars. I am in Norfolk and in need." The telegram was signed "Tom," and nothing else.

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Respect for Sailors

The story is told of a mother who was very anxious that her children should behave well during her absence, and before she left home, she warned them against everything wrong, that she could think of that they might do. Among other things she warned them not to put peas in their ears.

They had never done such a thing, but when she returned she found that they had all filled their ears with peas. She had bred in them the naughtiness that she feared.

Life is all much like that and we find in people the things we expect, and the sailor is no exception to the rule. He is perhaps more susceptible to public opinion than any other class of men; his long days and nights of isolation make him self-conscious when he comes back into the world of men and women.

An American sailor talking of his class said, "Sailors are not respected in this country, and we are not always respectable. We know what people think of us and we pretend we don't care. Now in Holland and the other Scandinavian countries it is different; a sailor is respected and we hold up our heads and act like men when we are there. Even in England sailors are respected more than here."

It is not going to be enough for us to build Institutes for the sailors and tell them to respect themselves; we must respect them, not merely as carriers of the merchandise of the world, but as men. But respect is not something that comes as an act of will; we respect people or we do not respect them and there is no answer.

Then how are we, as Americans, going to learn to respect our sailors with a respect that they will feel?

The answer is that we must know them, for every man and woman who works among sailors respects them; they respect them, not merely as those whose brawn and muscle contribute to their comfort and pleasure, but as men who have dreamed dreams and seen visions.

The sailors are the world's adventurers; they are always in pursuit of the something just on the other side of the horizon; sailing "beyond the baths of all the western stars," hoping to sail on and on until in some misadventure the ocean at last draws them to sleep on her breast.

They expect to find a watery grave, if Fate has so willed it. They are all fatalists—with them there

are no accidents—it was ordained.

Sailors are a band of wanderers, who somewhere in the maze called life, have had a vision or the after-glow of a vision, of the Holy Grail.

They may seem like a sorry-looking lot of Sir Galahads to the casual observer; but let the waves roll and the winds rage, and the sailor becomes a giant of strength, courage and endurance.

Let him come on shore and he is like Sampson shorn of his locks; he is a child, as curious, simple-minded, wonder-eyed as a child. The ocean in her power and mystery has made him that, and he must be protected as the child of nature that he is.

It is encouraging to us that just this week a study class sent for information about our sailors. They are going to devote part of their time during the coming winter, to learning something about the class of men to whom Christ said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

Accomplishments of the Years

Three hundred years have passed since the Pilgrim Fathers saw the Land of Promise, and with bended knees and eyes raised to Heaven, thanked God for the freedom of a New World.

Representatives from Holland, England, and America, together celebrated this great anniversary, and at a banquet at the Hotel Astor, given by the Sulgrave Institute, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, was mentioned among other great accomplishments of the years.

It was significant, that standing in

the mellowed memory of the dreams of our forefathers, the toastmaster, Colonel George W. Burleigh, spoke not of what we as a nation had gained, but what we had given. When the books are opened, it is ever in giving and not getting that we glory.

Colonel George W. Burleigh, Chairman of the Committee on International Hospitality of the Sulgrave Institute is a member of the Board of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York; and Mr. L. Gordon Hammersley, Treasurer of the Sulgrave Institute, is also a member of the Board of the Seamen's Church Institute.

Christmas Gifts

The days just before Christmas are always so crowded with the last things, that have to be done for one's own family, that we feel sure our friends will want to send their gifts to the sailors before the final mad rush. We are therefore going to enumerate some things we have found by experience the sailors enjoy.

First always are knitted articles—sweaters, socks, wristlets, helmets and scarfs. All of the thousand men we will have for Christmas will be men away from home and friends, and the sailor is a sentimentalist. He would not be a sailor if he hadn't something of the dreamer in his makeup, and he not only values the warmth of the knitted articles but he values the work put into them. Some woman has bent for hours over the garment that has been given to him, and it adds to its value for him.

Comfort bags, tobacco, chocolate bars, neckties, razors, handkerchiefs, puzzles, penknives—in fact, anything that your boy would like would make some sailor boy happy.

Many of the sailors have come to us and asked who sent the gift that they found in their room; they wanted to write a note of thanks. So please put in a word of good wishes with your gifts. They are going to real men; and while your particular gift may go to a man who cannot write English, he will get some one to read it for him and it will give him a warm Christmassy feeling around his heart. He may not be able to write to thank you, but he will likely write home, and you will have been the means of making some one in a far-off land happy.

It is a case of casting your bread on the water; it may return to you; it will return to you, because nothing is lost; and there is nothing so eternal as a kind thought.

A Humane Consul

It was only a couple of days ago that the Chaplain met him on the main stairway of the Institute, after an absence of over a year. He seemed glad to see the Chaplain and they went into the Reading Room while he told the story of his year's adventures.

They first met at cell 23, tier 7, of that house of tragedy and mystery, the Tombs Prison. The Chaplain was spending his vacation, chaplaining the Tombs. It was while on his round of visits that he came across a colored gentleman, dressed in all the

clothes he possessed, an undervest and pants, and he was pacing up and down the cell like a caged animal. His door was shut and through the bars the Chaplain started a conversation.

It is very, very difficult to converse through bars, and the man was morose; but as the Chaplain persisted, his spirit finally won the confidence of the man and he told his story.

He was a Jamaican negro and had been to France in a West Indian regiment and while there he had seen red. He returned home and then shipped as a messboy on a Norwegian vessel. On the voyage the mate abused and kicked him, without what he considered cause, and one day he ran into the galley, picked up a knife and slashed the mate pretty badly on the arms. The captain put him in irons and brought him to New York.

As the negro was a British subject and the crime was committed on a Norwegian vessel, he had to be tried by a Norwegian court, as the vessel is counted the same as the soil of the country to which it belongs. It was really an International affair.

The lad wanted to be tried in New York, so that he would not have to go to Norway, and the Chaplain tried to help him out, even going to the United States Marshal's Court.

Just at this time, before the trial as to his extradition was decided, the Chaplain's time at the Tombs expired, and he lost sight of the boy. The next time they met was on the stairs of the Institute.

He had been taken to Norway,

and after six months he had been placed on trial and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Everybody treated him right, he said. His Consul came to see him and sent him money every week. The Chaplain at Christiania saw him three times a week and brought him food. Finally, through the intercession of the Consul, the King allowed him his freedom after two months' imprisonment on condition that he never show his face in Norway again.

He went to England to work for six months at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and finally he came to New York. His enthusiasm for the Consul in Norway was unbounded, as well it might be.

—Contributed.

Cost of Entertainments

It is necessary to know something about the life of a sailor to understand why we are so anxious to have three entertainments a week for them.

Sailors are out of a job every time their ship returns to the place from which it sailed. The companies pay off their men, and while the men may possibly sign on the same ship again, many do not. This constant changing is due to many causes, most of them causes over which the sailors have no control.

This means that they are idle until they secure another ship and sometimes it takes weeks before they can get work. Shipping may be dull, or it may be that there are too many who want the same kind of work. These things are all a matter of chance, and it is possible that there are too many deck hands in New

York, while in Rio de Janeiro there are not enough, or too many engineers in Rio de Janeiro and very few in New York.

These men, who often have but few resources within themselves, are forced to be idle in a great city where evil waits around every corner for them. They do not know where to go for amusement that is wholesome and good, and it is as true as it was when the proverb was first uttered that "Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do."

It seems not too much for us, who benefit by the homeless condition of these men, to provide clean, wholesome entertainment for them while they are forced to stay on shore with us.

That is what we desire to do, but the cost has gone up so much that we have been compelled to have only two entertainments a week. We desire to have three.

It would cost us \$110 a week to hold three entertainments a week.

The pianist charges \$5 a night. The moving picture operator charges \$5 a night. A feature film costs \$15.75 and a comic costs \$7.88. The Pathe Weekly we get for \$1.05 a week—and an entertainer costs anything from \$10 up.

The closest estimate of the cost of the entertainments, shows that we cannot give entertainments that will entertain, for less than \$110 a week.

There may be fifty-two people who feel that they would like to each give one week of amusement—part educational—always Americanizing—to great bands of men from 400 to 600 in number.

Or it may be that you cannot give that much but would like to give something—whatever you can give will be appreciated. We will use what we have to the best advantage.

But One Christ

It was not the low tones of the organ, nor the warning words of the clergyman, nor the softened light drifting through the stained glass windows into the Chapel of Our Saviour, mellowing the weather-beaten countenances of the men, that made him go to the House Mother and try to explain to her what had happened to him.

The sea, so vast and inexplicable, shuts up the fountains of expression, and he stood twisting his cap; but the light from a reawakened past shone from his face.

"I was at Church last Sunday," he finally said bluntly, "the first time in four years."

"I hope you enjoyed it," the House Mother said, when he seemed to have come to a full stop, his tongue unable to express something that shone from his eyes.

"I didn't hear what the preacher said, and I don't know what we sang," he said, "for I wasn't there at all. I was seeing my mother and my father and us kids, sitting in a row. My father at the end, and then my mother, her rosary in her hand, sometimes looking at us and shaking her head. I saw it as plain as ever, and I can't forget it. Can you tell me where there is a Roman Catholic Church, for I want to go."

The House Mother gave him the information, and he repeated as he

thanked her, "They were all there with me, just like when I was a boy, away back in Holland. We seemed to be all children again, and my father wasn't stooped, and my mother hadn't any grey hairs."

He caught his breath and turned abruptly away; and the House Mother understood.

Wives on Ships

"It is!"

"It isn't!"

Opinion on the question of whether Captains should be allowed to take their wives on board ship with them seems to depend on personal interest in the matter.

A recent order of the United States Shipping Board provides that Captains of Shipping Board steamers hereafter may take their wives with them on their voyages.

"It is a good thing," some sailors say.

"It isn't a good thing," is the emphatic declaration of others.

"There is always trouble when there are women on board," one young sailor said when asked his opinion.

"What kind of trouble?"

"Oh, some of the fellows forget and go on deck without having all their clothes on; or maybe they get excited and swear, and the Captain's wife tells him and then he goes for the boys. No, let women stay at home. That's the place for them. On board ship ain't any place for women."

"I think it's a good thing," a serious-eyed young man said thoughtfully. "It will make the boys more

careful about their clothes. They get very careless when there is no one but men around. And they won't gamble and swear so much. They may not like it at first, but it will be good for them. I say let the women go on all the ships."

It was a man of experience, a philosopher, who said, "Women will get on the ships just as they are getting every place else and we may as well make up our minds to it. I don't think whether I want them or not because I know we can't stop them. I think we'll be having women in the crews yet."

Some of the marine papers are pointing out that the Shipping Board order is a reversion to a good old system of America's sailing days when Captains took their wives to sea with them, without consulting anybody's wishes except their own and their wives.

Some writers argue that the ships that had women on board were better ships than those without; that under the influence of a woman the cabin became cosy with a homelike atmosphere.

A writer on the Marine Journal seems to feel that when children are born on board ships bearing the American flag it will do more than anyone can estimate to perpetuate the nation's seagoing spirit.

The Nautical Gazette is quite philosophical and says, "If the practical objections to having the wives of captains and chiefs accompany their husbands can be overcome and the presence of women aboard cargo vessels should become general, it is quite safe to predict that the stand-

ards of seafaring life will be raised thereby, rather than lowered."

On the other hand the Journal of Commerce is a prophet of gloom. Its general conclusion is, "A freighter is no place for a woman, is the general opinion of all those, with the exception of some captains, who go to sea."

Bed or Pants

"Here, will you go to the old clothes room and get a pair of pants," the doctor asked the Chaplain, and he extended the key that is attached to a plank, so that it will not be lost.

"Why should I go to the old clothes room?" the Chaplain asked backing away. "Where is the man who wants pants?"

"He is in the hospital," the doctor explained, "he was in an accident, and he has sent word that his pants were badly torn."

"Hasn't he anything to wear?"

"No, he has to stay in bed until we do something."

The Chaplain extended his hand for the key with a grin, then he turned back and asked, "What size is he?"

The doctor measured the Chaplain with his eyes, "Oh about your size; maybe a little bigger or a little smaller."

"No doubt he is," the Chaplain grumbled.

Makes Sailing Attractive

A man who was being shown over the building a few days ago, looked at everything without making any remark until he was coming out of

the Chapel of Our Saviour, then he said with feeling, "It's enough to make a fellow want to go to sea, to see this building."

Bread on the Waters

That is what we are doing every day, 'Casting our bread on the water and sometimes it does not seem to return. Sometimes it comes back very soon; and sometimes we reap what others have cast.

The Chaplain, who has Faith beyond most men, was sitting in the dark in the gallery watching the moving pictures and trying to forget some of the misery of the world that had passed before him that day. He had slipped away there, just a bit discouraged, just a little down-hearted.

Human nature is very weak and in some things it had failed him.

Presently he saw a man groping his way toward him, like one who is blinded by having come out of a strong light. He watched the man until he came close enough for him to see that it was a watchman from the Lobby.

Knowing that he must be the one sought, the Chaplain went to him, and the Watchman said, "You are wanted downstairs."

"What is it? Any trouble?"

"I don't know," the Watchman said. "It's a kind of a swell looking fellow and he came in a car and there's a girl outside. He said he had to see you."

The Chaplain followed the Watchman down and saw a strange, well-groomed man waiting for him.

"Do you remember me?"

"I do not," the Chaplain acknowledged.

"You stood sponsor for me once and kept me out of prison," the young man explained, "and you bet I have never forgotten you. I have a good position now and I am to be married this week, and you are the only man in New York that I want to marry me. My intended wife is outside in my car. Will you come out and meet her? She knows what I owe you."

Yes, the Chaplain remembered the hot-headed boy who was in trouble; and he had trusted him.

He followed him out to his car and met the girl who knew how much they both 'owed him' because he had had faith in a lonely blue-eyed boy, far from home and friends.

He promised to marry them; and with their thanks ringing in his ears he returned to his work.

Cast thy bread on the water! And if it returns in good wholesome young American manhood, what more can anyone ask?

A Father's Request

There occasionally happen things that make us realize that the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is old enough to have a past. The following letter from a father has brought this fact home to us—for we have given shelter to father and son—two generations.

He wrote, "As my boy, a seaman, late of the U. S. S. America, wrote to me from your Institute, I take the liberty of now writing to you to find out if he has received his mail addressed in care of the Insti-

tute. If you would be so kind as to ascertain if he has shipped or if he is stranded on the beach, as I have been many times myself. I know what a Godsend such havens as your place are. I would like to help him if he is in need or desires to come home. He is only a beginner and a good boy. I don't wish him to suffer as I have had to in the past."

Look at Them Guys

The House Mother was taking a party of forty men from the Y. M. C. A. through the building this month. From the roof to the basement she went explaining the work as they went along.

The sailors have become accustomed to these parties, and they do not appear to take any notice, but in reality they are pretty keen observers.

When the party reached the basement, three men ran out of the washroom, and looked interestedly at them. Then one of them was heard to remark to his companion: "Gee, I'm glad I got my room for tonight. Look at all them guys that are coming. There won't be a bed left in the house."

One More Possibility

We thought about everything that could happen around the Institute had happened; but this month we found that we underestimated our versatility.

Our latest sensation was caused by a sailor who sat in the third-floor dormitory window to take off his boots. And so intent was he on removing his boot that he forgot

everything and pulled with all his strength.

The boot came off suddenly as boots do under such circumstances; and the sailor just as suddenly rolled over backward out of the window.

Fortunately, he fell on a wire netting; and also fortunately, a student from our Navigation and Marine Engineering School who had taken First Aid Lectures from our Doctor was on hand; and he applied the training he had received. It is possible that he saved the man's life.

X Could Do Nothing More

"Gratitude" is said to be "the sensation that springs from a lively sense of favors yet to come."

Is it?

A seaman who had enjoyed the friendship of his Buddy (since dead) called at the Chaplain's office and paid an unsettled loan made months ago by the deceased.

"I can do nothing more for my friend," he said in explanation.

A Gift in Memory

Mrs. William Gerry Slade has given us a beautiful Steinway piano in memory of her daughter, Harriet Slade Crombie, for whom it was purchased.

Doctoring His Mind

The Institute doctor not only cares for the bodies of his patients but he also ministers to minds diseased.

He recently had a case of an officer who had been in the navy during the war, and his nerves were shattered. He had been under such a strain that he lost all confidence

in himself and when he went on the street he became dizzy and was afraid to go on.

The doctor has been taking him with him on his rounds so that he will regain his confidence in himself, and a few days ago the doctor came in with all the pride of a father whose eldest child has taken its first step and he announced that the old officer was going out alone for his first trip since his illness.

A Love Letter

A young sailor brought a letter to the Chaplain a few days ago and asked him to read it. "It's in French and I know who it is from," he said seriously, "but I can't read it. It's from a girl."

"I'm sorry I can't," the Chaplain said. "Don't you know any of the fellows here who read French?"

"Yes, I know a fellow," he acknowledged, "I'll bring him here."

Evidently feeling that he would have honest treatment under the watchful eye of the Chaplain, he brought the young man who could read French, and together they read the letter.

When the House Mother arrived the letter was being translated into very free English; and an interested Chaplain was explaining French customs to a couple of young men who turned to him from time to time with puzzled looks.

Floods and Floods

Many men have done something that they consider the high water mark of their lives; and about which they are ever eager to talk.

There was a man named Smith

who came through the great Galveston flood and he considered it the great accomplishment of his life. Whenever he met a stranger, on the first possible occasion, he always said, "I am Smith, the man who came through the Galveston flood."

Most people appeared to be deeply impressed by this information and when he died and went to heaven St. Peter's interest in the Galveston flood convinced him that his exploit would be a fruitful topic of conversation in the heavenly mansions.

But one day he met a strange old man who listened to his account of himself with a bored air, and made no comment.

"Why you don't seem to understand," Smith said. "Who are you?"

"I am Noah," the elderly man answered wearily.

Ordained

Rev. John A. Frampton, Chaplain of the Seamen's Church Institute of Port Arthur, Texas, was ordained priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Scranton, Pa., on October 18th. Mr. Frampton received his training in sailor work at the Seamen's Church Institute, New York.

Public Health Service

Rev. W. E. Callender, organizing secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute and Port Chaplain at Norfolk, Va., has been appointed a Chaplain of the Public Health Service of the United States.

Phonograph Records

This month we were able to supply phonograph records to the crew of the S. S. Jolle leaving on an eight months' trip to South Africa.

General Summary of Work

SEPTEMBER 1920

Religious Department

	Services	Attendance	
		Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning	4	165	185
" Evening	8	560	743
Miscellaneous	4	179	190
Bible Class Meetings	2	145	161
Communion Services			4
Baptisms			1
Weddings			0
Funerals			4

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing	36
Assisted thru Loan Fund	27
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	423
Referred to Hospitals	10
Hospital Visits	42
Patients Visited	5,334
Referred to other Organizations	0

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips	27
Visits to vessels	63

Social Department

	Services	Attendance	
		Seamen	Total
Entertainment	10	1,659	1,951
Home Hours	9	537	632
Ships visited			109
Packages of literature distributed			810
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			46

Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering	
First Aid Lectures	5
First Aid Lectures	17

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	21,420
Letters received for Seamen	14,645
Pieces of dunnage checked	7,285

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	36
Men shipped	209
Given temporary employment	23
Total	252

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits	\$96,924.33
Withdrawals	90,510.30
Transmitted	20,057.59

CHRISTMAS DINNERS

Eight hundred men, away from home and friends, will spend their Christmas Day at the Institute.

We have no fairy wand that we can wave to bring their loved ones from all parts of the world; but we have the good will of our friends that has enabled us in the past to invite them to have dinner with us, and we have charmed away the loneliness of the loneliest of all days for homeless men.

In 1916 we asked for 30 cents each to provide a Christmas dinner. In 1917 we asked for 50 cents for a similar dinner; and this year we cannot provide it for less than 85 cents. Prices change but the heart of man is the same; it responds as it always has to the offer of good will.

Will those who wish to help provide this dinner for our guests send their contributions as early as possible.

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.

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

The increased cost of paper and printing and the postage thereon make it impossible to send **THE LOOKOUT** except under the above conditions.