

The LOOKOUT



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The Real Grievance

Harry arrived last week, completing his first voyage since his three years' service in the trenches.

"I was so glad to be back on a deck again and hear the water about me, I nearly went up and slapped the Captain on the back!" he told the Desk Man who made out his room ticket.

"How did you happen to leave the sea for the Army?" asked the Desk Man with a quick glance at Harry's rather insufficient proportions.

"Oh, I was ashore in Liverpool one Sunday and a chap was making speeches and he urged everybody to enlist. I didn't want to do it myself, but there was a boy next to me and he says, 'Mate, I'm blamed if I don't go and join this here recruiting.' He was only a young lad and I was over thirty, and I said, 'Blimie, if I don't go with you!' So I did, served three years, and got discharged for a wound that don't keep me from working

again at my old trade of ship's carpenter."

"How was it?" a seaman near the Desk asked Harry, following him into the shining spaces of the sun-filled Lobby.

"War, you mean?" Harry inquired, apparently not at all surprised by the question.

"Well, it had its funny things, just as everything serious has, and just as the papers have said. I remember a story they told about one of the chaps in my company. He was detailed to take a German spy back of the lines and shoot him. He took his prisoner and they started back. The mud was wetter and thicker than usual, and the two of them slipped and stumbled and fell every few feet. At last when they had gone almost the full four miles, the German turned and said:

"What did you do this for? Why not shoot me where we were?"

"The Tommy looked at him a minute, before he wiped the mud from

his face, and then he said:

"Are you grumbling? What you got to grumble about? Think of me. I have to walk all the way back!"

Our School on the Roof

One hundred and eighty-five men have been enrolled in the Navigation School on the Institute roof in the special course which is given under the auspices of the U. S. Shipping Board Recruiting Service. Many of these men have already received their licenses as Masters and Mates of ocean-going steamers. At these classes there was an average attendance of sixty men.

On February 25th, as has been previously announced, the Engineering Department of the School was organized. Members of this department have received licenses as chief and second or third engineers. In this School for Engineers there has also been a class organized under the auspices of the Shipping Board Recruiting Service.

Sixteen officers of the Mine Sweeping Division of the Third Naval District, Admiral Usher commanding, were enrolled in the School, a little over a month ago, for the purpose of studying navigation. In reference to this work, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy wrote the following letter to Dr. Mansfield:

"Navy Department,
Washington, D. C.

April 8, 1918.

My dear Dr. Mansfield:—

I have been advised of the generous action of the Institute in taking into the Navigation and Marine En-

gineering Schools, "without money and without price," the junior officers attached to the mine sweepers.

It would be presumptuous of me to commend this patriotic action; but I thought that it might interest you to know that the Navy Department appreciates the fact that in doing what you have done you have filled a need which has caused us no little concern. The Navy has schools at which these officers could have been instructed had it been practicable for them to devote their entire time to this work for a considerable period of time. It was not practicable, however, and your assistance was the very thing needed to enable them to get this much needed instruction without being compelled to neglect the other duties in which they are engaged.

May I ask you to say to Captain Huntington that we feel under deep obligation to you all?

Sincerely yours,

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

The School has been visited by a great many distinguished persons, and it is distinctly worth making the trip to 25 South Street to realize that on this corner of the island men of all ages and all grades of sea experience are not only learning to increase their efficiency in the work they are already doing, but are being encouraged to advance in the lines for which they are best fitted. The most effective stimulus to ambition is working in an atmosphere of progress.

Everything about the School is growing and the staff has been increased.

Every Tuesday, Thursday and

Saturday the Institute launch, the "J. Hooker Hamersley," which the Navigation School uses as a practice steamer, makes trips down the bay with a student crew, giving them a chance to learn practical seamanship, compass adjustment, make observations for ship's position, and to study marine engineering aboard ship.

Where To Run

William has a sense of humor, and although that is a sense pretty badly overworked, all seamen do not possess it. They laugh at jokes, of course, but they do not know how to stand aside and see themselves and be amused, as most of us have to learn to do before we can manage our lives.

But William has. He came into the House Mother's office the other morning to tell her about his recent experience with a torpedo.

"You know we fellows were picked up and taken ashore to an American port, finally, after the submarine got us, and when we got to the town the newspaper men came and asked us questions, as they always do. You know the kind. Well, the next day we all rushed about buying papers to see what they had said about us. I certainly had to laugh at one paper. It said:

"The seamen stayed nobly by their ship,' or something like that. All I could think was, 'What else could we do? There wasn't any back alley for us to beat it into.'"

"But didn't you want to be made a hero a little bit?" smiled the House Mother. William laughed.

"Why, if you knew it, lots of seamen are heroes, but not the way the newspapers think and write about it."

Suitable For a Lady

"When I was at a Red Cross bazaar in Havre I thought of you, Mrs. Roper," McAllister told the House Mother an hour after he had settled himself in one of his old rooms in the building. She looked a good deal mystified by this but she hastened to assure him that she was glad he remembered her when he was away on a voyage.

"Indeed, I do remember you. I went all over that bazaar to find just the right present for you. I thought I would help the Red Cross and buy something nice for you at the same time. I asked a girl there for something exactly suitable for a lady. She said, 'Your mother?' and I said, 'Well, in a kind of way,' so she finally picked out this for me."

McAllister put his hand into his pocket, withdrew it, felt in the other pocket, and was just beginning to show signs of deep distress, when he remembered again and laughed.

"Of course, I know now. I put the box in the Hotel Desk, because I was afraid I would lose it."

And a few minutes later the House Mother opened a small box, removed two layers of tissue paper and found a brilliant Nile green satin hand bag, embroidered arrestingly in scarlet and blue—"Souvenir de France," it announced by no means modestly.

"Do you like it?" McAllister asked, sure of an affirmative. "I thought you could carry it on Sundays."

He Wanted to be Warned

Bill stopped the House Mother in the corridor as she hurried past him toward her office where a little cabin boy was waiting for encouragement and cheering up generally.

"Just a minute," begged Bill, "I want to ask you if there are to be any more concerts?"

"Why, of course, there will be one next Friday evening," the House Mother answered, rather surprised.

"I was hoping that there wouldn't be any more," Bill grinned, "because the last one cost me fifty dollars."

"Fifty —" began the House Mother in a gasp and then she laughed, too.

Bill had been so influenced by her Liberty Loan speech during an intermission in the concert, that he had drawn fifty dollars from his savings and bought a bond the very next day.

Back From Germany

They were, unfortunately for the purpose of a colorful narrative, all Norwegians, and they took refuge in a tongue whose intricacies baffle everyone but the Man Who Speaks Norwegian. However, their story as it filtered through the Hotel Desk, was significant. For they had just returned from Germany.

Three crews from the "Encora," a bark, the "Winslow" an American schooner and the "Beluga," besides some men from the "J. S. Kirby," were captured when a German raider sunk or acquired the ships. If they had been American seamen they would still be the guests of Germany, but

since they were citizens of a neutral nation, the American Consul was able to intercede for them, and they were released after being interned for eight months near Bremen.

"I want me only to stay in this building for a while," one of them told the Man Who Speaks Norwegian. "I want not to be captured again. I rather we sink."

And that was all he could be persuaded to say about his treatment in the German prison camp. But when five of the men went to the movies uptown and saw, in the Animated Magazine which shows war pictures, an imaginary battle between an American cruiser and a U Boat, they all arose to get closer to the screen, and it was only the irritated shouts of the people behind them which made them sit down.

"I think me to go on an American fighting boat," the tallest Scandinavian told the Desk Man that evening.

That Extra Piece

"I don't try to carry my dunnage with me any more," he was explaining to one of his friends, as they started for the launch which was to carry them out to the boat bound for France.

He was a tall man whose open flannel shirt gave his neck a look of sturdy forcefulness, and his words an extra inflection of authority. Just why a muscular, bronzed neck should give a seaman additional importance has never been satisfactorily explained, but this story is about what seamen do with their baggage, so it doesn't matter.

"You ought only to carry a little bundle of what you will actually need," he continued to his friend who was shifting his canvas bag to the other shoulder.

And this is what seamen have been doing increasingly for the past six months. Experience with submarines has taught them that they are certain to lose their luggage, even if they save their lives, and the wise sailor who has letters and photographs and small belongings which he prizes, has packed them in a bag or suit-case and checked them in the Institute Baggage Room. The result of this uncharacteristic caution has been a crowding of the Baggage Room racks for which no provision was made when space for 5,000 pieces of dunnage was arranged five years ago.

"Look here, can't you take anything with you?" the harassed Baggage Man called after a man who wanted to check a canvas bag, two suit-cases and a carpenter's chest.

"I would if you could promise no submarines this trip," replied the seaman crisply. "I'd store these somewhere else if I knew a reliable place where I could be sure to get them back."

The Baggage Man groaned.

"There isn't room here for one more piece. I don't know what I shall do if any other fellows want to store their things today."

And yet, four hours later one hundred and sixty pieces of luggage had been taken in and tucked away in the elastic Baggage Room.

All the Difference

The Lobby disputers had said nothing to Patrick about Irish conscription, and they had been careful to say very little to Patrick about the war, anyhow. Patrick stayed by himself, his sullen face completely altered from the laughing one his friends had known for so many years. The thing which ate into Patrick's peace of mind was the fact that his young brother had enlisted and was going over to fight in the great war.

"There's no sinse in the lad, anny more," he complained, the bitterness of his spirit creeping into his voice. "I have said what I could, but he is set on going and he is going to fight, no matter whose war it is."

That was three weeks ago. Yesterday Patrick came away from the Post Office with a little note in his hand. The smile had come back into his blue eyes, together with a moisture which Patrick forgot to wipe away.

"Holy St. Michael!" he exclaimed, not caring who listened, "if that young spalpeen hasn't got over there right in it. He says he may go right out any day. Sure, an' if I was in the age, I'd go and enlist meself!"

Post Office Open Later

With the new assistant postmistress, it is now possible to keep the Post Office open until eight o'clock each evening, and also to open it from two to five o'clock on Sunday afternoons, thus giving many men a chance to get mail which they might miss, through having to sail unexpectedly, or by having only a limited time in this port.

A Taste For Patriots

Someone sold Henry a large lithograph of General Pershing which not only gave that lean military man fat red cheeks, but so distorted his features that he looked distinctly like the picture on the end of a well-known shoe-box. But Henry admired it extravagantly, and it was with some self sacrifice that he decided to present it to the House Mother.

"How remarkable!" she gasped, "and thank you for thinking of me," she added quickly.

"You like it?" he asked, "because I can get you some others."

And before she could think of a reason which would curb his generous impulses without hurting his feelings, he had hurried away. After that, there was a long roll outside her office door, or upon her desk every morning.

There were hideously rouged George Washingtons, with powdered curls, which would have made the father of our country blush. There were portraits of Lincoln and Hancock, Monroe and Jefferson, Roosevelt and Wilson. The artist had been specially prodigal with mustaches—wherever possible he had succeeded in making the ex-president's face bristle like a Western desperado in the movies. But of course, he had meant it all in the cause of patriotism, and Henry loved them all.

"Be sure she gets this one," he admonished the editor yesterday, leaving a roll beside the typewriter. "I have to sail today, but here is the last one, and I know she wants it very much."

Mothers' Day Service

"If your mother is living, write to her today," the Institute folder urged its seamen guests on Sunday, May 12, on the day set aside by the President as a day for particularly honoring mothers, a day when a white carnation or a white flower of any sort, worn in the button-hole, or pinned to the coat, showed that you were remembering.

On every seaman's bed, the night before, was placed this small message, reminding each man that the following day was Mothers' Day.

"Remember and Honor your Mother Today!" it said. It announced the special service in the Institute Chapel at 7:30 Sunday evening, and it added:

"Come and Lend a Hand out of Love and Respect!"

The little folder was printed up in the Institute Printing Shop on the Roof, and because of it, no seaman went to bed that Saturday night without a thought for his mother.

The next day 700 carnations were given out to the seamen here and at the North River Station. The men pinned them on early in the morning and wore them all day, for carnations have the special merit of staying white and fresh.

At the evening service the Rev. H. G. Fithian spoke. He talked to the men about his own mother. He said that when he returned home in a stage-coach (many years ago) with his bride, his mother, in a small cap and an old fashioned gown, came to the door-way to welcome them. He said he forgot his bride for a moment and jumped out to run to his mother's

open arms. He told them stories of mother love, mother loyalty, and probably greatest of all, mother forgiveness.

"Don't put off writing to your mother, boys," he urged, "because she waits to hear from you and then some day you will find out that she is dead, and it will be too late to write. Don't make that mistake."

This of course was the most poignant Mothers' Day ever celebrated since the day became a special day of remembrance. President Wilson had issued an urgent request that everyone, everywhere, should take a little time to think about his mother. This has been called a Mothers' War, and so it is, as all wars must be.

At the Institute, general recognition of the Day had never been so evident. Perhaps they were not all writing to their mothers, but the writing desks were filled all day, with a waiting correspondent always ready to take the chair as soon as it was vacated.

Men whose consciences must have troubled them sat in the little Chapel with very thoughtful faces, and when the soprano sang "Mother, My Dear," they searched, embarrassed, for their handkerchiefs.

Another Way of Serving

To: The Secretary of the Navy.

Subject: Training of officers.

1. In accordance with the suggestion contained in the reference, the Commanding Officer called upon Reverend A. R. Mansfield, at the Seamen's Church Institute, New York, and was very cordially received.

2. The Reverend Dr. Mansfield has placed at the disposal of the men

of the *Culgoa* who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity and who have shown their worth and sincerity by past record and length of service, every possible aid in preparing for examinations leading to commissioned grades in both Navigation and Engineering branches. It is intended that men will receive their practical instruction on board ship, and that the teaching at the School will be directed, during the few days in port, within the scope of contemplated examination and the method of conducting it.

3. The Seamen's Church Institute is also conducting a class for signalmen, teaching them international and convoy signals. There is no one at the school at this time with practical experience in Fleet and Overseas work, and the Commanding Officer will detail an experienced quartermaster to instruct at the school each day while the *Culgoa* is in port if this meets with the Bureau's approval. This will, in a measure, repay the Institute for the special consideration shown for the *Culgoa's* men.

4. The Commanding Officer wishes the Bureau to know that Reverend Dr. Mansfield has been very hearty in extending the aid of the Institute, and comments on the fact that, of all the schools visited, this school alone has shown any interest whatever in giving instruction free.

F. T. Burkhart.

This is a copy of a letter sent to the Secretary of the Navy by an officer in the U. S. Navy, commending as will be seen, the action of Dr. Mansfield in offering the use of the Institute schools to the sailors.

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More Letters

Everybody writes more letters these days. We began, before our own country was at war, writing to French and English soldiers, to the little orphans whom so many women have adopted as god-children, and the habit has grown with each month that has taken American boys away from their homes.

Down here at the Institute there have always been conspicuously displayed signs urging seamen to Write Home. They haven't all heeded the signs, but then, their families haven't always been very thoughtful about writing to seamen. One can understand that, making the customary human allowances.

"I *must* write to Frank. He will be getting into New York next month," you can imagine a busy mother in Australia or Norway or Scotland saying, and then forgetting to do it, until the time which must be allowed for the sending has passed.

Frank arrives in New York, asks for his mail, finds two garish postal cards from a girl he flirted with in Sydney, a marked newspaper from his uncle, and nothing else. He naturally

feels a little bit neglected. "Mother might have written," he thinks resentfully, and accordingly he does not trouble to write to her either. But the war has changed this to a great extent, as our crowded Post Office would prove to you. Mothers and sisters are thinking about their seamen, wondering and hoping and praying, and writing to urge the boys to notify them if their ship reached port in safety. They are taking time to write, to send little packages, the village newspaper, the messages which shall keep a man away from home in touch with the intimate things of his boyhood life. Where a few years ago the mother wrote once a month and felt virtuously released from further duty, she now writes every week and sometimes more often, **with the result** that the Institute has had to employ an extra postmaster.

In this particular instance, it is an assistant postmistress, who takes a little extra motherly interest of her own in seeing that the seamen's mail is carefully distributed, that nobody is disappointed through having his letters hastily tucked in the wrong box.

"I feel so sorry to say 'No,' when a boy asks me for mail," she confessed. "If his home people could only know how his face looks when he is told there isn't a letter for him, they would certainly trouble to write to him."

It is no ordinary pastime to sort the letters which come from every country in both hemispheres, the envelopes addressed in every kind of crude characters, to men with long, complicated names. Sometimes two

letters come in, one addressed to Leon Schzyechrodvy, and one to Leo Schechrode; it requires a trained eye to grasp the difference immediately, particularly when the writing is blurred, or the letter shows signs of having been in a damp mail sack for over a month. And yet the importance of one of those letters to Leon or Leo can hardly be estimated.

Under the friendly guidance of the new postmistress the mail congestion will be greatly relieved, and the pyramiding correspondence hastened into the hands of the anxious seekers for a word from the old country.

Liberty Bonds and Seamen

"You have done so much, and every day you are doing such great service, and yet, I wonder if you cannot do a little more", the House Mother urged, from the stage of the Concert Hall.

She was speaking to merchant seamen, to men who have gone back and forth through the dangerous seas these four years, doing their work, risking their lives, losing their luggage again and again. She was speaking to three hundred men, every one of whom had faced certain, definite, death on every voyage for over forty months. And she was asking them to buy Liberty bonds.

Of course, everybody did buy Liberty bonds, men in uniforms, men who would have to go without definite cigarettes and small necessities every week for fifty weeks in order to pay for a single bond. But most of these men were Americans. And most of our seamen are Scandinavian and British, Dutch and Arabs and East Indians.

To a Norwegian seaman, a citizen of a neutral nation, the Liberty Loan could not have looked tremendously important. And yet \$6,350 worth of Liberty bonds were purchased by Institute seamen. They were appealed to by young women on the streets, by side-walk orators everywhere, but they listened best when the House Mother spoke, or when the Savings Man pointed out to them the advantages of an investment which paid four and one-quarter per cent. interest, and helped an over-worked government at the same time.

"I never save and lend at the same time before, I don't think," a young Dane told the Savings Man, as he paid for his bond.

Most of these seamen did not take the two dollars down and a dollar for fifty weeks kind of bond. They did not know where they would be in fifty weeks, so they made certain of their bonds by paying cash. Some of them drew all the money they had and invested it in bonds, and others, not entirely sure, left a little balance in the Savings Department.

Beside the Liberty Loan, seamen have taken \$175.00 worth of War Saving Stamps since April 1st. And these figures rather demolish the old belief that all sailors are careless and irresponsible and heedless of the morrow.

Of course, the British seamen who subscribed felt, largely, that it was subscribing to their own country's debt, but seamen of neutral nations were actuated almost entirely by a very commendable thrift.

There was no organized campaign for collecting Liberty Loan subscriptions down here; there might have

been, but since this was not done, \$6,350 is an astonishingly good showing.

Hjalmar in the Camp

When the first draft numbers were drawn a great many seamen who had registered from the Institute were drafted into the Army. There has been some law governing the drafting of seamen into the Army since then, but in the meantime, many men who knew no trade or work but the sea have been learning how to be soldiers on the land in the nearby cantonments. Among them was Hjalmar, a Swedish seaman who had taken out his first papers. And Hjalmar did not wish to go away.

"I come back to see you first time I get leave," he told the House Mother, "but I not want to leave the sea."

He went away very unhappily. He did not care for the trip to Camp Upton, and he did not like his duties or his officers, but he made the best of them because he expected to get time off if he asked for it pleasantly. After two weeks he came to the Institute, directly from the Penn. Station.

"It is as I think it would be. I make me a great mistake to register on that paper," Hjalmar said as soon as he saw his old friends. They said all the cheerful things they had heard about growing to like it better when he got used to it. There are not so many things to say to a young Swedish seaman who has been conscripted into a war in which his own country is not involved.

However, Hjalmar did not desert. He went back to Upton when his leave was up, and he worked very hard. He listened to his lieutenant and his sergeant, and one day he was very much surprised when they took him aside and told him he was to be made a corporal. A corporal! Why, that was a sort of officer, wasn't it? Hjalmar looked about him proudly. This land wasn't so bad, and this army wasn't so bad. He must hurry back to the Institute and let them see his chevrons.

"I feel so happy now I would not like to leave this war," he wrote to the House Mother.

Ivan, the Fickle

Ivan, having overcome the shyness in which most of his Russian shipmates sat enveloped as in a mantle, began a tentative conversation with one of the volunteer workers at a Friday evening concert.

"I saw you on Sunday in the Chapel," he told her admiringly, certain that he was introducing a proper and appropriate topic.

"I am afraid you didn't," she smiled, "because I never get down here early enough for that, but it doesn't matter. We can talk just the same."

Ivan thought a few minutes. It was pretty difficult to talk to a strange young woman in this so trying English, but he had been so very lonely and he had not dared to encroach too much upon the time of the busy House Mother.

"I think I would like to talk to a girl," he said finally, "but I don't know what you would wish to hear."

She helped him out so generously then that just before the concert was finished, Ivan explored the inner pocket of his bill-book and brought out a large silk handkerchief.

"I buy this once to give to a girl in the Ukraine, but I do not know when I shall see her. I would be glad if you had it. Maybe your name is that letter."

A large embroidered N occupied one corner of the handkerchief, and the young woman, with three names that had C. L. S. for their initials, swallowed hastily and assured him that the letter suited her extremely well.

The Mariner's Prayer

BY BERT EDWARD BARNES

"O, Lord, now that I have found Thee, lift up mine feet from the rough road of life and help me to cross safely the gangplank of temptation into the ship of salvation. Let the hand of prudence guide the helm and the winds of love fill the sails and the Good Book be mine compass. And Almighty God, whose patience with humanity is everlasting, keep all hidden rocks of adversity from mine course; let my bow cut clean the fresh waters of righteousness; steer me clear of Satan's torpedoes and may the bright rays of hope never die out of the lighthouses along the way, that I may make the run of life without disaster. And Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, I would ask that the tides bear unto me in letters of gold the true meaning of Thine Ten Commandments that I may be a mariner worthy of Thy blessings. Let not mine eyes be darkened by the fogs of evil; keep ringing loud

for mine guidance the bell-buoys of faith, and when I have at last sailed into the port of death, may the good Skipper of the Universe say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come and sign the log and receive eternal happiness as your salvage reward."

The Birthday

With her check for Altar Flowers came a note which said, "I am sending this instead of sending a birthday present on May 10th to my husband, Capt. R. H. Jackson, U. S. Navy, who is on the other side. As they are trying to reduce the number of packages going across I thought this would be the best present I could give him this year. I wrote him some time ago that I would do this."

The flowers were sent for Sunday, May 12th, which was also Mothers' Day, and this of course is the sort of birthday remembrance in which seamen share and which appeals to their shy sentimentality enormously.

It is true that the Government is requesting that the friendly gifts for soldiers be kept as small as possible, in order that the highly important and vitally necessary ones may be promptly dispatched. Certainly remembering a birthday or a special anniversary or a particular holiday by sending the flowers to the Institute is an unusually delightful way to celebrate.

Out of the Fight and in Again

Lionel Kenney, of Manchester, England, twenty-two years of age, went to the Dardanelles with his father in March, 1915, and fought beside him. When going "over the top" of the trench, he was hit by a shrapnel in the

right leg, and then was shot in the right shoulder and then in the left shoulder. He lost consciousness and awoke to find himself in the clearing station about three miles to the rear. By a singular coincidence his father, also wounded, was in the next bed to him. He had been hit in the back and had also been taken to the clearing station, where he found himself by the side of his boy. The same shot that had wounded both father and son, had killed a cousin.

He remained in the clearing station about two hours and then was taken aboard a steamship bound for Malta. At the Malta hospital he was operated on four times, but the operations were not successful and he still has three pieces of shrapnel in his leg. He remained nine months in the Malta Hospital and then was taken home to England.

He then shipped aboard the steamship *Ottawa* as a gunner and was on her when she was torpedoed. The boat went down. Lashed to a mast with another man, he was in the water four and a half hours before being picked up unconscious. They had another man supported between them, but finally had to let him go. He came to find himself on board a trawler and was taken to Stoneway, Scotland. There he shipped aboard the *Glenlyon* as a gunner, and is now "doing his bit" again as if nothing had happened.

—*My Neighbor*

weeks of Lent, the following articles were made and sent to the Institute for use in its Apprentice Room kitchen and the Galley: 96 soft crash towels, 235 glass towels, 104 pantry wipers.

Flowers For a Soldier

The first flowers for a soldier killed in action were placed upon the altar of the Chapel of our Saviour on Sunday, May 12th, Mothers' Day. These were the gift of Mrs. S. Vernon Mann who sent her check for ten dollars to buy carnations for Mother's Day in memory of Captain J. Drummond Crichton, 9th Royal North Lancashire Regiment, killed March 22nd, 1918.

This memorial suggests at once the thought of future memorials for our own soldiers and sailors who are already the victims of the tragic world quarrel. It is a sorrowful fact that every one of the fifty-two Sundays could be doubly supplied with flowers in memory of friends of the LOOKOUT readers who have lost their lives during the thirteen months that our country has been at war.

But surely no more gracious way of paying tribute to the heroism and self sacrifice of men who have died either on land or at sea can be devised than this of placing flowers upon the altar of a Chapel where men of the sea worship. When the names are read from the pulpit every seaman in the congregation will realize afresh that he is a guest in a city where people take time to think with tenderness and affection of their fellows—he will begin to believe, perhaps for the

Lenten Sewing Class

At the meetings of the Lenten Sewing Classes which the Seamen's Benefit Society held during the six

first time, that his own courage and quiet bravery have not been ignored, or merely taken for granted.

We asked for a Flower Fund, and we should be glad of this, or of individual contributions of about \$2.50 each Sunday in order that the Altar shall always bear a memorial, whether it be to a soldier, sailor, seaman or to someone whose gentle spirit is constantly renewing itself in the thoughts of his friends.

Merchantmen

All honor be to merchantmen,
 And ships of all degree,
 In warlike dangers manifold,
 Who sail and keep the sea,
 In peril of unlitten coast
 And death-besprinkled foam,
 Who daily dare a hundred deaths
 To bring their cargoes home.

All honor be to merchantmen,
 And ships both great and small,
 The swift and strong to run their race
 And smite their foes withal;
 The little ships that sink or swim,
 And pay the pirates' toll,
 Unarmored save by valiant hearts,
 And strong in naught but soul.

All honor be to merchantmen,
 As long as tides shall run,
 Who gave the seas their glorious dead
 From rise to set of sun;
 All honor be to merchantmen
 While England's name shall stand,
 Who sailed and fought, and dared
 and died,
 And served and saved their land.

A sailing ship from Liverpool—a
 tanker from the Clyde—
 A schooner from the West Countrie—
 a tug from Merseyside—

A fishing smack from Grimsby town
 —a coaler from the Tyne—
 All honor be to merchantmen while
 sun and moon shall shine!

—C. Fox Smith.

Away From Hot Streets Picnics for Seamen

Already the side-walks of South Street are sending up their rather stupefying heat rays, only partly mitigated by the breeze which blows some days across the harbor. And the seamen who are on shore, waiting for a ship, need, rather more than the rest of us, to have a chance to get away from the familiar city streets and spend a day in the country.

Last autumn we arranged automobile rides for forty men on certain afternoons, and this spring and summer we wish, not only to continue these drives, but to send the men on boat trips across to Manhasset Bay, where the use of some picnic grounds has been offered to us.

For these men to be able to forget everything unpleasantly insistent about about their last voyage and the ones immediately before them, to have a whole day of sailing and swimming, of eating sandwiches and fruit, sitting on grass, looking up through trees with thick leaves (which lower New York cannot grow any more) and to feel themselves for a little while, young and unthinkingly happy, would mean a renewed spirit for most of them.

"Don't you get lonesome to see Kent when it is spring?" an apprentice asked one of the older men on a May day of flying clouds and air a little hazy with sunshine.

"I do, and I think I shall be going up town to sit on the grass in a Park, somewhere," the older British seaman replied decisively. But he did not go. Seamen get the waterfront habit, and unless there is someone to suggest definite outings, they are likely to stay close to the piers and the hot pavements.

Let us manage, in spite of having paid out everything for Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps and the Red Cross Drive, to find a little more money to send these merchant mariners on automobile drives and picnics.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. S. Vernon Mann, the use of the picnic grounds has been secured for the Institute men. Let us see that they get away once a week, and enjoy the sort of good time which makes a seaman glad that he is living, in spite of the additional hardships of his life in these days.

\$30.00 would give us the automobile for three or four hours, and \$25.00 would certainly pay for the boat and the picnic luncheon for from fifty to one hundred men each week.

When a Great Man Speaks

At the morning service on Sunday April 14th the address was made by the Right Reverend Frederick Foote Johnson, D. D., Bishop-Coadjutor of Missouri. Bishop Johnson was a college mate of Dr. Mansfield but in the twenty-five years which had elapsed since their graduation, they had never before been associated in the same Chancel.

But what was chiefly remarkable about the morning was the simplicity with which Bishop Johnson delivered

his message to the men of the sea who listened to him with eyes lightened by understanding, and with their usually immobile faces flashing points of quickened interest.

He took for his text a part of the eighth verse, the first chapter of Acts: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be my witnesses."

If this sounded rather complex to the men when he announced it, they were soon able to understand exactly what it meant, for Bishop Johnson talked to them in simple images which illumined without confusing. He told them about the great Keokuk dam on the Mississippi River where there is probably the most marvelous power-house in the world. He spoke about power, electrical, mechanical, and the effect of power. And this great power-house with the Mississippi River behind it operated the lighting system of a big city, ran the trolley cars, made alive the machinery of huge factories. The men knew what he meant, and they understood, when he spoke, with skillful transition, of the Holy Ghost and the effect produced by that supreme power.

He compared the delicate adjustment of the human soul to the adjustment of the power-house, about which he could speak so graphically because he had visited the dam before the water was turned into it. He had seen the great turbines and the superintendent had told him that the mechanism was so exquisitely adjusted as to be affected even by the stopping of a trolley car. And of course when anything went wrong, and there was a break in contact, causing the power to

be shut off, the whole city of St. Louis would be blotted out into darkness, the complete electric system demoralized. That he said was what happened to the human soul when the connection between it and the power of the Holy Spirit was broken.

It was the sort of talk which a man who has grown to know men would make, not pious, not heavily portentous, not just a gospel mission talk to seamen, made with the assumption that seamen are peculiar and particular sinners. But when it was over, and Bishop Johnson went down among his congregation to shake the hands of the every man who was not too shy to offer his work-grimed one to the warm clasp of the preacher, he found friendliness and welcome in the embarrassed words of appreciation.

And later, when the bishop went into the Lobby, he looked about him with the smile that one has for old friends. He acted, with some miraculous intuition, as if he had come back, after an absence, to say "how do you do?" to the people whom he had known and loved all his life.

:o:

Wild Violets

New York children miss a lot of fun by growing up in town all through late April and early May. No games in the Park or in beautifully arranged back-yards, or in roof play-rooms can compensate them for the joy of picking wild flowers in the spring, of coming home very warm and tired and grimy with baskets of field violets which they picked themselves.

A week or two ago some teachers from the graded school at Hillburn,

N. Y., came down to see the Institute, stayed to the Sunday morning service, and to luncheon in the Officers' Dining Room, and were so delighted with everything, that they returned to their Monday morning classes filled with enthusiasm. They told them about the merchant seamen who were carrying soldiers and cargoes and working harder than anyone realized, and the children listened.

A day or two later they brought to their teachers a large basket of wild flowers, violets and anemones, hypatias and green Jack-in-the-Pulpits.

"We'd like them to go down to those seamen so they could see that we thought of picking flowers for them," one of the little girls explained, and luckily there was someone going to town from Hillburn who was willing to carry a flower basket.

Down at the Institute some of the staff were willing to stay a little later to make the violets into twenty bouquets and place them on tables in the wards of the Broad Street Hospital.

"Why, that reminds me more of home than any carnations or roses you could bring in here," exclaimed the apprentice boy in the bed nearest the door. "My little sister and I always picked them in England in the Spring, only of course English wild violets are fragrant."

An engineer from an American ship turned his pillow twice before he spoke.

"I used to be a kid up in Delaware County in this state and up there in May the purple violets grew as large as pansies."

No one denied it. The patients in the long wards watched the slender

stems droop over the edge of the vases and forgot that there were thermometers and treatments approaching.

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Donations Received April, 1918.

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola records, victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, waste paper, pictures, testaments, towels, cigarettes, postcards.

Anonymous—7.

Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Betts, Mrs. G. W.
Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
Brown, Mrs. A. McL.
Buckler, Mrs. A. H.
Burleigh, Col. Geo. W.
Cheeseman, Mrs. T. M.
Clark, Mrs. L.
Coe, Miss Ella S.

—:o:—

Comfort Forwarding Committee of the Christian Scientists of New York.

Comstock, Mrs. Robt. H.
Condit, Miss G.
Dall, Mrs. H. H.
Daniell, Miss E. A.
Davis, Mr. M. M.
Denning, Mrs. W. S.
Dent, F. J.
Dominick, Mrs. M. W.
Edgar, Mrs. H. L. K.
Fuller, Mrs. G. W.
Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.
Gothberg, Miss Bertha
Griffin, Mrs. J. W.
Harrison, Mr. Robert L.
Hoe, Mrs. G. E.
Holden, Mrs. A. J.
Hospital Book & Newspaper Society
Hyde, Dr. Frederick E.
Jacot, The Misses
Jagson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E.
Janeway, Mr. S. H.
Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
Kantz, Miss A. M.
McDonough, Mrs. Thomas
Martin, Miss M. E.
Meissner, C. A.
Morgan, Wm. M.
Morrison, Mr. John H.
Prime, Miss Cornelia
Rawlings, Mrs. Frank
Rieck, Mrs. James G.

Righter, Miss Jessie H.
Robinson, Henry J.
Rolph, Miss Esther A.
Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
Schmitt, Mrs. David
Southwick, Mrs. J. C.
Strauss, Mrs. C.
Tallman, Miss Edna
Tams, J. Frederick
Tisdale, Mrs. R. B.
Usher, Miss Irene
Ward, Frederick S.
Wever, Miss J.
Williams, Miss M. A.

Church Periodical Club and Branches.

Ascension Memorial Church, N. Y.
Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Agnes' Chapel, New York
St. Andrew's Church, Beacon, N. Y.
St. Andrew's Memorial Church, Yonkers,
N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes.

Carson, A. W., "Relief Fund".....	\$ 1.00
Boys' Bible Class of St. Agnes Church, E. Orange, N. J., "Religious and Social"	9.25
DeJersey, Rev. N. S., "Chapel Flower Fund"	50.00
Dwight, Mrs. E., "Social Fund".....	15.00
Jackson, Mrs. H. E. D., "Discretionary Fund"	25.00
MacGregor, Miss, "Discretionary Fund"	2.00
McDunnough, Mrs. M. S., "Chapel Flower Fund"	10.00
Podin, Rev. Carl, "Discretionary Fund"	1.00
Prutus, John, "Chapel Flower Fund"	10.00
Smith, Mrs. Robert Russell, "Chapel Flower Fund"	5.00
Strong, Mrs. Grenville Temple, "Chapel Flower Fund"	5.00
Udall, Miss Mary Strong, "Easter Flowers"	5.00
VanWinkle, Miss, "Discretionary Fund"	1.00
Welch, Mrs. R. L., "Discretionary Fund"	3.00
Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y., "Discretionary Fund"	25.00

General Summary of Work

APRIL 1918

Seamen's Wages Department.

Apr. 1st Cash on hand	\$148,214.00
Deposits	51,540.66
	\$199,754.66
Transmitted (\$5,818.66)	
Withdrawals	51,420.73
	\$148,333.93
May. 1st Cash Balance.....	\$148,333.93

(Includes 90 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$39,986.23)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I. 40	
Men Shipped.....	223
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	105
Total number of men given employment	329

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	28
Visits to Vessels.....	2
Men transported	77
Pieces of dunnage transported	129

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	16,756
Letters received for seamen	4,858
Pieces of dunnage checked	3,933

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	113
Referred to Hospitals.....	16
Referred to other Societies.....	5
Hospital Visits	23
Patients Visited	\$26

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	13	2,610 2,837
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational		
Noonday Talks	2	135 135
Public School Lectures	4	428 440
First Aid Lectures.....	10	69 70
Ships Visited		118
Packages reading matter distributed....		105
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....		180

Religious Department.

	Attendance	
	Services	Seamen Total
English.....	37	2,159 2,450
Scandinavian.....	6	60 66
Lettish.....	6	119 202
Sing Song.....	4	650 700
Special Services	4	25 25
Home Hour.....	2	210 255
Bible Classes	4	211 211
Holy Communion Services		5
Wedding Services		1
Baptismals		2
Funeral Services		5

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

1 **Founders** or **Benefactors** of the Institute automatically become subscribers.

2 All who subscribe annually **five dollars or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.

3 Those who contribute a sum **under five dollars** or **make any gift**, receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

4 Every one who subscribes **one dollar** a year to the **Lookout Department**.

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

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