

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

SEPTEMBER 1919

No. 9

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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The Recent Strike

Back of the strike of merchant seamen which seriously crippled shipping during late July and early August, were protests against living conditions and working hours.

Under the present system of four hours on duty and four hours off duty, sleep must come during those four hours. That means that a man never has sufficient continuous sleep to replenish his body subjected often to the most arduous kind of activity.

Of course, many seamen who were not directly interested in the strike, were thrown out of work. And hundreds of other seamen came to New York, expecting to get work, found the strike obtaining and no work at all. The distress that resulted can easily be imagined.

And this is where the Institute served. It was a period of hot, humid, rainy weather. We opened the Concert Hall for a game room during the day. Sometimes there would

be 1,000 to 1,200 men in the building who had no other place to go. They were a most orderly, serious but uniformly good-natured crowd. They seemed to appreciate fully the interest the Institute took in giving them shelter and in trying to entertain them.

At the concerts, movies and lectures there were often 650 men, filling every chair in the auditorium and the little gallery. They never complained of the heat, or of being crowded on a hot night. With the windows open on the East River and toward the Harbor, there was usually some sort of breeze. Men were allowed to sit in their shirt sleeves and smoke. They managed somehow to forget their worries and look forward optimistically to an early settlement.

Naturally many ardent strikers were anxious to distribute circulars of an inflammatory nature. This was resolutely resisted by the Institute. It was obliged to take the position of absolute neutrality. After all, the

business of the Institute is to minister to seamen. And this it did. It made every possible effort to keep the men diverted, to keep their minds occupied. That it succeeded is proved by the fact that violence, loud disputes, drunkenness and most of the worst features of idleness were avoided.

A great many men were known to be without resources and in need of food. An emergency ticket was prepared, to be given to seamen as a loan. This ticket entitled a man to one simple, nourishing 25c meal each day, after the first two weeks.

Already many seamen have brought us the money represented by the emergency tickets that were given them. And many more will do so as soon as they have jobs and are paid off. Whenever a man comes in to repay this loan, he stops to tell us what it meant to him.

"I got that meal at a time when I was really suffering from lack of food. I think it was the first time in my life that I ever felt as if I could have eaten potato skins—I was so hungry," one of them said.

These meal tickets were distributed for five days and during that time 700 of them were given out.

By this attitude of simply trying to help the seamen in distress, without taking either side in the strike, the Institute won renewed respect and gratitude from hundreds of men who had never realized before exactly how big the spirit of the place could be.

"You couldn't have been kinder or more interested if you had known

each one of us personally," a man told the Man Who Gives Advice, referring to the attitude of every worker in the building when he said "you".

The Son Away

"Perhaps you will think I am awfully silly to worry," she told the Inquiry Man." I suppose I am, but you see, Edward left home on the 16th of August and I have not heard a word from him. That is only two weeks, but he wasn't very well when he went away. He hasn't been strong since he got out of the Army. He used to be a seaman before he joined, and now he has gone back to the sea."

The Inquiry Man was very patient. He has had to reassure too many anxious mothers to feel annoyed when their worries seem premature.

"Edward will write to you. I have looked him up and he did not stay in the building, but I think we can find the name of his vessel for you. And I am certain he will let you know how he is. A boy often comes to New York, signs on, hurries to get new gear, and sails before he has time to write. When he is aboard, he must wait at least ten days before he can post a letter, and, after that, there is another ten days before you get it."

The mother smiled with eyes that were brave in spite of being clouded with tears.

"Oh, I know it. There ought to be some rule for mothers to live by,

so that they wouldn't care so much when their sons go off to sea and they don't hear from them."

She walked away, still trying to smile, and the Inquiry Man looked after her sadly. Some rule for mothers! There ought to be a stringent rule for careless sons, he reflected.

Employment, Please

There used to be a small boy on our street who waited on the front steps every day for his older brother to come home.

"Did you fight anybody today?" he used to inquire hopefully. And once the big brother, who was as kindly and tolerant as youngsters of sixteen can manage, exclaimed irritably.

"What do you think I am? I couldn't lick the whole world."

"Yes, you could. You could do anything," the small one assured him confidently.

Sometimes the people who come to the Institute with requests seem in the position of that small boy. They gaze confidingly upon the staff, certain that there is nothing it cannot achieve.

The other day a woman, whose hair was pleasantly streaked with grey, came into the Lobby, accompanied by a pretty young girl. The girl looked as if her hair was not put up very long. She felt of the hair-pins timidly every few minutes, and when her mother was not watching her, she glanced nervously into the mirror above the soda fountain.

"You probably want the Inquiry Department," the Desk Woman on duty in the daytime suggested kindly. She had placed them quickly in her mind as the wife and daughter of some straying seaman.

"No; at least, I don't think that is it. We want to go where they employ people. My daughter and I want positions as stewardesses. I could help her until she learned, and I could do any of the heavy work for her," the older woman said, standing very erect, as if she wanted to show that she was strong and efficient enough for two.

"But we have no agency for stewardesses down here. We have a Shipping Department to ship crews; that is all," the Desk Woman explained gently.

The mother's face drooped with disappointment and the young girl forgot her elusive hair-pins to look dismayed.

"I thought you could. Somebody told me that you were a whole city under this one roof," she said almost accusingly.

The Desk Woman took the time out of her busy morning to search some addresses, and the prospective stewardesses went away, a little disappointed, but by no means despondent.

A Bit Long

A ruddy cheek is not always an advantage to the man applying for relief. And Joe presented a picture of perfect health that should have

been a great asset in getting him a job, when he stood beside the Relief Man's desk.

"I want to borrow a little cash for meals," he explained most affably. "You see, I haven't had any work for twenty days and I am just now without any money."

"Twenty days!" repeated the Relief Man. What was the matter? Were you ill?"

Joe shook his head and laughed. "I never was sick a day since I can remember anything. I've been very lucky that way. No, I thought I'd take a vacation, but my money ran out sooner than I thought it would. I will get something to do on shore now and pay you back."

The Relief Man considered and then he gave out his decision.

"Joe," he said, earnestly, "this place helps men that help themselves. That is what the motto means—for the seamen and boatmen who want to help, too, the Institute is ready and willing with assistance. But if you decide to take a vacation for three weeks, without trying to sign on, the Institute has no good reason for financing your whims. I'm sorry."

The next day Joe was back. He had borrowed a little money from a former shipmate and he had gotten a berth.

"I say," he told the Relief Man enthusiastically, "no hard feelings anywhere, are there? I see that you were right. I was sort of thoughtless."

Magazines, Books

Don't throw that last copy of "Everybody's" into the waste-basket, just because it had nothing in it which appealed to you particularly. Put it with the pile of "Harper's," "World's Work," and any illustrated periodicals that you may have, and send them all to the Institute.

We are constantly in need of magazines, papers, periodicals of all kinds and books. Every crew that sails away from the Institute must be supplied with packages of reading matter.

Think of your own voyages, when your cabin was so full of gay-colored magazines that you couldn't find your dressing-case. And when you sat in your steamer chair through drowsy afternoons, there was always a magazine or book in your hands.

Well, Jim and Bob have no cabins of their own, and no deck chairs. They work hard when they are on duty, and they sleep hard some of the time they are free; but there are always tedious hours when they want to lose themselves in the fiction land in which many of them believe, although they never quite touch any of its ports.

On the long voyages the only relief a man has from weariness and low spirits may be found in a package of assorted magazines. It is not possible for the Institute to start a regular system of calling for papers and books. And, of course, it is always a certain amount of trouble to tie up a package and send it down to No. 25 South Street by express or parcels post.

But your package may be just the one to raise the spirits of Jim and Bob, to give one of them a new point of view about life, to make the world look less like grey water and slippery decks and drudgery.

Laundry Drier \$3,000

A new tumbler drier has had to be installed in the Laundry. There are days when over 4,000 pieces of linen, sheets, towels, napkins, pillow slips and counterpanes are washed and mangled in the Institute laundry. With this new drier, it will be possible to increase the efficiency of this huge washing process by 1,000 pieces a day.

The tumbler looks like an enormous squirrel cage, with steam coils at the back. The clothes are put in it and revolved with fans playing upon them. The lint and nap which ordinarily floats about, getting into the throats and lungs of the workers, is all caught in a waste-pit.

"Clean bedding for seamen" has been practically an Institute slogan. Hundreds of men have come to stay in the building because they have heard that they would find fresh sheets, spotless pillows and could go to bed with the happy consciousness that no other man had used the same linen just the night before.

That makes this new Laundry Equipment one of the most important gifts for which The Lookout has asked in many months. Surely any efficiency aid which does the laundry work more quickly, and which also makes it a more comfort-

able place for its workers is enormously valuable.

Three thousand dollars is the cost of the new drier. It is not too practical to be given as a memorial, or merely as a gift to the comfort ashore of merchant seamen.

A Progressive Sleeper

Midnight, and something like calm rested over the big Lobby. At the Hotel Desk the clerk was wishing he had slept a little bit more during the day-time, instead of going for a walk along the water-front.

A big man in an officers' uniform came up to him and smiled engagingly.

"If you have a bed anywhere in this house, I will take it. I seem to be sleeping progressively. I went to bed three hours ago at a lodging-house where some of my friends were staying, but I was finally obliged to get up. There wasn't really room in that bed for me and the other occupants who certainly had a prior claim on it."

The Desk Man forgot that he was a bit tired and laughed.

"We haven't a single officers' room left," he began, but the officer interrupted.

"I don't care. I'll take a dormitory bed. I happen to know that the beds here are clean." And he departed for the third floor, with his locker key and a peaceful expression.

If You Have Faith

"His name never was among the missing, but I haven't heard from him since October, 1918, and I suppose he must have been killed," John told the man beside him in the Reading Room. The other man was interested.

"Your only brother?" he asked softly, and John nodded.

"Yes, although there are plenty of fellows that lost their whole families in the war. But Ted was with me on so many voyages and we were better pals than a lot of brothers that get separated by a seafaring life. When I was sick with typhoid on one ship and we couldn't put into port, Ted nursed me day and night. He had got hold of an old medical book, and he was so careful what I was fed. He boiled the water I drank and I suppose he saved my life. It wasn't easy on that ship, either, because she was an old hulk with nothing that was convenient. Most of the crew thought Ted was crazy to take so much trouble.

"Then the war came and Ted enlisted. He thought of the Navy, but he was used to the merchant service and he wasn't sure he'd like one of those sailor collars, so he took the Army. He was wounded twice, but not seriously, so he said. Anyhow, we heard from him last October and then—nothing. The War Department couldn't help me."

John's listener searched his mind for some comforting suggestions.

"Sometimes fellows that people thought were missing have turned up. Their letters have been lost, or

they have been prisoners, or sick and couldn't write."

John's face brightened. "I know that, so I have answered every kind of advertisement I have seen in any paper. Often the name would be entirely different, but I would just hope that it might be Ted, all the same.

"Look at this paper. There's an ad. that says a man would like to hear from his brother. It signs some kind of a number. But I am going to answer it."

He went over to the glass-topped writing table, hunted for a pen that looked tractable and wrote carefully for some time. He returned to read it to the companion who had listened.

"Box 417. John Watkins is looking for his brother, Ted, who was a soldier in the British Army from October, 1914, until October, 1918. Address Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St."

The man read it and slapped John's shoulder excitedly.

"It might be your brother—that Box 417—and if you find him, I will certainly believe some of the stories I have seen in the moving pictures."

John went away and the other man picked up his copy of "Adventure" with shining eyes. Anything might happen in a world that lifted its monotonous grey curtain every little while to disclose something radiant behind it.

It was four days later when the other man met John in the lobby. John was talking to a bronzed boy whose young face was twisted from a glowing scar on his left cheek.

When John saw his friend of the Reading Room, he shouted to him, "Come here! This is Ted I told you about. That was him—that Box 417 I answered. He's been trying to reach me and I moved around so much I missed his letters. I never did quite give him up."

Ted grinned. "It would take more than a war to separate John and me," he said with an undercurrent of affection in his voice. And then he added, as if ashamed of that much emotion:

"Good thing I found you, John. I might have to borrow a little money from you."

The Medicine Bottle

"I've just been discharged from the hospital. I expect a job in the morning," he began, getting very close to the chair of the Man Who Gives Advice and hurrying his story so that no one could interrupt him.

"Have you any proof that you were in the hospital?" asked the Man Who Gives Advice, referring to the hospital discharge which every seaman carefully preserves, if he can remember it.

The man explored the sagging pockets of a ragged tweed coat and produced proudly—a medicine bottle filled with an ominous black liquid.

"There, you see!" and in his voice was the note of triumph of one who has been challenged and vindicated himself.

To the Rescue

Somehow you never expect a ships' captain to have difficulties.

Most of them look so important and so much as if the world were obligingly smoothed out for them, that it is almost refreshing to find one with a regular problem of the sort that so often confronts a seaman.

It was late on Saturday night and all the company offices were closed, when the Captain arrived in port. He had brought his crew by train, leaving the vessel to be over-hauled in dry dock, and New York found him without enough money to take his men to a hotel.

"What do I do in a case like this?" he asked a policeman. The upholder of the law was not too helpful.

"I guess there are seamen's homes. Look some of them up in the phone-book."

"I know one," returned the Captain promptly, "but I am not sure that they will take in a crew without any money."

"May as well take a chance. Looks like rain coming on, and the parks are none too comfortable this time of year."

So the captain gripped what he thought must be a great nerve and went to the telephone, stating his dilemma to the Institute official with whom he finally got in touch.

The men were cared for until they were paid off, and the Captain went about the building telling the world what a relief it had been to him.

"I don't know what I should have done if the Institute hadn't come to my rescue," he said so many times that everybody had to believe him.

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The Strange Land

To most of us, securely flanked by relatives or intimate friends of the sort who can be closer and dearer even than those who share our ties of blood, the idea of where we shall lie when we no longer mind about such things, seldom occurs. There is no particular reason why it should, and as there is a growing tendency toward crushing the first incipient, morbid interest of this sort, everyone looks happily forward to a long life and just does not worry about the rest.

Seamen, quite the same as everyone else, also take this healthy, normal attitude toward living, forgetful or regardless of the fact that they are likely to cause a great deal of sorrow to the one or two (at least) persons who will care when they die, unexpectedly, in a strange land among aliens who must seek for them a slender space of permanent rest.

This has always been one of the Institute's big problems—the seaman who dies in the hospital without having made any arrangements for

the disposal of whatever it is that remains when his soul has mercifully freed itself. Sometimes it is a man who was often a guest of the Institute, who attended the Chapel services regularly whenever he was in port, who was a loyal and staunch admirer of the Institute plan. We notify the person named by him on his card of admission to the hospital, telling him that his brother or son or nephew may have a funeral service in the Chapel of our Saviour and a burial service in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing, where the body may be interred in the Institute's plot.

Quite often there is no reply, or the next of kin lives too far away to get word to us in time, and then one of the Institute missionaries goes to the hospital morgue and reads the service for the burial of the dead over the body of the lonely stranger. After that, of course, the body must be buried in Potters' Field.

All that is rather tragic, especially if there are people who care and who would be comforted if they could feel that a son or husband was lying in a grave of his own, placed there by friendly hands. The Institute ought to be able to afford this always, but it is not possible under present conditions.

We wish to be able to take care of every seaman who has had any contact at all with the Institute. But our Burial Fund needs contributions to finish the payments on the new plot which we took in Cedar Grove Cemetery last summer. The old one, at Evergreen, became too crowded;

and in our choice of a new spot, we secured an excellent location, with a long stretch of roadway bordering the plot, giving it a dignified entrance. This also makes it possible to hold a Naval Funeral, permitting the sailors to march directly to the grave, and the carriages to drive past without confusion.

At present the Burial Fund is not adequate. If the seaman from Sweden dies in the Marine Hospital on Staten Island, the Institute ought to be able to take charge of his body at once, to bury it with proper rites, or to arrange things so that his family may later take charge of it themselves, if they wish—and can afford it. In many cases the families are too poor to do this, even when they desire. But a great many of them would be able—even willing—to make sacrifices; after all, it is a satisfaction not confined to the well-to-do classes, that of having successfully cared for one's own.

It cannot be avoided, this death among strangers, but it's horrors can be greatly alleviated. The knowledge that a seaman will be cared for by people who have known and liked him must certainly make easier the final hours of a man, dragging out the miserably slow minutes of waiting. So many of them die of tuberculosis and the various forms of cancers; that means the certainty of release at almost any second. Their waiting could be relieved and the loving hearts of those who are away from them made happier, if the Institute were in a position to act fully

as the father and mother it so often is.

Read our request for contributions to the Cemetery Fund on the outside cover of *The Lookout*. We do not state a specific amount, because, naturally, the larger the fund, the greater the number of friendless seamen we shall be able to rescue from unknown and unmarked graves.

Gassed in France

"Can you help me?" he asked the Man Who Gives Advice. Even before there was an answer, the seaman had put his hands to his head and groaned.

"No, I don't need the hospital," he replied quickly, "and I don't need money. It is just this. I was gassed in France, and since I have come back, my head bothers me so that I sometimes feel I'll sell my clothes right off my back for liquor."

The Man Who Gives Advice was sympathetic. He knew something of the mental torture that accompanies these cases and he was willing to do anything in his power to tide the man over the bad periods.

"Suppose you take my tickets that are being paid by a patriotic association and give them to me, day by day. If they are paid all at once, I should certainly be able to get hold of some liquor."

"All right," agreed the Man Who Gives Advice." and you come to see one of us whenever you need a word or two to buck you up."

The seaman went away with a face upon which cheerfulness had driven away the haggard despair with which he entered the office. And he actually did gain strength for he reported every day while he stayed in the building, saluted in military fashion and said, proudly.

"I've kept sober, sir!"

The Forethought

After a series of letters from anxious wives, worrying about everything from how to pay the rent and the fact that all the children need winter clothes, to an affectionate desire to know just how Alfred feels, it is comforting to meet a seaman whose wife will never have to write an institution about her wandering mariner.

"I thought you would keep this for me," Henry told the House Mother, putting a roll of bills on her desk. "My wife is going to arrive in New York while I am away on this voyage, and I don't want her to be cramped for spending money. She will need some new clothes and those things, and I want her to stay in a good hotel. Maybe you won't mind recommending one."

The House Mother looked at the money. Then she counted it carefully. There was \$1,000 in one hundred dollar bills. She would have gasped, except for the fact that the House Mother once learned never to register surprise at anything seamen did, generous or mean, impulsive or calculating.

"You had best put this in the Seamen's Wages Department and leave an order so that she can draw against it," she advised wisely. "I shouldn't like to be responsible for so large an amount. Notify her that the money is here and when she comes down, I will see her and tell her about hotels and where to buy her things, if she wants to know that, too."

Henry picked up his money again reluctantly.

"I'd feel just as safe if you had it, ma'am," he said gallantly. "But if you promise to give her a little help, I hope you will let me make you some present for your trouble. Alice hasn't been in New York and she never has been in a large city at all that I know of. She will want to dress as well as the other women. Have her get one of those round fur things. I was up on Fifth Avenue the other day and I saw a girl not a bit prettier than Alice with a fur around her neck; she looked so nice I forgot it was August and not sensible weather for furs."

The House Mother gave her word solemnly to superintend the money-spending activities of Alice, and Henry took his \$1,000 downstairs to deposit it.

"They will be patient with her, when she draws on this, won't they?" he asked as he left. "She hasn't had any experience with banks or business or anything."

And the House Mother assured him of co-operation.

Jellies for Hospital

For our seamen who are ill in the hospitals, we need jellies, preserved fruits and jams of all sorts.

It is not feasible to take very much food to brighten the sanitary drabness of invalid trays. The ward nurses and orderlies are too busy to take care of extensive gifts to augment the hygienic diet.

But small jars of jelly and jam need not crowd the ward's ice-box, and we shall be glad to receive them at the Institute. When the Visiting Lady and the other hospital visitors of the staff make their daily rounds, calling upon lonely seamen who find bed-life very irksome, they will carry the jelly with them.

Not long ago a man whispered to the Visiting Lady: "You couldn't sneak me in a small dish of orange marmalade, I suppose. I never ate my breakfast without it, whenever I was ashore, and on shipboard we used to get it sometimes, if we had an English captain that was considerate."

Sneaking a small supply of marmalade to be secreted beneath a hospital counterpane was not so simple as the patient thought, but she did get him a jar with his name written on the label, all the same.

Everybody can get home-made jellies at this time of the year. Think of the sick seaman when you are getting your own supply.

A Matrimonial Viewpoint

Andreas had been notified by the Inquiry Man that his wife was looking for him. She had evidently departed from too sunny and improvident Spain and come to America to seek her recalcitrant spouse. Several trips to the Institute had proved fruitless, until one day Andreas really did arrive in New York from a long voyage.

"My wife!" he repeated, looking with surprised dark eyes at the Inquiry Man. "Why should she come here looking for me? I thought she was in Seville and now she is in this so great city of no money for poor people. Why, I have supported myself for seven years. She has no claim upon me."

Pianos for West Street

Please send us that piano you have been planning to give away, without knowing exactly where you meant to send it. We need two upright pianos at the North River Station on West Street, for the men who use those reading and game rooms as a temporary club-house.

A surprising number of seamen play very well. Many of them were taught when they were children, before the sea urge seized them and carried them into a strange life where music only enters when a man makes an effort to secure it.

And a great many other seamen play by ear. The majority perform

sufficiently well for their own amusement and the entertainment of their shipmates on dull days and during idle evenings ashore.

We should like the pianos to be in good condition, but, of course, the make is not important. It does not matter so much if the case is slightly scratched, if the felts are not badly worn.

The pianos should be sent to the North River Station, 347 West St., care of Allan Gookin, Supt.

Christmas Gifts

"I begin now to buy things for next year," a woman once told me on Dec. 26th. She was not entirely fussy either. She knew how hurried the months before Dec. 25th can be.

That is why the Lookout urges everybody to be thinking now of the seamen's Christmas gifts.

For the last two Christmases—no, three—we have put specially wrapped parcels on the bed of each seaman staying in the building on Christmas Eve. These have been the gifts of friends of the Institute, gaily arrayed in white tissue paper, scarlet ribbon, and decorated with cheerful Santa Claus seals and poinsettia.

This year there will be at least 700 men sleeping here on Christmas Eve. There will be seamen ill in the hospitals and young apprentice boys returning to us after long voyages. So we need a great many gifts.

Of course if each one of the 10,000 people who receive the Lookout would send us one gift, we could supply seamen for months to come—belated Christmas gifts. But this never happens. There are always people who read about the Christmas packages and say, "I must send something for a seaman, but how do I know what he will like?" And in the end they send nothing.

The others send most generously, wisely choosing what any man would like, remembering that there are officers and petty officers and intelligent, cultivated men among the Institute guests as well as the more simple men of the sea.

Last year a Christmas package often had a necktie, a package of tobacco, a pipe, a calendar, some candy, shaving soap and a small needle—case with thread already for the vagrant button.

But these can be made up down here. Send one thing, if you like. Send a pocket-knife, a box of stationery, a scarf, a pair of gloves, a safety razor, anything that a man who goes to sea and comes ashore sometimes can use. That is elastic enough to include the whole catalogue of Christmas gifts, excepting golf clubs, motor clocks and copper smoking stands.

Many seamen, who are not ordinarily touched by human attentions, actually did cry when they saw the white and scarlet package on their beds. They could not believe that strangers, men and women to whom

they had never been introduced, for whom they had done no actual, personal service, could take so much trouble about their Merry Christmas.

"I almost believe if I was to hang up my sock, I'd find something in it," an old seaman told the House Mother, trying on his woolen gloves and beaming upon the world because they fitted. She laughed, thinking of some of the small packages of sweets and knives and pencils that could go into that sock.

School children made Christmas cards and sent what they could afford—a great many lead pencils. Some of these were all separately wrapped in red paper. And there was no man who got one of them who did not smile, remembering his own childhood.

The sooner the Christmas packages begin to come, the most easily the work of arranging them can be done. It is very hard for the busy Institute staff to take care of these gifts when they arrive as late as December 24th. Of course, they do manage, but it is just as easy for Lookout givers to send their things a week or two earlier.

Remember—you may not care about Christmas, but it is a Day of Days for the lonely mariner who spends his holidays in the Institute down at the water's edge, knowing his family are thousands of miles overseas, missing him.

Flowers in Memory

Sometimes when you go to visit your friends in hospitals, or when they are convalescing at home, doesn't it strike you that they do not need so many flowers? Haven't you often found the room crowded with roses and chrysanthemums, violets and lilies, and wondered a little if any patients needs quite so many oxygen-absorbing expressions of friendship and affection? Well, here is a suggestion.

The next time one of your friends is ill, why not tell her that you are sending her some flowers to the Seamen's Church Institute for the altar, where hundreds of seamen can look at them inhale their fragrance during the service, and be affected by their gentle, fragrant graces?

We have asked for flowers in memory, and there have been responses, but our little Chapel should have flowers every Sunday. The seamen who sit soberly in quiet rows, wondering about themselves and their possible or improbably futures, are greatly cheered by the nodding red roses or shaggy yellow chrysanthemums which sometimes greet them.

We have started a Flower Fund in order that we may invest it and have an income of about \$2.50 each Sunday. Please send contributions to this, and if you wish, suggest some particular date upon which your flowers may be used as a memorial.

Music for Chapel

Music is not a luxury or an extravagance in this work for the men

of the merchant marine. It is an imperative necessity because seamen, more than any other class of men are peculiarly sensitive to the influence of music. They are deeply stirred by the chords of real music which they can hear in our Chapel.

And in order to provide a properly trained choir we need an endowment fund for Chapel music which will give us an annual income of \$1,200. It is impossible to get a good quartette and the additional instrumental music which is demanded upon certain occasions, without paying an amount for which at present there is no provision.

We must make the Chapel services warm and colorful and melodious. They must be inspiring and a little bit different if they are to reach the elusive heart of the seaman. He is too familiar with ordinary mission methods to be easily impressed. There is a beautiful setting in our Chapel for just this thing.

With the superb organ given in memory of Mrs. Nathalie Baylies, it should be possible for us to have organ recitals. Mr. Tertius Noble has said that he would come down here sometimes and play for the men. Other skilled organists would doubtless arrange to come. We cannot over-emphasize the importance of making Music almost a synonymous term for Chapel this winter.

At present it is impossible to render the music of the various communions, the services in the different languages and denominations which our Chapel embraces.

Hymn singing by the congregation can be crystallized into harmonious worship if a choir under expert leadership can be procured.

"Faith an' its the Irish have the ready wit," laughed the waiter, twinkling at his early Lunch Counter patrons.

"Who's been giving you better than you gave?" asked one of his sailor audience, swinging his feet interestedly on the high stool.

"'Twas Michael Donlin comes in here yesterday mornin' and he calls out for eggs. So I sez to him:

"How'll you have yer eggs cooked, Mike," I sez.

"Faith, now sez, Michael, and does it make any difference in the cost?" he wants to know.

"'Nary a bit,' I sez, smiling to see the blue Irish eyes in him."

"'Ah, thin,' answers Michael as quick as a wink, 'I'll just have mine cooked on a slice of ham!'"

When a Seaman Needs a Friend

"This'll pay for all of 'em," he said.

"Five beside yourself?" inquired the Desk Man, smoothing the crumpled bill.

"Sure. They all want beds and they are all out of money and out of work too."

As the six filed past the Desk clerk in the direction of the dormitory, he spoke to his assistant, smiling understandingly.

"Well, they may say what they like about the seaman, but he never fails a friend!"

More Baggage Room

A huge wicker hamper was being hoisted to the top of a towering pile of trunks down in the Baggage Room. In the long rows of steel racks, beautifully made English hand-bags, cheap suit-cases and hundreds of canvas dunnage bags already seemed to fill every inch of space.

"There must be over 5,000 pieces of seamen's luggage in this place right now," the Baggage Man said.

He went to the window to receive two more pieces. They were small

"It means a lot of comfort to a sea-going man to know he can leave all he has in the world (very often) right here with us," the Baggage Man reflected. "He knows it is being taken care of and that if he is killed, or dies, his relatives can get his things by being properly identified."

Someone should make the new mezzanine his gift to the Institute, or make it a memorial to someone else who loved the sea. Anything that helps to lift the cares of the merchant seaman is tremendously important these days.

A gift of this Baggage Mezzanine would be one of the care-lifters. It will cost \$600.

Donations Received Aug., 1919

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, waste paper.

Acker, Miss Louise
Adler, Miss Blanche
Allan, Mrs. George S.
Allen, Miss Ruth
American Library Association
Anonymous—15

Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Baldwin, Miss Martha R.
Barnard, Mrs. H.
Beall, Mrs. T. A.
Betts, Samuel
Boyd, Miss R.
Bradford, Mrs. William H.
Brooks, Miss Mary D.
Brown, Mrs. J. Adams
Burton, Mrs. H. J.

Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth
Champlin, William
Clark, Miss E. V.
Coe, Miss E. S.
Cogswell, F. J.
Colton, Thos. J.
Craig, Miss A. B.
Craighead, Miss Alice W.

Dall, Mrs. H. H.
Davy, H. G.
Dexter, Miss A. B.

Edmond, Mrs. W. A.
Fairchild, Mrs. C. S.

Gennerich, Mrs. H. W.
Gookin, W. F.
Graham, Hinckley & Co.

Hagemeyer, Mrs. F. E.
Haight, R. S.
Hall, Mrs. J. B.
Hall, Miss L. H.
Halsey, Miss M. A.
Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
Hatch, Miss C. J.
Hatch, Miss Julia
Hatch, H.

Hills, Mrs. J. M.
 Hinck, Mrs. O. H.
 Hoyt, Miss
 Ingersoll, Mrs. Grace King
 Jackson, Mrs. E. E.
 Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
 Jones, Mrs. W. S.
 Kaut, Miss Jean
 Kautz, Miss A. M.
 Kayser, Miss Mary
 King, Miss S.
 Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.
 Lane, Irene K.
 Lane, Mrs. Wm. H.
 Landon, Mr. & Mrs. Francis G.
 Lawrence, Miss I.
 Ledyard, Miss
 Leonard, Mrs. George L.
 Little, Mrs. C. W.
 Lyon, Miss F. C.
 Martin, E. M.
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert
 Monroe, Mrs. Lee
 Morrman, Chas. H.
 Morgan, William M.
 Neff, Mrs. C. G.
 Nicholls, George
 Olsen, William
 Peters, Mrs. E. H.
 Post, Miss Mary
 Post, Miss N. A.
 Peterson, Miss Emma
 Potts, Mrs. C. E.
 Prime, Miss Cornelia
 Provost, Mrs. C. W.
 Pierce, Mrs. Frank C.
 Reboul, G. H.
 Redford, Mrs. C. A.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Russell, Miss Margaret H.
 Russell, Mrs. T. M.
 See, Miss Amy G.
 Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.
 Smith, Miss C. V.
 Stahl, Harold H.
 Thomson, John W.
 Tolb, Mrs.
 Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.

Townsend, Miss M.
 Trinity Chapel, "Boy's Club"
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Warde-Eisen Mrs. A. W.
 Watson, A.
 Wayre, Chas. D.
 Whiting-Charlton Shirt Co.
 Wilmarth, C. M.

Church Periodical Clubs and Branches

Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn.
 Church Periodical Club, N. Y.
 St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I.
 St. John's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Michael's Church, New York.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Andrews, Miss Maria, Discretionary Fund.....	\$ 10.00
Hendrie, Miss Margaret, Cemetery Fund	50.00
Hibbard, Mrs. Lydia B., Cemetery Fund	2.00
Picnic Fund	2.00
Discretionary Fund	2.00
Houghton, Mrs. A. B., General Fund	45.53
Knapp, Mrs. Homer P., Picnic Fund	5.00
Patten, Miss A. M., Social Fund	35.00
Postlethwaite, J. H., Social Fund	10.00
Randolph, H. C. F., Cemetery Fund	100.00
Shoemaker, Mrs. Levi I., Chapel Flower Fund	25.00
Welch, Mrs. W. B., Discretionary Fund	5.00

General Summary of Work

AUGUST 1919

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English (Morning)	75	90	95
(Evening)	10	778	879
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	4	153	155
Bible Classes	3	75	75
Holy Communion Services			2
Wedding Services			1
Baptismals			0
Funeral Services			2

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	16	5821	5857
Home Hour	5	625	700
Public Lectures			
Ships visited			23
Packages reading matter distributed			340
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed			83

Relief Department.

Assisted through Loan Fund	72
Board, Lodging and Clothing	137
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	92
Referred to Hospitals	10
Referred to other Societies	1
Hospital Visits	31
Patients Visited	5083

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	21,018
Letters received for Seamen	10,147
Pieces of dunnage checked	6,332

Shipping Department.

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	41
Visits to vessels	52
Men transported	52
Pieces of dunnage transported	78

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	31
Men shipped	271
Men given temporary employment in port	24
Total number of men given employment	295

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$81,948.59
Withdrawals	78,294.59
Transmitted	14,910.39
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust	67,655.02

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain, \$3,500

New Laundry Equipment \$3,000

The New Tailor Shop, \$1,000

CEMETERY FUND. Send contributions for the seaman who dies away from home, that he may be buried with his fellows. The larger the Fund, the greater number of seamen may have final care.

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 of **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.