

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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Number 8

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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When the Mariner Plays

He comes ashore to play, and the Institute wants him to have a chance to amuse himself in the most satisfactory way possible.

A new Recreation Man, a sort of Play Man, has been at the Institute for the past two weeks. He knows how to play all the games that a seaman knows, how to play the piano and violin, how to play for the motion pictures so that his music illustrates the action of the pictures—and that, incidentally, is practically an art in itself—and he knows how to make men forget the hot weather by playing basket-ball on a hot night. An old French sailor once told the editor that seamen were a pretty clean lot, even with scanty bathing facilities on board ships. "You see," he explained paternally, a bit patronizingly, "seamen perspire a lot and that is healthy." They certainly grow moist on the athletic nights, but they are so obviously engrossed in their games and so happy at having the chance to play,

that nobody ever minds wringing out his shirt afterward.

A few specimen evenings at the Institute give an idea of the ways in which seamen are lured into casting aside their heavy war burdens for a little while.

Monday—Athletic Evening. Smudge Boxing. The contestants wear pillow slips over their heads and ribbons about their belts. The gloves are covered with black and the boxers must strike only on the pillow slip. The man who has the fewest marks when the stop-watch holder calls "Time!" is the winner. Then there is Chinese wrestling, done only by hand clasps, and Siamese wrestling done only with the feet, while the opponents lie upon a mattress.

Roller Skating: Twenty five men can skate at a time, and the rest sit on the edges of the Concert Hall. smoke, catch the cooling breezes from the windows over the harbor, and laugh at the beginners. Sometimes

half of the boys will be Norwegians or Dutch or British seamen who never knew how to adjust a pair of roller skates before. They put them on, work feverishly with the clamps, try to fit the largest sizes to their wide sea-boots, tie the skates on with bits of rope, and struggle to their feet.

The beginning skater always tries to walk or run instead of rolling, and he usually falls. But no one ever does anything but laugh when he meets the unyielding floor.

Under the Recreation Man's direction they ran a Relay Race on skates and ended with a glorious tug of war, in which the winners succeeded in rolling the losers across the auditorium into the Lighthouse Tower corner.

"We'll be up here tomorrow night to skate some more," the dampest boy told the Play Man, as he reluctantly removed his skates.

"Something else tomorrow night. We'll skate again next week." And some of the boys came back and helped to put the skates carefully away in a box. They had skated unceasingly from eight to ten, but they did not want to stop. Usually the beginners get tired and give up their skates to others waiting on the edges, so that everyone who wants to skate may have a chance.

Tuesdays—Open air song-service and little talks. Mr. Berry spoke at a very entertaining meeting under the branches of Jeannette Park's elm trees. He told the men how he had become a decent, self-respecting man after several years of drunkenness and degradation. Mr. Berry became converted in the Water Street Mission.

"I went in there in clothes, so dirty, well," he paused for an adequate descriptive word, "if you had offered me thirty-five cents for them, you'd have been twenty-five cents out!"

His account of his reformation, unlike the usual thing of this sort, is convincing, straightforward, sincere and full enough of strong language to make the men believe that he is still a "regular fellow", even if he is violently for prohibition.

After the Tuesday evening open-air meeting the men go up to the Reading Room to play chess and dominoes. The Recreation man will play chess with whoever believes himself to be a champion, or he will play the piano and get everyone in the mood where he wants to sing.

"What was that piece you played today—it went *te de de dee di dee*," Jim whistled. The R. M. made a quick guess and started on the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana.

"That is it. That certainly is *some* piece!"

And the barber, instead of talking to his clients while he is shaving them, whistles the "Humoreske" or the "Traumerei" or Grieg's "Spring Song". Landsmen who are shaved by talkative barbers should try the music device for diverting the barber's attention. With barbers of the Latin race it is almost certain to work marvelously.

Wednesday—Automobile drive. Forty seamen can go, and about five hundred would like to go. Men who have never been in New York are afraid to try the subway or the elevated, and the surface cars take too long. They try to walk up town, but

when they are tired of the hot pavements, they have never penetrated further than Wanamaker's, and certainly lower New York is not the most delightful face this moody city can show.

On the weekly drives (which we would extend to bi or tri-weekly if the \$30.00 would arrive to pay for them) there is a lecturer who explains everything. He was passing the Woolworth Building the other Wednesday and he said:

"This gentlemen, is the Woolworth Building, 57 stories high and with a three storied tower. From that Tower on a clear day you can see 1/16th of the population of the United States. You can see Philadelphia and the towns in between.

"That building has the greatest hinge in the world. It connects the top story with the floor below and at night it operates to let the floor down and permit the moon to go by."

One of the seamen, who was willing to believe in the hinge, worked out the population fact rather neatly.

"Why, this city has 7,000,000 people and there are 100,000,000 in the United States. I read it in the paper only the other day. So you can see 1-15th of the population any time you get where you can look over this city."

His companions were enormously impressed and the lecturer grinned but he went on, colorfully. He usually hangs a very personal note upon the hotels and monuments. When passing the Hotel Savoy, he shouted.

"This is the Hotel Savoy, where Miss Anna Held, the actress, is very seriously ill."

You would suppose that forty men from every country but America (although the number of American merchant mariners is gradually increasing) would scarcely be interested in the fatal illness of an actress; but they were. Most of them had read the papers and seen Miss Held's picture—the hotel became at once more sympathetic, more human, the actual background for drama.

Passing the statue of General Franz Sigel, the lecturer called out:

"Statute of General Franz Sigel, whose grand-daughter, Elsie Sigel, was murdered in Chinatown."

The poor general's own achievements were quite overlooked, and the men were quite naturally thrilled by this intimate touching upon a tragedy, a mystery which has never been satisfactorily solved.

Most of the seamen are enthusiastic about the Ghetto. They like the children and they feel a sympathy with the crowded conditions in the narrow streets. Those seamen who grew up in Russia or Poland or in France or Italy, understand what the lives of Hester Street and Mulberry Street and Cherry Hill must be like. They lean over and often throw coins to the children who rush up to the slowly moving motor.

And they like to hear what it cost to build the Library or the Plaza or Central Park. They want to know the names of the millionaires who live on Fifth Avenue. To the foreign born seaman New York is a city of fabulous fortunes. Everyone who lives in a large stone house must be a sort of prince. They are not envious, usually. They

prefer their own existences because they are accustomed to them, and most of them would not give up the sea to live opposite the Park and drive to offices in limousines (although, as a matter of fact, most business men prefer the subway to the tortured streets of lower New York); but seamen have the pleased and surprised attitude of children at the circus.

"I bet that chap in there never really has time to count up his income," Jim told Tom as they passed the Cornelius Vanderbilt house at 58th Street and Fifth Avenue, and it was Tom, who read the papers more thoroughly than Jim, who answered soberly:

"That man is fighting in France and so is his son!"

They return from the tours of New York, full of praise of the Hudson. On the last ride a man just over from London on his first visit to New York, compared it all with his home town.

"That building," he remarked, pointing to the Post Office, "is not unlike London. And that church (Trinity) might be anywhere in London."

He compared and contrasted, sometimes to New York's obvious disadvantage, until they reached Riverside Drive and then he generously renounced the Thames.

"We have nothing like that in London," he declared. "The Thames is too full of shipping to be beautiful. I never saw a finer sight anywhere than that bend in the river. Your Hudson deserves a lot of praise."

Wednesday evenings there are more games and singing. Some of the men sing solos, humming the airs first to the Recreation Man, who can gener-

ally arrange an adequate accompaniment.

Thursday evening the moving pictures run from eight until ten P. M. There is a Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy as a rule, and a long feature film. For these the Play Man sits at the piano, watching the film and going swiftly from one selection to another, suiting his music to the screen action. The men greet the Dvorak "Humoresque" with instant whistling and they know airs from the familiar operas. Of course, it is necessary to play the popular songs, ragtime and sentimental ballads, and with these the seamen are so intimate that they burst spontaneously into song.

Whenever there is a break in the film, the Play Man quickly begins "Smiles" or "Pack Up Your Troubles in the Old Kit Bag" and the auditorium shakes with the reverberations. There are song-slides thrown upon the screen with the words of current songs, most of them patriotic these days, and no seaman is so unsure of his English that he will not try to sing, pronouncing as best he can. A Norwegian singing the "Star Spangled Banner" the other night sounded very much like this:

"Oh, seh, cain yew si, bay da done's airy lie." But he put the same spirit into it that the carefully enunciating Britisher beside him put into the "God Save the King," to which the American seamen all sang "America."

Friday evening is usually vaudeville night. At the last Friday evening entertainment the men themselves played and sang.

The Play Man borrowed a brass tuba for a Scotch seaman who could play it, and he rendered "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" and other rather rumbling airs, with the flourish of a professional performer. He also could sing both bass and soprano, and play the violin.

"My voice is changing," he grinned as he made a swift leap from bass to soprano. He was about forty-five.

These amateur nights are very valuable in giving the men a chance for self-expression. Many of them have learned, on the long, dreary voyages, to create their own amusements, but when they are on shore, they become shy and self-conscious. They often want to sing or do hornpipes or clog dancing, or play concertinas and harmonicas, but they are embarrassed, filled with the fear that somebody will think they are showing off.

But on an evening when every other man is also "showing off" Bill and Bob gain confidence and display their own peculiar talents with the rightful pride of a troubadour.

A Natural Envy

They were nearing the end of the automobile ride uptown and the forty touring seamen had alighted and gone into Grant's Tomb. It was the Wednesday when the thermometer got started and could not stop until it reached 102° and even the breeze which the motor made had not mitigated the hot breath of the pavements.

They stood, reverently looking down upon the sarcophagus.

"Cool in here, isn't it?" Bill remarked to Bob, looking appreciatively about the dark vault.

"Cool! I say, Bill, I believe I envy General Grant. He has the coolest place in this town."

From 518 to 626

That we should have been able to stretch the capacity of the sleeping portion of this Institution from 518 to 626 beds is little short of a miracle. It was done by installing double-deck bunks on the fifth floor and on the third floor, where we are using a part of the game room. Moreover, beds have been put up in the staff sitting room for the officers. There is great need for more sleeping accommodation for the officers. The war has brought many more captains, mates and petty officers to the building than we had anticipated when the plans were drawn seven years ago.

Last Saturday night twenty-two officers applied for rooms and we were compelled to send ten of them to an hotel. The captain of the ship was so weary and so utterly exhausted that he sat down upon the door-sill in the lobby and said the mate could do all the talking.

"I am so tired I could sleep right here on this tiled floor," he said faintly.

We need more room, more beds for officers and men.

Forty-six new beds were put into

commission one evening. They were taken at once and have been engaged every night.

Reviving a Custom

For thirty years (and those thirty years began over forty years ago) Chaplain Isaac Macguire was the man who looked out for the destinies of (especially) the canal boat people as well as of the seamen. It used to be called the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York, and when Chaplain Macguire yearned over the men who came to its reading rooms, he resided at 21 Coenties Slip, just across the park from the present Institute.

From May to October he held outdoor meetings under a tent on one of the docks at the foot of this same street. He had a cornetist and he talked to the seamen; earnest, simple, kindly talks they were, and Chaplain Macguire was an impressive figure in his long black gown moving about under that tent, with the wash of the East River beneath its boards.

Some of the members of the Board of Managers attended those early meetings—some of the same men who have watched the Institute grow all these years since the days of a few rooms until these days of a sixteen-story building with 2,000 men coming where 200 came before.

And now, on almost the very same spot, we are holding open-air meetings again, just in front of our building on Coenties Slip. There is

a cornetist who stirs the men to sing "Throw Out the Life Line" and a hymn which the seamen like, "Never Give Up." They can sing these with evident enjoyment because the refrains are swinging and the words easy to remember. They mean something definite to these men beneath the trees in the early summer evenings.

And when Mr. Berry talks to them, he is talking to men who have come there, possibly a little skeptical at first. They are men who think rather cynically that after all, the missionaries are paid to do their work, and that it isn't likely that anybody cares as much as he says he does. But before the story of years of drunken stupidity and wrong-doing is over, they are listening eagerly. They see a man, a seaman like themselves, who knows all their problems and has fought all their temptations. They see him, clear-eyed and alert, able to talk convincingly, to explain the Power that lifted him out of the depths.

Last Tuesday 170 men stood for an hour listening to the talks by the Rev. Carl Podin, one of our missionaries, and a speaker sent through the Evangelical Committee and the Y. M. C. A., who are co-operating with the Institute, and to Mr. Berry's story of his fall and rise.

A group of Spanish women from the neighboring boarding-houses came, laughing at first and sneering. But they stayed to hear, to heed, and to pray. When Mr. Podin read the Scriptures, they listened reverently and they joined in the Lord's Prayer.

These open-air meetings are worth holding. They justified themselves on the dock twenty-five years ago, and now the seething times, the undercurrent of emotion which seamen in constant danger are aware of, make them stimulating and exceedingly potent.

Roosevelt in London

This is, of course, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, a member of the Institute Board of Managers. Secretary Roosevelt has received a most cordial welcome in London, having an audience with King George and an opportunity for conference with Sir Eric Geddes, during which the two men compared notes and Secretary Roosevelt said, "From the beginning, the Allied Navies have worked together in complete harmony. Without any formal arrangement, we have had true unity."

"The United States," added Mr. Roosevelt, "has, I believe, at last struck its stride in naval construction, and we shall deliver ships very rapidly henceforth."

As an evidence of the efficiency of the envoy system, since it was established by the Admiralty about a year ago, it is pointed out that an average of only one ship out of nearly 200 has been lost.

Col. Burleigh's War Work

One of the most active members of the Board of Managers, one of the most faithful in his attendance

at the meetings and in his helpful efforts when the Building Fund was being completed, is Lieut. Col. George W. Burleigh, Ninth Coast Artillery Corps, New York Guard.

He has compiled an elementary textbook for the Secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., giving instruction in military obedience, military courtesy, and military bearing.

"The Y. M. C. A. Secretary is a soldier," Col. Burleigh states. He is subject to all the rules and regulations of the United States Army.

He says that in compiling a textbook he has had in mind the fact that each group of secretaries just before its departure overseas has been given instruction in military courtesy and the school of the soldier.

"As we have had about three hours only for this instruction and inspection, it has been, of necessity, very rudimentary, and only the most important points could be touched upon. Opportunity has now come to give the new contingents more time. To facilitate them as well as the instructors, this pamphlet has been hastily prepared so that the secretary may have something to read and study before and after practical instruction."

Col. Burleigh expresses the appreciation of the War Council for the courtesies extended by the Police Department and by the Park Department of the City of New York in the regulation and use of Central Park for the drilling of the men out of doors.

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OR

Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Seamen and Summer

A LOOKOUT written on a day when the typewriter keys are hot and even one's ideas perspire, is a day in which to consider the summer days of a stoker ashore. Spending the greater part of your life before the blazing mouth of an open furnace can make you almost immune to the sort of heat New York bakes for her guests. But not entirely.

"There is a breeze up in the auditorium," a British fireman suggested to his companion at the soda fountain. "It ought to be cool up there, even if we are roller skating."

"Yes," agreed the other fireman, exploring the bottom of his glass with a straw, searching out one last drop of iced liquid, "but I was saying to Tom this morning that I never was so hot shovelling coal into the furnace as I have been in this city. We don't have this confounded humidity at sea."

And that exactly describes a state of mind. They say (but we do not vouch for this) that one seaman accidentally overturned his cup of hot tea down the neck of the man sitting

next to him at the Lunch Counter, and that instead of an irate curse, the seaman remarked calmly,

"It isn't the heat I mind so much, as the humidity."

Anyhow, the Institute is trying to help the seaman on shore to find August a pleasant month, and the rooms and amusements of the building on the water-front's edge, an agreeable summer resort.

With a Recreation Man installed, there is always a chance to hear music, to play chess, to watch movies, or see and hear vaudeville, to play basket ball, or roller skate, or just to sit without a coat and smoke and demand one's favorite piano selection from a Recreation Man who can play anything by ear.

This is a summer when the men need to be diverted, not only the firemen and stokers, but the coal passers and oilers and donkey men, and ships' carpenters and ordinary seamen. They are carrying the ammunition and food to the Allies; they are carrying the soldiers and marines; they are fighting, being shipwrecked, losing their lives, suffering from exposure and starvation at sea very often. But they come back to this port, most of them, and they come to the Institute.

"I came here to have a good time and forget everything for ten days," Tom told the Desk Woman, and she obligingly pointed out a sign which mentioned an automobile "Seeing New York" trip for the next afternoon.

"That sounds wonderful," he exclaimed. "You don't let yourselves stand around with grass growing about

your feet down here," he added flatteringly.

Everyone who wants to entertain soldiers and sailors should think of these merchant mariners this summer of supreme sacrifice. If you have soldiers and sailors fighting, boys to whom you can send very little of the feeling of home, due to the difficulty of transportation, think of these boys, miles from their mothers and wives.

Christmas in Five Months

It is not too early to think about Christmas, even though it is August and the summer sun bears no hint of the clouded snow weather.

Christmas will come and everyone will have to be prepared. We can make it a particularly merry day for the soldiers and sailors and merchant seamen who are on this side of the ocean which separates so many of us from those we love.

Last year every man who came to the Institute received a special gift, specially wrapped in tissue paper and tied with holly-colored ribbon. He received tobacco and scarves, sweaters and socks, ties and safety razors, handkerchiefs and stationery, pipes and cigarette cases, woolen gloves and knitted helmets. He had a gift of his own, sent him by a man or woman whom he had never met, but for whom he has felt ever since the most complete friendliness.

Please be thinking about the seamen now when you are in the shops. Get him something and have it ready to send to the Institute by the middle of December. Get your scarlet rib-

bon and tie up your gift as if it were for a boy you knew and for whose happiness you would do very much.

And when you are doing accounts, or apportioning your Christmas giving, think about giving a dinner for a seaman at the Institute, paying for his dinner in the building, or asking him to dine with you. Please, think, too, about the Christmas trees and the Christmas greens and the Christmas music.

This must be a year above all years for the making happy and for the warming of the hearts of our merchant mariners. Many of them who were in the Institute last year and found their white and red parcels on their beds on Christmas eve have already found the content of a bed beneath the sea on which they lived. Many of them are ill from days of open life-boats. Many of them have been torpedoed three or four times since last Christmas; they are going out again, staying by their jobs, loading cargoes and working steadily to help us win the war.

These men must have a Christmas celebration which they will remember on stormy voyages, in hours of definite peril. If we prepare for it now, it can unquestionably be the best Christmas many seamen ever spent. And it should be.

Memory Flowers

Flowers on the Altar on Sunday, July 28th, were placed there in memory of Ottwell Johnson Wood, given by his children.

Annual Birthday Concert

On the anniversary of the birthday of Mr. William Van Rensselaer Smith (in whose memory Mrs. Smith gave the Auditorium) there is always a special entertainment—August 2nd. Some of the men who have been coming to the Institute for the past five years have grown to anticipate the August entertainment, and if they arrive in port on one of the last days of July, they never fail to inquire about the prospects for August 2nd.

This year the Recreation Man arranged with the Pathe Film Company for a special Pathe Weekly, one of those animated magazines which leap lightly from event to event, touching Paris, the devastated Picardy, Alaska, Washington or New Orleans.

Then Mr. Ross Fowler, a large smiling tenor (with a baritone influence) sang "Smiles" and "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" and "There's a Blue Star in the Window." These were all songs published by the Remick Music Company who loaned the services of Mr. Fowler and Mr. Shiverick, the composer of the songs. Already there is a song slide for "Smiles" and as every line of the chorus begins:

"There are smiles to make you (happy or sad).

There are smiles to make you (sorry or glad)."

The seamen can easily follow the words and catch the simple melody with little effort or practice.

A dancing and singing duet from the Keith Circuit, also sent gratui-

tously from that booking office, were Miss Belle Branden and James Taylor. Miss Branden was very successful. The seamen audiences like to hear women's voices and they are extremely generous with applause whenever a girl performer appears upon the Institute stage. Mr. Taylor yodelled. He is said to be the best yodeller on the circuit, and this may easily be true. Few other singers would care to take the risks with a falsetto that Mr. Taylor undertook without a tremor.

"There's an ear-piercer for you!" exclaimed one of the apprentice boys delightedly as Mr. Taylor finished a yodelling song on the F above high C.

There were other solos and trios and a special film from the Pathe Company, called "The Junkman" in which Toto, the Hippodrome clown, was featured. This was a comedy rather dependent upon elemental humor, but it is a humor that seamen appreciate: it has a simplicity and direct appeal. When Toto, collecting material for his junk cart, laboriously takes apart a Ford standing alone by the roadside, puts it all into his cart and is detained at the last instant by the irritable owner, there wasn't a dry palm in the house.

The entertainment finished with "God Save the King," having opened with "The Star Spangled Banner." And everyone sang. Hurrying down the wide stairs the more daring mariners were practicing yodelling while the others whistled "Smiles."

An Institute Employee to the Superintendent

After I returned from the Institute this afternoon and was telling my family the interesting things I had met in my day's work, it suddenly struck me, that in the harrowing administrative details, you must often miss the human interest touches that make it all worth while. So I thought I would tell you a few things that happened at the desk to-day.

In the first place, we have a shipwrecked crew, a wild lot, ever with doubled fist ready to strike first, but more responsive to a kind word than babies. A rough-spun fellow from the Shipping Board came down to make arrangements about them and thanked me in the name of the United States for such an Institution, where fellows who have been buffeted about by fortune can find a comfortable bed and a temporary home. The men were as grateful as if I were making them a present when I gave them their tickets and explained the system to them. I find that an explanation, of why things are so and so, surprises many of the men. I guess, poor beggars, life has not explained many things to them.

The next was a business man, who came in search of his nephew, who had been lost for four years. At last, due to the influence of "the one girl," he wrote to his parents in England, and gave as his address 25 South Street. The parents wrote at once to his uncle here, and he came

down, and with tears in his eyes told me what a relief it was to him, to find that the boy, whatever he may have done during the four years, has at some periods had such a home as The Seamen's Church Institute. I imagine that his parents will bless you when this man writes back.

Then there were two boys who came in "broke," and with tears of mortification explained to Mr. McSwiggan that they were hungry. That was last night, and I found that Mr. McSwiggan went himself to the lunch counter and bought them something to eat, and then found Mr. Wood, and got an order on the "M" fund. Well, they came back this evening with only a few of their tickets used, and they wanted a statement of what they owed the house, and went away with their little bills for two cots and two meals, blessing the house, and assuring us they would send back the very first money they make. The more intelligent of the two had eaten most scantily of the supply given him and returned most of his tickets. Mr. McSwiggan explained it to me—"that they were cultured boys"; they were from Boston!

Then I could tell you about the lame printer, and the boy suffering from shell shock, who does not wish to go home because he is a physical wreck and he hasn't a uniform—but they didn't come to my notice to-day, specially.

It is a big dream you have; I only wish we could help more effectively in its realization.

"Not In Uniform"

(By An Unknown Author)

They wear no khaki nor battleship
blue,
They're kind of a nondescript sort
of a crew,
Hard-handed and husky but not like
you meet
On the holystoned decks of the bat-
tleship fleet.
Nope, these here is only the every-
day guys
Who handle the vessels that feed our
Allies.
But—stop an' consider a bit what
they mean—
These lads of the merchant marine!
They sail with a cargo of beef or of
steel,
Or T. N. T. maybe, or bacon or meal,
An' so they go wallowin' loaded for
fair,
To feed an' munition the folks "over
there."
An' if they get over they sigh with
relief
An' come back to take on more bis-
cuits an' beef,
An' if they get sunk—well, it's plain
to be seen
That's rough on the merchant ma-
rine.
They don't get much glory for tak-
in' a chance
On dyin' while steamin' to England
or France,
For if they get rescued from drown-
in' on trip
They just come up smilin' an' find
a new ship.

An' if they go down in a watery
grave
There are no half-masted flags that'll
wave.
An' yet they're real men who're do-
in' their bit,
Not askin' no special approval for it,
An' that's just the reason we otta
be keen
For the boys of the merchant ma-
rine.

Too Crowded

With so many hundreds of seamen
being turned away from the Insti-
tute doors each evening because the
sign "All Beds Taken" has had to
be put up, we are obliged to use
part of the big Game Room as an
extra Dormitory. Cots and double
deck bunks have been put in there,
and now it is feared that we shall
be obliged to remove the billiard and
pool tables, the shuffle boards, the
special chairs built high enough to
watch the billiards, the bagatelle
table. It is a great pity to give up
the use of the Game Room, but the
demand for sleeping privileges in the
building is so great, and the avail-
able space where beds could be plac-
ed is so limited, that it seems as if
the sacrifice of the billiard tables
were inevitable.

Ultimately and soon the Institute
must be enlarged. We could use an-
other building where 500 men could
sleep each night, and we could fill its
beds every night within a week from
its opening.

A Seaman's Story

This story of the first picnic was written by a seaman who went on the trip. He wrote it exactly as he felt when he returned, and there is no single reference in which he intends any disrespect. It is very pleasant to publish something which an Institute guest has written because it is a sincere expression; and those are rare.

Our Outing On July 12th

By Tom, Jim and Pop

"Hello, Tom! Are you going to the picnic?" enquired James.

"Sure Jim!" came the snappy retort, speeded by joyful expectation. "I have drawn a lucky number—so I am in order and good standing to share in the contents of those hampers and packages you just saw put aboard the 'J. Hooker Hamersley.' I can't say much as to the program and the rest in store for us, but I will tell you all about it on your return."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Jim, and in lending color to his wit he replied. "Why most of your observing power is already spent on those hampers, but, as I am also a lucky one in the draw—and am going too—you can spare those retentive bumps in your blockhead. The very effort to memorize the happenings of a day, replete with joy and pleasure, would lay you up with brain-fever. Why I know you of old," and on twisting a cigarette into being, continued. "I bet you forgot to bring your matches with you. Well I admit I have left

mine behind, so have nothing on you in that respect. You know how we used to join our ships in by-gone days. 'Parish rigged,' as we used to call it, much befogged, much befuddled, much befooled by the crimps around here in South Street, but here comes the man who lifted the curtain of fog in our path. That is HIM," and he pointed out HIM. "Him with the whiskers, the Superintendent of the Institute. You remember how he used to be called 'Holy Joe,' looking through a ball of oakum. Oh what fools we were for sure. But say no more; let us get aboard."

The honest confession of these two cronies of the sea, prompted me, as a third one of that like to remain within earshot so that we may all have an equal share in condensing our impressions, and in patching up their short-comings—with my feeble one—I have readily joined this "Triumvirate Chronicklers" for the day.

Our company was very representative, as seamen go. As to age, there were youths, newly budded seamen, and men with much salt of the old order. We had some British tars with us, blending, if only for the day, with our own melting pot under the American flag, and with a good sprinkling of American youths—these promising props to bolster up a long-neglected profession. We made up an interesting crowd, out for the pleasure of the day.

Once under way, and after a bountiful supply of cigarettes and pea-

nuts, we soon found ourselves absorbed in the ever-changing scenery of the East River. The bridges, the numerous public institutions, so ably described to us by Dr. Mansfield, held us simply spell-bound. To some of us who have really traversed the seven seas, yet never seen the beauties of New York, it came as a new vision, and we began to realize that the world is only small after all.

On turning into the sound, the ever-changing beauty of the country raised our child-like hilarity to a pitch. The tongue-tied among us became chattersome. Jim and Tom became talkative, and when we passed "Stepping Stone Lighthouse" Jim blurted out, "Why that lighthouse is just rightly named. It is a stepping stone to our paradise, if only for a day."

Here our House Mother, dear Mrs. Roper, pointed to a house nestled among lovely trees. "That is the home of a lady who has taken much interest in our well-fare. Some of you will remember those comforters and sweaters she so generously knitted for you. Her name is Mrs. Mann."

"Bless her," sighed Tom, lost in contemplation, and Jim, ever a tongue-wagger, and inquisitive, wanted to know who lived in the next mansion farther up. Now here Captain Pete, the skipper of the boat, who knows every inch of the sound, had to be consulted.

"That is Grace's. Why you ought to know, he is one of our leading shipowners of the port of New York."

And Tom, who likes to hear himself talking, remarked, "He must be a happy man. It must be a great consolation to him to know that he is surrounded by kind folks, ever ready, in the uplifting of seamen, silently, but humanly, mitigating their lot in hardship. May peace, prosperity, and happiness be their lot forever."

"Now we are nearing our landing place, so boys just jump ashore, scatter round, do as you like, and when I blow the whistle come back to the house on top, and we will have luncheon," said the Rev. Dr. Mansfield.

Needless to say, let a lot of sailors loose, and we soon found ourselves scattered. Some went black-berrying, some went for boating and fishing, some of us reclined under the shade of apple trees to our heart's content—our enjoyment on such a perfect summer day being only marred by our inability of putting the clock back a few hours.

Lo! Here goes the whistle, and as we gathered round that bountiful and hospitable table, Tom's prediction of those hampers justly amplified. We have had a few words from our Superintendent, words of encouragement, that have set our reassurance into motion, and later, as we three cronies began, sailor-like, to analyze those words, Jim, always proud of his rapid conception of things said: "We have made a mistake. That man never looked through a ball of oakum. He has been peering through the veiled future. Why, he is doing not only

good for us, in trying to lift us up to higher standards, as things go, but also he is doing a National service. Do you think for a moment the recent raise in our wages, and other conditions on ships will ever help us alone up the rungs of the social ladder, without being prepared morally and socially for that move? He, and all those behind him, view these things from the correct angle, and it is up to us to accept it. These outings and all other phases of seamen welfare are not only for our own, but they are for a National benefit. The day will come when we will be accepted with respect by the community, as a wholesome asset, a useful cog in the wheel of National life."

"I hope you put that in our article, Pop," echoed Tom.

The hard and fast drawn etiquette of formal introduction has ever been absent in the life of the sailor, and only the ravages of thirty-four years' sea-faring stamped on my tawny hide lifted me to the revered name of "Pop."

But here we are. They are getting ready for baseball. The youngsters have chosen their teams already. Come let us look on. And as one of the pitchers reduced his apparel to strict athletic quantum, he bared a pair of wind-mill like arms to our gaze, tattooed with a bea crock, and over-scribed "Made in Boston," and set up such a storm, pitching, with such whirl-wind velocity, that even Dr. Mansfield, our most impartial umpire must have felt himself over-taxed. But on changing sides,

when our lad from Boston had caught a hot one on the fly, Tom, carried away with enthusiasm, bawled out "At-a-boy." I cannot understand how he could have remained unknown. I would not have been surprised if he had been practicing with meteorites or falling stars.

The game and other sports over, the boys went in swimming. And after an hour extra stay to a lengthened program, and after another luscious repast on coffee, sandwiches, cakes and bananas, much to our regret we started for home.

With an indelible impression, and with warmest thanks to our Superintendent, and all those behind him who are credited for this glorious day of pleasure bestowed on us,

And with best wishes for the welfare workers of the Institute.

Ever indebted,
TOM, JIM and POP.

Seamen's Law Board

The Permanent Members of the Legal Advisory Board for the City of New York have instituted a branch of that Board, to be known as the Seamen's Local Board, the office of which will be at the Seamen's Institute, 25 South Street.

The Board will have the same general jurisdiction as other branches of the Legal Advisory Board, but is created particularly to advise seamen as to their rights and duties under the Selective Service Law and Regulations, meeting every day at 10 a. m.

The membership of the board will

be as follows: Edmonds Putney, Chairman, Henry B. Twombly, Louis H. Hall, Frank P. Reilly.

The Permanent Members will cooperate in every respect to make the work of the Board efficient.

An Unpopular Job

A saxophone soloist appeared at a recent concert, and his exploit was greeted by loud cheers.

"But I should think that instrument would be hard to take apart," a seaman said to the performer afterward. "It looks very mixed up to me. By Jove, I know one job I shouldn't like to have—a cleaner to a saxophone!"

Donations Received July, 1918.

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola and victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, pictures, playing cards, waste paper.

Anonymous—8
 Ayer, Mrs.
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
 Brady, J. C.
 Comstock, Miss Ethel C.
 Cosmopolitan Sewing Circle
 Davis, Mrs. J. Winthrop
 Delvan, Mrs. I. B.
 Downing, Mrs. H. S.
 Edgar, Mrs. H. L. K.
 Edmond, Mrs. W. A.
 Ellis, George H. Co.
 Goldstein, Mrs.
 Grimkes, Mrs.
 Harriott, Miss Marjorie & Farmerettes
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
 Hicks, Miss E.
 Homan, Mrs. C.
 Hotchkiss, Mrs. C. E.
 Jay, Miss A.
 Mahan, Miss Helen
 LeBoutillier, C.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Martin, Mrs. John W.
 Morgan, William M.
 National Plant. Fruit & Flower Guild
 Richardson, Mrs. C. S.
 Roberts, Miss
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rolph, Miss Esther A.

Rossiter, Mrs. A. W.
 Spring, Mrs. Frederick
 Strong, Miss Caroline
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Wendall, Miss F. E.
 Wendall, Mrs. Gordon
 Williams, Mrs. C. M.

Church Periodical Club and Branches.

Christ Church, Bayridge, N. Y.
 Christ Church, Norwich Conn.
 Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I.
 St. James Church, Montclair, N. J.
 St. John's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Luke's Church, Montclair, N. J.
 St. Paul's Church Flatbush, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes.

Arnold, Mrs. Glover C., Extension Building Fund	\$200.00
Coe, Miss Ella S., Summer Outing Fund	50.00
S/S Colon, Discretionary Fund	5.50
Cottekill, M. E. Church, Chapel Flower Fund	2.00
Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald D., Summer Outing Fund	25.00
Davis M. M., Discretionary Fund	10.00
DeLong, Mrs. George B., Summer Outing Fund	50.00
Flagg, Mrs. John R., Discretionary Fund	10.00
Foulds, Thomas H., Summer Outing Fund	50.00
Godfrey Mrs. A. E., Summer Outing Fund	50.00
Hammersley, Lieut. L. Gordon, Special Fourth of July Treat	100.00
Heywood, Mrs. Frank E., Discretionary Fund	2.00
Hoppin, Bayard C., Discretionary Fund	25.00
Kendall, Miss V. B., Chapel Flower Fund	20.00
Locke, Mrs. Robert W., Summer Outing Fund	10.00
Meissner, C. A., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Porter, Miss Mary E., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Robb, Mrs. John T., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Stevens, Mrs. F. K., Discretionary Fund	50.00
Vandernoel, George B., Summer Outing Fund	25.00
Watson, Miss Elizabeth S., Summer Outing Fund	10.00
Zabriskie, Miss Ethel, Summer Outing Fund	100.00

General Summary of Work

JULY 1918

Seamen's Wages Department.

July 1st Cash on hand.....	\$162,699.92
Deposits	62,102.85
	\$224,802.77
Withdrawals (\$3,830.93 trans- mitted)	\$50,951.13
Aug. 1st Cash Balance.....	\$173,851.64

(Includes 81 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$42,568.70)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	32
Men Shipped.....	343
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	28
Total number of men given employment	371

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	11
Men transported	19
Pieces of dunnage transported	31
J. Hooker Hamersley undergoing repairs most of the month	

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	17,095
Letters received for seamen	5,225
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,850

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	76
Referred to Hospitals.....	6
Referred to other Societies.....	5
Hospital Visits	63
Patients Visited	373

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number Seamen	Total	
Entertainments	5	693	822
Athletic Nights.....	4	424	424
Ships Visited			21
Packages reading matter distributed....			61
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			64

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services Seamen	Total	
English.....	7	248	383
Song Services.....	1	15	18
Scandinavian.....	4	55	59
Open Air Meetings.....	2	214	214
Bible Classes	3	112	112
Holy Communion Services			1
Wedding Services			0
Baptismals			0
Funeral Services			2

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.