

Annual Report Number

The LOOKOUT



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

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No. 3

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

Administration Offices

Telephone Broad 0297

25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

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

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor	Free stationery to encourage writing home
Hospital Visitors	Free English Classes
Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals	Information Bureau
Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats	Literature Distribution Department
Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Operation of Institute Boat
Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Department of "Missing Men"
Transmission of money to dependents	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
Free Libraries	Comfort Kits
Four Free Reading Rooms	Christmas Gifts
Game Room Supplies	First Aid Lectures
	Health Lectures
	Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment
	Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

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

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

Form of Bequest

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

A Parting

They were living in the third story of a disused saloon in Brooklyn. The father, an elderly sailor, had suffered a stroke of paralysis, which had totally blinded him, and left his left leg almost useless.

With him lived his little daughter, who acted as housekeeper and guide. She was 13, and her little brother, who had already been placed in a home by us, was 12. The furniture, a bed, two chairs and a stove, was rickety and old. Dirt had conquered the whole establishment. In the corner near the stove stood a small box of coal and a bundle of kindling. Coal is bought very gingerly in poverty.

Some weeks before, they had reached the end; they could not go on. The father realized that something had to be done, and in his great need he thought of the Institute. He told the children where he wished to go, and one on either side, helping him along, and warning him of the dangers along the way, they led him to us and told their pitiful story. But they did not need to explain; the blind and stricken old man was evidence enough.

And now they were ready to take what was probably their last journey together. The Chaplains had spent days and days going over old records in the Barge Office and the Custom House, to get evidence that would admit the afflicted man into Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island.

At last it had been gathered up, a fragment here and there, after hours and hours of searching, and the father had been accepted. His future was assured in a beautiful home among his own kind. The future of the little girl was not so sure.

The Chaplain called for them, and the child made her few last preparations to leave the place that had been home to them. The father was without baggage, and Helen's worldly possessions, consisting of three dresses and a few odds and ends, were in a small oilcloth handbag.

The father's adversity had cemented very strongly the already affectionate relationship between them. Helen guided him every place, warning him of the outdoor dangers in New York.

Her arm in his, they descended the narrow stairway. On the way the landlady came to say good-by. A kind-hearted soul, she begged the little girl to write and if possible to go and see her.

On reaching the street the conductor of the car refused to take a fare. After crossing on the ferry they took another car to the office of the Society that had undertaken to care for Helen as well as her brother.

Father and child had to separate there; the father going to Sailors' Snug Harbor, the child to as yet unknown foster parents. A brief formality was gone through by which the father signed away his parental rights in the children. The girl began to pale.

The Chaplain whispered to her never to forget to write to her father,

and suggested that perhaps she might go and see him some time, but the lady in charge said she would probably be too far away to do that.

Turning away, to give them what privacy he could, the Chaplain asked her to say good-bye to her father. Not quite so bad as the death parting in some ways, but worse in others.

He heard her kiss him twice and then he turned to lead the father away from his child. But no! the affectionate habit of looking after her father still remained, she insisted on guiding him, as of old, and with her arm about him, they went to the entrance door.

She stopped there, and arranged his coat and tie; and again the Chaplain turned away.

After a minute he looked back. She had gone. Her blind father was standing alone on the steps afraid to move.

The Chaplain took his arm, and for the first time a stranger was leading him. He realized it, and neither of them spoke.

Another car, with kindness from the conductor, and they started for the office of Sailors' Snug Harbor. Here they met with every consideration, the secretary saying that no case of admittance he had ever filled out had given him greater satisfaction.

From there they took a Broadway car to South Ferry, where the traffic policemen were attentive in helping them to cross difficult places. People moved out of their way, for New York has not lost its humanity.

On the way down the father said, "I expect my little girl is on her way too."

Their fare was again refused on the Staten Island Ferry, and they soon reached Snug Harbor, where the father was admitted to the hospital, which will be his home for some time.

As his hand clasped that of the Chaplain in parting, the Chaplain, who read the thoughts in his mind, said, "You must pray for your little girl."

"Yes," he said, "I will. I've always trusted in him; for the last twenty years."—Contributed.

A Hippodrome Party

It was through the thoughtfulness and generosity of Miss Augusta de Peyster, Secretary of the Seamen's Benefit Society, that twenty-five apprentice boys enjoyed a "Happy Evening" at the Hippodrome theatre.

Rev. R. B. Day conducted the party and enjoyed it with the boys, who expressed their appreciation, and asked that their thanks be conveyed to Miss de Peyster, who had added another happy memory to their stay in New York.

Flowers in Memory

The flowers on the Altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour, for the month of February, were given by Mrs. George B. deLong, in memory of B. H. L.

THE LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE *of* NEW YORK

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Superintendent

or LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

Relief Needed

We wish to thank those who so generously responded to our first appeal for money for relief and it has wonderfully encouraged us. We have helped many. But our breadline grows in length, and the men who are forced to join it from day to day, are hard working men who are unable to get employment. We do not give relief unless the men have papers to show they are active sea-going men.

The newspapers reported this morning that there were 20,000 seamen out of work and 500 ships with sailings indefinite. Some of the Unions are giving relief, but this is a case where we must all join to do everything we can. It will take us all.

The snowstorm has been a blessing for some. It has provided work for them, but there are others so "down and out" that it could not help them. They hadn't boots fit to wear while they shovelled, or clothes to cover them properly, and then there were so many who wanted the work that only the most fit were taken.

We still need relief money and we need it very badly. Just think what it would mean to you, if your income were suddenly cut off and you could not get work. These men try hard enough, they do their best, but with the ships tied up in the harbor what can they do?

This is a case where those who have anything should share with those who have not.

We are our brother's keeper, and now is the time when we must prove it.

We are looking to you, who have never failed us, to give just as much as you can, nothing is too small. Every penny will help.

A Tribute

The Rector of Christ Church, New Brighton, New York, in his message to the parish, on January 30, wrote:

"True service is its own reward. And yet we welcome the opportunity of paying tribute to one who has served well. Last Tuesday night some of us were inspired to form a circle and to make him the center who had

served in the Ministry of the Church for twenty-five years. Some of you will recall the early beginning of the Seamen's Church Institute in what, from today's viewpoint, seemed like very tumble-down quarters. Quietly and without ostentation, the Reverend Archibald R. Mansfield was helping to lay those deep and secure foundations upon which the new building that houses the Seamen's Church Institute has grown up. The ever-expanding proportions of that work are in themselves the greatest tribute to those who laid its foundations. All Dr. Mansfield's ministry of twenty-five years has been spent in this work of providing a lodging place for those whose business is in great waters.

"Tuesday night's circle, which consisted of the Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of Christ Church, was a simple way of showing our affection for our friend after his completion of a quarter of a century of service in the ministry. What was said at the Staten Island Club that night voices the sentiment of every member of this parish. The most that we can wish for our friend is God's continued blessing upon him and the work in which his life is so closely bound up. In everything that has been said, Mrs. Mansfield shares in full measure, and we extend to her our good wishes and our hearty congratulation."

A Chat With Newport

There are days, generally Saturdays and Sundays, when the number aboard, at the Seamen's Church Institute of Newport, is so large that it seems to the Superintendent, after fourteen or fifteen hours of duty that the air is full of sailors. Were it not for the fact that everyone is so appreciative and happy, one would soon wear out trying to do the work. While all rejoice on the busy days, the other days are not without interest because it is then that we have time to do the things we most want to do, and that is to really get to know these men and boys. Many hundreds of interesting experiences could be told. A book, yes, several books, could be filled with a record of accomplishment, but as the Superintendent writes these lines one or two things come into the foreground of his mind.

A stalwart young Navy man stood in the office doorway with something on his mind. How did we know? Well, we learn to know. It was about his brother, he was a merchant sailor, and no one had heard from him in two years. He was anxious about him—so were the folks at home. Was there any way he could locate him? We explained about the Bulletin of Missing Men. We would write, and with the letter a little prayer was offered that the man might be found. In just three days the answer came. The man was just where he belonged when not at sea, he was at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Like the folks in the story books everyone in that family has been happy ever afterward.

Boys are young and we must not expect them to be always thoughtful, but to-day when two different boys who had received their discharges from

the Navy walked five blocks out of their way just to thank us, and tell us what the Institute meant to them, we felt that they were more than thoughtful.

It is a simple transaction to forward a man's baggage, but when that man receives his belongings promptly and a letter as well, returning the excess postage he sent, and a cordial invitation to visit us again, that man is apt to feel kindly toward this little town and to feel too that even though his calling takes him to the ends of the earth, the Church, through the Institute, is anxious and willing to minister to his needs, no matter how simple they are.

Random Sketches

Mr. Augustin R. Smith, United States Shipping Commissioner, contributed a chatty article for the January issue of "The Crow's Nest," the official organ of the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia, that he called, "Random Sketches From My Log-Book."

He says that the astounding feature of the admixture of every race and creed, as there is among seamen, is not the frequency, but the rarity of contention among themselves, due to the subordination of individualism to the unwritten rules of their ancient guild, the Brotherhood of the Sea. He closes his very interesting article with the following amusing personal experiences:

"A magazine recently mentioned the San Blas Indians as unconquered and 'ferocious.' I know three of these 'ferocious' savages, shipping frequently from this port—smiling little seamen, as amiable as Hawaiians, and who were obsessed with an energetic determination to make me presents of Hoyt's German cologne or red handkerchiefs adapted to bull fighting. One of these 'braves' had been roughly treated by a brutal mate, whom I properly disciplined before the interested and delighted crew, but later I had reason to doubt the maxim, 'Virtue is its own reward,' when I found that my 'brave' had gratefully adopted my name and shipped as 'Smith' subsequently. My protest met with his response—'Smith, good enough for me.'

"One more tale. In paying off a crew my deputy searched the articles for one who said his name was 'Pork-chops.' Not finding that name the captain solved the problem by stating that 'Pedro' had been dubbed 'Pork-chops' by his shipmates on account of his fondness for that porcine product. This sounded so suggestively beautiful to Pedro that he forthwith adopted it and insisted upon its being so recorded.

"These seamen's names, I fear, are going to wreck the mentality of the unfortunate compiler of a card index.

"When Artaxerxes Adrinpopoulondoxacrates reverses the stern part of his name for the bow-part; when some Scandinavian states in one shipment that he is his father's son but has not the latter's name; when a

Chinaman makes a mark that looks like a snake fence hit by an automobile; and when the obliging fireman, Juan Alvarez, substitutes unknown to the master, for Blanco Gomez, who had signed the shipping articles, but did not sail on the vessel, 'things will not be what they seem' to the perplexed compiler of the index."

Take It From Him

The Housemother was walking through the Lobby when she saw a man who had been drinking, flourishing a fifty dollar bill, and declaring that he had to have change, so that he could give a pal a dollar.

Around him were some hard-faced men, watching their opportunity to rob him of his money.

"Take it from him, Mrs. Roper," a seaman who was watching him said, "he'll lose it if you don't."

"Yes, do take it," several others said. They knew the great burly fellow would not give it to them, but even the most drunken ill-tempered seamen trust the Housemother.

"You had better let me keep it for you," Mrs. Roper said to him, in her sweet way, "I'll give you a dollar for your pal."

He looked down at her, all the bluster softened, and like a great overgrown boy, he handed her the bill, and accepted the dollar she gave him. Then she wrote out a receipt, and told him he could have his money in the morning. He had refused to put it in the seamen's wages department or to give it to anyone else.

Some evil looks from the men who had hoped to get the money followed her; but she was safe among her boys, and she went over and deposited the money.

In a few minutes a clerk from the Soda Fountain found her, and told her the man had spent seventy cents for drinks, and he said she would pay the bill, which she did.

The next morning, the seaman, sober and in his right senses, went to her office and thanked her for her care for him, and he left most of the fifty with her. It isn't any wonder that the boys call her "Mother."

She pets them and she scolds them and she takes their money, and she listen to their troubles and she always has sympathy. That is it, she never fails them; her sympathy is always abundant, no matter how bad they are.

Thanks for Calendars

Our request for Calendars has brought us a great abundance. We are splendidly supplied for this year, and we have been able to give many of the men Calendars to take to their ships.

Many thanks.

I Want Me Books

There were some ladies in the office of the House Mother when one of those small, quaint boys, who frequently find their way unto merchant ships, arrived.

He spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and when he was assured that one of the ladies was the House Mother, he tendered a note that he said the Bo's'n gave him.

"It is terrible to think of a little boy like you being away from home," one of the ladies said, "haven't we something we can give you?"

The House Mother got a comfort bag and candies, and one of the ladies felt through her purse and gave him some spending money; while they all questioned him as to whether he liked the sea well enough to make it a life's work.

They also gave him some good advice about working hard and getting to be a Captain some day.

He shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other, and twisted his cap out of shape; and when they paused long enough for him to understand that some reply was necessary he mumbled "Sure mum!" but his vocabulary seemed limited.

He accepted what was given him without any show of enthusiasm, and finally seeming to feel that he was not rising to the occasion he turned to the House Mother and blurted out, "I want me books for the Bo's'n, Mum. If you'll give me my books, I'll be goin' back to me ship."

The House Mother laughed, but she understood. She understood the singleness of purpose behind the Scotch accent that has made that nation successful in every country; and she also understood the shyness of the lad who had chosen a life on the great spaces of the sea.

She got the books for the "Bo's'n" and the lad seized them with muttered thanks, and "beat it" without a glance behind, his manner saying plainly that the terrors of the sea were as nothing compared to the terrors of society.

Tell the Children

Let your children help the sailors.

Tell them the story of the great big Captain who had three little children, that he loved very much. He saw them just twice a year, but every month his wife had a picture taken that she sent him, so that he would see how much they had grown. And they tried hard to grow big to surprise their father.

Back and forth over the big ocean he went and after every trip he sent his wife all the money he could spare, and told her to give the children nice clothes and good food; and he always said he was happy and well and hoped to see them all soon.

Then this winter, in January, there was a big storm, and the big

Captain was afraid one night that his ship was going to go down. The waves seemed to be very angry at it, and they hit first on one side and then on the other; and when the Captain guided it through between the biggest waves they seemed to all join together and jump right on it from above.

But the Captain was too smart for the waves that night; he guided the ship safely through the storm, but a mast fell and hit him and broke his leg, and when the ship reached New York he had to go to the hospital, where he lay for many weeks. When he came out, his money was all gone, and his leg was very weak, and he could not find any work.

He tried awfully hard to get something to do, but he couldn't and at last a night came when he hadn't a cent left. He couldn't buy any supper, and he couldn't pay for a bed. He had sold all his clothes and he hadn't anything more to sell. He didn't know what to do.

He was a big man and a brave Captain. He had brought many ships safely across the ocean with men and women and children depending upon him, but that night he almost wished he had gone down. He was cold and hungry and lonely and he wanted to cry.

He had stayed at the Institute sometimes and he thought he would come in and get warm. He went into the reading room and sank into a chair, and one of the Chaplains saw him. He asked him what was the matter and at first he was too proud to tell.

But after the Chaplain had talked for a while, he told him his story, and the Chaplain said that the Christian men and women and children in this great country would not see people go hungry and cold. So he gave him a bed and some food.

And since that he got a ship, and he has paid it all back.

Won't you save your pennies and buy a bed for some man who can't get work. Thirty-five pennies will pay for a nice warm bed and fifty pennies will buy him something to eat. And when you are going to bed yourself, say a prayer for the men who haven't a bed of any kind.

A Dandy Fellow

It isn't often that nearly a whole ship's crew gather around to see if they cannot do something for one of their number who is in trouble. A sick man is usually left to his pal, but a man who lay unconscious on the floor of the Chaplain's office had more than the usual attention.

He was young and strong looking, but he seemed to be in a fit. He had occasional spasms of violence, and at such times it took four men to hold him, but how gently they did it!

No baby was ever handled with more loving care than those men bestowed on that young fellow. They had to bind him up so that he would not injure himself and them, but they did it very gently.

They knew there was a wound in his head covered by a silver plate,

a memento from the war; they knew when the attack was over he would be the same generous lively loveable fellow they had known on board ship; and so they bound him up, all the time talking to him in the soothing tones a mother might use to a child; and then they carried him away to the hospital.

"Can I go and see him?" a young fellow asked the Chaplain anxiously. "He is such a dandy fellow, we'd do anything for him."

Why is it that there are some fellows for whom everyone will do anything they can?

Why do flowers bloom, and winds blow, and river flow?

We can't answer the question and so we say "personality."

Even a humble seaman can have the charm that smooths his path, and gathers to his hand the most precious roses of friendship.

Annual Meeting

The first regular annual meeting of the Seamen's Church Institute of America was held on February 15 at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The General Secretary, Rev. George C. Gibbs, read a report of the work accomplished during the year, in which he outlined the situation in twenty-one ports, and told of the work being done and what is planned for the coming year.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Honorary President, Rt. Rev. W. F. Nichols, D.D.; President, Edmund L. Baylies; Honorary Vice-Presidents, Rt. Rev. G. W. Davenport, D.D., Rt. Rev. T. F. Gailor, D.D., Rev. William T. Manning, D.D., Rt. Rev. C. S. Quin, D.D.; Vice-Presidents, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Alexander Van Rensselaer, William H. Crocker; General Superintendent, Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D.; Assistant General Superintendent, Rec. Charles P. Deems; General Secretary, Rev. George C. Gibbs; Treasurer, Henry L. Hobart; Assistant Treasurer, Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D.

Executive Committee: Rt. Rev. W. F. Nichols, D.D., Edmund L. Baylies, ex officio; Franklin D. Roosevelt, Allison V. Armour, George W. Burleigh, J. Frederic Tams, Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D.

It Is Wonderful

That is what he said when he came to tell us how much the whole family appreciated the fact that we had found their father.

"It is wonderful to think that after eight years, you should find him," he said. "We have done everything to locate him and failed, and now he is coming home. We clubbed together," he explained, "and sent money for his passage over."

He got up and walked up and down the office, and it seemed to the woman who finds men, that he had something more to tell.

"We never believed that he was dead," he continued, "although a Priest told my mother that he had buried him. She believed that he was dead, but we didn't. We have continued to look for him, and to think that we were both in the army over there, and I never ran across him."

"There were quite a few in the army," the woman suggested.

"Yes," he agreed, "and my father has always been a wanderer. I told him when I wrote that I was married and settled down and he wrote back and said he was glad. He said there was nothing in the life he had lived."

"Strange he didn't write to any of you," the woman suggested.

"He wrote to a brother of his who lives in New York, but he did not tell us. In fact he didn't do anything about it. He didn't even answer his letter. I guess he thought it was better not to do anything, for you see my mother is married again."

The woman who finds men gasped; but he continued:

"It is wonderful to think what you have done, and we'll never forget this place. Of course we are going to have some trouble, for my mother's husband has been storming around a bit, but we never believed my father was dead, and we are glad to find him again."

He did not say how his mother felt. She may have a different opinion of the value of our service to seamen.

Party for the Boys

"A Champion Party," was the way one of the apprentice boys described the party given them by Mrs. Sparks, of Babylon, L. I.

Mrs. Sparks never forgets the sailor boys; and the amount of time and thought she put into the preparation for the evening that will be remembered by them when they are scattered on the seven seas, was greatly appreciated. And not only will it be remembered by the boys, but the ladies who add to the pleasure of our Thursday evenings, were not forgotten, and they greatly valued the dainty favors prepared for them, and the thought back of them.

The table was gay with bright flowers, and favors, and table napkins carefully chosen, with a suggestion that it was Valentine month, although not the day. And there was home-made cake and candy and ice cream and—but why enumerate.

"Yum! Yum!" was the way a round-faced, blue-eyed boy expressed his appreciation; and others were heard murmuring, "these are just a bit of all right," as they looked at their comfort bags and knitted articles all prepared with so much loving thought.

And there was a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Sparks and Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector of Christ Church, West Islip, who assisted her in giving the boys a memorable evening.

The Right Angle

A captain's success in navigating his vessel not only depends on good judgment and clearness of vision, but also on whether he has the **right angle** when he makes his observations for correcting his course. When he swings his sextant into position to take his observation on the sun, the shaping of his future course is largely determined by whether he has the **right angle**.

If you would get a line on the seamen's position, swing your mental sextant into position and glance along the plane of the ocean until a steamer of the merchant marine or a four-master sailing vessel gets into your line of vision. All the better if the sun be obscured, a storm in progress, the wind blowing a hurricane, and the waves continually breaking over the deck of the vessel, for you will then be able to make a more correct observation of some of the hardships of the sailor's life while at sea. He is many times called upon almost without warning to battle for his life with the elements. While you may be enjoying the comforts of your fireside, he may be facing death in his devotion to duty. Notwithstanding the safety devices that are provided and the care taken to conserve human lives, six sailors go to a watery grave every night.

Now get a line on shore for a permanent point to complete your observation. Run your mental line into the cheap sailor boarding houses and resorts of vice and you will very soon get a vision of the ever-present dangers to the sailors when ashore.

Swing your mental sextant over to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and, in your mind's eye, glance along its many lines of friendliness and helpfulness. You will observe that there are a large number of them.

If your observations have been correct and your deductions in accordance with the facts, it does not require one with special astuteness to figure out very closely the sailor's true position. From a rigid life of discipline and hardship on shipboard, he comes ashore with his trip's pay, hungering for friendship, relaxation and entertainment. It is the business of the Institute to know the position and needs of these seamen and to be ready to satisfy the needs of the normal man within our hospitable walls. With his hard-earned money deposited in our Seamen's Wages Department for safe-keeping, the sailor feels the assurance of safety and is prepared to enjoy the privileges provided. You can usually pick them out of the thousands of men who swarm in our lobby daily; their broad expansive smiles clearly indicate their pleasure at again being "safe home in port."

Can you who are co-operating in this great work figure out the lasting value of this temporary **home** with its real home feeling for these "toilers of the sea"? Can you, as a business man, appreciate the money value to the great world of commerce of maintaining the efficiency of the seamen class through the protection given them in this wholesome environment?

General Summary of Work

JANUARY 1921

Religious Department

Chapel of Our Saviour, 25 South Street

	Services	Attendance	
		Seamen	Total
Sunday A. M.	5	292	316
“ P. M.	5	1,193	1,289
“ Communion	5	49	66

Church of the Holy Comforter, West Street

Sunday P. M.	5	414	474
“ Communion	1	17	17

U. S. Marine Hospital

Sunday A. M.	5	188	188
“ Communion	1	6	6

Ellis Island Hospital

Sunday P. M.	5	229	229
Bible Class Meetings	5	484	484
Miscellaneous	4	675	684
Baptisms			0
Weddings			1
Funerals			4

Relief Department

Boarding, Lodging and Clothing.....	1,213
Assisted thru Loan Fund.....	150
Cases treated in Institute Clinic.....	490
Referred to Hospitals.....	60
Hospital Visits	53
Patients Visited	4,954
Referred to other Organizations.....	64

Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	23	5,429	6,817
Home Hours	5	1,017	1,090
Ships visited	53		
Knitted articles distributed.....		506	
Packages of literature distributed.....		557	

Hotel Department

Lodgings registered	22,117
Letters received for seamen.....	20,090
Pieces of dunnage checked.....	4,547

Educational Department

Navigation and Marine Engineering	
School enrollment.....	55
First Aid Lectures.....	4

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	18
Men shipped	225
Given temporary employment.....	23
Total	248

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits	\$94,003.40
Withdrawals	89,570.14
Transmitted	16,768.65

SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

Almighty God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thy blessing upon all organizations throughout the world engaged in ministering to the welfare of seamen. Give wisdom to all who have undertaken to direct the management of their interests.

Endow with judgment and strength from on high the Executive Officers, Chaplains, Missionaries and all associated with them: direct and prosper all their doings to the advancement of Thy glory.

Grant, we beseech Thee, that the Seamen and Boatmen gathered from all nations of men who dwell on the face of the whole earth may find within the walls of the Institutes and Missions deliverance from danger and strength against temptation, inspiration to nobleness and purity, and, above all, such influence as will lead to their repentance and salvation through faith in Thy blessed son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may receive THE LOOKOUT:

1. Founders or benefactors receive THE LOOKOUT for life.
2. Everyone who subscribes one dollar a year to THE LOOKOUT DEPARTMENT.
3. All who contribute annually five dollars or more to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
4. Those who make any gift receive one complimentary copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

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

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