

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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 Bowling Green 3620

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

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants

Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families

Burial of Destitute Seamen

Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift

Transmission of money to dependents

Free Libraries

Four Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea.

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 provisions 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.

THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 13

JULY, 1922

No. 7

The Brave Dead of the Merchant Marine

We cannot mark their graves in the deep shadows of the sea. We cannot honor them more than they have honored themselves in giving up for us all that they had to give. We cannot add to the glory they must have known in that last great hour, when they went with the naked spirits of men to meet the end, quiet and unafraid.

But we can write it down in stone that when their hour struck they made the supreme offering of their lives without flinching and we can weave of the memory of their brave deeds a cable that shall bind those who come after them upon the dangerous deeps to deeds of valor. Thus shall their sacrifice live on and flower continually in the lives of men.

The First Sod Turned

The first sod for the war memorial to Merchant Seamen was turned on July 1st. We began the work on faith without sufficient funds to pay for it, but believing that the American people would not permit the sacrifice of these men to go permanently unhonored.

In response to our last appeal a great many kind thoughts and dollar bills were transmuted into bricks, for this memorial, but not enough to finance the undertaking.

One man asked us to lay five for

his children, one woman took thirteen for as many grandchildren, a number on their own account took twenty and twenty-five, and one man five hundred, but it takes a good many, brick by brick, to build a Fifteen Thousand Dollar Memorial Stage.

Some of the letters which came with these gifts were so inspiring that we have ventured to quote from them:

* * * * *

Be kind enough to hand in this check for a brick in the Memorial Stage in Jeanette Park. I wish it might be five times the amount.

* * * * *

Enclosed please find \$10.00 for the War Memorial. Should like to have sent the enclosed long ago, but it seemed such a small amount towards the sum required.

I think it is an excellent plan to send out these slips, and I cannot but feel that every one of the readers of the **Lookout** will avail themselves of this privilege and opportunity of sharing in so glorious a cause.

* * * * *

I take pleasure in sending my check for \$1.00 for the War Memorial fund in memory of those who served us so faithfully.

* * * * *

I am much interested in the article in the **Lookout** for June entitled "Shall they be Forgotten?"

In my opinion the Merchant Service played a great and glorious part in the war and contributed to the successful outcome thereof in a very large degree and I should like to be permitted to add my small subscription towards the memorial to be raised in the memory of those who perished at sea during the trying years we were fighting, and enclose herewith my check with my best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

GLOSTER ARMSTRONG.

British Consul General, New York.

No Use for Humans

Truly pride goeth before a fall. Just as the **Institute** was about to be a little vain, because after years of being away from the sea, this was the first place the young ex-seaman thought of when he found himself with a lost old lady, somebody turned up with this story.

There is a seaman among us upon whom we have lavished all the blandishments we know—free concerts, home hours, services, consultations on his welfare, and in spite of everything he has “no use for humans.”

Indeed, he is so soured on his kind, in this and other ports, that the only outlet he finds for the kindness that lurks in all of us, is to daily visit the Fulton Street fish market and buy twenty-five cents' worth of food to distribute to the cats of the neighborhood.

Incidentally, he has his revenge, for when you hear them singing in chorus on your back fence o' nights

it is probably a hymn of thanksgiving to the man who has “no use for humans.”

Ignorance About Sailors

Rev. A. B. L. Karney (Bishop-Elect of Johannesburg, former Seamen's Chaplain at San Francisco and Buenos Ayres), speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Missions to Seamen in London, said:

“I am amazed very much at the ignorance of people about sailors. We know about the liners and the big ships, but only a little about the coasters and the tramps—those wonderful tramps that I used to look at from the deck of a cruiser in the North Sea during the war. You saw some funny old thing waddling along at nine knots, and one man on watch with a pipe upside down in his mouth, while on our bridge there was the captain, the officer of the watch, the navigator, the lookout, and I know not what else. And the funny old tramp would waddle by, and you would hear a naval officer say, “Those fellows have got some pluck.” And these people go to every part of the world and never know when they are coming home. Nobody takes much notice of them except two classes—those who are determined to get their money and those who are determined to help them, either the crimp and land shark on the one hand or The Missions to Seamen on the other.

“Then you can think of the great liners and the men in the Navy. I once gave a lecture on the Navy and got into very severe trouble. It was in a prison camp in Germany when

I was a prisoner of war there. I mentioned the battle of Jutland, and there was a German spy in the room. I said, 'The Hun fleet then retired and we could see them against the western sky,' and I got four days' punishment. The punishment I got then would be nothing to what I should deserve if I dared to talk about the Navy in the presence of an Admiral of the Fleet!

"Just think of all those men on the seven seas, the officers, and sailors, and firemen, and all that they have endured. Think of that class so often forgotten—the engineers. I do not believe that in all the country there is a more efficient class of men than the engineers of our tramp steamers. You know them by their look, pale through being below so much, but you do not perhaps know what they have to put up with in some of the tramps. 'I have got a rum job here,' said one of them, which means that his machinery is in pretty dicky condition. Yet in spite of all that they have to go through they always come up smiling.

"I know that this is not a sermon, but one of the first things we in the Church of England have got to do is to say our prayers properly, and one of the passages to private prayer is through the door of intercession. Pray for these men in their temptation, pray for the work of our Society. I live in a University City and I am amazed at the ignorance about The Missions to Seamen. Make it your business to tell your friends about this great Society and to interest them in it, telling them

that he who assists it is doing so much for the Empire."

Lost in New York

An old lady went into a restaurant in down town New York the other evening, sat down in a chair and began to cry. The diners and help crowded around her, but she was a foreigner without a word of English with which to explain her trouble to the group of sympathizers.

Presently a young man, of Slavic origin, left his table and came over to see what was the matter, and he was able to understand that she was a Lithuanian, who had come to New York to take the boat back to her own country. She had visited the Agent of the ship, and left her money and ticket there, and had not been able to find her way back.

When they saw that the young man understood her the others withdrew and left him to deal with the situation alone, but he didn't know, any more than they did, what to do with an old lady who was lost. He questioned her. She didn't remember the street, or the name of the company or the name of the agent. She was a sweet-faced old lady, and the young man wanted desperately to help her, but he didn't know how. At last, he had an idea. Some years ago he had been a seaman; whenever he was in any difficulty he went to the **Seamen's Church Institute**.

With a gleam of hope in his eyes he told the old lady to "come along," and he brought her down to the **Institute**, and hunted up the Chaplain-Who - Gives - Advice, who speaks

nearly all the languages there are, except Lithuanian. But another man was present, who understood the Lithuanian tongue. Nothing more could be learned from her. She knew the name of the boat, but nothing else. The worry and excitement had driven everything from her mind. So there she sat and talked incoherently in Lithuanian, while the three men stood around her in a quandary.

The Chaplain-Who-Gives Advice will try anything in an emergency, and although it was nine o'clock at night he called the office of the boat on which the old lady was to sail. And it just happened that there was one department open. From it he got the name of the Lithuanian Agent. When they got in touch with him they found he had been as much worried by losing the old lady as they had been by finding her, and he said he would come right down himself and get her.

When they told the old lady she was so happy, and so grateful. She wanted to pay the young ex-seaman, who smiled and shook his head, "No, mother," he said, kindly, "I was glad to do it."

When the House Mother gave her some picture post cards of the **Institute** she again took out her purse. It seemed as if she had never before had anything done for her without having to pay for it.

The Chaplain who is not able to carry on a conversation in the Lithuanian language, can read the Psalms in that tongue, and to pass the time of waiting he brought a Lithuanian Bible and read to the old lady that

beautiful 121st Psalm, which begins "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," and ends

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and even for evermore."

At the words the sweet old face lighted up, and when he had finished she said, softly and reverently, "Batuschka," which means Pope.

He Couldn't Get In

Sometimes the sign language works. Sometimes it doesn't, or maybe the manager of our Employment Bureau is not an expert in its use. Certain it is that he had some difficulty in telling a seaman, with nearly all the letters of the alphabet jumbled together for a name, that he was to go to Room 208, at 261 Broadway, to get a job.

After the employment man had used all the gestures with which he is familiar, and had raised his voice to the right pitch for addressing foreigners, it seems as if he must have conveyed his thought to the stolid looking man who was seeking employment.

At any rate the seaman grunted and went away.

A little later he appeared again at the Employment Office, wearing a worried expression.

"Couldn't get in," he said, with more concern than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Why couldn't you get in?" the employment man asked.

The man shrugged and spread out his hands expressively; "Dun no,

wouldn't let me in."

Suddenly the head of the Bureau had an inspiration. He took the man by the arm and led him outside. "Show me where you went," he demanded.

The man pointed to a large downtown hotel. "Wouldn't let me in room 208," he repeated plaintively.

Helping Recreation Work

The following letter has been received from the Treasurer of the Men's Club of Christ Church, Staten Island, New York. It seems a particularly suitable activity for such an organization, and the **Institute** is most grateful for their assistance.

Rev. A. R. Mansfield,
Seamen's Church Institute,
25 South Street, N. Y. C.
Reverend Sir:

It gives me pleasure to enclose herewith in behalf of the Men's Club of Christ Church, a check in the amount of \$127.25.

It is the desire of the members that their donation be used in connection with the recreation work for the Seamen's Outdoor Memorial Stage.

Yours very truly,
JEROME C. SEMON,
Treasurer.

Movies in the Park

A tardy electrician and the lagging darkness combined to delay the starting of the first of the outdoor movie shows in Jeanette Park.

Before the machine and the night were ready the neighborhood arrived. From streets and alleys all about there poured out bare-headed and bare-legged children, sometimes

accompanied by their parents, sometimes a small boy or girl acting as guardian for a smaller. They sat down in orderly rows in front of the screen and waited with admirable patience for the pictures to begin.

Because joy and sorrow are twins there had to be a few little heart-aches over it, and one of the **Institute** workers had her pleasure dimmed for a moment by a flaxen haired mite who demanded, "What dime is it?"

The childish eyes begged her to say that it was early, but a mother lurking in the background, and the habits of a lifetime compelled her to admit that it was 9:15.

His face fell as he turned about and trudged away. A little later the worker saw him being led unwillingly to bed.

The rest of us waited, a shifting, elusive audience, in a fantastic setting. A strong, cool, salt wind blew in from the sea. In the tall, dark buildings all about occasional lighted windows worked out into fantastic designs. The nearer glow of the park lights fell aslant a little band of people and picked out into sharp relief a group of faces; fugitive scraps of conversation drifted to the ears, unattached to any speaker.

When the right moment of darkness had arrived the audience rose and sang with more fervor than accuracy, the Star Spangled Banner.

The feature picture was a melodrama, based on a book of Jules Verne's, and there were some who thought that it might be rather over the heads of the children. But it

was not so. Their joy when the hero arrived by way of a bamboo pole, at the last possible half minute, to rescue the heroine from a hateful marriage to the villain, knew no bounds.

More surprising than their ability to follow the plot was an occasional expression of disbelief from the older ones, when the author had stretched the thin thread of coincidence to the breaking point.

About the Concert Grand

The square piano was not able to raise its voice loud enough on Friday night to keep the back and the front of the audience singing together. It is the spirit of a national song that matters most, but it is easier for sensitive nerves when the whole audience arrives at the same note at the same time.

The man in charge of the concerts is still wondering if there is not a concert grand tucked away in a storeroom somewhere, rusting, rather than wearing, out, which would be glad of the chance to get back into active life, if only its owner could be reached by this appeal.

A Sequel

There was a young man who wrote a note saying that he had only a few cents left, couldn't get work and was too proud to beg, then laid himself down on the bed in one of our rooms and cut his wrist.

He meant that to be the end of the story, but it was only the beginning.

The cut was not deep enough. He was found in the morning in a

pool of blood, but still living. Inevitably he was rushed to the hospital and every effort made to give back to him the life he had tried to discard. It is not permissible to die until one's number goes up.

To be compelled by society to stay in a world of which he was tired seemed to the young man enough of an imposition, and he expected to be discharged from the hospital to take up again the duties and responsibilities of life where he had laid them down. But no. The authorities, who have perhaps never had just so many cents between them and starvation, and have never spent weary months pursuing jobs, which prove will-o-the-wisps, argued that a man who wanted to leave such a pleasant world as this must be insane. They sent him to the Psychopathic ward for observation.

The man explained at great length the desperate situation in which he had found himself, owing to the prejudice against employing foreigners. No use. They insisted that he must be mentally unbalanced.

Finally he appealed to this Institute. The Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up went to see him and secured his release by adopting him and becoming personally responsible for his future conduct.

He came in the other day to report that he had work again and was happy, and he wanted to pay back some money that had been loaned him, and he was going on a long voyage to the Orient, and when he returned he would bring back to the

Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up the finest tea set that was ever made in China. A large promise, but the chaplain waits expectantly.

Keys that Go A-Voyaging

Did you ever stop to think that a key is a symbol of safety and protection just as long as it is in the right hands, but the moment it falls into the hands of strangers it becomes a potential danger.

For the protection of its guests the **Institute** is obliged to assume that from the moment a key disappears it has fallen into the hands of an enemy. Immediately the man in charge of keys is notified, and the lock is changed without a day's delay.

Generally the key has simply gone on a voyage, and neglected to notify the Hotel Desk. They come wandering back to us after lapses of three months, six months and even two years, from every port in the world.

The Little Hollanders

There was no doubt that they were the sons of good families who had run away to sea. When they arrived in New York, unable to speak a word of English, they hunted up the Consul's office, and he sent one of his men to bring them to the **Institute** and to ask us to take very good care of them and keep an eye on them as much as we could.

The man in charge of the Hotel Desk promised that he would, and every morning, as long as the little strangers were with us, he went up to their rooms to see if they were

all right, and once or twice a day he looked them up in the reading rooms, and he tried to think up innocent amusing things that a couple of boys in a strange city and a strange country could do.

If only the anxious parents over in Holland could have known that the lads had a friendly understanding man keeping a kindly eye upon them until they were shipped home.

Both Ugly

He was very drunk. He came up to the Social Department to demand that the **Institute** advance him some money on his deposits in the Savings Department; pretty sure that he wouldn't get it, and prepared to be nasty if he didn't. He was hugging a grievance against society.

Just as he had feared, the Case Worker told him she couldn't give him any more money.

"It's my money," he argued, "an' I got a right to it."

"It's your money in banking hours, and if you come for it then you can always get it."

The man swayed unsteadily, straightened up, and pointed to the top of his ear, which had a piece out of it, "Do you see that ear? I got that in a scrap. I'm ugly when I'm drunk."

The Case Worker was not as much impressed as he had expected her to be, for she looked up with a twinkle in her eye and said, "That's nothing, I'm ugly when I'm sober."

Curiously enough the answer seemed to completely subdue him.

"Well, I guess I lost out," he remarked affably. "Thought it wouldn't do any harm to try."

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK
at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 3620

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Address all communications to

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Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

A Congregation Without a Creed

"We were but man, who for a tale
of days
Seeks the one city by a million
ways."

At a meeting of "Friends" in the city of Providence, a couple of years ago a young Quaker leader set forth this ideal of success for his church, "that the members of it should live so that the Catholic would be a better Catholic and the Jew a better Jew for having come in contact with them."

It is almost on this basis that the religious department of the **Institute** has organized a congregation. One cannot deal with as many different ways of worshipping one God, as pass under our roof in a year, without being thankful that men should worship God at all, or without knowing that, whether it is accompanied by Rosary and incense or rises from the bare benches of

some stern creed, it is good that men should pray.

The seaman is subjected to a peculiar set of temptations. With each voyage he cuts the cable of his past, and sails out free and easy into a world of strangers. The stiff prop of public opinion, which, on land, makes a respectable citizen of many an otherwise spineless individual, does not help the seaman to walk upright among his fellow men. To add to the dangers of his situation he is a stranger in port, and if he seeks out his accustomed church home in a great city like this, he is with, rather than of, the congregation.

Yet in the case of nearly every man who visits our Chapel regularly there is some church that is especially dear to him, some creed that fits more easily with his temperament and prejudices than another.

The problem that confronted our religious department was how to give these men a sense of having the support of other men surrounded by the same temptations, without disturbing those sacred religious ties.

The religious department thinks it has found a way. Those who care to have them are given cards of membership in our congregation, without being obligated thereby to subscribe to any creed. They are banded together as men of the sea, who enjoy meeting regularly to worship God. Twenty belong already, and they represent many faiths, which they have not renounced, but which we hope will

burn the brighter, because the **Institute** is fanning into a flame the spark of religious feeling, which was in danger of being extinguished by adverse conditions.

Home

Two English apprentice boys, staying on a ship in port, had a day off and arranged to meet in the evening on a certain corner to go to a dance up town. Both boys set out to keep the rendezvous and both arrived, as they believed, at the right spot at the right time and waited; at first hopefully, then patiently, finally grimly and indignantly.

After an hour they gave it up and both came to the **Seamen's Church Institute**, where they met.

Comparing notes they found that they had stood at opposite corners of the same cross roads.

"How strange that you should both have come to the **Institute**," said the worker, to whom the story was told.

"No, that wasn't strange," the boy protested. "This is our home on shore."

The Forgetful Ones

Seamen are not the only ones who forget to write home. In Association Men for May, the Y. M. C. A. prints a number of articles showing that the landsman is almost as great a sinner, and with far less excuse. The following extract from an article by William M. Cressy shows how this actor anticipated our Missing Men Department.

I have done a whole lot of things in my life that I wish I had not done.

I have done a few that I am stuck up about. And one of them is that in all my wanderings and skallahooting around the world there has never been a minute when my father and mother did not know where I was. There has never been a week and mighty few days, when I did not send some sort of communication home to The Old Folks. I lost my mother some four or five years ago; but up to that time I never saw a picture-postal-card that I did not buy it and send it home to her. And there was always some little message written on each one. She had book after book of them, covering every town and city in this country and nearly every country in the world.

There is hardly a day passes NOW that some sort of message does not go up to New Hampshire to my Dad.

And I will tell you how I handle this thing too. I buy stamped envelopes by the hundreds. And I either type-write Dad's name and address on them all, or else get them printed. And then each day all I have to do is to scribble off a little note, or clip out a newspaper article, or picture, or put in a picture postal card, and drop it into the nearest mail box. But the addressed envelopes laying there before me make me remember it.

I haven't been home much. But I have got sense enough to realize that we fellows, no matter how old we get, no matter how far away from The Old Nest we wander, no matter how high up the pinnacles of fame or success we may climb, or, for that

matter, however low we may sink, we are never going to be anything but "The Children" to the old folks. Just a lot of irresponsible, irrational boys and girls who should never have been trusted out away from the parental guidance. And no matter how old, or how big, or how low or how high we go, **THEY ARE ALWAYS GOING TO WORRY ABOUT US.** And it does seem as if the least we could do would be to keep them posted as to **WHERE** we are, and how we are doing. You know it is bad enough for Mother to have to worry about her boy or girl **IN ONE PLACE.** But when she has to spraddle that worry all over a whole world it must be awful.

Twice during our stage career mothers have thought they recognized in Mrs. Cressy a Long Lost Daughter. A daughter who, gone away; disappeared and left no trace. And those letters that they wrote to her, asking her to come back to Mother were simply heart rending. And of course these two were just two out of thousands. But they begged her to **JUST WRITE!** To relieve the awful suspense and agony of uncertainty.

Once at Waltham, Mass., a heart broken father and mother came to me and asked me to try and find an erring daughter who had run away. They had no idea in the world where she was or what she was doing. **AND THEY DID NOT CARE—** if they could only find her. And I did find her. But I never told the father and mother about it. They were better off never to know.

In a little New Hampshire town

another mother came to me to try and find in my travels, her son. It took me four years, but I finally located him on a United States Man of War, in a foreign port. He had **JUST FORGOTTEN AND NEGLECTED,** that was all.

How the Lookout is Read

The response to the appeal for the memorial stage has proven that the **Lookout** is widely read. Within a week after the magazine went out we had bricks from every state that had time to reply from big cities and little villages.

Thumbing over one little pile of bricks we found these states represented: New York, Arkansas, Iowa, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Virginia, Washington, D. C., Vermont, Wyoming, Missouri, Minnesota, Ohio, Michigan, West Virginia and Illinois.

You will find more **BRICK SLIPS** in this **Lookout.** Please understand that these are not for those who have already contributed, but we know that many went astray and did not reach their destination, so we are offering another chance to those who would like to share in this Memorial.

A Second Chance

What a year in prison will do for a man depends largely upon the individual. It had apparently taught Fred to value his freedom, judging by the happy light that shone in his eyes as he came into the Employment Bureau office, a little timidly, and announced who he was. The

man in charge of the Employment Bureau recognized the name which he remembered had been signed to a letter from a prisoner at Elmira Reformatory. Surely this could not be a criminal, this small, refined looking American boy, for he was little more than a boy. Perhaps his chin gave the clue. It was a pitifully weak chin, and his story was one of weakness and yielding to temptation.

We had first heard of Fred in a letter he had written to the **S. C. I.** while in prison. In this letter he had told a story which was sordid and not new. He was a carpenter of the kind that works either at sea or ashore, as inclination directs. During one of his spells ashore he worked for a cabinet maker, one of his duties being to collect money. He was tempted to steal, fell and absconded.

Two years later his former employer met him on the street, had him arrested and in spite of appeals for mercy from attorneys and judge at the trial insisted he be punished. His sentence was a term at Elmira and after one year and some odd days he was told he would be paroled if he had a job to which he could go upon his release.

He knew of no one to whom he could appeal for a job and faced the alternative of completing the full length of his prison sentence, until he thought of the **Seamen's Church Institute** where he had sometimes stayed when going to sea.

Our Employment Bureau found a man who was willing to give him a chance to make a fresh start by set-

ting him to work as a carpenter in his factory. So he had been paroled and had come to thank us for what we had done for him. "I know your name," he said as he was welcomed into the office, "it was signed to the letter that brought my release and you bet I'll never forget the **Institute.**"

If, hereafter, that weak chin prove a false clue to Fred's character we shall feel amply rewarded for anything we may have done for him.

John's Wedding

To give atmosphere to his story John arrived at the office of the House Mother with his wedding certificate and a radiant smile. There it was written down in black and white for anybody to see, that on a certain June day John —— had been married to Mary ——, all regular and above board. John was intensely proud of that certificate. He began at the beginning and told Mrs. Roper all about it in a rich Irish brogue impossible to transcribe, but this was the gist of the story:

"I've never had any home or folks that I can remember. Since I was a kid I've knocked around at sea, and lived in institutions, and never belonged anywhere, and one day it came to me that I would like to try living in a real home. So I got a paper and looked up the ads about rooms, and there was one that seemed nice and handy to the job I have, standing by. On my way home from work that night I went around to see about it, and I knew right away that it was the kind of berth I was looking for. There was

a nice old couple and a daughter, who had been very good to the old folks.

"They said they were particular about the kind of roomer they took in. He must be steady. They didn't mind a man who took a glass of beer but they didn't want a man who came home drunk regularly. Well, they decided to give me a tryout, and would you believe it, Mrs. Roper, I hadn't been there two days before I felt as if I had known them all my life. They kept havin' me down to meals until I said to them 'I might just as well be boardin' here the way I'm living on you people and not paying anything for it.'

"And then I began to take the daughter out some. What do you know, Mrs. Roper, she had lived in New York all her life and never been as far up town as Forty-second Street, nor out to Coney Island, and she'd hang onto my arm and exclaim just like a kid fresh from the country."

That part of the tale which deals with the deepening of his regard for the little villager of New York into the strongest possible tie between a man and a woman belongs exclusively to John and Mary, but weddings are public property, so it is no breach of faith to repeat John's description of that happy event.

"She wouldn't let me buy her any clothes, so I thought I'd have to do something and I went uptown and ordered the swellest wedding cake you ever saw. There were two anchors crossed, and below them two hearts joined. I have a friend Tony who is a chef, a regular chef. When

I told Tony I was going to get married he said to me, 'John, don't you worry about the wedding supper. Leave it to me.'

"Tony made up pretty nearly every kind of salad and dessert there is, and he arrived at the last moment in his full uniform, and I tell you Mary's friends stared. They thought they had got into the Ambassador by mistake."

Here John paused, looked around, and lowered his voice. "We had a little something in," he said discreetly, "and I wanted Tony to have some, but he said to me, he did, 'No, John, I've taken this job on and I'm going to finish it.'"

So the self sacrificing Tony continued to serve and the rest danced and sang into the small hours of the morning, and there is not, in the whole city of New York a happier bridegroom than John, for marriage brought him not only love, but the consciousness of being needed, without which life is a very pitiful thing. "Isn't it so?" as John himself would say.

Looked Real

"They are almost as natural as real flowers," the seaman said as he looked at the bouquet one of the employees was carrying.

"They are real," she replied, as she smelled their fragrance.

"And they put perfume on them too," he continued knowingly.

"But they are real—they grew," she repeated.

"I've been fooled before," he insisted, "but them don't fool me. I have seen better in Germany—the last time—"

"Smell them—feel them—do anything you like," the girl said, as she held them toward him, "you are fooled this time. These came out of a garden."

He had to touch them before he was convinced and we did not wonder when we saw a window box in the House Mother's Office. It was brought to her from Germany, and we had to look two or three times and feel the flowers too, before we could have any assurance that they would not wither.

It was some days before Mrs. Roper knew who brought the box or where they came from, but seamen are very human like other men, and seldom keep the light of their good deeds permanently under a bushel. Finding that Mrs. Roper was not going to discover him by intuition the sender very tactfully disclosed himself by asking her if she got the box of carnations—and then he enjoyed the thanks he was waiting for, with more or less patience.

Personality

He was sitting waiting on the bench in the Social Department, his hair standing straight on end, his eyes shining, youth and adventure, and confidence in our good intentions oozing from him.

The workers, three of them at once, were rushing about looking for the man with the key for the storeroom to get out of it a clean shirt and a tie for the lad, so that he might be sent out to a job looking respectable. "He's got to be up-ton by seven," they told each other anxiously, while he left his affairs in their hands with an abandon of trust that gripped the heart.

After they had him dressed up in a nice blue cambric shirt and a clean tie, and each one of them had given him some motherly or fatherly advice, as the case might be, they sent him off to his job.

An hour later he came back. He had missed the job by five minutes, thanks to their anxiety that he should "put his best foot forward."

He stood behind the desk, his radiance undimmed, his confidence in their omniscience unshaken.

Hurriedly they called up the Hotel Desk to make sure that he should have a bed. Then he was given meal tickets, and it was planned to get him a job that would take him away from the men in the lobby the next day.

There was something about the boy that made every person who came in contact with him feel an urgent desire to protect him from the experiences and disillusionments of life into which he was prepared to run full tilt with such joyous abandon.

It came out that it was his first time away from home, and he was thrilled to think of the great adventure upon which he had embarked.

When he was talking he would bite his lips sometimes, as if he was almost overcome with excitement. He had come up on a freight train from Philadelphia, and wanted to go to sea, to visit foreign countries.

Nobody at the **Institute** wants him to go to sea or anywhere else that will spoil that appealing youthful spirit, but they know that, on land or water, the morning of life must increase to the full day.

Kindred

Some time ago a young man in the Lobby might have been seen, standing very still, his eyes fixed steadily on an older man who was talking to some friends. The young man moved several times, when someone came between him and the man he was watching, and with each move he found himself nearer the older man. Finally he surreptitiously felt in the inside pocket of his coat, and fumbled among his papers, until he found a photograph, that he took out and looked at closely, then from it he again looked at the man.

Fifteen years is a long time, and the young man could not be more than twenty-five, but so sure was he that in a minute he stepped up to the older man and said in a low tone, "I would like to speak to you alone."

The older man looked steadily at him, and almost unconsciously his right hand strayed toward his pocket. He saw before him the fair hair and ruddy features of one of his Scandinavian countrymen, and thinking him in trouble, he felt for a coin. Many men were out of work, he had helped more than he could count, and had been helped by them. Just now he was in luck and he would add another.

"I—I don't want that," the young man said brusksly, then he stammered, "Ain't you—don't you know me?"

Still the older man did not speak, and the boy stammered, "I knew you from the picture," and he handed him the faded photograph

of a family group, the father and mother sitting down and a family of six children around them.

"You—you are not Halmar?" the older man said slowly, and he pointed to a boy of about ten in the photograph.

"I am," the younger replied breathlessly, "and you are Guy. I knew you the minute I saw you. Mother said I might find you—she wanted me to."

The older man put out his hand, and the brothers shook hands, neither saying a word; then they walked out together, the older resting his arm on the shoulder of the younger.

It was just a few days ago that the older brother was in the Lobby again alone. He waited until one of the Chaplains came through and then he approached him. The Chaplain recognized him at once and asked for Halmar.

"That is why I wish to speak to you," the older brother said in a choked voice; "I have just had word that he is dead—he went up State on a barge—and when he got sick he sent for me. I was up three weeks ago and left him all the money I had. He was a good boy—he was—and I want him buried right, Sir—I can't abear that he shouldn't have Christian burial, and I think I could raise fifty dollars among the boys—they liked him, they did, but maybe that wouldn't be enough. And I don't know how to go about it."

So the Chaplain went about it, with the assurance that the Institute would help him to give the boy such a burial as would comfort, as much

as such things can comfort, the old mother far away.

And then it was found that the message about his death had been delayed, but Halmar had been such a good boy, the Consul had taken charge and given him decent burial, in a Christian home for the dead.

"And he sent for me," the older brother said over and over again as he talked of it; "he wanted me, Halmar did, and he was a good boy. Everybody liked him, but it was me he wanted. He sent for me."

Youth

He came into the office of the Social Department one Sunday with a sprightly step and an upright carriage. He had smooth, rosy, pink cheeks and flashing dark eyes.

To the social worker in charge he explained that he would like to be helped out with the price of a meal. He had made his way up from New Orleans and hadn't had anything to eat since Saturday.

"How long have you been going to sea?" the worker asked automatically, pen poised above the paper, but sat up suddenly when the visitor replied: "Sixty-eight years, sir."

They sat and looked at each other, the social worker with the tolerant smile one wears when trying to rise to another's sense of humor.

"No, but seriously," he said, "won't you tell me how long you have been going to sea? It is just a matter of form."

The seaman smiled. "I'm not kid-

din' you, sir. I've been going to sea for sixty-eight years. Here's my birth certificate."

He was born in 1842.

The social worker looked him over again. He could still see no evidence in the brilliant eyes, or the upright figure, of the years through which he had passed, but at last his glance fell upon the hands, and it was here that the years and experiences of life had left their signature. They were harsh and mottled as the hands of extreme age are apt to be.

Aside from those betraying hands he was so young that he had succeeded in getting into the army during the late war, and went through that experience unscathed, while two of his sons were killed.

The young old man merely asked for a job, and a little help to tide him over, but the Chaplain thought he had made his contribution to the Merchant Marine, and is trying to get him into Snug Harbor. We are all a little worried, however, lest such a jaunty, virile person may resent his association with the elderly men in that retreat.

Rebuilt Lives

The Religious Department believes that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at its flood leads on to fortune."

The seaman is a fatalist, and is indolently sure that what is to happen will happen, or as the Egyptian saying has it, "The fate of every man have we bound about his neck."

But, at any rate, whether he marches up to the cross roads of his

own free will or is driven there by an inexorable destiny there comes a time when a man must decide what he is going to do with his life.

The tendency for seamen is to choose to remain adrift. They have dilatory minds, which instinctively defer decisions until after the next voyage. Perhaps the finest work the **Institute** does is to help young men past the crossroad.

Quite some time ago there was mentioned in the **Lookout** a young seaman, who came to the chaplain's office complaining that the home hour should not be confined to the men who went to church.

It might be difficult for an outsider to understand how such an unpropitious beginning could be the basis for a genuine friendship between the young seaman and the chaplain. But so it was.

The other day he came to the chaplain's office for a friendly chat and the chaplain asked him what he was going to do.

The seaman wanted to be vague, but the chaplain pushed the question home. Then it came out that back in the seaman's mind there had always lurked the half-formed purpose to finish his medical course, of which he had already taken two years.

The chaplain urged him to begin right away, now, before he had gone on another voyage.

The seaman didn't think he could, but the chaplain found him work at Bellevue Hospital, and he is going to take up his studies in the fall. Another year or two and it might have been impossible to save this

man, who was never completely satisfied with sea life, from drifting idly into a discontented and bitter old age.

That the Work May Go On

As one walks through this House of Memories and reads the bronze tablets on the doors one is reminded that, at the longest, the distance between birth and death is short and is soon traversed.

This **Institute**, not the building alone, but the atmosphere of it, is the product of thousands of men and women, many of whom are no longer living. Some of them helped us during their lives. Others are still helping us, through legacies, which make it easier for us to meet the emergencies of this ever-growing work.

For those of you who would like to still carry a little of the burden after you can no longer actively participate in the work we would suggest the following form of bequest:

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 corporated purposes.

If land or any specific personal property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words "the sum of Dollars."

General Summary of Work

JUNE, 1922

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services, A. M.	4	70
Sunday Services, P. M.	4	397
Communion Services	3	22
Bible Classes	3	162
Gospel Meetings	4	71
Miscellaneous Services	2	57
Weddings	2	
Funerals	0	
Baptisms	1	

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL NO. 21, STATEN ISLAND

Sunday Services, A. M.	1	30
Communion Services	0	
Funerals	6	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Home Hours	4	280
Entertainments	9	3,318
Lodgings Registered		24,237
Incoming Mail for Seamen		15,186
Dunnage Checked		4,655
Packages Literature Distributed		41
Knitted Articles Distributed		43

Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing	469
Assisted through Loan Fund	68
Baggage and Minor Relief	93
Cases in Institute Clinic	724
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	66
Referred to Other Organizations	18
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	17

Employment

Men Shipped	638
Shore Jobs	162

Visits

To Hospitals	27
To Patients	59
Other Visits	15

Sea View Hospital

To Hospital	5
Number of hours	14 $\frac{3}{4}$

U. S. Marine Hospital

To Hospital	16
Number of hours	63 $\frac{3}{4}$

Hudson St. Hospital

To Hospital	2
Number of hours	2 $\frac{3}{4}$

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	28
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation	4
First Aid Lectures	15

SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits	\$38,511.60
Withdrawals	42,688.30
Transmissions	10,623.51

Bricks in the Merchant Seamen War Memorial

To provide a brick to help construct the great Outdoor Stage in Jeanette Park, Port of New York, near Battery Park, in honor of Seamen who, too, did their bit in the Great War, fill in the Slip inserted in **Look-out**, so that your name may be recorded, and mail with \$1.00.

*"Without fervor of battle
or privilege of fame"*