

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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JULY 1919

No. 7

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

A Little Brother to Noah

Lulled by the gently persisting rain outside, Sam sat on the lowest step in the vestibule, holding his very wet little dog close against his own damp coat. It was nearly midnight and Sam was sleepily drunk. Don't speculate about where he got alcohol, because this happened before July 1st.

A seaman, entering after an evening which had been both joyous and temperate, stopped to speak to Sam and the dripping dog.

"Get up, man, and get a room here, or a bed in the dormitory. I guess I can spare you 20 cents if you ain't got it," he urged amiably.

Sam aroused himself and readjusted his moist comrade.

"They wouldn't give me a room here because I'm too drunk. It is against the rules to take you in unless you are almost sober.

The sympathetic seaman glanced out into the down-pour and then he sighed.

"It's too bad, Sam. I suppose you will have to move out of this vestibule pretty soon.

But Sam only smiled cheerfully.

"Oh, well," he said, "if the good Lord lets it keep on raining, I can sign on as second mate on the Ark by morning—and my dog for cabin boy!"

The International Bank

"My money, my discharge papers, and my two scarf-pins," said Carl. "I left them all in my room."

He met a bored glance from the staff worker who conducted him upstairs.

"Of course, I'd be very sorry if they were gone, but I expect you will find them right where you left them."

Carl shook his head gloomily.

"I suppose I deserve to lose them, but I never was so careless before."

Once in his room he lost no time looking through his bag. He went directly to the bed, picked up the

pillow, and thrust his hand down inside the pillow slip. A wide smile broke over his worried face, as his fingers closed on his valuables.

"That's not a bad banking idea," commented the Institute worker.

"Why, it's the safest in the world!" cried Carl happily, "though it is a bit lumpy to sleep on, especially when I am paid off in silver, or when a scarf-pin gets ambitious and tries to work its way out!"

A Movie Plot

Nobody would suspect one of the Institute Bibles to figure in a dramatic bit of crime, but one of them did.

Last month an officer of the Federal Court came to the building and asked to see one of the Bibles which are placed upon the table of every bedroom in the building. He wanted one that had been used: it was necessary as a piece of evidence, and a few days later we discovered the circumstances that led to his visit.

A man, in the employ of the German government, had, during the war, gone to sea as a mess boy. He was not a regular seaman, but he managed to secure a job. And among his belongings he had a Bible with Seamen's Church Institute stamped upon its cover. We have not found out where he got it, as the records do not show that he ever stopped in the building, but the book was in his possession.

In these Bibles are two fly leaves of plain white paper and on these were written important messages in

invisible ink. When Robinson (the spy) got on board ship, he went at once to the ship's library and put the book on the shelves. The careful search of his belongings at Halifax revealed nothing. And, of course, the investigation of the books in the library was very casual. When he got to the other side he managed to get the book again from the library, tear out the leaves containing the messages and deliver them.

Of course, he was extremely clever to take a position as mess boy, for only in that way would he have had access to the ship's library. And anyhow, even if the search officers had gone through his things, they would scarcely have suspected a Bible, with the name of an institution stamped upon it. Robinson was not under suspicion, moreover, so skilfully had he covered his operations.

In Europe he got a message to bring back to America and this he pasted inside the black paper which faces the Bible's binding. On board ship again he put his book in the library until he landed, came ashore with it and delivered the message. He was tried for treason, accused by Mme. Marie K. de Victoria, who admitted that she had written the secret messages which were to be delivered to the German Consul-General in Rotterdam.

The plan sounds like a particularly ingenious movie plot. There is something peculiarly innocent about the Bible that lies, often unopened, on a bedroom table. Robinson chose extremely well for his purpose.

Sailing to Amusement

"We used to say on ship-board, when the work was pretty hard, 'Well, bye and bye Coney Island.'"

He was a young British seaman, sitting on the deck of the J. Hooker Hamersley, bound for the first evening picnic in Steeplechase Park.

"I didn't realize that you boys liked Coney Island so much," the House Mother told him, moving her camp stool a bit nearer and looking interested.

"Sure we do," put in a Norwegian, whose English was distinctly American. "Most fellows that have any ambition go to Coney Island every time they land in this port, in the summer time."

The little launch of the Institute was comfortably filled. At one end the men were singing "Old Kentucky Home" though not one of them had ever been nearer Kentucky than Norfolk, Va. Those who did not sing discussed the harbor craft, looked pityingly upon the groups of white-clad sailor boys at the Crescent Athletic Club Naval Station, and made plans for their arrival at the Island.

"Pretty nice, sailing somewhere when you don't have to do the work," another English boy remarked to the House Mother. He lighted a cigar, one of the Institute's smokes, and watched the slender wake that the launch made.

"Not many places you could stay in this town where they'd bother to take you on a party like this," an American seaman reminded him.

"Before I heard about the Institute hotel, I used to stay in boarding houses, anywhere I happened to find one. Those places were terrible. They were so dirty. Why, if you paid twenty cents for a bed, it would cost you \$1.50 the next day because you'd have to throw away all your underwear."

His companions nodded understandingly. Most of the men on the trip called the Institute home. They were old friends, returning after each voyage, keeping interested eyes upon the changes, improvements and developments in the big building on the water's edge.

"We'll be there in ten minutes," one of the men said at last, measuring the distance to the beckoning lights of the famous amusement park with a practiced eye.

The launch tied up to the Steeplechase pier and the men received combination tickets which admitted them to all the important rides and fun-makers.

"We want to go on those horses. That's something like sport," the British boy exclaimed, not caring whether he seemed childishly excited or not.

In the Park they scattered into groups, advised by the members of the Institute staff that the Hamersley would start on the return trip at 10:30.

The more enterprising ones started at once for the roller coasters. Some of them walked about, watching the shrieking girls and boys who entrusted themselves to the slides where

you sit down and let the laws of gravity do the rest. Many of them hurried to the big carousel.

"I haven't ridden on one of these things since I was a kid," an American seaman said rather sheepishly to the House Mother, who was searching for the gentler forms of spinning about.

It was a pleasantly tired, high-spirited crowd who made the homeward trip back to the dock just opposite the Institute on South Street.

"Did you try those stairs that send you back every time you try to climb one?" Dick called across the deck to one of his shipmates.

"There's a way to do those things. I spent the evening trying to keep in the middle of that whirling platform."

Those who had separated compared experiences. They forgot that tomorrow, or next week, they would be signing on for long days of drudgery and monotony. They laughed together with the complete carelessness of children.

"It's a good thing you don't get settled so that you can't enjoy being silly sometimes," the most talkative British boy said to the House Mother, moving her chair out of the wind.

They sang vigorously sailing home, putting an augmented enthusiasm into the old melodies. They attempted to sing rounds, but everybody got confused doing "Three Blind Mice" and they finally gave it up.

"Just like having your own private yacht," the American seaman, who had discoursed so lucidly about

boarding houses, said, when the Hamersley docked and the men had only to cross the street to their waiting beds.

More evening and day time picnics are being planned. Perhaps the Hamersley will try the Hudson River next time and take the seamen to Palisades Park. We shall be very glad of contributions to the Picnic Fund. Thirty-five dollars will pay for an outing for from 50 to 60 men, supplying them with smokes, entertainment and transportation.

Tattooing Neatly Done

Gaudy red serpents and blue anchors ornament the sign of the tattoo man, who has an office two doors from the Institute. He guarantees to tattoo neatly and efficiently but not painlessly; one can't have everything.

Walter was nursing a swollen arm one day last week and the Desk Man inquired politely about it.

"Well," Walter explained, slightly embarrassed, "my girl always said that in the stories about seamen she had read they were all tattooed. I tried to tell her that it was old fashioned and the modern seamen didn't go in for that stuff any more. But she said she thought it looked more nautical. Women read too much nowadays," he reflected cynically.

"But what did you have tattooed on your arm?" asked the Desk Man curiously. Walter unwrapped a clean handkerchief bandage and exposed two very excited looking dragons.

"No sense to them," Walter commented wearily, "but I knew she wouldn't be satisfied unless it looked fierce."

The Benighted Hindu

If he had said his name was Lajat Rai or something more thoroughly East Indian, he might have sounded more picturesque, but he could not have looked more completely forlorn.

"James Martin I am," he told the Man Who Gives Advice, and then he asked humbly if he might sit down.

He had been wandering about the city all day, searching for his ship.

"I leave the hospital this morning over there," he said, pointing toward what he supposed to be Brooklyn. He had no money and had had nothing to eat. His discovery of the British Consul had not helped him very much. After going to Lloyds, the U. S. Shipping Commissioner's office, someone sent him to the Institute. By that time our shipping office was closed. He had no hospital discharge, but finally he produced a letter addressed to the British Consul which he had neglected to deliver.

"I not understand this country," he repeated several times, looking very much dazed by his experiences. Eighteen days in a hospital bed do not tend to give a man any great degree of self-confidence and ingenuity, particularly when he has collected only scattered words of English.

"I'll call the hospital. I think it

will be all right," reassured the Man Who Gives Advice, deciding that James Martin needed a paternal arm about him.

The doctor at the hospital asked the Institute to keep Martin over night, give him dinner and breakfast and assured us of payment.

"I know this," the Hindu exclaimed, his eyes gleaming when the lunch counter man put before him a plate of food that included rice. The next morning he was carefully delivered to the captain at the Maritime Exchange and assigned to his ship.

Martin put a confiding hand upon the Man Who Gives Advice's arm when he said good-bye.

"I not forget you," he promised solemnly.

Peter Pays Up

There was an entry in the Log Book on May 16th which read simply:

"Peter Smith is given a loan of \$2.00. He has a ticket to Philadelphia and a letter showing that he is to report for a position as second engineer. The loan is to pay for transportation of baggage and for his food until he boards his ship tomorrow at noon.

On June 21st Peter came into the office of the Relief Man.

"Here you are. Use the balance for some other chap that gets into a hole as I did. And thanks." He put a five dollar bill upon the desk and hurried away before there was time to expostulate.

Lurking Tragedy

Tragedy always lies very close to the Institute work. There is never time to brood about this phase of contact with the lives of thousands of mariners, but sometimes a case comes to us that leaves a distinct shock of sadness.

One Monday morning a few weeks ago the third officer of an American liner came into the Relief Office.

"I don't feel very well and I heard you had a sort of clinic here. I live in Holland, but I'm engaged to an American girl, and I want to get patched up so that I can go to see her. She lives in a small town about a hundred miles from New York."

The Relief Man took the officer's temperature, found it alarmingly high and sent for an ambulance. Wednesday morning the hospital reported that the man from Holland had died.

We sent the Hamersley out to his ship, anchored in the stream, secured his dunnage, and tried to find the address of his fiancée in order to notify her. There were no letters or identifying papers of any sort. Finally, without further guarantee, the man was buried in the Institute plot. Later his wages were turned over to us, and after deducting the most economical funeral charges, we turned the money remaining and his personal effects over to the Dutch Consul.

But the girl in that up-State town? What will she think when she does not hear from her fiancé

any more? Will she decide that all seamen are fickle, and that he has merely grown tired of her? Will she search the papers for news of shipwreck? Will she possibly come to New York and make inquiries?

Port O' Missing Men

"It isn't so much that we are all careless about writing home," a young seaman said thoughtfully to the Inquiry Man the other day, when told that his family had been making feverish efforts to locate him for nearly a year. "Sometimes we sail on ships that touch at some port and don't even give us time to go ashore."

"But your mail could be sent ashore, couldn't it?"

"Yes," agreed the seaman, "but somehow unless we go to some writing room, where there are pens and papers we don't get around to writing. You know a bunk on shipboard isn't very large, and that is about the only place a man has any privacy. And, of course, none of us write letters easily."

Through the Institute's Inquiry Department there were nine men traced and put in contact with mothers, fathers, sisters, wives and friends during the month of April. In May there were 12 and in June there were 23 men located.

Letters come to us constantly, "Please try to find my son William. He is eighteen, ran away to sea six months ago and I have not heard from him." Or.

"If John Harrison comes to your building, please tell him that his

mother is very sick and anxious about him."

With very inadequate descriptions and very meagre details, the Inquiry Department makes every possible effort to find missing seamen. Pasting notices upon the bulletin boards sometimes helps, and the people at the Hotel Desk are as vigilant as their demanding duties permit.

A boy went up to the House Mother's office one day last week.

"I'm Tom Burns. I saw downstairs that you wanted to see me."

"Why, Tom," she began kindly, "don't you know that your sister has been terribly worried about you? When do you think you last wrote to her?"

Tom considered this carefully. "It must have been last summer. I thought she'd know I was all right. I have her address marked in my papers so she'd be notified if anything happened to me."

"But so many things can happen to and your papers and your dunnage when you go to sea," argued the House Mother. Tom hung his head, embarrassed and a bit guilty.

"Women do a lot of worrying, don't they? But I'll try to write more often now. Maybe I will get to see her next trip."

Two Pianos Needed

Over at the North River Station on West Street, they need two upright pianos. A surprising number of seamen play very well, and a good many more can play sufficiently for their own amusement and the entertainment of their shipmates on dull days and idle

evenings ashore.

Please send us that piano that you have been planning to give away, without any particular objective. We should like the pianos to be in good condition, but of course the make is not important. It does not matter so much if the case is slightly scratched, if the felts are not badly worn.

The pianos should be sent to North River Station, 347 West St., c/o Allan Gookin, Supt.

Laundry Equipment \$3,000.00

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

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

This is one of the most important gifts for which the Lookout has asked in many months. Clean bedding for seamen has almost been an Institute slogan, and any additional equipment which makes the laundry more efficient and a more comfortable place for those who work in it is enormously valuable.

\$3,000 is the cost of the new drier. It is not too practical to be given as a memorial, or merely as a gift to the comfort ashore of the seamen.

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Edmund L. Baylies,.....President
Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer
Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
OR
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Tablet Unveiled

On Sunday, June 22nd, an exceedingly interesting memorial service was held in the Chapel of our Saviour, when the tablet in memory of the Rev. Isaac Maguire was unveiled. The address, made by Dr. Mansfield, explains so vividly what Mr. Maguire meant to the community that the *Lookout* is publishing it in full:

"Nearly fifty years ago at the beginning of his ministry and at the close, 30 years later, the Rev. Isaac Maguire took as a text for his first and last sermons the words from the Psalmist inscribed on yonder tablet: 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed.'" It has seemed to me fitting to dwell on these words for a time this afternoon as we recall the fine, forceful life and character of the man to whom they meant so much.

Isaac Maguire knew that the one thing that most hinders the growth of God's church, the growth of grace and knowledge in individual Christians is the lack of stability, the absence of fixedness of purpose. He recognized forcefully in his preach-

ing the many elements or factors included in a well-developed human character, and that if any element were lacking, there is a defect.

It was about this time in the afternoon, and at this season of the year, you would see him on yonder dock under a tent, surrounded by his mixed congregation, towering above all, standing in his robes, leading in the simple service, and hear him preaching a simple Gospel. Let us visualize him standing out there now and announcing the text 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed.'

He is saying to us that there must be truthfulness, honesty, gentleness and generosity, justice tempered with mercy; there must be a spirit of forbearance and forgiveness—all these and many other factors enter into an all around strong personality. But, if lying back of all these, as a firm foundation upon which to build, there is not a persistent, enlightened, well-considered determination, a masterful well-directed purpose, that cannot be turned aside; a reserve force that enables one to abide his time (meanwhile keeping clearly in mind the object and end in view), with no doubts as to the final results; if such an element is not a factor and a very prominent factor in human character, there will, to say the least, be only a partial success in any calling of life, and this is profoundly true in our Christian calling.

Nowhere do we need greater determination and more persistent effort than in the developing of a strong Christian character. 'My heart

is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed,' must be the supreme thought, ever in mind.

If for any cause, there is the slightest tendency to slacken effort, fall back on that first firm resolve, 'My heart is fixed.' I have once made a decision. I may be halted, may be buffeted by storm and tempest, may for a brief moment be turned out of my course, may be becalmed, but as from time to time I take my bearings and make my reckonings, it will be discovered that there has been a real advance, a substantial gain. This will be the inevitable result in every case, for fixedness of purpose joined with faithful endeavor is bound to tell.

Isaac Maguire gave his life to the Christian ministry and the record of that life was the answer to that resolve, 'My heart is fixed.' His object in life clearly outlined, he pursued it with the experience and earnestness that come from the personal gain and joy of loving Christian service.

He was influential, he was respected, he was loved and the secret was in his consecrating his life and all his mental, moral and spiritual possessions to the service of his fellow man, ever ready to help men to help themselves.

His Christian faith was made manifest by his faithfulness in good works, by his living he made the world better and brought higher ideals into the lives of thousands of his fellows. His was a fixedness of purpose, a positive influence. He once

put himself on the side of Christ and his church and there he stood to the end, in dark days, and in the sunshine, working on in faith and hope and love, ever true to God, to his church and to himself.

Isaac Maguire was born in Ireland on June 22nd, 1838, eighty-one years ago today. He came to this country in 1862 at the age of twenty-four.

After a few years in business, he decided to consecrate his life to the Christian ministry and was ordained deacon on December 17, 1869, by Bishop Horatio Potter, in the Chapel of the Holy Saviour in this city; he became an assistant to the rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Stanton Street, where later was built the pro-cathedral of this diocese.

On June 16, 1872, forty-seven years ago, he became a missionary of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and entered upon the work of the Society, in charge of the Coenties Slip Station across from here where he spent the rest (30 years) of his ministry, serving the canal-boat peoples, many hundreds of families, constantly moving here and there on their boats, and dependent for the most part upon his ministry.

In February, 1877, he was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Potter in the Floating Church of Our Saviour, where I began my ministry in January, 1896.

After 30 years' faithful and loyal service Mr. Maguire retired on May 1st, 1902. At the time of his death, on July 29, 1909, he had just completed his fortieth year in the ministry.

"Oh, happy spirits, marked by God and man, their messages of love to bear." To be found worthy, to be sent forth as a servant, to do work in God's vineyard; to be sent to render God's service through ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of his people, was to Isaac Maguire to enjoy God's special favor and to exercise to His glory the various gifts of grace with which God had endowed him.

Isaac Maguire was a "good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith" and can thus be described because in his daily life he gave evidence of the possession of the Holy Spirit and Christian faith, by his devotion to Christian duty and the good works which he was constantly doing.

Only when the books of the Judgment Day are opened and the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, will it be known how many persons' lives were made better and happier because he lived. In his day and generation he faithfully did his part to hasten the kingdom of God among men.

For what are men most loved, most gratefully remembered? For the accumulation of wealth? For acquiring great knowledge? For occupying high positions of trust? Rather is it not for the loving service that they have rendered to their fellow men?

"I am among you as He that serveth." May the words of the text on yonder tablet, "My heart is fixed, O God," the chosen words of him whom we memorialize in our hearts today,

ever continue to preach and impart the gospel message of faith and hope and love to the hearts and lives of the enslaved, sin-laden and sorrowful who read them; the same old Gospel which has lost none of its freshness or power—the Gospel of the Christ, whose life was given to healing; a new and potent force enabling us to live in the world, and yet not of it, and to work for the coming of the Kingdom of righteousness, until He who called us to be saints on earth, shall call us to be numbered with His saints in glory everlasting."

A flag hung in graceful folds above the bronze tablet on the wall of the Chapel, just where the Western sun, coming through the softly tinted windows, brightened its colors. The unveiling was a simple ceremony. A little girl, one of the Rev. Mr. Maguire's grandchildren, drew back the flag and the tablet was formally presented. Its inscription reads:

"To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of
REV. ISAAC MAGUIRE
Chaplain 1872—1902

Born June 22, 1838, Died July
29, 1909

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."

Psalm LVII: 7
Erected by his children."

To the Visiting Lady

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and have quite recovered from that attack of influenza I had in New York. I have not as yet started sailing but hope to get

back to the old life shortly. I don't mind taking a good rest now that the war is over.

"Thanks so much for those copies of 'Punch' you gave me before I left the hospital. They help to take the rough corners off life.

"Wishing you the best of luck in your good work."

Being Absent Minded

Or perhaps this should be headed, "Being Honest." However, since heads are only devised to lure one into reading the story, it doesn't make much difference, if you have gone this far.

Albert brushed aside an idle group of lounging seamen at the front door and grasped frantically at the arm of the Man-Who-Watches.

"Oh, I'm sorry to seem so rough," he apologized, "but I left my watch—my gold watch—in my room. It has been three hours since I went out, and I'm afraid it is gone. Can we go up and see?"

The Man-Who-Watches smiled as they entered the elevator.

"You fellows seem to have bad memories. You're the fourth this morning who has left something somewhere.

Albert made no response, but when his floor was reached, he ran down the corridor to his room. In spotless order, it revealed only his suitcase and a copy of "The Last of the Mohicans." He looked desper-

ately under the bed and then darted into the hall in search of the house steward.

"My watch!" he managed to tell him. "Has any of the cleaning staff seen it?"

"Of course, they have; with you leaving it among the bed clothes. I turned it in to the Lost and Found Dept.," one of the workers, who was passing, told Albert scornfully.

In the elevator once more Albert turned to the Man Who Watches.

"You've got an honest lot of employees in this building and I'll tell everybody that."

"You might tell everybody at the same time to get over being so absent-minded," suggested the Man Who Watches.

Magazines, Books

Please do not forget that we are in constant need of magazines, papers, periodicals of all kinds, and books. Every crew that sails carrying Institute guests must be supplied with packages of reading matter.

It is not possible for the Institute to start a regular system of calling for magazines, and, of course, it is always a certain amount of trouble to tie up a package and send it down to No. 25 South Street, by express or parcels post. But sometimes your package may be the only relief from weariness and low spirits for a man at sea for tedious days and weeks.

When the Torpedo Sped

People used to say to the editor, "I suppose you hear lots of sailor yarns and wild adventures down at the Institute," but we always had to admit sadly that the yarning seaman had become oddly reticent. This story of a submarine attack came from a man who had stayed at the Institute sometimes while he was in the merchant service, although he has now returned to a job on land.

"We had made the trip some six or eight times through the submarine danger zone and had seen nothing of the dreaded 'U' boat, but when we left Baltimore on Friday, the 13th, all our superstitious shell-backs knew that our luck was gone. When we were ten days out we got a visiting card from our friend the Hun, in the shape of a four-inch shell flying overhead. Were we excited? You just bet we were!

"'Where is he?' was the most important question. 'There, on the starboard quarter,' someone called out. 'No, there he is on the port quarter.' And both were right, for there were two of the pests about four miles away, banging at us with the range correct to a yard.

"We had two and a half hours of the liveliest chase I ever took part or ever wish to take part in, if I am the one that is being chased. Our captain's handling of the ship was a masterpiece, for although shells were continually dropping around us and splashing the water on board, out of more than 200 shells which were fired at us, only four struck the ship.

"At seven that evening we were joined by a patrol boat and were congratulating ourselves that our trouble was over, when BANG!—we didn't have to ask what it was. We were torpedoed and practically the whole stern was blown off the ship. Some of the stokers whose sleeping quarters were aft, were killed and one of the apprentice boys was blown overboard. The second engineer was washed off his feet before he left the engine room platform.

"The chief engineer didn't hurry, thinking if all the boats were gone, there was not much left to hurry for, but all the same he didn't wish to go down with the ship. When he came on deck he found one boat capsized, two other boats adrift. An apprentice boy was picked up alive, half an hour later, swimming around and hanging on to about one-quarter of a four-inch German shell that he was taking home to his mother for a souvenir. Those apprentices are plucky little kids!

"Well, there was one boat left and over thirty out of a crew of fifty had to get into it. Plenty of room, you say when the sea was smooth. Sure, but neither room nor time to spare, and just as the last man got in, and we pushed off, up went the ship's bows into the air, and down she went out of sight—22 minutes **after** the torpedo struck her. Eleven of the crew went down with her.

"We were picked up by a patrol boat about an hour afterward and the next morning we discovered that

we were on a British mystery ship, out looking for submarines and we stayed with them, hunting pirates for nearly three days. Twice during that time the Huns nearly got us—in fact, one torpedo actually struck the ship, but failed to explode. And that submarine never returned to Germany.

"None of us were sorry when we landed at Queenstown, for submarine chasing was much too exciting a sport for an onlooker. The crew of that mystery ship were all volunteers from the Mercantile Marine, and a braver or keener set of men I never met. They certainly deserve the admiration and thanks of every seafaring man."

Drifting

Something about Henry's clothes made the Man Who Gives Advice examine him with a keener scrutiny than he always has time to direct upon the men who seek his counsel.

"You an officer? You don't look like an ordinary seaman," he said. Henry returned his gaze frankly; the seaman's eyes were blood-shot and there was a bad bruise upon his left temple.

"I'm a seaman, all right, but I'm mostly a fool," he said bitterly. "I had not been in New York for seventeen years, and last week my ship got in from the Pacific Coast and went up the Hudson, tied up at Poughkeepsie for repairs. I made up my mind to come down here and look up some of my old friends. I came. I had saved about six hundred dollars, so I went to a good

tailor and bought these clothes."

Henry paused and glanced down at his dusty shoes. "I usually take a lot of trouble about my appearance ashore," he explained. "Well, I didn't find any of the men I used to know, but I fell in with another crowd. It didn't take them long to know that I had some money. I spent two days going around with the gang and this is the result." He pointed to the bruise on his temple, and with a gesture that is not the less effective because of its age, he turned his trousers pockets inside out.

"I haven't a cent left. I don't know why you people should help me out, but I have a chance to sign on and I will pay you back. It isn't as if I did this as a rule."

The Man Who Gives Advice considered a moment. "I suppose you have learned something from this, Henry," he said, finally. "We don't feel harsh in our judgments down here, but we have a Seamen's Wages Department, where the men can deposit their money, just to keep fellows like you out of temptation. Suppose you promise me to come here with your wages the next time you touch this port?"

Henry promised quickly. "I'm too old to be such a fool as this a second time." He was given \$2.00, got a position the next day as steward, and came over to the Institute before he sailed to return the loan.

"I pawned that suit of shore clothes," he said in explanation. "I didn't see why you should trust me until my next New York trip."

To Iceland

Making the tour of the harbor on Saturday morning, arranging for the Sunday deck services, the Chaplain boarded, among others, a Swedish vessel. As he was leaving, the chief officer said.

"Can you advise me the best and quickest way to remit money to Iceland? A member of the crew has a dependent relative living at Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, situated close upon the Arctic Circle."

"It will probably take many months," responded the Chaplain. "A letter would have to go to Denmark, and wait for the first vessel bound for Iceland. The quickest way would be the cable, but that would cost a great deal."

As he finished speaking he glanced about the harbor and suddenly saw the "Skagarfoss," a little Iceland steamer on board of which he had held a deck service two weeks ago just as she had come in from Reykjavik and anchored in the bay. There she lay, right before their eyes, loaded to the Plimsoll Mark and flying the new Iceland flag, evidently outward bound. Pointing to her, the chaplain said to the mate.

"There is your royal mail steamer for Iceland, affording direct communication from New York; why not take your man and his money with you and come aboard of the 'Hamersley' when we will take you across to the 'Skagarfoss'. I am sure you will find either the captain or the chief officer more than willing to accommodate you."

They went over, the captain agreed to deliver the money and the seaman returned to his own ship, his face radiant.

Fourth of July Concert

Through the generosity of Louis Gordon Hamersley, who sent \$100 for the Fourth of July entertainment, over four hundred men attended the concert vaudeville in the auditorium on the national holiday.

Ice cream cones, cigars and cigarettes were dispensed. The men were encouraged to take off their coats and take in as much of the cool breeze as one of the hottest summer days permitted. There was a thrilling five-reel film. The Beasey sisters played violin solos and sang. There was also community singing.

Donations Received June, 1919

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, hand rags,

Acker, Miss Louise
 Allen, Miss Ruth
 American Library Association, New York
 American Library Association, Washington, D. C.
 Anonymous—4
 Anonymus—C. P. C. 44
 Anonymus—Winchester, Mass.
 Armstrong, Mrs. C. D.
 Armstrong, Mrs. T. M.
 Arthur, Miss L. Louise
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
 Barnard, Mrs. Horace
 Bliss, Mrs. W. G.
 Boyd, Miss R.
 Brown, Miss M. B.
 Burnham, Mrs. C. S.
 Burton, Mrs. H. J.
 Caldwell, Mrs. J. E.
 Cammann, Miss Susan G.
 Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth

Chafee, Mrs. Z.
 Champlin, William
 Charlton, J. W. C.
 Childs, Mrs. Charles M.
 Clark, Miss E. V.
 Coles, Mrs. John H.
 Colton, Thomas J.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Cooke, Miss Hilda
 Courtney, Miss Anna C.
 Curtis, Mallet-Prevost & Colt
 Daughters of the British Red Cross
 Davis, Mrs. J. L.
 DePeyster, Miss Frances
 Dwight, Mrs.
 Eakin, Mrs. G. E.
 Edmond, Mrs. W. A.
 Edwards, Mrs. Wilmot
 Elliott, Mrs. Dexter
 Emmons, Lieut. G., U. S. N., Ret'd
 Emmons, Mrs. G. T.
 Foote, Mrs. Arthur E.
 Goodbody, Mrs. W. W.
 Gordon-Cumming, Mrs. A.
 Gunton, Thomas O.
 Haile, Mrs. William H.
 Hall, Miss E. Y.
 Hall, Miss I. G.
 Hall, Mrs. J. B.
 Halsey, Miss
 Hamilton, Mrs. C. S.
 Hance, Mrs. John A.
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
 Hodgson, Mrs. E. R., Jr.
 Hooks, Mrs.
 Hospital Book & Newspaper Society
 Hotchkiss, Mrs. C. E.
 Hoyt, Miss G. L.
 Hunter, Miss Mary
 Jenkins, Mrs. Edw. E.
 Jennings, Mrs. F. C.
 Johnson, Miss M.
 Johnson, Benjamin R.
 Kayser, Miss Mary
 Kayser, Mrs. P. T.
 Keebe, Mrs. George J.
 Kenyon, Mrs. George G.
 Kirby, Capt. A.
 Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.
 Lane, Mrs. William H.
 LeBoutillier, Miss Mary
 Lester, Miss M. E.
 Lihme, Mrs. C. B.
 Lowrey, Mrs. G. C. W.
 Lung, Dr. George A.
 McLearn, H. C.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Martin, E. M.
 Mason, Miss
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert
 Meyer, Mrs. C. B.
 Morgan, Mrs. James L.
 Morgan, William M.

Mowe, Mrs. William R.
 Mulligan, Miss Mary P.
 Ogden, Mrs. C. W.
 Osborn, Dr. H. W.
 Patten, Miss A. M.
 Pedersen, Prof. F. M.
 Peters, Mrs. E. H.
 Peters, Miss N. H.
 Platt, Mrs. C. N.
 Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
 Quinn, Miss H. E.
 Ramsdall, Mrs. B.
 Reboul, G. H.
 Redford, Mrs. C. A.
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
 Robertson, Mrs. W. A.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rodewald, Mrs. F. L.
 Russell, Mrs. Howland
 Sackett, Mrs. F. R.
 Sailors & Soldiers Home Club, N. Y.
 St. Faith's Guild, Holy Trinity Church,
 N. Y.
 Sanger, Mrs. A. M.
 Scarth, Mrs. W. B.
 Seamen's Benefit Society
 Skidmore, George W.
 Slade, Miss A.
 Smith, Mrs. L. Bayard
 Squire, G. H.
 Stillman, Miss Marjorie W.
 Stout, Mrs. N. E.
 Swift, Mrs. Mary L.
 Tennant, Miss M. M.
 Tiemann, Miss Martha C.
 Tilford, Miss J.
 Tingley, Mrs. E. M.
 Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.
 Trinity Chapel, Boy's Club, N. Y.
 Trinity Mission House, N. Y.
 Turle, Miss Penelope
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Van Etton, Mrs. Amos
 Van Wagenen, F. W.
 War, Frederick S.
 Warren, Mrs. F. J.
 Wayre, Charles D.
 Westport Library, Westport, Conn.
 Wetmore, Mrs. George P.
 Whiting-Charlton Shirt Company
 Wymann, Mrs. Lloyd

Church Periodical Club and Branches

Church Periodical Club, Morristown,
 N. J.
 Church of the Epiphany, Brooklyn,
 N. Y.

Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Church of the Incarnation, New York

Holy Rood Church, New York.

Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Agnes Chapel, New York.

St. Michael's Church, New York.

Trinity Church, Princeton, N. J.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Anonymously, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y., Discretionary Fund	\$ 1 00
Foulds, Thomas H., Picnic Fund	35 00
Grout, Mrs. Jefferson, North River Station Social Fund	5 00
Hamersley, L. Gordon, 4th July Entertainment and Refreshments	100 00
Hoé, Mrs. Richard M., Picnic Fund	50 00
Jewett, Mrs. George L., Chapel Flower Fund, in mem- ory of George L. Jewett	5 00
Lewis, Miss Elizabeth, Carnation Fund	1 00
Little, C. D., Picnic Fund	100 00
Meissner, C. A., Discretionary Fund	5 00
Miller, Theodore, Discretionary Fund	5 00
Morrison, Mrs. M., Discretionary Fund	25 00
Patten, Miss A. M., Discretionary Fund	20 00
Sheldon, Mrs. Edwin B., Special Funds	250 00
Stanford, Miss Margaret E., Discretionary Fund	4 00
Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y., Picnic Fund	10 00

Messmates

He gave us all a goodbye cheerily
At the first dawn of day;
We dropped him down the side full
drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's
a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags
a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll
over him,
And the great ships go by.

"He's there alone with green seas
rocking him
For a thousand miles around;
He's there alone with dumb things
mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-
keeping there,
And a dead cold night that lags a-
creeping there,
While the months and the years roll
over him
And the great ships go by.

"I wonder if the tramps come near
enough,
As they thrash to and fro,
And the battleship's bells ring clear
enough
To be heard down below,
If through all the lone watch that
he's a-keeping there,
And the long, cold night that lags
a-creeping there,
The voices of the sailor-men shall
comfort him
When the great ships go by."
Henry Newbold.

General Summary of Work

JUNE 1919

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English	14	803	924
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	4	131	139
Bible Classes	5	174	174
Lettish Services	1	30	58
Services on Board Ships	29	313	313
Holy Communion Services		5	5
Wedding Services		1	1
Baptismals		2	2
Funeral Services		2	2

Relief Department.

Board, Lodging and Clothing	286
Cases Treated in Institute Clinic	1
Referred to Hospitals	6
Referred to Other Societies	2
Hospital Visits	47
Patients Visited	161
Patients Visited in U. S. Marine Hospital	3,900

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips Made	38
Visits to Vessels	81
Men Transported	11
Pieces of Dunnage Transported	15

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$68,663.20
Withdrawals	70,133.09
Transmitted	9,838.00
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust	57,546.82

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	18	2,858	3,050
Home Hour	4	316	352
Ships Visited			117
Packages Reading Matter Distributed			349
Comfort Bags and Knitted Articles Distributed			283
New Testaments Distributed			15

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Depts.

Lodgings Registered	18,402
Letters Received for Seamen	7,683
Pieces of Dunnage Checked	6,166

Shipping Department.

Vessels Supplied with Men By S. C. I.	33
Men Shipped	282
Men Given Temporary Employment in Port	42
Total Number of Men Given Employment	324

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain, \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop, \$1,000

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

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may be a subscriber of **The Lookout**.

1. **Founders** or **Benefactors** of the Institute automatically become subscribers.
2. All who subscribe annually **five dollars or more** to the Society through the **Ways and Means Department**.
3. Those who contribute a sum **under five dollars** or **make any gift**, receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.
4. Every one who subscribes **one dollar** a year to **The Lookout Department**.

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