

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XIII

AUGUST, 1922

No. 8

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES Secretary and Treasurer REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President FRANK T. WARBURTON 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	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 Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Department of "Missing Men"
Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
Transmission of money to dependents	Comfort Kits
Free Libraries	Christmas Gifts
Four Free Reading Rooms	First Aid Lectures
Game Room Supplies	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 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.

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The Memorial to the Memory of Merchant Seamen

Brick by brick, the Memorial Fund is growing. If it grew only one dollar at a time, it would be longer reaching the desired quota, but some people of means have remembered us in proportion to their ability to help and laid several hundred bricks each.

We are very happy about the bricks, however, as this plan has enabled many to participate, who would otherwise not have felt their contribution worth sending. Altogether this plan has brought in about 1,500 new contributors, who each gave one dollar or more to lay bricks.

Owing to a change in the design, intended to give it a more nautical character, the original cost has been increased to \$18,000.00.

The fund at this time stands:

The amount required.....	\$18,000.00
Pledged conditionally.....	1,000.00
Cash received	11,407.00
Amount to be raised.....	5,593.00

The Old Story

"A story," said the Chaplain-Who-Gives-Advice, thoughtfully, "why, yes, I finished a story this morning beside a grave. I did the man a great wrong, in trying to help a woman who did not deserve it. We'll call the man Freeman, although that was not really his name. I have known Freeman for

years, and the thread of his life is curiously woven in and out with mine.

"He was a seaman when I first knew him, although later he left the sea and went to work as a linotype operator, on shore. He had a wife and son, the latter about twelve years old.

"A year or two after I met him his wife left him and went away with another man. The other man's employer had the two of them arrested for improper behavior and sent to jail. Then Freeman's wife sent for me, and would you believe it, on my way to visit that woman in jail I met a woman who had been a neighbor of the Freemans for years and she put into my hand the five hundred dollars necessary to bail Mrs. Freeman out. It looked like Providence, and if the story had turned out differently I suppose I would have believed it was a case of Heavenly guidance.

"Mrs. Freeman literally got down on her knees to me and begged me to get her husband to take her back. I got in touch with him and he agreed to do it, so I took her to her home and put her into her husband's arms.

"A week later she went away again with the other man. Poor Freeman, having taken her back once, on my advice, could not get his freedom, although I am not sure that he would have wanted it, for he loved the woman. The other day

he died of an illness, which I believe was brought on by a broken heart, and today I buried him."

The Chaplain paused and sighed, "We have many stories," he added, "of men's lives which are wrecked by loving some woman too well."

"My Country 'tis of Thee"

A radiant young Greek was standing in the elevator the other day when the Chaplain stepped in. His face was shining with happiness.

"I got them today, just this afternoon," he burst out. "And you don't know how happy I am. My naturalization papers. I'm so happy, I don't know what to do."

He was literally stammering with joy.

And there are native born sons of this country who sell their birth-right for a few dollars, or a job. Suppose this radiant Greek, that man who, when he got his papers not long ago, told Mrs. Roper that he "felt as if he had God by the feet," and others like them, were to organize an Americanization Society for the native American who came into his citizenship by an accident of birth and cheapens it by graft.

No Graft

Graft is a harsh word. Let us say rather that the seaman has no influence, no political pressure he can bring to bear to further his ends.

He belongs to a floating constituency which is usually floating in the wrong direction at the right time.

When the landsman wants some-

thing a little out of the way he is apt to hunt up his representative in Congress and use that person's influence as an additional lever to a good cause.

One of our seamen, who is trying to get a claim for compensation settled, at once bewails and rejoices that he has to fight it alone. As a matter of fact, there is a strain of the Shamrock race in him and he is having a glorious scrap.

"I arguys with the doctors," he says, "'n' I arguys with the authorities, 'n' I arguys with everybody, and mebbe something will come of it, 'n' if I win I'm goin' out to Jeanette Park, 'n'—'n'—," the presence of a lady was a terrible constraint, in his search for a superlative, upon a man who had followed the sea nearly all his life—" 'n' shout hooray at the top of me voice."

Superintendent of Seamen's Church

Dear Sir:

I am desired by my friends Mrs. Leena & Liisa Rautso, Laagena Aavere, Esthonia to ask You the feiver of writting and teling uss apout the late Martin Rautso. Who died in citi of New York in April the 20th. en the on of the hospitals These noot is sent in order to make rekuiries a pout the monies and pelongings which you enformd uss. in May 8th. 1919 and asking for full address and information. The sek-ond letter of Yours en 15th. sep 1921 there I understand that You have not received the tokumends have ben send an claim be uss.

I shal be very thankful if you

would to the fawaus and assist me an the way do kat the properdies of late Martin Rautso, for hes Mother and sister.

Any korresponding please writte an apove address be kind and apliged.

Yours truly

N. MAIMIK.

(My address)

N. Maimik,

Waiwara, Tillamae,

Esthonia, Europo.

PS: One ffoto & two of the klimers tokuments enclosed whgeh you may kiwe do the Eshonian konsulat to writt ower en English.

The Superintendent wrote that one of his staff would be in Esthonia in August and would call upon the relatives of Martin Rautso, "who died in the citi of New York," and settle his affairs with them in person.

The Flower Fund

A statement is given below of the status of the flower fund up to the time of going to press. It is so far on the way to completion that we are not going to beg our readers to send money for this purpose. But we feel sure that there are those who have been meaning to have some dear friend's memory perpetuated in this way, who will miss the opportunity of doing so, if it is not called to their attention immediately.

For those who have not read the earlier announcements, let us repeat that for the sum of One Hundred Dollars, it is possible to have flowers on the Altar of the Chapel of Our Savior, in memory of a loved one, on

a chosen Sunday down through the years.

The amount required.....\$5,000.00
Cash received 4,201.76
Amount to be raised..... 798.24

Our Faith and Yours

Below we print the letter of a contributor of ours, who is a Roman Catholic, together with our reply, which we feel may be of interest to our readers generally. This Institute, as non-sectarian and broad in its work as possible, was founded by the Episcopal Church but it is supported by thousands of men and women of other faiths, to whom we have long wanted to express our gratitude. We feel that we deserve their support because our door is open to seamen of every creed, and no man of the sea of any race seeks kindness here in vain. But that does not lessen our gratitude that they are generous and tolerant enough not to let the foundation of this Institute stand in their way.

Dear Editor, Lookout:

I have just finished reading your June number—every word—which I rarely find time to do.

It is GOOD—every word of it, and I wish you to know that your work is thoroughly appreciated in this inland city.

I guess our creeds are different—(I'm a Catholic)—but I firmly believe that your work is not limited by creed or class—just the real NEED and that Jew or Gentile—Catholic or Mohammedan will receive the 'square deal'—their wants

and not their religions questioned and looked after.

It is a wonderful work and I hope to have the privilege of calling in person some day as I surely will on my very first visit to your city.

Hoping that your endeavors may increase and their benefits greatly magnify,

Yours sincerely,

Dear Friend:

The Superintendent of our Institute was much touched by the splendid spirit manifested in your letter of July 8th. You were quite right in thinking that we serve men here on a basis of need alone, regardless of their religious affiliations.

In the June issue, which you were kind enough to praise so highly, you will remember that there was an article on the Unclaimed Dead. The same Chaplain, who has charge of that work, arranged last Christmas and Easter, to have a Roman Catholic priest come to the little Chapel he has fixed up at the Marine Hospital, to hold mass for the patients who were Roman Catholic, and our Chaplain got up at 5 o'clock in the morning and went over to Staten Island to have the room ready for the priest when he came. It has always been the desire of this Institute to help the men to those spiritual services which give them greatest joy and satisfaction, whatever they may be.

We are very glad to say that this breadth of service is appreciated by the public and that we have many generous and splendid supporters

like yourself among Roman Catholics and Jews and people of other faiths whose one idea is to help us in serving these men.

We cannot tell you how much we appreciated your fine letter and your generous gift to the War Memorial and Flower Funds, and we hope you will make good your promise to call upon us when you come to the city.

Yours cordially,

THE EDITOR.

Harder Than Work

He was a big man, big every direction. Tall. Broad. Roughspun. He sat mopping his brow in the House Mother's office, although a cool crisp breeze blew in from the sea.

When the little Englishman who was before him, had taken himself and his clipping from an English paper away, the big man leaned toward Mrs. Roper with a strained look on his face.

The moment for which he had been bracing himself for an hour had come, and found him inarticulate.

"I—you know—" he stammered and stopped.

The House Mother smiled encouragingly and he began again.

"I've been pretty careful of my money, but I was in the hospital two months and I used up all my savings. I've got a job now, but, but I need—"

"Yes, what would you like me to do," the House Mother encouraged him.

The man's voice sank to a whisper. "Could you let me have some underclothes?"

There it was out at last, and he mopped his brow yet more furiously with relief. If our House Mother had been capable of surprise, she would have felt it that he had found it so excruciatingly painful to ask for even that much charity.

Perhaps his shrinking is not so strange, after all, for the other day he opened the piano and, with an exquisite touch, he made the instrument tell us what he could not, about his thoughts and feelings as he went back and forth across the world.

✕ Truly Grateful

Dear Mrs. Roper:

Just a few lines to let you know I am well and hope you are the same. Everything seems to be going along nicely at the present time, and I do hope that they will keep on the same. I am working every day and sure do feel like a new man on my new job. My wife and I are staying with her Mother until we can save money enough to get a home of our own, which will take some little time to come. But, when this day comes, I will know that I have won a victory that means more to me than I could even express in words. The day when I can see my wife and babies in their own home, one must have patience as things can't come in a day. People knock America but God knows that if you want to make a honest living in the good old U. S. you can find plenty of work, and I know if any one does.

When I was on the boat I was down and out, and we never had a

friend until I met you, many a day my wife and babie had no food to eat, and then I began to realize that it was time for me to pull out and try to get a job. When my wife could be like other mothers, have some of the joy of life becaus she has been like a mother to me. When I would feel blue she would cheer me up. Never get mad. But take life as it came. Now Mrs. Roper I must close as soon I will be going to work. But, I want to ask you to do me a favor, and I do hope that I will not have to bother you again as you have been so good to me, and I will never be able to repay you for all that you have done for me. But the good Lord above, could not forget you, for your great kindness to me and many other like myself. If you have a couple of old shirts and a pair of shoes I wish you would let me have them. Thanking you for the same, and all that you have done for me in the past, I am,

Yours very truly,

✕ WILLIAM C———.

Being a House Mother has its compensations, as well as its disillusionments. To know that one has set one man's feet upon the straight road to faith in himself and prosperity, would afford most of us satisfaction, but to know, as our House Mother does, that daily, in every port in the world, and on all the seas, men are remembering her with gratitude and blessing, must make up for many glimpses into the more sordid side of men's lives.

The Post Script

Now and again the Seamen's Church Institute is beautifully reminded of the peculiar place it holds in the affections of its contributors.

For some time the Ways and Means Department has been sending out letters asking old contributors if they would find a friend for the Institute.

You know how difficult it is in these times, when people are curtail- ing their charities, to interest people in new causes. The department thought that it might be possible to get new supporters in this way.

There are, however, many people to whom soliciting help for anything is impossible, and the letter urged these people not to feel obliged to do anything about it. Just to drop it into the nearest waste paper basket and forget it.

The letter went out to the first group of contributors and brought in quite a number of new supporters, but also some checks from our regular subscribers, who did not want to solicit their friends in our behalf.

The next time the Ways and Means Department added a post-script, "Please do not send your own checks. We wish to secure new friends not to exhaust the resources of our old ones."

Still the checks keep coming. A man, who perhaps does not understand how difficult it is for us to touch the hearts of our friends, without opening their purses, wrote us the other day, "This is a good

letter, with a very original post script."

The Ways and Means Department has asked us to explain that it means that post script.

T. B.

A bright patch of color in the cheeks, a persistent cough, and his tipping the scales at ninety-eight pounds instead of one hundred and sixty, as he did before the war, told the whole story. His wife and daughter were in Australia; his brothers and sisters in California. He was all alone on the Atlantic coast.

With the pitiful hopefulness that is almost a symptom of his disease, he was sure that if he could get out to a friend, who has a ranch in California he would recover. And who knows but he may, for the way seemed to open up almost miraculously for him.

A woman who had been interested in his case, when he was sick in the Veteran's Hospital, telephoned our Case Worker, to know if we knew where he was. The Case Worker said she had seen him only a few days before, and he wanted, above all things, to go to California.

The woman kindly volunteered to send him.

The Case Worker located him one day and the next day at three o'clock he was on the way to California, happy as a drowning man is happy when some one throws him a lifeline.

Our Unconscious Aids

There is one attraction at the outdoor movie shows that doesn't cost

the Institute or the seamen a penny, but which at least doubles the joy of that occasion—the presence of the children.

Your money couldn't buy anything for these lonely strangers in port that would stir so many clean and tender memories as these small visitors arouse.

The seamen don't try to make friends with them, but they listen with unconcealed pleasure to their naive comments and their shouts of delight when virtue triumphs, as it does with greater consistency on the screen than in real life.

"They're all for law and order," a seaman said, commenting on the enthusiasms of this lively part of the audience.

Incidentally the picture was all for law and order, and that may have had something to do with their morality, but whatever their views on the screen production, they themselves, laughing and chattering and clapping, are a wholesome influence in the lives of these men. They are so eloquent of home and of precious ties which, with the seamen, are apt to grow slack, and their influence is so delightfully unconscious, and spontaneous.

International Relations

It was the first visit of the young English apprentice boy to the United States, and he came prepared to be abused as a "Limey," and if necessary, "to give as good as he got."

Instead of that he was invited by the Seamen's Church Institute to one of its Thursday night parties, taught how to dance, a la America,

fed ice cream, and made as welcome, as if he had been an old friend.

He couldn't stop talking about it. "What I can't understand," he said, "is what you all do it for, keep on coming down here, week after week, to give some English fellows a good time. I'm going to tell the people back home something. Now, when anybody says anything about the United States to me they'll jolly well hear something. Why I love it here."

Then suddenly realizing that he had almost made a speech he subsided into an embarrassed silence.

Returned With Thanks

The other day a young seaman came into the Social Department with two dollars, which he wanted the Institute to use as it saw fit.

Last winter, for a short time, he was absolutely destitute and had to accept the hospitality of the temporary relief headquarters at South Ferry.

Now he is on his feet again and he wanted the Institute to let him pay back the help he had received as he did not want to accept charity from anybody permanently.

We think this spirit will appeal to the readers of the Lookout and make them feel a genuine satisfaction in assisting these men.

The Post Office Did

Dear Sir:

Will you so be so blient and see if there are any mail for W. V. Haagedeorn By address

Karamac Camp,

Deleware Water Gap,

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

Next of Kin

It is a curious thing to be claimed by a stranger as the next of kin, and to be officially notified of the death of someone whose face one cannot remember.

That happened to our House Mother in circumstances that are singularly poignant. A young man joined the American army, went to France, and died. He was a waif, without kith or kin, probably, and in response to the government's demand for the name of someone to notify of his death, he gave Mrs. Roper's name.

One day there came to Mrs. Roper's office the official accolade from the American and French governments in recognition of the services of this brave soldier who had served with honor and died with glory in the Great War.

The House Mother thinks she will have them framed, as his own mother would have done, had he

known her, because out of his great loneliness he reached out and claimed her as his "Next of kin."

She has been, as Hutchison says, "Picked out. One human creature by another human creature. Breathing the same air. Sharing the same mortality. Responsible to the same God."

Our House Mother would like to think that the brave young man knows that she has in spirit answered the claim he made upon her.

The Goldman Concert

Since Mahomet could not go to the mountain, the mountain came to Mahomet. It is not easy for our seamen to enjoy the privileges of a great university like Columbia, so Columbia and Mr. Goldman together planned to bring one of its musical treats to our seamen. The Goldman band concert, given in Jeanette Park on July, the twenty-fifth, seemed like a good omen for the future of the park, when the new memorial stage is erected.

The weather man kept the Institute workers on tenterhooks almost up to the last minute, with threatening clouds, and a thin drizzle. Then suddenly the clouds rolled away and the night was clear and fine.

In spite of the B. R. T. subway tie-up, which was not over by concert time, Mr. Goldman and most of his band arrived on the minute.

The first strains of music summoned the waiting audience from the park, the Institute, the waterfront, and the homes in the vicinity.

Part of the audience came into the

park; part draped itself on the fence or listened at windows; part of it leaned far out of the passing elevated trains that intentionally crept around the curve at Coenties Slip.

Seamen are inarticulate, and it was therefore a much quieter audience than Mr. Goldman is accustomed to at Columbia University, an audience which showed its appreciation by standing in rapt attention for an hour and a half, though at the end, when Mr. Podin called for three cheers for Mr. Goldman and his band, there was a rousing response.

On behalf of Dr. Mansfield, Mr. Green expressed the gratitude of the Institute to Mr. Goldman for bringing his group of excellent musicians to Jeanette Park, and spoke with appreciation of the friendliness Mr. Goldman has always shown toward this work for seamen.

A program is printed below, of the splendid concert rendered by Mr. Goldman's band of clever musicians:

PART I

1. March and Chorus,
from "Judas Maccabaeus,"
Georg Friedrich Handel
2. Overture,
"The Merry Wives of Windsor,"
Carl Otto Nicolai
3. (a) Volga Boatmen's Song,
Russian Folk Song
(b) Aragonaise, from "Le Cid,"
Jules Massenet
4. Excerpts from "Rigoletto,"
Giuseppe Verdi

PART II

5. Two Hungarian Dances,
Johannes Brahms
Amilcare Ponchielli

- Lotta Madden, Soprano
7. Meditation from "Thais,"
Jules Massenet
8. Excerpts from "Ruddigore,"
Sir Arthur Sullivan
6. Aria, from "La Gioconda,"

The True Democracy of the Watermelon

The ribbon of pink running the whole length of Jeanette Park, which caught the onlooker's eye as she glanced out of the window, was not a bank of flowers, but watermelon.

The driver of a load of tempting melons had inadvertently passed our way and a seaman, perhaps from the sunny South, was seized with the idea that he might be induced to sell one. The driver received the suggestion amiably, and not only parted with the melon, but cut it up.

Suddenly the vague hunger of the first man who had the idea, became epidemic. Captains and mates, engineers and able-bodied seamen, cooks and stewards, were constrained to have a piece of watermelon then and there; the dude having his shoes shined and the slovenly drunk, who felt for a firm foothold in a rocking world, chewed sociably together at the long, luscious red slices.

The melon was finished, the driver remounted his seat and drove away and the partitions in our social world slipped into place again.

Scabs

An irate seaman appeared at the employment office door, gesticulating.

"What do you people mean by scabbing?" he demanded.

"How do you mean, scabbing?" asked the surprised Employment Manager.

The man pointed to the Bulletin Board. "Don't you know there is a miners' strike and here you are asking for Mine layers."

Navigation School Praised

Another of the graduates of the Institute's Navigation School has expressed his enthusiastic approval of the instruction given there, and his gratitude for the opportunity it has afforded him of climbing a rung higher in his profession.

Dear Captain Huntington:

Your kind letter of May 22 and the Chief Mate's Diploma received. I thank you very much for the good wishes and congratulations you sent me, and also for the diploma.

I am very much indebted to you for the faithful attention given me by you, and your able assistants, which was the foundation of my success.

Now that I am no longer a student of your great institution I wish you success and, being proud to be a graduate from the Seamen's Church Institute.

I beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,

Joseph Accoleo,
Second Mate.

Lost—A Son

The father, who was a professional man, and the mother, who was a gentle little home body, came together to seek out the worker in charge of missing men.

It was a strange story they had to tell. Their seventeen year old son had walked out of the home three days before and had not returned. One telegram had come saying he was all right, not to worry.

There had been no quarrel, no unpleasantness of any kind. Only one thing could account for it and that was the father's announcement that the trip he and the boy had planned to take to England this summer, would have to be postponed for another year.

The boy said nothing at the time, but the parents think he must have been building on it more than they realized, and the disappointment was a great blow.

Someone told them the Seamen's Church Institute had a Missing Men Department, and they came and sought us out. Their misery so touched the heart of the worker that she came down, the next day, which should have been her day of rest, to find out what passports had been issued since the boy had left home, in the hope of tracing him that way, but unsuccessfully. There was no person of that name among them.

We are all anxious about this boy, but almost more unhappy about his parents, who are suffering such acute distress on his account. The poor father walks the streets day and night, searching everywhere for the lost one, haunted by horrible possibilities. The mother has left her country home to come down to the city and be near him to try to comfort and encourage him in his pathetic search.

✕ Bread Upon the Waters

The Bible promises that "it will return unto thee after many days," but the chef mentioned in the story of John's wedding, printed in our last issue, found it immediately profitable.

The chef undertook to prepare the wedding supper for his friend John, on condition that, "no woman would lay her hand on anything."

His condition having been conceded he prepared a feast that astonished the bride's friends. You will also recollect that he exercised considerable self-restraint in refusing to "have a little something," until he had seen the job through. With uncommon promptitude, he has been rewarded for his good deed.

"The good luck it brought me," he told the House Mother, "to help John with his wedding. Mary's friends thought she must be marrying a roughneck because she was marrying a seaman, so I got up that supper, as much as anything else for the honor of the profession, and now when I come ashore I don't know which invitation to accept, I'm invited out to so many homes."

New Shoes for Old

"Buy old clothes, buy cash clothes," the man passing under your windows drones, but he is a politician. If you invite him in, you will find that it is really men's shoes he wants to buy and he has used the "old clothes" as a wedge to pry open your door.

It seems as if there never will be enough whole shoes to cover the men's feet. Last winter, when so many of our seamen were destitute, their crying need was for shoes, second hand shoes, for if we gave them a new pair they would go out and pawn them for food.

It has always been the Superintendent's dream to have a cobbler here to repair the men's shoes, and at last that dream has been realized.

Up in a sunny room over the old saloon, that so often led the feet of the seamen astray, the cobbler has his bright clean workshop. It seems as if the old building were at last trying to make amends for its sins against generations of down-at-the-heel seamen, who squandered their shoe money over its bar.

The workshop is in charge of a kindly Italian, who says that "When the beeg work come in he will have a machina." At present he only cobbles by hand.

✕ Her Cucumber

Somebody met the House Mother and, with a twinkle in the eye, told her there was a cucumber waiting for her in the Social Department.

The House Mother knew that anything was possible, for she has a most peculiar assortment of gifts, so she went to investigate.

There on her desk there lay an enormously long watermelon, and keeping guard over it a young Finn whose face lighted up with modest pride at her approach.

The House Mother knew by the way he looked from her to the water-

melon, that she was expected to be demonstrative and she rose to the occasion with all the more fervor because it happens that she is really fond of watermelon.

"I stopped a man out here," the seaman said, "and told him I wanted the best melon he had, because it was for Mrs. Roper, and I got it."

Mike Says

Mike, a seaman mentioned before, was born in Boston, and he has the New Englander's gratitude to God that it was so.

Mike says, "New Yorkers ain't sociable. Up in New England we know when anybody's goin' to have a toothache, not when they have had it but when they're goin' to have it, but if a New Yorker sees a man with his head blown off he says, 'Never mind, the next man I meet'll have his on, so it evens up.'"

What We Do and Why

The Lookout has many new readers since the first of the year, some of whom know very little about the Seamen's Church Institute and its work. It is seventy-seven years since this organization began to serve the seamen, in one way or another. The earliest of its activities was the building of a Floating Chapel on the East River, where seamen could, and did, come and pray. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the church did not stand coldly aloof and wait for the stranger to seek it out. The chaplain in charge, the Rev. B. C. C. Parker, sought the men out in their board-

ing houses, and on their ships, and made friends of them. Sometimes he went out a little way to sea with a vessel and asked God's blessing on the voyage. The sort of man he was is revealed by his reports, which are full of stories of men hunting him up in his home and seeking his advice and help. He seems to have combined in an unusual way the most simple evangelical faith with that practical understanding which enabled him to reach men of all types and races. Some of his reports are almost prose poems, with a Biblical rhythm.

In the second annual report of the society, in the year 1846, he says:

"Some idea of the interest of the seamen may be had from the fact that on every Sabbath there are many requests for the prayers of the Church in behalf of those who are about to sail; often these requests number twenty; sometimes they amount to seventy. Nor are the seamen less grateful for preservation vouchsafed, than anxious to secure the protection of Almighty God. Scarcely a Sabbath passes without the acknowledgement of God's mercies, from many sailors, who have returned safely to port. It is a happy illustration of the usefulness of this mission, that one of the first places visited by the returning seamen is their home of prayer, and one of the first persons whom they greet, their Missionary."

An Arrow from God's Quiver

In another report he tells of the sudden death of a young seaman, and of the sermon he preached over

the dead body in the Floating Chapel. Here is a paragraph from his own story of the consequences of that sermon:

"At this moment, a wild, reckless sailor stepped into the Chapel from mere curiosity. He was roving about on South Street, and seeing the doors open, he was attracted by the hearse standing on the wharf. He afterwards told me he thought he might as well see what was going on as the rest. Had it been Sunday he did not think he would have been disposed to have gone there to worship God, for he seldom went anywhere. Something, however, that I then said went to his heart, as if an arrow from God's quiver had pierced it."

Out of this passionate yearning to save the souls of the men of the sea has grown this great Institution for ministering to both the bodies and souls of men, for to the credit of the Church be it said, that it anticipated Science in the discovery that righteousness is often as much a matter of a sound body as a sound mind.

The Seaman Type

The sea changes men, moulds them, and creates a definite type, so that, in spite of Nature's infinite variety, seafaring men have certain characteristics in common. One of them is a casualness about the ordinary financial affairs of life, which is incomprehensible to the landsman. Another, probably made necessary by the isolation of their life from the organizations built up by the landsman for the protection of the unfortunate, is the practice of com-

munism. Most seamen feel no shame in taking help from another seaman when they are what they call, "On the beach," and a man would not be regarded as a real man of the sea, who, "being in luck himself," would hesitate to share it with others of his profession.

This quality of the seaman has always made him a peculiarly tempting victim for the unscrupulous landsman. In order to help these men spiritually it was found necessary to have a boarding home, where they could live in decent surroundings while on shore.

To that original boarding home have been added, one after another, other departments, in order to defeat the exploiters of the seaman.

The Years Bring Changes

In seventy-seven years shipping has grown apace, and the activities of this Institute have kept step with it. Now there stands, at the corner of Coenties Slip and South Street a great thirteen-story building, looking out over the harbor and inviting the seaman between voyages to a safe and comfortable home beneath its roof. Not only is it a protection for the American boy from other parts of the country, who lands, a stranger in New York, but it is a good-will offering from America to the seamen of other lands, who, on account of their ignorance of our customs, and often of our language, are peculiarly in need of a friend in port.

Eight hundred men sleep here every night, and more would if brick and mortar were elastic.

These eight hundred men find all their needs met in one Institution. Off the lobby there is a soda fountain and lunch counter. In another corner there is a post office, where mail waits indefinitely for a man's return, without starting out to look for him, or going back to the sender. The ordinary post office rules cannot be applied to men, who are away for a year at a time. Many a man owes it to the Institute post office that he received information about property that was coming to him, because here letters were held for months waiting his return.

On the ground floor, opening both from the lobby and the outside, there is the beautiful Chapel of Our Savior, where services are held regularly each Sunday and sometimes during the week. After this service is over the men go up to the concert hall and sing hymns and songs, drink coffee, and eat doughnuts. This is the Home Hour, in which we try to inject into these lonely lives something of the friendliness of the old fashioned gathering around the organ or piano in the parlor at home on Sunday evening.

On the ground floor also is the Employment Department, where jobs on shore and ships are found for the unemployed. It has rendered a great service this spring and summer, in assisting men who were destitute, in getting a fresh start.

On the fourth floor there is a concert hall, where moving picture shows and concerts are held on Monday and Friday evenings.

Down below the surface of the ground there is a baggage depart-

ment, as patient as the post office. A small fee is charged for the storage of suit cases and sea bags, and to many men this is the equivalent of home, a place to leave their valued possessions, where they can know that they are safe.

On the thirteenth floor of the building the Navigation School prepares the ambitious seaman to become an officer. And on this same floor is the Clinic, where sick seamen are given medical attention.

The Busiest Place in the Building

The busiest place in the building is the Social Department, open to all the seamen in port, whether they are guests in the building or not. In all the years in which the Institute has been serving seamen no problem has exactly repeated itself, although, generally speaking, they are included under relief, unemployment, legal difficulties, sickness, discouragement, and loneliness. And yet that is not quite all either. It is demanded of our Social Department that it shall be glad with those who have cause for rejoicing. Great joy, as well as great sorrow, must be communicated, and when a man has no family this side of the great water, he adopts us, and pours out his happiness to one of the Chaplains or the House Mother. Or maybe he has just come in from a long voyage and merely wants to speak to some one he knows, as who does not, after a long absence from a familiar place. Then he seeks out the Social Department, and exchanges greetings with the workers there.

Speculation

He had a thousand dollars, and a friend assured him that he could soon be wealthy, and never need to worry any more if he would invest his money on the stock market. It is easy for a seaman to be persuaded to take a chance, so to the stock market he went, and lost every penny of his thousand dollars.

When the Institute's religious department got in touch with him he felt himself to be utterly down and out. Perhaps it was the reaction from his high hopes of affluence. At any rate he was depressed out of all proportion to the seriousness of the ill that had befallen him.

The Chaplain managed to make him realize that the bottom had not fallen out of the world with his thousand dollars, and now he is working in a machine shop, and getting ahead again, and bids fair to become a useful and contented citizen.

Rewarded

There are droll experiences mixed up with sordid and tragic things which come to the attention of our workers in the social department. One of our Chaplains was remembered by a late resident of Snug Harbor, when he passed on to the great harbor, from which no seaman returns.

The bequest included a metal watch, the Chaplain's own bird cage, which he had loaned to the retired seaman, six neckties, two coats, no pants or shoes, and a Bible. There was forty-seven cents express to pay on the gift.

The same Chaplain knows that he will eventually receive, from another grateful seaman, a gold watch, all his old clothes, and several jars of jam, which the seaman makes himself from huckleberries gathered in the nearby swamps.

The Little States

Our Chaplain-of-Many-Tongues received word today that on July 27th the Baltic States Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, and Ukrania were formally recognized as having the same fundamental rights to nationhood as this great Republic.

This notification came to our Chaplain because he had gone before Congress to plead their cause, and the letter assured him that he deserved much of the credit of their recognition.

Coming just at this time there is a subtle irony in the congratulations, because the Chaplain - of - Many-Tongues is returning to his homeland on a visit and each one of these little states is charging him separately for a visé.

Extracts From Letters Concerning the War Memorial

My sister and I wish to add our mite to the Memorial to the Men of the Merchant Marine, who died in the war, with the timely wish that it might be in our power to multiply it many times.

Little as it is, we send it with a sense of deep appreciation of the meaning and importance of the memorial, and the hope that you

may soon have the necessary fund for building.

* * *

I enclose Ten Dollars for the memorial to the "Brave Dead of the Merchant Marine," to whom we owe such a debt. What a pleasure it would be to send you enough for all the bricks needed. This work is simply justice. These men should have been honored long before this. Thank you for doing this work.

Standing By

The House Mother often says that the drunker the seaman she meets on South Street, the louder he calls out:

"Good night, Mrs. Roper."

Perhaps he is trying, by asserting boisterously his acquaintance with her, to prove to himself and the world that he is still decent. It ought to be added here that although these salutations are often loud, they are never leering.

It is touching to see how men will cling to acquaintance with a good woman, as if her friendship were a raft, on which they could keep afloat.

There is a boy in jail out west, with whom the House Mother corresponds regularly. The other day there came a letter from him it hurt to read. Such a desperate clinging to her friendship, such a bitter loneliness was expressed in it, that one shrank from being present at the unveiling of so much agony of soul.

Just Lonely

One of our workers walking along Coenties Slip the other evening, saw a drunken seaman stop a little boy

and try to talk to him, but the child was frightened and ran away.

The drunken man called after him, "Don't be scared of me sonny, I'm only lonely and want somebody to talk to."

The worker added, as she told the story, "If he hadn't been drunk, he would never have admitted his loneliness, but would have buried it in his heart."

Perhaps that is why he got drunk, because in a great city, he had no friends.

Nocturne

By HUGH CROLL, a Seaman

Sister of solitude; distant wandering moon,

So lonesome in the sky,
Shedding thy radiance where the
long waves sigh
Their never-ending tune.

Lover of silence; chaste and fragile moon,

How mystic are the sands,
When woven o'er with thy pale
silver strands,
That melt away too soon.

Friend of the elfin world; shadowy moon,

Thou conjurer of dreams,
Bejewelling the ocean's plain until
it seems
A fairyland lagoon.

Companion of mine; shy retiring moon.

O, take me in thine arms,
And tell me all the many secret
charms,
The tumbling breakers croon.

General Summary of Work

JULY, 1922

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services, A. M.	5	76
Sunday Services, P. M.	5	422
Communion Services	5	36
Bible Classes	4	153
Gospel Meetings	4	26
Miscellaneous Services	4	100
Weddings	1	
Funerals	0	
Confirmations	1	

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

Sunday Services, A. M.	5	157
Communion Services	1	3
Funerals	0	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Home Hours	5	285
Entertainments	6	6,300
Lodgings Registered		24,938
Incoming Mail for Seamen		15,324
Dunnage Checked		4,808
Packages Literature Distributed		68
Knitted Articles Distributed		59

Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing	434
Assisted through Loan Fund	60
Baggage and Minor Relief	66
Cases in Institute Clinic	655
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	48
Referred to Other Organizations	23
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	32

Employment

Men Shipped	864
Shore Jobs	150

Visits

To Hospitals	30
To Patients	157
Other Visits	21

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	24
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation	20
First Aid Lectures	3

SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits	\$49,900.32
Withdrawals	49,891.34
Transmissions	16,575.05

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"*