

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

JUNE 1919

No. 6

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

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Subscriptions to the Current Expenses of the Institute should be sent to 25 South Street,  
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# THE LOOKOUT

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Published Monthly by the  
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

*Subscription One Dollar Annually, post paid, Single Copies 10 Cents*

Address all communications and make checks payable to  
Seamen's Church Institute of New York  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.  
TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

## The Way of Mothers

She had been twice to see the busy House Mother before she finally found her with a free hour.

"You wouldn't know anything about Joe, I suppose, although I heard he stayed in the building once or twice."

The House Mother didn't remember the boy, but she waited sympathetically for more details.

"He ran away to go to sea. We live up in Connecticut on the Sound and he was always crazy to be around the boats. He came down here and tried to get a ship but finally he had to write home for his birth certificate before he could get a passport. The address he gave was up on 12th Street, and I have been there twice, but I couldn't find him. I'm so worried I don't know what to do next."

The House Mother consulted her engagement book and then she reached for her hat.

"I'll just take the time and go up there with you," she exclaimed impulsively, and five minutes later the mother of Joe and the mother of the Institute seamen were walking along South Street toward the subway. Just as they reached South Ferry Joe's mother suddenly clutched her companion's arm. "That boy over there—look. It might be—it *is* Joe!" She ran across the street, heedless of trucks and trolley cars and threw her arms about a tall, lanky boy of about eighteen.

"Joe, how could you? I have been so anxious."

In two minutes a curious crowd had surrounded the mother and her very embarrassed son, and the House Mother had difficulty in persuading them to come quietly over to the Institute to talk it over calmly.

"If we had been five minutes later, I'd never have seen Joe," the rather hysterical mother kept repeating.

She waited down-stairs near the Dressing Room while Joe got a bath

and put on the clean clothes she had brought with her. When he came out, shining, with brushed hair and a fresh suit, even the House Mother, accustomed to these metamorphoses in seamen, had to blink with astonishment.

"Oh, Joe, how could you? Weren't we always good to you at home? Tell the lady that you had a good home. What will she think of your running off that way?"

Joe patted his mother's shoulder awkwardly. "I didn't know you'd take it so hard, mother." The boy looked bewildered: he guessed he didn't understand mothers. Perhaps he would go back home for another year.

"But you'll have to be willing for me to go to sea next year," he was saying as they left the building to go to the Grand Central and Connecticut. "I won't run off again, if you promise that."

And, after the eternal habit of mothers, she promised.

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### A Correction

Jean had not been in New York very long, but he had a rather unusual command of English, picked up in the course of his travels, and he needed little urging to exhibit it. Therefore when a group of visitors sauntered into the hotel lobby, obviously in search of information, Jean readily volunteered his services as guide.

"This place must be a regular Mecca for seamen," someone re-

marked tentatively.

"Oh, on the contrary," answered Jean quickly, "the vast majority are exceedingly joyous to come here, provided accommodations be available."

It took one of Jean's ship-mates ten minutes to explain what Mecca was, and after he understood, Jean had the crestfallen expression of a child who has recited his piece at the Sunday school entertainment, and gotten it all wrong.

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### Picnics for Seamen

A variation of the regular picnic has been planned for summer evenings, when the J. Hooker Hamersley, the Institute's sturdy and energetic little launch will carry parties down the bay to Coney Island. Two of the staff have already been down to look over the grounds, and found that slight concessions will be granted in order that the men may go through the attractions at Steepelchase.

This will enable about fifty men to go at one time, leaving the Institute at 6.30, directly after an early supper, and having an entire evening at the seashore amusement park.

It is also planned to have all day picnics whenever possible, over on Long Island. Already the seamen who were here last year have been asking the House Mother for a chance to go with the first trip.

The men for whom these trips to Coney Island will be an absolute boon are the seamen who are compelled to remain on board their ves-



sels anchored out in the harbor. The monotony and tantalizing effect of living so close to the shining lights of the city, and being forced to stay in the cramped quarters of a ship, will be enormously relieved if the Institute gets permission to take these men away for an evening.

We shall need about \$35 for each of these trips, accommodating from 50 to 60 men at a time. Most of us would spend that amount quite simply upon some casual pleasure. It may mean the buying of a memory for a homesick man, a cheerful few hours of high spirits and laughter to last him over a great many tedious days to come.

Please send us either \$35 to make some picnic or sail your particular gift, or contributions to the Picnic Fund.

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### Some Figures

In a big, full page story published in *The Sun* on June 1st, a very interesting resumé is made of the Institute's work during the year 1918.

"The future of America," says Robert G. Skerrett, who wrote the article, "upon the sea, is going to depend much upon the accommodations that its men of the merchant marine find both in home and foreign ports; and it is entirely within our power to make certain that they shall have these facilities within our own domains. The measure of this potential helpfulness can be readily grasped if we sketch in a general way some of the outstanding features of the services rendered by the Sea-

men's Church Institute of New York during the year just gone.

"By curtailing some of its recreational features, the Institute has today sleeping accommodations for 714 guests in its 430 single rooms and its dormitories."

By "curtailing some of its recreational features," Mr. Skerrett refers to the use of the Game Room for double decker cots and the turning of a large part of the third floor into a dormitory. Of course, the recreations have been extended in the Concert Hall, so that the men have not been deprived of amusement.

"During 1918 it furnished lodgings for 219,872 seafarers and of these patrons, 78,520 were Americans. Large as the building is, it quite fails to meet the demands and nightly hundreds of applicants have had to be turned away.

"In the same twelve months 503,720 meals were served and 343,151 sales made at the Soda Fountain. It can easily be grasped why the Institute has to have two great holds or compartments down below tide level, devoted to the storage of luggage, when it is realized that 51,679 pieces of dunnage were checked there in the year gone.

"The Tailor Shop, where a man can have his clothes repaired, cleaned and pressed, or obtain a complete new outfit of either nautical garb or 'cits,' made 2,580 sales in 1918, while the laundry record totalled a matter of 4,640 transactions.

"Everyone knows what it means to get letters when away from home—



there is no need to lay stress upon the sentimental and moral effects of those ties with the distant loved ones and friends; and this department of the Institute received mail for 60,229 mariners. Not only that, but the Institute gave every facility and offered every encouragement to the guests to write home, and in a great number of instances made it its business to get in touch with a rover whose relatives were anxious about him.

"All too often the sailor with money in his pocket has been the deliberate quarry of the unscrupulous and his open-handedness and easy going ways have made him a fairly ready prey. Accordingly, the Institute has encouraged saving and has studiously safe-guarded the mariner's funds through its Seamen's Wages Department, where a man can bank his earnings. In 1918, the visiting seafarers deposited \$727,356.47 and through this branch of the Institute they transmitted to their homes \$64,130.31 to no fewer than 103 cities and countries the world over. This record is strikingly suggestive, because without a protective agency of this character a very large part of the money involved would have been squandered or stolen from its owners.

"It has not been necessary for seamen to seek jobs afloat through questionable agencies—the Institute's own Shipping Department has been ever ready to do this work gratis. In the year gone this department signed and shipped 3,097 men and supplied

the crews or a part of the complement of 489 vessels.

"Of course, the educational work of the Institute has always been a prime factor, but its record of useful service reached a high water mark in 1918. During that period there were thirty-six first aid lectures; 28 lectures by the Public School Board of Education, with an attendance of 3,162; and as a special part of its work in behalf of the American merchant marine, the showing of the Navigation and Marine Engineering School is very suggestive. Last year the school had enrolled 1,679 students and 104 of them received officers' commissions. In training the pupils in the practical phases of navigation the Institute's tender, J. Hooker Hamersley, made 71 cruises to the Lower Bay, carrying the while a total of 1,207 aspirant mariners.

"There were given in the twelve months of 1918 forty-four Noonday Inspirational talks, and these were attended by an aggregate of 5,300. Probably no part of the Institute's work is more illuminating, through its popularity, than the church services. The chapel is now crowded to capacity at all regular services, which reveals the character of the type of sea followers today largely manning the ships entering this port.

"The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is a small town within itself wherein everything essential to the comfort, the well-being and the pleasure of the seafaring guest is provided. It is a type that should be **duplicated wherever** the commerce of



a port warrants and where the demand is not ample enough to justify so complete a center, then a more modest establishment should be available.

"If our sailormen can count upon accommodations of kindred character at all of our seaboard cities, and they have a right to expect the same sort of consideration which has been so lavishly given to our soldiers, fighting sailors and marines, then we can be sure that our Merchant Marine will never lack recruits from the best of our manhood."

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### The Pilgrimage

"Did you ever go to Coney Island?" Bob was speaking to Jack, while they swung their feet from the Lunch Counter stools. Jack looked approvingly at the generous plate of scrambled eggs that he had just ordered before he answered.

"No, I think it's too cold to swim very long, though."

"Oh, I don't mean the ocean part of it," Bob interrupted. "I mean—why don't we go down and see the place, ride on the chutes and things?"

They discarded the Hotel Man's directions about the subway, preferring someone's else advice about riding down in a sightseeing motor. Up at 31st Street a big car was standing waiting for passengers.

"You go to Coney Island?" Bob asked the driver.

"No, we go through Chinatown. But hop on, I'll meet a bus that goes down there and transfer you." They

climbed up, paid their fare and started off. "Don't forget that we want to go to Coney Island," Jack reminded the driver at intervals. They drove on, meeting occasional seeing-New York cars, but the driver never stopped.

"They don't belong to this line, so I can't transfer you," he said whenever the boys pointed them out. They drove through Pell Street, the boys refusing to get out for any of the Chinatown sights. "We want —" "Sure, I know," admitted the driver. So they rode on. At last they turned a corner and Bob tugged at Jack's arm.

"Look here! We are back where we started an hour ago. It looks as if we'd been done, what?"

The driver grinned. "You boys sailors?" he inquired affably. They acknowledged it. "All right. I'll see that you get on another bus without paying an extra fare."

And two hours from the time they had started the boys finally got off for Coney Island.

"Dad used to tell me you had to look sharp in New York," Jack murmured, but Bob was quite satisfied.

"Well, we discovered **one place** where I'm glad they didn't build the Institute: that's in Chinatown."

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### Remember Records

The pianola records of popular songs would freshen our player-piano library greatly. Send us anything you have, or even an occasional new one.



### Log Book Stories

"What's the good of being admitted to a hospital when I can't wade across the bay?" John was grumbling to nobody in particular, while he waited to see the Man Who Gives Advice.

"What's the matter, John?" one of the men on duty in the Relief Department asked as soon as he saw the gloomy face at his desk.

"Here I got this sore leg and a card admitting me to the Marine Hospital and I ain't even got ten cents."

The Man Who Gives Advice looked thoughtful. "What do you boys do with your wages, anyhow?"

John considered. "Well, when we come ashore we think the world owes us a good time and that we will soon sign on and go away, where we can't spend any money. And we don't think we will get sick or have an accident. I hurt my leg just a little bit on the last voyage, and I never had it treated. Now it looks like blood poison."

He took the dime which the Man Who Gives Advice extended to pay his carfare to Staten Island.

"I bet you next time I get paid I'll bring it to you to hide where I can't touch it," he said soberly.

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### Losing Papers

One after another the entries in the Log Book read "John Rogers called. Had lost papers." "Peter Thompson called about lost papers."

"Don't you ever think of the im-

portance of your discharge papers and passports?" the Man Who Gives Advice asked wearily of the fifth caller in a day who reported the loss of his highly necessary papers.

"Sure, we do," the seamen answered quickly. "Trouble is we are not used to carrying things around. On ship we leave our stuff all in a bag and never have to worry. The minute we get ashore we have to remember about a wallet all the time. Well, we sometimes forget it. Or we get shipwrecked, or we get sick and things get lost awful easy."

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### A Reason

Jan had lost his ship. His eyes were dull and his whole expression listless, as he started his explanation.

"I was there and I saw a man killed and I had to go to court every day to be a witness."

"They paid me witness fees, but I wanted to get on my ship. The lawyer told me that they would let me off in time, but I suppose he couldn't hurry the case."

"Was the man convicted?" asked the Man Who Gives Advice.

Jan nodded. "He deserved to be. First place, he stabbed another seaman in the back, and second place, he made me lose my ship and all my dunnage was on board."

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### How It Works

"I am always looking over my shoulder and thinking someone is behind me. In the night I start up, sure that a white figure is in my



room. I don't know what is the matter with me. You think I may be unbalanced mentally?" he appealed to the Man Who Gives Advice.

He was a tall man, slender to the point of emaciation, with a pallor that no sun-burn at sea had been able to attack. He stood in the Relief Office, his hands twitching nervously and a very troubled look in his sunken eyes.

That was over a month ago. The Man Who Gives Advice managed to have the seaman sent up to the Burk Foundation in the country and yesterday he stopped in to see us again.

"You don't recognize me," he laughed, giving his name. "I gained about fifteen pounds and I have landed a shore job at \$35 a week. If you ever want anyone to advertise this place (the Institute), send for me!"

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### Studying the Institute

An exceedingly interesting development of what the Institute standard means throughout the country is shown in the fact that a man has come to work in the building in order to learn thoroughly the whole business of running a seaman's institute.

Mr. A. Bruce Snowden is going to serve an apprenticeship in each important department, working for a while at the Hotel Desk, in the Relief Office, in the Shipping Department, the Baggage Department, having actual contact with every essential feature. In

six months he will probably graduate from the Institute with a good workable equipment, fitted to open a similar plant (on a smaller scale) in any port where such a work is needed.

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### Not Worried

Old Peter joined the Curb Club across the street from the Institute and sat watching the moving crowd about the front door of the big building.

"See that little negro cabin boy standing there?" he asked Sam, who sat beside him smoking a pipe that was more bearable out-of-doors.

"Yes, he doesn't belong around here, though. He sleeps on his ship."

"Well," went on Peter, knocking the ashes from his own pipe and searching absently for the case in which he always carries his pet briarwood, "that little chap was on a ship with me not long ago. There was a big commotion one morning and the news got around that Rastus had gone overboard. Somebody went to tell the captain; he didn't seem much upset. He asked, first thing. "How did he fall?" and the mate told him he'd heard Rastus went in headfirst. The captain just laughed.

"He'll be all right. He's got a hard head."

"It turned out that Rastus was in the captain's cabin all the time cleaning the brass around the port-hole."



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Published monthly by the Seamen's  
Church Institute of New York

at 25 South Street

Telephone, Broad 297

New York, N. Y.

*Subscription One Dollar Annually, postpaid.  
Single Copies, 10 Cents.*

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or

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### Dr. Mansfield Investigates Pacific Coast Work for Seamen

During a seven weeks' trip to the West, Dr. Mansfield, the superintendent of the Institute, made a most complete and intensely interesting survey of the work for seamen in San Francisco, San Pedro (the port for Los Angeles), San Diego, Seattle, Portland, Astoria, Tacoma, Victoria and Vancouver.

"I wanted to see the work already established and discover something about the desire for starting new activities," Dr. Mansfield said. "I found the people of the Western ports awake to the necessity for developing this tremendously important work. There was the most enthusiastic co-operation everywhere from the clergy and laymen, Chambers of Commerce, and the shippers. The encouraging feature of my visit to each city was the splendid community spirit. I found that the entire community wanted to work together, and in every case they wanted to start an Institute fashioned as nearly as possible along the lines of the New York work. They were anxious

to help found an organization with one flag, one name, one common policy, one big united endeavor."

Dr. Mansfield said that his investigating tour emphasized strongly the need for trained men, men who knew the business, the system, the most efficient methods of operating an Institute.

"Can you send us a man? Have you someone who is trained to organize? We want advice about where to buy land and exactly the right sort of building to suit the particular needs of our city." This was one of the first problems with which the superintendent of the New York Institute was confronted in each city.

"In Seattle, for instance," he explained, making a quick résumé of his impressions, "they told me that they could easily raise half a million dollars to put up a building. They have a fairly concrete idea there, with an excellent location selected, on the spot where there is now an old Seaman's Home, a rather worn old wooden building occupying a site which is practically ideal. It is situated very nearly in the centre of the waterfront, only a few blocks away from the principal business street of Seattle, convenient to the Customs House, the Unions, the consular offices. There was, of course, the cry for experienced men to train others that they might reproduce the New York work."

"I found no adequate facilities for taking care of seamen in any of the ports I visited. At San Diego there was a neat, attractive reading-room on piles, which is operated by the Christian Endeavor. But it is merely a



sort of Y. M. C. A. hut where the men can come to read and write letters, and rent lockers of they wish.

"In San Pedro there is a two-story building in the center of the town which receives any man, landsman or seaman. Of course, during the war a great many Naval Reserve men came here, but that particular feature of the work is virtually finished.

"Everybody out there is alive to the approaching increase in shipping, and to the knowledge that it is imperative to provide for the rapidly increasing number of seamen who will go into the merchant service."

Both Portland and Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River, were anxious to start work at once. The lodging-house for seamen in the former city had been given up and at present, with all the salmon fishers and coasting vessels, trans-Pacific boats of all kinds, there is no Institute of any sort for sailors in this city.

In San Francisco there is the Seamen's Church Institute, of which the Rev. Charles P. Deems is superintendent. This has a very good location, opposite Union Hall, and near the Customs House. It runs a big canteen down-stairs, and has a baggage department, recreational features, but no hotel facilities. The seamen are very much the same type of men that we get at the New York Institute, although the men off coasting vessels predominate. This San Francisco Institute is heartily endorsed by the Chamber of Commerce and has aroused the interest and support of the prominent men of the city. They

are making plans now to build a four-story building of brick and tile, as nearly as possible an exact reproduction in miniature of the Institute here at 25 South Street.

"What impressed me most forcibly," Dr. Mansfield said, "was this desire for the social, business and religious factions to amalgamate, to affiliate; the people seem to recognize the power that lies in a genuine getting-together and pushing."

Up in Tacoma Dr. Mansfield found that they were using a part of a Parish House for a club room for seamen, but this is supported by a British organization, the "Missions to Seamen." In Vancouver they are trying to raise \$75,000 for a new Institute.

"That Western spirit of pride in achieving, and that stimulating air of knowing that they are alive, ought to accomplish big things," Dr. Mansfield said, hopefully. "In every city I found men and women eager for details about our experience in New York with the merchant seamen. And I found them unanimous in their belief that whatever tends to raise the character of the men in the service is going to make the United States Merchant Marine a calling that will attract the educated, intelligent young American boy.

"With the cooperation of shippers, business men, the municipal authorities, and the awakened sense of necessity for this work which all thinking people are beginning to feel, I can foresee striking developments in the Seamen's Church Institute of America."



### How They Really Talk

Harry Kemp, the tramp poet, who stowed away on a ship sailing for Liverpool when he was only sixteen, said the other day that he wanted to do a book about the merchant seamen.

"I want to write some of their own songs, some of their actual chanties, and get the real flavor of their language into it," he said enthusiastically. "I am not sure that the public would like it, though, and it is so hard not to put those things into your own words. The seaman has a picturesque vocabulary, not all profanity, as people used to think."

Out in the lobby of the Institute the other afternoon two seamen, just arrived from a vessel, were discussing their evening's entertainment.

"We can stay here and see some moving pictures," one of them said, "or we can go up town and see a regular theatre, where there's girls."

"Better stay here and see the women that act for a photographer. Looking at actresses never did me no good. They don't talk like any females I ever met, any more than you and I talk like the sailormen in the stories. Did you ever hear any seaman say, 'Shiver my timbers?' I did not, and I never heard one seaman call another 'My hearty.'"

So if Mr. Kemp does his poems with the colorful language of the merchant seaman, it will be a sort which the editor has never been lucky enough to overhear.

### A Parnassus Vagabond

That is what he called himself—the vagabond of Parnassus and he knew what he was talking about. His other name was Edward and he had suffered from it.

"My mother used to call me Eddie," he said one day up in the Institute Reading Room, "and I guess that drove me into running away to sea in the end. She expected me to keep my clothes clean and to bring home a report card with a Very Good mark under the department column. I couldn't do it. I was always leading the boys into games where we were robbers and shooting cow-boys, and when I was supposed to get my lessons I was trying to write poetry."

"Poetry!" repeated Jim, looking as if Edward had admitted to a vice of which he should speak more softly.

"Sure. I liked the sound of rhymes and I thought of things to say that wouldn't go into those compositions they used to give us in school. So I finally decided that I'd better look for adventure, earn my own living and write if I wanted to. Did you ever hear about Parnassus, Jim?"

Jim shook his head. "Never touched that port. Been to Melbourne, though—anywhere out that way?"

"Not exactly," Edward sighed. "Anyhow it was a hill where the gods used to live and a teacher told me all about it once. The poets were always trying to climb it, you know."



Jim looked at Edward as if he thought someone should take his temperature. He'd sailed with him a few voyages, though, and aside from this talk about poetry Edward had seemed just like everybody else. So he listened.

"I knew what I was, after a couple of voyages. I didn't get so much adventure, but I got a chance to see things. And when I get any time now I write down some of the things. You wouldn't like to see any of my poems, I suppose."

Jim struggled with a desire for politeness. "I got to buy a new suit, Ted," he excused himself lamely. "But they'd be wasted on me."

He left the Parnassus climber biting a lead pencil and looking dreamily across the harbor masts.

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### A Shortage of Bait

Noah and Shem were taking a stroll on Mount Ararat, just subsequent to the stranding of the former's justly celebrated craft, when they came upon a stream wherein some fine carp were disporting themselves.

"Fine fishing, eh?" asked Shem.

"Fine," returned Noah. "But the trouble is that we have only two worms in our outfit!"

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### When Pluck Counts

Porto Rico isn't very popular with its young boys apparently, for in the last few months there have been an

unusual number of stowaways arriving in Ellis Island, speaking no English, but convinced that they would rather die than return to Porto Rico. Last week there was another one, who made friends with a Spanish boy who could write English.

The young Spaniard wrote to the Institute insisting that a Porto Rican was an American citizen, that the boy had a right to stay in New York if he could get a job, and asking for assistance. He wrote on Customs House paper and as he did not sign the letter, the Relief Man thought it a communication from some official. He went over to Ellis Island, found the Porto Rico boy and went with him to the Customs House. "Work me on ship," the boy succeeded in saying succinctly, and after he had proved that he was a native of Porto Rico, he went with the Institute man to the Shipping Board.

"His papers are all right, but we have to have a third paper signed by an employer. Take him over to this ship, see if the captain will take him as mess boy and then come back here with his signature."

Three hours after the Institute man first saw the Porto Rican, the boy had a job, a place to sleep on his ship that night, and such a happy heart that he wanted to kiss the hand of the Relief Man.

"He says," interpreted the Spaniard, "that you are his father and mother and he loves you. He will work hard on the ship and bring you his earnings."



### North River Station

Over on West Street where the transatlantic liners have their docks is the other Seamen's Church Institute, our "North River Station". It goes about its work unpretentiously announcing itself simply as having "Club Rooms and Church for Seamen, Boatmen and Ships' Boys."

These ships' boys are the seamen from the big passenger ships, for the most part, not the apprentices who have their particular club room at 25 South Street. There are attractive rooms, lined with books, furnished with comfortable chairs, where these boys can come, get to know each other, read, borrow books and write their letters. There is also a big reading room and a game room up stairs where the men can play billiards, pool, checkers, chess and any in-door game.

On Wednesday evenings there is a ten minute organ recital in the Church of the Holy Comforter, followed by a special song service. After this the seamen go out into the reading and game room for more songs, games and refreshments. Last Wednesday the rooms were crowded with many men from the Mauretania's crew, and the staff needed all its ingenuity to distribute its guests comfortably.

"We miss our old band from the crews of the Lusitania," the resident manager told the editor sadly. "Since the war only three men from the Lusitania crew have been in here."

With smaller quarters it is possible to establish a very friendly, intimate relation between the firemen, trimmers and seamen who come to the North River Station and the staff. They have formed a little club called the "Life Line Crew," with representatives from the various ships, whose purpose is, rather solemnly, "literary pursuits and recreation."

Magazines and carpet hand-rags for the firemen are always distributed to the men after the Sunday evening services and the Wednesday night entertainments. The men use the Station as a permanent address, come there for mail, deposit their money for safe keeping in the Seamen's Wages Department, store their luggage in the baggage room, coming and going with the pleasant simple attitude of those who feel comfortably at home.

But the problem of the North River Station is a lack of room, and a dearth of volunteer workers. There is not space enough for all the men who want to come to the Wednesday night Sings. It might be possible to draw a curtain across the Chancel and use a part of the church. Of course no ragtime would be sung, but the home songs, the songs that everybody knows, could be given with the men divided into sections according to their voices.

Moreover, there is a big field for volunteer work among the crews who live on the ships, and come ashore looking for amusement. A more personal contact with these men, a really keen interest in their lives



would be possible if there were men and women who cared to take the trouble.

A part of the Mauretania crew with other patrons of the North River Station went up to Van Cortlandt Park on Friday to play football and have a day in the country.

All this work on West Street, reaching another kind of seaman from the class that comes to the South Street building, should not be forgotten merely because the attention has been more directly focused upon the activity in the large Institute. What the North River Station does with its church and club rooms is tremendously important: it puts out a welcoming hand to homesick men, makes them feel a part of a large family.

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### The Delicate Problem

"If you can find out whether my son is married, and something about the young woman, it will be of great service to me," wrote a man from Argentina to the superintendent of the Institute. The latter was turned over to the Inquiry Department and the difficulties began.

The father explained in careful English that his son was Portuguese and that he would inherit \$100,000, but that he had gone to sea, and ultimately word had drifted back to the southern country that the boy had married a French girl. "If she is a nice girl, and in your opinion, will make my son a good wife, I shall be glad to have them come home."

A few days after the letter came, the boy arrived at the Institute. He was a sensitive, reserved young person, whose confidence had to be very tactfully won before the subject of his marriage could be broached. At last, however, his enthusiasm for his young bride overcame his diffidence and he showed a picture of her to the Inquiry Man.

"She very good, too, very gentle always," he added when the Inquiry Man said something about her pretty, animated face. "You tell my father I go home if he want Yvonne to come too. I sail now for Bordeaux where she is staying with her family, and we go to Argentina, if my father say he will receive her with welcome."

The Inquiry Man considered it impartially and then he wrote to the father.

"She looks like a nice girl. If you want to see your son, cable him to come home and bring his wife."

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### Burial Fund

"A stranger in a strange land." We have written it before about the seaman who dies in New York, who lies alone in the hospital or sometimes in the Institute. He trusts us, turns to us when the end is near, confident that to us at least he is not a stranger, that what is left when he no longer can worry or arrange, will be reverently cared for.

We have buried many seamen in the past six months, especially owing to the influenza epidemic. It has renewed our desire to find ourselves



able to take care of every seaman who has had any contact at all with the Institute.

Think of the peace of mind which it secures for the families across the sea, the comfort of knowing that a son or brother or husband received the final kindness and the chance to lie with his fellow seamen in a spot faithfully tended by friendly hands.

Our Burial Fund still needs contributions to finish the payments on the new plot which we took in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing, last summer. The old one at Evergreen Cemetery became too crowded, and in our choice of a new spot we secured an excellent location with a long stretch of roadway bordering the plot, giving a dignified entrance and making it possible to hold a Naval Funeral, permitting the sailors to march directly to the grave, and the carriages to drive past without confusion.

On the back page of the Lookout we ask for contributions to the Cemetery Fund. We do not state a specific amount, because the larger the fund, the greater number of absolutely friendless seamen we shall be able to rescue from unknown and unmarked graves.

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### Bishop Greer

At a regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, held on June 18th, 1919, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

"A great prelate, a great man, was taken from the Community and from

the Nation, when Bishop David H. Greer died. Broad-minded, tolerant, catholic in the truest sense, the highest type of Christian, the tributes from far and near, from all denominations, sects and religions bear witness to the universal admiration and esteem in which he was held. This minute deals more particularly with his relations to the Seamen's Church Institute.

"The Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., was elected a Clerical Vice-President of the Institute on April 22nd, 1889. This office he still held, when in 1903, he became Bishop Coadjutor of this diocese in 1908, he was elected President of the Institute, having become Bishop of New York. In 1913, he was elected Honorary President of the Institute. As President and as a member of this Board, he gave of his energies without stint, and was always a tower of strength. His broad-minded progressive spirit, his unflinching courage and optimism brought light out of dark places, and his activities and untiring mind were ever a source of inspiration. The helpfulness of his wise counsels materially aided in bringing success to the projects of the Institute, during the critical years of its growth.

"It was a privilege and a pleasure to work with him and under him, and the members of our Board deeply regretted when higher and more important activities took him away from our meetings, and from his more intimate connection with the work of the Institute. We cherish his memory,



and shall feel that in spirit he is still with us."

Edmund L. Baylies, Chairman,

J. Frederic Tams

Archibald R. Mansfield

Robert Mc. Marsh

### Donations Received May, 1919

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, resilvering sextant mirrors for Navigation School, portable organ, cigarettes and hand rags.

Alexander, Miss Jane M.

Allen, Miss Ruth

American Fund for French Wounded

American Library Association, New York

American Library Association, Washington, D. C.

Anonymous—2

Anonymous—Montclair, N. J.

Arnold, Mrs. G. C.

Ashley, Eugene

Atwood, A. B.

August, Joseph

Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.

Baldwin, Miss Martha R.

Barlow, Trevor M.

Benedict, E. C.

Bisbee, Mrs. Ralph

Bissell, John L.

Bleecker & Simmons

Bliss, John, & Company

Bliss, Mrs. W. G.

Boody, Mrs. Edgar

Boyd, Miss R.

Bradford, Mrs. William M.

Brett, Edward J.

Buchanan, Mrs. S. E.

Buckingham, Mrs. Benjamin H.

Bunce, James H., Company

Burleigh, Col. George W.

Burnham, Mrs. Ella F.

Burton, Mrs. H. J.

Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth

Chafee, Mrs. Z.

Chappell & Company

Chase, Mrs. A. C.

Cheeseman, Mrs. T. M.

Clark, Miss E. V.

Cogswell, F. J.

Colton, Thomas J.

Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.

Cox, The Misses

Craig, Miss A. B.

Dall, Mrs. H. H.

Davy, H. G.

DeGrella, Mr.

Denning, Mrs. W. T.

DePeyster, Miss Augusta

DePeyster, Miss Frances

DeSola, J. C.

Derrick Publishing Co.

Dexter, Miss A. B.

Dominick, Mrs. M. W.

Dumond, Miss Ida

Dunning, Dr. W. B.

Eakin, Mrs. G. E.

East Harford Auxiliary of State Council of Defense

Emmons, Mrs. C. T.

Ewen, Miss M. Louise

Fleet, Mrs. J. J.

Friend, Mrs. R. A.

Fuller, Mrs. G. A.

Ganser, Miss Christine

Gardiner, Mrs. S. W.

Goodbody, K. H.

Gordon, Mrs. George B.

Griffith, William

Hall, Mrs. E. W.

Hall, Mrs. J. B.

Hall, Mrs. V. G.

Hamill, Mrs. Ernest A.

Hance, Mrs. John A.

Hanly, Miss

Harriott, Miss Marjorie

Hatch, Miss C. J.

Hawell, Mrs.

Hogan, Mrs. Jefferson

Hoge, Miss Eliza M.

Homan, Mrs. C.

Howe, Mrs. L. V.

Hoyt, Sherman

Hudson Street Hospital

Hukill, Mrs. M. L.

Huntington Library Bureau

Huston, Miss Gertrude E.

James, Mrs. Julia F.

Jenkins, Mrs. Edward E.

Jenkins, Edward E.

Jones, Mrs. F. S.

Jones, Mrs. W. S.

King, Mrs. Eugene F.

King, Miss Gladys

King, Miss S.

Kirby, Absolom

Lawrence, Miss Isabella

Leshure, Mrs. John

Lester, Miss M. E.

Lincoln, Mrs. L.

Luck, Mr. W.

Lyon, Miss Sinclair

McCarthy, Mrs.

McClary, L. S.

McCredie, T.  
 McLean, Mrs. Charles  
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.  
 Marlow, Mrs. Frank M.  
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert  
 Meyer, Mrs. A. R.  
 Moore, Mrs. George G.  
 Morgan, Mrs. James L.  
 Morgan, William M.  
 Moyer, Mrs. J. F.  
 Nelson, A. P.  
 Nelson, Miss Helen D.  
 Nesbit, Miss  
 Neubert, Mrs. E. D.  
 New York Bible Society  
 Ogden, Mrs. C. W.  
 Oppenlander, Mrs. E.  
 Osborn, Mrs. Homer W.  
 Peacock, Mrs. Alexander R.  
 Pease, Mrs. C. A.  
 Peterson, Miss Emma  
 Phelps, Mrs. H. W.  
 Ranch, Mrs.  
 Reboul, G. H.  
 Redford, G. M.  
 Rice, Mrs. A. H.  
 Richardson, Mrs. C. S.  
 Ridgely, Miss M. T.  
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.  
 Robertson, Mrs. Annie K.  
 Robinson, Henry J.  
 Rodewald, Mrs. F. L.  
 Rohse, Miss Jenny H.  
 Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.  
 St. Agnes Chapel, War Relief Work  
 St. Michaels Junior Auxiliary  
 Seamen's Benefit Society  
 Seeley, Miss Frances  
 Shaw, Mrs. E. E.  
 Sherlock, Mrs. John C.  
 Shriver, Mrs. Harry T.  
 Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.  
 Slade, Miss A.  
 Smith, Mrs. Frank E.  
 Smythe, Mrs. S. E.  
 Speed, Mrs. J. B.  
 Squire, G. H.  
 Stillman, Miss M. W.  
 Swift, Mrs. Mary L.  
 Taylor, Mrs. J. O.  
 Taylor, Miss Theodora  
 Terhune, P. P.  
 Tompkins, Dr. W. M.  
 Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.  
 Trinity Chapel, Boy's Club, N. Y.  
 Turl, Miss Penelope  
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong  
 Usher, Miss Irene  
 Warde-Eisen, Mrs. A. W.  
 Wayre, Charles D.  
 Weeks, Mrs. Kate P.  
 Wetmore, Mrs. George P.  
 Wetmore, Miss Edith

Whitely, Mrs. Benjamin  
 Whitfield, Miss E.  
 Whiting-Charlton Shirt Co.  
 Wright, Mrs. Frederick W.

## Church Periodical Club and Branches

Christ Church, Norwich, Conn.  
 Church of the Incarnation, N. Y.  
 Church Periodical Club, N. Y.  
 Grace Church, Orange, N. J.  
 St. Agnes Chapel, N. Y.  
 St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 St. James Church, N. Y.  
 St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I.  
 St. John's Church, Far Rockaway, L. I.  
 St. Mark's Church, W. Orange, N. J.  
 St. Thomas' Church, N. Y.

## Contributions for Special Purposes

American Navy Club, Hamilton, Bermuda, Discretionary Fund .....	£ 41-19-5
Benton, Miss Susana F. F., Discretionary Fund .....	\$150.00
Burton, Mrs. H. J., Chapel Flower Fund .....	10.00
<i>In memory of Chaplain Dallam</i>	
Butler, Mrs., Social Fund, for Apprentice Boys .....	2.30
Cockburn, Thomas A., Discretionary Fund .....	4.00
Cox, The Misses, Discretionary Fund .....	10.00
DeBarry, M. J., North River Coffee Bun Fund .....	2.00
Dominick, M. W., Subscriptions for Magazines.....	25.00
King, Mrs. Eugene F., Discretionary Fund .....	1.00
Meisner, Charles A., Discretionary Fund .....	5.00
Wadhams, Mrs. A. J., Discretionary Fund .....	4.00
Wolcott, Mrs. Emily J., Discretionary Fund .....	25.00



# General Summary of Work

## MAY 1919

### Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English .....	12	878	1009
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services .....	3	125	132
Services on Board Ships .....	24	442	442
Bible Classes .....	3	180	180
Holy Communion Services .....			5

### Relief Department.

Board, Lodging and Clothing .....	228
Cases Treated in Institute Clinic .....	13
Referred to Hospitals .....	42
Hospitals Visited .....	74
Patients Visited .....	627

### Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips Made .....	31
Visits to Vessels .....	179
Bundles of Magazines Distributed .....	187
Men Transported .....	11
Pieces of Dunnage Transported .....	8

### Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments .....	17	3577	4045
Home Hour .....	4	417	465
Public School Lectures .....	4	542	546
Packages Reading Matter Distributed .....			624
Comfort Bags and Knitted Articles Distributed .....			619
Ships Visited .....			150

### Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Depts.

Lodgings Registered .....	20,219
Letters Received for Seamen .....	7,939
Pieces of Dunnage Checked .....	5,823

### Shipping Department.

Vessels Supplied with Men by S. C. I. .....	31
Men Shipped .....	210
Men Given Temporary Employment in Port .....	51
Total Number of Men Given Employment .....	261

### Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits .....	1,235.49
Withdrawals .....	68,086.90
Transmitted .....	6,633.36
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust .....	57,546.82

# PLEASE REMEMBER

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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.

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## 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**.

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

The increased cost of paper, printing and postage makes it impossible to send **The Lookout** except under the above conditions.