

# The LOOKOUT



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

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

## Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

## Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

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

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor       | Free stationery to encourage writing home   |
| Hospital Visitors                                     | Free English Classes  |
| Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals                | Information Bureau  |
| Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats        | Literature Distribution Department  |
| Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants | Ways and Means Department   |
| Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families        | Post Office   |
| Burial of Destitute Seamen                            | 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 provisions for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

## Form of Bequest

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



# THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 12

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 11

## Why the Institute?

The Institute is the expression of the faith of the men and women who support it, for "Faith if it hath not works is dead, being alone." Is there any reason why Christian men and women should build and help support a lodging house for seamen? None, except that it has ever been the policy of the church to help those who are unable to help themselves. The seamen, birds of passage always, were the victims of the vile and vicious in every port, until the church stepped in. As the inspired preacher who, seventy-six years ago, began the work of the Institute said, "the church spires up town point toward heaven, but the devil owns the docks."

No longer is that the case in New York. Men and women with a love for their fellows have given so generously to seamen's homes, that many of the devil's agents who battered on the sailor, have been driven elsewhere for their prey.

The Seamen's Church Institute has had no small part in changing the conditions on the waterfront. It has provided a home for nearly eight hundred men in wholesome surroundings. It has provided two doctors to care for their health and four Chaplains and a House Mother to care for their other needs.

Many of our men are strangers in New York, and they are bewildered by the vastness of the place, and

they do not know how to go about anything they may wish to do. The Chaplains help them send money home, they advise them in legal matters or send them where they can get advice, they often write their letters and help them in domestic difficulties. They help them get shore employment when they cannot get it on ships. They hold services for them in the Chapel and in the reading rooms, and concerts for them in the Concert Hall. They visit them when they are sick and comfort and encourage them when they are depressed and discouraged. They do a general all around Social Welfare work for them; they are the connecting link between these men and their kind in port. They are often the interpreters of the spirit of this great nation. Many a man has changed from cursing to blessing this country, because of the work of our Chaplains and our House Mother

Now we are faced with the very practical problem of finance. When the men had work, they patronized our lunch counter and soda fountain and other commercial departments. These departments paid and helped cover the running expenses of the house. Now the men have no money and these departments are not making a profit, but they have to be kept running.

Unless we get more help from our friends there will have to be retrenchment, and it will have to be

in the social and welfare work. We will have to have fewer concerts and religious services. We will have to stop visiting the sick and caring for those in trouble.

In other words we have built up a great institution, and led the men to expect help when they are in trouble. Now in their greatest need we will have to fail them, unless we are more generously supported. It is a matter of dollars and cents.

Some of our friends are doing wonderful work for us—not only giving more generously than ever before, but strengthening us by their expressions of good will and faith in our work. We need not only your financial support, but we need you. We need your prayers, we need your sympathy and we need your support. It is a trying time in the history of this old world. Help us to meet it with both faith and works.

Anyone who feels inspired to help the Institute in this emergency financial situation may send their contribution addressed to Frank T. Warburton, Treasurer, 25 South St., New York, N. Y.

### Without Faith

"I am an atheist!" a young man said aggressively, as he entered the Chaplain's office.

The Chaplain looked up at him in a mild, kindly way through his spectacles. "That is all right, my boy," he said. "It won't prevent us discussing the question of the Home Hour about which you have made a protest." There was in his face and manner the understanding of a man

who knows the assurance and intolerance of youth.

The young man sat down, partly conquered by the spirit he was denying; and the Chaplain asked his help in solving the problem he had raised. "Tell me how to conduct the Home Hour in a better way," the Chaplain said. "I am doing the best I can."

The seaman was a cultured, highly educated man, but he was like many, who can destroy what others have built, but cannot construct anything in its place. He acknowledged that he had nothing better to suggest.

A few days ago the same young man went to the Chaplain's office. He was like thousands of others, out of work, he hadn't a cent and he did not know what to do. For some strange reason, in his need, he returned to the man whose life is devoted to teaching the things he denies.

The Chaplain sent him to a man, who finally secured a position for him. He returned to express his appreciation and there was deep feeling in his voice and good will in the clasp of his hand and in the light in his eyes. And as the Chaplain watched him go, he recalled the wonderful promise that we all prove true, somewhere on the pathway of life, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

### Clothes and Jobs

There is nothing that will make a man feel "he can lick the world" so much, as being well dressed and well



fed. When a man is undernourished and in rags, he begins to doubt his ability. He begins to feel the way he looks. He looks like a beggar and he acts like a beggar.

"You get that you slink into offices, afraid of the rebuff you expect," a Captain explained, as he told of looking for work for months, "and when you get afraid of life you are no good."

That is just about where a young man who was noticed walking anxiously up and down in front of the Chaplain's office, had reached. He had pawned his clothes, even his coat, with the hope that he would get a ship before the money they brought was gone. But he hadn't. The money was gone, the clothes he had on were in rags, and no work was in sight.

It was a hard struggle for him to make up his mind to go into the Chaplain's office and ask for help. He walked up and down before the door, a few dozen times before he bolted in and whispered his story.

It was evident at once that he had come from a cultured home, and that he was well educated. The Chaplain gave him a suit that had been sent in and a pair of boots and a good shirt. Then he told him how to go about getting a shore job.

It was only the next evening that the young man was again walking up and down in front of the Chaplain's office. He was trying to find the Chaplain to tell him that he had found a job as a bookkeeper, and to thank him.

He wasn't able to express his

gratitude—he mumbled a few boyish words—and then he choked up. It was the first time he had ever been forced to ask for help.

### Our Apprentice Boys

Black cats and witches and spooks of all kinds were abroad on All-hallowe'en night at the Institute. In order to oblige the Apprentice Boys and their friends, Rev. R. B. Day and Miss Marion Elliman, who are in charge of the Thursday night parties, had a conference with the spirits before hand, and asked them to come out on October the 27th, and they kindly consented to do so, provided everyone wore a costume on that night, and booths were provided for the witches and diviners who would come to tell their fortunes and warn them of the things to come.

And so it was. Black cats wandered around the decorations of yellow, and witches presided at the tables, and spooks and spirits of all kinds made merry. And in the booths fantastic looking creatures bent over the palms of those who wished to know themselves and in a corner a divinator peered into cups where the future unfolded before her. It was reported that if all the things told that night come true, everyone present will live to a ripe old age and success and good fortune will be their constant companions.

The tables were decorated with orange and black and here and there stood black cats and witches on guard, and between them were plates of apple and pumpkin pie.

Also there were red-cheeked apples, and coffee and tea were served. There were no nuts and candies this year because with so many men just outside hungry, it did not seem right to have any more than was necessary to make it a real party.

Then there was dancing and the spirits whirled and circled, and as the newspapers would say, 'A good time was had by all,' and much of the fine spirit was due to Miss Marion Elliman, who has recently become hostess on Thursday evening and has at once become so popular and so much loved that we wonder how we got along without her.

For an hour every Thursday evening, before the party begins, she teaches the shy young boys, who are afraid to trust themselves on the floor, just how to dance and the improvement in the department of the boys and their joy in knowing how to dance, is very apparent. She is so sweet and womanly that already she has bound the boys to her in a bondage of affection that means much to such young fellows, far from their own homes and mothers and sisters.

To her they are not afraid to tell their difficulties, and she is so sympathetic and understanding, that not only does she correct their little mistakes, but she inspires them with the desire to acquire that culture of the heart, which is the final test of any lady or gentleman.

With the Apprentice Boy work in the hands of Mr. Day and Miss Elliman, we feel that this year will be one of our most successful.

### The Mystery Man

He sat on the stairs day after day all dressed up in his Sunday best, smoking like a chimney. His clothes were good but conspicuous. His white shoes and brilliant tie added more than the necessary touch of color.

He brought himself to the attention of the Chaplain by asking for a room, because he awakened up every half hour for a smoke, and he could not well enjoy that luxury in a dormitory.

And of course there was gossip among the men about him, for our family is like all other families. Anyone we do not understand we speculate about.

There was nothing but speculation left to us because he always sat alone. If a man came and sat near him he at once moved away. He moved quietly and inoffensively but he moved decidedly, and he did not sit down again until he had the step to himself. He seemed to like it better if there was no one on the stairs but himself. He showed his satisfaction by added rings of smoke that circled around him. But he did not talk. He had faith in silence.

Some of the men said his body was wrapped in bills. They all appeared to think he had plenty of money, whether or not it was just the imaginings of people who always wonder about the unknown, we cannot say.

He disappeared as quietly and mysteriously as he came.

We miss him on the stairs.



## Memorial Day

Several years ago the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute set apart the Sunday nearest to All Saints' Day, as Memorial Sunday. It was instituted in order that an opportunity might be afforded to those who have made memorial gifts to the Institute, to attend a Memorial Service, and to renew their associations with this building and work.

This year the service was held on October 30th, in the Chapel of Our Saviour, and the donors, their memorials, and those in whose names they were given, were remembered in special memorial prayers offered by Dr. Mansfield.

The sermon was preached by Rev. J. Wilson Sutton, who took as his text "Wilt thou do wonders for the dead?" And from this and all the promises in regard to the life to come, he expressed the belief that, the vision of God, peace that passeth all understanding, and joy that knows no ending are the blessings enjoyed by the dead. After death the blind and the deaf see and hear and those whose eyes are holden in life, have the heavenly vision. Peace, and joy in their fullness come only to those who have passed beyond the vicissitudes of life. Then is the heavenly vision and the peace and joy that cannot be taken away.

## An Answer

The Chaplain who is always cheerful, hadn't stopped smiling, but there was a slight cloud over the sunshine of his countenance. He

had loaned all the money he had to those in greater need than himself. Two men had promised to return enough to keep him in food but had failed to do so.

The hour for the evening meal was at hand and his pockets were empty. He stated his case to another Chaplain and said: "I need \$6. That is all I require. I am disappointed in those fellows. They promised and they know I am hard up."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when a man entered the Chaplain's office and without a word slipped some money into the hand of the Chaplain. He went away as quickly as he came.

The Chaplain opened his hand. In it there was \$6. It was another man altogether, who returned the money, loaned him some months before.

## Kindness the Conqueror

Have you ever brooded over the unkindness of a friend and felt terribly bitter and resentful? You have. We all have. Then the friend has come to us and done a kind, generous thing.

Our anger fled at once like the snow before a soft south wind. We are all easily conquered by kindness. Evil thoughts, cowed and beaten, slink away before the approach of the good.

Some of our men are feeling bitter against a world that will not give them work. Their hard calloused hands and strong muscles are growing soft and flabby because society has turned its back on them. It has

no place for them. They are not wanted. Their stomachs clamor for food but their hands are not allowed to produce it.

We cannot blame them for being bitter against a world for which they risked everything during the terrible years of the war. They went into the jaws of death over and over again, and we praised them unstintingly, but now when they reach out those same hands, begging nothing but the privilege to serve, the door is closed in their faces.

We cannot solve the problem of unemployment, but we can reach to these men a friendly hand of understanding, and open our hearts to them. We can conquer their bitterness, by letting them know, that what we can do we will do. It is to convey to them the kindness and good will of those whose circumstances are better than theirs, that we so much desire to help them through this difficult time of most unusual unemployment.

### Working Commandments

One of the sailors, unable to get employment on a ship, appealed to one of the Chaplains to help him get a shore job. He was sent to an old-established firm and when he applied for work, the man in charge asked him to write out ten commandments to be followed in business. The following are what he wrote:

1. Be the eyes and ears where you work; leave the oratory to others.

2. Do not put too much reliance on "rumors." Do all your banking on facts.
3. Beware of bright and shiny things. All that glistens and sparkles is not gold or diamonds. Polished brass shines brightly and the sparkler may have come from Tiffany's or it might have come from Woolworth's.
4. If your boss goes away on business or vacation and the place becomes flooded with water or catches on fire, hang on to your noddle, turn off the water, and extinguish the flame, then listen to other ways of doing the job by "old timer" so and so.
5. Never be in a hurry but always in haste.
6. Do not try to please everybody. Remember that the "best man" that ever lived, could not please one dozen select men.
7. Be cognizant of the fact that if you never make a mistake you will always stand in one place.
8. If your boss takes a chance and entrusts you with a "talent" to increase, don't get "cold feet" and hide it. Take a chance like he did and multiply it.
9. Remember that it is an indisputable fact, that perfection on earth can never be attained. Remember also that is no excuse for you not keeping your character, ability, and deportment up around 90%.
10. If a man "soldiers" on the job with you "knock" him. He has one hand in your master's pocket; and a hand and an arm in yours.



### Moving Day

A chief engineer who had been long out of work came to one of the Chaplains and said he was moving. He asked if he could put his baggage in our baggage room and come every day and have access to it.

The Chaplain was rather puzzled by the request and he asked, "Where are you moving?"

The man avoided his eyes and replied, "I have reached the end. I am moving out into the park. I want to have access to my baggage so that I can get my comb and razor and keep clean and respectable looking."

Something in the Chaplain's throat made it hard for him to speak. He knew the man. He was a good worker but he had a wife and three children and most of his money had gone to them. He did wish he could help the man.

Then as if in answer to prayer the telephone rang. A man was wanted by the Verger of Trinity Church. Could the Chaplain get someone who would be willing to do even the most menial tasks?

The Chaplain turned to the man who was still waiting and he told him what the position was. "Will you take it?" he asked.

It was the man's turn to find it hard to speak. There was a mist in his eyes, as he said he certainly would, and tried to express his feeling that it was an answer to prayer.

"You can go over and see about it in the morning?" the Chaplain said, but the man did not wait until

morning. He went at once on the run, and in fifteen minutes was back, all arrangements made. He began work at nine the next morning.

### Loss of Everything

The following letter from a contributor explains better than we can, why the seamen should be helped at the present time.

"I thank you for taking the trouble to write to me about the disposition of that old suit of clothes I sent. It was exceedingly good of you with all the demands upon your time and your heart. I knew the Institute would use them to the best advantage, and am very glad they served to fill a need.

"We can never do too much for the men of the Merchant Service, who made the outcome of the war possible. Unlike us of the regular service, they had no pension to which they could look forward, nor even the certainty of continuous employment, and their reward for duty done was often the loss of all they had in the world. They are real men, under a sometimes rough exterior, and it is distressing to have them in need now. All strength to you and to the Institute in your work for them."

### A Letter to the Bank

"I beg you pardon that I so much in hurry was about the money which I had at your office so write you a second letter now I can tell and I am much obliged to you that I have received it wherefor I am the most thanks send for the quik answer."

# The LOOKOUT

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
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at

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

Superintendent

or

LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

## Relief

It is splendid the way our friends have been coming forward in this our testing time, and we cannot express our appreciation. But only a few of the many who are interested in this work, have as yet sent anything for relief, and we do so much need all you can spare.

We believe that in the years to come, this time in our history will be referred to as one of the worst industrial depressions this country has ever experienced. Our grandchildren will look back and wonder how we lived through it. And many men and women will tell of want and sickness and despair.

And there will be others who will tell of what might have been their tragedy, if Christian men and women had not believed that all men are brothers, and helped those in need.

We all realize that good times are just around the corner, and business is preparing for them. But we have

not yet reached that corner and in the meantime our men are in need, and our problem is to keep them fit, both in body and mind. We wish to keep up the morale of the men until the idle ships are again loaded for voyages long and short, when all our men and more will be needed.

We cannot do this without more funds.

We realize that our demands these days are many, but we know that if you were as close to the need as we are, you would give as you have never given.

Other nations are realizing that the world is facing a crisis. We are not solving our national problems, but we are trying to keep our people healthy and well nourished, with the hope that sound bodies and sound minds will help us to solve our problems in a wise, sane way.

We need your help. We need it now. We need every cent you can give.

## Only One

"One man out of six million people is not many," he said, when he heard of the man who died from cold and starvation, on a nearby pier.

It is not many but it is all the same to the man who has gone. Life was all he had and that was taken from him. Never again will the sun shine and the flowers bloom and the winds blow for him.

"He is better off where he is," some will say, and he may be. That we cannot know.

But what about those of us who let him starve in a land of plenty?



What will our answer be when we are called to make an accounting?

Will we dare to say, "I am not my brother's keeper."

### **In Memory**

It was with mourning in his heart that the Chaplain, who has been conducting the services in the Church of the Holy Comforter at the North River Station (of the Seamen's Church Institute) told of the death of Mrs. Broadwell. She has been the soloist and he says that to her is largely due the very powerful religious influence that has marked the services there.

The religious background of her life added a tonal quality to her voice, that was a great contribution, for she sang from the heart. She will be greatly missed, for to that work she gave, not only her voice, but herself.

### **A Plea for Help**

The following letter was written to the House Mother from Bermuda and shows the reputation the Institute has for rendering service. This is only one of many letters that come asking our help for people in other parts of the world.

"When anybody, who goes to sea, wishes anything they generally come to you, and I am going to prove to you that I am no exception, as I am about to put a request before you on behalf of somebody else.

"There is a patient here, a young Danish sailor with a broken back, who will not live more than eighteen months, although the unfortunate soul is unaware of it. He

cannot read English, and therefore does nothing all day but lie on his back, as there is not a book in the Danish language on the Island for him to read.

"So therefore I would like to know if you could gather or cause to be gathered some books for him in his language, also some newspapers. I think you could get one of the unemployed sailors at the Institute to take them to the chief office of the Fort Hamilton or Fort Victoria at Pier 95, North River, whichever ship happens to be in, and they will bring them down here. I will reimburse you for transportation to the ship and will make arrangements here to have them sent to the hospital.

"I know it means a lot of bother for you, but on the other hand, this chap has little to look forward to until he leaves this sphere. I have been here three weeks for an operation and now am recovering and hope to come up north soon and join my ship."

### **Mr. Gookin's Illness**

Eight weeks ago, Mr. Allan S. Gookin, Manager of the North River Station of the Seamen's Church Institute, was taken to the hospital, and ever since he has been directing the work of that station from his sick room.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Gookin will soon be able to return to the work that he so much loves and that reflects so much credit on him. Mr. Gookin has made of the North River Station a real home for seamen.

## Welfare Headquarters for Stranded Merchant Seamen

The Ferry House is almost ready for the unemployed seamen, who have been sleeping in the parks and in wagons and in any sheltered place they could find. For the first time, in the history of welfare work in New York, the need of seamen as a class has been recognized by the community. This was largely brought about by the work of Dr. Mansfield, who is on the Mayor's Committee on Housing and Relief. And to the Seamen's Church Institute was given the work of reconstructing the lower part of the old 39th St. Ferry Building, which is on South Street, about one block from the Institute, and administering the work that will be done there.

Rows and rows of comfortable cots have been provided—five hundred men can be accommodated if necessary. Shower baths have been installed, a caféteria lunch counter has been built and equipped, and a lounging place for the men has been arranged. Only stranded unemployed Merchant Seamen will be given shelter, and they will have to prove their right to be taken in. The Institute Employment Bureau will be moved to the Ferry Building and a great effort will be made to secure work for the men. The Relief Department of the Institute will do what it can for the men who are sick or in great need from any other cause.

This relief headquarters is the result of the co-operation of The Mayor's Committee on Relief; the

Department of Welfare; the Department of Plant and Structure; the United States Navy; the Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross and of private Welfare Agencies for seamen in the port of New York. No one organization could have accomplished such a stupendous work alone; and the men who are received there, will be first examined by one of the Seamen's Institutes or Missions, and when found worthy will be sent to the Welfare Headquarters. The various homes will pay for the meals that are provided, by paying for whatever tickets they give the men.

### If Your Boy

Could not get work, and he was too proud to beg, what would he do?

He was just the kind of an American Boy of whom any parent might be proud, who slid unobtrusively into the office of the House Mother. He didn't care to tell his troubles, but he knew she would understand.

He turned his foot up for her to see, that his shoes were really worn off his feet, and his foot was sore. He was not communicative, and he did not feel sorry for himself, but he had just about reached the limit. He couldn't walk the way he was.

A few minutes later a happy boy might have been seen coming down the hall in Missionary Alley, the House Mother standing at the door of her office, watching him with the proud satisfied expression of a mother who has been able to do something for one of her children.



The boots had come in answer to the request in the Lookout. We wish the sender could have seen that boy.

### Sea-Faring Folk

The following from an address given by Mrs. Edith Ackley before the Nantucket Historical Association, will be of interest to many of our readers.

"When the 'Lion' sailed from Nantucket in 1814 as is recorded upon the rafters of an old house here, the men on her faced not only the dangers of their calling (no slight ones) but peril of shipwreck on seas where no S. O. S. call could bring vessels speedily to the rescue, where no aircraft could spy a wreck pounding to destruction on a lee shore, and summon help and succor from Coast Guard Stations manned and equipped for such emergencies. We cannot say that they sailed uncharted seas, but even lighthouses were comparatively few and far between, and there was no canal to cut off that perilous passage round Cape Horn.

"Them as go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the deep, but them as goes in schooners sees hell," said an old sailor and he probably spoke from experience. \* \* \*

"Times have changed, the conditions of a sailor's life aboard ship have improved, but when ashore, the men who did such good service during the perilous years of the war, found slight provision made for them, except in New York, where the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street offers them at a moderate price, clean and comfort-

able beds, a safe in which to keep their money, shower baths, excellent food, decent amusements, and the interest and assistance of a House Mother of whose devotion to her wandering boys too much cannot be said. It is to aid these men whose calling takes them to all parts of the world, who often have no addresses, that the Institute is publishing a Missing Man's Bulletin, which is sent to seaports in this country and abroad, and through its agency many a lad has been traced and restored to anxious parents.

"For these frail craft upon the restless sea

Of human life, who strike the rocks uncharted

Who loom, sad phantoms, near us drearily,

Storm driven, rudderless, with timbers started."

"I would today enlist your sympathy and interest. The Institute wants books in all languages (loneliness knows no nationality); it wants magazines, knitted goods of all kinds, socks, sweaters and mittens; it wants you to stand behind the Merchant Marine of your own country; it wants you to keep the sailor ashore from the dives where he is drugged and robbed.

"To the women of Nantucket who did such splendid work when the call came from our Red Cross (many of whom I see before me), who knitted and sewed for our soldiers, I would say do not put down your knitting needles, keep a bit of work on hand, and send a pair of socks or mittens once in a while to the Institute for the sailors.

"Men from shipwrecked vessels are fitted out. Last winter I sent some large warm wool mittens, and the House Mother told me that an old man, a steersman on a barge, had his hands frozen to the steering bar. He came to her, had his hands dressed, and was given a pair of mittens. As he drew them on over the wounds, his eyes filled with tears, and he said 'I ain't never had nothing like this sence my mother died,' and a Nantucket woman taught me how to knit those mittens."

### **New Hotels**

In doorways, in wagons, in bandstands, in all kinds of dark corners you can find men curled up trying to sleep. They are queer, mummified looking objects, their heads wrapped in their coats, and their bodies swathed in newspapers.

Seven men have made the bandstand in Battery Park their hotel for several months. They put newspapers around to keep out the draft, then wrapped up as described, they lie down side by side, and pass a restless night.

Another popular place with homeless men, is a pier near the Institute, where many wagons are left for the night. Every evening men gather there, dozens of them, and make their preparations for sleeping as calmly as do the guests in hotels uptown.

One of the men who occupies a wagon with four friends called and asked for something warm, as he had pawned all his underclothes. When he appealed to the Chaplain he had on only a thin shirt, and a

worn pair of trowsers and a ragged coat. His shoes were worn and his stockings in holes.

The Chaplain gave him a warm sweater that someone had just sent in and he went away feeling it with all the appreciation of a man who has been cold for many many nights. Other sweaters have been given to men similarly situated. It has been a great joy to be able to help the poor fellows that much, for their lot is hard, and does not seem to be getting better.

### **Christmas—Important**

For years we have given our guests Christmas presents, also to men in hospitals, which meant great generosity on your part.

We cannot give this year although we fully intended to. There are too many men to care for; 800 in the Institute, 500 at the Emergency Welfare Headquarters and several hundred elsewhere.

What the men need is food and shelter and that must be provided. We will give them a Christmas Dinner and Holiday entertainment if you provide the funds. The presents you have or will send will be given to the sick seamen.

### **No Use for Kings**

He had saved men off a burning vessel and he had been cited for bravery. He acknowledged it after much questioning.

He even showed a medal that he had been given, and explained that he had been given a trip to England, and had appeared before the king.

"You don't say!" the Chaplain said, much interested.



"I do say," he replied with more animation than he had shown, and he leaned nearer the Chaplain, and added, "and I haven't had a bit of luck since I shook his hand."

### Thoughts of a Stroller

My Dear Lookout:—

I have been familiar with your vicinity for years and have a working knowledge of the Institute and its great work.

While meandering there a few days ago I was struck by the unprecedented number of sailors that I saw around. I saw them going in and out the Institute and they reminded me of phantom ships drifting aimlessly on a placid sea. Every time I see an idle sailor it recalls to my mind a large hulk I once saw, high up on a beach, useless and decaying. As I beheld these human derelicts I was impelled to wonder and to ask myself, "How are these men going to pass this winter?"

We are about to honor an unknown soldier dead, and it is well for us to do so, not for his sake but for our own. Little will he reckon the honors showered upon him; he is dead now, unknown now, and perhaps he was unknown then, even as these sailors are unknown now.

While thinking of this grave question, the Providence that rules the land and sea inspired me with the question, "Why not start a dollar movement to help them?"

It is now started and here is my dollar. I am inviting all who may see this letter (if you publish it) to send one dollar to help to feed an unknown living sailor, and let this

be the motto of the dollar club:

"He rescues us all at sea; let us rescue him on land." H. S. M.

### Part of a Day

"I'm in an awful fix."

The House Mother looked up at the anxious face of a sailor who stood at the door of her office fingering his hat uneasily, and asked, "What is the trouble?"

"Manley is sick—he is my pal, you know," he explained. "He is very bad and I didn't know what to do. We are rooming over a restaurant down South Street—about a block. When he went out I found the address of his folks and I telegraphed to them and they are coming."

The fact that they were coming seemed to be the last straw that made the situation too big for him to cope with.

"I thought I'd stir them up and make them do something for him," he mumbled as he continued his explanation, "and so I told them he was dying, and if he knew I'd sent for them he'd black my eyes. I don't dare let him know. I am thinking of going away."

"Then he isn't dying?" the House Mother asked interestedly.

"No—" he acknowledged grudgingly, "but he might have—he has something queer the matter with him and you never can tell, and his mother and sister are coming and they have telegraphed to me and I can't do anything with two women, Mrs. Roper. You'll have to help me, for they may get here in the night."

They did arrive in the night, al-

most midnight, and when the watchman saw them get out of their taxi, he turned with relief to Mrs. Roper and said, "My, its a good thing you are here. What would we have done if you had gone? There ain't any rules for what is to be done with ladies that come at midnight."

He sighed at the thought of the trouble they had escaped and the House Mother went out to meet the sorrowing mother and sister. They told her of the telegram they had received, and begged to be taken to their boy.

The House Mother started down South Street with them. It was then past midnight, but many groups of men stood around and gossip travels fast. Each group knew before they reached it, that they were looking for Manley and several hazarded guesses as to where he might be found.

They went to the restaurant but the people who rented the rooms above it did not know him.

"Did he say he would be here?" the mother asked.

"Yes," the House Mother said, continuing her search. She knew sailors well enough to know that his directions might be out a couple of blocks without bothering him.

"Is it Manley you are looking for, Mrs. Roper?" a voice out of the darkness of a side street, called.

"Yes," Mrs. Roper explained, "his mother and his sister have come to see him. He is sick."

"There is something queer the matter with him," the sailor mumbled as he led the way to the

building, where Manley roomed, but the place was locked and no one around had the keys.

But by that time everyone along the street was interested, and two policemen came to the rescue. They found a man who had a key and they ordered him to open the door.

They found Manley, not sick unto death, and so surprised to see his mother and his sister beside his bed that he thought he was dreaming. But there is something queer the matter with him, and as his pal said, he might have been dead. He had fallen on a nail that had pierced through to the spine and at times he lost all control of himself.

The House Mother found a room for the tired mother and sister and she arranged for the son to have the best medical attention; and she says that downtown New York is a very friendly, neighborly place after midnight.

### **Wear a Smile**

We like the optimistic fellow, he spreads good cheer, he wears a smile that won't come off, and he never takes the joy out of life. Even if he does exaggerate a little now and then—what of it. Its better to see the sunshine than the clouds. Let's look on the bright side of things—what do you say? We'll be happier, more contented, and better satisfied all around.

This is a pretty good old world after all. We are going to travel thru it but once. Why not enjoy it while passing thru. Don't be a grouch. Forget your petty grumbles unless an honest straight from the



shoulder complaint is going to benefit all people concerned.

### The Lookout

The year is counting its pearls and it has reached the eleventh. Many have subscribed for our little paper proving that they want it, but we have not yet reached our budget.

As we told you the beginning of the year—the Board asked “The Lookout” to prove that it was wanted by getting 2,000 people to subscribe for it.

We have not yet proven that we are valued for ourselves. Only 800 have subscribed. But there is time yet before Christmas if you really wish. It is only a dollar.

### Found a Friend

“Dear Sir:—I wish to give you my utmost thanks for locating Mr. J—— for me. I appreciate it very much that you made such an effort in my behalf. He has already written to me, so I know where to write to him now. He had written to me several times before, but for some unknown reason I failed to get his letters, so he thought I must have moved or left town. So he didn’t write any more. I am ever so much obliged to you.”

### Annual Holiday Dinners

Don’t forget the holiday dinners this year. A holiday is not a real holiday without something special to eat and this year a good meal will to many be the best kind of a celebration.

We have already had one check for dinners, so we know that we are not forgotten in this matter.

### History Repeats Itself

In the annual report of this Society in 1857 there are these words: “The tonnage of our merchant service exceeds that of any other nation; our exports and imports, our internal trade and navigation, our productions and wealth, have very greatly increased, and mainly through the perilous toils of the seamen. Their number now visiting our port, is very much greater than formerly, and consequently requires more extended provisions for their spiritual wants. Our widely extending internal navigation has brought to our city thousands of boatmen, who are dependent on the Bethels for the privileges of worship on the Sabbath. It is known that there are on every Lord’s day thousands of seamen and boatmen in this great city, for whose attendance on Church services there is not adequate provision, and who are exposed to all the evils of Sabbath breaking, with their demoralizing effects. Yet it is in a great degree, through the labors of these men, that our city has attained an eminence for commercial power, wealth and luxury, rivaling her of old, ‘whose merchants were princes and her traffickers the honorable of the earth.’ While the seamen are the means of our temporal prosperity, is it not just that their spiritual welfare should be the object of our care; and are we not, in respect to them, imperatively called upon to follow the injunction of our Lord, ‘Freely ye have received, freely give!’”

### Another Way

There is no end of the ways employed to rob seamen when they reach shore. One of the latest ways reported to us is that of a colored man in Norfolk. This man wears a cap with a badge "American Railway Express." He drives a team of horses and collects money from the seamen to forward their baggage. He gives them a receipt signed "Manager" but when their baggage reaches its destination it is not paid for and the seaman has to pay again.

The Chaplain Who Understands the Law at the Institute, reported this matter to the Express Company. They promised to investigate at once.

### "A Flying Angel"

The concert was in full swing; an encore was responsible for this song, the chorus of which was of the rolling, rollicking sort which compelled almost every one present to keep time with head or feet whether they were aware of the fact or not.

The applause was hearty and well deserved. Then came an inexplicable outburst of lurid swear-words, loudly uttered, and with a burr denoting a north of the Clyde origin.

Ladies were present and Mac was warned of the need for quietness or quitting.

But Mac forgot or felt for a fight and so it happened again—then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, Mac became a flying angel with one of his ship's Cadets as a Diesel engine of propulsion.

They both lay at the bottom of the entrance steps, Mac nethermost. He

had shed a boot and its sock from the left foot.

The Lay Reader sitting down watched them there and thought of an Irish bull: "Get up or I'll knock you down," but Mac was Scotch and fairly scotched.

"Let me get up!" yelled Mac. "Will you go aboard then?" we inquired.

And we three sat on the lowest step and between us managed to get the sock and the boot to its accustomed place, and Mac went also to his own place.—The Church and the Sailor.

### Quick Service

There was a man working on a ship in Jamaica Bay. He fell and broke some ribs and received other injuries. The ship was some distance from shore but the radio operator was on board. He at once sent out the KDKF call.

The radio man at the Seaman's Church Institute got the particulars, at once arranged for an ambulance to meet the man when he was brought ashore.

It all took twenty minutes.

### One They Know

A visitor was waiting outside of the office of the House Mother. A boy came out and smiled at her in a winning way and said, "This is the place we all come. We all know her. You should have seen the hall the day after she came back. Gee!"

He whistled expressively, and added, "There were about eighteen men waiting to see her."



# General Summary of Work

## SEPTEMBER, 1921

### RELIGIOUS WORK

#### South St. Institute, 25 South St.

	No.	Attend.
Sunday Services, A. M.	4	142
Sunday Services, P. M.	4	951
Bible Classes	3	280
Gospel Meetings	4	227
Weddings	0	
Funerals	2	
Baptisms	2	

#### North River Station, 341 West St.

	No.	Attend.
Sunday Services, P. M.	2	125
Song Service	2	125

#### U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island

Sunday Services, A. M.	4	170
Funerals	2	

### Institutional Service

#### South St. Institute

Home Hours	4	865
Entertainments	5	7,835
Lodgings registered		21,411
Incoming mail for men		14,282
Dunnage checked		4,055
Free baths		1,414
Free clothes washings		468
Packages literature distributed		290
Knitted articles distributed		97

#### North River Station

Home Hours	0	
Entertainments	2	137
Incoming mail for seamen		439
Dunnage checked		9 <sup>c</sup>
Free baths		
Free clothes washings		
Packages literature distributed		57
Knitted articles distributed		

### Relief

Meals, lodgings, clothing	323	Meals, lodgings, clothing	3
Assisted through loan fund	84	Assisted through loans	8
Minor relief and baggage	388	Minor relief	1
Cases in Institute Clinic	481	Cases referred to Institute Clinic	
Referred to hospitals	163	Referred to hospitals	
Referred to other organizations	16	Referred to other organizations	

### Employment

Ships supplied	15	Ships supplied	0
Men shipped	58	Men shipped	
Temporary employment		Temporary employment	2
Shore jobs	99	Shore jobs	

### Visits

To hospitals	10	To hospitals	1
To patients	14	To patients	1
Other visits	53	Other visits	
		To ships	8

#### Fox Hills Hospital

To hospital	15
Number of hours	45½

#### U. S. Marine Hospital

To hospital	22
Number of hours	78½

#### Hudson Street Hospital

To hospital	5
Number of hours	5

### Educational

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	59
First Aid Lectures	0
Other Educational Lectures	0

### Seamen's Wages

Deposits	\$38,499.85
Withdrawals	59,008.89
Transmissions	10,058.80

# SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

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

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

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

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## WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

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