

The LOOKOUT



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

Vol. XII

FEBRUARY, 1921

No. 2

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 Broad 0297

25 South Street, New York

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

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Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
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Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Department of "Missing Men"
Transmission of money to dependents	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
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Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

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

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25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

TELEPHONE, BROAD 0297

The Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.

Twenty-five years ago on December 1, 1895, Rev. A. R. Mansfield, then a student, who had not quite completed his course at the Seminary, officially took charge of the work of the East River Station of the Society at that time known as "The Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York." Twenty-five years ago in January 1896, he held his first religious services in connection with that work, and on May 31st of the same year he was ordained deacon in St. George's Church, New York. He was advanced to the priesthood on December 18th, 1897, in Grace Church, New York. Eighteen years later his Alma Mater, Saint Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, called him back within its walls, that it might honor him who had brought honor to it; and conferred on him the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity, for his great work for seamen.

Dr. Mansfield brought into his work for the men of the sea, not only a trained mind and a magnificent-physique, but he brought the power to see and feel ahead of the times. Even as a student his motto was not 'what has been done can be done,' but, 'what has not been done can be done.' He was an architect of the future. He had expected to go west and grow up with the country, but the call came for him to stay in the east and help it to develop, and for twenty-five years he has worked in season and out of season, building what has never been built before.

Twenty-five years seems a long time out of a life, when youth is pounding in the veins and dreams range free, unhampered by the chilling finger of experience; but it passes as a day for the man who has been so fortunate as to find service and self-expression in his daily work, and that has been the case with Dr. Mansfield. He has lived for his

work and his work has made him live. The finger of time has frosted his hair, and written the record of the years in his face, but it has not sapped his vigor or dampened his enthusiasm. He still dreams dreams and sees visions in a future, toward which his eyes are ever straining.

A glance over the annual reports of the Seamen's Church Institute for the past twenty-five years shows steady advance. In the second year of his ministry, Chaplain Mansfield as he was then called, began to express the stress of the work, and through his reports runs the protest that people do not know the need for if they did conditions would be changed. In that year a small seamen's home on Market Street was placed under the supervision of the East River Station, which shows that the Board had already recognised the executive ability of their young Chaplain.

In 1901 the first free Christmas dinner was given; Sunday evening teas for the boys were started; a dispensary was established and a connection with various hospitals to which sick men could be sent was formed. The seamen's wages department was also started that year.

In 1904 all the various stations of the Society, with the exception of the North River Station, were consolidated under the general superintendence of Dr. Mansfield, who was after that known as the Superintending Chaplain.

The next few years were epoch making for the Society. The name was changed to "Seamen's Church

Institute of New York," and the first expression of the thought, that has resulted in the present magnificent building, was made in a simple statement that the Sailors' Home at 52 Market Street had cared for 992 men, but a Home or Institute was needed near South Street and the Battery, a home that at one time would care for 250 men.

One has the feeling in reading the report, that Dr. Mansfield expected a gasp of astonishment from his supporters, when he mentioned such a tremendous undertaking; but he must have been agreeably surprised for in his next report he said that the citizens were responding splendidly to an appeal for funds to put up a building that would accommodate 400 men at the same time. No comment was made about the change from 250 to 400. No doubt the enthusiasm of the supporters grew with the work for in the next report quite casual reference was made to the fact that a home for 500 seamen was to be built. The building in fact, as it now stands, accommodates 714 men although that is more than was intended when it was built.

Co-incident with this work and largely because of this work, the General Convention of the Episcopal Church appointed a Joint Commission to promote concerted action in behalf of seamen throughout the nation. At the General Convention in Richmond it was resolved to appoint a Board to manage the work for Seamen in America. This was the forerunner of the "Seamen's Church Institute of America."

In 1911 the present Seamen's Church Institute building was begun and many times before it was finished it was called, "Mansfield's Folly." Dr. Mansfield acknowledges that he had many doubts and fears before the building was opened; but he could have none after. The very night it was opened, the seamen rushed in, in astonishing numbers, and they have been rushing in ever since. It was completed in time to do most wonderful service during the war and since; and although the game room has been turned into a dormitory, and double-decker beds have been put in both dormitories, hundreds of men have to be turned away daily; and already plans are under way for an addition that will double the capacity, and make of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York the greatest building of its kind in the world.

Many things might be mentioned about the work done by Dr. Mansfield to improve conditions for seamen, both in their work and in their outside contacts while in the port, but space will not allow.

Much has been accomplished in the last quarter of a century, and the future promises still greater things; and in its accomplishment it is claiming the years of the life of one man. Twenty-five years he has thrown with prodigal hand into the balance; and all his future he has mortgaged to this work for the men of the sea.

Thanks for Christmas

The following letter is one of many received by the Superintendent the day after Christmas. The

word "whoever" was underlined.

"Allow me to thank you and all those Friends, who take an interest in seamen, for your kind thoughtfulness in remembering us on Christmas Eve.

"I felt rather lonely last night, until I found that we were not forgotten, and that there were people who had a kind thought for strangers for that is what nearly all of us are to them.

"I could send you all no better greeting than the one that was sent to me:

May your heart be as blithe as a cricket,
 May your hopes be as high as a star,
 May your smile be as bright as a rainbow,
 May God Bless you, whoever you are.

"I shall always keep that greeting to remind me of Christmas 1920.

"With a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you."

What the Wind Says

The Seamen's Church Institute is appropriately situated, near the water, with an open space on two sides. From across the harbor the wind strikes the building with full force. According to its velocity different sound effects are produced. Sometimes it is a mild whistling wind playing sportively with the ratlin; at other times it sings weirdly and mournfully and one cannot help thinking it must be a requiem for lost seamen. I hear it today; it is strong and angry and I believe it is the voice of Neptune calling his children to the sea, and I hear his protest in the wind. And no wonder, for inside the building

are hundreds of his children waiting for idle argosies to sail. Neptune's plaint entered my soul and I answered him in my mind. You know he is a god and understands everything. And I said, "Oh, Neptune! it was your trident that pointed their way. It was over your waters they came and your winds wafted them here, and well, we had to take them in."

Nothing that I can think will pacify the wind. It blows and blows and as I sit here I wish that the men in the world who build and own ships and the governments that control ships would do something for these sons of Neptune.

Poor me, I do not know what they should do, but if they were only here with me, listening to the spirit of this wind, I know they would do something to stop its wailing.

Do you know that the wind brings messages, especially about seamen? If you listen you will hear.

Contributed.

The Hour of Need

The men in the Lobby did not know him. They hadn't even heard his name, and they did not ask. Nor did they ask whether he could pay, or whether anyone could pay.

He was a fellow man and the doctor said he would die unless someone would give of their blood for him.

The doctor from the hospital stood on the stairs, and as his voice rose above the hum of many voices and above the click of the dishes in the Lunch Room and at the Soda Fountain, a silence fell over the Lobby.

"He will die unless we can get some fresh healthy blood into his veins. Will anyone volunteer to give some blood for this man?" They all heard it—he will die unless—.

It seemed as if the whole Lobby full of men was moving forward. Young and old, strong and weak, they edged forward—fifty of them—to offer what they could give to save the life of an unknown man.

Point of Contact

"I want to show you a night letter I got from my father," a middle-aged sailor said to the Chaplain Who Finds Men.

The Chaplain smiled and patted his shoulder, for just the day before he had located him and given him his father's address on the Pacific Coast. All the rest of the family were gone on the last great adventure, and father and son were all that were left. They had both been moving around, letters had been lost, and they could not get in touch, finally in desperation the father wrote to us.

The Chaplain read the night letter "To think that after all this time I have found you," it said, "Come to me at once. I am sending your fare. Come home."

"Its home when we are together," the sailor explained.

Our Annual Report

The 76th annual meeting of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York was held on January 19, 1921. A summary of the annual report will be published in the March issue of The Lookout.

Three Strong Leaders

"I think of my life as divided into three parts, under the leadership of three men, who have seemed to dominate the policy of the work of the Seamen's Church Institute, for the past twenty-five years," Dr. Mansfield said when asked to turn back the pages of memory that the readers of *The Lookout* might have a glimpse of what the last quarter of a century has meant to him, "any man with vision and such leadership as I have had," he continued, "could have accomplished all that I have."

He leaned back in his chair, and over his strong, expressive face there swept the reminiscent light from a past rich in accomplishment. Into the quiet of his office there came the subdued murmur from the reading rooms where hundreds of men were comfortably housed, because of the building into which he had put so much of his life, but he was back in memory in the old Pike Street Mission House and the Floating Church, with Mr. Benoni Lockwood, who had been the means of getting him to undertake the work for seamen.

"Mr. Lockwood was like a second father to me," Dr. Mansfield continued, "and he loved me like a son. Every Sunday he came to the Floating Church and I can see him yet as he came up the aisle, and as an introduction to the service, lead the choir in singing hymn after hymn. It was one of the hardest things I had to do, to oppose him, but he did not feel the new life that was pulsating through the Church, and taking so many of its activities to the Parish House. The Institutional Church

was coming. I felt it and I was impatient of restraint. I felt the necessity of breaking away from old traditions, and caring for the bodies of the men as well as preaching to them, and this necessity was felt by another member of my Board, Mr. J. Augustus Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson was the second dominant personality whose leadership I have mentioned. He felt the new life in the Church and he was a dreamer, an idealist, a man who visioned this building in its entirety even to the Light House before I did. But it took the third man to bring our dreams to pass.

"Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, who is now president of the Society, is the third dominant personality, whose leadership was necessary to resolve our dreams into a concrete organization. Mr. Baylies represented the big work; he was willing to follow where Mr. Johnson had led the way, and he grasped the big vision of a concentrated business corporation. He saw that I had visioned bigger things, and that I was demonstrating what could be done in my mission. He saw that things had developed until we had to have more room, and then he took hold. He is accustomed to handling big things and he planned the work in a big way and he is planning for the future in an equally big way."

Two Copies of "The Lookout"

If you receive more than one copy of "The Lookout" each month, please help us to avoid duplications by clipping addresses from both wrappers and mailing them to us.

Speechless With Joy

One hot day last summer the House Mother received a letter from a Holland sailor in which he said: "I asking you kindly to help me in a terrible case where I got the blame for, but I can declare for me God that I don't know not a thing about this. The thing are that on the ship a valve is found closed and some fellow set that I have set to him the ship never leave port but this is untrue. * * *

"I never get a chance to have them witnesses. When I was asking for that, the second engineer tell me 'you out of luck.' I'm now in a jail for this, and if you Mother know al the things, you may are able to do some for me. Your was always so fair when you was talking on the platform in the Institute. Please do some for me. I have no friends and me parents are living in Holland. Last winter I thought to go home when I was seek and I was ready to go in the end of this month. I have no money and how can I get a lawyer to explain all this for me. I'm suffer so bad and for nudding, God knows that Mother Roper, that I not guilty an be honest in the things I tell you.

"If I have them witnesses than is al this so easy to show me that he set his words an my name. Please mother send that minister up to me and ask him for a bible in Hollanseh. God is the Upper Court I know and he was suffered for us and die for me just as well as for everyone but he know that I suffer for somebody elses or for a fellow who was drunk. Al of them watertenders on board

was that way. Oh Mother Roper please help me as mutch as are possible. I thank you in the future for this."

The Chaplain Who Knows the Law did not delay. He went to the jail at once and he was so convinced of the innocence of the young man that he applied to his Consul. He had the case investigated and the Consul wrote the Chaplain "I am thoroughly convinced that the boy is not guilty of the crime with which he has been charged. This is also the thorough conviction of my Vice-Consul, who, as you know, interviewed him personally."

The Chaplain worked day after day and week after week to get that boy free. He secured the advice of one of the most prominent lawyers in New York, who said that if it was necessary he would fight the case himself.

One District Attorney wrote to the Chaplain and advised: "My opinion is that this boy should plead guilty and this office will then recommend that he be sentenced to the time which he has already spent in jail and he will be immediately released. If the boy stands trial it is doubtful whether the Court would consent to such a sentence, if he were convicted."

The Chaplain immediately said "No."

The boy could not speak or understand our language well enough to express himself: he had put his trust in the Chaplain, and the Chaplain was determined to see Justice done. He would not allow him to be persuaded to plead guilty

and put a stain on his character that would never come off.

The final result was that the case was dismissed. The boy suddenly one morning found himself free, and after he got his breath he started for the Institute.

"I find myself on the street—and I look this way and that," he explained, as he stood in the Chaplain's office, his clothes hanging loosely on his thin frame, and his pale face stained with tears. "I not know which way to go. I stand the tears running down my face and people look at me."

"And this is the man who helped you," someone said, indicating the Chaplain, who was standing near with beaming face.

"This is the man," the young sailor said in a suddenly lowered tone that had reverence in it, and he put his hand bashfully on the shoulder of the Chaplain.

"Come on, son," the Chaplain said in a husky voice, "I want to give you a letter to your Consul."

Among the Chaplain's papers is a hearty letter of thanks from the Consul General of the Netherlands for what we were able to do for this Holland seaman.

Clothes Needed

Have you clothes you do not need?

We need men's suits and overcoats and boots and shirts, and warm underwear.

We need these for men who have been ill and for men who have been shipwrecked and have lost everything. We need some for the un-

fortunate who for some reason have not enough clothes to keep them warm this cold weather.

The sailor is our particular responsibility; and in these times that are very hard for him, and in which he is going to be tried to the limit, we must not fail him.

One Year Old

The Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia has just published its first annual report, and it is a report of wonderful progress.

The total receipts of the Society for the year were \$94,830.75, and there is a cash balance on hand of \$13,321.46. The chief items of expenditure were \$58,314 which was paid for property for the new building, at Second and Walnut Streets, and \$4,000 paid for options on properties on Dock Street.

The old St. Alban's Hotel has been partially renovated which cost \$1,867.08. The offices and rooms in the building have been furnished and cost \$2,202.50.

During the year a Seamen's Cafeteria has been opened and a Lunch Room has been started. A paper, "The Crow's Nest," has been published, a Charter has been secured, and a striking Exhibit attracted much attention Marine Week.

Forty-three bedrooms for seamen have been fitted up on the third floor of the old hotel, and in two months 2,240 seamen were accommodated with lodging, and so many were turned away, it is now proposed to renovate the fourth floor, that the men may be cared for while the new building is being put up.

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by the

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or
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Going Forward

"Our winter quarters are too small, and your Missionary grows old in the faint hope that kind Christian men may see the need and come forward to provide the means to build a place to the Glory of God and the help of men," wrote Rev. Isaac Maguire in 1893 in regard to his work for seamen at 21 Coenties Slip, quite unaware that more than ten years would pass, before the two men, who would lead the way in the accomplishment of his dreams, would loom on the horizon.

But the dreams of good men are never lost, for they are the most real things in the world, and while Father Maguire prayed and grew older Mr. Edmund L. Baylies in his practice of the law was becoming interested in the sailors, and after a cruise abroad he is reported in the Evening Post in 1904 to have said, "I am ashamed of the conditions in

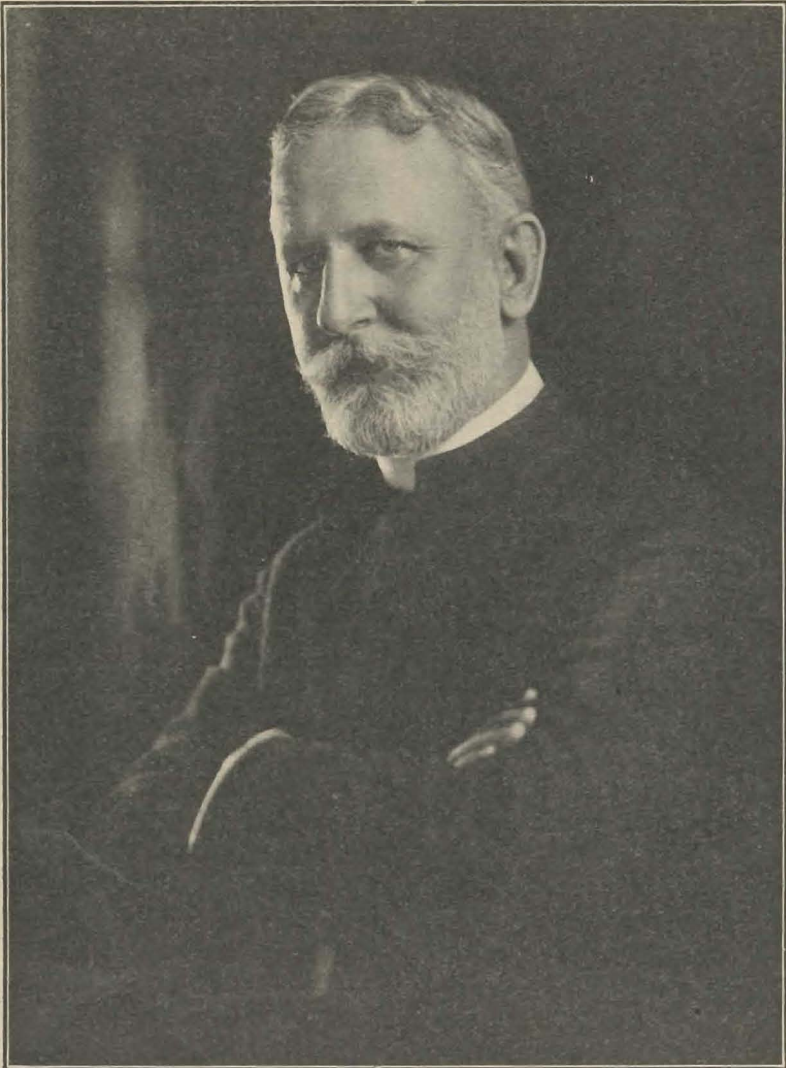
the Port of New York." And the Post goes on to say, "It was he who was chiefly instrumental in setting on foot a movement that is just now attracting wide attention, a movement to consolidate all this work in this port, thereby increasing its efficiency and diminishing the expense of performing it."

And Dr. Mansfield was studying and playing his way to manhood, and dreaming big dreams of making the world a better place, quite unconscious that his work was to be for the seamen of the world. These two men are now President and Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and they, with the assistance of many kind Christian men and women came forward and provided the means to build a place 'to the Glory of God and the help of men.'

Dr. Mansfield has just completed twenty-five years of service, and the Board requested that in this issue special reference be made to his great contribution to the work for seamen during the past quarter of a century. But it is impossible to write of Dr. Mansfield without writing of the Seamen's Church Institute, for the man and the work have developed together.

"We cannot go forward by going backward," was the clarion call of Bishop Greer, and ever Dr. Mansfield has kept his eyes fixed on the moving caravan of time, knowing well that there is no standing still, and if his work was not advancing it was going back, for the world is ever moving on.

A man's work is his monument, and on it Time passes inexorable



THE REVEREND ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

After twenty-five years of service as Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

judgment; and in glancing back over the files it is inspiring to see that the promise of Dr. Mansfield's early manhood has been fulfilled in his maturity. The *Evening Post* in 1904 said of him, "A minister making his parochial call in a yacht is to say the least a new feature, also in church work, a minister who instead of pressing an electric button or pulling a door-bell, announces his approach by shouting 'Ship Ahoy!' through a megaphone, and who instead of walking through a heavily carpeted hall, makes his way to his parishioners up a swinging rope ladder, who instead of carrying an umbrella over his head on stormy days, goes visiting in a long yellow oil-skin coat—such a man is Rev. A. R. Mansfield, and such is the way in which this modern Mohammed goes to his mountain."

In the same year a writer in the *American Shipbuilder*, in an article about Dr. Mansfield's work said, "It is evident that the Great Captain has placed at its head a man endowed with the qualifications needed to make this work a grand success, the best yet developed * * * and the good already accomplished and will be accomplished if his life is spared, is and will be incalculable."

Sixteen years later, in September, 1920, *The National Marine Magazine*, writing on the same subject, said, "Always there is a man behind these things, a disciple of the creed, a personality that has triumphed over crimps and boarding-masters, over politicians and publicans, over strong-arm men and the other

crooks, the man who stands squarely in the midst of his achievement the Reverend Archibald R. Mansfield, gray but clear-eyed, calm and serene within, is the living embodiment of service to the sailor."

But all has not yet been done, and Dr. Mansfield is still in his prime. Our quarters are still too small, but there are thousands of kind Christian men and women who have seen the need and are ready to provide the means to add to the building, 'for the Glory of God and the help of men.'

Deserves Encouragement

"Isn't it an inspiration to know there are people in the world who are ready at the call of duty to place their money at the disposal of those who can use it, for the benefit of their fellowmen," a lady who is interested in our work, wrote after seeing our building and hearing of the gift of \$5,000 that we received for our Radio Station.

"I wish that many thousands of people could come and see your still more wonderful Institute," she continued, "and look at your still more wonderful work. The place spells hominess, comfort, cheer, and is pervaded by the very spirit of helpfulness. If I could feel that spirit as I did what must it mean to those for whom it was especially devised, and thousands who are always away from their homes, the literal floating population of the world.

"Standing at the water-gate of a great city, painting its welcome on

the clouds to rejoice the hearts of all seafarers, throwing the beams of its guiding light far across the waters by night, and now reaching far out to sea at all hours of the day and night to comfort the sick with advice and help, the 'Seamen's Church Institute of New York' deserves all the help and encouragement that can possibly be given. The whole community is debtor to the men of the sea. I hope that the year just opening will be a banner one in your history."

Sleeping in Reading Rooms

Extraordinary times require extraordinary measures, and this is a very trying time for hundreds of our men.

Two hundred and fifty-two ships are tied up in New York harbor, some for all winter, the others, sailings indefinite.

This means that over twelve thousand five hundred seamen are out of employment. In other harbors such as Baltimore and Norfolk, there are many more, and some seamen came to New York, hoping conditions here were better.

Already there are many men who cannot pay for a night's lodging, and when all our beds are full we open our reading rooms, and men beg for the privilege of sleeping in the chairs. They are glad of shelter in a warm clean place.

Some tell of riding in the subway trains all night; others of finding shelter in the stations; and others of walking all night. Certain it is that when our doors are opened, men gather in from all sides; and

some go to sleep almost as soon as they find a seat. They are completely worn out.

We are giving relief to seamen, men who have papers to show that they worked when there was work to do, but the demand is great. We must help these men, and the next two months look dark; but we have courage because we know there are so many ready to help us, help these men.

We need money for relief NOW. We need it badly.

Made That Way

No one noticed him until he fell unconscious on the floor. Then he was lifted up and carried to the Chaplain's office.

A group gathered around the door and looked pityingly at his worn boots that told a story of miles and miles walked in search of a job that he did not find.

The pangs of hunger had triumphed over his fears of the cold, for he had pawned his overcoat, and his vest, and his necktie, and his scarf, and as he sat, his shoulders hunched forward, he whispered the story we hear very often these days.

"No work—I walk and walk for five weeks—no food."

His teeth chattered and he trembled violently, and although he made a tremendous effort to control himself, he realized that he was beaten, and a spasm of pain crossed his face.

"What is the matter?" a man at the door asked.

"Hunger and cold!" the Chaplain said solemnly, as he wrapped an overcoat around the trembling man.

"Why didn't he tell someone?" an employee asked, horror in his voice.

"Some people ain't made so they can ask for help," a young sailor said seriously.

"That is what will happen to me if I can't get work soon," another muttered, "I couldn't ask."

His Bank

The doctor was out and the Chaplain was listening to the hard-luck story of a young sailor, when an elderly man entered and began to remove some of his clothes.

"Here, here," the Chaplain said good naturedly, "I am not the doctor. Keep your clothes on, and I'll see what I can do when I get through with this man.

The elderly man listened interestedly for a few minutes, then he said, "I'll give this young man two dollars."

"He doesn't want your two dollars," the Chaplain explained, "I'll take care of him."

"Then I'll give you two dollars," the man said, and he again began to unbutton his clothes.

"I don't want your two dollars," the Chaplain said, "what are you trying to do?"

"My bank," the elderly sailor explained, and he took a large knife out of his pocket and began to fumble among his undergarments.

The Chaplain looked fearfully at him, for his hand was not steady, and he was afraid he might disembowel himself.

"Let me help you," the Chaplain begged, and the sailor explained.

"It's in here, my money, sewed in. I've got to cut it out."

In a little bag, sewed firmly into his underclothes, was a one hundred dollar bill. The Chaplain cut it out for him.

"I must get this changed," he explained, "and then what will I do? I will lose it all."

"We'll keep it for you," the Chaplain said.

"Will you?" he asked much relieved. "Will you keep it for me?"

"We will."

"All right!" he said, and he started off with the confidence of a child.

"Here, come on down to the bank with me," the Chaplain said, "you must get a receipt."

When down at the bank, the banker asked him who was to have the money if he died.

"The Priest," he said promptly, and he indicated the Chaplain. "He's a good fellow."

2,000 Subscribers Wanted

THE LOOKOUT believes that there are two thousand people who want it for itself. But it can't prove it unless you subscribe for it.

THE LOOKOUT can say, that it knows many of the people who receive it, would not be without it; but the Board is composed of business men who say "Show Me." And it can't show them, unless you subscribe for it.

The Board has been going over the figures for the past year and it has found a deficit. And a deficit means that every department has to get busy and prove that it is worth while.

THE LOOKOUT has been asked to prove that it is worth while by

getting 2,000 subscribers during the coming year. It has less than four hundred now, although 13,000 people are receiving it.

Subscribe for THE LOOKOUT. It is ONE DOLLAR a year.

Love of Man Essential

"The best way to interpret America to anybody, is to interpret it in terms of justice and in terms of the human spirit," Secretary Lane said in a recent speech. "There is no way by which you can make me love anything, whether it is a religion or a literature, or a form of government, or an economic theory, unless that thing appeals to the best that is in me; and if any man comes preaching it to me, he has got to preach it to me out of a heart that I know is filled with love for men.

"You cannot shut a man up in a reeking tenement, and give him no more than a little bit of macaroni for himself and his wife and his babies, and give him no opportunity to breathe the fresh air, and give him no opportunity to know this great country, and then say that man is to blame if his mind holds false ideas regarding our country.

"The basis upon which we have to fight our battle against theories that are destructive of order and of law, is the basis of the square deal, man to man."

To Tide Him Over

The Chaplain noticed a seaman who seemed to have forgotten to leave the Chapel with the rest of the congregation. He was standing 'at ease' in the aisle, his cap held

firmly in both hands, his face placid, as if he had reached the end of his journey and he intended to stay where he was.

The Chaplain looked at him and smiled. He knew the symptoms. He had been a sailor and he knew the shy ways of these silent men of the sea. He, too, had waited after the others had left, that he might make a request, he was too bashful to make in the presence of others.

"There is a fellow in the hospital," the sailor began, "and he'll be out soon. I know he hasn't anything to tide him over, so I want you to give him this."

He held out a bill and a small coin. The small coin was evidence that he was giving all he had.

"What about you?" the Chaplain asked, as he took the money and put his hand in his pocket for his pen to take down the name of the man.

"I'm going on board in the morning, and I have my bed paid for tonight," the seaman explained.

He was giving his last cent; but he didn't think anything about it, for these men often do that.

"He'd do it for me," is the way they explain.

Begging for Letters

We received a letter from Norfolk Public Health Service Hospital. The writer was a sailor who had been in the hospital for seven weeks, and he begged us to put a notice on our Bulletin Boards telling his friends where he was, and urging them to write to him.

He had confidence that we would do our best for him.

Cost of The Lookout

Everyone has heard of the difficulties in the publishing business. Paper is expensive and difficult to get at any price and labor is unstable. The cost of publication has steadily gone up.

On the recommendation of the Ways and Means Committee, THE LOOKOUT has been sent to everyone who has given a dollar or more to the Institute, but the Board feels that the results do not warrant continuing this policy.

In future, THE LOOKOUT will be sent only to those who have subscribed for it; and those who have contributed \$5 or more to the Institute.

You can get THE LOOKOUT without increasing the amount of your contribution to the Institute, if you state that one dollar of what you send is for THE LOOKOUT for one year from the date on which you write, or any other date that you desire.

We need this statement from you in order to get Second Class mailing privileges. We also need it because we do not wish to send our little magazine to people who do not read it.

Home for Him

The following letter written from Baltimore to the House Mother gives an idea of what this place means to a man who is Chief Officer on a ship, but underneath his uniform and his license and his stern judicial manner, there beats the heart of a lonely orphan boy, who

wants a bit of mothering and someplace that he can call home.

"I'm taking the pleasure of writing to you, as I wish to express my warmest thanks to you. Ever since I landed I've always patronized the sailors' home, and I've always found it to be a real club for us seafaring men of all ratings, and I wish to send you my best wishes for a Happy Thanksgiving, New Year, and a Merry Christmas. I've just received my Master's license, for any ocean, and just got placed on board—waiting for an opening. We are at present loading for Germany and Scotland, and hope to be back real soon. I also wish to send my best regards to Chaplain Podin, also the Storekeeper, who acts as master of ceremonies for Thursday evening dances. They certainly are a nice social gathering, for I'm an orphan, a native from Holland, now an American citizen, and therefore such evenings as the Thursday and Friday evenings are a real nice time to me. Hoping this reaches you in the best of health, and may God's blessing and Guidance be with you."

He Renounced Wilhelmina

He was a Hollander and a would-be American. His wife's name was Wilhelmina and that is the name of the Queen of Holland.

In order to become an American citizen he had to say, "I renounce allegiance to Wilhelmina."

A pal who was an interested listener grunted, "You'll take that back when you get her out here."

The newly-made American grinned happily.

Relief Fund

The unemployment situation is very serious. The Shipping Board has tied up thirty vessels within the last week, and other firms are doing the same. Hundreds of sailors are walking the streets looking in vain for work.

It does not help matters in the least to say that they should have saved for a rainy day. They should, but every circumstance of their lives has a tendency to make them live a day at a time. To be a sailor means that you will be tempted to take no thought for the morrow, for there may not be any to-morrow for you.

Sailors are all fatalists. So much of their lives have been spent fighting with the mighty forces of nature, and so helpless is man in the grip of the storm, that they believe no man goes before his time.

"It was his time," they say when the man who worked beside them, has been taken, and they have been left.

Such a theory of life does not make for thrift. They take life a day at a time, not looking into the future, for they know that every night seven seamen will go to a watery grave.

Who can blame them if they reach out for all of life they can get while on shore.

They have been helping each other for many weeks past; the one who has is giving to the one who has not, and every day the army of those who have nothing is growing.

We need funds badly—very badly, just to keep actual starvation at bay,

until these men can get something to do.

Thousands in Europe are starving—and hundreds right here are hungry, and some are starving. They must be helped.

Speakers About Our Work

We have some wonderful lantern slides, that give a better idea of the life of the sailors at sea; and also of what we are doing for them while here, than we can describe if we wrote all day.

So if you belong to a club or a church, or any organization that would like to hear about our work and see the slides, we will on your request try and arrange to send you a speaker.

We have men and women who are enthusiastic about this work, and who will be glad to address any interested group of people.

Descent Into Poverty

At the very bottom of everything in the Institute, three stories down, is a small wire-enclosed room. It is said to be below the East River. Shelves arranged around it carry a wonderful assortment of "old clothes," which are given to shipwrecked and destitute sailors.

Two weeks back the Chaplain took a man down there to get a coat, pants, and especially underwear. As they were looking about for these articles the man said: "It is very remarkable how gradually and imperceptibly we drift into poverty, it is almost unnoticed. First one thing gets worn out, then another,

and if replaced, inferior frayed articles are substituted.

"This hat and this overcoat are borrowed," he continued, "I pawned the coat I had. Last year I had a lucrative position, but I have been going down slowly ever since. A friend lent me this coat and hat to come down here; he has got me a job; but I can't take it with this underwear on."

He proved to be a highly educated man, and we helped him all we could on the ascent to prosperity. But the phrase "the gradual and imperceptible descent into poverty" remains with us still.

We have others in a similar position just now, though not capable of expressing it so clearly.—Contributed.

Guardians

As I write two hundred and fifty-two ships are in New York harbor, either laid up for the winter or with sailings indefinite.

This means that there must be over twelve thousand five hundred seamen out of employment; and the little messboy who could not speak any English was one of them.

"He has a little money," the ship's carpenter explained to the Chaplain, "but I am afraid it will all be gone before he gets work. I wish to leave fifty dollars with you, to be used for him until he gets employment."

The boy watched the proceedings without any change of expression and he did not make a sound, but his eyes followed the carpenter with a look of absolute confidence.

Two weeks later the boy was still

out of work; and the Chaplain met the carpenter in the Lobby. He, too, was looking for a job.

"I walk all day," he explained, "and I hope to get something soon."

"There is some of that fifty dollars left," the Chaplain began, but the carpenter waved his hand indifferently.

"That is all right," he said, "don't tell the lad I haven't a job. I can get along better than he can."

Cheerfulness Center

That is the Soda Fountain, and it is the brightest spot in the Lobby, but the new equipment cost us \$2,500.

A friend who wished her Christmas present to work eighteen hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, sent us a check for \$100 for Cheerfulness Center; and other friends have sent us in smaller amounts \$78.45. This makes a total of \$178.45 that we have received.

We still need \$2,321.55 to remove the debt from the liveliest spot in the building. We hope that someone else wishes to make an investment in Cheerfulness Center.

On the Instalment Plan

Our British cousins seem to think we have peculiar ways of getting our D. D.'s over here. A London newspaper relates how the congregation of a Southern Church, being desirous of honoring their pastor, wrote to the dean of a certain faculty: "We want to get our beloved pastor a D. D. We enclose all the money we can raise at present. Be good enough to send one D. now. We hope to raise sufficient for the other D. by and by."

General Summary of Work

DECEMBER 1920

Religious Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning	5	340	370
" Evening	10	1,549	1,671
Miscellaneous	4	282	291
Bible Class Meetings	4	420	420
Communion Services			7
Baptisms			0
Weddings			0
Funerals			2

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing	307
Assisted thru Loan Fund	122
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	575
Referred to Hospitals	55
Hospital Visits	41
Patients Visited	4,658
Referred to other Organizations	16

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	26
Men shipped	193
Given temporary employment	18
Total	211

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits	\$103,496.39
Withdrawals	99,923.71
Transmitted	20,972.60

Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	24	5,574	6,977
Home Hours	4	791	846
Ships visited			62
Packages of literature distributed			631
Knitted articles distributed			171
Xmas Gifts			1,814

Educational Department

Navigation and Marine Engineering	
School enrollment	55
First Aid Lectures	4

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	22,128
Letters received for Seamen	18,754
Pieces of dunnage checked	5,292

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.

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.