

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. IX.

APRIL 1918

Number 4

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

ORGANIZED 1843

INCORPORATED 1844

RT. REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D., LL.D.,
Honorary President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 1885
President.

FRANK T. WARBURTON, 1888
Secretary and Treasurer.

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, D.D.
RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D.
RT. REV. FREDERICK COURTNEY, D.D.
VERY REV. HOWARD CHANDLER ROB-
BINS, D.D.
REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D.
REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L.

REV. S. DE L. TOWNSEND, D.D.
REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.
REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER
REV. C. F. J. WRIGLEY, D.D.
REV. CHARLES L. SLATTERY, D.D.
REV. FRANK W. CROWDER, PH. D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

WILLIAM H. BUTTERWORTH, 1873
JOHN H. MORRISON, 1877

LISPENARD STEWART, 1883
JOHN SEELY WARD, 1902

Lay Managers

B. T. VAN NOSTRAND, 1887
JOHN A. MCKIM, 1889
ROBERT L. HARRISON, 1901
AUGUSTUS N. HAND, 1902
HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, 1902
EDWIN A. S. BROWN, 1904
CHARLES A. CLARK, 1905
CLINTON E. BRAINE, 1905
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW, 1905
GEORGE E. CUMMINGS, 1905
HENRY L. HOBART, 1907
EUGENE S. WILLARD, 1907
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 1908
AYMAR JOHNSON, 1908
ERNEST E. WHEELER, 1908
ROBERT MCC. MARSH, 1908
CHARLES W. BOWRING, 1909
ORME WILSON, JR., 1910

FRANKLIN REMINGTON, 1911
J. FREDERIC TAMS, 1911
BAYARD C. HOPPIN, 1911
OLIVER ISELIN, 1912
VINCENT ASTOR, 1912
T. ASHLEY SPARKS, 1912
MARINUS W. DOMINICK, 1912
JOHN S. ROGERS, 1913
LEROY KING, 1913
LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY, 1913
CHARLES E. DUNLAP, 1915
SAMUEL N. HINCKLEY, 1915
GEORGE W. BURLEIGH, 1915
EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL, 1915
BERNON S. PRENTICE, 1915
JOHN J. RIKER, 1916
JAMES BARBER, 1916
ALLISON V. ARMOUR, 1917
WILLIAM M. POLK, M.D., 1918

Honorary Members

WILLIAM ASTOR

CLAYTON PLATT

FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D., 1896

Subscriptions to the Current Expenses of the Institute should be sent to 25 South Street, New York.
Make Checks Payable To FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer.

THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 9

APRIL, 1918

No. 4

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

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

Address all communications and make checks payable to
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

The Rope with the Golden Strands

Like a great sea-bird with its great white wings expanded,
Our gallant vessel glides across the sea.
She is fully manned and ably she's commanded,
With every stitch of sail set to the breeze.
With swollen canvas, lofty spars a-swaying,
The "Granite State" through foam-flecked sea doth go,
And the old "shell-backs" amongst themselves are saying
That the New York girls have got their ship in tow.

For sailors declare, when the winds blow fair,
That very well they know
That the girls ashore, one time more,
Have got their ship in tow.
And with laughter and smiles they lessen the miles,
As they pull with willing hands,
And shorten the scope of that mythical rope,
The Rope with the Golden Strands.

There is a saying amongst men upon the ocean,
Spoken by mariners many years ago,
That when a fair wind sets a ship in motion
The girls ashore have got their ship in tow,
And many a sailor boy asleep and dreaming
Has seen the girls all lined up on the strand,
With all their eyes with love and joy a-beaming
As they pulled together to tow his ship to land.

There were sweethearts true, and sisters too,
And mothers with tears of joy.
On the shore they stand with rope in hand,
To welcome some darling boy.
And Granny is there with her snow-white hair,
Pulling with tremulous hands
On that thrice-blest rope, that line of hope,
The Rope with the Golden Strands.

That line of hope, which every seaman blesses,
Was made in heaven, and spun with angels' hands,
And mothers' prayers, and loved ones' fond caresses
With bright moon-beams are woven in the strands.
And as our gallant ship glides through the waters,
Our hearts are thrilled with joy, and filled with hope,
For we know that mothers, sweethearts, wives, and daughters
Are pulling on that spiritual rope.

And one old "shell" remarked, "It is well,"
As he sniffed at the salt sea breeze,
And a glance did take at the silvery wake,
As our ship sailed over the seas,
And the sailor boys, with laughter and noise
Hurrahed, as they clapped their hands,
And cheered that rope, the line of hope,
The Rope with the Golden Strands.

FRANK WATERS,
Sailors' Snug Harbor.

The Gentle Canary

Hendrik walked softly down the corridor which leads to the office of the House Mother. He walked quietly and he moved with considerate gentleness, because in each hand he carried a small wire cage. He looked anxiously inside them just before he knocked upon her door, solicitous as to the plumage and general appearance of his small charges.

"I bring you," he began, as the House Mother looked up from her writing, and then he stopped to blush hard and, hastily putting the cages on her desk, turned and ran down the hall.

Inside were two golden canaries, small and timorous, but willing to hop exploringly to the end of their perches and cock ridiculous heads at the sound of the House Mother's encouraging voice. A few minutes later Hendrik returned.

"You like them?" he asked, watching her face. "I get them where it is quite warm. I think of you all the time I am away. I was on an American ship, and the men in my mess were so kind and generous that I have just now put \$150 in the bank, and the man down there is sending it home to my mother in Holland."

Hendrik paused and looked lovingly at his canaries. He had been at the Institute for several months, sent here as a mess-boy on a Holland ship, and attracting a lot of attention with his shining face, so like a human little moon, or like one of the Spotless Town children in the days when a now famous scouring soap was advertised insidiously. That he had written home about his Institute friends and good

times was evident from the letter received from a brother in Holland thanking us and telling of his mother's happiness in the knowledge that her young son was in such good hands while in a strange port. Hendrik, therefore, had a reason for his gift of the canaries. He wanted to explain it to the House Mother.

"You know I think, on this voyage, I will bring you something, and I cannot think what it shall be. I do not know what a lady would like to have, and then I think of how you smile so nice to me when I am here and lonely for my mother, and I think, 'Hendrik, what it must be is something very pleasant and to make her smile,' so I bring these two little birds. You will like them; they are very gentle."

Hendrik trotted happily downstairs. He had seen his beloved House Mother; he had delivered into her hands his gentle canaries and she had smiled. Everything was very amiable in a world of charming people. Hendrik turned a thoughtful face toward the mild seductions of the Soda Fountain and sighed with content.

A Fear of America

He was very ill in his bunk in the forecastle and his black face was drawn into paler lines of suffering.

"We will take you to the hospital when we get to New York," the Third Mate said kindly, and was immediately surprised to see the negro sit up in his bunk protestingly.

"No, sir, don't take me ashore there. The boys told me I'd be lynched if any American saw me, they lynch black men there."

No reassurance could alter his belief of the lurking terrors awaiting him in the port which his ship was so swiftly and inevitably approaching. He crouched close to the wall when the ambulance doctor arrived and refused to discuss his symptoms.

"Don't take me ashore, that's all. I shall get well here," he begged the sympathetic doctor.

"You've got pneumonia, and you must be moved to the Marine Hospital at once. We will treat you better than they can on this ship," the doctor told him, calling to one of the other seamen to help.

Fighting with all the weakened strength he had left, the Liberian was borne to the ambulance and taken to the hospital. He saw in every new face the face of an enemy preparing tortures for him because of his color; his imagination had been too highly excited by his teasing ship-mates.

"They'd lynch you just because you are black," he kept telling the nurse who gave him his bath and put him to bed, and he lay still waiting for a chance to slip out of his high white bed and back to the ship. Finally, when nurse and doctor were at one end of the ward, he jumped up and started for the front door, clad only in the abbreviated hospital garment which entirely unsuited him for a public appearance. They brought him back, put him in a room by himself and at last persuaded him to a semblance of resignation.

It was in this state that the Man Who Gives Advice found him when he visited the hospital the following day. At the sight of another strange

face the poor colored man sat up in bed, rigid with horror. This then was the man who came to do lynchings!

"You aren't afraid of me because I am a Chaplain," soothed the Man Who Gives Advice, and presently the patient was telling him about his church in Monrovia, that his minister had been a bishop, who had baptised him, confirmed him, married him and baptized his three children, but that he had had the great sorrow of losing him through death last summer.

"It wasn't Bishop Ferguson?" the Chaplain asked.

"Yes, it was!" exclaimed the negro, excitedly. "Did you know him?"

"I met him once or twice during his visits to the United States."

A quick change came over the features of the sick man. He smiled and shot forth a black, muscular hand from beneath the bed clothes and grasped the hand of the Man Who Gives Advice, shaking it vigorously.

"You knew my dear bishop! Then I am not afraid because I have found a friend."

After the Communion had been administered at his request and he had been given a Bible, he became enormously cheerful. He submitted willingly to the hospital routine, laughed at his discomfort and was shortly able to leave and return to his ship. Before he went he saw the Man Who Gives Advice again.

"Before you came in, I was so frightened that I thought I was losing my mind, but as soon as I found out that you knew my Bishop, I felt safe."

Friendly Frankness

Kelly's name isn't really Kelly, but his deeply-shadowed blue eyes are Irish blue and the twinkle in them is real and the look of kindness and sympathetic interest and understanding on his face comes from liking people and loving them, and caring about what they do. You may think that you like people, but when you think about it honestly you find that you don't really care very much about what they do, or what they think, or what they wear; and when one of your best friends begins to explain exactly how he built his house or laid out his garden, you find a mist of boredom wrapping itself about your mind. But Kelly is not like that. He truly cares.

On one of the first Spring days the House Mother came to her office wearing a new gown. It wasn't a pretentious gown, but it was a different one, and Kelly saw it as soon as she made her first trip downstairs to speak to a little boy in the Lobby. Kelly's fine eyes grew softer. He waited until she had gone back to her little office at the end of the corridor and then he hurried up, taking the wide stairs in little bunches of twos.

"I just came in to tell you something, Mother," he assured her. "I wanted you to know that you look ten years younger in that dress!"

New Post Office Given

By her check of \$500, Mrs. James J. Higginson has made the Post Office her gift in the name of Rear Admiral F. J. Higginson, Retired. This is not a memorial, since Admiral Higginson

is living and on call for consultation, etc., whenever the Government needs his services.

Admiral Higginson not only served in the Civil War, but was successful in keeping the Spanish fleet bottled up in Santiago Harbor until they were finally captured. He then commanded the U. S. S. Massachusetts.

This seems to us a particularly delightful way to make a gift to the Institute, in the name of some other person who would thus become more intimately a part of this significant merchant seamen activity.

The Letter Writing

If he had worn a top hat and a cutaway coat you would have recognized him at once; he would have looked like your favorite Englishman on or off the stage. But he wore the uniform of a British gunner and he walked as if he meant it. He was staying at the Institute, and half an hour after his arrival he demanded ten sheets of paper and ten envelopes from the Post Office.

"What do you want with all that stationery, Algie?" asked the facetious Post Man. He received a cool stare.

"Castleton, and the first name isn't Algernon," he was corrected in a voice full of the inflections and clipped consonants designed by nature for putting somebody in his place. But the Post Man was not crushed.

"I just thought——" he hesitated. "So few of the men do write very much."

"Well," Castleton explained, will-

ing to be mollified, "I thought I should let my people know that I have arrived safely. My mater and the girl might be worried, you know. Besides, the more letters one writes the more one receives."

Departing after an aphorism usually leaves your opponent gasping, but the Post Man looked after the straight back of the young gunner and grinned.

"He's the type of seamen they are all going to be one day; I'll be glad to see it."

Paying Back

Whether you believe that "Turn About Is Fair Play" depends largely upon your general credulous beliefs in the general decencies. Most of us had copy-books and laboriously made feeble imitations of the vertical or slanting writing which informed us about Honesty, Virtue as its own Reward, and a great many rather vague attributes which the book press-agented dully.

But if you did not have a copy-book, or any particular background or traditions, being compelled to work out your scheme of living among men who did nothing to create idealism for you, then your selection of a motto "Turn About" would be distinctly surprising. Anyhow, that is what Andy did.

Andy came to the Institute several times last year, and each time he was unfortunate enough to have to ask for help. Each time he was a "case of emergency," and he came within the rules of our Relief Fund. When he was just out of the hospital we were able to advance him a little money for

clothes, to let him stay at the Institute until he was well enough to take another berth, and the time he had his papers and bill-book stolen we were able to verify his story and help him out financially again. Whenever he got a berth he always managed to pay the Institute back at once, however.

"Turn About, that is my motto," he told the Relief Man, one day. "Everybody takes some little expression and tries to live up to it, I suppose, and I took that. I thought that Fair Play was something I could try to see through my life. So when any favour is done me I don't rest until I can repay it."

This sounds a bit priggish, but Andy isn't a prig and he is not a bit self-satisfied or righteous about his determination to be square with the world. Last week he came in and wanted to make a contribution to the Institute work.

"I wanted to give a little bit, because now I have paid all my debts and this would be a chance for me to give something that I didn't have to," he explained.

And if this little story has a motto, it is that after all one might as well live by an adage or a maxim or a proverb.

He Never Thought of That

When the express company refused to send Olaf's suit-case by express because it had no key and could not be locked, he was very much distressed. He came back to the Institute and, wandering about helplessly, finally thought of the House Mother.

"You know all about things," he confided to her, sitting beside her desk and leaning an elbow that weighed at

least fifty pounds upon a pile of books near him. "I have great trouble with my bag. I must send it to my brother in Western part before I sail this time, in case I be torpedoed."

The House Mother was very cheerful about Olaf's difficulty. She was accustomed to long stories of disaster and illness, loss of money and dwindling optimism. She was full of helpful suggestions.

"Go to the Baggage Room and see if they have a key there that will fit your bag," she advised briskly, sealing an envelope flap with an efficient snap. Olaf beamed upon her delightedly. How wonderful she was! She could think of things that his slowly moving Scandinavian brain would never devise.

"All right," he responded. "I go down there now. Do you think I had better take the bag with me?"

"It might be well to do that," remarked the House Mother, drily.

Being Young Once

When a little group of apprentice boys hurried past one of the old seamen who sits through sunlit and electric lighted hours in the Lobby, waiting for his ship to sail again, he looked up an instant the other evening, and then he smiled.

"You're only young once, they always say," he told his companion, who was sheltered by a wide-open evening newspaper.

That is what the friends of the apprentices have been remembering lately. They have been exceedingly kind to these boys of the British Merchant Marine, youngsters from fourteen to twenty, who have been in this

port and at the Institute in rapidly increasing numbers the past months. They enjoy the smallest thing done for their entertainment so greatly in excess of any grown-up enjoyment, that everybody about the building is very glad when an invitation arrives.

Recently they attended the following festivities:

A tea for ten boys at the home of Mrs. Wagstaff.

A dance given by the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild.

A dance given by the Daughters of the British Empire.

Spring concert of the St. Cecilia Society at the Waldorf to which the boys were invited through the kindness of Miss Nelly W. Hughes. This was followed later in the week by a dance at the Astor Hotel, also arranged for the boys by Miss Hughes.

These are the things which boys away from home, three thousand miles from the mothers and sisters who have always given parties for them, especially delight in. They are always happy when they can talk once more to women, have a chance to dance and listen to music. After all, young boys who are learning the sea as apprentices, rapidly growing into the masters and mates of the British Merchant Service, are boys for whom we should have a warmer friendliness than ever these days.

Flowers in Memory

The flowers on the Altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour on Sunday, March 17th, and also on Thursday, the 28th, were in memory of Mr. Francis Kenyon and were presented by Miss Marie L. Kenyon.

THE LOOKOUT

Published monthly by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York
at 25 South Street
Telephone, Broad 297

New York, N. Y.

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

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

What We Need

Below this head what a variety of things have appeared in THE LOOKOUT these eight years of its existence! The Institute needed to have its new building built, and it needed to have it furnished, equipped with every efficient aid to smooth running. It has needed a new boat, an enclosed roof, a clock system and an organ, and it has received them all. Now its demands are greatly decreased in number, but they are important.

On the back cover there is a statement which includes the Enlarged Soda Fountain, \$3,500; the New Tailor Shop, \$1,000 and Roller Skates, \$150. In addition to these things we need an endowment of \$1,200 annually for music for the Chapel and a fund of \$3,000 (which at 5 per cent. would give us an income of \$150 a year and approximately \$2.50 for each Sunday) for the Flower Fund.

There is a certain satisfaction in giving money for a definite gift, to accomplish a definite purpose. When you know that your contribution of \$1,000 goes into a vague fund, you miss the personal sense of having done something tangible yourself.

When your check for \$1,000 means that you have paid for the Altar flowers for some twenty Sundays every year as long as the Chapel stands, when you know that you have created twenty memorials which shall constantly renew themselves, then you feel the close relationship of yourself to the men who sail the treacherous seas and whose days on shore you help to make delightful.

Or if your check for \$3,500 means that you have made the Soda Fountain expand itself into a complete circle, that you have made places for one hundred more men to stand against the soft drinks' bar and replace a thirst for cheap whiskey with ginger ale and sandwiches, then you realize that you are a concrete benefactor, that what you have done means better seamen, better ideals, better codes of conduct for the succeeding generations.

And if your check for \$1,000 means that the Institute tailors are working under healthful conditions, that the soiled, crumpled clothing, which Tom Brown produces from his canvas bag after weeks of confinement in close quarters, is being cleansed and pressed and altered in a Tailor Shop where there is space enough to work, and sunshine enough to make the best results a necessity, then you know that you have sent some despondent seamen out to look for fresh berths, fortified by clean clothing and an air of shining neatness.

Give one of these things yourself, as your gift, or in memory of some one who travelled on the sea, read sea books, knew seamen, was interested in the building up of a proper Merchant Marine in this country.

What He Meant

"I have been torpedoed four times in all, but the last time was when it really got into the papers," he was saying to the group around the billiard table in the Game Room. No one asked him when that was. They knew it was not necessary. They knew the symptoms of the restless story-teller. Besides, they were all a bit bored by submarines and tales of torpedoing, after nearly three years of experience with them. There was hardly a man about the long green-covered table who had not lost his luggage at least once, or spent long days in an open lifeboat, or suffered the hospital hours which so often followed exposure and shock. However, they were willing to listen, and the man who had begun about the newspapers, continued:

"This last time they took pictures of us and entertained us in Liverpool and Southampton and made us feel like regular heroes," he said laughing, with a trace of embarrassment on his wide, weather-colored face.

"What ship was it?" asked a player, stopping a minute to chalk his cue and wonder, politely.

"The *Tuscania*!" supplied the other, proudly. "Yes, I was one of the *Tuscania* providers."

And it wasn't until they pointed it out to him, through much chuckling, that he admitted that he had meant to say "survivor."

Seamen in the Army

Hundreds of the Institute seamen, seamen with No. 25 South Street as their American addresses, seamen who had taken out their first papers, were

drafted in the United States National Army. It is supposed that a wise government will ultimately see that these trained seamen will get into the Navy, for which they are so specially suited, but at present many of the Institute's erstwhile guests are in cantonments in New York and New Jersey.

"I came right here from the train," a khaki-suited boy told the Desk Man the other day. "I thought I would look at the Bay and the piers and talk to some chaps that are still sailing, anyhow."

"Don't you like Long Island?" asked the Desk Man, understanding all the time what the sea call meant, and how strongly these transplanted seamen are allured by the thought of salt breezes and the sight of sails in the harbor.

"Where we are in camp, it is all pine trees and stumps and red mud, and I get so lonesome to be back with the boys in the fo'castle I hardly know how to listen when my sergeant speaks sometimes, but I guess I can grow to like it better in time," the uniformed one answered, waving his hand to an old shipmate. And he crossed the Lobby with a stride from which the rolling gait had been subtly eliminated; already the slightly undulating walk of the sailor had been replaced by the chipped, crisp bearing of the military man. The Desk Man looked after him thoughtfully.

"I get letters all the time from seamen in the different camps," he told his assistant. "All the staff members get them. Those boys are pretty homesick, and it is harder for them than for lots of fellows with people somewhere near to send them boxes and letters."

Not the Same Thing

There used to be a story, and of course there still is one, for those who have not heard it, about the district visitor who asked the poor woman if her husband was kind to her when she was ill.

"Indeed he is, ma'am," the woman answered, promptly. "Why, he is more like a friend than a husband!"

Of course everybody knows the story, but it occurred to us again the other day when we overheard a conversation between two seamen in the Reading Room. They were waiting to talk to the Man Who Gives Advice, and they were discussing his character with warm appreciation of his admirable qualities.

"I like him better than I ever thought I'd like any chap that had anything to do with a Mission," the larger man decided, rubbing one dusty sea boot tentatively upon his other trouser leg, partly for cleansing purposes and partly to stimulate his thinking.

"Oh, but this isn't a Mission and he ain't at all like a preaching fellow. Why, he's more like a regular man than a missionary!"

Blow the Man Down

Now that the interest in sailor chanties is reviving, the Institute has succeeded in getting Mr. William J. Berry, a regular chantyman of the old school of chantie singers, to appear at some of the Friday evening concerts. He knows how to wail and roar and pound a song home in the fashion that seamen like best. When Mr. Berry sings:

"Blow! Blow! Blow the man down!" you realize that if Mr. Berry's lungs would permit he would blow him down quite by himself.

At the last Friday evening concert Mr. Gookin (the superintendent of the North River Station) came over, bringing with him about fifty men from a British ship. They all had special seats in the gallery, and when the applause downstairs seemed to their critical ears a shade too restrained, they put their muscles into it and stirred fresh echoes out of the high ceiling of the Concert Hall.

Coast to Coast Club

Fifty people who had met on the Western Coast at the World's Fair formed themselves into a Coast to Coast Club, one of those pleasant organizations which is the more amiable because its members do not become easily bored by constant association. A month or so ago they assembled in New York, after a period of careful correspondence and in their search for the real flavor of the Eastern Coast, they chose the Institute as the best background.

They met here men and women from Iowa, Wyoming, Michigan and Pennsylvania, and they went all over the building. They were men and women in whom the desire for adventure and romance was not quenched by living. They saw the harbor mists as veils for the golden treasure of rewarded explorations. They breathed the salt fog from the top of the Institute Lighthouse Tower, and they looked wistfully down the Bay, where "on a clear day, with the use of binoc-

ulars, you can see the Narrows," as THE LOOKOUT used to say in the days when we were building the Tower. They looked with friendly interest into the faces of seamen who had stood on glazed decks and slipped through coral reefs to palm trees and hibiscus and the perfume of cinnamon and clove. They were fifty seekers after the fairy-land that always lies just below the surface of all commonplace gettings up and goings to bed, if only you have faith enough to search for it.

After they had seen the building they had dinner in the Staff Dining Room, and after that they listened to a lecture in the Concert Hall on "Modern Ships," luckily one of the best lectures we have had this year.

All Dutch Treats

"I have learned how to make the ice cream soda water and I know how to make the nickel shine," he called out to the Man Who Gives Advice.

His round Dutch face looked rounder than usual above his white apron and the corn silk hair bobbed excitedly above his cobalt blue eyes. He was one of the small mess boys sent here to wait for a ship to Holland, and unwilling to loaf about the building, or spend his days balancing himself upon the curb, he asked for a job in the Institute. He looked the place over carefully and finally chose the Soda Fountain.

"I think I could work there and I like to wear a white coat. I would make the change all right and I would see that there were Dutch treats. I would not let one chap pay for all his friends every day as they do now."

He is so keen about his position behind the shimmering counter that he is in no hurry for the governmental parleys to result in his being shipped back to the wind-mill land.

Prisoners as Guests

He was writing to inquire about the baggage which he had checked in the Baggage Department many months ago, and his letter bore the mark of a Prison Camp in Canada for enemy aliens. He was one of the thousands of German seamen unable to get back to Germany when the war began nearly four years ago, but he had lived in America for a long time, had associated with Americans and English seamen and was quite as familiar with their language as with his own. And what he wrote of his life in the Canadian prison camp is significant.

"It is fine here, considering everything and the conditions. The *English* treat their prisoners more as *guests* than *enemies*."

Invalids and Clothes

Have you any discarded clean clothing? Odd coats and trousers and waistcoats can be adapted to our use if they approach an air of good condition. Please look over your wardrobe and decide what you can send us. We need them badly for seamen who have been ill and have lost their luggage, or have had to have it fumigated and destroyed.

Can you imagine at all what it must be like to be convalescing from a long illness, or from a short but serious one, and to be obliged to dress yourself in clothing that was not only worn but

soiled, and covered with obvious signs of the former wearer's possession?

This is what sometimes happens to our seamen. They arrive in port ill, perhaps rescued from a torpedoed vessel, and they are sent to the hospital with no luggage at all. When they come out they are in need of under-clothing, coats, trousers, shoes, socks, a complete outfit and with no money (quite often) available for their purchase. We supply them when we can from our Confiscation Room. This is the room where clothing left here by careless guests or the garments from confiscated baggage is kept; these things are usually not very clean or very fresh. And the effect of wearing things of this kind is doubly distressing because the wearer is weak and sensitive, as convalescents are likely to be.

Think of the stimulus toward cutting short a tedious convalescence which good-looking clothes, clean and properly pressed, would give a seaman, anxious to go forth once more and serve in his specialized war work.

When Old Boys Return

They are both lieutenants in the Royal Navy here in New York on an armed cruiser with forty other Naval Lieutenants, and they are both young men who were apprentice boys and friends of the Institute's Big Brother, who has looked out for these boys for the past fourteen years.

On Sunday both the lieutenants had shore leave, and neither knowing that the other knew the Big Brother, started at once for the Institute. One reached there a minute ahead of the other and they met in the Lobby.

"Hello! what are you doing here?" they demanded in the same breath, and when they discovered that they had both come to see the same man, they made a hasty exchange of experiences. One had not seen the Big Brother in twelve years, and the other in over six, and during that time all the important things had happened.

The elder of the two grown-up apprentices had been twelve months in the first line trenches at Vimy Ridge. He was wounded several times and was invalided home, only to go out as soon as he was permitted to take a commission in the Navy.

Many men who were in the Mercantile Marine before they enlisted in the Army were now being taken out of the trenches because of the tremendous demand for them on ships.

North River Station Men

It is possible that THE LOOKOUT readers forget sometimes that the Institute's North River Station on West Street is operating and active. It is doing work similar to that carried on in the big building on South Street, except that there are no hotel and restaurant facilities. But there is a Baggage Department and a Reading and Game Room, and especially there is, adjoining the Station, the Church of the Holy Comforter, and the services in this Church are being attended with a most remarkable enthusiasm.

One Sunday night in March the clergyman in charge of the service was delayed and could not reach there until a quarter past ten. Yet every man in the congregation (about 150) waited for him. They have seemed unusually eager to come to church, 1,347 seamen

attending the eight services held in March.

These men are boat-men and barge-men, British seamen and young ships' boys. Some of them come a great distance, and those from the ships nearest to the Station come a mile and a half. Many of the boys are only twelve and thirteen years old, frequently with thin, under-nourished bodies and the tightened skin on their cheek bones which no young boy should have, but they are all alert, interested and obviously enjoying the services.

Easter Services

During Lent there were special services on Tuesday evenings in the Chapel, and throughout Holy Week there were services each noon with special music.

On Palm Sunday Stainer's "Crucifixion" was sung by the Institute Choir.

Preceding the noon-day services of Holy Week, a special musician went about the various reading rooms, corridors and hotel lobby playing a trombone (which the men particularly like) and thus reminding many seamen who wished to attend the services that the hour had arrived.

On Easter Sunday there was a service with Holy Communion at eight in the morning. At eleven o'clock there was also Communion and at this service Dr. Mansfield officiated, assisted by the Rev. Carl Ljunggren. The Chancel, lovely with lilies, drew many communicants to the Altar-Rail on Easter Day, inspired by the picture of vibrant hope and a vivified courage which Dr. Mansfield drew in his simple Easter address, and by the beautiful music which celebrates the resurrec-

tion with a poignant joy which no other festival of the church brings forth.

Flower Fund

An income of \$2.50 a Sunday for the fifty-two Sundays of the year could be derived from a \$3,000 investment. And that is the amount—\$3,000—which we must raise as a Flower Fund so that the Altar may not be without flowers on any Sunday.

Individuals could make certain Sundays their own, giving the flowers in memory of some one who loved flowers and who would have been greatly pleased by the knowledge that seamen were enjoying them, too.

We have asked for flowers in memory, and there have been responses, but our little Chapel should have a Fund that would absolutely insure flowers for its Altar every Sunday. The seamen who sit soberly in quiet rows, wondering about themselves and their possible or improbable futures, are amazingly cheered by the nodding red roses, the perfect, fragrant lilies and the shaggy yellow chrysanthemums which sometimes greet them.

Send your contribution to this Flower Fund even if you have just decided that you can do nothing more for any Fund at present. This is a war work, a gentle, gracious way of giving happiness to the men who just now are the carriers of the world.

Contributions for flowers have already been made by Mrs. H. F. Had-

den, the Hope Club, Mrs. Walter Katte, Miss M. L. Kenyon, Mrs. H. P. Knapp, Miss L. W. Niemeyer, and Miss A. A. Von Bargen.

—:o:—

Meeting in Germany

They were prisoners in the same camp and they often talked to each other of England and the sea and the days when they were apprentices.

"We used to think the old man (the Captain) was pretty hard on our ship, but that was because we were kids, I suppose," one of them reflected, looking distastefully at his soiled uniform which constant wearing had stiffened and discolored.

"It was better than this, wasn't it?" answered the other soldier. "I was on a ship that went to Australia three times while I was an apprentice and I got to love Sidney, but the best place was America. We used to look forward to New York. There was a place there, a kind of mission where there was a fine chap. We used to have tea and parties there."

"Did he come out to your ship with a little launch and pick you up on Sunday afternoons?" interrupted the first prisoner, excitedly.

"Yes, you don't mean that you know him?"

"I think it must be the same one. I was there four different times and when I got my second officer's license I stopped there and found there was a new building for the mission, a big place like a hotel with a room for the apprentices."

The two "old boys" shook hands, because people do shake hands when they find themselves alone, in solemn

circumstances, suddenly aware of a tremendous, uniting interest.

"If we could get one of these chaps to photograph us and send a picture to the Big Brother, how surprised he would be!" They thought about this for several days before they were able to manage it. There were the usual restrictions of prison camps, but an officer with human understanding of youth and its prerogatives, gave them permission.

And this was the little kodak picture which reached the Big Brother at the Institute a month ago—a picture of two young men who had come to him as apprentice lads, a picture of brave-eyed smiling soldiers, sending him their greetings from a camp three thousand miles away.

—:o:—

A Sailor Would "Sit Down"

A Baltimore teacher was telling one day of how often the instructor of "the young idea" is astonished by the quickness of wit exhibited by the pupil who is otherwise deficient. One day, says this teacher, she had encountered such a degree of ignorance and mental obtuseness on the part of one of her boys that she became disheartened. So it was with considerable sarcasm that she said to the youngster: "I wonder if you could tell me whether George Washington was a soldier or a sailor?"

The kid grinned. "He was a soldier all right," was the reply.

"How do you know?" asked the weary teacher.

"Because I seen a picture of him crossin' the Delaware," explained the boy. "Any sailor'd know enough not to stand up in a boat."—*The Christian Intelligencer*.

It Can Be Done

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
 But he with a chuckle replied
 That "maybe it couldn't," but he would
 be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
 So he buckled right in, with a trace of
 a grin
 On his face. If he worried he hid it.
 He started to sing as he tackled the
 thing
 That couldn't be done, and he did it.
 Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never
 do that—
 At least, no one ever has done it."
 But he took off his coat and he took off
 his hat,
 And the first thing we knew he'd be-
 gun it,
 With the lift of his chin and a bit
 of a grin,
 Without any doubting or quiddit,
 He started to sing as he tackled the
 thing
 That couldn't be done, and he did it.
 There are thousands to tell you it can't
 be done,
 There are thousands to prophesy
 failure;
 There are thousands to enumerate, one
 by one,
 The dangers that wait to assail you;
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
 Then take off your coat and go to it;
 Just start in to sing as you tackle the
 thing
 That "cannot be done," and you'll
 do it! —*St. Andrew's Cross.*

The Sailor's Splendid Chance

A dead dog was lying in the street
 and all the passers-by commented

derogatorily on the defunct beast. "Just a yellow cur;" "a worthless brute;" "a flea ranch," etc. But one man who chanced that way and cursorily viewed the remains said: "what beautiful teeth that dog has." Nothing is easier than destructive criticism and the picking of flaws and imperfections a bootless task. Then let us go a little out of our way to search for advantages in objectionable circumstances.

Of the present war, for instance, we have heard that it is inhuman, barbarous and what Sherman said it was. However true this definition of war, like the man who could see something laudatory even in a dead dog, we ought to see that this war is reviving the American shipping industry. *Faute de mieux*, in a pinch, as a makeshift, we could recruit sailors and firemen from China, for instance. But the officers must be Americans and possess certificates in proof of their experience and qualifications.

Even in Southern California, where harbors are few and far between, the need of transforming common sailors into uncommonly efficient officers has been perceived. In Los Angeles, a city 60 miles from the ocean, rooms in the City Hall have been set apart for a school of navigation. There are evening classes only, and any one now following landlubberly pursuits, but who can prove that once upon a time he went down to the sea in ships, is welcome to this entirely free instruction. In San Pedro also a place has been started for the manufacture of mates and captains. This latter has both day and evening classes. There is not a maritime country in the world where there is less excuse, than just now in

America, for an intelligent sailor to remain bunking in the forecabin in lieu of occupying a stateroom aft. Free tuition and then, after passing an examination, to have some plutocratic shipowner come to beg you to "please, accept a position on one of my vessels" —why, to remain before the mast is a sin.—*Laguna Life.*

: o :

Donations Received March 1918

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola records, victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, waste paper, pictures, testaments, towels.

Adams, Miss L.
 Albro, Mrs.
 Anonymous—3
 Appleby, Mrs. E. A.
 Archer, Mrs. George A.
 Barth, Mrs. H. O.
 Belloni, Mrs. L. J.
 Belloni, Miss Sadie R.
 Bridgman, Mrs. W. A.
 Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
 Brown, Mrs. J. Adams
 Caldwell, Mrs. Arthur P.
 Carter, Rev. George W.
 Comstock, Miss Ethel C.
 Cox, Miss Isabella
 Ellis, George H., Co.
 Gates, Mrs. M. F.
 Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.
 Grimkes, Mrs.
 Haile, Mrs. William H.
 Hicks, Miss M. H.
 Hodges, Miss M.
 Hughes, H. E.
 Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
 Keller, Mrs.
 Kenney, W. P.
 Kirby, A.
 Korey, Miss E.
 Lawrence, Miss I.
 Lightlpe, Mrs. W. I.
 Machin, Miss Lillie
 McDonough, Mrs. Thomas
 Mahan, Mrs. A. T.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr.
 Menger, Mrs. M. S.
 Morgan, William M.
 Moulton, Miss Mary T.
 Nash, Miss A. T.
 Norrie, A. G.
 Osborne, Mrs. and Miss H. W.
 Pentz, Mrs. A. Maclay
 Podin, Rev. Carl
 Rice, Mrs. E. L.
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
 Righter, Miss Jessie H.

Robinson, Henry J.
 Russell, Mrs. T. M.
 Sanborn, Edward H.
 Schmitt, Mrs. David
 Seamen's Benefit Society
 Shaw, Mrs. E. E.
 Stevens, Mrs. F. K.
 Thomson, Mrs. T. K.
 Tiffany, Miss E.
 Vaughn, Mrs. C. F.
 Wendell, Mrs. Gordon and Miss F. E.

Church Periodical Club and Branches

Church Periodical Club of N. Y.
 Beloved Disciple, N. Y.
 Grace Church, Orange, N. J.
 St. Agnes' Chapel, N. Y.
 St. James' Church, Montclair, N. J.
 St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y.
 St. Mark's Church, E. Orange, N. J.
 St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Block, O.	\$ 1.00
"Religious and Social."	
Brady, Rev. Cyrus Townsend.....	10.00
"Discretionary Fund."	
Chase, Mrs. A. C.	5.00
"Discretionary Fund."	
Evans, George	2.00
"Relief Fund."	
Furlong, Joseph S.....	25.00
"Discretionary Fund."	
Gosman, W. H.....	1.00
"Religious and Social."	
Hadden, Mrs. H. F.....	50.00
"Chapel Flower Fund."	
Hope Club	2.00
"Easter Flowers."	
Jackson, S. Y.....	25.00
"Discretionary Fund."	
Katte, Mrs. Walter.....	10.00
"Flowers In Memoriam."	
Kenyon, Miss M. L.....	5.00
"Altar Flowers."	
Knapp, Mrs. H. P.....	2.00
"Altar Flowers, In Memory of F. A. T."	
Mann, Mr. and Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr....	50.00
"Discretionary Fund."	
Meissner, C. A.....	5.00
"Discretionary Fund."	
Niemeyer, Miss Louise W.....	4.00
"Altar Flowers."	
Von Bargaen, Miss A. A.....	2.00
"Easter Flowers, In Memory of her Brother."	

General Summary of Work

MARCH 1918

Seamen's Wages Department.

Mar. 1st Cash on hand.....	\$137,478.60
Deposits	69,325.48
	\$206,804.08
Withdrawals (\$ 7,410.34 trans- mitted).....	58,590.08
	\$148,214.00
Apr. 1st Cash Balance.....	

(Includes 90 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$39,986.23)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I. 55	
Men Shipped.....	287
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	29
Total number of men given employment	316

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	37
Men transported	121
Pieces of dunnage transported	201

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	18,976
Letters received for seamen.....	4,525
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,127

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	186
Referred to Hospitals.....	39
Referred to other Societies.....	10
Hospital Visits	27
Patients Visited	717

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	8	2,043 2,226
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	11	1,342 1,352
Public School Lectures	4	448 470
First Aid Lectures.....	5	35 39
Athletic Night.....	1	65 65
Ships Visited		84
Packages reading matter distributed....		136
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed		145

Religious Department.

	Attendance	
	Services	Seamen Total
English.....	43	1,844 2,183
Holland.....	1	63 63
Scandinavian.....	4	83 87
Lettish.....	5	38 99
Special Services	4	39 39
Home Hour.....	5	506 580
Bible Classes	5	320 320
Holy Communion Services		4
Wedding Services		2
Baptismals		0
Funeral Services		6
Memorial Services		0

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may be a subscriber to the **Lookout**

1 **Founders** or **Benefactors** of the Institute automatically become subscribers.

2 All who subscribe annually **five dollars or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.

3 Those who contribute a sum **under five dollars** or **make any gift**, receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

4 Every one who subscribes **one dollar** a year to the **Lookout Department**.

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

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