

The LOOKOUT



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See page 15.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620

25 South Street, New York

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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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Free Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants

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Burial of Destitute Seamen

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And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

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

THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 14

JULY, 1923

No. 7

Hospital Cooperation

The head of our Social Service Department, Mr. George A. Green, called together on Monday, July 2, one of the most interesting and helpful conferences ever held at the Institute. The heads of the Social Service Departments of all the hospitals where seamen are sent were invited to come together with the Social Service workers of the Institute to bring about a more perfect cooperation in caring for sick seamen.

Bellevue was represented by Miss Kelm; U. S. P. H. S. Hospital, Stapleton, S. I., by Miss Burgham; Long Island College Hospital by Miss Totnan; Hudson Street by Miss Oldfield; Broad Street by Miss Campbell; Beekman Street by Miss Keough. The only hospital not represented was Ellis Island, because the head of its Social Service Department was too busy about the July quota of immigrants.

The object of the gathering, as Dr. Mansfield explained, was to find out from them what power their Social Service Departments had to perform the extraordinary services the care of seamen demanded; wherein we could cooperate with them, and wherein there is likely to be overlapping.

Dr. Mansfield began by stating that the Institute had no hesitation in "butting in" anywhere that the protection of seamen demanded, and

he cited instances. The Institute had gone to the government and brought such pressure to bear upon it that every officer on a ship is now compelled to have a First Aid license, which means that First Aid lectures must be given in every port where officers' licenses are issued.

It had also secured the authority from the government to have prepared a special First Aid Manual for the use of ships giving much fuller details than are required in the manual prepared for the landsman. In this connection he paid a splendid tribute to Dr. Lavinder's humanitarianism and willingness to cooperate in anything that will save life and lessen suffering.

He also spoke briefly of the Radio Medical Service, which this Institute was the means of starting, and which the Radio Corporation of America has very generously taken over, as an evidence that the Institute is prepared to go far afield in its service to the seaman.

Becoming more specific Dr. Mansfield said that he was going to ask them how far their Social Service Departments could and did go in such matters as getting a seaman's clothes off a ship, finding out whether there was money due him, helping about compensation, protecting him against shyster lawyers, and writing letters to families. Also he wanted to know what check we could have on seamen sent to hos-

pitals so that we could be sure that no man was neglected. Did the hospitals have any records of patients by occupation?

Miss Kelm, of Bellevue, answered first. She said the magnitude of their institution made a bed to bed visitation of the men impossible. The cases handled by Bellevue's Social Service Department were referred to them by the nurses in the wards. They had no occupational record of patients, but in the future she believed it would be possible to keep a record of seamen separately and notify the Institute.

Miss Burgham from Stapleton reported that nearly all of the patients in that hospital were seamen so that the extraordinary services were normal services with them and they did protect the man in the matter of baggage, wages, compensation and mail.

Miss Totnan, of Long Island College Hospital, reported that they had a very small social service department which had a great deal to do in the clinic and with out-patients so that here also bed to bed visitation was impossible. She felt, like Miss Kelm of Bellevue, that their best help to the Institute would be by getting the Admitting Department to keep an accurate record of seamen and turning it over to the Institute.

Miss Campbell, of Broad Street, reported that their Social Service Department knew every patient and what he did, and that in addition to their own service, the Protestants were visited by a representative

from Trinity Parish, and the Roman Catholics by a priest. She suggested that the Institute might render a real service by having a Medical Social Service worker in such hospitals as Bellevue.

Miss Keough, of Beekman Street, said that as she had listened to the discussion she had come to the conclusion that she had perhaps taken the Institute too much for granted. Most of the seamen in that institution went directly from here, and she had assumed that the Institute always knew about them. She volunteered to keep a record of all seamen and see that we knew of every case, but requested that the Institute cooperate with her by reporting what was done for each man so that the hospital would have a check on it.

Miss Oldfield reported a pretty thorough handling of the peculiar requirements of seamen, and stated that in their hospital, Hudson Street, the Social Service Department was not only given a free hand, but was held responsible for seeing that every case was adequately met.

In conclusion Dr. Mansfield thanked the guests for coming and said that he felt the conference had helped us to find the missing link between their Social Service Work and ours.

Mr. Montgomery, under whose department in the Institute the hospital visiting is carried out, spoke a few words of appreciation of the gathering, and Mr. Green asked them all to be thinking during the summer months on some method of

closer cooperation, and expressed the hope that another gathering might be held in the fall.

In Season and Out

The Institute they have always with them, the people who do our Social Service work. If there were eight days in the week they would work eight days, but since the ordinary week has only six working days they drop in Sundays or on their days off to look after their lame ducks.

So it is not surprising that when a chaplain goes to preach in a church he keeps the Institute on his mind.

That is why when the Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up heard that his host, who had taken him home to dinner was a barge owner he immediately grew thoughtful: "A barge owner, this must be providential."

Very tactfully he intimated that there was a Frenchman whose wife had come to us begging us to get her husband a job on a barge, did the barge owner think he could give him a chance?

The barge owner did, and the people were notified, and there were loud expressions of gratitude. The Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up considered the incident closed, and turned his attention to other matters.

A few days later the wife turned up again. She had a sister whose husband also craved a job on a barge. Since our chaplain had such a way with him could he not produce another barge job.

Fortunately the first man had been a credit to us so the chaplain could and did produce job number two. He considered the incident closed and turned his attention to other matters.

A few days later the wife appeared a third time. The sister was expecting a child in August, and was not well. What did the Chaplain-Who-Never-Gives-Up think they ought to do about it? Obviously this was not legitimately the work of the Institute but to a man who can produce jobs instantly on demand—

Our chaplain got the woman into a nursing home where she will have the best of care, thereby adding the last straw, which completed their faith in his infallibility. The chaplain now considers the incident closed.

The Institute Personified

He wrote to us to know whether we would do something for him, because he was a seaman and in a hospital and had no friends. He wanted cigarettes and such things sent to him.

The head of our Social Service Department got in touch with the social service worker in that hospital and found that the man was being given cigarettes and other things, but that most of the patients had things sent to them from friends and probably the man wanted that feeling of being cared for, and we were the only people he had to turn to.

So the head of our Social Service Department instructed the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief to send cigarettes

and other things from time to time to the man. Perhaps you think this was wasteful, because he would not have had to go without them if we had not helped him, but we think this is one of the most human things the Institute has ever done, one of the things which proves that it is not a hard, dry, charity but an expression of love and sympathy. He wanted us to send him things, not for the sake of the things, but just to know that somebody out in the world was thinking of him, and we sent them, because he is a stranger and will never walk abroad among his fellow men again. For he is a leper.

In his letter of gratitude notice how he speaks of the Institute always as if it were a person:

Mr. G. A. Green,
Director Social Service Department,
Seamen's Church Institute, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Your letter received and I am very glad indeed to hear from you, and thanking you very much for being so kind to arrange with Miss Kellogg so that I may have some cigarettes and tobacco occasionally.

You can be sure my only pleasure in this life is to have a real smoke, and as the time passes by very slowly such is a great comfort to me.

Yes sir, it is indeed a hard thing for me you can be sure. Not a day passes that I am not thinking about the old sea life and the more when the sea-going steamers steam up the river. Such make me feel awfully blue, as I did love to go to sea, so you can imagine how I feel on this lonesome place. Just think of it, a

man twenty-seven years of age, who has to spend the rest of his life in a place like this.

I am a stranger in the city, and because I have no one to care for me that is why I have written to the Seamen's Church Institute, the nearest friend of mine, in whom I have all confidence, and the only one that can do for me something.

I am just like a helpless child, and everything has to be given to me from some good person, but anyhow there is someone who will do something for me occasionally, and I am very thankful to that person and shall never forget that good hearted and kind one.

Wishing you the best of luck, and with the kindest remembrances to you, I remain

Respectfully yours,

Wm. R. De M.

"Yes, I Go Way Monday"

A Greek seaman, who has been here often enough to feel at home in the Institute led the House Mother to a point in the lobby from which he could point out a young seamen of his own race whom he felt to be in bad company.

"It's no good going round with fellows like that. You make him go to sea."

What the older seaman said to the boy the House Mother doesn't know, but presently he appeared at her office looking rather like a prisoner on parole and she talked to him earnestly about the importance of getting into industrious habits, and not wasting his time in bad company. Then she led him to the em-

ployment office where he meekly accepted a job that took him away for several months.

When he returned he came straight to the House Mother's office and said: "I'm back," and waited, apparently to see if that was all right.

When she smiled and welcomed him his face lighted up. His English vocabulary being very limited his conversation was mostly smiles.

However, the House Mother, determined that he should not again make undesirable connections, very soon found him a job and sent him off once more to sea.

The other day he turned up once more and reported himself, and then dropped out of sight among the hundreds of men who throng the lobby and reading-room. But on Sunday night at the Home-Hour the House Mother came to the table where he was drinking coffee and eating doughnuts.

English failed him in the emergency and he turned quickly to the Greek at his side and said something in his native tongue.

"He says he's shipping Monday," this friend translated, and the House Mother couldn't help laughing to think that she had become to him the hand of the law, driving him inexorably to work.

Seeing that she laughed and judging by that that he was still in good standing the boy smiled also and his English came back to him.

"Yes, I go way Monday," he repeated, sure that was what she wanted of him.

They Ban Stubborn

The Danish boy was in great trouble. He had a cable saying that his sister was dying, and they wanted him to come home, but he had no money to go.

"Can't you take a ship home?" the man at the desk asked hopefully.

The boy shook his head impatiently. Of course he had thought of that himself, but Danish companies only signed men on for a complete voyage from Denmark to America and back. "Just the same I am going to see your companies," the man at the desk insisted resolutely.

The young seaman looked skeptical. "They ban stubborn," he said. "They won't do it because they have their rules."

The young Dane had not exaggerated the determination of his people to abide by their regulations. It took all the desk man's spare time for three days to find a company willing to waive its red tape in the interest of a countryman. But he wouldn't give up. The Institute breaks rules every day for the good of humanity and these companies are no better.

Presently one company yielded and gave the boy a position which would take him home and pay him forty dollars additional. Perhaps fate will be kind enough to stay the scythe of the Great Reaper until he reaches the home where his coming is so anxiously awaited.



JANET L. ROPER, *House Mother*

Realizing that many of our readers would like to meet the House Mother, who will never do so, we have decided to put her in *The Lookout*. Mrs. Roper is unique among those who do social work for seamen, having begun her service to them when she was seventeen years of age and continued it without intermission ever since.

The Gray Suit

When we told you how really great was our need for clothes and shoes many of you straightway sent us things, for which accept our grateful thanks.

Among the suits received was a neat gray one in good condition, which the House Mother bestowed upon a youngish seaman who was out of a job and in urgent need of one because he had been ill.

Years of experience in meting out second hand clothes has given her a tailor's eye, and in this instance she had measured her boy and her garment to a nicety as was evident when he returned looking like an Arrow Collar advertisement.

With more speed than his motions had previously given promise of, he took himself off in pursuit of a job on a millionaire's yacht and, he gave all the credit to the gray suit, got it at once.

The Seaman Who Paid

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief was away at dinner when a seaman turned up with money in his pocket and a debt on his conscience, a combination never to be discouraged in any circumstances.

The only question was the amount of the debt. The seaman wasn't clear about it. Now he thought it was fifty cents, now ninety, so the Chaplain to whom he unburdened himself, not having access to the records, took one dollar for good measure, knowing that it was safer with us than with him, and the sea-

man departed feeling virtuous and at peace with the world.

The next morning in the cold light of day it became apparent that the full amount of his debt was three fifty, and the seaman got his feeling of virtue at a bargain.

Virtue Rewarded

The Employment Bureau got him a job making awnings, but he came back a little later to report that he had to supply his own needles and finger protectors which would cost him thirty-five cents, so the Employment Lady let him have the thirty-five cents.

She did not know the man but she believed that he would pay it back out of his wages. Sure enough her faith was justified for as soon as the man received the money for his work he came right to her with the thirty-five cents.

And almost on the moment of his doing so there came in a job as sail maker to which she was able to send him, so his honesty was immediately rewarded.

The Collapse of the Mark

The House Manager found a seaman in the lobby almost in tears. He had in his possession his pay for a fifteen day trip on a German ship also six thousand marks that he had had previously, and he had just got it changed into American money, hence the despair. The bank had given him a one dollar bill.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK

at

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
Superintendent

or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

The Butterfly

Seamen are notoriously kind hearted. Let a poor mangy cat or a lonesome dog attach itself to one and he immediately adopts it, so when a magnificent female butterfly lit upon and clung fiercely to the coat of one of them he did not brush her rudely off, as many another man would have done, but brought her into the Institute and set her against the wall.

The reason for her tenacious clinging then became apparent. She was about to lay her eggs, and had to find a place in this city of grime and granite on which to lay them.

As she climbed up the pillar depositing in heaps the delicate white ovals we wished for the knowledge of a Fabre who would have been able to tell us at a glance her life history; what other life, in this existence of tooth and claw, had been destroyed to produce those magnificent wings, how long she had lain

hidden as egg, larva and chrysalis before she blossomed into her present magnificent existence.

But what even the great French naturalist could not tell us is why? Why Nature's reckless prodigality of life? Why all the production to no apparent purpose? The only suggestion he has to offer, "that all species feel an urge to produce a surplus for destruction, that other species may live," leaves us aghast if applied to our own.

The next day we went to look. The butterfly had flown away, the eggs lay in a wasted heap on the floor, and another chapter was written in the inexplicable round of life, procreation and death.

The Human Touch

A sixteen story building efficiently administered, immaculately clean and crowded every night with eight hundred and twenty-two men does not prove that the Seamen's Church Institute is a success. We might have achieved all this and still have failed to arrive at the goal for which its founders set out, the reaching of the hearts of men through this material service. Indeed big institutions are apt to harden and become impersonal as they expand.

But during the past year the Institute has had dramatic proof that it has kept the human touch, that the hearts of the seamen turn to it as well as their bodies. Most of the instances we are going to cite have already been written up in The Lookout but grouped together they offer conclusive evidence that the Institute is regarded as a warm

personal friend capable of going out of its way to do irregular acts of kindness.

One of the pleasant things was the case of the young man who had left the sea, who sent the young woman to whom he was going to be married to visit the Institute, with a note asking if we would show her through the building, and thanking us for the courtesy we had always shown him when he stayed here. She had been told that this was not a decent place for a woman to come, and he could not rest easy until he cleared the reputation of the Institute.

You will remember, too, another ex-seaman who found an old lady in a restaurant, who was lost. She was a Lithuanian who was returning to her native land for a visit and had left her money with the agent of the company and forgotten the name of the street and the company. Unable to cope with the situation alone he brought her to us, although it was years since he had stayed at the Institute.

The boys in the Marine Hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, who wrote to us first to ask if the Institute could help them with funds for their club house, and later for pool tables, will still be fresh in your minds. They got both.

In another place in this issue we tell of a man who writes us from a leper colony asking us to take the place of a family and send him tobacco from time to time, not because he could not get tobacco in any other way but because in his terri-

ble isolation he wanted to be remembered.

And below we are printing the letter of a boy down in Rio who got into a quarrel and is in jail because he could not pay his thirty five dollars fine, and his ship sailed away and left him.

It seems to us that these men turning to the Institute when they are far away from the shelter of its roof, sure that it will befriend them as willingly two thousand miles away as if they were in New York is the best possible proof that it has not betrayed its trust, and that the prayers and work of those good men who founded it have not been in vain.

Rio de Janeiro 6, 10, 23.

House Mother,
25 South St.,
New York City, N. Y.
Dear Mother Roper:

I got in trouble here in Rio and they put me in jail for fighting, and the Pan American, the boat that I was night watchman on, sailed two hours afterward and left me here. My fine is thirty five dollars. I have twenty five. I need ten more to pay my fine. Will you kindly loan me ten dollars until I return to the States and I will pay you back the money and good interest.

I have been sailing for years and this is the first trouble I have been in, or even in prison. I have been with the U. S. lines for the past two years and a half and hold good discharge papers both as to ability and character. I have been stopping at the Institute for the last four years

and also attended your meetings and lectures, which I always thought well of your kindly talks to the seamen. If you will kindly do me this favor I will never forget it and I will do anything in God's green earth for you as I am very nearly crazy in this place. I am the only American here and I cannot understand a word of Portuguese so you can readily see what a plight I am in. I have asked the American Consul. He claims I have to raise the amount of the fine myself. As soon as I get that I am out. Hoping you will aid me in this matter, and thanking you I remain,

Yours respectfully,
J. C. F.

The National Celebration

Sunday, July 1, being the nearest to the Fourth of July, the music and sermon were chosen with regard to the birth of the nation.

It is not easy to preach a national sermon of this kind to an audience composed of Americans, British, Finns, Hollanders, Germans, Frenchmen, East Indians and Slavs of every variety, and yet the Institute chaplain succeeded in paying a very fine tribute to the flag and the ideals it symbolized, while he kept the sympathetic attention of the men from other nations who happened temporarily to be guests of the Institute.

And when at the close of the Home Hour there was thrown on the screen, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and those men of all nations rose instantly to their feet and sang

it, not perfunctorily, but with ringing voices, we felt that it was not only a fine tribute to America but to the way the Institute has interpreted America to the stranger.

Radio Ends Arctic Solitude

To-day Donald B. MacMillan sails for the Arctic from Wiscasset, Me., on his 89-foot schooner Bowdoin. He will be accompanied by E. F. MacDonald, Jr., of Chicago, who will go as far north as it is possible to get a mail boat back. The latter writes us that the real hardship in visiting the frozen North is not the lack of food nor the severe cold, but the absolute solitude. This causes men to lose their minds, compelling Arctic explorers on some expeditions to shoot some of their own men.

Heretofore when Arctic explorers have gone into the North they have been forgotten until their return and no one has known what has been happening to them in the meantime. When Mr. MacMillan headed the Crocker Land expedition in 1913, he intended to be gone only one year, but was frozen in until 1917 and did not know that the World War was in progress until his return.

On his present trip Mr. MacMillan is taking a crew of only seven men and plans to be gone only fourteen months. There is no telling, however, how long Mr. MacMillan will be frozen in the North. But no matter how long absent he will remain in constant communication with civilization. For the Bowdoin is equipped with a powerful Zenith

radio sending and receiving apparatus which will enable those on board to report their daily progress and to hear the news of the world as well as music from various cities in the United States each day.

The United States Government has granted to Mr. MacMillan the broadest license ever granted for sending apparatus. It has issued the call letters WNP, meaning Wireless North Pole, and the right to send on 200, 300, 400 meters or any other wave length found necessary for experimental purposes. In other words, Mr. MacMillan has the privilege of sending on any wave length he desires, in order to get his messages back to civilization.

Some very interesting data will be collected through means of the radio on this Arctic expedition. This is the first time that sending apparatus has ever been taken within the auroral band and it will be interesting to note with what success the messages can be sent back during the period of 141 days of continual daylight, a period during which, even though Mr. MacMillan's ship should send its message at sharp midnight, they will have to traverse many miles of daylight before hitting darkness. The messages that are to be sent from this country to Mr. MacMillan will be sent from the Zenith-Edgewater Beach Hotel Broadcasting Station WJAZ, at Chicago, which incidentally is the most powerful broadcasting station in the world. It is powered by a 4,000-volt 10-kilowatt generator that should have no trouble in hurling

the concerts and messages to Mr. MacMillan in the Arctic.

Found in 15 Minutes

Our Missing Men Department has an excellent record for finding the lost and strayed among seamen, but it set itself a new pace the other day in the matter of time.

A mother called to ask about her son, whom she suspected had run away to sea. Had we seen him? Could we help her to locate him?

You know how mothers are. She and the daughter who came with her looked eagerly into every face as they went through the lobby hoping that it would be the boy they were seeking, but he was nowhere about.

The Department of Missing Men consulted the Employment Department and found that he had been here the day before, and they had found him a job on a ship. The employment manager laughed when he was told that the boy's mother was looking for him.

"I had difficulty in getting the agent to let the lad have the job," he said, "because the agent insisted he was too young, and that his mother would be after him the next day."

We were able to tell the mother what ship the boy was on, where it was anchored, and when it sailed, but it was not as bad as the agent had expected from his point of view for the mother has decided not to try to compel him to leave the ship, realizing that one can't hold a boy of a certain age against his will.

JEANNETTE PARK

South Street—Coenties Slip—New York

SUMMER SEASON, 1923

Concerts and Motion Pictures

arranged by the

Seamen's Church Institute

25 SOUTH STREET

FOR SEAMEN AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD

BAND CONCERTS

MONDAY NIGHTS

JULY 2nd to SEPTEMBER 17th

(Except Labor Day, Sept. 3rd) 8:15 P. M.

MOTION PICTURES

FRIDAY NIGHTS

JULY 6th to SEPTEMBER 14th

8:15 P. M.

FIVE CONCERTS WILL BE FURNISHED BY THE
PARK DEPARTMENT

FRANCIS D. GALLATIN, Commissioner

SIX CONCERTS WILL BE PROVIDED BY THE
BANDS OF

Police Department
B. F. Keith's Boys
Salvation Army

Gas and Electric Company
Wanamaker's
National Biscuit Company

The Park Department will provide a Recreational Director for
Play and Games beginning July 5th, daily from 1:30 to 6:00 P. M.

Children's Hour 1:30 to 2:30 P. M.

Summer Amusements

On the opposite page we reproduce the poster announcing the summer program of entertainments in Jeanette Park for the benefit of the seamen and the neighborhood.

Long ago the Institute proved for itself the truth of the statement, "No man liveth unto himself alone." In making this part of the city a better place for seamen to live we are making it a better place for other people to live. The whole neighborhood shares not only in the rehabilitation of Jeanette Park, but in the band concerts and movies and the services of the recreational director supplied by the city.

But the neighborhood pays us back too. The mothers come and bring their children to the entertainments, giving an atmosphere of home, of land contacts that we, with all our good intentions, could not give. The seamen do not often speak to the little people, but it is inevitable that the man who has a wife and children at home, whom he has perhaps been neglecting, will be reminded of them, and perhaps be moved to write a letter for which some woman in a far-away country has long been anxiously waiting.

The National Work

Growth and activity are symptoms of life, and the SCIA rejoices in proclaiming that both of these symptoms are present to evidence it as being a healthy organization. The many friends of this great National Organization will be much gratified to learn of a steady and

positive growth in every port where they have made it possible, through their financial support, for the Institute to employ its efforts.

On June 27, 1923, the application for affiliation of the Seamen's Church Institute of Tampa, Florida, was accepted and another Institute was added to become a link in the chain which extends from Tacoma, Washington, on the West Coast, southward, through the Gulf of Mexico, and northward on the Atlantic as far as Boston.

The local Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of Tampa has purchased a lot and plans are being drawn for an Institute building which will be unique, and distinctly fashioned after the manner of what we hope all Institutes may visualize as their ideal.

The local Institute will contain the many departments necessary to carry to the Merchant Seamen the Church's Mission, in its threefold aspect of worship, religious education and social service. This work is made possible through the interest of local parishes in supplementing the small grant of \$300 per year from the National Treasury to provide the Superintendent's salary.

The Board is now making a campaign for memberships, and the future promises to see the Seamen's Church Institute of Tampa well housed in its new home, and spreading a Christian influence over the lives of the ever-increasing number of seamen who visit this port.

The next few months will see other work begun and the already

existing work in Mobile taken under the flag so well known to the seamen.

Growth and activity are to be found everywhere, and we ask you to share with us our vision, soon to become a reality, of "An Institute in Every Port," and the SCIA the pride of the Church.

Birth of an Island

Seamen see a great many strange things that do happen and some that don't but few of them are stranger than this, recorded in a despatch to the New York Times of June 27.

Steamship Captain Tells of Rising of Land From the Sea

Washington, June 28.—The birth of an island is described in a report received by the Hydrographer's Office from Captain George B. Generaux, master of the steamship *Jacox*, who declared he was an eye witness to part of the phenomenon.

Recently, while on his usual route from Singapore, the captain said, a violent disturbance was noted on the surface of the sea at latitude 10.07 north and longitude 109.00.30 east, where a mass "dark in color, with straight sides, about 100 feet in height and between two and three miles in length," had risen above the water.

"There were breakers along the entire length," the report said, "where the sea was washing away loose material. Repeated explosions were noted, causing large waves. These continued at intervals of

about one minute for more than an hour."

The first report of the newest arrival in the land family came from Captain M. Tami of the Japanese ship *Malaca Maru*, according to official records. The island has been officially named *Tagawa*, but on most charts is designated "New-born."

The Boys Who Quit

The *Woman-Who-Listens* argued with them until she was exhausted, without avail. They were resolved to leave their ships, and the longest time any of them had to put in before they would be officers was one year. She felt it to be such a terrible blunder, such a waste.

When she could not do anything with them she sent them to the *Woman-Who-Dances* and begged her to use all her powers of persuasion to induce them to return to their ships. She also pleaded with them in vain.

The stumbling block was the sense of honor of the older boy and the ringleader of the three apprentices. He had leave of absence and could return without being punished, the other two boys, younger and smaller than himself would have had to face the ship's discipline for desertion. If he had had to face the same thing that they did both women felt that they could have saved the situation, but as it was he wouldn't yield an inch, and the others would do exactly what he did.

It was a case of homesickness. The older boy had been away from

home for three years without leave and he had been promised faithfully that he would be sent home from New York. When he reached here the company said once again that they couldn't do it. Somehow that was the last straw. The boy had his heart set on going home and home he was going by your leave.

If only he had held out a little longer, but youth is not good at waiting.

\$26 For the Mule

Not all seamen are indigent. There are hundreds of men who stay at the Institute every time they are in port and never ask for a cent.

One of these is a Portuguese sea-

man, dark of skin, and eyes, white of teeth and winning of smile.

He confided to one of our chaplains that he had just sent \$26 home to pay for corn for the old mule, who could no longer eat hay.

"My father write me that he was going to turn her out in the hill because she could no more work.

"I write to heem and say: 'How you like to work eighteen, twenty year and be turned out in the hill to starve two, tree, four day and then the blackbird eat you?'

"I say to heem: 'I send you 26 dollar to buy corn, but if you do not want to keep her, keel her queek. Do not turn her out in the hill to starve.'"

YOUR WORK; YOUR "LOOKOUT"

The sensitiveness of you who read "The Lookout" to the needs of the Institute, your inexhaustible sympathy for the seamen leads us to believe that if we could place our magazine in the hands of several thousand more readers it would go far toward solving the financial difficulties of our institution.

We wish we could afford to do it ourselves without trespassing further upon your great kindness, but we cannot. We do not want to wear out your patience or to ask more than you can afford to give, but we believe there are some of you who would not mind asking a friend to subscribe for "The Lookout," and there are others to whom it would not be a serious financial matter to send us one dollar to subscribe for "The Lookout" for some person who would be likely to be sympathetic.

Some of you have already done this in connection with our Find-A-Friend-Campaign and we want it distinctly understood that this appeal does not apply to you.

THE LOOKOUT—25 South Street, New York.
 Enclosed find \$1.00 for which enter upon your subscription list the person whose name and address are given below

Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....
 State.....

Up the River

Young Franklin came to the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief and asked her if she could give him a meal ticket.

She looked at him and was startled. Instantly she knew there was something wrong. His eyes were not wild, as they so often are in such cases, but tragic, with a despair too deep for words.

She tried to find out the cause of his desolation. He talked to her jerkily, and in a rambling disconnected way he told her that they would not keep him on any job for more than a few days. The reason was obvious. He had lost all power to concentrate. Even as he talked to her his mind played truant and he wandered irrelevantly from one subject to another.

Finally, returning to the object of his visit, he asked again for a meal ticket.

"Yes," she said, "I'll give you a meal ticket, and I'll also give you a room, and I want you to go to bed and get a good rest."

"I don't need a bed," he said, "I'm going up the river tonight."

Nevertheless she made out the room ticket and gave it to him, and as he went away she resolved to persuade him the next morning to go to a hospital for an examination.

She went on with the other cases for relief, but the boy's eyes haunted her, and she got up and went downstairs and pointed the boy out to the guards, and asked them if they would keep an eye on him as far as

possible, and try to persuade him to go to bed.

She had no authority to commit this boy to a hospital merely because he talked in a disconnected way, but she felt terribly uneasy about him.

The next morning when she came in there was a note on her desk to say that Bellevue Hospital had telephoned that a boy by the name of Franklin had been taken in there the previous night with both legs, and an arm and a shoulder broken, and that he had given her name as that of his only friend in this country.

In an unsuccessful attempt to "go up the river" he had slipped out of the Institute and gone over to Whitehall Street and got in the way of a subway train.

She went to see him in the hospital, and curiously enough, as he lay there in great physical pain the tragedy seemed to have gone out of his eyes and he smiled. It seemed as if just being taken care of, and being relieved of the responsibility of facing life, had lifted part of the burden off his mind. If only he had come to us sooner.

Seagulls

There is a sailor legend

Men tell by the waning moon
(And I heard them laugh as they
told it

Tonight in the deck saloon.)

That whenever dies a sailor,

On the deep sea or ashore,
There comes to the birds of ocean
One gray seagull the more.

Kadra Maysi in the N. Y. Times.

General Summary of Work

MAY, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services A. M.	4	66
Sunday Services P. M.	4	423
Communion Services	4	26
Bible Classes	2	66
Fellowship Meetings	4	204
Weddings	1	
Funerals	1	
Baptisms	0	

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

Sunday Services A. M.	4	178
Communion Services	1	4
Funerals	3	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services	4	329
Entertainments	8	3,329
Packages Literature Distributed		25
Knitted Articles Distributed		130
Apprentices Visiting Building		1,186
Lodgings Registered		24,416
Incoming Mail for Seamen		14,198
Dunnage Checked		5,728

Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	709
Assisted through Loan Fund	74
Baggage and Minor Relief	227
Cases in Institute Clinic	481
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	13
Referred to Other Organizations	42
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	13

Employment

Men Shipped	426
Shore Jobs	86

Visits

To Hospitals	28
To Patients	159
Other Visits	88

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21

Number of Visits	27
Number of Hours	182

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	19
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	3
First-Aid Lectures	28

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	\$33,199.70
Withdrawals	39,102.24
Transmissions	4,124.18

Wills That Don't Protect and Wills That Do

"I spend much of my time untangling the blunders of people, who tried in their wills to protect the future of those they love," a philanthropist said to us the other day.

In reaching out from the past to touch the life of some one person we may easily blunder, but in reaching out to help a whole class of men some are certain to find protection and encouragement.

We believe, rightly or wrongly, that this great Institution of ours is blessed by a sort of divine guidance, which raises up men to carry on, generation after generation, the ideals on which it was founded.

Those who leave part of their worldly goods to maintain this service to seamen can be sure that no matter how the unknown quantity of futurity may alter the outlook their bequests will be used to make it easier for men to live a decent life.

SUGGESTED 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.