The LOOKOUT

$1,016,000 is Still Needed to Finish and Equip the New Annex

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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The LOOKOUT

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EDMUND L. BAYLIES
President
FRANK T. WARBURTON
Secretary-Treasurer

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Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D. D.
Superintendent
or
ELEANOR BARNES
Editor, The Lookout

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The Lookout

VOL. XVIII OCTOBER, 1927 No. 10

THE THIRD ANNUAL BENEFIT

of

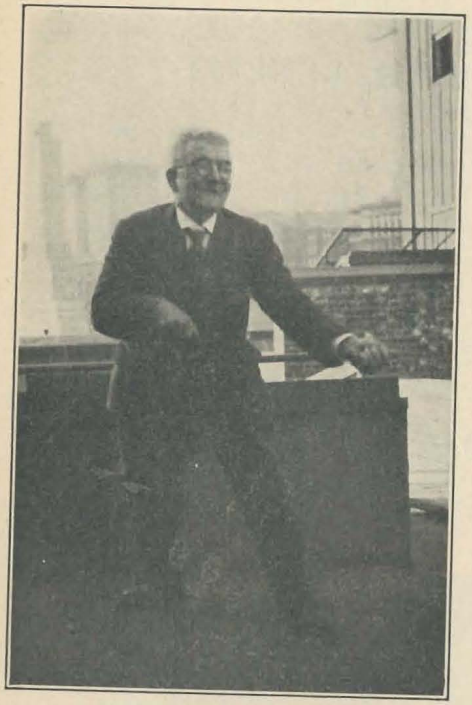
The Seamen's Church Institute

of New York

will be a Dinner-Dance and Entertainment
on Board the S. S. *Ile de France*

THE MAGNIFICENT BALL ROOM OF THE *ILE DE FRANCE*, PRIDE OF THE FRENCH LINE

All Aboard



THE OLD-TIME CHANTYMAN

We are about to launch our Third Annual Benefit, and we say "launch" advisedly, for it is to be on shipboard.

A most enjoyable evening is in store for you.

The French Line have most generously offered us an opportunity to give a dinner-dance on board their new and magnificent flag-ship *Ile de France,* at Pier 57, foot of Fourteenth Street.

The time is Thursday evening, October twentieth, at seven-thirty o'clock.

We are planning a short program which will savor delightfully of the sea.

A group of old-time deep-water "shell-backs" will sing chanties. This in itself is a rare treat, for the picturesque chantyman of yesteryear is fast dying out, and his boisterously tuneful sea-lore will soon be a thing dead and buried with the glorious past of the American clipper ship.

Eugene O'Neill's one-act play of the sea called "The Long Voyage Home" will be given by professional actors. It shows very vividly what the sailor must combat in port. It has especial significance because of the fact that Mr. O'Neill (America's greatest living dramatist) went to sea himself after leaving Harvard, putting up at the Institute between trips; and "The Long Voyage Home" depicts conditions as he actually found them.

Lady Armstrong (wife of the British Consul-General in New York) will point out how the Institute prevents unfair treatment of the sailor as shown in Mr. O'Neill's play.

At the conclusion of the entertainment there will be dancing in the ballroom, and guests may see the unique features of the *Ile de France*—its suites de luxe, its little gem of a chapel, its tapestries and its paintings.

Reservations may be made, including the dinner, entertainment, and dance, for ten dollars per guest. There are tables for two, four, six and twelve, and one table seating twenty-four.

Here is an opportunity to spend a most delightful evening and at the same time to benefit the Institute when it is so badly in need of funds.

We hope our friends will come to the rescue as they invariably do when we send out an S O S.

Won't you come and bring as many of your friends as you can?

Please address checks and reservations to the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York City, attention of the Benefit Committee.

THE LARGEST AND MOST SUMPTUOUS DINING ROOM AFLOAT

Standing Room Only

Our immediate building problem during October is to provide standing room, at least, for sailormen on this section of the waterfront as soon as the first cold weather sets in.

The benches in Jeanette Park are not altogether comfortable on a brisk fall evening; and unless we are able to provide enough lobby space, many a seaman will be obliged to take refuge somewhere else—perhaps in the questionable pool rooms across Coenties Slip.

This must not happen—the Institute must not lose hard-won ground. For years we have waged an uphill fight to ensure fair treatment ashore for the sailor. We cannot break faith with him now by closing our doors to him when he needs the warmth and friendly protection of the Institute.

It is a matter of funds. Our builders' bills are running up faster than our receipts.

We want to finish and pay for the entire building during the course of the winter and thus be able to provide lodgings for all who apply to us; but the immediately urgent need is for lobby space to permit the men to come in from the cold streets.

Just a warm place to stand will be a boon to them.

It sounds simple enough, but as a matter of fact it involves complications. The present lobby and reading room must be reconstructed and merged into the new lobby and lounge.

Workmen are busy with hammers and plaster and staging and wheelbarrows and whatever. They are noisily at it and the dust is flying—and it all costs money.

Just about a million is needed to complete the construction and equipping of the entire new annex building, but the first contributions we receive (unless otherwise designated) will go to pay for lobby space—a *standing* invitation, so to speak, to the homeless seamen along South Street to come in to get warm.

Checks will be gratefully received by the Building Committee of the Seamen's Church Institute, Junius S. Morgan, Treasurer, 25 South Street, New York City.

Jack Tar's Baggage

"I've threw more salt water over me face than most of 'em 'ave sailed over."

This is a statement made (not especially for publication) by our Baggagiste, referring to our seamen who check their baggage with him.

We borrow the term *baggagiste* from the French, not only because we have no one English word for an official who presides over luggage, but also because the incumbent of this job at the Institute tells us in a broad Irish brogue with a twinkle in his eye, that he is French.

He makes his amazing statement about the salt water at the beginning of an interview to impress it upon his visitor from the very start that he knows sailors thoroughly as well as their baggage and their baggage problems.

"The sailor is like a sparrow," our Baggagiste continues, "his home is most anywheres. And where is he going to leave his gear if he's got no friends like us with a good safe place to store it?"

This sense of security is perhaps the most valuable by-product of our baggage service. The sailor is always the prey of the unscrupulous and even his meagre belongings represent enticing booty to waterfront sneak thieves.

But the Institute steps in with protection. The sailor may leave his baggage—usually a sea bag—with us for ten cents for ten days, which is of course less than the cost of handling. We hold it for thirteen months beyond the time it is paid and then assume that the owner has abandoned it and use the contents for needy sailors.

Between seven and eight hundred pieces of hand baggage find their way across our counter in the course of a day. About one-fourth of it is coming in for safe keeping; another fourth is going to sea; and the remaining half is just being taken for "changes." The owner has the privilege of retiring to a convenient dressing room to change his clothing and of then returning his bag to storage. This is an especial convenience for the sailor who has not been fortunate in getting accommodation at the Institute and who knows he cannot trust his belongings in the sailor boarding house where he has had to take lodgings.

Like the rest of the Institute staff who come in contact with our sailormen, our Baggagiste is surprise-proof. Nothing Jack Tar could offer for checking would disturb his equanimity. Just a casual glimpse around his domain disclosed a pair of eagle's wings, some bullock's horns, and a wooden leg, in addition to an array of musical instruments, newspaper packages, seabags, ditty bags and the more conventional varieties of baggage.

One thing we have to refuse, and this is live animals, for with all our sincere attempts to provide the sailor with everything

he needs ashore we have not yet discovered any feasible means of running a zoo. The Baggagiste told us there are never any exceptions to this rule but after a grilling cross-examination, like the Captain of the *Pinafore,* he changed his "never" to "hardly ever."

Of course, there was that case of the dog who couldn't be separated from the boy and the boy who couldn't be separated from the dog. The Baggagiste had stowed the pup away under a shelf, but the little beggar abused his hospitality by snoring most disconcertingly. No, it doesn't pay to break rules.

Of course birds are a bit different. They are in cages and stay put. The Baggagiste is quite content to run a day nursery for them but it is always with the understanding that they must be taken away before the baggage room closes at ten-thirty.

Business hums in our baggage room. There is seldom a dull moment, but the hundreds of pieces of baggage are handled with "ease, grace, accuracy and dispatch." They have to be. Apart from the extremely low prices for checking, the Baggage Department is run in a most business-like manner. Each check is signed by the sailor when depositing baggage and again when he takes it out. This of course protects him if his check falls into someone else's hands.

However, for all our business tactics, plenty of good-natured banter goes back and forth over the counter with the baggage.

"Please, mister, could you send my bag up to my room?" inquires Jack Tar.

The Baggagiste looks up from some figuring he is doing on the top of an old ouija board.

"Sorry, son, but I couldn't send no bag up for the Pope of Rome, leave alone yourself."

"How about President Coolidge?"

"Same for him."

"How about Jack Dempsey?"

The Baggagiste has the final word. "Well if Jack Dempsey comes here, we'll see what we can do."

When a Spanish, Italian or Dutch sailor comes along, he is likely to be treated to a bit of his native tongue with an Irish accent, for the Baggagiste is somewhat of a linguist. He picked most of it up in connection with his own seafaring adventures; but learning the deaf and dumb language was an

achievement ashore. He used to be umpire of a baseball team made up of deaf mutes. How a baseball game could be conducted without the yelling is beyond our limited comprehension —all of which of course is irrelevant and has nothing to do with the Seamen's Church Institute and its baggage service.

As in our other departments, our efforts are more far-reaching than the mere service *per se;* for instance, a youth recently committed suicide over in Brooklyn. He had carefully destroyed all evidence of his identity but had overlooked a baggage check for a suitcase he had left at the Institute. Through its contents his family was traced and it was found that his father is a high official in Liverpool. The boy was thus saved from a pauper's grave through our baggage department.

In another case papers found in a seabag which a sailor had left with us before his death were used successfully to get his life insurance money for his family.

Of course we took care of the bag mentioned in the following note, which is more or less typical:

"I have a leather bag in your baggage room and I am sick in the hospital and can do nothing about it. Now, Mrs. Roper, will you please try and save my bag for me. I am flat broke but I cannot afford to lose it."

And so it goes.

Through our baggage department we have an opportunity to perform one of our most vital services for our sailormen; for many a fellow entrusts to us all he owns in the world, knowing that of all places in his world it is probably safest with us.

Fort Stanton, New Mexico

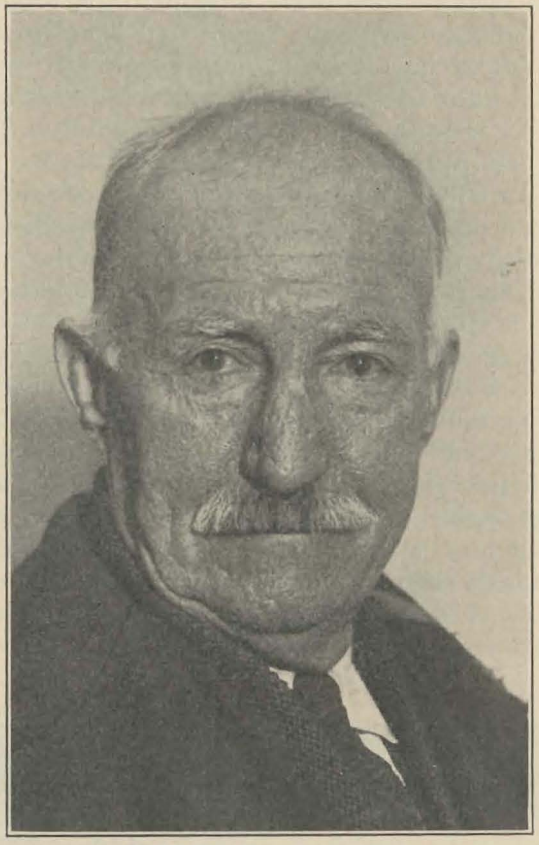
Thirty-three miles from the nearest railroad station, situated on a high plateau in the mountains of New Mexico is the little community of Fort Stanton. Its population, some two hundred and fifty seamen, victims of tuberculosis, comes from all over the United States seeking to regain health and strength. These men having contracted this dread disease in the course of their work are patients at the U. S. Marine Hospital Number Nine.

In March, 1922, the Seamen's Church Institute of America assumed the responsibility of supplying a chaplain at Fort Stanton to act both as spiritual adviser and social service director to these men, who are making not only a real adventure of faith but also a desperate struggle for life demanding genuine hope and courage.

In December, 1926, the Commanding Officer set aside for our work at Fort Stanton a building in fair condition, made of native stone and once used as a Craft Shop. This building has been thoroughly renovated and converted into a beautiful chapel. The little chapel is now complete in every detail. The ceiling is of pressed steel finished in ivory, while the altar, pews and other furnishings are in walnut. A room adjacent to the chapel and in the rear has been furnished for the Church School in which there are some thirty children of the officers and attendants at the Fort. This Chapel of our Redeemer was consecrated by Bishop Howden, July 10, 1927.

A great opportunity presents itself at Fort Stanton and it is our earnest prayer that sufficient funds may be forthcoming so that the Seamen's Church Institute of America may not be compelled to curtail her activities at Fort Stanton, but may be able to accept the opportunity presented and meet in full her responsibility to the sick yet hopeful men.

"Eight Bells"



CAPTAIN FRANK WATERS

"Eight Bells"* is the title of an hilariously funny new book by Captain Frank Waters (an "old snug" in Sailors' Snug Harbor), with a preface by Joseph C. Lincoln.

* D. Appleton, publisher, $2.00.

Captain Waters is a self-styled old-time deep-water "shell-back" or "wind-jammer" sailor, with an appropriate name for his calling—at least rumor has it that he was not named for his favorite beverage.

To the sailor "eight bells" means the end of his watch—the time to swap yarns— and this recent work by Captain Waters is a collection of tales spun out midst puffs of pipe smoke over at Snug Harbor where it is always eight bells and where old-time sailors live in a sort of earthly Paradise awaiting the call to "slip their cables" and venture forth on their last voyage.

"Eight Bells" is unique, to say the least. Unlike most of our best sea stories, it does not confine itself to tales of adventure and of hair-raising storms, but it concerns itself rather with sailor pranks at sea and ashore in foreign ports.

The yarns are told most naively, with no apparent striving for effect, and with spelling and punctuation by the author. "Exibitted" does just as well as the version approved by Webster; and "peapole" is even better, it must be admitted, than the conventional "people".

But the work does not abound in crazily spelled words to annoy the reader. In fact, the style is delightfully unique and refreshing, with a most fascinating mixture of misplaced capital letters, startling sea phrases, characterful un-grammar, and picturesque metaphor.

The names of some of the characters are quite enough to intrigue the reader; for instance, Micky the Priest, Clam Quinn, Gaff Topsail Ben Breeze, Dennis the Pig, Larry Peg Leg, Professor Julian Ambrose Doyle, Copper Lined Jake, Sir Ramagee Framagee, et al.

The tales that center about them are just as amusing.

The story of Paddy and the inebriate elephant in Rangoon is too good to spoil by rehashing it here; likewise the money-making venture of Professor Julian Ambrose Doyle in South America and the explanation of the nickname of Micky the Priest. They should all be read in Captain Waters' own inimitable book. It is the sort of thing, by the way, that can be read aloud with uproarious results.

It shows, among other things, that the eternal boy is not lacking from a sailor's make-up—that part of his strength of character is in his ability to rise above his lonely life enough to cut up schoolboy didoes on occasions.

Hats Off and Pipes Down!

A half century ago two men stood on a dock talking. One of them was an old man. The other was a young man in his late teens. These men had one interest in common, the welfare of all seamen.

The old man had been boarding vessels in port to give Bibles to sailors, but he was becoming too old and feeble to carry his heavy bag up the shaking ladders to the decks of the sailing vessels as they lay anchored five abreast along the South Street waterfront. The younger man offered to help him. He carried the bag of Bibles to the decks of the vessels while the old man stood on the dock and directed him from below. It was in this way that the Reverend William G. Jones found his life work.

Mr. Jones "came by the sea naturally". His father was captain of sailing vessels in the days when ships were ships and not "floating hotels". Of course the boy wanted to go to sea. His father, however, had seen too much of the seamy side of seagoing to encourage such ambitions. He must have been a wise father. One day a vessel commanded by a friend of his sailed with a ten-year old William as cabin boy. It was the boy's first and last trip in that capacity. Mr. Jones smiles when he speaks of it.

It was the will of his mother that most influenced Mr. Jones' life. She had always hoped that he would enter the ministry. He was only a child when he made up his mind to do as she wished.

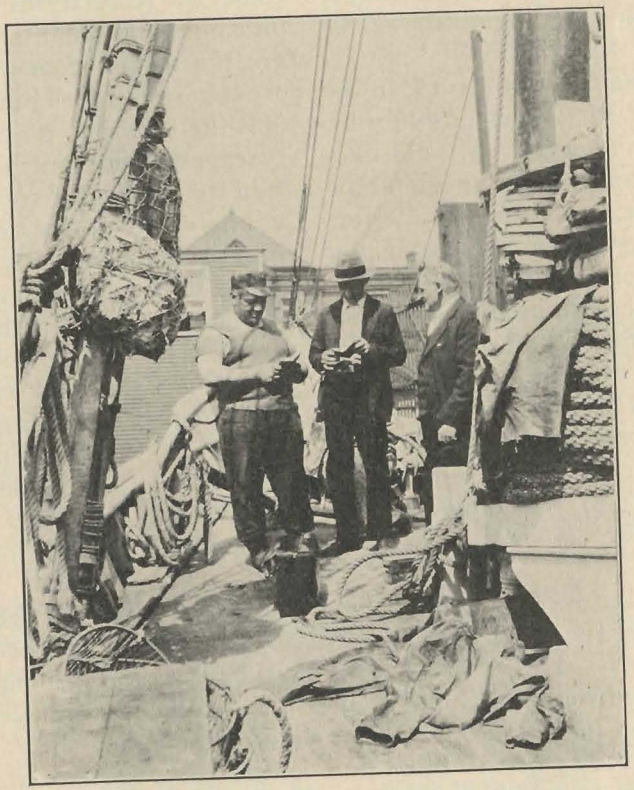
All things work together for good for those that love God. Before Mr. Jones came to America from his native Wales he spent some time going up and down the coast of South America as an interpreter in the service of the British government. He speaks Spanish, Portuguese and Italian as a result of that work. In his life-long work for the New York Bible Society the knowledge of these languages has given him many opportunities to meet men who needed spiritual guidance and could not find it in a strange land.

The love of the sea never left Mr. Jones. Instead of taking churches with their established congregations on land he tried

to find a way to help seamen. He found a job that took him down to the waterfront. When the ships arrived in port he boarded them carrying cards inviting the men of the crew and the officers to church services. It was on one of these errands that he met the old man from the New York Bible Society. When that old man died the president of the society asked Mr. Jones to continue the work.

That was fifty-three years ago. The Bible Society was in its infancy and it was poor. For two years Mr. Jones worked without receiving a salary.

The windows of Mr. Jones' office at 45 South Street give him a view of the East River and its piers and bridges. What



MR. JONES GOES ABOARD A FISHING SMACK

changes there have been! In the old days the jib-booms of the sailing vessels reached right into those windows and Mr. Jones could board the vessels without going out into the street. South Street has since been widened three times to make room for the increasing traffic. Steam has replaced the picturesque old canvas sails, but Mr. Jones is still at his work. For men are ever the same and have the same needs.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning Mr. Jones picks up his satchel and starts off. He likes to go aboard ships at noon-time when the men are free. "Hats off, pipes down. Here comes the parson." That is the greeting the seamen usually give him. He has Bibles and prayer books for all who want them. If money is offered him he never takes more than the cost price. Church collections and voluntary gifts to the Bible Society supply the money for these Bibles.

No sailor need be without his Bible, Mr. Jones has them in all languages. They are well printed and well bound and may be had for the asking.

Which books of the Bible do seamen like best? The Gospels and the Epistles are general favorites. Some like the Songs of Solomon and Proverbs, but, strangely enough, all seamen like Ruth.

If Mr. Jones arrives on shipboard at an opportune time when the men are off duty he is usually asked many questions, especially if he can find a group of men together. The Book of Revelations is always puzzling, but Jonah and Genesis are the most frequent question-provokers. Mr. Jones thinks that the men who go to sea now average higher in intelligence than the seamen of former days.

The little office on South Street is conveniently located. It has a decidedly nautical air. One goes through a ship-supply shop on the lower floor where cans and bales and ropes and a faint smell of fish suggest the sea. Any sailor would be at home there. Mr. Jones encourages visits. He likes to have the men talk things over with him.

As port Chaplain Mr. Jones visits not only deep-sea vessels but barges and fishing smacks as well. The barge people who live always in their floating homes come to him to be married, to have their children baptized and to have him bury their dead. The most novel wedding ceremony he ever performed occurred during the war when he married a young girl and her soldier lover who was about to leave for France. It took place on a Brooklyn ferry boat with the passengers as the unexpected wedding guests.

The Institute and Mr. Jones are neighbors. When he says that there is not another organization in New York which has done as much for the sailor as the Seamen's Church Institute he speaks as one having authority. He has worked with the leaders of the Institute and knows their spirit and purpose. Perhaps no other living man has had so long a view of our work.

The New York Bible Society and the Institute have both grown to their present proportions because they have found a need and have, with the help of their friends, tried to fill it.

There are not many years of service left for Mr. Jones. But he is not yet ready to say, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." As long as he can he will still be a missionary whose foreign field comes to his door from all the Seven Seas.

"Pretty Polly"

Tradition has it that old maids must drink tea and fondle cats. He-men must wear rough tweeds and keep their facial muscles from betraying too much emotion for their dogs. And sailors must swear and carry parrots. So it is said.

Traditions have always died hard, but we are sure that for a long time lilies have been waving over the graves of these three. Old maids are passé, tweeds and dogs are no longer characteristic of the male of the species. If sailors still swear they do it with the utmost discretion—at the Institute, at any rate.

Now and then a sailor does have a parrot but if there were as many sailors with parrots as we have always been led to suppose the Institute would be obliged to build a bird annex.

All of this by way of introduction to a young lady who followed her nose for news down to the Institute.

She must have been too young

to know that traditions die, or she may have been one of those people who never find out that they do. She was writing an article about sailors and she took the parrots for granted.

Mrs. Roper, when she was being interviewed, told her that she had been given two parrots by sailors. The reporter glowed.

When the article appeared in the papers there were the parrots. Not two of them, by any means. The young lady managed to suggest that Mrs. Roper had more parrots than she knew what to do with.

The story was syndicated and appeared in many parts of the United States and Canada. Mrs. Roper was besieged with letters from those who read it.

A little girl in Connecticut had been promised a parrot. Thinking of the lovely green bird she would have to talk to she saved her pennies and bought a lovely cage. Then, for some reason, the promise was broken, and the little girl's cage remained pathetically empty. A friend of the child's mother had read the parrot article and suggested writing to Mrs. Roper. A copy of the mother's letter explaining the situation has been placed on the bulletin board where the seamen may see it, and perhaps act upon the suggestion.

A young girl in Manitoba, Canada, who was keeping house for her father and brother picked up the latest copy of the *Weekly Free Press* to read after her housework was finished. Eagerly she read about the parrots. After the bustle and friendly atmosphere of school, housekeeping was a lonely occupation for a youngster of her age. A parrot would be a delightful companion. Soon a letter was on its way to New York asking Mrs. Roper for a parrot.

"I always wanted a parrot but I could not afford a parrot that would speak."

Another reader of the story —an eleven-year-old boy—began his letter to Mother Roper. "So I am asking you would you please give me one that some poor sailor gave you and you don't want. Would you please send it to me. I will be kind to it and take good care of it, if you will please give it to me. And I will thank you ever so much. I like it." A touching little postscript followed: "If you can't send me one let me know so I won't be expecting it." This letter was also posted on

the bulletin board. A seaman standing there read it. "We'll have to get that kid a parrot," he declared when he finished his reading. South America may have a little parrot whose future home is in New Jersey with this youngster. We hope so.

Just as there are still girls with long hair there are still sailors with parrots. One evening a ship from Puerto Colombia docked at South Street. When the crew was free to go ashore Miguel Gomez, A. B., hoisted his gear over his shoulder and invited his Polly to sit on his forefinger. And so they came to the Institute.

Polly's wings had been clipped just enough to prevent him from flying. Perched on Miguel's finger he took in the sights. If he hadn't been so young he might have remarked, "So this is New York."

Polly is now in a suburb of the city trying to master the intricacies of English. He is taking the place of another Polly who died. Now and then we are sent reports of his progress by the dear lady who is mothering him.

"Polly wants a cracker! Polly wants a cracker!" We all know that. But that isn't the Institute yell. We all rise and shout, "The Institute wants Polly."

Vignettes of the Seaman

It was someone awfully important, wasn't it, who said home is the place where you hang your hat?

Cedric, a very youthful third mate just in from the Orient, stood in the doorway of the Apprentice Room twirling his hat.

"Where does one hang one's hat this time?" he asked.

The question was quite in order. The Apprentice Room is like an amoeba—it is always all there but never in quite the same place. Every now and then it changes its shape and hat racks change their location.

It had been "home" to Cedric for three years whenever his ship made port. The desire for an outward and visible sign of "belonging" possessed his soul.

Ah, an inspiration! Cedric perched his hat on the door hinge and grinned. He was at home.

We are apt to think of the grave dangers that men on the high seas are subject to and forget that mishaps may occur even in port.

Paddy O'Grady sits stiffly in a chair as he plays checkers in the reading room. He can't bend very much but he is the grinning sort and the stiffness hasn't reached his face. His bright blue eyes get lost in his smile wrinkles when he tells how he was blown up.

He was washing down a funnel with a hose—whistling to himself, very likely—when it happened. Of course, he hadn't time to make a detailed account of his sensations. All that he is sure of is that he went up very fast and came down very fast. Perhaps faster. Someone had put too much pressure on the hose and Paddy's ribs have been very tender since.

That was six weeks ago. It will take another week or two of checker chasing before Paddy can ship out to sea again like a man.

The report to the accounting department read, "Glasses—$2.50."

The man to whom the glasses were given is in the Marine Hospital suffering from a strange disease that is robbing him of one limb after another. The disease began as a black spot on a toe. First one leg had to be amputated, then the other. Three fingers are gone.

Buying glasses is a small service when the money value of the service is the only consideration, but for a man so bound that reading is the only thing left for him, it is a great service.

Parrots and cats are said to be the pets of the sailors. Frequently dogs go to sea with their masters, but who ever heard of a sea-going goat? Hans Olsen has.

"She was some goat. She used to follow us down into the mess-room where even the Old Man passed her some grub. When we were in port she fed up on tin cans and paper enough to last her to the next port. It was her own kind of a port spree.

"She was as smart as a dog. When we couldn't get her up the ladders to the deck she would stand like a horse while we strapped a belt around her and swung her through the air to the deck. Gee, she was a great goat.

"I'll never forget the time she had the two little kids. We tried to play a trick on the old Nanny and hid the two little things under a big tub. They bleated and that old goat raced around that deck like crazy. But she couldn't find them.

"We had a dog that belonged to the mate with us then. He was lying up on the poop deck not paying any attention at all to that crazy goat. But she spied him. And didn't she go for him. She rammed him midships and sent him flying.

"When the Old Man quit going to sea he took the goat with him. Gee, she was a great goat."

Our Relief Secretary had been busy elsewhere and was not in her office when one of her seamen friends arrived to pay her a visit. He regretted that he could not see her in person, but would someone give her a little package? The package was duly received and given to her when she came back.

It is out-of-date to say consternation reigned, but reign it did when the Relief Secretary opened the package. It contained a pair of glasses having strange awful-looking frames intended for one of Herculean build. When she tried on the glasses she declared they were so strong that she could see right through to China—well, half-way, at least.

The next day the donor of the glasses called again. He had probably been the sort of boy who had sucked his finger and grinned at his teacher in his remote youth. Traces of those far-off days appeared in his face as he asked, "Did you get the present I left you?"

The Relief Secretary thanked him warmly. The seaman tried to waive her thanks. She had always been a good friend of his and he just wanted to give her some little thing to remember him by.

WHEELS IN HIS HEAD

"Maude says her husband disgraced her on their honeymoon."

"How?"

"On the steamer she wanted the other passengers to think an ocean trip was an old story to them, but almost as soon as they went on board he pointed to a row of life buoys and asked the captain what was the idea of all the extra tires."—*Berkshire Eagle.*

"Rain Checks"

Those who have ever been responsible for a house full of youngsters on a rainy day will be able to appreciate what it means to us at 25 South Street when the heavens open and the deluge drives all the sailormen on this section of the waterfront into the Institute.

Most of them take refuge in our over-crowded reading room and "just set" waiting for someone to start something. And someone always does!

Opportunity for service on a rainy day is greater than ever—so obviously so that it occurred to us that some friend might like to take an undated Red Letter Day with the understanding that it will be designated for the next rainy day.

A check for $260.27 for such a Red Letter Day would be a unique rain check. We would literally save it for a rainy day.

It would pay the running expenses of the Institute for that day, and the donor could feel responsible for having provided lodgings for 836 sailormen, meals for approximately two thousand, and some sort of service for well over three thousand active seamen who come and go within our gates in bad weather.

This surely affords an opportunity to spread $260.27 out just about as thin as it is possible to stretch funds for philanthropy.

A glimpse into our reading room on the last rainy day showed dozens of tanned, blue-shirted sailormen sitting and standing in every available inch of space, with the focal point at the old piano where a carrot-headed youth with a sense of the fitness of things was pounding out "The End of a Perfect Day."

Another pored over the book case for sufficient time to make a judicious selection, and then betook himself to a window-sill to read "The Girls of Miss Pritchard's School".

Of course, Red Letter days may always be chosen to commemorate any significant anniversary. The chances are that *your* day has not been reserved by anyone else. Won't you speak for it now or provide for a rainy day?

Address, Mr. Harry Forsyth, 25 South Street, New York.

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