

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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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 _____ Dollarsto be used by it for its corporate purposes.

THE LOOKOUT

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The Miraculous Escape

A Human Interest Story of the Perils of the Sea Exceeding the Wildest Imaginings of the Novelist

One evening in December last, the good American Steamer Macona of the Barber Steamship Company, New York, in command of Captain Williamson from the Institute, ran into The Kattegat, between Sweden and Denmark—famous as an ocean graveyard—and cast anchor because of the dense fog. During the night the wind freshened, the fog partially lifted, but before the Macona could weigh anchor, the gale lashed the sea into a fury and drove the gallant ship upon one of the many hidden rocks which lie just beneath the surface and gave her the death blow. A wireless flash from the Macona gave word of the disaster. It was hoped she could be kept afloat until morning as these seadogs well knew that no rescuing vessel could live among the rocks of The Kattegat in such a gale that night.

About four A. M. when all hands were trying to pierce the Stygian darkness in the hope of discovering a friendly light, a great wave like a titanic Neptune lifted the helpless vessel and snapped it asunder as tho it were a pipstem. The forward part sank immediately carrying down the officers and entire crew totaling fifty souls, with the single exception of the second officer.

As the Macona slid off the rock. Alfred O. Marosso, also from the In-

stitute, grasped a rope and started up a rope-ladder known as "the shrouds." The vessel gradually keeled over so that it was like running on a ladder lying almost flat, and then, as if by a miracle, due to the conformation of the rocks, the vessel partially righted herself, bringing the mast to an almost perpendicular position with Marosso clinging to it just above the water. He clambered into the crow's nest and remained there for a short time, shouting and peering into the inky darkness, hoping to be of assistance to his less lucky shipmates, but no sound could be heard above the roar of the tempest. Inch by inch, the vessel slowly settled until Marosso was compelled to abandon the crow's nest. As a last hope he kicked off his seaboots and started to climb up into the blackness of the night as the wind increased in fury only to find that the top of the mast had snapped off, leaving about fifteen feet of it out of the water. He succeeded in getting a foothold on an eyebolt that luckily remained in position near the end of the broken mast. Here at the top of this swaying mast, bootless, drenched to the skin and chilled to the marrow, hungry and thirsty, clung Marosso awaiting whatever fate might befall him with the coming of the dawn. His matches were soaked so that he was denied even the comfort of a friendly cigarette. As the day wore on he frantically waved his muffler to occasional vessels he could plainly see passing to

and fro in the roads, while around him floated the ghastly bodies of his forty-nine companions, who had quickly succumbed in the frigid waters of The Kattegat. The wind continued to blow a gale and the great waves sprayed him with icy water as they swirled about the slender swaying stick to which he was desperately clinging and which kept him from a watery grave, and reached up again and again as if determined that even he should not escape their remorseless grasp.

About noon a tugboat ventured out from shore some three miles distant to view the stern of the vessel which had floated a short distance, stranding on another rock, and apparently was all that was left of the wreck. Marosso was in the seventh heaven of delight that his long vigil was over, for now he felt sure that he would again see his dear old mother in Gibraltar, when to his consternation the tug turned shoreward leaving him to his fate, evidently not having seen his signals. Marosso summoned all his reserve strength and nerved himself for the agonies of another night on his gradually sinking, treacherous, swaying foothold, when about two hours later the lookout on a passing vessel discovered his plight, as he seemed suspended above the water by an invisible thread, and a boat was sent to his rescue. So dangerous was the situation that the boat could not come near enough to take him off. To cap the climax he was compelled to plunge in and swim for his life and was soon dragged into the boat.

He spent a few days with us in May and apparently was none the worse for his terrible ordeal. While sorrow-

ing at the fate of his shipmates, he repeatedly expressed his thankfulness that his life had been spared. He will have his full citizen's papers next year and is expectantly looking forward to bringing his mother ere long to a little home on Long Island. Meanwhile, he is off again to take his chances on the sea he loves.

Sick or Not Sick

"There are no more rooms or beds," the woman at the desk said decidedly, "I'm sorry, but the few we keep for sick men are all that are left."

The man outside of the desk looked mournfully at her and with a droop to his shoulders and a forced cough said, "Well I have been sick. Indeed I have. I had a cold, I guess it was the Flu, and I had a sore hand and—"

"Stop! Stop!" the desk woman begged, "I haven't time to hear all your troubles. Do you think you are sick enough to have one of those rooms?"

The seaman hesitated. He looked up with a determined manner, but when he met the kindly eyes of the desk woman, he grinned and said, "I don't know as I am, but its wet out to-night and I'm thinkin' I will be if you don't give me a room."

It is reported that he got a room.

The Call of the Sea

The following from a letter to the House Mother, gives an idea of what some boys have paid for their country. "I have been dreaming of you for the past few nights. I kind of said to myself I'd let you know I'm done with going to sea, as I was hurt

by getting torpedoed on one of government vessels, pretty bad, so I was sent to Burke's Foundation to recuperate. It done as much good for me as trying to fly without wing. I had all my ribs broken, all my teeth out, and both my legs broken, besides that Mother Roper I am all right.

"Know the government has been giving these boys, wounded shell shock, \$30 per month. A few months passed away and some good natured senator passes in Congress to give those boys \$80 a month, and \$10 for support of mother. Of course I up to now have given my mother \$75 and I keep \$15. About 3 months a bill passed to give every man who is in Hospitals \$50 for every month they have been out of service. I got \$750 and bought my mother a new kind of business and that is a Chicken Farm. 800 little chicks and my mother wrote me that she hasn't lost ten chicks. She is satisfied as I have three brothers and four sisters and everyone of them gives every week a sum of five dollars and my mother hitches the old horse and drives the horse herself to town, and has good protection with a telephone in the house. There is my best pal in the world, my mother all by herself with two dandy Boston Bull dogs and 3 cats and the cats and dogs following her around and let someone near the house and there is a hollering going on.

"Gee how I wish to be there. The doctors told me yesterday that I will have to be sent to another hospital down south, a place better than this place. It is called Ashville, North Carolina.

"Gee how I wish I could be back to sea again. The sea is to me like a magnet, it draws nearer and nearer every day. Once last week I came pretty near beating it to New York and getting on a ship. I don't care what kind of a ship as long as its a ship. I don't care if it is a Swedish tramp so long as its a ship and sails the big blue sea.

"O Mother Roper why has this come to me? Of course there is no strings tied to me here. If I run away I lose everything, so that the head Doctor told me. I will be shifted down south in 3 or 4 weeks. There are specialists there and eating is good, a lot of wounded boys there and you go swimming and fishing and enjoy myself for three or four months and I get there just the same \$90 per month.

"Its not money I want, its the sea life that calls, the call of the wild for me every time. Its like a man with a gun, the call of the wild: its like a fish without water, thats me Mother Roper.

"And Mother I want you to answer me this letter, and cheer up a sailor lad will you? And God bless you a thousand times over and over again. How I miss you when you used to come out and make a speech from the stage, and the boys clapped and cheered you, and you used to come out with a smile and I miss that smile."

The Rush

"What in the world is that?" the Visitor asked as the sound of shuffling, and some shouting was heard in the hall, "Is there trouble?"

"No, that is the men waiting until

the gate is taken from the stairs so that they can go to the concert hall. There is an entertainment tonight."

"Are they as eager as that?"

"Yes look!"

The Chaplain opened the door and showed the hall crowded with men, men of all ages, but chiefly young men, laughing and talking as they waited. Occasionally someone shouted down the stairs to tell those who were down not to come up, but on the whole it was an orderly crowd, waiting for a promised treat.

A Piano Needed

The North River Station of the Seamen's Church Institute is doing wonderful work, but it is doing it with inadequate equipment.

One thing they need, and need very badly is a good piano. We are sure that some of our readers have a piano they do not need, that would contribute greatly to the pleasure of the thousands of men who gather there evening after evening.

During the past year 97 entertainments were held in the North River Station attended by six thousand seafaring men. Six thousand homeless men who would appreciate the use of a piano.

And that was not all; religious services were held with an attendance of nearly four thousand men, a proof that the men value what is being done for them at the North River Station.

As you are wrapping your furniture up in its dust clothes and fastening up your windows for the summer, do not forget that there are thousands of

men down at the North River Station who will be there through the hottest weather, and they would appreciate the use of that piano that you really do not use enough to miss.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them"

Someone has said most truly that "the slightest influence set in motion extends and widens to the eternal shores." Probably no one is living today who recalls when that little group of Godly men, three quarters of a century ago, started the "Young Men's Auxiliary Education and Missionary Society," which was the forerunner of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and began its beneficent work for and with the seamen in the port of New York. Thousands of these seadogs have made their last voyage, furled their last sail and have dropped anchor in the Haven of Rest, having been immeasurably helped by the ministrations of the corps of workers at the Institute, made possible thru the whole-souled co-operation of thousands of large-hearted friends thruout this country.

It is doubtless true that the sun never sets on the many thousands of seafaring men of every nation and clime who have sought this haven of refuge and to whom it has been the privilege of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, to minister. "Their line is gone out thru all the earth." Can you make a wiser investment, paying better dividends, than to be represented in this "greatest experiment in Co-operative Christianity in modern times"? What an opportunity for you to become a partner in this uplifting

welfare work for and with the seamen of the world who daily seek this seamen's community center by the thousands. Verily these seamen, as they pass to and fro as the shuttles of commerce weaving the fabric of the world's business life should also be messengers of Light to the furthestmost parts of the earth.

We have not yet reached the age of perpetual motion so often prophesied. We are still subject to the laws of gravitation, not only in the natural world, but in other spheres as well. Nothing ever runs itself—unless it is running downhill—and the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is no exception. This Institute is always on the up grade—lifting, LIFTING, LIFTING,—because its Board of Management, like the Children of Issachar of old, "have an understanding of the times and know what to do," and receive the hearty co-operation of its two hundred fifty faithful employes. Back of all these is that great "Living Endowment"—friends of the seamen by the thousands whose delight is to co-operate thru us for the welfare of these "toilers of the sea." Night and day this ceaseless service in a thousand and one ways, this silent seed throwing, gives to these men hope and courage and a new meaning of Friendship. It speaks the gentle word where one has been used to the harsh profane command; it extends the hand of welcome where one has been subjected to cuffs and kicks; it gives a glimpse of a brighter and better way where the future seemed dark and hopeless. It is often difficult to penetrate beneath these rugged natures, but Love is the sesame which opens many a sailor's

heart. We invite you to a larger, fuller expression of your better self in this seamen's work. Money (representing YOU) tied up in stocks or bonds, subject to the bidding of the slave-drivers of commerce, is fettered in its action, causes you much anxiety and returns to you only a paltry interest. Money (representing YOU) invested in this man-saving, man-building work will develop a real interest and pay better dividends than any investment you have ever made. And we have the Bible promise, "And some an hundred fold."

The Green Light

Three people who are fond of using their pens and looking for striking phrases and figures of speech stood on Brooklyn Bridge and looked back at the skyline of New York.

"It is like a stairs for the gods," one said, "they can start at the Seamen's Church Institute, and from there they will step to the telephone building; and well then, it will be easy."

"The buildings look more like great Christmas Trees," another said, "a forest of Christmas Trees. Presents for everyone. I wonder!"

"New York is called the city of opportunity," the third said, "an opportunity for everyone."

"What is New York?" the first speaker asked, "What is it?"

"It has been called a disease."

"It has been called a dream."

"It has been called the greatest thing in the world, but what is it?"

While they talked the lights had one

by one gone out, one by one the little winking eyes, the candles on the Christmas Trees, had burned low. Some buildings stood dark and grim; in others there were a few lights; but down near the water front, on the Seamen's Church Institute, a brilliant green light shed its penetrating rays across the nose of Manhattan, across where the waters of the East and West Rivers meet and mingle; past Governor's Island, past the Statue of Liberty, on and on out, the first beckoning ray to meet the eager mariner, on his way "home".

What is New York?

To many seamen it is "The Seamen's Church Institute," and that is "Home" to them.

The Care of the Sick

On the thirteenth floor, just the other side of the Navigation School, you will find the clinic.

It is a bright cheerful room, into which the sun shines, and from which the blue of the sky can be seen. The Doctor's voice is just as cheery to the seven hundred and twenty-sixth patient as it was to the first; and his smile is always encouraging. He has a way of laughing that drives away fear, and that wins the confidence of the men of the sea.

Yes, he had seven hundred and twenty-six in the clinic for treatment in April, and of that number four hundred and twenty were new cases.

"Of course it is not like any other clinic," the doctor explained, "for here a man comes once, and gets treatment, and we never see him again until he

returns from his next trip."

Asked if there was anything he found specially interesting, the doctor pointed out that his reports showed a tremendous decrease in the number of venereal cases since there has been prohibition. "The men are decent. Its the liquor that has been their undoing."

Asked Ever So Many

It was nine o'clock.

Two bells on the main floor announced the fact. The hands on the clock on the second floor pointed to the hour. The sound of clapping floated down from the concert hall on the fourth floor. It was very enticing to the men in the reading room, but they knew the hall was full. They had been up.

A man sat at the piano. He drummed with one finger. At times it seemed that he was trying to play "Annie Laurie" at others it was more like "The Star Spangled Banner," and at others; well it might have been almost anything as he went up and down the keyboard, without showing a partiality for any particular keys.

The Barber Shop and the Shipping Office were closed, but there was a light in the Chaplain's office, and it was at that door an anxious seaman knocked.

"I want two able bodied seaman," he explained, "the ship sails in the morning. I have tried and tried and I couldn't get anyone to go."

The Chaplain went out and down the reading room asking, "Two able-bodied seamen to go to Mexico."

"Its too hot down there," one man said, but two men came forward.

"Do you want to go?"

"Yes."

"Have you your papers?"

"Yes."

"Can you go on board at once?" the man who had come for them asked.

"Yes, we'll get our gear," and they went down to the baggage room for it.

"That is strange," the man said, "I couldn't get anyone."

The Man Without a Country

The Chaplain was leaning back in his chair. The doctor was putting on his hat. The day was almost over.

"We haven't had more than a problem a minute today," the Chaplain said, "this nice weather the men stay outside, and it is not so tiring."

"Tiring enough," the doctor grumbled, "there were fully ten men who wanted me to do impossible things. Why do you know—"

"Excuse me, is this the Chaplain's office?"

"It is," the Chaplain said to the rather diffident looking man at the door, "What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a passport and I think maybe you can help me."

"Are you an American?"

"No."

"Then you will have to go to your Consul."

"I haven't a Consul."

"Then you must write home and

get your government t—"

"I have written home a dozen times but it is no good. I haven't a country."

"You haven't a country?" the Chaplain said, and the doctor looked sharply at the man and grunted.

"Where I live, one time belong to Poland, but not no more ever again. Maybe to Germany sometime I don't know. It not belong anywhere."

"There is an easy problem!" the doctor said as he left the room.

"You mean to say you live in a place that doesn't belong anywhere?" the Chaplain asked in a puzzled voice.

"I not live there. I live in America, I wantta passport. I was born in Poland, but it is not Poland now. It is not anything."

It was a problem that even the Chaplain who studies law did not know how to solve—but he started out with the axiom that there was a solution or there was not and he would find out which.

His determination was increased by the eager, but tired look in the young man's eyes. He explained that he was working at night and for four days he had spent all his time trying to get the passport.

"You haven't had sleep for four days?" the Chaplain asked.

"No sleep," he acknowledged, "and I haven't got him."

It took the best part of two days, but with the Chaplain's aid the passport was secured, and a staunch friend was added to the Institute's list.

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The Men Down Below

He staggered along, a huge seabag on his shoulder and a suitcase in his hand. The suitcase he hoisted to the counter before the window of the Baggage Room, and then by a twist known to the men of the sea, he dumped the bag beside it. But not yet satisfied he took a straw hat from his head and put it on the huge bag, and smiled invitingly at the man behind the counter.

The baggage man looked considerably at the bag and the hat that resembled a wart on its nose, and asked, "Couldn't you put that in some place?"

Good naturedly the seaman opened his suitcase that was not very full, and made room for the hat.

After getting his signature, the baggage man had to lift his bag and his suit case and carry them to the last little bit of space that is left in the already overcrowded sub-basement. And while he was finding a place for them, four men were waiting with checks in their hands, wanting to take their 'gear' out, and five more were waiting to put theirs in.

"I have seven of them bags," the man who had disposed of his bag and suitcase remarked, in a conversational tone, and he leaned at a friendly angle against the counter, "I have two in Boston and one in Norfolk, and the rest are here."

"Couldn't you do with about six less?" the baggage man grunted, as he squared his shoulders for another bag.

"No, going on short trips I just take my suitcase and I leave everything but what I need at the time. I leave my winter clothes. It takes a lot of clothes to keep decent."

That is it. The old time sailor who carried all his possessions on his back has gone. The men who are now choosing the sea life need a lot of clothes to keep decent and to handle those possessions is one of the biggest problems of the Institute.

Down far below the surface of the earth, men work from early in the morning until late at night, taking in and giving out seabags and suitcases, and boxes, and bundles. In a heat that is smothering during the summer months, they work, their sleeves rolled up and their collars turned down, the perspiration running down their faces and bathing their bodies, rendering a service that is seldom mentioned, but is invaluable.

During the past year, the men in the baggage room checked in nearly seventy thousand pieces, many of them the great seabags just described; and they checked out over eighty-two thousand pieces. Altogether they handled

about one hundred and fifty-two thousand pieces of baggage, a tremendous task and a service equal to the task.

A few evenings ago a man knocked at the office of the Chaplain and said, "About a year ago I wrote to the Institute and sent my check, for my seabag, and asked you to keep it until I came back. I received a letter from the Superintendent saying it would be kept until I came however long that was. I didn't think it would be a year, but the war upset all our plans. It has been here more than two years now, but I knew it would be all right."

Things are all right, for the men of the sea, but it is a big task to keep them so; and no small part of the task is performed by "the men down below."

Please Call Up

Most of us when ill, expect our friends to call up and find out how we are. If they do not call, we resent their neglect very keenly, and never quite forget it. As for asking our friends to call of course we wouldn't think of it.

"Please call up tomorrow and ask how I am?" a young officer asked the woman at the desk. "I am going to the hospital to night and I will be operated on tomorrow. I have no one to care, and I thought maybe you would."

Of course she promised that she would; and not satisfied with calling herself, she told one of the Chaplains about the man, and he not only called but went to see him.

Friendship is waiting with outstretched hand for most of us; the

trouble is that often we are too self-conscious to reach out and take what is there for us.

Passed On Before

The bell tolled out across Coenties Slip and South Street; tolled out above the roar of midday traffic.

Toll! Toll! Toll!

The Editor heard it as she emerged from under the elevated railway and she whispered to herself, "Another seaman has crossed the border."

The sombre black vehicle that carries the dead to their last resting place, and one cab was at the curb, opposite the door of the Chapel of Our Saviour, and the bell tolled out its grim message.

A stranger in a strange land, and it did not matter to him; but it seemed to matter to thirteen men who sat in seats to the right of the long black box that held all that was left of their pal. A mate had gone and they were doing the right thing 'by him'. Doing as they would want those who were left to do for them.

When the Editor entered the Chaplain was reading the solemn burial service, and when he spoke of those who were called by death when away from home and friends, she wondered if there was a little shuffle. A slight recognition of the fact that their pal belonged to that class, but she could not be sure. No land is a strange land to sailors; no land could be as strange to some of the men who sat holding their hats awkwardly, as the Chapel. It was another world, a world that belonged to childhood, and to old age, and death.

And so 'earth to earth' they carried him out; and some of them would pen a few words to the friends.

Where were they? Had he a wife and children? Had he a mother who was praying for him?

We do not know; but we do know that if he had friends their grief would be made less bitter by the knowledge that he had Christian burial; and we know that thirteen men for a few minutes in the quiet Chapel of Our Saviour, faced the great fact of Life and Death and the Hereafter.

Our Part

"I beg you again to help me in locating my dear brother, whom I love so much. I would be so happy if I could **hear something about him,**" a man wrote from one of the newly made countries in Europe, "We had already several buffets of fate in our family. Two of my brothers died on the same day on the field of battle a short time before the end of the war. The third lost his hand, one is an invalid now. I too was soldier but thanks to Heaven I was only lightly wounded. As you see my parents and I had already much to suffer.

"My dear brother Rindolf whom we try to locate, knows nothing of all this. Is he dead too? The uncertainty whether he lives or is dead, is dreadful.

"I thank you again a thousand times for your kind help, and I hope soon, to get good news about my brother."

And he did. Our letter telling him we had located his brother, and he was on his way home, must have reached him before his reached us.

And if there was rejoicing in that little home away over in Cesko-Slovenska; there were some people in the Institute, happy to think they had made the meeting over there possible.

Nation-Wide Campaigns

We believe in taking our co-operating friends into our confidence and letting them know how we are being affected by the increasing number of nation-wide campaigns. Our Ways and Means Department receives letters almost daily indicating that by reason of these various drives, friends of many years have been induced to concentrate their benevolence in denominational channels. There is no disguising the fact that thru a misunderstanding of the facts, there has been a decided diversion of funds, formerly received to meet the current expenses of operation of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, into the Nation-Wide Campaign of the Episcopal Church.

An examination of the literature will disclose the fact that \$400,000 was included in that campaign toward the erection of the much needed *annex* to the *Seamen's Church Institute* of New York which will probably cost more than double that amount.

No application was made for and not a dollar included in this *Nation-Wide Campaign Budget* toward the *current expenses* of the operation of the Institute. It is to be hoped that the friends of the *Institute* will continue to rally to its support, even tho they may have made their contribution thru the Nation-Wide Campaign with the thought that they were still assist-

ing in the current Institute work.

To whom can we turn if we do not receive the co-operation of Christian people generally?

His Wife and Child

He walked slowly up the steps looking furtively around. He was out of luck and looked it. More than one door had been shut in his face and he had been invited to 'move on.' But he was a seaman.

"Yes I'm a seaman," he said to the watchman who was not looking in his direction.

"Who said you weren't?" the watchman asked.

"Well I thought you were looking that way," he said, as he walked unsteadily toward a vacant seat.

The Chaplain saw him there an hour later and noticing his eager eyes, asked him what was the matter.

"I'm hungry," he answered briefly.

"Are you willing to work for a meal?"

"Sure! I'm a sailor."

"That's no proof," the Chaplain said, as he led the way to the baggage room where the man was given a job.

That was five years ago, and since our last issue he called, and with him was his wife and their little girl of three.

"I wanted my wife to see where I used to stay, where I got my start in America," he explained.

"I'll take you through the building," the House Mother said.

"O thank you!" husband and wife said together, and as they went the

one-time sailor kept saying, "Yes I remember this," or to his wife and child, "I told you about this."

And when they were leaving he said, "I used to see you taking people through the building and I never thought you'd take me and my wife, but you never can tell what will happen to a sailor."

The House Mother acknowledged the truth of his statement, and turned toward her office, but she was met by a weatherbeaten sailor followed by a woman and child.

"I hope you'll scuse me for disturbing you, but the wife wanted to see the place where I used to stay."

"Why Captain is this your wife and baby?"

Another sailor had come back to show his wife The Institute the first place he called 'Home' in America.

Henry Was Discovered

"Dear me what a terrible place this is," a little frowsy woman with a great market basket in her hand, said to the watchman, when he stopped her at the door.

"I came to look for my son but I don't think he would stop in a hotel of this class."

She put her basket down and straightened her hat that had been teetering on the side of her head.

"I came a long distance, and if I can get my hands on him I'll learn him to bring me a journey like this."

"You had better go up to the Chaplain's office," the watchman suggested.

"What do I want a Chaplain for?" she asked, and she straightened up

with great dignity, "I'll just take a look around here."

She turned to pick up her basket, as a young boy entered the door.

"Henry! Henry!" she said in a sharp commanding tone.

Henry stopped. It was evident that he knew that voice.

He took one look through the door. Two rows of men sat along the sidewalk. He decided not to try it.

Without a word he reached for the basket, and he and his mother walked out together.

Henry knew that basket.

Magazines and Books

When you send books and magazines, if you would designate the use you wish made of them, the Librarian would respect your wishes.

All this long winter you have kept us well supplied; so well that no one has gone without books and magazines when they asked for them. And all our tables have had an abundance and the magazines have been changed often.

But the "well enough" of the past is never quite good enough for the future at the Institute; and now when the boat has begun to make her trips to the ships in the harbor, with her message of good-will, and packages of books and magazines, we will need more and more.

Next month the Lookout will have an account of one of those trips to the ships in the harbor, that you may know just what is being done, to take your message of good-will, to the sailors of the world.

His Gratitude

The following from letters to the House Mother give some idea of why she never grows weary, "I want to thank you and everyone for the trouble they were put to for me. And I always will give your institute my best wishes, and I will always boost and pull, not knock for it too.

"You know mother (you see my mother is dead, so I am calling you by your screen name, and you certainly try to mother every one of us) my wife and baby girl are fine, and as I always have a ship that can make the trip in 9 days I can see them both quite often. If I ever go to New York I certainly will pay you and your institute a visit."

Another sailor wrote, "I hope to see you again soon. I like to see you running around giving a little good advice here and there. You are always on the go. You must be tired when night arrives. But never mind, mother, you shall be rewarded some day. We sailors are not bad at heart; a few prayers go up for mother very often."

In the Shadow of Home

"The trouble is I have to live up to such a high standard I can't manage it. I was only fifteen when I left home—I'm twenty-three now, and I told them so many stories of how well I was getting along—and—and of course they thought people just picked gold up off the street in New York—and so I can't go home."

"But they are very much distressed because they have not heard from you," the Chaplain explained.

"That is part of the story," the Missing Man said with a laugh. "My mother thinks sailors are all rough, and I do not wish her to know I go to sea, so I never write except when I am in New York; and I have been away for a seven months' trip."

"That is a problem," the Chaplain agreed.

"Yes, but I am going home now in a couple of months. My kid brother is musical—here is his picture—has made quite a hit. My sister plays too, and the other one is a cartoonist. Here is a letter she wrote seven months ago. I happened to have it with me. It is long but you might like to read it."

The Chaplain read it and was interested. It was brilliantly written, and over and over again it begged him to go home.

"And you haven't seen them for eight years?" the Chaplain said in surprise, "how can you do it?"

"I don't just know," he said with a peculiar twist to his lips. "I was in Liverpool on my way back this time, nearly two weeks, and I went to a restaurant where I saw one of the fellows I used to work with. He didn't know me but I sat and looked at him all the time he was there. Everyone thought I was an American. They called me a Yank."

"And you were in your home city and did not go home?" the Chaplain asked in astonishment.

"I don't know just how I did it," he said seriously, "but I had made up my mind. You see I was the one they expected big things of and I haven't

done anything. I play a bit—the violin—but the boys on board want rag time, and I haven't improved. Just held my own, that is about all. I haven't amounted to anything."

"Well, you will write home?" the Chaplain asked.

"Yes, I'll write to-night. I'll just forget to mention the long time I haven't written. But I'm going to go home in a couple of months—only I've told so many lies I can't live up to them—that is the trouble."

I'm Pretty Young

"The engineer told me to come over here and tell Mrs. Roper and she would look after me."

He was just a boy, with the rosy cheeks that we somehow associate with England, but in his eyes there was a tired experienced look that is universal when a boy has lived too hard.

A hard sordid tale he had to tell; beatings from a big bullying fellow with more body but less brains; days of work and nights of fear, until a kindly engineer, pitying the boy sent him to the Institute.

"I'm pretty young," he explained, "but I have a bit of money by me and I want to know if it would be all right for me to leave the ship and bring me bag over here. Could I stay here until I got a ship? And the engineer said as how you might help me get a ship? I ain't signed a contract and the engineer said it would be allright."

"Certainly boy," the House Mother said, "don't hesitate for a minute. Get your bag and come over here and we'll look after you."

It was too much after all the abuse he had received. He gulped manfully to prove he was a real sailor, and then he dropped into a chair and poured out his heart.

He had come from a home ruined by drink. He told fearful stories of his father abusing his mother, while the children stood around and cried.

"I've got to stand by me mother and my brothers and sisters," he explained, and then he added, "but my father is all right when he isn't drunk. Here is his picture."

He took the picture of a fine looking man out of his pocket and displayed it with a certain boyish pride.

The House Mother brushed the tears out of her eyes, before she could see the picture.

Seems So!

They had cards from Oliver at Christmas but he did not say how he was or what he was doing and they were very uneasy.

They wrote to the Missing Men Department to try and find out where he was, and if possible whether he was well and whether he had sufficient money.

"We are getting on in years his mother and me," the father wrote "and she is a worrying disposition. If you could tell us that he is well it would make her happy."

But unfortunately we could not tell her that.

Oliver had not written because he had been very ill and was still in a critical condition. He did not wish his mother to know, but when the Man Who Looks for Missing Men

found out how he was, he decided that the mother should know. He wrote to her, and told her the facts.

Worrying dispositions usually rise to an occasion when it arises. Their hard time is when there is nothing to do but worry.

Oliver's mother immediately began to plan, and in her letter she explained how she was going to her daughter's to care for her children while the daughter came east for her brother.

She said, "You are certainly very kind in taking interest for me, and I appreciate the same. I have been very sorrowful the past few weeks. His sister has been almost prostrated over her brother's illness. Only brother and sister. It makes it bad to have children separated so far from each other. But such is life. Seems so."

We had a letter from the Superintendent of the hospital saying Oliver was getting along well, and cheerful letters would help him. We are waiting for news that he went home, and is improving fast. We hope so.

Our Benevolence

A man who had been helped and encouraged during a difficult time, wrote to the Chaplain, "Following your wish I inform you that the Employment Bureau have not been able at this day to find me a position.

"I have myself found one. Since three weeks I work * * * I am fully satisfied, and believe as soon I will speak better English, I will find easily a good position in a Navigation Company.

"I am the Belgian you seen some

weeks ago and for which you were so benevolent."

An Unasked Opinion

An unasked opinion is often closer to the truth than the one sought. A sailor boy wrote a lengthy letter to the House Mother telling her all about his plans and dreams, and they were wonderfully like the plans and dreams of the boys that you know. He wanted a wife, a good job on shore, not wealth, for he knew money could not buy the things he most desired, but just enough to keep worry from the place he would call home.

He finished his letter "Pardon me for giving unasked opinion but I honestly think your chats to the boys on Sunday afternoons is the finest way of reaching their hearts, as they listen to you and give their attention as if their own mother was talking to them,

which all the ceremony of church will never do as many of them attend the church and come outside and forget every word that was said, myself included, as going to church does not seem to impress them so much, because it is generally placed before them in too dry a manner. Hoping you will excuse me for presuming to give my opinion, but I know you will understand what I mean.

Our Thanks

To the men and women who answered our appeal for magazines for the Apprentice Room.

To the man who supplied us with a cabinet for our magazines.

To all the men and women who keep us in their thoughts and answer our appeals for help, whatever they may be.

Contributions for Special Purposes in April.

Cemetery Fund

Armour, Allison V.....	\$130.00
Woman's Auxiliary, St. Thomas' Chapel New York City, N. Y.....	2.00

Chapel Flower Fund

Willis, Miss & Mrs. Wm. P. "In Memory of John Davenport".....	10.00
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Discretionary Fund

Apgar, Mrs. Allen A.....	10.00
Hance, Mrs. John A. "Memory M. L. H."..	50.00

Mother's Day Carnation Fund

Anonymous, Detroit, Mich.	5.00
Davis, Mrs. Archibald D. L. M. K., Oneonta, New York	5.00
Lewis, Miss Elizabeth..	1.00
Richter, Miss Jessie H..	5.00
Shipley, Mrs. A. C.....	2.00
Stearns, Mrs. I. J.....	1.00

Relief Fund

Roberts, Miss E. M.....	1.00
Sparks, Mrs. Lucy S....	5.75

Social and Religious Fund

Anonymous	2.00
Anonymous, New York City, N. Y.....	1.00
Dominick, Marinus W. "For Library Work"..	25.00
Hance, Mrs. John A. "In Memory M. L. H."....	50.00
Miller, Rev. E. P.....	5.00
Woman's Auxiliary, Church of Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.....	25.00

Donations Received May, 1920

Reading matter, bound books, knitted articles, clothing, pictures, post cards, oil paintings, ties, scrap book, waste paper, picture album, victrola and pianola records.	
Acker, Miss Louise	
Ackley, Mrs. S. M.	
Adams, Mrs. W. S.	
Appleton, Mrs. H.	
Archer, Mrs. A. M.	
Anonymous—8	

Anonymous—The New Weston	
Anonymous—117 Derby Avenue, Derby, Conn.	
Anonymous—The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va.	
Anonymous—2129 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.	
Anonymous—48 West 59th St., New York City, N. Y.	
Bacon, Stickney & Co.	
Bailey, Mrs. James S.	
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.	
Bard, Miss Louis J.	
Barrow, Mrs. Wm.	
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Baylies, Edmund L.	
Beall, Miss M. L.	
Bevins, Mrs. LeGrand	
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Bliss, Miss E. B.	
Bliss, Mrs. W. G.	
Bond, Miss A. S.	
Borden, Mrs. E. L.	
Bridgman, Miss Anne T.	
Bridgman, Mrs. Chas. DeWitt	
Brooks, Miss Mary D.	
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Browne, Mrs. Benjamin C.	
Burnham, Mrs. Ella F.	
Butt, Mrs. McC.	
Calder, Mrs. J. A.	
Canmann, Mrs. H. J.	
Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth	
Chase, Miss	

Clark, Miss Emily V.
 Clarke, Miss Lucretia
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 Corcoran, Mrs. W. D.
 Cox, Miss Mary
 Craig, Miss A. B.
 Crockett, Mrs. Stuart
 Crowell, Publishing Co.
 Dall, Mrs. H. H.
 Davidson, Mrs. C.
 Davis, Miss S. E.
 Davy, H. G.
 Dawes, Dexter B.
 Dawson, Mrs. A. E.
 Dickeman, Mrs. W. B.
 Donnelly, Mrs.
 DuCret, Sheldon A.
 Dunham, Miss M. V.
 Dyett, Mrs. J. S.
 Elkins, Mrs. A. W.
 Elliman, Mrs. A. B.
 Elliott, Mrs. Dexter
 Ericksson, Miss E.
 Farnham, Mrs. J. M. W.
 Ferris, Henry J.
 Pillebrown, Mrs. J. P.
 Fuller, Mrs. G. A.
 Fuller, George W.
 Gambier, Edward V.
 General Electric Company, Service Committee of Edison Lamp Works, Harrison, N. J.
 George, Miss M. J.
 Gerrish, Mrs. Frank S.
 Gilbert, Miss Isabel
 Gilmore, Miss M. J.
 Girls' Friendly Society, Epiphany Branch.
 Girls' Friendly Society, St. George's Church.
 Given, Mrs. John L.
 Gordon, Mr. & Mrs. W. W.
 Griffith, Miss Susan D.
 Hagemeyer, Mrs. F. E.
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 Hall, Mrs. A. H.
 Hall, Miss E. C.
 Hall, Miss Margaret
 Hamilton, Mrs. C. S.
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 Harris, Mrs. Annie H.
 Harrison, Mrs. George D. L.
 Harrison, Robert L.
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 Hatch, Miss C. J.
 Haynes, Miss Caroline C.
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 Hester, Mrs. Wm. V.
 Higginson, Mrs. J. J.
 Horne, Mrs. Durbin
 Horne, Mrs. E. M.
 Hospital Book & Newspaper Society
 Innes, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. T.
 James, Mrs. Julia F.
 James, Mrs. Mary E.
 Janeway, G. H.
 Jarecki, Ottomar
 Jenkins, Edward E.
 Jenkins, Mrs. Thomas C.
 Jephson, Mrs.
 Johnson, Benjamin R.
 Johnson, Mrs. Bradish
 Jones, Mrs. Henry L.
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 Kayser, Miss L.
 Kellogg, Mrs.
 Kendall, Mrs. A.
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 Knorr, Miss A.
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 Lauterbach, Miss H.
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 Lindsay, Mrs. W. B.
 Lowenberg, Mrs. I.
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 McCulloh, Walter
 McGowan, Mrs. M. V.
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 Martin, E. M.
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 Meyn, Heinrich
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 Morgan, Mrs. James L.
 Morgan, Wm. M.
 Morris, Mrs. M. E.
 Moseley, Mrs. H. P.
 Moses, Mrs. James
 Mount, Mrs. R. T.
 Mowe, Mrs. Wm. R.
 Moyer, Mrs. J. F.
 Myrick, Mrs. H. L.
 Newton, Mrs. H.
 New York Life Insurance
 New York Transit Company
 Noel, Mrs. C. V.
 Ogdens, Mrs. C. W.
 Oppenlander, Mrs. E.
 Pedersen, Prof. F. M.
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 Potts, F. R.
 Pratt, Mrs. W. S.
 Prime, Miss Cornelia
 Prince, Mrs. A. E.
 Prurrington, Miss
 Redford, Mrs. C. A.
 Reeve, Lewis
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 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
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 Robinson, Henry J.
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 Ross, Mrs. Adam A.
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 Satterlee, Mrs. George B.
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 Shriver, Mrs. V. L. P.
 Skimpson, Miss Helen L. H.
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 Stament, Miss Mary B.
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 Usher, Miss Irene
 Walbridge, Mrs. T. H.
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 Wayne, Charles D.
 Weaver, W. A.
 Welles, Miss A.
 Wemple, Messrs. & Co.
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Whitney, Mrs. Stanton
 Wiesendorf, Mrs.
 Wikoff, Miss M. L.
 Wolff, Mrs. M.
 Wooden, C. R.
 Wuest, Mrs.

Church Periodical Club and Branches

All Angels Church, N. Y. C.
 All Saints' Church, Richmond Hill, N. Y.
 Church of the Epiphany, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church Periodical Club, N. Y. C.
 Church Periodical Club, Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa.
 First Reformed Church, Reading, Pa.
 Mission Band Workers
 Grace Church, Plainfield, N. J.
 Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Agnes' Chapel, N. Y. C.
 St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. James' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Lukes' Church, Montclair, N. J.
 St. Mark's Church, Toledo, O.
 St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Paul's Church, East Orange, N. J.
 St. Paul's Church, Westfield, N. J.
 St. Peter's Church, Morristown, N. J.
 St. Thomas' Church, N. Y. C.
 St. Thomas' Church, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 St. Thomas' Church, Washington, D. C.
 Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill.
 Trinity Parish, Williamsport, Pa.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Cemetery Fund

Dawson, Mrs. Anna E. . . . \$2.00
 Anonymous "Thank Offering" 5.00
 LeBoutillier, Miss L. 5.00
 Mowe, Mrs. Wm. Robert 10.00

Discretionary Fund

Anonymous, Staten Island Visitor 5.00
 Beall, Miss M. L. 1.00
 Beard, R. R. 10.00
 LeBrun, Mrs. P. L. 10.00

Mother's Day Carnation Fund

Danis, Miss Mary H. 10.00
 Davis, Mrs. Archibald D. 5.00
 Lewis, Miss Elizabeth. 1.00
 Steane, Mrs. I. J. 1.00

Picnic Fund

Barnes, Raymond F. 50.00

Social and Religious Fund

Dominick, M. W.,
 "For Library Work" . . . 25.00
 Righter, Miss Jessie H. . . 25.00
 Seamen's Benefit Society,
 tice Work 725.85
 M. C. A., for Appren-
 Sherman, Mrs. Carolina
 Relief Fund 2.00

General Summary of Work

MAY 1920

Religious Department

Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning.....	5	128	147
“ Evening.....	10	631	769
Miscellaneous	4	125	133
Bible Class Meetings	4	317	335
Communion Services			10
Baptisms			0
Weddings			0
Funerals			1

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	22	4,468	5,391
Home Hours	5	330	389
Ships visited.....			62
Packages of literature distributed.....			428
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			87

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing.....	83
Assisted thru Loan Fund.....	95
Cases treated in Institute Clinic.....	298
Referred to Hospitals.....	46
Hospital Visits.....	48
Patients Visited.....	5,289
Referred to other Organizations.....	5

Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering	
School enrollment.....	63
First Aid Lectures.....	8

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	21,666
Letters received for Seamen.....	12,781
Pieces of dunnage checked.....	7,472

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips	
Visits to vessels.....	
Men transported.....	
Pieces of dunnage transported.....	

OUT OF COMMISSION

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S.C.I	31
Men shipped.....	284
Given temporary employment.....	7
Total	291

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$102,539.52
Withdrawals	100,291.58
Transmitted	16,038.67

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

New Laundry Equipment \$3,000

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

CEMETERY FUND. Send contributions for the seaman who dies away from home, that he may be buried with his fellows. The larger the Fund, the greater number of seamen may have final care.

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 receive **THE LOOKOUT**.

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

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