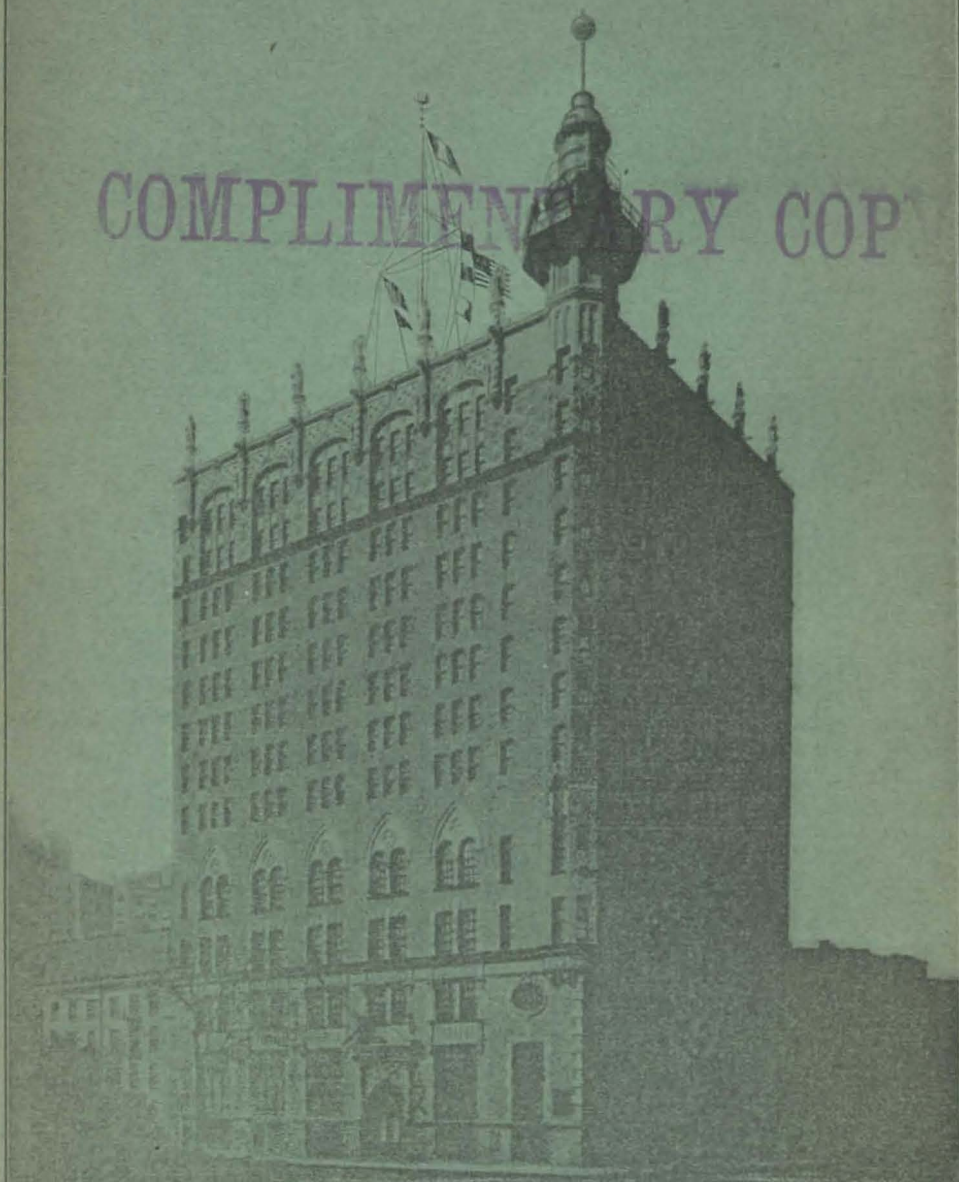


# The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. IX.

OCTOBER 1918

No. 10

# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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INCORPORATED 1844

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# THE LOOKOUT

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

## Three Apprentice Lads Solve the Great Riddle.

There were five of them that Tuesday evening, only a month ago. They strolled along, swinging their walking sticks and proudly wearing their new gloves, put on, even though the evening was warm, as a gentle courtesy to their hostess, Mrs. New York. They were all apprentices under twenty, ashore from a sailing ship, and bound for the Institute.

An open-air meeting was being held outside the Chapel and the boys stopped to listen and to sing. On that particular evening Dr. Mansfield had joined the service and he saw the fresh young faces and the walking-sticks and the new gloves, and he smiled. Then he had an idea. He called one of the staff and made a suggestion, and when the meeting was over, five very interested young men went up-town to the Rialto to see the best moving pictures that can be made to flicker in a beautifully designed theatre. They returned so late

that they decided not to try to reach their ship that night.

"There isn't any room in the Institute," the Desk Man declared a bit discouragingly.

"Then we will sleep on the dock," announced the youngest apprentice.

However, the Superintendent opened the Staff Sitting Room, had some cots put in there and the five boys went to sleep with Liberty's torch shining in their faces.

"By Jove! this *is* a jolly place," the tallest boy said, enthusiastically. "Your Mission is a bit of all right!"

They all thought so, for they came over to the building every evening that they were allowed to leave the ship. They attended the Sunday evening service, taking part with serious faces and singing energetically.

That week they were taken on a picnic to the home of Mrs. S. Vernon Mann, Jr., where they went out in the motor-boat, fished, played cricket and soccer and ate a great deal of delightful food.

And only a week later all those boys, and eight others, were in the hospital with influenza. They were cheerful about that, too. They laughed when visitors from the Institute came to see them, wearing the white robes and hoods which protect against carrying infection.

"Thought you were dressed up as ghosts for Hallowe'en," one of them shouted, and those who could hear through the glass partitions that separate the beds in contagious disease wards, called out their own witticisms and insisted that they'd be out jolly soon.

Last week three boys were buried from the Chapel of Our Saviour. First, King on Saturday, and then Ridd and Jones, a double funeral on Tuesday. Harry Drake Raleigh Ridd, a descendant of Drake, the great sea fighter, and Sir Walter Raleigh, and the John Ridd of Lorna Doone, was one of the boys. He came from Devonshire, a big sturdy boy, with red cheeks and merry eyes and the joy of living that being seventeen and a native of rocky coasts produces. Mrs. Mann attended the services, bringing with her a cutting from the rose-bush which came from Sir Walter Raleigh's home in England. She had been given a clipping from this bush several years ago, and when young Ridd was her guest at the picnic, he was enormously interested in hearing about it and seeing the rose-bush.

The other boy, Jones, came from Wales. His father is a well-to-do farmer who had protested against his son's choice of a profession, but had let him go. Father and son had been companions ever since the boy was

old enough to walk.

"I am trying all the time to find the words in which to write to that man about his son's death," the agent from the ship's company told the Big Brother. "I don't see how I can tell that man. Jones was a good sailor, the strongest of all the boys, and his Captain said he promised to be one of the best seamen we ever turned out."

The first boy, King, was an orphan, and since he left England he had come into an estate. He had often talked about it to the other boys.

"Wait until I am the Lord of the Manor," he reminded them when they were counting up their resources at the Soda Fountain counter. "I won't half treat us to a good time then!"

The three are gone. They have solved the Great Riddle and the problems of youth and middle age will not be theirs. The thought that clung to the hearts of the little congregation at their funerals came through the lips of an old seaman as he left the Chapel.

"It seems as if it wasn't fair when they are young. Youth— young people ought to have their chances."

### Mark of the Dream.

This is what happened to Mark, although Mark would not consider it very important because he has solved his problems.

Mark is a stoker. He spends his days at sea before the hot eye of a demoniacal furnace. He has a certain grace of movement as he swings

his heavy shovel and hurls its weight of coal at the winking eye. At first he used to be too tired to think while he was shovelling, but when his muscles grew harder and his work became more automatic, Mark's mind had a chance to work, too.

Mark had a dream, a sort of air castle. He was going to save his money and go to school in one of the ports and become an engineer or maybe a fifth officer, some day. He knew he could do better work than stoking, only he had somehow gotten started before the furnace door and been too tired at the end of a voyage to do anything but sleep and drink rather enervatingly. Mark was always planning to do something different.

"I shall sit at a desk and figure and make drawings and use instruments and then one day I shall pass an examination and some chap in a blue coat with gold braid will say, 'Passed, here is your license!'" Mark dwelt upon this sentence with all the dramatic force that he possessed.

One morning, when Mark was just coming to the examination in his dream, some intuition made him drop his shovel and run to a life-boat. His vessel had been torpedoed and he went overboard with the rest of the crew. On the way a piece of timber struck him and he paid very little attention to anything for several weeks. Then he looked about his hospital ward and observed his clean white hand lying listlessly upon the cover.

"I must have passed the examination or my hands would never look this way," he thought.

The nurse came over to him. "Better today?" she asked in the brisk way that all nurses put on with their caps.

"Am I a fourth officer or maybe even a third?" Mark asked.

"Third, no doubt," replied the nurse, taking his pulse and smoothing a sheet that was already stretched as tightly as cotton will bear.

Mark lay very still, thinking. He had certainly planned to work and pass an examination and become an officer. He seemed to remember someone in gold braid who said, "Passed! here is your license!" But there were queer blanks in his recollections. He was puzzled, but happy. Life turned out amazingly like one's dreams, after all.

The next morning one of his ship-mates visited him.

"You had a narrow escape, Mark," the seaman said. "The company has been pretty decent and you will have your bonus for being wrecked, so hurry up and get well and let's have a good time."

"Did I get a mate's license?" Mark asked eagerly.

And it took Mark's ship-mate half an hour to explain. He went away sadly. He wished he had lied about it, but how was he to know that Mark had a delusion? Then an idea came to him. He went to the Institute and up to the Nautical School. He made inquiries and he laboriously wrote down his information. The next day he went to the hospital.

"Mark," he said, before he quite reached the bed, "Mark, I know what you can do. Take your money and go to this school as soon as you get

out of here."

Mark went. He hasn't met the examining officer yet, but he will.

---

### His Nearest Relative.

With every ambulance already working twenty-four hours a day, and with every hospital crowded to the danger-point, it took from seven until after midnight one evening to get a conveyance to take one of our seamen, an officer, ill of pneumonia, away from the Institute.

"I hate to give you all this trouble," he repeated over and over, and when the "Man Who Speaks Russian" went with him to the hospital, he pressed into his hand a sextant which he had somehow managed to carry away with him.

"I wanted the superintendent to have it. There is something in it if you look."

The nurse came up with the card. "Name of nearest relative?" she asked, her pencil poised, her eye swiftly gathering the details of her next task.

"Dr. Mansfield," answered the officer promptly.

And later to the Man Who Speaks Russian, he whispered, "He won't mind, will he? I haven't any people."

Secreted in the sextant was a fifty-dollar bill.

Two days after this story was written the young officer died, leaving his money, watch and papers to the man whom he had adopted as his nearest living relative.

### Ralph Discovers America.

Ralph lived in a small town in Kent, one of those English towns with a Cathedral close, and a few houses with high brick walls, and rose bushes that grew so high that nobody ever picked the roses. He grew up in all the thick greens and purple mists of England, and he went to sea as an apprentice when he was fourteen. Ralph was homesick rather sooner than he had expected.

"I didn't know a ship would be like this," he confided to the Second Officer, who was rather kindly disposed toward young apprentice lads because he had been one himself.

"You will be all right after your first voyage," he comforted Ralph cheerfully, not being at all convinced of what he said, but feeling the necessity for saying something encouraging whether he believed it or not.

Ralph resolutely dismissed the memory of the fire in his mother's little sitting room at home, and he tried not to think of the plums getting ripe in their garden in Kent. He looked at a restless stretch of grey ocean and set his teeth. After a bad collection of days and sleepless nights Ralph landed in New York, and on Thursday night he went with the other boys to the Institute. He didn't want to go because he had been warned against missions.

"Don't let them turn you into a Methodist," his sister had advised, looking lovingly toward the Cathedral the morning Ralph went away. And Ralph promised.

So he went up to the Apprentice Room rather defensively. He was

looking out for tracts and for the approaches of missionaries. But nothing happened. Someone asked him to play billiards and he played. He wasn't very good, but he knew the game. After that some young women came in and the boys danced and later there were sandwiches and chocolate and fruit.

"When do they pray?" he whispered to a red-haired Irish boy near him.

"They don't," declared the Irish boy quickly. "That is why I come. They want you to have a good time. If you want to go to church you come over Sunday night and go to the evening service. It's just like the Church of England, I think—anyway it's Episcopal. But you don't have to go."

Ralph walked over to say good-night to the Big Brother.

"We are going on a picnic Saturday to the country, where we can play cricket and tennis, and you must come," invited the Big Brother cordially. Ralph shook his hand warmly.

"I'll come," he answered emphatically, "and if this is America I want to tell you what I think. I think it's simply ripping!"

### Sleeping Where One Can.

The sun that used to catch the gleam of red and blue and green balls on the pool tables in the Game Room now shines upon fresh pillows and the turned-back hem of white sheets. Where the chess players sat are rows of narrow beds, and where the billiard tables stood, their green felt tops inviting everybody to chalk a cue, are lockers for clothing.

When the Institute has to turn away hundreds of guests every night it is natural that the Game Room should be sacrificed, but it is rather a pity. Ultimately there will have to be a new Institute with five hundred more beds.

### Navigation on the Roof.

Up in the Chart Room, atop the roof (on the Roof's roof), is the pilot house certificate. It announces that Captain Robert Huntington is the pilot, that the Seamen's Church Institute is the vessel, that it can carry six hundred and sixty-nine passengers.

It is a properly made out license for a pilot house with a few fictions about tonnage and steam as applied to the good ship S. C. I., merely to show the students what documents every pilot house must carry.

From the Chart Room you can carry a sextant out upon the ship's bridge, and standing in the late afternoon looking across the harbor, just past Liberty toward the Narrows, you can see the sun, a deep, rose balloon, balancing on the horizon. If you know how to work the sextant you can figure out your altitude and your latitude. The captain did it with very little trouble the afternoon that the editor held the sextant, but it is a complicated matter. So is all navigation, apparently.

There is an average attendance of 110 pupils at the Navigation and Marine Engineering School. The class rooms, with windows that look out over the East River toward the

Brooklyn Bridge and down across the Bay, are sunny and extremely cheerful. There is a big lecture hall and a room especially designed for the study of seamanship.

In this room there is a mast with a wireless attachment, not an instrument which can actually send messages, of course, but a device upon the mast so that signalling can be taught. Hanging about the walls are ropes, knotted in all the fifty-seven varieties of seamen's knots. There are double hitches and bowlines and elaborately braided articles of all sorts. A swordfish blade has a beautifully woven handle of white twine, intricately knotted by some patient fingers while away long hours at sea.

The seamen pupils and the landmen students all work together. If the applicant has had sea experience he can study for his license, but if he is a broker or a clerk, a mechanic or a salesman, he can come to our Nautical School and fit himself for the Navy or the Merchant Marine. He cannot, of course, receive a commission without definite sea experience.

The signalling classes are the most picturesque department of the school. Sitting in an office on Pine Street the other day, the editor looked through the window toward the Institute and saw a long row of men upon the roof, wig-wagging with scarlet and white and blue flags. Against a background of New York cloud-sweepers, the waving arms and flags seemed a part of a gigantic pageant.

### Two Water-Front Tragedies.

They used to call South Street the "Sailorman's Boulevard," but that was before the Institute came over to be the sailorman's club. Boulevard was a euphemism, because Pit-fall was the word which best described the water-front in the old days. And occasionally a breath of the old evils comes to us on this sun-lit corner of Coenties Slip.

The other night a man stumbled into the Lobby and sat down heavily in one of the big arm-chairs. He bent over, his face writhing with pain, but he did not speak to anyone nor even groan. He sat still, sodden and stupid.

"There's blood on his chair," one seaman said to the Man Who Gives Advice, and they went over to investigate.

The seaman had been stabbed in the back, somewhere on the water-front. He had gotten away without falling, and his money was safe. He did not know his assailant, for he had been stabbed without warning or speech. He is now in the hospital with a painful wound, and, so far, the efforts to find the hand that held the knife have been unsuccessful.

That is one story.

Here is the other:

A few weeks ago a young engineer, back in New York after a long absence, met a friend of his in the Reading Room.

"Jack," he said, after they had exchanged the ordinary inquiries, "we have not seen each other for ten years. Let us celebrate."



Jack laughed and shook his head. "I am on the wagon, absolutely," he explained. "I haven't had a drop in those ten years. I found it did not pay so I cut it out."

"Yes, I don't drink very often either, but this is different. Let's just have one drink, will you?"

Jack finally yielded. After all, it was a sort of occasion and he didn't see how anyone could resist Tom.

They went to a saloon a few blocks away. They ordered highballs and drank them and left the place. In five minutes Jack slipped gently to the pavement and his old friend could not arouse him. He knew what it was. Knock-out drops are still all too common in the waterfront saloons, although most of us fancied that they figured only in the movies and melodramas up-town.

Tom waited a little while, but no one passed. They had started to walk toward the Brooklyn Bridge, and they were in a particularly silent street. At last Tom left Jack to go in search of a policeman, and when he returned Jack was regaining consciousness.

"Knock-out drops, I suppose," he said as soon as he could speak. "Wonder why they didn't affect you."

"My legs were nearly paralyzed," confessed Tom, "but I had to get help somehow, so I crawled when I couldn't stand up."

Jack felt his pockets, dizzily. He knew the answer before he searched. His money (\$150.00) was gone; so were his papers and his watch. He had to go to the hospital to recover—he came out without papers, without money, without a job.

This is the other story. It isn't an argument for prohibition because that is already an accomplished good, but it is distinctly a protest against the practices of the saloons in this part of New York. It seems almost impossible to get evidence that will convict one of these bartenders. The usual custom is to give a man knock-out drops, let him leave the place and then have an agent follow and rob him when he falls. It happens all too frequently and it seldom gets into the newspapers. Surely something could be done, before next June, when the saloons close, to eradicate this particular foe of the seaman ashore.

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### Flowers in Memory.

On September 8th the flowers on the Altar in the Chapel of Our Saviour were sent by Mrs. Henry C. Hopkins.

On October 6th the flowers were sent "In Memory of My Mother, Adelaide Julie," by Miss Marie S. McDonough, and also by Mrs. Geo. Powell and Miss Frances Prigge in memory of their father, Claus Albert Prigge.

We still need contributions to the Flower Fund to provide flowers for every Sunday in the year.

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### That Fine Distinction.

"What is your religion?" the House Mother asked the boy who had proudly told her that he was a native of Somaliland and that he was a direct descendant of Mohammed. He stood very straight when he answered her.

"I am a Mohammedan," he replied evenly, and then he added, "The Germans are Christians!"

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Address all communications to  
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent  
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### Sailors' Day.

A warning notice has been sent out to churches and organizations everywhere. It reads:

"Remember that the National Sailors' Day, which is annually observed on the Second Sunday in November, occurs this year, nineteen hundred and eighteen, on November 10th.

"Prepare especially this year appropriately to celebrate this day."

One slip is signed, "Seamen's Church Institute of America, A. R. Mansfield, Secretary," and the other, "Joint Conference of Societies for Seamen, Port of New York."

Sailors' Day is a solemn day this fifth year of the Great War. When Old Trinity Church is filled with seamen and mariners of every grade, on the evening of November 10th, it will be a gathering of sea fighters, of wounded men, of men who have seen their comrades drown or die from shells. It will be a congregation of men of the sea who have known the terrors and furies of an enemy beneath the sea, combined with the perils of winter winds and towers of water.

Bishop McCormick, who is to make

the address, has been in France for the past ten months, a member of the War Commission of the Episcopal Church and of the Red Cross hold the position of Major. He has talked and worked, served and cheered the soldiers, even when his hut was under bombardment, or when the gas fumes forced him to go about his work in a gas-mask. He knows what fighters are, and he will speak to the men who may not have seen trench war-fare, but who have seen the horrors of war and experienced the pains of exposure, starvation and the anguish of watching for a vessel to pick them up out of their open boats.

It will be the greatest Sailors' Day New York has ever seen, the greatest that the country has ever celebrated. Representatives from the Shipping Board, Consuls, Shipping Commissioners, officers of Seamen's Societies will attend, but the service will be primarily a service for seamen, for the men who need your thoughts and prayers quite as much as if their clothes were khaki-colored instead of dark blue.

### Optimistic by Choice.

"I can't stand the 'Cheer-up' stuff that the papers print," an old seaman remarked to the man beside him in the Reading Room. "Here's a chap that runs a column about how to remember that good comes out of everything, and how you can be happy all the time if you only think so. I don't see, with this war and with all the suffering that I know about, how I can be anything but blue."

The man beside him put down his magazine and looked thoughtful.

"Well, I went to a vaudeville up-town the other day and a girl sang a song, one of those coon songs, I think they call them over here. Anyhow, the chorus of it went something like this:

'Everybody's crazy 'bout the doggone blues,

But I'm happy!

Everybody's always talkin' 'bout bad news,

But I'm happy!

"And I thought she or that song writer had just about struck it. A whole lot of people are determined to be gloomy about the war and the hardships. I know plenty of seamen who have been torpedoed and shelled and in the hospital and lost their clothes and papers and all that, but they seem to get up and go on another ship and whistle just as they always did."

The old seaman was silent. He looked out of the window. A sailing ship was weighing anchor just off Staten Island. Her sails were buoyant and she had a spirited, adventurous look that no steam vessel ever achieves.

"When I started to sea on a ship like that I was happy. Maybe it's being young that does it."

The other man shook his head.

"It is just making up your mind not to be crazy about the doggone blues that does it," he insisted wisely, reaching for the page of cartoons in the evening paper.

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### The Wreath

Two days after the apprentices were buried, two young boys from the

"City of Hankow" went over to Evergreen Cemetery to put a wreath upon the grave. Mrs. Mann very thoughtfully drove them out in her car, and the boys arranged with the gardener to have the grass cut and the grave kept in order.

---

### "Brown Betty."

Lieut. Louis Gordon Hamersley has given the Institute his launch the "Brown Betty," as a younger sister of the "J. Hooker Hamersley" which he presented to us with a formal dedication in January, 1915.

The "Brown Betty" is a graceful little craft, only four years old. The planking on the hull is mahogany, copper fastened, and the trim is also of mahogany. Her dimensions are:

40' O. A.

39' W. L.

7'x6" Beam.

2'9" Draft

The motor, an 8-cylinder, developing 180-H. P., can give a speed of between 20 and 21 miles an hour.

At present the "Brown Betty" is laid up on props, covered with canvas, on Harrison Island, across the little bay from New Rochelle. She is equipped with furniture, carpets, cushions, a search-light, silver, dishes, glasses, an ice-box and small stove.

About fifteen people could be carried on her comfortably, and there are two fully equipped beds for emergencies.

This power boat will be enormously useful to the Institute in taking the missionaries out to the ships anchored in the Harbor, or to transport a small

crew when the "J. Hooker Hamersley" is down the Bay with the pupils of the Institute Nautical School.

Her services to the Social and Religious Departments will be invaluable.

It has been decided to leave her where she is for the winter, as the cost of taking her out and adjusting her to winter seas would be greater than if she were put into commission in the early Spring. Capt. Nelson, taking a most personal interest in Betty's well-being, has promised to pump her out when frost comes and put another layer of canvas over her so that no water gets in.

It is probable that sand-paper and varnish will put her into perfect condition in the Spring.

Lieut. Hamersley rendered the Institute a tremendous service when he ordered built, and specially designed to suit the Institute needs, the "J. Hooker Hamersley." He has increased the water efficiency of the Institute many times by his thoughtful gift of the "Brown Betty."

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### New Cemetery Plot

"A stranger in a strange land." That old phrase describes the seaman who dies in New York, who lies alone in the hospital, or sometimes in the Institute. He turns to us when the end is near, confident that to us he is not a stranger, that what is left when he no longer can worry or arrange, will be reverently cared for.

We have buried many seamen lately, and our plot in Evergreen Cemetery can no longer welcome its silent guests. For the past two years we have

asked for contributions to our Burial Fund and several hundred dollars have been received. We have now purchased a plot 198x30 feet, in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing.

This is an excellent location, with a long stretch of roadway (195) feet bordering the plot, giving a dignified entrance and making it possible to hold a Naval Funeral, permitting the sailors to march directly to the grave, and the carriages to drive past without confusion.

A border of trees already making this roadway beautiful may be continued around the entire ground. It is a gracious place for the seamen's rest. There is room to bury many men, and we want the friends of the seaman who dies in this port to CONTRIBUTE toward the PURCHASE of the plot.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS is needed to complete this Burial fund. Think of the peace of mind which it secures for the families across the sea, the comfort of knowing that a son or brother or husband received the final kindness and the chance to lie with his fellow seamen in a spot faithfully tended by friendly hands.

---

### From the Waste-Basket

No one has ever said that if you threw your good words into the wastebasket they would return to you, but apparently it does happen.

The other day a man who had never heard of the Institute and its work among the merchant mariners, was sitting in the office of a friend, waiting for an interview. He glanced rather

carelessly about the room, until his eye caught the words upon some printed matter which protruded from the bulging waste-basket.

"Do you mind if I look at this?" he asked, and he pulled out the folder. It wasn't a part of the Lookout, but it was some of the material sent out by the Ways and Means Department. The man read it through, and then he looked at the address: he wanted to see No. 25 South Street.

Last week he came to the Institute, took six boys up-town to dinner at the Waldorf and later on to the theatre. He is arranging to do it often, as his way of helping.

"I don't suppose I should have known anything about these boys if I hadn't looked into the waste-basket," he told the House Mother.

"Well, you gave the boys a great deal of happiness," she assured him. "One of them told me that he had never seen such beautiful women as the ones he saw dining in the Waldorf, only he couldn't understand how they could wear so little and keep warm!"

---

### A New Worker

With an office where seamen in trouble, mental and physical, psychological as well as pathological, may receive sympathetic advice and assistance, the Reverend J. G. Robinson has begun his work at the Institute.

Mr. Robinson has charge of the services in English as well as assisting in the Relief and Social Departments. He is devoting himself especially to

making the Sunday evening services in the Chapel a refuge as well as a stimulating hour for those seamen who often find Sunday night a peculiarly homesick time.

---

### The Solitary Mourner.

He had been the center of an apparently admiring group of friends, the days that he stood upon the curb outside the Institute, or sat in the Lobby explaining the superiority of the British West Indies over the rest of the world. He was only twenty-one, an educated colored boy with an accumulation of wages in his pocket.

And then he became ill. He went to the hospital and the visitor from the Institute went to see him.

"I don't suppose I have much left, but those chaps will bury me," he said confidently on a day when no one could pretend that he would recover.

They took his body to an undertaking establishment and one of the staff went to hunt up the friends. They were very eager to help at first, and then they gradually melted away.

"His money all gone! We can't do anything," was the unanimous opinion, and so Dr. Mansfield paid for the burial, and the only mourner was Chaplain Podin, who went alone to the dreary little funeral parlor and read the service over the young seaman.

Luckily for the faith in humanity which you must have because you read the LOOKOUT, and which we have because we know seamen, this is an unusual case. It is a grim little incident, included among the happier ones, merely because Life is like that.

### The Hair-Ribbons.

"The doctor says now that I shall not be paralyzed on that one side," he told the House Mother, jubilantly, and she grasped his hand with delight.

"I am just back from England and I brought you some pictures of the children," Tom explained. "You know you sent them some hair-ribbons and I wanted you to see how they looked wearing them."

He pointed to three tiny figures, each small head proudly erect and topped by crisp bows of obvious freshness. Tom smiled with the contentment of a satisfied father. He had been torpedoed just before he met the House Mother a few weeks ago, and as a result of the shell-shock it was feared that he would be paralyzed on his left side for the rest of his life. Tom is only thirty-three, and the future looked far from alluring. Finally, the Cunard Line gave him a position on one of their boats as watchman.

"I know that saved my reason. If I had stayed around here, being waited upon and feeling useless and of no good to the world, I should have lost my mind," he assured the House Mother.

She looked again at the round faces beneath the jaunty ribbon bows and patted Tom's shoulder.

"You come in and report to me when you get a chance," she advised. "You can't be having morbid thoughts while there are hair-ribbons to supply."

### His Own Tongue.

It was at a Friday night concert, while the war films were being shown. When the French soldiers marched along the muddy highway, under the bare poplars, their faces set and grim with just an occasional smile for the camera man, the strains of the *Marseillaise* crept over the Concert Hall from the fingers of the Recreation Man, playing to illustrate the movies. Before he finished, a French seaman left his seat, walked softly over to the piano and whispered. The man at the keyboard nodded and continued his music, jumping swiftly into *Rule Britannia*, when the English soldiers leaped dizzily upon the screen.

The lights finally went up and the Recreation Man arose. "There is a French seaman here and he wants to sing his national hymn in his own language." Everybody applauded because solos by members of the audience are always extremely diverting.

"I was very pleased," the French seaman told them, "to hear the song of my country being played and sung here. I know that you all sympathize with France in her desperate struggle and I want to sing *La Marseillaise* in the language of that persecuted country."

He did not want an accompaniment, and he stood there, simply holding his cap and singing in a rather insecure baritone: "*Marchons! marchons!*"

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### Two Ways.

Almost everyone has at certain times a desire for luxury. The desire for that pleasant sense of being ex-

travagant and possibly even pampered assails the most thrifty souls at intervals, and it is more than likely that seamen are particularly susceptible to it when they come ashore after a long period of simple living. Anyhow, that desire must have attacked the young officer from Gibraltar when he went up to 42nd Street the other afternoon and met a friend of his whom he had not seen since they were both apprentices on a sailing ship.

"Let me show you New York," he suggested. "I know how we can enjoy ourselves."

The friend consented and they went to dinner at Rector's. They sat among much gilt and rose decorations. An amiable orchestra murmured and boys in the uniforms of the Army and Navy danced by their table with smiling young women.

"This makes me rather lonesome," the friend remarked as they finished. "We may as well go to the theatre."

They went, and when they came out they decided to try a restaurant with a flaunting cabaret.

"Better come down to the Institute to stay," the officer urged. "I might be able to get you a room because one of the officers on my corridor is going away tonight."

The friend came, and the next day he sought his friend with a proposal.

"Suppose you try my way of seeing New York. We spent quite a bit of money last night and we had a good time of one sort. What do you think of trying another way?"

"I don't mind. I like change."

"This includes change only," the friend laughed, quite conscious of having made a bad pun.

So they went uptown again, dined hygienically at Child's, listened to the music of thick crockery clashed rhythmically together, ate hot cakes and read the signs about watching their overcoats and hats; then they went to the movies.

"Which way do you prefer?" the friend asked the young officer as they started for the Elevated and the Institute.

"Both," returned the officer, promptly, lighting a cigarette.

### A Reward for Trust.

When the man in Room 607 sent word to the "Man Who Speaks Russian" that he thought he might be ill, the messenger hurried rather more anxiously than usual.

"He looks very queer and flushed," he told the Man Who Speaks Russian, and a few minutes later the thermometer read 104 degrees.

"That means the Board of Health Inspector," commented the House Steward briefly. It took several hours to arrange details, but the man in 607 was finally sent to the Willard Parker Hospital, and the Man Who Speaks Russian was left to put away his things.

On the table were \$410 in cash, a gold watch, Liberty Bonds to the value of \$1,100, besides valuable discharge papers and other small articles. The Man Who Speaks Russian collected the things, made an inventory.

and put them away until No. 607 should return.

Last week he came to the Institute. He went rather slowly up the wide stairs, for he was still weak after ten days in bed. He spoke to the Desk Woman.

"I had to go away in an ambulance and I left all my money—," he began, rather embarrassed. "I wouldn't blame anyone if something were lost," he added hastily. She smiled.

"You see the Man Who Speaks Russian. He gathered up everything and has it all safe for you."

And presently it was all counted out and delivered to the former occupant of No. 607.

"Why, do you know if I had been in any other place on the water-front I would never have gotten these back?" he asked the Man Who Speaks Russian, after vainly trying to press a little gift upon him.

"In my delirium at the hospital I talked all the time about that table with my money and my papers on it. I could see it and I thought I should never be able to find my things again."

"Well, I hope you will keep your belongings together the next time you stay here," said the Man Who Speaks Russian. "I didn't like the responsibility much myself."

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### Twelve Lectures.

Seven lectures on biography and industry and five lectures on geography sounds rather formidable, but a glance at the titles supplied by the Board of Education for the Wednes-

day evenings between October 2nd and December 18th suggests at once a variety of interests which will appeal to every kind of seaman intelligence.

These lectures, given in the Concert Hall, are always illustrated, and they attract an increasingly large audience every year. The schedule for the first twelve follows:

Seven Lectures on Biography and Industry. Five Lectures on Geography.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2D.

MR. CLAYTON S. COOPER.

1. "Maritime Independence of the United States."

Evolution of the American mercantile and naval strength.

New shipyards and the men who are building our navy.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views and motion pictures.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.

DR. A. EUGENE BARTLETT.

1. "Denmark and the Danes."

Thorwaldsen's country. The Venice of the North.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16TH.

MR. ELI BENEDICT.

2. "Building the Victory Ships."

The ship-building program of the United States Government.

The ship problem created by the German submarines is explained and the construction of ships to meet it described.

Wood ships, steel ships, reinforced concrete ships.



Illustrated by colored stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23D.

MRS. EFFIE DANFORTH MCAFEE.

2. "Progressive Scandinavia."

Its literature, from the Sagas to Ibsen's "Brand."

Illustrated by stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30TH.

CHARLES H. SHEPHERD, D.D.S.

3. "Life of Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, U. S. N., Part 1."

A graphic account of Admiral Farragut's life and services.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH.

CHARLES H. SHEPHERD, D.D.S.

4. "Life of Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, U. S. N., Part 2."

Many incidents and details based on the lecturer's personal knowledge and experiences in the "Old Navy" in the Civil War.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH.

MR. GEORGE F. BENTLEY.

3. "England as Seen by an American."

Abbeys, cathedrals and places of historic interest.

Illustrated by stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH.

DR. HENRY R. ROSE.

5. "Paul Jones and the Freedom of the Sea."

The Scotch-American who founded our navy and set the example which has made it invincible.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH.

MISS KATHLEEN MATHIEW.

4. "Beautiful Ireland."

Ireland and the Irish in picture and story. Dramatic impersonations of Irish life and character, wit and humor.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4TH.

MR. TIMOTHY H. ROBERTS.

6. "From Log Cabin to White House."

An interesting account of the life of Lincoln.

Illustrated by stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11TH.

MR. GEORGE H. STREAKER.

7. "The Evolution of Ships."

Ships ancient and modern, from the dugout of primitive man to the latest ocean liners, super-dreadnaughts and submarines.

Illustrated by stereopticon views and motion pictures.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.

MR. ROY WALDO MINER.

5. "Our New Possessions in the West Indies—the American Virgin Islands."

Their value to the United States from a naval standpoint. Their commercial importance. A glimpse at their people, products and natural beauties.

Illustrated by stereopticon views.

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### Christmas Packages

When this issue reaches you there will be only two months left for Christmas preparations. Please do your Christmas thinking early, and

include within it your gift for a merchant seaman.

Any present that a man could use will make a seaman, away from his family, away from his friends, away from his own land, believe that Merry is the right adjective to apply to Christmas. We want every seaman in the building to find upon his bed on Christmas Eve a package, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red ribbon, or any other gay color you choose. If there are little Santa Claus seals, or poinsettia or sprigs of holly, it will make the gift's costume that much more cheerful.

These men are sharing the world's burden and pretending to like it. All that most of us can do for them is to give that burden the lift of friendliness. A scarf or socks, a tie or gloves, tobacco and safety razors are all things which seamen use. They are small things but when they wear a Christmas garb of festivity and holiday-keeping, they become, somehow, priceless.

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### Our Mutual Interest

Folded into this number will be found a sheet of eight postal cards. Please read thereon the messages from President Woodrow Wilson and Hon. Edwin N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board in regard to the importance of Merchant Seamen in winning the war. The calling of many thousands of men from all quarters of our country to man our thousands of new ships justifies us in a nation-wide appeal. We desire at this time to enlist the renewed interest of our good friends in securing six new subscriptions of \$5 each condi-

tional on our securing at least four thousand \$5 subscriptions for 1918; also two new subscriptions conditional on our having secured two thousand \$10 subscriptions for 1918. We do not want our work to be a tax on anyone, but do desire to secure a widespread interest in the work for seamen. We wish to widen very materially our circle of friends. The financial safety of such a great work lies in the multitude of subscriptions from fifty dollars down. Tell your philanthropic friends about it, ask them to make a conditional pledge on one of these cards and send it to us by return mail. If each of our friends will co-operate with us, we believe it can be accomplished by Thanksgiving Day. This will cut down materially, the cost of securing the needed money and increase to the maximum the efficiency of every dollar entrusted to us. Write your name also on the card in the space provided in order that proper credit may be given.

### Thanksgiving Comes

Now that so many more Americans are in the Merchant Service, this purely United States holiday is more intelligible to the seamen guests of the Institute. They know what this day of Thanksgiving means and they know that it is celebrated everywhere with feasting and song and decoration and the signs of harvest.

We want all our seamen of all nationalities to have a share in the Thanksgiving Day. One hundred dollars will cover all the necessary Thanksgiving entertainment expenses. We shall be glad to have it in small amounts or as one gift.

# General Summary of Work

## SEPTEMBER 1918

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### Religious Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	9	678	831
Scandinavian.....	3	23	26
Open Air Meetings.....	4	465	477
Bible Classes	4	271	271
Holy Communion Services .....			1
Wedding Services .....			2
Baptismals .....			2
Funeral Services .....			5

### Relief Department

Board, lodging and clothing.....	85
Referred to Hospitals.....	17
Referred to other Societies.....	13
Hospital Visits .....	53
Patients Visited .....	310

### Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	18
Men transported .....	119
Pieces of dunnage transported .....	36

### Social Department

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments .....	6	1522	1566
Auto Rides	4	135	139
Athletic Nights.....	6	184	190
Ships Visited .....			65
Packages reading matter distributed....			170
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			11

### Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	18,828
Letters received for seamen.....	5,084
Pieces of dunnage checked .....	4,136

### Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	49
Men Shipped.....	205
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	108
Total number of men given employment	313

### Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$ 51,526.94
Withdrawals.....	50,526.87
Transmitted.....	4,524.29
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust .....	45,674.90

# PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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

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## WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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