

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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No. 3

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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He Didn't Know Us

The reading room on the second floor was quiet, something unusual for it. But it was not empty, it is never that. Men sat in rows up and down and across. Every seat was full, all but the piano stool. Outside it was dreary. The sun peeked through a stubborn sky.

It was the early afternoon when everyone feels a bit drowsy, if there is not enough work to do. Occasionally the exasperated voice of the telephone operator could be heard saying, "Number please! Number please! They have cut you off."

The low drone of voices sounded from the barber shop, and a man stepped out of the Shipping Office and called, "Cook and waiter wanted!" There was no move. If there were any cooks and waiters, they felt no inclination for work. There were still a few pennies in their pockets.

Two young men entered. They looked like typical sailors. They glanced indifferently around the room, and then strolled toward the piano.

One of them sat down on the stool and his fingers wandered idly but to some purpose over the keys. The other leaned carelessly against the end of the instrument.

They chatted indifferently as the soft notes of "The Rosary," stole through the room. Then without changing his position, still leaning forward as if talking to his companion the young man who was standing began to sing.

The men who were reading looked up from their books and magazines; those who were not reading sat up a little straighter; the barber stepped to the door of his office with the villainous looking instrument of his trade in his hand; and the Shipping agents, walked out to their counter.

"My Rosary! My Rosary!" in pure clear tenor notes stirred something in us all.

Men from across the hall strolled in; men from downstairs strolled up; men from no one knows where gathered around the singer until the room was crowded.

"I was with the Welsh Singers," he explained to the Chaplain, "but I have been sick and I am a bit down on my luck now," and he twitched self-consciously at his very unprofessional looking clothes, "but I love to sing for the boys."

"Will you sing at our service this evening? We'd like very much to have you."

"Sure, I'll do whatever you wish. I was here before and someone wanted me to sing but I didn't know what kind of place it was. I'm kind of down and out and I can't do much but I like to sing for the boys. I do whenever I can."

We wondered whether he was down and out; whether he was not really "up and in" for now he is giving without getting.

Anchored!

Old peoples' homes are wonderful places. Generally beautiful buildings and fine lawns, such homes as many of the inmates never dreamed of even entering. The only drawback is that old people never want to go to them.

Sailors, the wanderers of the earth, find it hard to give up, and bow before the stern mandate of old Father Time. Sam was one of the most turbulent. Several times he gave up, declared that he was all in, and with many good wishes was packed off to Snug Harbor, the Sailors' Home.

But no sooner had the doors of that Institution closed on his bent emaciated old figure, than he began to dream of the open sea, the great grey undulating world that met the sky just beyond his ship, the world where there was only his ship and his shipmates, the world where nothing bothered and all his dreams would come

true when he reached port. He dreamed of all these things and he broke bounds.

Eight years he has been flirting with the old sailors' home, but the end of all flirtations come, and Sam says it has come for him.

"I'm anchored fore and aft this time," he said when asked if he would stay.

But we doubt it. There are some people who can't be anchored.

Magazines and Papers

One of the pleasures of the Institute Librarian is to see the eager extended hand, and the wistful smile of sailors who see papers from their home land, printed in their own language. He is trying to have papers and magazines for everyone, and it is no small task.

Danish, Spanish, Finnish, Swedish, Italian, in fact any papers or magazines that you may have, in any language will be welcome. Or if you would prefer to send a subscription for some paper it would be appreciated.

Address it to The Reading Room, The Seaman's Church Institute, 25 South St., New York.

Parasites

The beds in the hospital stood in a row as beds in hospitals do. On the pillows were heads dark and fair and some between ones. The seaman's was dark with bits of grey at the temples, the writing of the finger of Experience rather than Time. In his face were deep lines, the outward expression of a nature always in protest.

He gave grudging thanks to the nurse who straightened his pillow. The world had not been generous with him and he paid it back in its own coin. Not the other cheek was his

philosophy, but the other fist and give it first.

He frowned as he heard the plash plash of the horses feet in the dirty slushy snow outside. "A miserable day," he mumbled, then suddenly he raised on his elbow and watched a man who had entered the ward and was making his way slowly toward him, stopping just to say a word to one and another.

"How is my friend to-day?" the Chaplain asked as he took his hand and sat down beside him. "I have come to say good-by."

"Good-by!" the seaman said with ill suppressed regret. "You ain't going away?"

"Yes, I've been thinking about what you have said. I'm tired of being a parasite. That is what you say I am. I'm going to leave this Institute, and get something useful to do. Something worth while. I think I'll buy a farm."

"Oh, I say don't you go," the seaman said, and he caught the Chaplain's hand and squeezed it until he winced. "You're doing more good where you are than you could any place else."

Then lest he had been too effusive he added, "I don't think you'd be any good on a farm anyway."

One Friday Evening

It was concert night, and a great crowd of men had gathered in the hall on the second floor, waiting until the gate across the stairs was removed, so that they could go to the fourth floor.

"Say, Governor, take that away," someone called to the man on guard.

"It's half past seven. See, that clock says so."

"Aw shut up! He's got orders. He'll open it as soon as he can."

Someone in the reading room began to play and sing.

"I say we've got Caruso right here. There you didn't catch that. Try again."

Someone whistled the high note, and the crowd laughed good naturedly. The gate was removed, there was a shout, a rush, and a tramp, tramp, tramp, up to the fourth floor and inside of five minutes the concert hall was full and men were standing pressed up against the door of the Accounting Office, and against the door of the office of The Seamen's Church Institute of America.

The House Mother looked at the standing men, and her impatience got the better of her. She went to the Chaplain who was on guard on the stairs leading to the gallery, "I think I'll go and tell the officers that the hall is open. Then if they do not fill the gallery, we'll let these men go up."

In a minute a stream of officers, pipes and cigars in hands and mouths, came pitter pat to the gallery, followed closely by the seamen who had failed to get seats; the house was full.

A merry eyed apprentice whispered to his companion, "Did you ever notice that a bald man always rubs his hand over his head as soon as he takes off his cap?"

His companion giggled, and two or three officers in the vicinity smiled. Then one of the officers remarked,

"The sea must be good for hair. There isn't what you would call a bald-headed man down there."

"That is because it is an audience of young men," another said.

He was right. There were rows and rows of men, all young, all lured by the adventure of the sea; with here and there a grey head, a man too old to change or perchance still young at heart, still hearing the call "to sail beyond the baths of all the western stars."

"Pardon me, lady. Do you object to smoke?"

The lady smiled. It was no place for a lady who did. The air was thick with the smoke from hundreds of comfortable pipes and cigarettes.

The lights were turned out, and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," was thrown on the screen. The men stood up and their voices rose in a great volume of sound, "Sweet Land of Liberty," on up past the full rigged ship on the wall, past the 'Tick' Tick' in the Ways and Means office, past the galleries and store rooms, out across South Street, to the lapping water of the East River, "Of Thee I Sing."

Then there was the news of the week and what a trial those pictures are to hearts inflamed by the passions that are tearing the world. The sailors had been asked not to make any demonstration, but there are always new men who do not know the rule and what is a fellow to do when the man beside him is clapping for a man he detests? Or hisses someone he loves?

They tried to be good, the men of

the sea who love the Institute, and they did very well. The House Mother who spoke to them on "Ideals" scolded them a bit as good mothers always do when boys are unruly; and they clapped her and cheered her as good boys should.

She took as her text the words on a memorial plate on the fifth floor, "Faithful in duty; friendly in spirit; firm in command; fearless in danger. He saved the women and children, and went down with his ship."

With what confidence they laughed, that great audience of young sailors, when she told them that was the ideal. Like Conrad's, Lord Jim, they had no doubt they would do the right thing if the test came. It was a tolerant amused laugh that rose at the idea of them failing; but the House Mother knew that there are other "Lord Jims" in the world, and she did not wish them to meet the test unprepared.

Some of the older men did not smile. Perhaps they had faced the test. Perhaps they had known the fear that makes men forget they are men.

And after the House Mother finished her talk there was a vaudeville turn, and moving pictures, and more vaudeville, and after it was over like a happy family the men trooped down to the Soda fountain for a drink, or an apple, or an orange, before going to the elevators for "Up, please."

Libraries for Sailors

There cannot be an American Merchant Marine without men; and men cannot be obtained unless the life of the sailor is made more attractive.

The Library Association of America in its enlarged programme, has arranged to maintain small libraries on all the vessels of the American Merchant Marine.

This we have long and earnestly desired, not only for the entertainment afforded the men, but for the opportunity it will give them to get information many of them are seeking.

Education Makes a Difference

The waiter at the Lunch Counter was serving a rough looking weather-beaten old sailor, whose tongue was not attuned to polite language. He was just home from a long voyage and his expressions of joy were not unlike the playfulness of a tiger. He hit the little waiter a resounding thump on the back, and he ordered everything in sight in forceful and picturesque words.

The waiter did not appear to know what it was all about, but he laughed with him, and surrounded him with all the good things the counter provides.

Then with a superior wave of his hand the waiter turned to the editor who was standing near and explained, "I wouldn't let an educated man swear at me—but that fellow! He swears all the time. He doesn't mean anything by it," and he hastened to get him a second order of kidney stew.

Their Way

There is no doubt that drink did it. He bore the marks as he walked shakily up the steps, into the lobby. There was a bitter chill in the air and the streets were covered with icy slush. He hadn't an overcoat and he was glad

of the warm air that greeted him as he paused a minute at the top of the steps.

Then he drew a long comfortable breath, and walked around the hotel desk until he stood in front of the man who sells beds. He pushed ten pennies, and two nickles under the grating. "A bed please!"

"Thirty cents!" the clerk said absently.

The old man looked dumfounded, then he reached through under the grating and gathered up his pennies. He was reaching for the nickles when the man who stood behind him shoved a dime beside the nickles.

Without turning to see who had made a warm comfortable bed possible he put the pennies back and received his ticket for a bed.

Perhaps he would buy a bed for the other fellow the next night.

That is their way.

An Accurate Diagnosis

He was a good patient and he wished to help the doctor as much as possible by answering all his questions promptly and accurately. He was a Philipino which did not alter the fact of his sickness but made the doctor suspect malaria, and the following conversation followed:

"Is your country a healthy place?"

"Yes, Sir, it iz."

"Are there any mosquitoes there?"

"Yes, Sir, they goes up and down the streets, but he does not bite like Americano fellow."

"Do you have chills and fever?"

"No, Sir, I'm single."

Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia

Philadelphia is aiming to have a Seamen's Church Institute in 1921.

More than two years of careful study of the needs of their port; many visits of Dr. Mansfield to Philadelphia, and many visits of members of the committee to the Seamen's Church Institute, New York, and a most careful study of the work being done here, led to this decision. Their needs are great, and the work here is such that those interested desire to go and do likewise.

Their charter states that the purpose of their corporation is "To care for the moral and spiritual welfare of seamen by providing places for divine worship, and by the employment of the necessary clergy. To care for the mental and bodily welfare of seamen by providing places for boarding and lodging them, and places for their rest and entertainment. To use all means in its power to better the conditions surrounding and affecting the men of the sea, and to be helpful to them in every way possible."

A careful survey of the port showed that during Christmas week (1919) there were in the neighborhood of 4,000 sailors in ships and boarding houses in Philadelphia. Not more than five hundred of these men were in contact with any of the Missions or other friendly agencies along the water front. This was chiefly because the accommodation offered by all the societies is such that only very few can get lodging, or even writing and reading facilities.

Two of the existing societies doing

work among seamen have agreed to amalgamate with the new Institute. These are the Pennsylvania Seamen's Friend Society, and the Churchman's Missionary Association for Seamen.

A site of great historic interest, and a strategic centre for Seamen's work, has been selected. It is the block between Second and Dock Sts., and Walnut and Moravian Sts. The building will be a three or four story structure, with an area of about 20,000 square feet on each floor. The plan will be very much the same as that found so successful in the New York Institute. It is expected that the building will cost from \$500,000 to \$600,000.

The Prospects for 1920 explains that this work is under Episcopal leadership because every effort to effect an organization commensurate with the port failed, until the Episcopal Church, through Bishop Rhineland, undertook to establish an Institute of the character and scope of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. But although headed by the Bishop, the other officers and managers represent many different denominations and faiths, and the religious policy of the Institute will be worked out on the broadest possible platform of co-operation.

It was very gratifying to us to find this sentence in their prospectus, in answer to the question, "Why is this called a Church Institute?"

"Because the title, Seamen's Church Institute, has become established among the men themselves as signifying the highest standard of service and friendly ministry."

Bad Business

There are many reasons why the world is not just as it should be. The following from a sailor's letter to a friend tells why it was not just right for him.

"I am back again in the old U. S. A. but everything is not as it should be. Last Monday a big sea came over and knocked eleven bells out of me, and now I am here in 25 South Street, Sailor's Home, an invalid. I can't hardly get out of my own road. Bad business! I am lucky one way though, there is nothing broke. I am sorry this happened. I had bought a nice parrot in Mexico, but the time I was unconscious nobody looked after the bird, consequently the poor crow got washed overboard. Bad business again.

"He was for you. He could say "Panhandler" already.

A post script was added to this letter. It said, "I am getting paid until I am ready for work again. That is good business."

The Prodigal Son

It was the old story over again. The son who stayed at home, who always did his duty, was not in his mother's mind like the boy who went into a far country and did not even write home.

"My mother seems to be failing, just worrying about him," the good son explained to the Man Who Looks for Missing Men. "She is glad to see me when I go home, but it makes her think of him, and it kind of makes her sad too."

We explained to him that we not

only put the names of Missing Men on our Bulletin Boards and on our Moving Picture Screen, but we put them in a Missing Men Bulletin which goes to many parts of the world where seamen gather.

"I know," he said, "it is wonderful. I told my mother about it, and about the Chaplain who took such an interest in me and my story. She prays for you people. It was such a comfort to her to know someone cares about wild boys like my brother."

"How long is it since you saw him?"

"Not since 1917. He came home then and when he is home he is more affectionate than the rest of us. He is kind of a "Mother's boy," very loveable, but when he gets away, he seems to forget all about home. Look at his picture. You can see there is a wild unsteady light in his eyes."

He was a handsome chap, but as his brother said, his eyes were dark, daring, adventurous. He was the kind of a boy who would go away and forget.

"There is a wild streak in the blood," the practical steady brother explained, "We have an Uncle, a sailor, who hasn't been home for thirteen years. My brother said he would find him, and I have heard they were seen together in New York. They were drunk. My brother never used to drink, but—I'd like to find him for my mother's sake. You know how it is,"

Yes, we know how it is—and we know the joy of finding a long lost boy; getting him to write home, and reading the letter of the mother to whom he is like one risen from the dead.

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When Your Ship Fails

The Atlantic has partaken of the spirit of the rest of the world this winter, and she has been in an ugly mood. Many brave fights for life have been waged on her stormy waters, and many shipwrecked crews have been brought to the Institute.

Experience and imagination are necessary to understand a shipwrecked man. Joseph Conrad's Lord Jim gives a vivid picture of the sea as it appeared to him when he left his ship. He said, "It was just dark enough too. We were like men walled up quick in a roomy grave. No concern with anything on earth. Nobody to pass an opinion. Nothing mattered * * * no fear, no law, no sounds, no eyes, not even our own—till—till sunrise at least.

The narrator continued,

"I was struck by the suggestive truth of his words. There is something peculiar in a small boat upon the wide sea. Over the lives borne from under the shadow of death there seems to fall the shadow of madness. When your ship fails you, your whole world seems to fail you; the world that made you, restrained you, taken care of you. It is as if the souls of men, floating on an abyss, and in touch with immensity had been set free for an excess of heroism, absurdity, or abomination * * *. Trust a boat on the high seas to bring out the Irra-

tional that lurks at the bottom of every thought, sentiment, sensation, emotion."

It is men who have come from just such an experience that we have at the Institute, time after time, and it would seem that being in "touch with immensity" for the time being unfitted them to take up the duties of this life. They are like children born again into a world in which they have no possession but experience, and even that cannot be relied upon; it too has been playing curious pranks. The person who has been close enough to eternity to look over the border, is by that experience, thrown out of gear, with things as they are. All power of initiative seems gone, they appear like men who have lost, not only material thing, but also their dreams and their faith.

A young American boy, nicknamed the Hoodoo, has been at the Institute twice this winter, with shipwrecked crews. He has been to sea but twice, and both times his ship was lost; and because the sea makes a man a Fatalist more quickly than it makes him a sailor, he is afraid that he will never "be in luck at sea."

But the lure of the sea is in his blood, and he will go back, although as he talked he wore his brother's trousers, his pal's coat, a friend's boots, a shirt given him by the Red Cross, and a sweater he received in his after Christmas bundle at the Institute. After many months' work he hadn't even enough clothes to cover him, and he grumbled and scolded about the life of a sailor. Then with boyish enthusiasm he leaned forward and said, "If I get another ship I'll go around the world, just like millionaires do and get paid for going." Then he sat back and stared straight in front of him and when asked what he intended to do at once, he said he did not know.

That is the general mental attitude

of all but the very strongest in a shipwrecked crew. They are irresponsible, and they can be led to do most unusual things. They endured the strain by living a minute at a time; and they bring that attitude with them, an attitude of waiting for something to turn up.

Frequently they make plans and talk of what they will do, but they are slow in action. It takes time to bridge the chasm between Must and Will. They fought for their life because they had no alternative; and that fight seems to rob them for a time at least of the will to deliberately plan to do things that they are not compelled to do.

Somebody Cared

The authorities were relentless. The doctor diagnosed his case as an infectious disease, and he was carried out of the Institute before he realized what was happening. He was too ill to care much, but when he began to get better, health brought him troubles of mind.

His clothes, his money, everything had been left in his room, and from past experience in other parts of the world he expected that he would not see any of his possessions again. What he would do, he did not know, and when the day of his discharge came he still wondered what would happen him. He was in a strange country and he had no clothes except what he had worn to the hospital, and no money. He was not strong enough to work.

"I hate to tell a hard luck story," he said to the woman at the desk, as he leaned against the wall for support, "but I wonder if you have any idea what became of the things in my room

when I was taken to the hospital."

The woman looked sharply at him a second, then a kindly smile came over her face and she said, "Why yes I remember you. Just go upstairs to the Chaplain's office, and they will give you the check for your clothes and your money. And here is the money you had paid in advance for your room. I have been holding it for you."

"You remember me?" he asked in a voice thick with emotion. He was weak and he thought nobody cared.

Talked of All Over

You all know what it means when someone says 'you are being talked of all over.'

It may mean the village or the district or even the city. But all over' generally means a rather restricted part of this great world. But when a seaman comes in and says "This place is being talked of all over the world," we know that he means all the parts of the world where seamen gather.

He was a typical old salt, and he shoved his hand under the grating at the desk and grasped the hand of the clerk who is always there in the evening. "I want to tell you that this place is being talked of in every port in the world; the way you treat us here makes us feel like men. And it's good to see the same faces. It's like getting home."

Did you ever hear a sailor say 'Home.' He says it with a soft intonation and a capital H. It isn't common with him.

And the Institute is being talked of all over the world because it makes

the men of the sea feel like men; it is a bit like Home.

Facts That Talk

The Superintendent's Annual Report, to the Board of Managers, is always an interesting document. It is interesting to see how the Institute is developing; it is interesting to know the new problems that arise; and it is interesting to feel through the reports on the various activities, the liveness, the virility, and the steady growth of the work.

The report of 1919 shows a steady growth, a growth beyond the capacity of the present building to handle. Every department is crowded and men are being turned away. The demand for accommodation is shown in the fact that every morning there is a line of men from the hotel desk to the outside door, waiting for ten o'clock when the rooms are put on sale, and all that are available are sold before all those in the line have secured one; and this is the case although the number of available beds have been increased from 518 to 714. This was accomplished by making the game room on the third floor a dormitory.

Another evidence of growth is in the fact that there were 863 more deposits in the Seamen's Wages Department than in 1918, and \$930,000.41 was taken in during the year.

There was an increase of 78,160 meals served during the year and an increase of 28,609 lodgings registered.

In the post office 746 call boxes have been installed, and approximately 110,595 first class pieces of mail have been handled for seamen. This is an increase of over fifty thousand as compared with 1918.

The restaurant business has during two years increased over \$91,000 notwithstanding the unusual uncertain-

ties and difficulties connected with getting supplies.

An interesting little note in the report states, that an order to serve larger portions of bread in the lunch room, increase the cost of that department \$112 a month.

The Slop Chest, the Shipping Office, and the Navigation and Marine Engineering School, show a slight decrease, but this was to be expected, as the war had increased the business of these departments abnormally.

The answer to the question, "What has been done to meet the needs of this great increase?" is that there was an increase of 99 entertainments given during the year, with an increased attendance of 33,913.

An increase of 2,583 comfort and knitted articles distributed; an increase of 290 Christmas gifts; an increase of 2,189 pieces of reading matter distributed; and 383 more visits to vessels.

During the year, there was an increase of 849 who were given relief; and an increase of 23,826 visits made to patients.

The report shows that from 40 to 75 men apply at the office of the Chaplain every day for help of some kind; and no man who is in need, is ever sent away without aid of some kind.

The report states that prohibition has practically done away with any serious disorder, and the general conditions as the result of no drinking are amazingly different.

Communion Set

Presented to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, by Frances de Peyster, in memory of Edward Cavanagh and his mother, Mary Cavanagh.

The Communion Set, with the above inscription, was given to The Church of the Holy Comforter.

Where is Pat?

The reporter was watching the S. S. Marne, as the smoke belched from her decks and the flames licked her sides. A load of benzine and kerosene and gasoline, is a dangerous cargo when fire once gets a hold. It was evident that the ship could not be saved. More than that, she was endangering everything near her, and it was decided to tow her away outside of the breakwater and sink her.

On the deck was an old salt, the tears running down his face. He was wringing his hands, and when the reporter looking for a human interest touch for his story asked him what was the matter, he said, "I can't bear to see such a good ship go down. I just can't bear it."

But when the reporter had passed, he rubbed the tears out of his eyes long enough to wink at a companion, then he continued to weep and to walk anxiously up and down.

"It was his pal he was crying about," a young sailor boy explained to us, when he showed us the newspaper account of the disaster, that featured the old sailor's love for the ship. "It was Pat O'Flaherty, his pal that he thought had been killed. When he saw him he shook hands with him, and he—and he—he didn't know what he was doing."

"I suppose he felt badly about the ship," we suggested.

"Yes, we all did," the boy said in the low reverent tone in which we speak of the dead, "She was a good ship and you get so that the ship is like a person, a friend. They tried to

sink her, but she wouldn't go down. She was a good ship, a new ship too. I guess she wanted to have her chance."

A Correction

Our attention has been called to a mistake in the January LOOKOUT. A contribution from the Y. W. C. A., Buffalo, New York, was credited to the Y. M. C. A., Buffalo, New York.

He Left Them

"I had a better overcoat than this, and a better pair of gloves, but I left them in Roumania," the ship's carpenter explained, when asked how he was getting along. He had been quite ill when he was at the Institute before, and he wanted to prove that Fortune was again smiling on him.

"There was an interpreter over there, who asked me to go to his place," he continued, "and I did one night. It looked like as if it had been a pretty nice place once, but it was tough. His children, five of them, didn't have anything on, but little shirts, nothing on their feet or legs.

"It was cold but I couldn't take my overcoat out of that house. I looked at it, and I took my hat, but I pretended I didn't want my coat or neck scarf or gloves.

"That man had to be out every day, interpreting for the Captain and the longshoremen, and he hadn't hardly anything on. No overcoat or warm underwear or—it is awful."

That is what is happening over and over again. The goodhearted sailor boys are giving everything they can to those in greater need, and the stor-

ies they tell would make a stone weep. The poor old world is very ill; and nothing but kindness can save it. They are applying that remedy whenever and wherever they can.

In Memory

In the North River Station there is a mahogany record cabinet, which was given by Mrs. Edward S. Robinson in memory of her husband, who was always interested in the sailors.

The cabinet is a very beautiful piece of furniture, and the hundred or so records that accompanied it have been a great source of pleasure to the men and boys who frequent that place.

It seems fitting that the memory of a man who gave generously to the Institute should live in music that makes the sailors every day brighter.

They All Signed

They had a rather bad passage across the ocean, and many times on the voyage, they thanked the good fortune that had sent them to the Institute about Christmas time; when they got some cold weather gear.

When they reached England one of their number sat down to express their feelings, but his pen fell down badly. It wouldn't say what they really felt at all. Seamen's pens never will. They are always dry stilted things.

He wasted several sheets of paper, and then in a last desperate attempt, he told about having a holiday in the south of England. But there was one redeeming feature, they all signed the letter.

Whether they all had a holiday or

not history doth not say, but they were ready to subscribe to anything that contained the one short sentence of thanks, that was the best they could do.

A Hurricane

The following account of a storm at sea was written by a captain at the Institute, and gives an idea of what sailors must face over and over again.

"The weather was very threatening when the schooner Charles Davenport got under way, and leading five other large vessels went out of Chesapeake Bay, with all sails set. In the first dog watch the second mate reported a heavy squall coming up from the South West. All hands were ordered on deck to shorten sail and the spanker was lowered with the intention of reefing. But the squall struck so quickly that the sail that had not been taken down went clean out of the boat.

"This left no sail on the vessel, and a storm trisale was taken out of the sail locker, and being set gave a flap or two and went into ribbons.

"The wind was then South East, driving the vessel unto the New Jersey coast. The sky and sea seemed at times to be blended together, although the stars could be seen now and again through the dense and fast moving clouds. The wind increased in fury, backing into the east, driving the vessel nearer and nearer the coast, and certain destruction.

"At about ten p. m. a heavy sea boarded the vessel from forward, carried away the whale boat, smashed the life boat, and washed three men overboard. The men were rescued by the heroic efforts of the crew, although

the vessel seemed to be sinking.

"The strain began to tell on the nerves of the crew. The donkey man refused to stick to his post. He was at once fastened in the boiler room and warned that if he left his post he would be shot.

"Some others of the crew stopped their work to pray. Their prayers were answered by the Mate, who informed them that they should say their prayers in fine weather, he having a pistol and a dagger hanging in his belt, and he would have killed anyone who shirked.

"About this time the wind suddenly died down to a dead calm, and a sucking pressure was felt in the atmosphere. This lasted for about five minutes, when the wind struck again with full hurricane force. But a new foresail had been got out of the lazarette, got forward and bent to the gaff, the throat was hoisted to about two thirds, the rest allowed to belly to the wind. The sail stood the test. The vessel swung around and ran before the wind about parallel with the Coast. Seamanship had won the day. The schooner Charles Davenport and her crew were safe."

Could He Afford It?

The Chaplain's office was busy. The doctor was bandaging a man's wrist; the Chaplain was listening to the story of a pale trembling old sailor; and a young eager looking man came to the door and stood with his cap in his hand.

"What can I do for you?" the Chaplain asked, when the old man left him with a fervent, "God bless you!"

The young man hesitated a second, then stepped forward and sat down in

the chair vacated by the old man. He leaned toward the Chaplain and in low voice said "I want your advice."

"Yes, what about?" the Chaplain asked interestedly.

"It is this way," the young man said earnestly, "my parents need my help. I have sent them nearly three thousand dollars the past five years, and I have fourteen hundred dollars in the bank now. I guess they need some of it, but I have a girl. I want her and she wants me, and I don't know what we ought to do.

"That is a hard problem," the Chaplain said, "I don't know how to advise you my boy. If your parents have been depending on you, and are depending on you, it would not be fair to leave them without anything. Still you and the girl have rights, but if you got married you would need that fourteen hundred dollars."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said, and he rubbed his hand across his forehead, "I think I'll go and talk it over with her and then I'll come back and tell you what she says."

He went out, and the Chaplain sat for a few minutes, unconscious of the men around him, a puzzled expression in his face. Most of us find it difficult enough to settle our own problems, without having to decide for others.

A few days later the young man was back again, in the chair beside the Chaplain leaning over eagerly toward him. "I have talked it over with her," he said, "and she said if you thought it was right, we'd send twelve hundred dollars to my parents, and we'd just keep two hundred and we'd get married and we'd get along all right."

"She must be a brick," the Chaplain said, and he extended his hand to the young man, whose face began to beam, "I'm going to write her a letter and tell her so. Come with me."

He took the happy young man to his office and he wrote the letter, and as the Chaplain and the young sailor clasped hands in farewell, all differences of position, race, and creed had fallen away; they were brothers and they were very near each other.

On my desk as I write is a letter to the Chaplain from the young husband. It is a fine manly letter, and in it there is a message from the young wife, a message of respect and affection for the Chaplain, who will always represent one of the glorious mountain peaks in their lives.

Flowers in Memory

The flowers in the Chapel every Sunday during the month of February, were given by Mrs. George B. de Long, and were in memory of B.H.L.

Something About Sheets

"I don't see any mice here," a bright little woman said as she went through the dormitory on the third floor and looked along the passage way between the beds, that the sun was showing up mercilessly.

"Mice!" the man who accompanied her echoed in surprise.

"Yes," with a merry laugh and a spreading of her white gloved hands, "the little grey wiggly fellows that run along the floor when you don't dust every day. I know for I don't like dusting; and how clean the beds look. Think of washing all those

sheets and pillow covers!"

"How many could you wash in a day?" the man asked, as he looked at her slight figure.

"I never put more than the two sheets and the pillow cover in the one wash."

The Man Who Buys Sheets took out a pencil and a note book and made a few figures.

"At that rate it would take you three years and forty days, Sundays included, to wash all our bed linen. Do you hang them out on the line?"

"Yes, that is the way I do."

"If you had a bee and washed them all the same day and hung them out at the same time you would have to have over four miles of clothes line; it would take you an hour to walk from one end to the other and if you wanted to iron them you—"

"Help! Help!" the lady plead as she left the dormitory, "But it does give one an idea of what is being done here. I had no idea."

He Had Friends

He did not speak, but he nodded his head, and his lip trembled; that was the only sign he made while the Institute doctor told his story.

With his hand on the shoulder of the weatherbeaten old officer, the doctor said, "This man has a story worth telling. Before the war he had a fine home, money, everything he needed. He went to sea to do what he could. He endured the strain under which many men broke, he was submarined, but he kept on until it was over, but now he is paying the price.

"He is in bad shape just now and his money is gone, but whatever he needs is his.

"How is that?" someone asked sympathetically.

"He has friends, officers who have known him, who know the stuff he is made of, and some of them came to the Institute and told us that at whatever cost he is to have everything he needs. They will pay the bill until he is well."

"Yes Sir, whatever you need is yours," the doctor concluded with a friendly pat on the trembling old shoulder.

The pale parchment like face of the old man beamed, and his faded eyes were a little moist, as he nodded his head solemnly.

He had shown himself friendly and in his need he had friends.

A Missing Man

"One of my mates came over to the ship and said I was a Missing Man," a young sailor said to the Chaplain anxiously.

"I asked him what he meant, and he just laughed and said my name was posted up all over the walls, and I didn't know what to make of it."

Donations Received February 1920

Reading matter, bound books, Victrola and Pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, ties, clothing, pictures, waste paper, hand rags, altar linen, and card board notices.

Acker, Miss Louise
Alexander, Miss Agnes
Alexander, Miss Jane M.
Allen, Miss Ruth
Anonymous—5
Babeock, Mrs. F. S.
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Baldwin, Miss Martha
Bartlett, Miss Ethel E.
Beardsley, Mrs. J. W.
Betts, P.
Bogart, A. B.
Bonner, C.
Bordon, Mrs. E. L.
Boyd, Miss R.

Bridgman, Miss Anne T.
Bridgman, Mrs. Chas. De Witt
Brooks, Miss Mary D.
Browne, Mrs. Benjamin C.
Buchanan, S. E.
Bunce, James H., Co.
Burhans, Mrs. H. W.
Burt, Mrs. P. H.
Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth
Clarke, Miss Lucretia
Clarkson, M. H.
Cogswell, F. J.
Coles, Mrs. John H.
Collins, Mrs. Fred N.
Colton, Thos. J.
Conroy, Mrs. D. W.

Craighead, Miss Alice W.
Crockett, Mrs. Stuart
Crowell Publishing Co.
Dawel, Miss S. E.
Dawson, Mrs. A. E.
Degen, Miss D.
Dougall, H.
Downing, Mrs. H. F.
Duffield, Mrs. Roy F.
Dyer & Company, F. M.
Dyett, Mrs. J. S.
Everett, Mrs. Henry W.
Ewing, Mrs. D.
Faber, Mrs. L.
Farnham, Mrs. J. M. W.

"What you given me?" I said, "but he just kept on sayin' I was a missing man, so as soon as the ship touched dock, I didn't wait to dress. I just ran for here as fast as I could."

The Chaplain put his hand on the young shoulder in a friendly greeting and said, "You sit down lad and we'll see who is looking for you."

With a sigh of relief the boy sat down, and when the Chaplain showed him a letter from his mother saying she had not received any letters from him for four months his eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Why I wrote three times from Constantinople, and twice from Italy. The Americans and British and all of them seem to be trying to run the post office in Constantinople, and I guess they are making a mess of it."

"Thanks Sir, very much. I'll write home to-night. The letter will go from here all right. I'm much obliged."

Thanks Hospitals

The Seamen's Church Institute wishes to thank the hospital staffs, the Chaplain's, and the Social Service workers in the various hospitals, for their hearty co-operation, when notified of seamen needing attention.

Farrand, Mrs. Wilson	Medlicott, Mrs. Arthur D.	Stillman, Mr. Charles
Fillebrown, Mrs. J. P.	Megie, Mrs. B. C.	Stillman, Miss Marjorie W.
Fischer, F. D.	Morgan, Mrs. James L.	Stillwell, Mrs. R. H.
Fuller, Mrs. G. A.	Morris, Mrs. F. P.	Stitt, Mrs. S. H.
Gambier, Edward V.	Morris, Mr. John B.	Stout, Mrs. N. E.
Gardiner, Mrs. S. W.	Morris, Miss M.	Strong, Mrs. E. M.
Garot, Mrs.	Morse, Mrs. A. D.	Survey, The
Gennerich, Mrs. H. W.	Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co	Swords, Mrs. H. C.
Gold, C. B.	Mowe, Mrs. Wm. Robert	Thurlow, Mrs. Horace P.
Gordon, Mrs. George B.	National Humane Review	Tieman, Miss Edith W.
Hagemeyer, Mrs. F. E.	Neilson, Mrs. Alfred	Tiffany, Miss Eugenia
H. Halls Boktryckeri-Aktie- Bolag	New York Altar Guild, Inc.	Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.
Harrison, Mr. Robt. L.	Nichols, J.	Tracey, Dr. & Mrs. W. D.
Hartshorn, Mr. & Mrs. Stewart	Ohmstead, Miss S. R.	Trinity Church Monthly
Hatch, Miss J. C.	Opdycke, Mrs. Leonard E.	Turner, Miss Helen G.
Hayden, Mrs. Albert Sr.	Oppenlander, Mrs. E.	Usher, Miss Irene
Higginson, Mrs. J. J.	Parson, Mr. Wm. H.	Van Winkle, Miss M. D.
Hodder, Mr. W. T.	Patten, Miss A. M.	Walbridge, Mrs. T. H.
Hoge, Miss Eliza M.	Payson, Miss Sarah L.	Wavre, Mr. Chas. D.
Holt, Mr. Robert S.	Pedersen, Prof. F. M.	Webb, The Misses
Hooke, Mrs. H. B.	Porter's School, Miss	Wemple, Miss M. G.
Hough, Mrs. C. M.	Potter, Miss D.	Wheaton, Mrs. L.
Huston, Miss Gertrude E.	Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.	Wheaton, Mrs. Wm. K.
Hyde, Dr. Frederick E.	Pratt, Mrs. W. S.	White, Miss Adelaide—Knitting Circle
Innes, Mrs. Wm. T.	Public Library, Thompson, Conn.	Whitehouse, Mrs. Francis M.
Ives, Mrs. T. M.	Putnam, Mrs. A. E.	Wikoff, Miss M. L.
James, Mrs. Mary E.	Pyne, Comdr. F. G., U. S. N.	Whiting, Mr. Giles
Jenkins, Mr. Edw. E.	Quinby, Mrs. W. H.	Wilkins, Mrs. E. Anna
Jennings, Mrs. F. L.	Ranch, Mrs.	Y. W. C. A., Buffalo, N. Y.
Jephson, Mrs.	Rhoades, Miss H.	
Johnson, Mrs.	Richardson, Mrs. C. S.	
Johnson, Mr. Benj. R.	Rieck, Mrs. James G.	
Jones, Mrs. W. S.	Riverside Community House	
Kayser, Miss L.	Robinson, Henry J.	
Kayser, Miss Mary	Rodgers, Miss	
Kenyon, Mrs. George G.	Ross, Mrs. Adam A.	
King, Miss S.	Rumford, Mrs. O. G.	
Kirby, Capt. A., U. S. N.	Sanningsvittnlt	
Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.	Satterlee, Mrs. George B.	
Knorr, Miss A.	Scobury, E. H.	
Koster, Mrs. C. H.	Scott, Mrs. Frank	
Kremer, Mrs. Wm. W.	Scott, Dr. R. J. E.	
Lafin, Miss Lizzie	See, Miss Amy G.	
Lawrence, Miss Isebella	Shelton, Miss Helen	
Lewis, Miss Harriet R.	Simpson, Miss Helen L.	
McCulloh, Mr. Walter	Smith, Miss C. V.	
Mahn, Mrs. George	Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Everett P.	
Mann, Mr. V.	Smythe, Mrs. Hugh	
Marsh, Miss Ruth	Southwick, Mrs. J. C.	
Maxwell, Miss N. A.	Spier, Mrs. C.	
	Squire, Mr. G. H.	

Church Periodical Club and Branches

Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.	
St. Agnes' Chapel, New York	
St. James' Church, Painesville, Ohio	
St. Mark's Church, Toledo, Ohio	
St. Peter's Church, Morristown N. J.	
St. Thomas' Church, New York	
Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill.	
Trinity Church, Toledo, Ohio	
Trinity Parish, Williamsport, Pa.	
Trinity Parish, Rochester, N. Y.	

Contributions for Special Purposes

Carnation Fund

For Mother's Day

Mead, Mrs. George.....\$ 1.00

Cemetery Fund

Moses, Mrs. James..... 5.00

Strong, Mrs. Edward N..... 125.00

Discretionary Fund

Boardman, Mrs. W. J..... 10.00

Meissner, Charles A..... 5.00

Gudebrod, C. B..... 5.00

Relief Fund

Calkins, Mrs. Myrtis C..... 2.00

Moses, Mrs. James..... 10.00

Raffenberg, Max W..... 1.00

Religious and Social

De Peyster, Miss Frances G.,

Silver Communion Set..... 118.00

Dominick, Marinus W.,

Library Work 25.00

Shorten, Henry,

Refreshments—North River Station... 5.00

General Summary of Work

FEBRUARY 1920

Religious Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning	5	165	195
“ Evening	9	1006	1314
Miscellaneous	11	525	603
Bible Class Meetings	5	518	518
Communion Services			7
Baptisms			0
Weddings			0
Funerals			4

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing	286
Assisted thru Loan Fund	82
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	455
Referred to Hospitals	59
Hospital Visits	49
Patients Visited	5,817
Referred to other Organizations	5

Institute Tender “J. Hooker Hamersley”

Trips	
Visits to vessels	
Men transported	
Pieces of dunnage transported	

OUT OF COMMISSION

Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	20	6236	7410
Home Hours	3	331	372
Ships visited	24		
Packages of literature distributed			386
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			307

Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering School enrollment	71
First Aid Lectures	7

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	20,747
Letters received for Seamen	9,452
Pieces of dunnage checked	5,939

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	28
Men shipped	203
Given temporary employment	17
Total	220

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$ 98,685.86
Withdrawals	90,774.71
Transmitted	17,481.96

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 be a subscriber of **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**.

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