

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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AUGUST 1919

No. 8

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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The Arrival

Paul sat in the reading room, his head pillowed on the "Illustrated London News," while the last issue of the "Woman's Home Companion" peeped engagingly out from beneath his crooked elbow. His gentle snoring failed to disturb the placid game of solitaire which absorbed his left-hand neighbor.

"Poor old Paul," said a husky voice near him, "'E ain't got much longer on deck."

"W'y?" inquired another voice. "What's the matter with him?"

"It's 'is heart," returned the first. "'E was tellin' me just now as how 'e'd like to say goodbye to 'is folks afore 'e went. One brother 'e's got, on his way back from Rio."

"Well, I 'opes he gets 'ere in time," and again silence held the little group except for Tom's quiet breathing and the turning of magazine leaves.

A small bullet-headed man made his way up the steps and timidly slid-

ing along the corridor, reached the office of the Man Who Gives Advice. He paused and rubbed his left foot against the calf of his right leg as if to stimulate his powers of speech. The process must have been successful, for he suddenly raised his head and confronted the Man Who Gives Advice, who had been regarding him curiously.

"I say," he said, "My name is Atkins. Is there any mail for me?"

"Ask down stairs at the Post Office," the Man Who Gives Advice suggested briefly.

A few minutes later the man returned. He stood, twisting his cap in his hands, looking very much like a starved and peculiarly miserable wharf rat. Again he raised the thin voice plaintively.

"Do you know, is anyone of my name staying here now? I'm looking for my brother, name of Paul."

It was a busy morning, but the Man Who Gives Advice went down to the Hotel Desk with Atkins.

"There's a man by that name staying here. You might look for him in the building," the Desk Man told him.

Going ultimately into the reading room, the Man Who Gives Advice spoke so that everybody would listen.

"Does anyone here know a man named Paul Atkins? His brother is here and looking for him."

The solitaire player jumped so suddenly that his chair fell over with a crash. The figure at the table, however, slept on, impervious to the noise. When you have learned to sleep with a gale roaring and waves beating against the planks within a foot of your head, the crash of an overturned chair is like the soft buzz of a fly.

"Why," exclaimed the solitaire player, "that's Paul now there at the table, asleep."

The brother, just back from Rio, came eagerly into the room and bent over the sleeper whose head was still pillowed peacefully upon the Illustrated News. He shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Paul," he said, "I'm back. I'm going to look after you. One of your mates was sayin' you ain't strong."

Paul raised his head and looked unbelievably up at the speaker. His sleepy eyes appraised the thin little man with instinctive accuracy.

"Oh," he said, proudly, "I'm all right. I was thinking I'd have to be lookin' after you."

On the faces of Paul's friends, amazement struggled with sympathy and amazement won.

Laundry Equipment \$3,000

Clean sheets and pillow cases for seamen! We almost used it as a motto, and it has been very rigidly adhered to. But with the increased number of beds, the laundry equipment, installed six years ago, is no longer adequate.

There are days when 4,000 pieces of linen, sheets, towels, napkins, pillow slips and spreads are washed and mangled in the Institute laundry.

That is why it was necessary to get a new tumbler drier to increase the laundry efficiency. This drier looks like a huge squirrel cage, with steam coils at the back. The clothes are put in it, revolved with fans playing upon them, and the lint and nap which ordinarily floats about, getting into the throats and lungs of the workers, is all caught in a waste-pit.

This is one of the most important gifts for which THE LOOKOUT has asked in many months. With the new drier at least 1,000 more pieces of linen can be washed in a day. And certainly anything which makes the laundry not only more effective, but a more comfortable place for those who work in it is tremendously valuable.

Three thousand dollars is the cost of the new drier. It is not too practical to be given as a memorial, or merely as a gift to the cleanliness and comfort ashore of the seamen.

The Insouciance of Olsen

Niles Olsen sat balancing his derby hat deftly, first on one hand and then the other. He had told all his troubles

to the Man Who Gives Advice and he had implicit faith that his future was secure. While his patient listener was thinking the matter over, Olsen, detecting the interested gleam in the eye of the Lookout editor, told his story again, with gentle embellishments.

"I've been to sea ever since I was fourteen years old and now I'm forty-eight and a good ship's carpenter." He eased the neck-band of a soiled lavender-striped shirt and went on happily.

"This is the first time I ever went to a Mission for help. But I came ashore the last of July with a bag and a chest of tools. I drew about \$65 (wages) and after that was spent, I pawned my bag and my tools so that they would not be stolen. Oh yes, seamen all do that. Pawn shops is lots safer places than boarding houses for your things."

"But what became of the \$65?" the editor asked, feeling that the plot was not unfolding properly.

"Oh, well, I'd meet a few friends and we'd have a few drinks (with prohibition, too!). I never was drunk—never, but I wasn't exactly sober, either. Anyhow, after I had spent my money and pawned all my things, I went to a Scandinavian Home."

"Which one?" the editor asked, with an uncomfortable taste for accurate details.

"Oh, I never bother with names," replied Olsen easily. "After that, I got a berth on a vessel and they advanced me a little money. I happened to meet a few friends the afternoon

the boat sailed. When I got to the dock she had just gone. She had my other tool-chest on board, one I had had shipped from Portland, Me. And now I have no clothes and no money and no ship. So I came here."

Accustomed as the editor was to the care-free irresponsible attitude of some seamen, Olsen's placid acceptance of the situation was a little bewildering. He rested, serenely certain that his fate was on the knees of the Institute. Just then the Man Who Gives Advice interrupted.

"Look here," he said, "if you will ship as an ordinary A. B. and earn enough money to come back here and get your tool-chest, we will put you up for a night or two. Then you can earn the money, get your tools and we will ship you as a carpenter. Do you want to do that?"

Olsen reflected. It appeared that the Institute did not pour money into one's eager hands as readily as he had supposed. He rested his cleanly shaved chin upon the palm of a very grimy hand and meditated. Finally he decided.

"Yes, I will go as an A. B., though I am a good carpenter and on lots of boats I'm a sort of petty officer. If you could lend me 50 cents, I could telegraph to Tampa, so that the vessel would send back my bag and chest when they arrive in port."

The Man Who Gives Advice smiled, and Olsen returned the smile with the ingratiating confidence of a child.

"Well—," he said anxiously.

"All right, Olsen. We will see

you through this one time. All we want is your word of honor not to 'meet a few friends' before your boat sails this time."

Olsen promised.

Before the War

And that used to mean so many things, but now it carries your thoughts fleetly back to 1914, though you are sometimes incorrect.

"Would it be possible for you to give me any information about my brother, Patrick Wing," a letter to the Inquiry Department said. "The last I heard from him was in April, just before the Spanish-American War." (21 years ago.)

"I had a letter from him then from Belfast, Ireland, in which he said, 'It looks as if we were going to have war. If we do, I am going in the Navy.'

"That was the last I heard from him. He said he would be in New York in about ten days. He had his mail sent in care of the Institute. A few years ago I was told he was on board a ship that met with disaster and all on board were drowned, but not being very definite, I paid no attention to it.

"Please try to help me find where he is. I was told that you people always did your very best."

Twenty-one years is an almost impossible barrier in work of this sort, particularly since seamen have a non-chalant habit of assuming different names whenever the fancy strikes them. Even an almost illegible scrawl, sent to their relatives once a month, would make years of grief

and suspense impossible in some cases. But it is difficult to convince seamen of this. The sight of ink fills the average mariner with dread and the touch of a pen seems to cause him acute distress. They have improved tremendously in the last five years, but the big "Write Home" signs are still needed badly.

Two Pianos

Please do not forget that we still need two upright pianos over at the North River Station on West St. Speak of it to your friends. People occasionally have pianos which they no longer use and which are in good condition.

A surprising number of seamen play very well and many more can play sufficiently for their own amusement and the entertainment of their shipmates on dull days and idle evenings ashore.

It does not matter if the case is slightly scratched if the felts are not badly worn.

The pianos should be sent to North River Station, 341 West St., care of Allan Gookin, Manager.

The Confidence of Daniel

Up in Vancouver the other day, Daniel remembered a little box that he had packed with letters and small trinkets, leaving it in his bag which he had checked in the Baggage Room at the Institute. He did not need his bag, but he wanted the box and he was not sure when he would reach New York again. So he wrote simply and confidently:

"Will you please open the bag I left with you six months ago on the 17th of February, and take out a small box of letters and various articles that I need. Kindly let me know the cost of having same forwarded to me. I enclose cost of your reply."

And attached to his letter was a small coin, held in place by a strip of paper, together with his check for the dunnage.

Among all the hundreds of bags piled in long rows from floor to ceiling the Baggage Man at last pulled out the one marked with Daniel's name and found a tin box under the carefully folded clothing.

On its cover in silver letters, against a crimson background, were the words "Navy Cut Tobacco" and sticking through its badly fitting cover was a very greasy little Prayer Book.

But Daniel got the box. In an age of suspicion and carefully fostered incredulity, the confidence of Daniel is rather touching.

A Park Bench

Waiting to speak to the Man Who Gives Advice, George found his troubles so insistent that he began to tell them to the applicant beside him.

"Don't you make any mistakes and sit on the benches in the parks in this port," he advised strongly. "I did it on the Fourth of July and now I haven't any papers or any money. I lost a Second Engineer's license, taken out in San Francisco in May, 1916."

The man beside George seemed sympathetic, but inclined to suspect George of being careless.

"I always carry my papers in a wallet in my waistcoat pocket and button my coat over it. I don't see how you could lose them if you did that."

George looked grim. "Well, you remember the hot day it was on the Fourth? I went over to Battery Park where I thought there would be a bit of an extra breeze over the Bay. I sat down on a bench in the shade of a tree and, of course, I got very sleepy. It was hotter than it was in the Institute, but I felt too lazy to get up and come back here. There was a fellow sitting at one end of the bench, but he looked decent and I didn't pay any attention to him. Anyhow, when I woke up and got up to go, my wallet was gone. I don't see how he could have taken it without disturbing me."

George's listener looked at him curiously.

"What'd you had to drink?" he finally asked enviously.

"I don't know. Nothing much. Something made out of prune juice and wood alcohol, I suppose," he grinned.

But George hasn't found his papers and he can't sign on again until he does.

Parrot Needed

After a while you begin to believe that Life is made up of people who do not want the same things that you do from the world; and that ought to make you happy.

Peter came to ask for a parrot. He wanted the Institute to advertise for one.

"We really need that bird at the 'Fo' castle out at Bay Ridge. You see, we have always had a bird on every voyage I ever sailed. They are lots of company—parrots—nasty and mean by spells just like all of us, but when they are feeling good natured, they are as cheerful as a theatre. You get a bird that has been taught several languages and can swear in all of them, now he can keep a bunch of sailors amused whenever they have any spare time to listen!"

The Man Who Gives Advice looked almost helpless for a minute.

"But where am I to advertise for a parrot? Shall I put up a notice on our bulletin? The last ship in from South America brought some men that carried strange cages, I remember."

Peter's face did more than brighten: it shone with delight.

"Could you do that, sir? Ask for a bird that talks and isn't shy. One that laughs and we'd rather have a green one with a red tail."

More Baggage Room

A huge wicker hamper was being hoisted to the top of a towering pile of trunks down in the Baggage Room. In the long rows of steel racks, beautifully made English hand-bags, cheap suit-cases and hundreds of canvas dunnage bags already seemed to fill every inch of space.

"There must be over 5,000 pieces of seamen's luggage in this place right now," the Baggage Man said.

He went to the window to receive two more pieces. They were small

parcels wrapped in newspapers. Each man writes his name carefully on the check that is tied to his dunnage. When he claims it, he not only has to present the other half of the check, but he must sign his name and it must be identically the same as the original signature.

"But I don't always write the same way every time," one of the men protested the other day.

"You try your best to remember how you wrote on this check," suggested the Baggage Man drily, "or you will have quite a little trouble getting it out."

Down in the cellar below the sub-basement, where the Baggage Room operates, they have had to build a mezzanine of iron frame-work to take care of 500 more pieces.

"And that doesn't give us any room to spare," declared the Baggage Man. "If we deliver 223 pieces in a day, it seems to me that 237 pieces come in. The men send us their stuff by express from every port in the U. S. And they write to us, enclosing the check, and ask us to ship their things to them.

"You see, lots of fellows just take a bag with their sea gear when they go to sea. They leave their suit-cases and trunks with us to be stored, paying a very low sum of ten cents a month for the privilege."

This new mezzanine for the Baggage Room is helping relieve the congestion. During the recent strike there were days when temporary racks had to be erected to take care of the piles of dunnage that came in every minute of the day.

"It means a lot of comfort to a sea-going man to know he can leave all he has in the world (very often) right here with us," the Baggage Man reflected. "He knows it is being taken care of and that if he is killed, or dies, his relatives can get his things by being properly identified."

Someone should make the new mezzanine his gift to the Institute, or make it a memorial to someone else who loved the sea. Anything that helps to lift the cares of the merchant seaman is tremendously important these days.

A gift of this Baggage Mezzanine would be one of the care-lifters. It will cost \$600.

Choosing for Jane

Bill put one foot on the brass foot-rail at the soda fountain and eyed the list of "Seamen's Drinks" with a critical eye.

"Never tried an 'Egg Flip,' so I might as well take it. This place is as much of a bar as you find these days," he chuckled to the Soda Man.

"When you get used to sweet drinks and the fizzy ones, they ain't so bad," Tom put in, resting his elbows beside Bill.

"What I came over here for wasn't to eat ice cream. I want to get something to take back to Jane. What do you think she'd like?"

The two seamen examined one of the glass cases beneath the fountain. Gay post-cards of New York, little miniature statues of Liberty, silk pillow tops with "Victory" flaunting across them, or views of the harbor, were displayed.

"Women seem to keep truck like that. I took her one of those statues of Liberty last voyage and she looked as pleased as if I'd given her a seal-skin coat she's always talking about. Of course she'd heard a lot about Liberty."

Bill considered his choice seriously. "What would you get, Tom?" he asked again.

Tom took off his cap in order to assist his thought. He knelt down to get a closer view of the contents of the case.

"Been married long?" he asked, with seeming irrelevance.

"'Bout eight years," Bill answered.

"Get her one of these big silk handkerchief things that says, 'Then you'll remember me' on it. She'll think that's great. Women all has queer notions."

And since neither Bill nor Tom laughed, the Soda Man couldn't.

Chapel Flowers

Some day we shall build gardens on the Institute roof and raise our own altar lilies, but just now we haven't the spare room to grow a daffodil. That is why we must remind The Lookout readers of the Flower Fund for the Chapel.

Flowers may be sent as a memorial for any Sunday in the year. We want an endowment fund that will yield an income of about \$2.50 a week for the 52 Sundays a year. For that modest sum the Altar can glow with cheerful fragrance at every service.

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Efficiency and the Seaman

Somehow you do not hear quite so much talk about efficiency just now. There is a restless feeling that a great deal of the complicated machinery of civilization is not being efficiently operated; but the make-the-world-over people are not so ready with their suggestions as they used to be.

In a LOOKOUT editorial for July, 1913, the editor announced very seriously that the Institute was an Efficiency Expert.

That was six years ago, but the LOOKOUT wasn't so very wrong about it. The editorial continues, rather ingenuously:

"The seaman cannot be made over all at once; he will evade any obvious effort to educate him. But the influence of the Institute working with its new plant (the building was just opened at 25 South Street at that time) can be one of straightforward subtlety. That is a legitimate paradox.

By giving the seaman his place in the life of this port, by giving him an address of which he will be proud, by giving him the chance to say, "MY

home in New York," we arouse his sense of responsibility. Little by little he will want to co-operate with us. He will increase our efficiency by discovering his own and bringing it forth, a little shyly but with pride. And pride, the old Scriptural proverb to the contrary, is a valuable stimulus to ambition.

When the young engineers and firemen come to the Institute and are assimilated into a life of activity in which their brains must work harder than their bodies, they will awake to something greater than they ever thought before.

They will realize that being wanderers and without a chance, usually, to become public-spirited citizens in their home towns, will not prevent their belonging to New York.

New York adopts the young clerk from Four Corners, the prospective financier from Melford Centre. She will adopt the seaman from Melbourne and the one from Colombo. While he stays in town, he can be as thorough a New Yorker as the boy from the small town—the boy who, after five years, begins to believe he was born here and refers to new-comers as "those provincials."

We can do this thing for New York while we help the seaman to do his share of the amalgamation. And when he goes to sea again it will be with a memory of moments in which his brain was alive, when he thought more than he felt. To do his job at sea more intelligently, to wish to co-operate with the ship-owners rather than to be content to live off his employers, will become a definite motive.

He may not say, "Efficiency! I want it," but he will mean that.

Was that too optimistic? The editor, who has watched the Institute grow since 1911, does not think so. And the LOOKOUT readers who need any convincing should look at the report published on the inside back cover of this month's issue. This is summer time, but the figures are significant. The attendance at the Nautical School, the accounts of the men who bought Liberty Bonds, which the LOOKOUT has published, the steady friendly co-operation of the seamen who have been coming to this building and (for the most part) shown a real eagerness to help and not hinder, seems to prove that a little cheerful prophesying is not a bad thing.

Workers Scarce

The next time you talk to a returned soldier, out of a job, ask him if he has had any hotel experience at all. Down here at the Institute the labor scarcity is bringing grey hairs to the heads of the heads of departments.

It is practically impossible to get men to assist the House Manager—men, that is, upon whom he can depend. The detail in managing a hotel-club of this sort is simply colossal. It is absolutely necessary that every worker should have intelligence and the thing that makes a man reliable—the conscientious instinct.

In all the Institute departments, restaurant, kitchen, hotel desk, social, accounting—in fact, every single part

of the building, the need for competent workers is increasingly imperative. To get even an adequate telephone operator is a problem. With the telephone service in the general state of disorder that exists at present, it requires a young woman of tact and patience to operate a switch-board. The Institute recognizes this and pays for it, when it can be found.

Why don't some of the out-of-a-job soldiers meet this demand? There is no reason why men should not be telephone operators, and there is at present a great scarcity of women workers everywhere. It just happens that there are a great many kinds of work which women have always done. Stenography, for instance: the average man stenographer always got more salary than a woman doing the same work, but the numbers of women who were trained to be stenographers outnumbered men by about 75 per cent.

Suggest to the returned soldiers who want to stay in New York, instead of returning to their home towns, that they learn to be good clerical workers, expert typists and reliable filing clerks. The Institute's experience is being duplicated in every big business institution in the city.

A Log Book Day

On the first day of July some of the entries in the Log Book had enough variety to make the pages serve as a sort of recipe for all the phases of life.

1. "P. S. treated for toothache and sent to St. Bartholomew's Clinic.

2. Man wishing the use of a typewriter is directed to one.
3. P. C. is given papers of application to Sailors' Snug Harbor.
4. W. K. is given a loan of \$3.00.
5. A letter to British Consulate is written for C. E. F.
6. Cotton given seaman for injured ear.
7. An old lady from Connecticut called looking for her son.
8. Two men referred to Bellevue."

Jan's Artistic Sense

"No, I haven't come to ask for relief or anything. I come to make a protest." Jan took off his blue cap so that the sunshine in the Relief Man's office turned Jan's gold hair into a huge sun-flower.

"I been watching the flags around here and you got a nice new flag flying from an old pole that needs a coat of paint worse than anything." He did not smile, so the Relief Man tightened his own lips. Evidently this was a serious matter with Jan.

"Well, we are pretty busy down here, Jan. We don't get around to everything, with labor so hard to get and so many of you seamen to look after."

Jan nodded. "Sure, I know, but I don't like to see that flag flying there all bright with the pole so ugly. Tell you what I'll do. Get me the paint and I'll do the job myself on Monday. I'd rather do it and not hurt my eyes looking at it the way it is now."

Finnish Names

The other morning a Finnish seaman went down to the Seamen's Wages Department, asking that forty dollars be sent home to Finland for him. He gave his directions to the Man Behind the Desk as follows:

"Name: Kosta Touminen.

Place: Kristiinan Kaupunki.

Bank: Pohjoismaiden Osakepankki Kauppaa Ja Teollisuutta Varten."

That is the central bank for every town in Finland and it means Northern Joint Stock Bank for Commerce and Industry. Each time a Finn comes into the Savings Department to transmit money home, the Man Behind the Desk takes a long breath and hunts for a fresh pen. He has been known to spell the six names without dropping a single "u."

Somebody Cared

He was young, a stranger in New York, and he had a crew of penniless dissatisfied men for whom he was responsible. He had not enough money to provide for them.

They were all independent, high spirited boys from Seattle and Portland, who had just returned from delivering one of the ships that were built in this country for France. Through some misunderstanding or the inelasticity of red tape, they had been sent back steerage, in charge of the third mate.

He had orders to take them to a certain address on Broadway on their arrival, and they would all be paid off.

But they arrived on Sunday and there was no one at the address given him, and he did not know the name of anyone who was responsible for them.

He looked at the boys and they looked at him, and then they looked over the great city, and they stared at the crowds of people who passed them without a glance.

They felt in their empty pockets, but they knew they had spent all they had for souvenirs to bring back, from France.

"This is the limit," one of the older mens said. "No one in France seemed to know what we were doing there, and we were sent from port to port, before we could deliver our ship; and now we are back in our own country, and no one here wants us or cares."

"I'll do something," the third mate said anxiously, and he looked up and down.

He had heard of philanthropic societies, but all he knew of were pale, anaemic organizations, that bargained with a man's self-respect in lieu of grosser coin. He couldn't take those boys to such a place.

Then from somewhere back in his memory, he could not tell where, came the name, "The Seamen's Church Institute."

His eyes brightened, and he felt new hope. He had heard of that Institution as a virile, vigorous, manly place, where an honest man's word was as good as his bond, and where 'the ignominy that thirsts for respect' received the necessary stimulus.

"Well," he thought, "I am an honest man, and I certainly need help. I'll see what they will do."

He went to the telephone and called up the Institute. He explained the situation, and immediately received the reply, "Why, yes, come right along. We'll do everything we can for you."

"Can you—can you—give the boys their meals?" he stammered. It seemed almost too good to be true.

"Yes," came the reply. "Come right along."

Come right along they did, and today scattered along the Pacific coast are a lot of young men with a very tender place in their hearts for the Institute.

Two days they spent with us, and as they came to say farewell, their faces were radiant with good will, and the third mate's words, "I can't tell you how much you have done for us nor how much I appreciate it," expressed the feelings of even the most inarticulate ones.

Birthday Remembering

One of the prettiest customs in the building is the yearly celebration of the anniversary of the birth of William Van Rensselaer Smith, whose wife, Mrs. Roxy Smith, gave the big Concert Hall in his memory.

Up in the wide, cool auditorium, where so many thousands of seamen have spent hundreds of happy evenings, there is always a special entertainment upon the 2nd of August (Mr. Smith's birthday). This year,

since the 2nd came on Saturday, a day when many seamen are likely to be out in the country, or have other engagements, it was decided to give the entertainment on the regular concert vaudeville night.

There was not only special music, but variety artists and community singing.

Magazine Subscriptions

There are at present one subscription each for Italian, Swedish, Spanish illustrated monthly magazines. We are always very glad to have foreign periodicals for the reading tables, and of course we should like to receive regularly the popular American magazines of all sorts. The man who doesn't read English easily gets a lot of pleasure from looking at the pictures, and the man with romantic tendencies is always looking for short stories of adventure, detective stories and the eternal variations on the love and marriage themes.

If you subscribe to any magazine or paper for the Seamen's Church Institute, please have it marked "Reading Table."

Somehow, the seaman is more agreeably conscious of his shore leave leisure when he has a variety of things to read. He knows he can sit quietly, undisturbed, glancing off his page occasionally toward the busy harbor, but sure that no authoritative voice will rudely remind him that he hasn't half cleaned the brass, or that it is his turn to scrub out the fo'castle.

Send Us New Songs

"Play that new one—"Till We Meet," the seamen about the player piano asked one of the Institute staff. He made a hasty search through the pile of records but he knew that it, the most popular of the recent sentimental ballads, was not there.

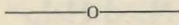
That is what we need for our player pianos—the records of the new songs, the new waltzes, ragtime and ballads. Seamen learn them from the screens at the movies, or they hear them played by the hurdy gurdies and on dull days when they gather about the piano, they like to sing. All sorts of records for the player pianos are very grateful additions to our music library, but we should be particularly glad just now for some of the current songs.

Use Old Carpets

A square of old carpet, 8"x12" or 12"x12"—it need not be absolutely regular—with its edges bound, makes a splendid hand-rag for the firemen who stand for long hours opening the furnace doors on ship-board, handling the heavy shovels of coal, having their hands constantly in contact with terrific heat.

Look over the frayed rug or worn carpet which you were about to throw away, and cut it up for the Institute seamen. The idea is very much the same as the old fashioned iron-holder which disappeared when removable handles and electric irons were invented. But for the fireman

there is so far nothing to protect his hands, and a thick, fairly flexible piece of carpet has proved to be the most useful device that has been offered to him.



What a Seaman Wrote

A seaman who has followed every activity of the Institute with the greatest possible interest and solicitude, and was once detained at the U. S. Immigration Station on Ellis Island, wrote to Dr. Mansfield's secretary a letter which was full of pathos because it means to be so cheerful. The style is a bit erudite and the phrases are rather involved, but it is worth reading because it is absolutely sincere.

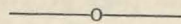
"Words fail me to express my heartfelt thanks and gratitude adequately for your kind sympathy. My anxious moments, pending the uncertain result of the re-opening of my case, are indeed greatly lightened by the knowledge that I have staunch friends who view my unfortunate position with humane leniency. In these turbulent times, although not responsible, yet I cannot help but feel the weight of spots that the nature of my origin splattered and fastened on me. Should the developments in my case be adverse to my hopes, I will have to bow to the inevitable. My freedom may be curbed, but I cannot be deprived of my indelible impression, my esteem and my inalienable thoughts, wrapped in healthy yearnings for the welfare of the Institute.

"Indeed, I will never be able to liquidate my debt to Dr. Mansfield and those around him.

"I am glad to hear the plants are thriving. Your practical allusion to them gives me a cue in my endeavor to describe my immediate surroundings here, without grating a young lady's ear with the rasping definitive of our every day language.

"The accumulated delinquents for deportation here are alike as many weeds, weeded from the National Garden. One may find here everything from the prickly nettle to the deadly nightshade, from the deep-rooted dandelion to the questionable belladonna, from the toad stool to the most poisonous hemlock. Without exception, from the seedlings to the hardiest perennials, with one accord they defy the right of the prudent gardener, filling the atmosphere with pungent odor in wake of their much one-sided lamentations.

"Thrown upon this rubbish heap many would find himself a derelict, but fortified with my faith in Providence, with the chance of sapping from its reservoirs mental comfort, I feel myself strengthened and the chances of becoming a definite specimen, in my present small world of weeds, are remote."



Burial Fund

"A stranger in a strange land." We have written it before about the seaman who dies in New York, who

lies alone in the hospital or sometimes in the Institute. He trusts us, turns to us when the end is near, confident that to us at least 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 in the past ten months, especially owing to the influenza epidemic. It has renewed our desire to find ourselves able to take care of every seaman who has had any contact at all with the Institute.

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.

Our Burial Fund still needs contributions to finish the payments on the new plot which we took in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Flushing, last summer. The old one at Evergreen Cemetery became too crowded, and in our choice of a new spot we secured an excellent location with a long stretch of roadway 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.

On the back page of *The Lookout* we ask for contributions to the Cemetery Fund. We do not state a specific amount, because the larger the fund, the greater number of absolutely friendless seamen we shall

be able to rescue from unknown and unmarked graves.

Home Charities Urgently Need Help

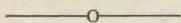
Dolly Madison announced in her inimitable column the other day that a certain leader in New York society, who had been devoting her strenuous attention to Belgian, Serbian and other foreign relief work for two or three years past, would return to town this autumn prepared to concentrate her efforts on home charities with equal devotion.

This woman's decision deserves hearty commendation. Home charities in every department of endeavor have been suffering ever since the war began, because of the preoccupation of the minds, hearts and purses of New York women in the work of relieving the keen distress in many European countries ravaged by war. The choice of these women did credit to both their feelings and their intelligence. While the war lasted and millions of human beings faced dire need, it was right that the charitable instincts of the American people should respond to them with the full power of their generosity.

But the war is now happily over. The normal agencies of charitable work are beginning to function in the stricken lands. Governments, released from the immediate pressure of military duties, are turning their attention to the problems of domestic relief, financed largely with

funds furnished by America in the form of government loans and credits.

It is time—and high time—for the charitable resources of America to be applied in increasing measure to our home needs. There is not an orphanage, a hospital, a home or any other charitable enterprise in New York that is not badly hampered by a lack of funds and gravely handicapped by the lack of that personal, human participation in the work without which no charity can fully perform its mission.—Evening Mail.



Donations Received July, 1919.

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, hand rags, piano, roller skates.

Acker, Miss Louise
 Adler, Miss Blanche
 Alexander, Miss Agnes
 Alldred, Mrs. John
 Allen, Miss Ruth
 American Library Assn.
 Anonymous—11
 Anonymous—Providence, R. I.
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
 Baldwin, Miss Martha R.
 Borden, Mrs. E. L.
 Boyd, Miss R.
 Braine, Clinton E.
 Bridgman, Miss Anne T.
 Brooks, Miss Mary D.
 Brown, Miss Bergh
 Burnham, Mrs. Ella F.
 Cammann, Miss Susan G.
 Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth
 Church, Mrs. M. G.
 Colton, Thos. J.
 Comfort Forwarding Committee of the
 Christian Science of N. Y.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.

Craighead, Miss Alice W.
 Crowell, Miss Dorice
 Dall, Mrs. H. H.
 Davy, H. G.
 DeCravioto, Mrs. Louise R.
 Delano, Harold
 Dexter, Miss A. B.
 Dyett, Mrs. J. S.
 Emmond, Mrs. G. T.
 Emmy, Mrs. H.
 Esselstyn, Mrs. George
 Fairchild, Mrs. Charles S.
 Ferris, Miss
 Fanser, Miss Christine
 Gibson, Miss Florence W.
 Girls Friendly Society of St. George's
 Church, N. Y.
 Goodbody, Mrs. W. W.
 Hagemeyer, Mrs. F. E.
 Haile, Mrs. Wm. H.
 Hall, Mrs. J. B.
 Halliday, Mrs. George E.
 Halsted, Miss Leonora
 Hance, Mrs. John A.
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
 Hatch, Miss C. J.
 Hauber, A.
 Heitmeyer, H. G.
 Helpful Circle of Kings Daughters
 Hogan, Mrs. Jefferson
 Homan, Mrs. C.
 Horace Mann Teachers College
 Jackson, Mrs. E. E.
 Jeeben, Mrs. Edwin E., Jr.
 Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
 Jennings, Mrs. F. C.
 Kayser, Miss Mary
 Kayser, Mrs. P. T.
 King, A. P.
 King, Miss S.
 Kirby, Captain A.
 Knapp, Mrs. E. P.
 Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.
 Lane, A.
 Lane, Mrs. E. V. Z.
 Lane, Mrs. William H.
 Laws, Mrs. H. L.
 Leland, Miss Eufrasia
 Lester, Miss M. E.
 Livingston, Mrs. J. G.
 Lownder, Mrs. R. T.

Lung, Mrs. George
 McLaughlin, Mrs. H. T.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Marson, Mrs. T. M.
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert
 Meyer, Mrs. C. B.
 Mowe, Mrs. Wm. R.
 Oppenlander, Mrs. E.
 Patten, Miss A. M.
 Peck, Mrs. Isaac
 Prime, Miss Cornelia
 Reboul, G. H.
 Redford, G. M.
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
 Roberts, Mrs. John E.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 See, Miss Amy G.
 Shriver, Mrs. Harry T.
 Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.
 Sir George Augustus Elliot Chapter,
 I. O. D. B. E.
 Sterling, C.
 Stevens, Mrs. F. K.
 Stillman, Miss Marjorie W.
 Taylor, Mrs. J. O.
 Telephone Review
 Thayer, Arnold
 Tiffany, Miss Eugenia
 Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.
 Trinity Chapel, "The Boy's Club"
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Vance, Miss C. F.
 Van Etton, Mrs. Amos
 Victory Chapter, I. O. D. B. E.
 Wayre, Charles D.
 Wendell, Miss F. E.
 Wendell, Mrs. Gordon
 Whiteley, Mrs. Benjamin
 Whiting-Charlton Shirt Company
 Witcher, Miss
 Work, Mrs. J. Henry

Church Periodical Club and Branches

Church of the Incarnation, B'klyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Incarnation, N. Y.
 Church of the Messiah, B'klyn, N. Y.
 Church Periodical Club, N. Y.

St. Andrew's Church, Beacon, N. Y.
 St. John's Church, Far Rockaway, L. I.
 St. Mark's Church, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Becker, Miss Anna M.	\$ 5.00
"Picnic Fund"	
Coe, Miss Ella S.	50.00
"Picnic Fund"	
Dow, Miss Annie	4.00
"Discretionary Fund"	
Gammell, Mrs. Robert I.	100.00
"Social Fund"	
Godfrey, Mrs. W. H. K.	50.00
"Picnic Fund"	
Hall, Mrs. E. W.	35.00
"Picnic Fund"	
Haskell, Miss Margaret	5.00
"Picnic Fund"	
Homan, Mrs. C.	5.00
"North River Station Social Fund"	
Johnston, John White	10.00
"Chapel Flower Fund." "In Memory of Grandparents"	
Koninklijke W. Indische Maildienst	50.00
"Discretionary Fund"	
Moses, Mrs. James	5.00
"Cemetery Fund"	
Myers, Mrs. Robert M.	25.00
"Cemetery Fund"	
Osborn, Newton	10.00
"Discretionary Fund"	
Patten, Miss A. M.	20.00
"Discretionary Fund"	
Patterson, Miss Hattie O.	15.00
"Chapel Flower Fund"	
"In memory of three young Ap- prentice Lads, King, Ridd and Jones."	
Quilliard, Miss Margaret J.	5.00
"Social Fund"	
Ricketson, Walton	2.50
"Discretionary Fund"	
Saul, Miss Ella	2.00
"Picnic Fund"	
Sheldon, Edwin B.	250.00
"Discretionary Fund"	
Vail, Clarence	25.00
"Discretionary Fund"	
Watson, Mrs. J. Henry	70.00
"Picnic Fund"	
Wolff, Hugo F.	5.00
"Discretionary Fund"	

General Summary of Work

JULY 1919

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English (evening)	8	1014	1100
English (morning)	5	67	73
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	4	822	873
Bible Classes	3	191	191
Services on Board Ships	6	96	96
Holy Communion Services			4
Wedding Services			0
Baptismals			0
Funeral Services			3

Relief Department.

Assisted through Loan Fund	35
Board, Lodging and Clothing	263
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	5
Referred to Hospitals	6
Referred to other Societies	2
Hospital Visits	45
Patients Visited	3470

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips Made	31
Visits to Vessels	74
Men Transported	14
Pieces of Dunnage Transported	26

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$ 70,017.49
Withdrawals	77,405.10
Transmitted	8,141.81
Savings Bank deposits in Trust	67,655.02

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	13	5488	5628
Home Hour	5	822	873
Lectures	2	826	826
Ships Visited			71
Packages Reading Matter Distri- buted			184
Comfort Bags and Knitted Articles Distributed			180

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Depts.

Lodgings Registered	21,132
Letters Received for Seamen	10,331
Pieces of Dunnage Checked	6,528

Shipping Department.

Vessels Supplied with Men by S.C.I.	27
Men Shipped	295
Men Given Temporary Employment in Port	24
Total Number of Men Given Em- ployment	319

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.

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