

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

JANUARY 1918

Number 1

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

ORGANIZED 1843

INCORPORATED 1844

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Subscriptions to the Current Expenses of the Institute should be sent to 25 South Street, New York.
Make Checks Payable To FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer.

Owing to the Fuel Administration's efforts to conserve, coal, the printing of the Lookout has been delayed ten days.

Tuesday, Meatless Day

Wednesday, Wheatless Day

Saturday, Porkless Day

are being observed by the Institute in its desire to co-operate with the Government in its food saving activities.



Tree of Light about which Christmas Carols were sung.
It leaped into flaming color each twilight during Christmas week.

THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 10

JANUARY 1918

No. 1

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Seamen's Church Institute of New York

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS!

Tree, Gifts, Dinner

Not only Christmas candles, but Christmas hearts and voices full of friendliness and the best of all spirits, the Christmas one, which wishes all good and all peace and all happiness without expecting a reward; these were what illuminated the Institute at the end of a 1917, which has brought extra sorrows to this edge of the harbor.

It began with Christmas Eve. A choir from St. John's Church, Staten Island, assembled on the fourth floor and marched down to the Chapel, singing as they went. There was a brief service at which the rector made a simple, touching Christmas talk, and the choir sang some of the fine old English carols and hymns, in which many of the British seamen were able to join, remembering snatches of words and melodies out of the crowd

of young recollections which fill the heart when the festival approaches.

When the service was finished, everyone got as close as possible to the great Tree of Light in the Lobby. It was a very different tree from the other years, with special decorations and electric lighted candles in all the shades of opal and orange and holly color.

"Hark! the herald angels sing!" they began, and the little Dutch boy who was feeling more homesick than he had realized, began to whistle the music, unable to manage the words. Then the Danish boy near him sang his own words to the familiar tune, and in a minute more everyone sang. They sang all the carols they knew, in their own tongues, and no one failed to understand what it was about. Before they were finished Santa Claus appeared, a regular one, with a frothy beard and a scarlet coat, with tobacco and cigars and pipes to distribute from his pack.

"Thought they had him just for children," the youngest cabin boy said to the oldest engineer, who stood near him.

"They do, and that is what we are, for Christmas time, anyhow," decided the engineer, and the youngest cabin boy was content.

When Santa Claus had gone, and the Tree lights were dim, many of the seamen began to seek their rooms. As each man entered and switched on the electric light he was able to see upon his counterpane a little white parcel, tied with red ribbon, or red and green ribbon or silver cord, decorated very often with gay seals — little fairy sprays of flaming poinsettia, little red-capped Santa Claus heads, small holly and mistletoe wreaths.

"Did you get one, Jim?" Room 624 called to Room 626.

"One!" shouted Jim, "I got socks and a tie, and a handkerchief and some cigarettes and candy and a little mirror in my package."

"So did I!" called out Room 624, "only different things."

Christmas presents! The Lookout has asked for them in beseeching tones, but the response exceeded its dreams of a splendid Christmas giving.

Every seaman who had a room here or a dormitory bed received a package from some man or woman who had cared enough about his happiness to procure and tie up the sort of things a seaman can use, which can give him pleasure and the sense of being thought about and wished a Merry Christmas.

In the dormitories the lockers were closed when the men came up,

although usually they are open.

"Gimme a key to No. 53," the occupant of Bed No. 53 called out, not too politely, but the attendant forgave him and unlocked the swinging green door.

"This ain't for me!" No. 53 insisted incredulously. "Why, nobody sends me a present. I never expect it. I never can give any myself any more."

But it was for him. It proved to be a closely knit sweater. He opened it, felt of its woolen warmth, slipped it on, examined the tissue paper and length of scarlet satin ribbon, then he went over to his bed and putting his head down a minute on the pillow, fought to avoid crying.

"I can't believe they would do it," he said over and over. "I can't get over it—somebody's knitting me a sweater."

Some of them received two pairs of warm socks which they declared they would wear, two on each foot.

"My feet haven't been really warm, since last August," a British boy told the House Mother. "We have been in so much cold, rainy, miserable weather, and my feet have been wet so much, and I feel as if these wool socks would be just like heaven. I hate to go to bed now without wearing them."

They said so many things which the LOOKOUT hasn't space to repeat. They admired their things extravagantly. No one sent anything useless, and the useful articles were so deftly supplemented by cigarettes, sweets, small luxuries, that every single seaman was satisfied. The Colgate Comfort kits which contain

small tubes and packets of every toilet article a man uses were exceedingly popular, but then, so were the woolen scarfs, the gloves, ties, safety razors—the thoughtfully selected things which took on a glamour not only because it was Christmas but because friendliness enveloped each gift; it was so unmistakably there that you could almost see it.

With the extra Russians and with every double decker cot, and every other sleeping space filled, over 600 gifts were distributed in the building. One hundred and fifty went to the North River Station; others went to the U. S. Marine Hospital and other hospitals. We have saved a few for the old seamen friends who will be arriving very soon, having been at sea on Christmas.

Early Christmas morning the little Chapel of our Saviour was dotted with the flickering flames from hundreds of candles which outlined the chancel, the pulpit, the window ledges—everywhere that a candle could be placed, it gleamed and shimmered and beckoned. For this is the candle service, one of the most beautiful in the Swedish Church, and sixty devout seamen climbed out of warm beds at six o'clock to sing their own Christmas hymns, to celebrate in their own unique fashion the birth of the Christ-child. After the service coffee and Swedish coffee-cake was served to them in the Concert Hall.

At eight o'clock there was English Communion and at ten o'clock the Christmas service at which Dr. Mansfield preached. He spoke to the men with a different message, with a knowledge of their constant dangers,

their increasing cares, and he gave to each member of his congregation a certain assurance of security and comfort and peace of mind. "Peace on earth, good will toward men," were too sardonic in their implications for this year, but Dr. Mansfield made every seaman realize that justice and right and the warmth of brotherliness would triumph.

Very soon after that Christmas dinner was served to every man who presented his little coupon guest card. For on Christmas Eve each man who occupied a room or a bed or a cot in the building received a card of invitation which read:

"Christmas 1917—Away from Home.

To the Officers, Engineers and

Men Registered on

CHRISTMAS EVE

in This Building of the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH

Institute of New York

25 South Street

The Board of Managers, the Superintendent and his Staff extend Greetings of the Season, wishing you a Merry Christmas and earnestly hoping that you may be better and happier the coming year.

We invite you to be our Guests

Today."

Attached to this was a little coupon:

"Christmas Day, 1917,

GUEST DINNER TICKET

Dinner served 11:30 A. M. to 5 P. M.

A. R. Mansfield, Supt."

It did begin at half past eleven and there was soup, turkey, cranberry sauce, celery, vegetables, two kinds of pie and coffee with real cream. A very particular welcome and home feeling and holiday making flavored

every course; the plates were piled so high that few of the men asked for second helpings but those who did were not refused.

"You know it is Christmas when you feel as stuffed as this," Jim told Harry who was filling his new pipe with his newest tobacco after dinner.

And all of Christmas afternoon there was music in the great Lobby, music which could be heard up the wide stairs into the Reading and Game Rooms. Whenever the tune was familiar some of the seamen sang, too.

Altogether, it was Christmas at the Institute—a real Christmas in which everybody shared, a day on which seamen who expected to be lonely were surrounded by friendly faces and laughter and the atmosphere of good spirits.

Back to "Blighty"

"Sing 'Blighty'," urged the blonde cabin boy near the piano at a Home Hour just before Christmas.

"I can't play it," objected the man at the piano, "because I never saw the music."

"Well, I'm going back to London next week and I will bring you over a copy," promised the cabin boy nonchalantly.

"Blighty," as almost every one knows now, is an East Indian, a Hindostanee word meaning "Home." It has, of course, been made into a war song.

1340 Men Turned Away

In one week 1,340 men were refused beds and rooms at the Institute.

And this was after the sign went up which reads "No More Beds. No More Rooms." Some of the applicants read the sign and heeded, but 1,340 others read and disbelieved and begged for lodging.

He Got His Gifts

His orange and black ribbon hung a little way over his shoulder, and the Institute visitor tried very hard to read the Russian lettering on his sailor cap. He was one of a crew of Russians waiting for orders and ship, and he had been here on Christmas Eve.

"Did you get a present?" she asked him, with much smiling friendliness. He smiled too, but he did not answer. Then a little mess-boy came up and interpreted.

"He don't speak English, but I can ask him." And he tumbled a quick flood of thick words upon the puzzled sailor. The big Russian nodded and, bending down, began to roll up one trouser leg, while the visitor moved back an inch or two, a little embarrassed. Then he pointed to his socks, urging her in pantomime to bend over and admire. He straightened up and began to search his pockets, producing a knife and two handkerchiefs.

"He got those things, he means," explained the little mess-boy, a bit bored by enthusiasm in which he had no active part. "He likes his socks the best; he says he won't never take them off."

"Yes," agreed the Desk Man, drily, "maybe he said that in fun, but I bet he meant it."

INSTITUTE WAR EVENTS

What the War Brings

They came in, chattering, expectant, and confident of a welcome. There were fifty-four of them; fifty-four Russian sailors arrived here the week before Christmas, and the Institute stretched itself out to make room for them.

A short time ago it was necessary to build a bulkhead in the Game Room, to take off about one-quarter of the size of the room and fit it up with double decker cots. These were taken from the S. S. Finland, and loaned to us through the courtesy of Mr. P. A. S. Franklin; it gives us room for 100 additional men in an emergency. The Russian crew adapted themselves swiftly to the crowded conditions; they were so glad to be where it was warm and light and amusing. They wouldn't have cared whether they had rooms or dormitory beds as long as they had shelter, a little place to hang their ribboned caps, and a few cups of coffee.

Six Apprentice Boys

Nine-thirty Sunday evening, the Home Hour in progress, and six apprentice boys arrived from a Southern port, sent specially to the Institute by a confiding British consul.

"We must find some place for these boys," the House Mother told the Desk Man.

"Any place you can find, they are welcome to," he remarked, helplessly,

going over again the lists which showed a capacity house. But she was not discouraged. She sought Dr. Mansfield's resourceful and efficient secretary.

"Those six boys can't be turned away on a cold night in a strange city," she began, and the young secretary who has learned how to adjust the Institute and its guests as if they were all a part of a huge picture puzzle, found a way.

The boys were put on the 13th floor in the beds set aside for the use of the House Clinic. They slept beneath the glass roof, closer to the sky than they had ever been before, delighted with the splendid New York which unfolded itself for them in the morning.

Ship-Wrecked Egyptians

A few days later a crew of thirty-six men, and officers, sent here on a boat injured in the Halifax explosion, arrived. They got in at eight o'clock Saturday night, cold and very hungry, and the kitchen was closed.

"We have had no food," one of the officers murmured apologetically, and the same secretary to the Superintendent, pressed another Institute worker into an exploring raid upon the ice-chests.

"If you can manage with ham sandwiches and cocoa," she told them, a little uncertainly, but they interrupted.

"Manage! We'd eat the paper off a tomato can," the youngest officer announced. So everybody was fed,

warmed and probably nourished before nine o'clock.

Extra double decker cots were erected upon the thirteenth floor, and the first Egyptian seamen ever quartered in the building spent ten days at the Institute.

They were all Mohammedans but one—a Koptic Christian—and the Institute was hourly expecting his sudden demise.

When his comrades faced the East upon their minute prayer rugs, he looked the other way, but nobody seemed to mind. Very likely the Orientals are becoming more tolerant in their attitude toward the proper worship of Allah, or perhaps the war which has united so many peoples in common causes has united them too.

These men had to be brought here because there was no coal on board the ship. One of them said that although they had been two miles from Halifax when the explosion occurred, he had been knocked off his chair by the force of the vibration.

Trees In Hospital

In every ward at the Marine Hospital over on Staten Island, where seamen are forced to lie long months very often, slowly getting well, or slowly dying of cumulative diseases, Christmas trees sparkled on Christmas Day. They were the Institute's gifts, together with oranges and little presents that men in bed could use, Christmas cards and the chance to hear music.

For over four hours the Institute worker among the Scandinavian seamen went about the hospital with two

young women who played a violin and a portable organ, singing and making little Christmas talks and bringing into the wards the warmth of that rich season, a season which can be so abysmally depressing to the man or woman condemned to the long thoughts of illness.

Henry Retorts

They were sitting about the Lobby on the thickest of the early January days, a day of fog and raw winds and drab skies, a day when they were too bored to read. So a little group of men waiting for a ship began to tease Henry.

"Henry, you didn't ought to read the Journal," one of them called out, "puts ideas in your mind oughtn't to be there."

Henry rustled his newspaper slightly but did not look up.

"Henry, was that you singing upstairs at the Home Hour last night? I heard a very queer noise about nine o'clock."

But Henry continued, impervious, grave, undisturbed.

"But Henry," insisted a man who had been a shipmate of Henry's on several voyages, "why don't you stop reading and write home to your girl?"

Henry raised his eyes and looked at his last tormentor. Then he spoke,

"The man who said there was always room at the top," he drawled, "must have been thinking of your head."

Afraid to Look

When Hugh unlocked his room door on Christmas Eve, pushed it open and pressed the electric light, he did not glance at the bed directly, but went over to his table and picked up a book. It was not until he was ready for bed that he saw the white and red package on his counterpane. He approached it rather fearfully, then he strode out into the hall and knocked upon the door next him.

"I say, one of you fellows been playing a trick on me?" he demanded belligerently.

"No, why did you think so?" several voices answered, "what did you get?"

"I am afraid to look," Hugh answered, "I bet one of you put it there as a joke."

"We might have done that, if we had thought of it," reflected the man across the hall, "but it is a present from somebody in New York; a regular present."

And the next day Hugh was wearing a new neck tie, new gloves and smoking a new pipe.

"I couldn't understand that much kindness," he said quite simply to the House Mother.

—:o:—

A Long Way

In the big Public Reading Room beside the LOOKOUT office they are operating a graphophone, and a metallic baritone was shrilling,

"I'm a long way from Broadway,

"I'm a long way from home."

The editor stopped the typewriter long enough to listen; it is an ugly

tune but the words were clear. When the whirr stopped, a seaman's voice, rich and hoarse and full of vitality, came through the glass partition,

"*He's* a long way from home! He ought to spend ten days in a life boat as I did last time we was torpedoed!" That was all, just a comment.

The Thank You Notes

"Madame," writes a Holland seaman to the lady who sent him a Christmas package, "having received your Christmas presents which I very much appreciate and can use, I herewith thank you very much for your kindness of remembering a foreign sailor who has to spend Christmas away from home and relatives. Madame, I herewith wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. P. Hoogsteden."

"You will be glad to learn that your present was the first one I ever had in America from anybody," writes another.

"Dear Miss, I take great pleasure in acknowledging this bag, and many thanks," says a picture post card mailed on board ship.

"If I could write better, I could tell you how your present made this Christmas the happiest one in ten years," an engineer wrote just before he sailed for France.

"I did not know that anyone in New York would think of an ordinary seaman," was the poignant sentence in a carefully pencilled letter left on the House Mother's desk.

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Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer
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Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,..Superintendent
or
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

To Christmas Givers

To you who so generously responded to the LOOKOUT's requests for Christmas money, for Christmas gifts, the Institute can say, with its "Thank you," just one thing:

"You should have been here to see the happiness, the forgetting of worries which you made with your gift, not only on the Day, but for many days after. That would be your real reward."

Invalids Need Clothes

Can you imagine at all what it would be like to be convalescing from a long illness, or from a short but serious one, and to be obliged to dress yourself in clothing that was not only worn but badly soiled, and covered with obvious signs of the former wearer's possession?

This is what sometimes happens to our seamen. They go to the hospital, they return very often in need of suits or overcoats, and we have to supply them from our Confiscation Room. This is the room where clothing left

here by careless guests or the clothing from confiscated baggage is kept; these garments are usually not very clean or very fresh. And the effect of wearing things of this kind is much more distressing because the wearer is weak and sensitive, as convalescents are likely to be.

Have you any discarded but clean clothing? Odd coats and trousers and waistcoats can be adapted to our use if they approach an air of good condition. Please look over your wardrobe and decide what you can send to us

At the Hotel Desk

"Give me a room, a twenty-five or thirty-five cent one."

"Sorry, but the rooms are all sold out. See that sign over there? Everything in the house is taken."

"Well, but can't I have a room?"

"No, they are all taken."

"But I thought you took seamen in here. I'm one."

"We do, but you have to come earlier to book a room. They are all gone now."

"Oh, well, give me a bed."

And that is an exact reproduction of a conversation the editor heard the other afternoon between a seaman and the Desk Man. The rooms and dormitory beds were gone, but the man could not understand it. This happens from ten to fifty times every evening—almost this same dialogue is repeated, with the Desk Man taking a fresh grasp upon his patience every little while.

Stop! Look! Listen!

On Wednesday, January 2nd, there were 2,001 meals served in this building. At the Soda Fountain there were 1,581 sales, which often means sandwiches, hot chocolate, fruit, biscuit, sweets, as well as ices and soda water.

And the income for that week, December 29th, to January 4th, was \$4,169.18 for meals and Soda Fountain receipts.

This remarkable and startling record is due partly to the extra crews in the building. It is significant.

—:o:—

New Choir

On the first Sunday in the year, Epiphany, the new quartette, selected by Mr. Tertius Noble and Mr. Philippi, began their duties as choir in our Chapel.

They are composed of Miss Nellie W. Hughes, soprano, Miss. Edwina Oliver, contralto, Mr. Joseph Bense, tenor and Mr. O'Moyle, basso.

With their stimulating leadership, the services will be tremendously vivified; there will be special music for the Lenten services, anthems and solos will be rendered. The Institute is exceedingly grateful to Mr. Noble and Mr. Philippi for their trouble and painstaking care in selecting the members of the new choir.

—:o:—

French Seamen's Shelter

A most eloquent letter describing the work of the Abris Du Marin (Seamen's Shelter) which takes care of forty thousand sailors from Brittany, was sent to Mr. Dominick, of the Institute Board of Managers

by Mr. Bernon S. Prentice, also a member of the Board and an old friend, now working in Paris.

"Our principal effort," says the letter, "is the direct and indirect fight against drunkenness, the threat of which appears more and more serious in certain regions of France, notably in Brittany. We also occupy ourselves with teaching the most simple and general notions of popular therapeutics and practical hygiene."

So moving was the appeal for practical assistance for these Seamen's Shelters which have been largely overlooked since the war, that the Institute at its December Meeting of the Board, voted a contribution of 1,000 francs to this work in France.

A more detailed account of the work of these Abris du Marin will appear in the February Lookout.

—:o:—

No Coal

For the first time since it opened, thirty years ago, the North River Station on West Street was obliged to close on December 15th, owing to lack of coal. But even then it did not really close, because the fires were banked and nursed along so that the Sunday evening service could be held in the Chapel. It was impossible, however, for the Reading Rooms and Game Rooms to be opened. Finally on Thursday, December 20th, the manager, Mr. Gookin, got 3,600 pounds. Since the beginning of the year the Station with the exception of Baggage and Mail Departments has been closed, and as we go to press we see no immediate prospect of fuel.

Is Finding Keeping?

One morning a year and a half ago a cleaning woman found \$220.00 under a pillow in one of the seamen's bedrooms. She brought it to the office, with the papers she had found with it, and every possible effort was made to discover the seaman and return the money, without any success.

Of course, things are found here constantly, and there is a rule that money shall be kept for six months, and if not claimed, turned over to the person who found it. But \$220 was rather a large sum to come within this rule, so it was kept a year, and then a little longer, in the hope that the man would come back and inquire for it. The woman gradually lost her hope of receiving any of it and went on cleaning and riding in the Subway in rush hours, and planning how to meet the increased cost of everything that one eats.

And then last week a man registered at the Hotel Desk with a name which reminded one of the staff of something. He reported it to Dr. Mansfield, who asked the man to come to his office. He asked him questions, without in any way referring to the money, and finally inquired about his discharge papers.

"I had to get duplicates," responded the man, "because I lost all my papers and a large sum of money working at New Rochelle a year ago last summer."

"Did you ever think of inquiring here?" he was asked.

"No, I didn't, because I went up there to work on a yacht, and I suppose I lost my \$220 bending over

something. The people were fine; they put a detective on it, but we never found it."

Having thoroughly satisfied himself as to the man's identity, the Superintendent sent for the papers and the money, explaining the case to the happiest visitor he had seen for a long time. He asked at once to see the woman who had found it.

"I hope you won't think \$30 is too little," he told her apologetically, "but this is money I worked very hard for and saved up little by little. I know you might have kept the whole thing. I've been pretty hard pressed sometimes, and I think honesty is something nobody understands well until they have a chance to do something that won't be found out."

That doesn't sound like the sort of thing a seaman might say, does it? But it is exactly what he did say; he is an extremely intelligent, thoughtful young engineer, and he understands something about life and humans.

The woman who had found the money took the \$30 and thanked him, and went away. Already a new problem confronted her. How can one spend \$30 so that it shall yield to the last penny a little extra butter and coffee and kerosene oil, and possibly sugar? Would there be in that \$30 the admission to a 10-cent motion picture theatre?

—:—

A Real Letter

Printing letters in the Lookout is very much like printing press clippings in a singer's circular; whoever does either feels that the readers are bound to skip them. But please do not skip

this one, because it was written by a grateful seaman, written with great pains, with careful phrasing. It is addressed to Mrs. S. Vernon Mann, who with her husband raised so much money for the Christmas festivities..

"Dear Madam," it says, "as a glad-
dened recipient of your knitted sweater, through the kindness of our dear House Mother, Mrs. Roper, may I be permitted to express my sincere thanks and warm appreciation to you for its welcome usefulness, and more so for the noble sentiment that radiates from the well-meaning heart in its making.

"Indeed, my arrival in port from zero tempests to the warm welcome of this Institute, emphasized by your kind Christmas gift, surpassed all limits of ups and downs in the life of a seaman, and has turned my mind so thermometric that in my hilarity and my confessed lack of knowing more suitable words, I can only wrap my sincerity in the borrowed refrain of a ballad, "Bless the dear fingers so toil-worn for me," for really I am happier for finding my 'Mother McCree.' With many thanks and best wishes."

—:o:—

Russian Dean at Institute

There were sixty-four Russian seamen to whom word had been sent that the Very Rev. Peter Poppoff, dean of St. Nicholas' Russian Church, would hold a service at the Institute on Sunday, Dec. 30th, and fully one hour before the time appointed, these Russians were waiting.

When the altar was arranged, the candles lit, and the incense burning, the priest, clothed in a robe of gold

from head to foot, began a truly wonderful service. The men entered the Chapel solemnly. Four of them separated themselves from the others, formed something like a choir, and led the Litany, Te Deum, Confession and Gloria in Excelsis. Although they had no book, nor had they seen one for some time, they never failed once in the entire service, but responded with dignity and pathos. Unaided by the organ or any other instrument they chanted in the clear rich, mellow tones that are the distinct property of the Russian race.

Brevity, clarity and intimate personal appeal distinguished the sermon. The dean pleaded for faith in Divine Providence despite the darkness of present events. He pleaded for purity of life, nobility of purpose, and heroism in action. And when he turned toward his eager and devout audience, blessed them with the apostolic benediction, signing them with the sign of the cross, each of the men, as if claiming that sacred sign for himself, crossed himself upon the breast.

Leaving the place where they had stood for more than an hour, they approached the priest, who held out to them a gold cross with the dying Saviour upon it, which he himself had kissed, and presented it to each of the men, who also kissed it as they passed out.

On New Year's morning the dean sent the Rev. John Kozitsky, together with Mr. Nicholas Belischewsky, to celebrate the Holy Communion. Both came and were met by the Russian seamen, eager, and prepared by fast-

ing and prayer. The robes worn at this service were gold and green, the service full of sacredness and mystery, rich with meaning.

—:o:—

Silk American Flag

Above the lobby, blown by every breeze which pushes through the entrance, is a large silk flag, the significant Stars and Stripes which look a bit more gallant and blithe these days because they are standing erect beneath a heavy burden. This American flag waves gently above the heads of seamen from every country in the world; it floats above the most thoroughly cosmopolitan company which can be assembled in polyglot New York.

It is the gift of Mrs. James Herman Aldrich, suggested by Dr. Mansfield, remembering his impression of the vivid intensity of the flag which he first saw in the Immigration Office on Ellis Island. Above those arriving aliens this silk flag took on at once a welcome and a challenge; they could accept its protection and be a part of the great family or they could defy its authority and be subjected to stern discipline.

Perhaps the Institute flag takes on something of these qualities.

—:o:—

Draft Papers for Seamen

That our wandering mariners are subject to the draft law has created another Institute problem. Every day large envelopes from the Local Exemption Boards arrive, addressed to Russians and Danes, Finns and Norwegians, Arabs and Scotchmen. These men are required to take the large

pamphlet of questions to the office of the Board at once, and here develops our perplexity.

Because most of the seamen are sailing the winter seas. And the ones who are here must go to our bulletin board, search through the typewritten lists which the Institute office has to make of all these envelopes.

"Oh, Ingeman Lovig," called out the Post Office Man, "your name is on the list. Go and get your questions from the Draft Board."

"I not spik Englis," returned Ingeman, succinctly.

"There is punishment if you do not do it," elaborated the Desk Man, quite as briefly, and Ingeman applied for his envelope.

But, of course, this makes a tremendous amount of work for the Institute staff. It must try to round up delinquents, remember names, urge seamen to go to the Exemption Board, explain, keep track of the big piles of pamphlets which come in every mail, expostulate with men who insist that their names are spelled wrong and that therefore they need pay no attention to the summons.

"J. Sorogoff?" one Russian read, "no, not me. I am L. Sorogoff."

And persuading a reluctant Russian that J. might be L. is no irresponsible task.

—:o:—

Greek vs. Greek

Only they were Russians and Swedes, Britons, Americans and Dutch boys. They met in a tug of war and finally Sweden won against Russia in a tug that lasted eight and a half minutes.

It was at the Athletic evening, the first of a series, at which there were races, shot put, hammer throw, all sorts of games in which strength and athletic skill could be displayed.

—:o:—

**On the Occasion of the Farewell
of the Dutch Crews of the
Steamers Cjoentoer-Rindjani
and Loerakarta.**

Dear Mother Roper and Gentlemen:

Although I am a poor orator I willingly obey to the wish of my companions to try to tell you how much we all appreciate all what you have done for us. Although we all know that we belong to a nation, that abroad, especially in these times is mistrusted and despised and growled at, you and the most members of the Institute have always shown to us much kindness and you never showed us that there existed anything like a barrier between you and us because of our nationality.

We all understand and we were glad and happy about it that in this Institute headed by you and these here your companions there was no place for racial hate and that you only saw in us Seafaring men, which not for love to the sea, but compelled by the struggle for life to earn a living for ourselves and our families; that you saw only in us men, much exposed to everything what the Lord send us, hot and cold, wet and dry, men, who beside the common dangers of the ocean now in these times without their own nation at war sharing the same dangers, the same menaces every seaman from what nationality he may be has to suffer. We are no

Saints, we all have our common faults, and where it happened to be the ordinary black sheep in the flock everybody was broad-minded enough not to put the blame on us and to let us suffer for it. We all thank you for the Friday and Sunday night entertainments, and we all understand your intentions that in this way you were trying to keep many a man out of bad ways and out of the drinking pastimes. You can be sure that all of us never will forget the nine weeks we were staying here and what you did for us. What a trouble, what a burden you have been willing to bear for us only to make our stay here as agreeable as possible. I know that our minister, Mr. Podin, has been trying to sow the seed of what good is and noble into our hearts, and we never will forget the good and instructive times we have passed with him, mostly because he was meeting us like a brother in strong contrast to ministers in our own country who meet us as if we were the blackest and only sinners on earth, always speaking about hell and damnation not understanding that they are instead of attracting us, actually are hurting us. Your Mr. Podin as well as Mother Roper understood our Dutch proverb, "a good word finds a good place." So we have compared your treatment, your attitude towards us with the treatment we receive from our own countrymen, we were working for, and all the more we appreciate what you all have done for us. Mother, you know it, there are often fellows in your Institute who make theirselves believe they have no heart heart of a stone one. Mother, you

have often showed them that it was not true and you conquered those so-called stone hearts with a single smile of yours. Many a good guy grows lonely because he is missing mother's hand, generally spoken a good woman's guide.

Many a good man goes to drink and worse because he is missing a good woman. Mother, protect those men first; they are the most in need of you, the men who have known a good home. They are craving for it without knowing it themselves.

There are common sailors who for honor and pity refuse to make a proposal and marry a girl because of their dangerous and unsafe existence and their small wages.

It is growing late and therefore we have to part, and I don't feel myself fit to and worthy to pray for you as you have promised to do for us, but out of our hearts I wish you all for our whole crew the very, very best we can wish you and be so good to take along with you the knowledge that you have done very much good amongst us. And if our own countrymen and women took the same attitude and gave the same treatment to the seafaring class it would be a benefaction. Because the excess of drinking, the curse on the seamen should soon decrease.

Here this I finish, and I wish you all the very best there is and that you may succeed in your efforts to protect the seamen against sin and themselves.

JOHANNES VISFER,
Moaagivesteinde,
Provincie Friesland,
Holland.

In the Suggestion Box

To Whom It May Concern:

It is not possible to draw up a Society whereby the suggestions could be debated and many grievances cured by folks who would rather give publicity to them than by the medium of pen and paper. They could be held in either the concert room or the larger reading room. The meetings could be on a schedule scale or to win notice of, by means of the placard. Furthermore, I think many a sociable evening could be passed by the means of a "Home Social," drawn up on the same lines as our "At Home Hour," and the talent to be solicited voluntarily out of the audience. I view this suggestion from my English "Missions" whom are great advocates of this style. I would be very pleased to give you an idea of its inner workings as far as possible, if the idea appeals to you.

Hoping I have not wasted material and your time, believe me,

A very grateful inmate.

—:o:—

Fred Buys Music

Music is what we make it, the copy books could have said, and it would have been just as sensible as most of the things they did say. Down here it is precisely that.

Fred was paid off at noon on Friday and by one o'clock he had purchased a small Columbia phonograph, six unspeakable records, and established himself as musical dispenser to an enraptured audience, up in the Shipping Department. He had

only played three records when one of the staff had to ask him to desist.

"It is too noisy for you to play your machine in here," he told Fred kindly, and Fred went away. Ten minutes later the quiet of the administration offices was violently torn by what should have been an Italian voice singing an operatic aria. But either the Italian had suffered severe vocal ravages or the record had been seriously scratched in transit, for the result was more than raucous.

"Fred," called out that same staff member, finding that the music lover had set up his recital once more in the Hotel Reading Room, "I am sorry, but you will have to run your concert somewhere else. Take it upstairs to the Game Room."

Fred looked crestfallen for a minute, then he grinned. He picked up his little phonograph and started toward the stairs.

"I guess you don't like music much," he said, looking back over his shoulder at the Institute worker.

"Well, music——" the staff man suggested ambiguously.

——:o:——

Memory Flowers

On December 23rd, 1917, the flowers upon the Altar were given in memory of Mrs. Maria Anna Quetting who died December 23rd, 1909, presented by her daughter, Mrs. Elsa Quetting Bunce.

——:o:——

Henry Lewis Morris

One of the Institute's oldest friends, a Lay Vice-President and member of the Board since 1868, Mr.

Henry Lewis Morris, died in January.

Mr. Morris was for seven years a member of the Building Committee, following the development of the new Institute with the kind of interest which grows after years of patient watching and hoping and finally seeing dreams made into realities.

——:o:——

Poisons—First Aid Verse

This little verse, written by a seaman student at our First Aid to the Injured lectures, is one of the most interesting compositions ever submitted to the Lookout by a sailor:

"Send for the doctor; name the drug suspected,

Keep any cup, where poison is detected;

Give an emetic, be quick and don't get flustered,

Mix two tablespoonfuls of salt or one of mustard.

In every case where staining is not found,

To give emetics is both safe and sound.

If stains are present, then proceed with care,

And of emetics most of all beware.

An alkali swallowed, give an acid to kill the matter,

An acid swallowed, then reverse the latter.

The acid antidotes in household use,

Are table-vinegar and lemon juice.

The alkalies need no revealing,

Take whitewash or plaster from the ceiling.

In every case whate'er the poison be,

You may give eggs and milk and tea;

Oils may be used, but two exceptions lie,

In phosphorous poisoning and in Spanish fly.

The patient restless; to make him easier,

Give two teaspoonfuls of Sulphate of Magnesia.

In opium poisoning he snores like some old Druid,

Wake him with a teaspoonful of Condy's Fluid."

Organ Recital

On the evening of Sunday, December 23rd, Mr. Daniel Philippi, assistant organist at St. Thomas church, and Mr. Harold Land, baritone soloist at the same church, gave a recital in the Chapel of our Saviour. Mr. Philippi played the overture and Pastoral from the "Messiah," Guilmant Organ Sonata, other compositions of Vidal, Tertius Noble.

Mr. Land sang arias from the "Messiah" and sang Christmas songs by Neidlinger.

Music Fund

It was important that we should have better music for our Chapel, that we should engage a choir who could inspire a rather shy seaman audience to take an active part in the musical service, to interpret for them the messages of the great masters. We have engaged the choir, arranged for extra music, and we need an endowment of \$1,200 annually.

Please contribute to this Music Fund. It provides a most valuable worker for the sort of uplift which helps without frightening by its obviousness.

Donations Received December, 1917

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, waste paper.

Adams, Miss M. E.
Allen, Miss May
Anonymous,—3
Apgar, Mrs. Allen S.
Brown, Miss M. A. S.
Bull, Miss Dorothy
Bunce, William E.

:o:

Church Periodical Club and Branches

Christ Church, Bloomfield, N. J.
Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Holy Trinity Church, N. Y.
Women's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Women's Auxiliary, Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Comstock, Miss Ethel C.
Curtis, Mallett-Prevost & Colt
Dent, F. J.
Duncan, Miss Grace Leigh
Goodrich, Miss Anna W.
Grahm, Mrs. J.
MacDonald, W. S.
Martin, Mrs. John W.
Miller, C. B.
Morgan, Mrs. R. C.
Morgan, Wm. M.
Nash, Miss Minnie R.
Ogden, Mrs. C. W.
Peters, Mrs. Edw. McC.
Postlethwaite, J. H.
Robertson, Wm. A.
Robinson, Henry A.
Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
Sailors & Soldiers Home Club
Whitehouse, Mr. Francis M.
Whitman, Mrs. Wm., Jr.

:o:

Contributions for Special Purposes

Aldrich, Mrs. James H., Silk Flag in Hotel Lobby.....	\$30.00
Barr, Miss Caroline D., Religious and Social	10.00
Carew, Mrs. Edward L., Thanksgiving Dinner	20.00
Christie, John F., Coffee and Bun Fund	1.00
Collection made on S. S. Santa Marta, Discretionary Fund.....	18.35

Gookin, Mrs. W. C., Coffee and Bun Fund	2.00
Hayes, Mrs. W. P., Discretionary Fund	1.00

:o:

Christmas Gifts

These are the generous, thoughtful givers of the specially wrapped Christmas presents which were so distributed that each man felt that he had received his direct from the donor.

Adams, Miss L.
 Alexander, Miss Jane M.
 Alldred, Mrs. John
 Anonymous—7
 Apgar, Mrs. Allen S.
 Arthur, Miss L. L.
 Bailey, Mrs. J. J.
 Baldwin, Miss
 Bandell, Mrs. Helen
 Barber, Mrs. St. George
 Barhydt, Rev. G. W.
 Barry, Miss C.
 Bate, Miss Leslie M.
 Blakslee, Mrs. F.
 Bowen, Mrs. E. C.
 Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
 Brown, A. McL.
 Bryce, Mrs. Edwin
 Bull, Miss Dorothy
 Burchard, Mrs. A. T.
 Canfried, Mrs. Hobart
 Catlin, Mrs. L. E.
 Chapman, Mrs. M. S.
 Chase, Mrs. A. C.
 Clark, Mrs. L.
 Coe, Miss Ella S.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Comstock, Miss Ethel
 Convers, The Misses
 Cornell, Miss A. F.
 Cunningham, Miss Sara M.
 Damot, Mrs. George S.
 Davis, Mrs. F. W.
 Dierson, Miss A. K.
 Drummond, Miss B.
 Duer, Mrs. M. T.
 Duffield, Mrs. Warren L.
 Farrand, Mrs. Wilson
 Ford, Miss Theresa
 Fuller, Mrs. G. A.
 Gates, Mrs. M. F.
 Gerrish, Mrs. Frank S.
 Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.
 Goetchius, Mrs. J. M.
 Greenleaf, Miss Ida
 Greer, Mrs. J. A.
 Grey, Miss Mimi
 Griefenstein, Miss Lillian
 Grimkes, Mrs.
 Guise, Mrs.
 Haile, Mrs. William H.
 Hall, Mrs. G. L.
 Hancock, Mrs. S. H.

Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
 Hatch, Miss C. J.
 Hazen, Mrs. F.
 Hess, Mrs. D. C.
 Hills, Mrs. J. M.
 Holy Trinity Church, N. Y.
 Holt, Mrs. Robert S.
 Horner, Mrs. H. B.
 Horstman, Miss Ida E.
 Horton, Miss S. L.
 Hough, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Merrill
 Houston, Mrs. A.
 Hunter, Mrs. A. F.
 Irving, Mrs. Cortlandt
 Jacobs, C. A.
 Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
 Kelly, Mrs. Joseph A.
 Kendrick, Mrs. E. P.
 King, Mrs. M. L.
 Lawrence, Miss Isabella
 Lewis, Miss E.
 Long, Mrs. C. L.
 Low, Mrs. Seth
 Low, Mrs. W. G.
 MacDonald, Mrs. A. B.
 MacDonald, Miss Helen M.
 McDonough, Mrs. Thomas
 Mahan, Mrs. A. T.
 Malbatt, Miss Josephine H.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Mansfield, Mrs. A. R.
 Martin, Mrs. John W.
 Masters, Mrs. F.
 Mathews, Miss E. J.
 Maurice, The Misses
 Medlicott, Mrs. Arthur D.
 Merrill, Miss D. L.
 Mook, Mrs. Thomas
 Morewood, Mrs. Alfred P.
 Morgan, Miss Caroline L.
 Mosley, Mrs. H. P.
 Mount, Mrs. J. F.
 Mulligan, Miss Mary P.
 Notman, George
 O'Connell, Mrs. M. D.
 Patterson, Mrs. S. C.
 Pease, Mrs. F. A.
 Peters, Mrs. L.
 Peters, Miss W. W.
 Poor, Mrs. C. L.
 Power, Mrs. M. J.
 Prendergast, Mrs. A.
 Rau, Mrs. Eugene A.
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
 Rhodes, Mrs. J. B.
 Robinson, Mrs. E. S.
 Roosevelt, Mrs. W. E.
 Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
 Safe, Mrs. T. Shaw
 Schwab, Mrs. G.
 Sellow, Mrs. Ralph H.
 Shaw, Mrs. E. E.
 Shriver, Mrs. Harry T.

Skillin, Mrs. J. Harper
 Smith, Miss Lillian
 Spring, Mrs. F.
 Spaeth, Mrs. S.
 Stanford, Miss M. E.
 Stanley, Miss
 Stebbins, Mrs. M. L.
 Stitt, Mrs. S. H.
 Stone, Comm. and Mrs. R.
 Sullivan Mrs. Emily S.
 Tayre, Mrs. M. H.
 Throop, Mrs. K.
 Tiemann, Miss Ella A.
 Tisdale, Mrs. R. B.
 Trimutting, Mrs. G.
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong
 Van Winkle, Miss E. M.
 Wanthron, Mrs. E.
 Warren, Mrs. E. Walpole
 Watchful Circle of the Moravian Union
 of King's Daughters
 Weeks, Mrs. K. P.
 Williamson, Mrs. S. M.
 Women's Auxiliary, Church of the Mes-
 siah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
 Woolsey, Miss C. B.
 Yerk, Mrs. F. L.
 Zabriskie, Miss Ethel

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Cash Contributions for Christ- mas Entertainment

Anonymous, 5
 Anonymous, F. T.
 Anderson Mrs. John W.
 Andrews, Charles L.
 Armstrong, Miss Edith L.
 Armour, Allison V.
 Bartlett, H. P.
 Belloni, Miss Sadie H.
 Blagden, George
 Breslin, Miss E. M.
 Bridgham, Mrs. S. W.
 Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
 Brown, Mrs. Wm. Reynolds
 Burkham, Miss Caroline L.
 Burnham, Mrs. E. F.
 Burr, Winthrop
 Carter, Edwin M.
 Clews, Messrs. Henry & Co.
 Cochran, Mrs. J. H.
 Coe, Miss E. S.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Cox, E. V. D.
 Curtis, Miss Irene
 Day, Mrs. L. B.
 Duane, Mrs. James May
 Freit, Miss Marie
 Geddes, Donald G.
 Gerrish, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S.
 Godfrey, Mrs. A.
 Greenleaf, Miss Ida
 Halsey, R. T. H.
 Hamersley, Louis Gordon
 Hance, Mrs. J. A.
 Hand, H. T.
 Hicks, Miss M. H.
 Hoge, Miss E. M. M.
 Holt, Mrs. Robert S.
 Hope Club
 Hough, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M.
 Katte, Mrs. Walter
 Kenyon, Miss Marie L.
 Kinsley, William M.
 Larowe, Mrs. Mina
 Livingston, Miss Julia
 Long, Mrs. C. L.
 Low, Mrs. Seth
 McKeever, I. Chauncey
 McKim, John A.
 Mahan, Mrs. A. T.
 Mahan, Miss Helen E.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr.
 Meyer, J. Edward
 Morgan, Miss Caroline L.
 Munger, H. C.
 Napier, Miss Mary A.
 Nones, Mrs. H. B.
 Notman, George
 Parker, Mrs. Gordon
 Parsons, W. W.
 Paul, Prof. Henry H.
 Pell, J. D.
 Phelps, Mrs. Herbert W.
 Pierson, A. L.
 Pope, Mrs. Laura T.
 Post, George B.
 Postlethwaite, J. H.
 Potts, W. B.
 Probasco, Mr. and Mrs. S. K.
 Robbins, Mrs. J. W.
 Rogers, Wilbur H.
 Rossiter, A. W.
 Rossiter, Mrs. A. W.
 Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
 Schieren, G. Arthur
 Scrymser, Mrs. L. A.
 Sharpe, Miss Elizabeth M.
 Shaw, Henry
 Shepherd, Gerald
 Shoosmith, Miss Christina
 Sloan, Benson B.
 Spaeth, Mrs. Sigmund
 Steele, Mrs. H. M.
 Sullivan, Mrs. Emily S.
 Sumner, Mrs. Alice
 Teed, Mrs. A. P.
 Turner, Wallace S.
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong
 Van Beuren, Mrs. F. T.
 Van der Ende, Mrs. R.
 Whitelaw, Delia M.
 Wilson, Orme, Jr.
 Women's Auxiliary, Church of the Mes-
 siah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
 Zehnder Mrs. C. H.

General Summary of Work

DECEMBER 1917

Seamen's Wages Department.

Dec. 1st Cash on hand	\$116,781.42
Deposits	50,882.46
	\$167,663.88
Withdrawals (\$ 8,530.46 trans- mitted)	47,241.75
Jan. 1st Cash Balance	\$120,422.13

(Includes 91 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$35,510.12)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	54
Men Shipped	254
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	134
Total number of men given employment	388

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	35
Visits to vessels	51
Men transported	156
Pieces of dunnage transported	226

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	17,310
Letters received for seamen	3,905
Pieces of dunnage checked	3,512

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and clothing	146
		Referred to Hospitals	17
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.	7

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	6	1,936 2,086
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	8	1,371 1,371
Public School Lectures	3	298 298
First Aid Lectures	9	84 84
Hospital Visits		33
Patients Visited		643
Ships Visited		99
Packages reading matter distributed....		274
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed		159
Christmas Gifts distributed		800

Religious Department.

	Attendance	
	Services	Seamen Total
English	54	1,484 1,949
Holland	4	37 46
Scandinavian	9	116 128
Lettish	5	55 72
Russian	1	33 35
Special Services	3	40 40
Home Hour	5	856 934
Sing Songs	5	360 420
Bible Classes	5	391 393
Holy Communion Services		8
Wedding Service		0
Baptismals		0
Funeral Services		1

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Post Office \$500.00

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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 to the **Lookout**

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

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

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

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

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

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