The LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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THE LOOKOUT

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Seamen's Church Institute of New York

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THE TRUTH ABOUT TIM

Tim used to spend a good deal of his time in the Reading Room between voyages. He usually arrived at the Institute once every two months, and his first visit, after installing himself in his room, was to the big room where periodicals of every sort cover the tables with gay patches of red and orange, green and purple. Perhaps it was his unusual devotion to literature which made him so desirable a companion, for he seldom settled himself for a smoke in the Hotel Lobby without being at once surrounded by a group of fellow guests, persuasively suggesting that he tell them a story.

He'd been all over the world in the twenty years of sea life, and his adventures in China at the time when pirates thronged the Pearl River between Canton and Kowloom included so many narrow escapes that an account of any one of them made Tim seem to possess a spell against evil.

"I was one white man to seven Chinamen down stairs in a dirty little place where they was all gambling and eating chop suey at the same time," he was saying the other evening, when some one from the outer fringe of the group interrupted him.

"Oh, Tim," he called out, "that won't go here. You never went ashore in Canton in your life. I read that story you are telling in a magazine only last week."

Tim looked at his accuser apparently quite unruffled by the doubt cast upon his veracity. He pulled hard on his black pipe before he answered.

"Oh, the boys here don't mind that.

My reading saves them lots of labor spelling out the long words for themselves. They don't care whether it happened to me or to some chap in a magazine; it's all in the way of amusement."

The little circle of listeners nodded admiringly.

"What difference does it make to us?" queried the wearer of a new suit of shore clothes of one of his shipmates. "It is the same as moving pictures—you know they might have got some chap you knew mixed up in them."

Tim went on, his voice gathering dramatic fervor as his story reached its climax.

"I looked into that bunch of yellow faces and I says, 'Tim, you're a goner!' "

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A Matter of Taste

When the fairies were debating whether or not to slip a silver spoon between the lips of young Browne, his mother was deciding to call him the most completely romantic name she had ever read. It was Montmorency. By so doing she at once rendered negligible any well-meaning efforts on the part of the fairies, so it wouldn't have mattered about the silver spoon either way.

Montmorency struggled with his name for several years and then, one day after he had been at sea as cabin boy for two years, answering swiftly to many shorter and more abusive appellations, he determined to change his name to George. He went in to talk it over seriously with the Man Who Gives Advice.

"I wouldn't like my mother to hear of it," he explained, "because she thinks she did me no end of a good turn by calling me Montmorency; but I can't go on living for maybe fifty years with such a name. Chaps that hardly know me make jokes about it until I'm sick of the sound of any words that begin with M. But it don't do no good."

"Well, plenty of seamen do use other names and I don't see why you should not, if you stick to your name on all your papers."

Montmorency thought a minute and then he said, with the air of one who finally disposes of a weighty matter:

"I'll have my letters sent here care of George Browne. My mother would never get over being hurt if she knew I'd changed my name. I can take care she never finds it out. Would you mind just calling me George once? I'd like to hear how fine it sounds."

"Goodbye, George," said the busy Man Who Gives Advice.

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Common Sense

"How do I buy some cents?" Sam asked the man next him at the Lunch Counter. The occupant of the adjoining stool looked hard at Sam's sober countenance as if to make sure that it wasn't a joke.

"Sense?" he repeated slowly. "I don't know. I never had any myself, but I have heard chaps say you got it with experience."

Sam looked very doubtful. He finished a large piece of hamburger

steak before he renewed the subject.

"No, I mean these little copper ones you have over here. I want to punch chocolate out of the gum machine."

His neighbor laughed, but he gave Sam the necessary information and a few minutes later he was heard asking the cashier to give him "twenty-five cents worth of cents."

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Beneath Flowered Silk

"I've come to get the bag belonging to my brother," the very brown boy told the Baggage Man, producing at the same time the check and notification of the brother's recent death.

"We used to see your brother in here quite often," responded the Baggage Man, sympathetically. "Nice chap he was, though quiet. He always came in to look over his things he had stored here, and I guess he had something he valued a good deal in the bottom of his little tin box. That stands on the shelf over there. I'll bring it out."

The boy with the very sunbrowned skin stood silently waiting until the tin trunk was placed in his arms, and after looking about hesitatingly for a minute, put it on the floor, fitted a tiny key into its rusted lock and pulled back the lid.

He knelt beside the opened box for a few seconds, unwilling to disturb its carefully arranged contents. There was no tray, and covering the top layer of possessions was a piece of heavy silk, its exquisite leaf green background covered with tiny roses of peach color. The boy touched one corner of the silk timidly, looking dubiously at his rough fingers and blackened nails; then he lifted it up and peered curiously underneath.

There were several books bound in leather with titles which plainly puzzled the boy: "Romola," "The Scarlet Letter," "Vanity Fair," "Oliver Twist."

"I didn't know he went in for novel reading so much," he said softly, as he moved the worn volumes to see what they concealed. And then he gave a low whistle of deep surprise. For wrapped in another piece of silk was a doll, its long, blonde curls spread out about her perfect face in an oddly realistic manner. Her frock of pink was covered with lace, and when the boy picked her up gingerly he saw a scrap of paper was pinned to the little rose-trimmed hat.

"Merry Christmas to Enid" was what it said, and the boy whistled softly again. Then he gently replaced the contents of the small trunk and tucked in the edges of the flowered silk.

"Enid!" he repeated, "Enid! Who could she have been?"

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A Question of Fear

He sat, after the manner of despairing seamen, with his chin in his hands and his elbows propped against his knees, and he waited a very long time to see the Relief Man. There were several calls ahead of him, and he watched them take their turns at pushing open the office door, with sullen envy.

At last someone said, "Jenkins? You must be next. This way, please,"

and he arose rather stiffly to find his way to the chair beside the desk of the Relief Man.

"I was shipwrecked," he began, "and when I got to New York finally I hadn't any clothes or money and—"

The Relief Man interrupted.

"But you were in here to see me a week ago. I got you a ship. What happened?"

Jenkins raised his head sharply and scrutinized the face of the Relief Man.

"I thought you was the other one," he explained, apologetically.

"Well, I was going on board when I happened to meet a friend what had sailed with me years ago, and he asked me to stop in a saloon near the pier for a drink."

"Oh!" murmured the Relief Man, an expression of complete understanding coming into his eyes.

"No, sir, it ain't what you think. I only had one drink, but as we was leaving a dog what had been lying on the floor jumped up and began to growl and act savage. I'm fond of animals, and I bent over to pat his head. He gave a kind of leap and bit me in the lip."

Jenkins pointed to a patch of adhesive strap on his upper lip which had engaged the attention of the Relief Man ever since he came in.

"And then, you see, I knew he was mad, and I forgot my ship and my job and everything else. I went right up to one of the hospitals where they look you over free and had a doctor burn my lip so I couldn't get dog-madness."

"Have you inquired since?" asked the Relief Man, unable to decide exactly what to do with Jenkins' particular brand of neediness. "Was the dog shot?"

Jenkins turned the ashamed gaze of a child apprehended in a kind of misdemeanor which he knows is more absurd than wicked.

"They said he was all right; that he'd only meant it in play," he said slowly. "But how was I to know that?"

And the Relief Man shook his head at another twist in the multitude of strange problems which come to his desk every day.

The Sea

[From "Casuals of the Sea," by William McFee.]

He tried to feel worried but he did not succeed. He longed for the time when he would return, yet he was very happy as he was. He liked it, this life of strenuous toil. He liked the monotony of it. It gave him time to think about things. He acquired a sort of spiritual stoicism often cultivated at sea. It is the ultimate good to be derived from the sea by those who dwell in the hot, unhealthy huddle of towns. In there among those roadways, in the clashing din of the market and the bawl of the money-changers, you cannot see mankind for the people, you cannot feel for your nerves. At sea, you behold the ignoble rabble in perspective, the black many-headed swarm lie on the earth like a blight, you perceive the contemptible insignificance of their passions in comparison with the terrible passion of the sea, and if you

have been living "according to your lights," you will have time and space to see the lights of eternity, to listen to the west wind, and to harken to the voice of the storm.

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Defining Trouble

Martin, sixty years old, chuckled to himself. This was odd, considering the mishaps that had dotted his career. He had lost his wife and his little son many years ago; he had only one arm; it wouldn't be long before he lost his sight, and, on top of all, his watch and chain had just been stolen.

As he sat in one corner of the Lounging Room, the House Mother approached to offer sympathy.

"I'm so sorry, Martin," she said, "to hear of your trouble."

"Trouble?" answered the old seaman. "Who's in trouble? Oh, about my watch and chain? Now, don't you worry. That ain't trouble, anyway. In fact, there are very few of those things called troubles.

"I remember strolling into a court room in a little port town down in Georgia once, just to kill time.

"There was a great big fellow in there being tried for murdering his wife. He didn't look guilty, but things were going against him. So his lawyer called a character witness to testify to the kind of citizen the fellow was.

"The witness was a big nigger blacksmith who lived across the street from the defendant.

" 'Now tell the court,' commanded the cross examiner, 'whether you ever saw this man annoy his wife.'

" 'No, sah. I ain't never seen him 'noy her.'

" 'He never made any trouble for her?'

" 'No, sah.'

" 'You are sure?"

" 'Well, o' co'se, once or twice I seen him chase her wif a ax. But no trouble, sah. No, sah.' "

Old Martin chuckled again.

"So you see, Miss," he said, "losing a watch and chain ain't exactly what you'd call trouble."

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Geography First

"I didn't know whether to deliver this here or not," the postman said, smiling a little as he handed in the envelope through the window of the Institute's post-office. Postmen have to have a very special kind of humorous sensibility for the amusement which comes from curiously addressed letters must, by long familiarity, wear very thin. But this particular letter had an address to puzzle even the jaded interest of a letter carrier. It read:

"Seamensheim, 25 Southstreet, New York, Manhattan, N. J."

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Those Shanghaiing Days

About once every six months the city editor of one of the newspapers calls one of his idle reporters who is obviously waiting about for an assignment and says:

"Go down to South Street and find a story about sailors. Get some old salt to tell you about the days of shanghaiing."

And being short of copy, the

obedient journalist takes the trolley to South Ferry and wanders slowly east in search of material. He usually finds it, supplying in his own picturesque style whatever the actual narrative lacks in the way of originality.

This story is clipped from the *New York Tribune* and is an excellent example of the straits in which editors occasionally find themselves.

Passing of the Shanghaiing Days Regret of Battery's Old Boatman

O'Connor Recalls New York Waterfront When it Saw Real Ships and Real Sailors

"I'm the oldest American boatman that makes fast to the Battery sea wall. O'Connor's my name—James O'Connor. Been here forty-seven years! Right here at the Battery and the ships I see and the men, great men, since '69! I began as a boy right here. I was a bootblack—and oh, the polish of the boots I turned out; but the sea kept calling me while I was yet but a boy, and I dropped me kit and went out in my boat, and I've been going out ever since.

"I was more the equal of my superiors afloat. I stoop to nobody, and because of the social tone I gained maybe it was that I took to the bay and quit blacking boots."

The newer generation hails him as "old timer"—this patient, rather ponderous old Irishman, as, roughly clad, he passes up and down between "Museum Bar" and that institution of water front life, the Seamen's Institute. Accosted, he directs upon you keen yet kindly blue eyes.

He has his own standard, has James O'Connor. If he likes you, and "you're his friend," he'll recount endless stories of the old Battery, that district so prolific in historical and personal memories.

In words that smack of the salt he'll tell you of the days when the sailing ship was queen. In those times the shore all around on both sides of the island, from the south point to the Harlem river, was one unbroken forest of masts. The bows of the vessels formed a continuous arch, their prows prodding through the windows of the houses opposite. Flags and ensigns of every nation were flaunted—Britain's cross, the tricolor of France, eagles—Austrian, Prussian and Russian—the Turkish crescent, the checkered field of China, even the crossed swords of Japan.

The embarcadero was a babel of foreign tongues, the scene of what social life the sailor knew. Rows of sailors' boarding houses presented gaping, glittering mouths to swallow the bedazzled Jack and his hard-earned pay. But Jack never seemed to care. He enjoyed a wild time of it while the money lasted—a day or so at the most. The next found him signed up for another voyage, or unconscious far at sea, shanghaied.

Shanghaiing was widely prevalent, a recognized, legitimate industry. Sometimes the captured man jumped overboard to escape; more often he submitted.

He was preyed on, too, by the boarding house keepers, who kept him continuously in debt so as to seize him once more, as he returned, salary in

pocket, from a voyage. What appears the freest of lives was really one of slavery.

The floating chapels, however, managed to tempt a straggling band of converts. They attracted the sailor as a land church never would. He liked the idea of a church creaking at her anchor, swinging to the roll of the sea.

At that time, it is estimated, there were 150,000 sailors in the port of New York. They were brutal, uncouth, devil-may-care fellows, reeling through life after their own fashion.

O'Connor remembers vividly the building of the Brooklyn Bridge, begun in '70.

"I made my first rescue at the time it was begun," he said. "Rescues? Why, bless ye, I've made thirty, thirty rescues. Yes! Got this watch here fer savin' one man (exhibiting a weighty, near-gold creation), though mostly they don't give much—20 cents, a pack o' cards or the like. Medals? I ain't never seen no medals! Just got a letter from the government, though, sayin' as how I'm to have $10 a month pension. The Lord is good. I've got eight children, ye know—oh, all sizes, little, big, all kinds, eight of 'em."

Once Ran a Ferry

This authority can furnish from memory a complete list of the ships docking here during the '60s and '70s —the Black Ball packets, '69; the Sevella line, '71; Star of the East and her consort, Star of the West, immigrant ships from Melbourne and Sydney, in '75 and '77; the California ships Three Brothers and Young America, during the same years; the Wallace Flint and A. M. P. Grace. He knew them all, saw the men leave and return, leave and return, until a fatal brawl or pestilence sent them in snug little sacks to "Davy Jones's locker."

A voyage might last from one year to twelve. A captain once being asked if he were not going to kiss his wife "Good-bye," replied, "Oh, no, I'm only goin' for a couple o' years this trip."

O'Connor has been sailor as well as boot-black and has tried his hand at various odd jobs "to turn an honest penny."

During one period, when ice blocked the ferries, his little row boat, filled with passengers, plowed back and forth on the East river daily.

The ferries were an important institution in New York life. The Brooklyn boats docked at the foot of Fulton and Wall, the Jersey City ones at Cortlandt Street. They were met by stage lines connecting with Fourteenth Street or Twenty-third, the city limit at that time.

Canal boats came up as far as Front Street, and the site of the present Jeanette Park was under water.

Race after race has come for a time, held sway, then yielded to the next —Irish, German, Italian, Pole, Scandinavian, and still old James O'Connor, battery boatman, pulls a heavy oar in the harbor, meeting the ships of the seven seas, dispensing information, saving lives, deploring the times that are regretfully reminiscent of the "good old days."

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The Winter Season

This is the in-between time when every one wears a felt hat with summer clothes or a straw hat with autumn garments. No one is exactly certain about his winter plans, and there is always that vague unrest which comes from having had one's routine interrupted by vacation, hot weather, altered living conditions.

The Institute, too, is undergoing a period of transition. It is nearly time to begin again the series of concert hall entertainments, the illustrated lectures, the First Aid to the Injured expositions. Presently the big Public Reading Room will be filled with the men who have been staying out of doors during the fine weather, unaware that coolness lurks in the shadowy corners of the Institute's great rooms.

This will be an important winter at this corner of South Street. With the roof enclosed, all sorts of changes are bound to follow. Expansion always means the power to do more work, the opportunity to reach a greater variety of humans. It means added responsibility, added worry, no doubt, but it certainly means being able to reach out for the largest task and accomplishing it in the best possible way.

September 15th ends the third year of the Institute's Hotel Department, at least the lodging feature of it. It is not necessary to review those three years—they have been thirty-six months of growth and their passing has been faithfully recorded in these pages. The significant thing about them is the fact that they have been crowded so full of unexpected contingencies which the Institute has somehow always been able to meet successfully.

There have been at least a dozen shipwrecked crews seeking shelter at the Institute, practically without warning, during these thirty-six months. And it has always managed to adapt itself to strange circumstances, care for the men, help outfit them, arrange for their transportation to the ships which should carry them home.

For the first year and a half, until the "J. Hooker Hamersley" was built and put into active service, the work of carrying seamen and their dunnage was made appreciably difficult by the enforced use of the "Sentinel," a boat much too small and inadequate for the increased demands made upon her. Yet, somehow, by a supreme effort, the little launch was forced to yield the very last degree of her usefulness: the spirit of accomplishing what it had agreed to do never deserted the Institute in the face of serious obstacles.

Some one has said that people always boast about the efficiency of the particular philanthropy in which they are interested. It reminds us of what a very practical business man

once said after listening to several missionaries, newly returned from China, Japan and India.

"They each stand up for their own special brand of heathen!" he commented dryly. He didn't belittle the attitude, but he made an acutely shrewd observation.

So it is with the LOOKOUT in its attitude toward the Institute achievements. It no doubt has rather a complacent sound sometimes when it is discussing the brilliant merits of the organization for which it exists. But it never intends to be smug any more than the Institute means to fall into the pit of self-appreciation. It is a pretty generally accepted fact that the chances for development are virtually unlimited, in the individual as well as in the society or social organization, as long as a modest striving successfully vanquishes any tendency to become too satisfied, too contented with what has already been done.

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Mrs. Scovill's Gift Motion Picture Machine

In the letter accompanying her check for $700 to make the Motion Picture Machine her gift to the Institute, Mrs. Henry W. Scovill says:

"I love 'folks' and always has my affectionate interest hovered about 'those who go down to the sea in ships.' I am a great believer in the Motion Picture way of telling all sorts of things to all sorts of people at the same moment. I earnestly hope it may comfort (you know the first definition of comfort is 'to strengthen') and entertain the boys away from home and friends. I love boys, big and little, young and old, good or bad—always—all of them—and that is why so many call me Granny, though I am not yet really an old lady. When you give it to them, give it with Granny's love and best wishes."

We have seldom received a gift which carried with it more spontaneous, spirited and warm-hearted feeling for the Institute's seamen. In her appreciation of the peculiar value of the film method of giving lonely men and boys a glimpse of romance, a taste of adventure, an insight into other customs, other manners, Mrs. Scovill has proved herself to be possessed of one of the greatest of human qualities, an intuitive sympathy. It is that instinctive knowledge of other people's problems, that desire to assuage and comfort which accomplishes the really big things.

What the Motion Picture Machine does as a social agent, as an almost human intermediary between the seaman with idle time ashore and the thousands of tawdry, sordid, but, for all that, alluring amusement places which elbow each other for electric sign space in this town, has already been pointed out in the LOOKOUT.

Mrs. Scovill's recognition of its powerful purpose gives tremendous pleasure to the Institute. There is always the danger of sounding fulsome or over-effusive in the acknowledgment of a gift for which everyone is particularly grateful. But, after all, half-hearted thanks are poor expressions from impoverished souls: it is better to err a little on the side of emotion.

Chapel Services

With the beginning of autumn the Chapel services are being readjusted to the season when everything runs smoothly in its conventional groove.

The English services will now be held at eleven A. M. on Sundays, the regular winter hour.

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Acknowledgement

We desire to acknowledge the courtesy and generosity of the Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay Co. in allowing us to have, at a purely nominal rate, the use of eight moving picture films from scenarios by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, D.D., the author, and in this connection we again desire heartily to thank Dr. Brady and to express our sincere appreciation to Comm. J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-President, and Walter W. Irwin, manager. The Seamen have very thoroughly enjoyed the summer entertainments, made possible by this generosity, as was practically demonstrated by the increased number in attendance every week.

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New Member of Staff
The Rev. Alvin P. Knell

On September 1st the Reverend Alvin P. Knell began his work at the Institute as English missionary, assuming many of the duties performed by the Reverend Charles P. Deems, now in San Francisco.

Mr. Knell is peculiarly suited to work among seamen, having been one himself for five years when still a boy in his teens.

He signed on as cabin boy when only fourteen years old, eager for the adventurous experiences and hardships which are so indissolubly connected in life as the sailor lives it. It was not until he was nineteen that he began to worry about not having completed his education. His family were anxious for him to enter college and, finally, quite as spontaneously as he had turned to a career upon the water, he left it to prepare himself for the ministry.

After spending seventeen years as pastor in the ministry of the Methodist Church, his views changed concerning orders, and he began to prepare for Holy Orders in the Episcopal Church, being ordained to the Priesthood in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine by Bishop Greer, nearly ten years ago.

During these years he has worked for three years on the staff of the New York City Mission Society of the Episcopal Church, has been Rector of Grace Church, Chicopee, Mass., and Rector of Trinity Church, Brooklyn, Conn.

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Fifteen Cents' Worth

Did you ever look at a dime and nickel left in your hand as change from some more extravagant purchase and wonder how it would seem if those two coins represented your entire capital? Capital is a large and opulent word—suppose we say available assets. It is pretty difficult to imagine exactly what it would be like to realize the approach of night with the knowledge that fifteen cents was all you possessed by way of securing a place in which to sleep. There is

such an utterly hopeless inevitability about night and darkness: it makes a demand for lodging that the rainiest, snowiest day never does.

That must be what the derelict seamen think when they come to the Institute seeking admittance to the dormitory. A man must have suffered more than the ordinary allotment of ill fortune before he finds himself with no luggage, no overcoat, not even an extra shirt. But when he manages to secure so small a sum as fifteen cents he knows that for one night anyhow he may be warmly housed, that he may sleep in a bed which has clean sheets and which is not reminiscent of its last occupant.

What tremendous optimism these dormitory guests possess! They have seldom dined on more substantial fare than a cup of near-coffee and a day before yesterday's roll, and yet they go up to their beds laughing and whistling; they indulge in the luxury of really hot water, for most of them are anxious to take their turns in the shower baths, and then they draw the blue and white coverlets under their chins, quite untroubled by the day into which they are presently to precipitate themselves.

Very likely many a man has crept into Bed 64 or 75 with a fervent wish that he need not open his eyes again upon the exigencies of a day in which he is pretty certain to discover a new form of defeat and discouragement. And quite as probably, many a man has awakened after a refreshing sleep, breathed deeply of the salt air blowing in from the harbor, and gotten up with renewed belief in his ability to land a job that day.

Fifteen cents can buy the seekers for rest more than eight or nine hours of oblivion. It can make them understand something of the need for all struggle with circumstances. There is an atmosphere of normality about the long rows of beds, a distinct aroma of wholesomeness; and every new lodger feels it even if he doesn't know what it means. He gets a certain comprehension of the Institute spirit, the big kindliness, the careful planning to produce this very effect of welcoming cleanliness.

Nobody ever becomes more cheerful or more encouraged by having some well-meaning friend say:

"Cheer up, old chap; life isn't so bad. If life seems to be so bad, then it is at least temporarily."

But there is encouragement and a stimulating air of things being better than the despondent mind had been thinking, in the dormitories. One can buy a trifle more for fifteen cents, after all.

A Mind For Chess

When the billiard balls click smartly and there is the sound of a cue being tapped nervously while the idle player watches his opponent, there is always a silent pair in the other corner of the huge Game Room. These two, their heads bent fixedly over a board filled with small wooden figures, plan attacks and manoeuvres, decide against all their carefully laid plans and then start in again.

"What do you think about so long, Jim?" one of the rather bored watchers asked the chess devotee who had just cried "Mate!" and

pushed back his chair to light his pipe.

"Well, Ted, I couldn't exactly tell you. It needs a chess mind to understand it. You haven't got one, and yet I don't doubt you'll be mate of a vessel as soon as I shall. My wife always says, when I'm home, which hasn't been for a year now, that she'd think I could have been President of the Bank of England with my brain. She may mean it sarcastic—you never can tell about a woman—but when I am planning a campaign with these little knights and pawns and bishops, I wonder how I come to be forty years old and only an A. B."

Ted looked impressed for a minute, and then turned away in search of a game of shuffleboard.

"I don't suppose I have the chess mind," he said, "but there's a lot of fellows like me, Jim, as hasn't got much of any minds, anyway. So you keep on with your game. It's a good thing to win at something."

Jim grinned and, turning the board about, began to set up the red figures in military formation.

The Asking Habit

Since the completion of the new Institute building there have been so many necessary details involving additional expense that the LOOKOUT has seldom appeared without at least a few appeals to the friends of the seamen. The response to these appeals has been so frequent and hearty that the list on the back cover, headed, "To be given," has grown steadily smaller, until now, with the Motion Picture Machine generously cared for by Mrs. Scovill, it contains only two items: the Laundry, costing $1,500, and the pair of staff offices, valued at $200 each. In due time these also will no doubt be eliminated.

But the LOOKOUT has become so firmly fixed in the asking habit that even when no crying need is apparent, it is difficult to let a month go by without a paragraph of suggestions to potential givers.

As for the Laundry, it should speak for itself. Mottoes concerning cleanliness are almost as obvious as those which have to do with honesty, success and long roads. And the remaining staff offices have a silent appeal, if only in the fact that they are the last of a glorious line of useful rooms which already represent a large measure of altruism and a full life of efficient activity.

But even if the big needs were all disposed of, there would still be ample opportunities for the friends of the Institute to show a practical interest. We spoke last month of the constant demand for a variety of Victrola records. The seaman has more than his share of the average passion for music, and he is glad to hear anything, from a whistling specialty or a dialect monologue to the sextet from "Lucia" or a Wagnerian orchestral number. The best of records become worn out with constant patronage and the supply can never be too great.

The approach of winter adds a special timeliness to any gift of clothing or shoes. Those who think of the sailor only as a nattily dressed individual in a blue and white uniform and a round hat have little conception of how often a seaman finds himself

stranded on shore, with scarcely enough clothes of any kind to protect his body from the cold.

Books, flowers, games and pictures are always welcome. In fact, the LOOKOUT can safely urge its readers to send anything which they believe will make the life of the seamen pleasanter and more comfortable.

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A Loyal Patriot

Americans are frequently surprised at the readiness with which foreigners copy their customs, their spirit and even their slang. But nothing is more astonishing than the rapid Americanization of the average foreign sailor who spends a short time in New York.

Big blond Karl is a Scandinavian who has spent most of his hours on shore in studiously spelling out the American newspapers and magazines. A comrade who had noticed his serious manner of life approached him one day in the reading room with the timid suggestion that "it looked like the Allies was going to win sure now."

Karl turned a scornful gaze from the sheet in which he had been engrossed. "Ah, g'wan," he answered, in a remarkably pure Bowery-Scandinavian. "De Phillies ain't got a chanct, dey ain't. De Brookalines has got dat pennant tacked onto deir flag-pole a'ready, an' don't youse ferget it."

And Karl, his neutrality unimpaired, turned back to the stern business of acquiring Americanism.

Music by Submarine

The German sailors interned at Norfolk have provided material for many a fanciful newspaper story, but for true artistry the prize must be awarded to one which appeared at the time when the "Deutschland" began her return trip. According to the account of a New York evening paper, the sailors were given an opportunity to make a number of phonograph records, which Captain Koenig agreed to take home and have reproduced all over Germany.

With what avidity were the sailors pictured as entering into the recording of these musical messages to their fatherland! How their voices trembled as they sang "Ein' feste Burg" and "Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles!"

Unfortunately, however, the story was purely imaginary. The only original record sent back by Captain Koenig was made by the Mozart Society of New York, a German male chorus, whose members sang a greeting to the Kaiser, preceded by three lusty cheers.

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Sailor Songs

Songs about sailors and life on the sea always seem to have a peculiar fascination for people who have passed most of their existence safely on land. Nearly everybody knows the song about the mermaid beginning, "'Twas Friday night when we set sail," and leading up to the concise tragedy of the concluding stanza:

"Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
Then three times round went our

gallant ship,

And she went to the bottom of the sea."

At the recent "Song and Light Festival" in Central Park, one of the most popular numbers, in which the audience of 30,000 joined the chorus, was "Nancy Lee," with its ringing refrain, "A sailor's life is on the deep."

Perhaps it is human nature always to be interested in the things of which one has had the least experience. Perhaps also there is something about the rhythm of wind and waves which gives a particular musical quality to songs of the sea. Certainly music sounds well upon the water, and the landsman who finds himself afloat for the first time is very apt, if he has preserved his equanimity at all, to feel an irresistible impulse to break into song.

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Enigmatical

"Live and let live," is the motto of the American oyster stand which dispenses its succulent sea-food on the water front near the Institute. Whether the motto refers to the oysters, to prospective customers or to the many competitors on Coenties Slip is an open question.

———o———

As They Seem

One of the chief delights of O. Henry was to construct a short story plot which proved conclusively that "things are not what they seem." He loved to take two characters, and after humorously exposing the hypocrisy or at least the artificiality of one of them, suddenly to turn upon the other and show that he or she was just as bad.

The self-appointed reader of character would often have a hard time nowadays to distinguish even the deliberate pose from reality. As for the unconscious disagreement between appearance and fact, what chance would even O. Henry have to analyze correctly the various types that are to be found in the groups of seamen outside and inside the Institute?

He might walk through the Hotel Lobby and suddenly pounce upon an evil-looking, dark-skinned man, with scarred features and a sinister scowl. "That man," he would say, "is a pirate at the very least. He has probably murdered whole cities in their sleep, stolen a ride on a trolley-car and deprived a child of candy already in its mouth. He is obviously a villain of the deepest dye. Shun him."

After which O. Henry would probably discover that his pirate was one of the gentlest and mildest of model citizens, whose unprepossessing facial expression was the result of accident rather than design, and who had never done anyone a harm in his life.

On the other hand, he might enter into conversation with an affable, innocently clear-eyed soul, suggesting no hint of evil, and later see his newfound friend quietly removed by a policeman, to answer to the law for a long list of offenses which he had unaccountably committed.

The prosperous-looking individual, with his smiling air of confidence,

may be at his wits' end to provide his next meal, while some shabby wreck of a man is quite possibly speculating on the size of the fortune which is growing out of his miserliness.

Quite apart from extreme or imaginary cases, the Institute workers have learned that it is not always safe to judge by appearances, and that a hasty decision as to motives and character may often bring about a grave injustice. That is why they are inclined to err on the side of leniency, if at all, and to give to every man the benefit of the ever present doubt.

———o———

The Ancient Mariner

The LOOKOUT is about to depart from its customary non-clipping and non-quoting. It is going to give an exact reproduction of the story which Mr. Fred Hawthorne wrote for the New York *Tribune* after seeing the Institute's exhibit up at Grand Central Palace. Mr. Hawthorne wrote it better than we could and he viewed it from a different angle.

[This story would have appeared several months ago, but was overlooked during the editor's illness. It is timely enough, however, to have value as an illustration.]

" 'It is an ancient mariner, and he stoppeth one of three,' and as that happened to us, we listened to his tale.

"This particular mariner wore a sailor's blue uniform, with the letters in white across his chest, J. Hooker Hammersley. He was standing in front of the Seamen's Church Institute booth at the Motor Boat Show in the Grand Central Palace, and invited those outside to walk in and inspect the premises.

"On one side there was an excellent model of a sailor's fo'csle on shipboard, with two bunks, a slop chest and all the meagre fixin's. Shirts, socks and pants hung on lines and everything was studiously disorderly. On the other side of the booth was a counterpart of a sailor's room in the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street, scantily but neatly furnished, with a plain iron bedstead, washstand and a Bible.

"John Larsen, the ancient mariner who has knocked the pipe ashes into each of the Seven Seas, but is at present lying in ballast in South Street, should be able to earn his keep by lecturing after age compels him to give up the sea.

" 'Yes, sir, that's wot the Institoot does for yer,' he declared, indicating the model sailor's room with a wave of his horny, gnarled hand, and he then went on to explain in detail just what benefits seamen derived from the Institute whose building towers into the clouds on South Street.

"The Rev. C. J. Ljunggren, a missionary, who was in charge of the booth yesterday, took visitors all over the exhibit and showed them how the sailors lived in their land retreat. Rooms are rented out to seamen at $1.50 a week and to licensed officers and engineers at twice that amount. Dr. A. R. Mansfield, superintendent of the hotel, has entire charge of the hundreds of men who make the place their headquarters while on land.

"John Larsen, in common with all salt water sailors, has a weakness for swapping yarns, and he recounted

some tales that made the blood tingle in our veins, including one of a seaman on an ocean-going 'tramp' who had imbibed so much alcohol that he caught fire one day when a mate held a lighted match six inches from his mouth, quite unintentionally, of course."

Shipping Department
Month Ending August 31st, 1916.

Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Brabant	3	Genoa, via Port Arthur
S.S. Onega	10	Cette, France
S.S. G. R. Crowe	14	United Kingdom via Philadelphia
S.S. Alabama	4	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Strabo	4	Manchester, Eng.
S.S. Siamese Prince	28	La Fallice, France
S.S. Eastern Prince	21	Bahia, Brazil
S.S. Meissonier	15	Santos, Brazil
S.S. Sabine	8	Cape Town, So. Africa
S.S. Francis	27	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Russian Prince	2	Tampico, Mexico
S.S. Byron	33	Bahia, Brazil
S.S. Burmese Prince	29	La Pallice, France
S.S. Dochra	26	Cette, France
S.S. Hurunin	4	Melbourne Australia
S.S. Munsomo	1	Matanzas, Cuba
S.S. Texas	1	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Northwestern	4	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Raeburn	9	Manchester, Eng.
S.S. Atahualpa	25	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Louisiana	2	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Otaki	5	Melbourne, Australia
S.S. Moorish Prince	35	St. Nazaire, France
S.S. Vasari	38	Liverpool, Eng.
S.S. Georgia	6	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Cuthbert	1	Para via Norfolk
S.S. L. K. Thurlow	1	Havana, Cuba
S.S. Voltaire	3	Buenos Ayres, Arg.
S.S. Portuguese Prince	28	St. Nazaire, France
S.S. Florida	6	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Roumanian Prince	2	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Russian Prince	3	Trinidad, B. W. I.
Yacht Kasagi	2	Cruising
Yacht Wenonah	4	Bar Harbor, Maine
Yacht Seminole	1	Cruising
Tug Col. Wycoff	1	Governor's Island
Tug Ionian	3	Philadelphia, Pa.
Cable Ship Relay	30	Cuba via Galveston
Light House Tender Tulip	2	Light House Dept.
Barge Dallas	4	Port Arthur, Tex.
Steam Lighter Globe	1	Rockaway, N. Y.
Men given temporary employment	92	In Port
Total	538	

Donations Received During the Month of August, 1916.

Literature, flowers, shoes, clothing, games, pictures, etc.
Baldwin, Mrs.
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Bolton, Mrs. E. W.
Brown, Miss Bergh
Castle Corners Moravian Christian Endeavor Society, Staten Island, N. Y.

Church Periodical Club and Branches.

Headquarters, 281 Fourth Ave., N. Y.
All Angel's Church, N. Y.
Christ Church, Bayridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Grace Memorial Church, Jamaica, N. Y.
St. John's Church, Essex, Conn.
St. Mark's Church, West Orange, N. J.
St. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Cornell, Miss
Fink, Miss M. M.
Gonzalez, Mrs. A. C.
Harrison, Robert L.
Lawrence, Miss I.
Lawrence, Miss Isabella
Leland, Miss Enfraxia
Marshall, Mrs. Chas. E.
Mead, Miss Florence L.
National Plant, Fruit and Flower Guild
Pope, Mrs. H. M.
Quackenbush, Miss Jane
Randel, Mrs.
Robertson, William A.
Sanford, Mrs. Edmund C.
Shiner, Mrs. M. S.
Spencer, Mrs. Geo.
Usher, Miss Irene
Whitehouse, Mrs. Francis M.
Wickes, Mrs. H. Van Wyck
Women's Guild St. Philip's Church, Dyker Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES

Gray. Dr. G. R., Educational Dept.	$ 3.86
Nelson	10.20
Offering taken at Service on board S.S. Proteus, through Capt. J. Widdiss, Henry, Social Work	1.00
Anonymous donations	5.00

General Summary of Work

AUGUST 1916

Savings Department.

Aug. 1st Cash on hand	$58,562.77
Deposits	39,220.44
	$97,783.21
Withdrawls ($11,597.37 transmitted)	37,106.56
Aug. 1st Cash Balance	$60,676.65

(Includes 40 Savings Bank Deposits in Trust $16,553.89)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	40
Men Shipped	446
Men given temporary empl. in Port	28
Men given temporary empl. thru Missionaries	64
Total number of men given employment	538

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	47
Visits to vessels	179
Men transported	234
Pieces of dunnage transported	351

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	15,936
Letters received for seamen	3,549
Pieces of dunnage checked	2,903

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	Board, lodging and Clothing	81
	Employment on shore thru Missionaries	64
	Referred to Hospitals	61
	Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies	92

Social Department.

	Number	Attendance Seamen	Attendance Total
Entertainments	4	680	877

First Aid Lectures
Gerard Beekman Educational and Inspirational Noonday Talks — Discontinued for the Summer

Hospital Visits	18
Patients Visited	309
Ships Visited	411
Packages reading matter distributed	386

Religious Department.

	Services	Attendance Seamen	Attendance Total
English	13	590	751
Scandinavian	8	72	86
Special Services	2	20	20
Sing Songs	1	50	50
Bible Classes discontinued during Aug.			
Total	24	732	907

Holy Communion Services	1
Funeral Services	2

Suggestions and Reminders

Although the **Building Debt** has been paid, the Institute is **constantly expanding and improving** its various departments.

As a suggestion to Lookout readers who desire the Institute's growth, we publish a list of the **various departments** and **equipment** still available as **gifts** or **memorials.**

TO BE GIVEN

Laundry $1,500

Motion Picture Machine $700.00

2 Staff Offices $200.00 each

Subscriptions to the **Seamen's Church Institute** or to the **Ways** and **Means Department** should be sent to

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer

No. 25 South Street, New York