

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. VII.

OCTOBER 1916

Number 10

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

ORGANIZED 1843

INCORPORATED 1844

RT. REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D., LL.D.,
Honorary President

EDMUND L. BAYLIES,
President.

FRANK T. WARBURTON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. FREDERICK BURGESS, D.D.	REV. S. DEL. TOWNSEND, D.D.
RT. REV. EDWIN S. LINES, D.D.	REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.
RT. REV. FREDERICK COURTNEY, D.D.	REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT, D.D.
REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D.	REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER
REV. HENRY LUBECK, LL.D., D.C.L.	REV. C. F. J. WRIGLEY, D.D.
REV. WILLIAM M. GROSVENOR, D.D.	REV. CHARLES L. SLATTERY, D.D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

HENRY LEWIS MORRIS,	LISPENARD STEWART,
WILLIAM H. BUTTERWORTH,	J. W. MILLER.

Lay Managers

JOHN H. MORRISON, 1877	ORME WILSON, JR., 1910
B. T. VAN NOSTRAND, 1877	FRANKLIN REMINGTON, 1911
JOHN A. MCKIM, 1889	J. FREDERIC TAMS, 1911
ROBERT L. HARRISON, 1901	BAYARD C. HOPPIN, 1911
JOHN SEELY WARD, 1902	OLIVER ISELIN, 1912
AUGUSTUS N. HAND, 1902	VINCENT ASTOR, 1912
HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, 1902	T. ASHLEY SPARKS, 1912
EDWIN A. S. BROWN, 1904	M. W. DOMINICK, 1912
CHARLES A. CLARK, 1905	JOHN S. ROGERS, 1913
CLINTON E. BRAINE, 1905	LEROY KING, 1913
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW, 1905	LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY, 1913
GEORGE E. CUMMINGS, 1905	CHARLES E. DUNLAP, 1915
HENRY L. HOBART, 1907	SAMUEL N. HINCKLEY, 1915
EUGENE S. WILLARD, 1907	GEORGE W. BURLEIGH, 1915
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 1908	ANSON W. HARD, JR., 1915
AYMAR JOHNSON, 1908	EDWIN DET. BECHTEL, 1915
ERNEST E. WHEELER, 1908	BERNON S. PRENTICE, 1915
ROBERT McC. MARSH, 1908	JOHN J. RIKER, 1916
CHARLES W. BOWRING, 1909	JAMES BARBER, 1916

Superintendent

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

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.

THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 7

OCTOBER, 1916

No. 10

Published Monthly by the
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Subscription One Dollar Annually, post paid, Single Copies 10 Cents

Address all communications and make checks payable to

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

TWO "S. S. WEST POINT" BOYS

They were playing the piano player in the Apprentice Room, admiring at the same time its gleaming white case upon which mermaids appropriately disport themselves. A good deal of unpleasantness needed forgetting and they were going about that in as business-like a manner as possible.

"Ted and I were the only apprentices on the 'West Point'," one of them said in answer to a question. "Of course, we hated to have our ship torpedoed but we'd had a go at the experience once before when the war first began."

"The Germans gave us all time to leave, you know, but I guess we were a bit slow for them for they pumped a shell into her (the West Point) just as we were casting off. After that when more shells didn't sink her,

they went aboard and hung a bomb where it would do the most harm and after the explosion she went down fast enough.

"They weren't half bad, the submarine crew, for they towed the boat we were in within five miles of Nantucket."

Ted had been looking out of the window while his chum was speaking. He turned suddenly.

"All I'm sorry for is they didn't give us time to get any of our things from our cabin. I had a parrot that an old chap gave me in Liverpool; it knew more about the ways of ships than most of us fellows. All I could think of when I heard the shells bursting was that Ambrose (that was his name) would be frightened."

They were both silent then, regard-

ing the harbor masts thoughtfully. They were only two apprentice lads from a vessel sunk by an enemy in war time and they didn't complain. But it was rather hard luck about Ambrose. Parrots have ingratiating ways if they like you and Ambrose had grown fond of his young owner. So it did seem a bit hard.

The Perfect Description

Andreas sought his brother and they were both Norwegians. He was having a great deal of difficulty in describing his absent relative, but it was not due to any lack of knowledge about English as a language, for Andreas had lived among British and American seamen for many years. It was only that he found it so extremely hard to give any picture of Henrik that would assist the Inquiry Man in the search.

"Haven't you seen him around here?" he begged in a tone of desperate entreaty. "He's one of those—he's a hard looking blonde!"

The Active Pianos

Of course they were not within easy hearing distance of each other, else the musical audition at once created by the statement that five pianos were all playing at the same time would be of the sort which ordinarily goads some persons to acts of acute irritation.

But there were five pianos, placed at well chosen intervals throughout the Institute which were all in use when one of the staff took a visitor over the building the other day. And

each one was being well played.

Strains of the March from "Aida" issued from the Game Room, and the visitor looked surprised.

"Oh, lots of the men play," he was told, "and most of them can play good music as well as cheap popular tunes."

In the Public Reading Room someone was playing a Neapolitan folk song, an accompaniment to one of the Noon-day Talk singers. Seamen who recognized the melody were making obvious efforts to control a desire to whistle with the musicians.

Down in the Lobby the new piano, recently given by Miss Grace Scoville, was being played by one of the staff who had made the operation of a piano player into something which very nearly approached an art. He was surrounded by a group of men who were demanding their favorite selections.

"You Know that 'Beautiful Blue Danube' one?" besought the tallest of the group, but he was interrupted.

"Have you 'Hello Hawaii' there?" called out a boy who couldn't have made more than one or two voyages since he achieved the dignity of long trousers.

"You might think we couldn't have too many pianos," commented the Institute worker to the visitor.

"Music certainly hath charms," the visitor murmured. "I wonder how many savage breasts it has soothed down here! That would be interesting to know," he continued hopefully.

"Yes," assented his companion, "but it happens to be one of those things

a seaman does not talk about; he hums and whistles and plays himself, when he can, but he doesn't analyze his emotions. He shows his satisfaction by moving from one piano to another as the concerts change from gay to grave. Everything to suit the mood, you know!"

On the Bulletin Board

It greets you when you have climbed the dozen steps up from the Coenties Slip entrance into the Main Lobby; your eye is irresistibly attracted by the long bulletin board, covered with the rich green felt to which pins and thin thumb tacks adhere with steadfast intensity.

There is the notice of a letter at the farther end. It announces that the Inquiry Department has in its possession a letter beginning "Dear son Terence" and signed "Your loving mother, E. B." The envelope was evidently incompletely addressed but if Terence stops to read the Bulletin Board he may get news from home for which he has been waiting with a good deal of wondering anxiety.

Then of course there is the list of letters which are to be called for at the Post Office. A letter for Adrian St. George is followed by one for Ivan Inscherapremzyl. One wonders why either of these men failed to apply for mail, even if only for the joy of announcing their names. Other letters lie unclaimed for John Gold, Otis Silver, Oscar Wine. Sometimes an eager faced boy, feeling sure that one of the names approximately his in spelling must be meant for his own, rushes to the Post Office window

after a careful perusal of the list.

"My sister not write so well, Maybe she write 'Greg' for 'Georg'," he suggests but a chance to hold the envelope in his hand convinces him of his false hopes and he walks away, disappointment clinging to his steps.

Further along the Bulletin Board is usually affixed the list of lectures and the announcement of First Aid to the Injured Classes. The Weather Report is consulted by several hundred men during the day.

"Partly cloudy!" they read and then go out of doors to examine the sky with eyes long trained to patient scrutiny. "Storm not due before my vessel sails, anyway," one of them decides complacently and then, musingly, "How do those weather fellows have the nerve to send out one of them slips every day? What happens if it rains when he has told half a million people it will be fair?"

Somewhere along the list line is always a slip of paper declaring that certain witnesses are wanted in the prosecution of a case against one of the seamen's enemies. They wouldn't mind going to court—these witnesses—just to see a little justice being done, but the trouble is with their ships. They have to sign on for fresh voyages and they can't persuade captains to wait over a day or two while they are testifying. This is why so many clear cases of outrageous crime are held over and protracted until they are dropped, merely from lack of evidence. The seaman suffers from the very nature of his occupation; his wrongs are not righted very often simply because he and his witnesses

are off to sea on another voyage before the trial is held. The Bulletin Board could tell you all about it if it liked.

It does what it can. It supplies a page of "Help Wanted," the Dock Directory and Shipper's Guide; it shows the daily shipping news from the "Herald."

Then there are always letters in Institute envelopes, returned to their writers by reason of insufficient address. This always seems a pity because one knows how hard Michael worked to write the letter home, how trustfully he confided it to the post box; and here it is back again. Perhaps he merely omitted to put "Norway" or "Genoa" and of course the postal clerks aren't omniscient, only it's too bad because Michael has sailed away and the letter must wait a long time.

Down in the corner of the gregarious Board is the notice that a telegram awaits one "Stanley Czeririez." Did they try to page Stanley and did he fail to respond because of an American rendition of his Polish surname? One can fancy an uptown bell boy calling out, "Telegram for Mr. Cerrier! Telegram for Mr. Zerick! Telegram for Mr. Zwish—!" But very likely the Bulletin Board's quieter method will prevail and the wire will reach its owner.

Sometimes there are tragic things thrust among the innocent and helpful notices on the green board. Two photographs of a boy whose face seems impossibly smiling and frank—the police want him for theft or murder, or both. "Age 20, eyes blue,

hair yellow," says the description and you can only read drearily, praying for the police to be wrong. Or there is the hospital notice regarding the sudden death of a seaman who may have friends in the Institute. He too is young and foreign and immeasurably pathetic. You turn away, almost wishing you hadn't read the grim Bulletin Board and then a scrawling note catches your wandering attention.

"Jem, if you see this, be by the Soda Fountain at eight—if you don't, I will try to find you somewhere else. Bill."

Seamen's messages aren't allowed space on the crowded felt but Bill had slipped his in, all unconscious of the humor it is bound to provoke. If one only had time to see whether Jem was at the Soda Fountain! But it is a little like a page from life, the quiet Bulletin Board; it works silently but effectively.

The Feminine Place

He was not very much different from any other driver of a taxi-cab but he made an inquiry at the Institute which set him apart from his fellows all the same.

In his cab which had whirled breezily up to the wide front door on South street sat a lady, newly arrived from Cuba and she sought, as we afterward learned, to discover her travelling son. She did not alight when her temporary chauffeur flung back the door but spoke to him in none too fluent English urging him to go inside and ask something. He grasped her imperfectly expressed meaning with a

swiftness born of taxi-cab driving in a great city and he approached the watchman at the top of the steps with confidence. "Say," he asked concisely, "which is the ladies' entrance?"

When the Barge Sank

Life on the more or less rolling wave has certain disadvantages, as everyone but the most blatant idealist admits, and when Mrs. Roberts, late stewardess of the barge "Alec Anderson," told of her recent adventures, she did not have to embellish her story in order to make it dramatic.

"You see, we started from Chatham, New Brunswick, bound for Portland, Maine. There were two tow-barges and the Gettysburgh, a steamer barge. My husband was forward, and I was stewardess on the 'Alec Anderson.' We were carrying a load of pulp-wood, and nothing about the trip seemed to go right. We had hardly got under way when the 'Alec' had a collision and stove a hole in her side. We had to patch her up with tin and I don't suppose it was a very good job. Anyhow, when we were off Yarmouth, a big blow came up and it wasn't any time before we were lying in the trough of the sea, with the water coming in and the pulp-wood floating out.

"The Gettysburgh was in distress too, so she left us and sent out wireless messages for other boats to help us. I stood up on the flooring of the pilot house and saw my belongings washed overboard and I just said,

'Well, Sadie, you needn't fret, for you won't see none of those again.'

"I did save my husband's gold watch and chain because I ran into the cabin to try to grab something and there the watch lay on the floor. As it was a present from me to him, he set quite some store by it; so I picked it up and then I had to run back to the only place I could stand and not be washed overboard.

"The 'Gettysburgh' didn't know what trouble we was in because she couldn't hear our whistle. We spent thirty-three hours without food or drink. I wouldn't like to try it again, although I didn't say much. I told myself, 'Sadie, takin' on won't never get you to land,' so I kept quiet.

"Finally the 'Sagamore' caught the wireless message and they sent a boat over to take us off. They told us to jump into the water and let them pick us up, because they couldn't row up alongside, rolling around as we were. One chap did jump but he nearly drowned before they could get near him, and we had to throw him a line and haul him back onto the 'Alec.'

"After three attempts we did get aboard the 'Sagamore' and were taken into Charlestown, Mass., where Mr. Stanton H. King of the Sailors' Haven looked after us. He advanced the money to buy new fitouts and then we came over here to see the owners of the barges. I can't say too much for Mr. Moore and Mr. McCormack, of the firm of Moore & McCormack Co., Inc., because they paid our carfare back to Port Huron and gave us our wages up to date."

She looked about the Institute complacently. "You got a fine place here," she remarked, "but you don't usually have to look after any women that follow the sea, do you? I was taken care of over in Brooklyn last night and my husband stayed here. I dunno as I'll feel like getting another berth on a barge for some time. Seems as if this one had been kind of unlucky."

"There is a lot more fun in a shipwreck when it is all over and you know you are safe, than when you are in the midst of it," hazarded the House Mother.

"Alec Anderson's" recent stewardess nodded her head violently. "I've had enough shipwreck to last me a while," she declared vehemently.

—o—

Burial Fund

A contribution of \$50.00 has been made to the Burial Fund "In Memoriam J. M." This is a generous response to the suggestion made in the Editorial of the August LOOKOUT, called "The Strange Land."

—o—

Magazines and Books

When the LOOKOUT editor was writing the magazine for the first time, (in October 1911) her most absorbing occupation was a search for local color. Seamen should be picturesque for literary purposes, but they are not consistently so, or even intermittently. One day as she passed the Reading Room over at No. 1 State street, she took a hasty glance at the periodicals in use at that moment and her impression, caught at that time, could be

rendered into a conclusion of this sort:

The Ladies Home Journal is greatly read by large men with comfortable eyes and a tendency to treat everyone with impartial good nature. It also serves as a pillow for tired boys who seek a broad surface for hasty naps. For slumbering purposes the Woman's Home Companion is also extremely popular, due to its wide, welcoming and generous size. The cool touch of glazed paper is very grateful to a sunburned cheek.

After that, everyone reads Everybody's, Munsey's, Harper's, Scribner's, the Popular, all sorts of engineering and technical publications, Motor, Motor Age, all sorts of adventuring ones—Travel, Field and Stream. They read the Outlook and the Atlantic Monthly, the Cosmopolitan and McClures. It is a catholic taste, this taste for magazine literature. That is why the tables need constant replenishing; that is why the Institute can always use your last month's crop of transient reading. The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's are unfailingly agreeable companions for the extra hour before dinner. All sorts of papers with pictures serve as beguiling entertainment for the seaman who doesn't read English.

In fact, the Institute needs every sort and degree of printed material that it can receive. When the reading tables are full there is always the Literature Room where packages are made up and given to officers and men as they go on board their vessels, setting forth on fresh voyages which are certain to hold their share of monotonous hours.

The discarded novel and the read-through magazine are as useful and as important to the Institute as if they reached us directly from the publisher's presses. And it is practically impossible to send too many.

Lecture Season

Through the endeavors of Mr. Robert L. Harrison, a member of the Board of Education as well as an active member of the Institute Board of Managers, Dr. Leipziger has arranged for a course of lectures upon British North America and the United States, to be given at the Institute during October, November and December.

So significant are some of the topics chosen for the first three months that the programme will be printed as an indication of the wise selection and careful consideration which this branch of entertainment has received.

The first lecture on Niagara was attended by over two hundred seamen, eager and attentive participants in an unusually vivid sightseeing trip to a bit of natural scenery that has become world famous.

An Apology

If one must admit lack of judgment or a quick temper, or a mistaken sense of values, it is as well to do the thing thoroughly. At any rate, the offender who sent the following letter to the Institute's House Steward believed that he couldn't go too far along the road of reparation.

Mr. Trevor M. Barlow,
House Steward,

Seamen's Church Institute.

Dear Sir:—

I had a difference with you and became very insulting to you. I realised then as I do now that I was entirely in the wrong. I only wish that the seaman and employes who were present when I called you those names were here now so that I could apologise to you in person in front of them. I thank you very much Mr. Barlow for not having me arrested or at least ejected from one of the finest places of it's kind for seaman. You had it in your power to do so. But the real Gentlemanly way that you used by holding your Temper and being polite, has hurt me more than if you had had me arrested or ejected from the place.

I thank you very much for this Mr. Barlow, I assure you that I shall behave myself in the future and shall always bear in mind that you people here are doing your best to make this as homelike as possible. I just want to beg you pardon for the scene I caused and to let you know that I am very sorry and hope you will overlook this matter and will pardon me this time.

I beg to Remain Respectfully
L. C. S.

Altar Flowers

During the summer months flowers for the Altar in the Chapel of Our Saviour were supplied through the National Plant and Flower Guild, by Miss Margaret D. Leverich and Miss Bertha Parsons. The flowers blossoming out-of-doors were chosen as a refreshing contrast to the winter-time hot-house roses and lilies.

THE LOOKOUT

Published monthly by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York
at 25 South Street
New York, N. Y.

*Subscription One Dollar Annually, postpaid.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.*

Edmund L. Baylies,.....President
Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer
Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
or
Irene Katharine Lane,.....Editor

Being An Average Man.

Nearly all the seamen in Joseph Conrad's books or Morgan Robertson's very remarkable sea stories are strikingly vivid and vital because they are so well stocked with brutal habits, flaming tempers and abusive vocabularies. These combine to make them interesting and memorable, but it is not an assortment of qualities which would fit well into happy home life. And unfortunately so many of the men especially designed to be impeccable husbands and fathers never have any stirring tales written about them. It isn't a new idea but it is lamentable that so many amiable virtues should also be so dull.

If you were to look over the Institute reports for a week, you would at once get the impression that large hordes of seamen were given over to drinking, untidiness, grumbling and general disagreeableness. Whereas in reality the ninety out of every hundred come to the building, check their luggage, get a shave and hair cut, engage a room and settle domestically into the routine of pleasant days without ever disturbing anyone. They do not figure in the reports particularly and newspaper men do not surge about

them, but they have no taste for individual conspicuousness and the sight of their names in the newspaper would only cause embarrassment. All the same, it seems rather too bad that the good conduct awards have to be confined to early childhood.

It isn't a bit easy to be an average seaman—it is much simpler and a thousand times more natural for the man, just released from a series of days so drearily alike as deck and forecandle days are bound to be, to ally himself with the pleasure seekers who give themselves unenviable reputations.

"They look a mild and home loving lot," a journalist commented after mingling with the crowds of seamen in the public reading and game rooms. He sounded rather disappointed because peaceable, law abiding humans are not so easily woven into colorful stories as are ruffians who look as if gun play and concealed knives were among their least sensational accomplishments. But that is the real keynote of the Institute's success in its big hotel department, the fact that it has attracted and held the patronage of hundreds of men who would make ideal suburbanites if they had a chance to live on shore.

Thousands, literally, of seamen have occupied beds in the new building during the past thirty-six months and they have been, with a few striking exceptions, men who came because they recognized the advantages of living where law and order prevailed. There is a great deal of comfort in the thought that you are a part of a vast community organized specially to protect you from evils it was once

supposed to be impossible to avoid.

It is not likely that the seamen who come back to the Institute each time they are in New York, come with any definitely formed idea of being safe guarded. They come, and do all they can to uphold the Institute ideals, for a reason that has less to do with logic than with sentiment. They come because it feels to them amazingly like coming home.

Permanent Fund Gift

A contribution of \$500.00 to the Permanent Fund account has been given in memory of John Gassner (died June 16th, 1890) by C. A. R.

Noon-Day Talks

Up in the Public Reading Room the Noon-day Talks have begun again. They are given each Tuesday and Friday from 12:30 to 1:15 and are organized in cooperation with the 57th street branch of the Y. M. C. A. The Tuesday noon one is what is called an inspirational talk during which the speaker makes a rather definite appeal to the aspirations and struggling ideals of his audience. The Friday noon talk is the educational one at which a subject of importance as an instructive factor is chosen. Music always accompanies these mid-day addresses and the seamen have grown to anticipate the two days each week when they are certain to hear something which they will find genuinely interesting, presented in a manner that is not hackneyed nor tiresome.

These Noon-day Talks are financed by Mr. Gerard Beekman, in memory of his brother William Beekman, in

whose memory the Public Reading Room is also given.

A Use for Clothes

Aside from the frankly sugary sentimental, there is no way to explain the tremendous need for clothing and shoes so that it seems vital. Most people feel vaguely that most other people can always manage to secure decent and reputable garments, and as for shoes, why, they are largely a matter of course. One must have boots and so one gets them, somehow.

That is also the attitude of the seaman who has had the misfortune to lose his dunnage, to be ill for several months, to be without money or available friends. He knows he can not get a new berth without proper clothing and he is very anxious to go back to work and to re-establish himself as a part of the active, industrious force which animates the ocean dwellings.

When he applies for a job through the Institute Shipping Bureau he is asked about his outfit. He can't be shipped without gear.

"Well, if you could give me a few old things just for this one voyage I could get along until I'd earned enough to buy new ones."

And there it is. The Institute ought to be able to send the victim of ill fortune to sea with a bag of necessary working clothes and underwear—it should have always on hand a supply of half worn things just to meet such emergencies. The problem is further complicated by the arrival of winter.

When the streets are filled with icy

slush and when the harbor winds blow all the venom of a freezing temperature through even the wooliest garments, the seaman out of a job is acutely miserable. His feet can develop every sort of maddening ailment due to contact with an ice-covered pavement; he becomes the prey of bronchitis and pneumonia; he finds his winter a series of colds and coughs and low fevers; he frequently goes to the hospital with influenza, coming out weakened and with his energy greatly diminished.

Every suit of clothes, every overcoat, every pair of boots or low shoes or slippers is valuable to the Institute. Send us all the discarded masculine clothing you can find, because every single article may mean the difference between healthy activity and feeble idleness, between the joy that really comes from working and the depression and demoralization that come from not having a job.

Apprentice Boys at Beach

Curiously enough the boys who spend most of their time on the sea have very few chances to enjoy themselves at the seashore, and the twenty-five apprentices who were the guests of the St. George's Church seaside summer house at Rockaway Beach had one of the happiest days ever devised for their enormous capacity of finding holiday making a joyous affair.

The sort of lunch which every boy loves was provided for them by Deaconess Smith, and after they had done a lot of swimming, played water polo, hand ball, danced and sung, they

ate an equally ample and delightful tea at 5:30. It was one of those all-day picnics where everyone had a thoroughly good time because he was doing things he liked to do and eating an alluring assortment of cake, sandwiches, fruit and sweets not found upon the freighters and tramp steamers where apprentices spend their working days.

There have been many humorous aspersions cast upon picnics and some of them have been deserved, but when you are fourteen or at the most eighteen, you have a tireless energy, a boundless zest for life and being gay and not too heavily responsible.

We didn't intend to do an essay on youthful spirits nor upon the taste for seashore days; it occurred to us, though, that the secret of all really glorious days is largely concerned with doing something particularly nice that one doesn't usually have a chance to do.

The Wake of the Submarine

Although submarines do not make it a practice to leave perceptible wakes, they undeniably do a great deal in the way of memories and the Institute has been taking care of some of the seamen who will not forget U-53 very soon.

Officers and men from four of the ships torpedoed off Nantucket on Sunday, October 8th, were quartered at the Institute in the following numbers:

- S. S. West Point: 11 officers, 24 seamen, 2 colored seamen.
- S. S. Strathdene: 4 officers, 1 carpenter, 12 colored seamen.

S. S. Stephano: 7 officers, 30 men.

S. S. Bloomersdyk: 1 officer, 30 men.

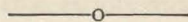
This made a total of 122 men, reminding many of the Institute workers of the February days when the victims of the German cruiser "Möwe" (or Ponga) demonstrated the elastic hospitality of the big building. There is, of course, no comparison in point of numbers, as over 276 unexpected guests were housed at that time. The recollection of the "Appam" and six other crews is only needed to persuade the staff that to the energetic everything is possible.

For the lodging of the latest group cots were set up in the Apprentice Room, because the largest hostelry of its kind has been what is theatrically known as "playing to capacity houses" for several months.

Men are being turned away every night, the average number to be refused lodging being 59 and 60 in July and August, respectively. And this in summer months when so many seamen are employed on the Great Lakes, and on all sorts of small craft, thus suggesting that this port would be less crowded than in the winter. Luckily, it has been found that no ship-wrecked crew, no sufferers from the fortunes of the Great War need to be greeted with a "Standing Room Only" placard. The involuntary guests apparently enjoy the surprising resources for recreation and amusement; they have their own problems but they do not permit them to depress them—at least, not visibly.

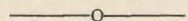
Being urged to leave one's ship while the torpedo waits is more than

perturbing; it is impoverishing. No one has time to pack a trunk or hand bag and that means the immediate problem of clothes and hair brushes, razors and tooth brushes. In assisting the men to re-fit themselves, to re-assemble a certain amount of personal property, the Institute's experience is invaluable.



Bits of Old Carpet

This sounds like a very odd requirement but it is an important one. Squares of old carpet can be made into hand-rags for the firemen, stokers and engineers to use on board ship. Old carpet is not of any special value to the people who are casting it aside, and it will add enormously to the comfort of men who spend their days in occupations singularly devoid of pleasant attributes. When you stop to consider, it seems rather a good way to dispose of the roll of useless carpet which lies in the store-room or basement. This is the suggestion and there is lacking only the power of setting it in motion.



The Seafarer

From San Francisco comes very concrete evidence of the activities of Mr. Deems, formerly assistant superintendent at the Institute. He is now, among many other things, the editor of the San Francisco Institute's monthly paper, "The Seafarer."

In his first editorial he outlines the purposes for which the publication exists and announces his editorial policy. He says:

"Now, all work and no play makes

Jack a dull boy, likewise all facts and no humanity would make 'The Seafarer' a dull sheet. We know the value of human interest and local color, and even the publicly decried, though secretly coveted, heart throbs. An earnest endeavor will be made to flavor our monthly literary meal with these estimable condiments in the form of short stories, character pictures, marine humor and all manner of feature stories."

After that he subtly warns his readers that he intends to appeal to them for many of the Institute's needs by insidiously worded requests.

The LOOKOUT welcomes "The Seafarer" to its list of Exchanges. It will deal with problems long familiar to the LOOKOUT and the editor is hereby assured of the sympathy and support of the LOOKOUT editor. Not that he needs it exactly but the cordial feeling is just as sincere as if he did.

House Full

This laconic announcement appears in the window where it is most likely to be read by prospective applicants for accommodations. Sometimes it is placed there as early as 7 P. M. and sometimes not until 10 o'clock but it is always in use. A great many men fail to notice it and go up to the Hotel Desk with every indication of assurance.

"A 25 cent room for me," one of them says, his quarter already upon the counter.

"Sorry, not a bed left," the Desk Man answers and points to the sign.

"You advertise places for over 500

men to sleep," argued a disappointed seaman the other night, "there can't be that number already here."

But there were, and so great is the demand for lodging that it is almost impossible to do the necessary house cleaning, painting, repairs, etc. If rooms are to be properly cleaned and re-painted, it means closing them off from the use of guests for a few days. This causes a great deal of inconvenience and demonstrates more clearly than ever the need for expansion.

It is almost incredible that three years from the opening of the Hotel Department in the new building, we should be facing the problem of over crowding. It is splendid to succeed in doing the thing which was planned; it is a little disconcerting to have succeeded so well that fresh perplexities confront one.

Home Defense League

One of the most interesting departures from ordinary routine has been made recently by the Police Department. It is a plan for training citizens into policemen understudies and organizing them into a Home Defense League.

In his letter to Dr. Mansfield asking for the Institute's co-operation, Capt. Fahey of the 1st Precinct says that the League, designed to consist of 22,000 citizens, has already about 21,000 men enrolled in its membership. The purpose of this League is to train the citizens, so organized, so that they be prepared for cases of extreme emergency, where a large number of extra policemen are needed. Except in such emergencies, when they are of-

ficially called out, they have no police duties.

Membership in this League carries with it no privileges and no badges or insignia are to be worn by the members.

The Home Defense League exists simply for the patriotic purpose of serving the city in case of great emergency, and the different companies meet from time to time for the purpose of training themselves in order to be ready to answer the call and to perform the service efficiently if a crisis arises. And it was in order to secure an adequate meeting place for the training of these companies that the Captain of the Precinct in which the Institute is situated approached Dr. Mansfield.

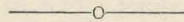
After considering the many excellent features of such a League, the Board of Managers has given permission to the Police Department to hold meetings in the Auditorium, every other week, of two groups of men of this Precinct. These classes will be held on Mondays at four o'clock in the afternoon and at eight o'clock in the evening.

Instruction of these public spirited citizens will include (a) Purpose of Organization, (b) Police Duties, (c) Military Drill. The qualifications for membership are residence in the precinct, good character, citizenship and good physical condition.

That the Institute should be able to assist in any degree the furtherance of such an exceedingly enterprising project for the protection of life and property is a matter for special congratulation.

What the Others Write

For the past two years the LOOKOUT has not been publishing Exchange columns because it was so crowded by material of special importance to the Institute work itself. Convinced now that its attitude was narrow and self centered, it is about to inaugurate afresh the custom of reprinting from other seaman publications. This isn't intended as indiscriminate clipping merely to fill space—it is designed to give LOOKOUT readers an opportunity of seeing what interests and absorbs the workers in other branches of seaman work; the point of view is certain to be slightly different and the change will give an additional element to the LOOKOUT's more or less familiar make-up.

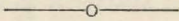


The Rotary Club Luncheon

Through the kindness of a member of the Board of Trustees we had the opportunity of meeting the Rotary Club of New York at a luncheon in the Hotel McAlpin on September 7. A brief report of our trip to the Panama Canal Zone was given, illustrated with lantern slides. About one hundred and fifty business men who were present expressed themselves as greatly interested in the opportunity for the welfare of seamen that is presented in the Panama Canal Zone. The testimony of Governor Goethals and others conversant with conditions in the Canal Zone was supplemented by the experience of three American seamen who had just returned from there. We met them at a Sunday evening Communion service in the Sailors' Home and Institute and they said of all the

ports in the world that they had visited, "Colon was the worst hell-hole for sailors they had ever seen." We appreciated the opportunity of meeting the members of the Rotary Club whose motto, "He profits most who serves best," is in absolute accord with the purpose and aim of The American Seamen's Friend Society.

The Sailors' Magazine and Seamen's Friend.



The Institute Is Haunted!

At night when the tin-shop on the main floor ceases to be disturbed by the rumble of waving sheet-iron, the clanging of hammer on anvil and the sound of metal shears as they rip through a piece of steel, there comes an uncanny quiet. Out of the darkness emerges timidly the shade of the Coffee Bar which once so generously slaked the thirst of many a sailor, and made a trip to the free lunch quite unnecessary. She is a pleasant smiling ghost, and there is a look in her eye of deep human interest. This is quite hidden, however, by her expression of disappointment because we have felt that the income from the tin-shop rent could compare with the great service she was rendering to the material inner being of the marine world. She claims that coffee urns are the only appropriate things to lay a restaurant's ghost. Moreover, the clatter of dishes and the passing of food would be much more to her liking than the metallic rattle which pervades the space she once triumphantly and usefully occupied. We believe she is right, and some day we earnestly hope to see what is now but the memory of

a Coffee Bar brought back into the realm of reality.

There is, however, a more troublesome apparition which makes even the day hideous with her clamor for reincarnation. The spirit of the restaurant is driven to retirement when daylight comes and inhospitable noises fill her with despair. But this other immaterial being is never troubled.

She is the ghost of the Hotel Department.

In vast, lonesome stretches on the third floor she wanders from empty room to empty room. At the door of the neglected shower-bath she pauses to shed a tear in memory of merry mornings "once upon a time." With a sob she sits upon the rusting springs of beds which once upheld the slumbering forms of sailormen, weary with job-hunting or pleasure-seeking. She is not only a sad apparition but a most unattractive one. Her raiment is covered with dust, and in her hands she never ceases to collect waste from the rest of the building. We are quite familiar with her. In fact, we see her so constantly that we are in danger of getting used to her, and soon we may cease hearing her oft' repeated wail, "Why, why, why, is all this space wasted? Bring me back once more into the world of real service, and I will soon become much, O so much more attractive!"

We are listening to her appeal, most sincerely hoping that we will be in a position before the winter is over to grant her request.

This means that we must raise money enough to put a neglected and generally run down portion of the

building into first-class shape. But it will be worth the effort. Everything is which contributes to making the institute a centre of sailor life. The Hotel Department must be re-established!

The Seafarer.

How We Kept "Mothers' Day" at Melbourne

Phew! what a day it was!! Outside—the wind blew, the cold nipped, and the rain fell in torrents. Inside the Institute all was as cheerful as the proverbial marriage bell. Every man of the fifty-one present was handed a little white "button-hole" to wear as a token of respect to his best friend—his mother. White flowers were everywhere.

It was "Mothers' Day," the second Sunday in May. What could appeal more to the heart of every sailor man, away from home and in a strange port, than the celebration of such a day? Notwithstanding the weather conditions, the Mission folks had done their best to make it a bright and cheerful day. At four o'clock we drew in our chairs around the platform, and then we sang the old Hymns our mothers loved. How we did sing! Hymns such as "When Mothers of Salem," "Shall We Gather at the River," "Sun of My Soul," and so on for half an hour. No wonder some of us felt a lump in the throat or a moisture in the eyes as these old hymns reminded us of days long past.

Then the Missioner told us the meaning of "Mothers' Day". It was that every man should at least think of

his mother on that day: if living write her a letter; if "gone home," do some kind act in her memory. Then followed a bright cheery address from the Vicar of the pro-Cathedral. He told us of his own Mother, how much he owed to her, said he intended pressing his white "button-hole" and sending it to her to show he had been thinking of her especially on "Mothers' Day."

A young fellow sang "Memories of Mother" in a way that was as good as a sermon; and after prayer that each man of us might be just the man his mother wanted him to be, the singing finished. The ladies of the Mission now appeared on the scene, and soon the tea tables were set and we all sat down like one big family to a lovely tea. Many of us talked of home and mother more than we had done for many a long day.

In the Institute mail box that night, just forty letters were posted. Now it is no secret that many letters written in Seamen's Institutes are addressed "Miss——", that is to a sister, or more likely some other fellow's sister. But that night most were addressed "Mrs.——." Many a mother in a distant part of the world was cheered by the contents of the mail box that night. It would certainly be a fine thing for sailor men if every Institute could celebrate "Mothers' Day" as we did. It falls on the second Sunday in May. Make a note of it.

The Church and Sailor.

Conflicting Miners

Here is a story which you can believe if you try hard. It is told by a French journalist who has lately been

in Ireland, and who gives a significant wink when he assures you that it is "perfectly true." A tourist on the Irish coast wanted to go fishing, and tried to hire a boat. "No," said the owner, "I cannot let you have it. I am too busy laying mines for the German Government." "Oh," said the tourist, "perhaps your brother would take me out in his boat." "Afraid he cannot either," was the reply; "you see he's busy fishing up the mines for the British Admiralty."

The Mariner's Advocate.

Shipping Department.

Month Ending Sept. 30th, 1916.

Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Kentuckian	1	Buenos Ayres, Arg.
S.S. Verdi	48	Liverpool, Eng.
S.S. Susquehanna	23	Cape Town, So. Af.
S.S. Texas	8	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Servian		
Prince	28	La Pallice, France
S.S. Vauban	11	Bahia, Brazil
S.S. Arizonian	1	Genoa, Italy
S.S. Siamese		
Prince	26	La Pallice, France
S.S. Cluny Castle	12	Cape Town, So. Af.
S.S. Stephen	31	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Afghan		
Prince	26	Rio de Janeiro, Bra.
S.S. Burmese		
Prince	28	La Pallice, France
S.S. Gregory	24	Ceara via Barbados
S.S. Florida	13	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Moorish		
Prince	35	St. Nazaire, France
S.S. Russian		
Prince	1	Trinidad, B. W. I.
S.S. York Castle	7	Baltimore, Md.
S.S. Moliere	19	Buenos Ayres, Arg.
S.S. Highland		
Prince	20	Rio de Janeiro, Bra.
S.S. Port Philip	13	Auckland, N. Z.
S.S. Raphael	1	Manchester, Eng.
S.S. Northwestern	2	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Portuguese		
Prince	29	La Pallice, France
S.S. Vestris	14	Liverpool, Eng.
Steamer Greene	1	New London, Conn.
Barge Caddo	1	Portland Maine
Barge Hobson	1	New York Harbor
Yacht Wenonah	2	Cruising
Yacht Katoura	12	Cruising
Lighthouse Tender		
Tulip	1	New York Harbor

Vessel	Men	Destination
Lighthouse Tender		
Daisy	1	New York Harbor
Men given temporary employment	55	on shore
Total	495	

Donations Received During The Month of September, 1916.

Literature, flowers, clothing, cards, fruit.

- Adams, Miss C. L.
- Allen, Miss E. D.
- Beebe, Mrs. W. H. H.
- Caldwell, Mrs. Arthur P.

CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUBS AND BRANCHES

- Headquarters, 281 Fourth Ave., N. Y.
 - St. George's Church, New York.
 - St. John's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 - St. John's Church, Far Rockaway, L. I.
 - St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 - Comstock, Mrs. Robert
 - Dall, Mrs. H. H.
 - Girls Friendly Society, St. George's Church, N. Y.
 - Graves, Mrs. E. A.
 - Halsey, Miss E. A.
 - Hertzner, Miss G.
 - Kayser, Mrs. P. T.
 - Lester, Miss M. E.
 - Leverich, Mrs. Edward
 - Messenger, T. H.
 - National Plant, Fruit and Flower Guild
 - Olmstead, Miss S. R.
 - Palmer, Mrs. Edwin
 - Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.
 - Prime, Miss Cornelia
 - Purdy, Miss A. A.
 - The Republican Club of New York.
 - Rhoades, J. H.
 - Robert, E. E.
 - Robertson, Mrs. Annie K.
 - Schulte, Mrs. H. Von W.
 - Usher, Miss Irene
 - Woodward, Mrs. M. P.
 - Wilson, Orne, Jr.
 - Church of the Ascension, Atlantic City, N. J.
- CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES**
- Brady, Rev. Cyrus Townsend, D.D., Superintendent's Discretionary Fund \$ 3.00
 - Church of the Atonement, Quogue, L. I. In Memory of Rear Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N. \$41.34
 - In Memoriam—J. M.—Burial Fund...\$50.00
 - In Memory of John Gassner—C. A. R.—Permanent Fund.....\$500.00
 - Anonymous donations 4

General Summary of Work

SEPTEMBER 1916

Savings Department.

Sept. 1st Cash on hand.....	\$60,676.65
Deposits	40,834.65
	\$101,511.30
Withdrawls (\$11,476.43 trans- mitted)	39,550.15
	\$61,961.15

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

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	31
Men Shipped.....	440
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	25
Men given temporary employment thru Missionaries	30
Total number of men given employment	495

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	40
Visits to vessels	142
Men transported	308
Pieces of dunnage transported	423

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	15,501
Letters received for seamen.....	3,599
Pieces of dunnage checked	2,847

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and Clothing	70
		Employment on shore thru Missionaries	30
		Referred to Hospitals.....	48
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.....	58

Social Department.

		Attendance	
		Number Seamen	Total
Entertainments First Aid Lectures Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	}	Discontinued for September	
		Hospital Visits	7
		Patients Visited	283
		Ships Visited	415
		Package reading matter distributed....	534

Religious Department.

		Attendance		
		Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	15	606	737	
Scandinavian.....	7	72	80	
Special Services	4	51	51	
Sing Songs	2	150	150	
Bible Classes.....	4	138	138	
Total.....		32	1,017	1,156
		Holy Communion Services		1

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

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

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

HENRY L. HOBART, Chairman

FRANK T. WARBURTON GEORGE E. CUMMINGS

ROBERT L. HARRISON CHARLES W. BOWRING

JOHN SEELY WARD ORME WILSON, Jr.

CHARLES A. CLARK BAYARD C. HOPPIN

JOHN S. ROGERS