

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XI.

OCTOBER 1920

No. 10

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES  
President

FRANK T. WARBURTON  
Secretary and Treasurer

REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.  
Superintendent

## Administration Offices

Telephone Broad 297

25 South Street, New York

## Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour" and Social Service

Religious services aboard ships lying in harbor

Hospital Visitors

Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals

Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats

Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants

Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families

Burial of Destitute Seamen

Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift

Transmission of money to dependents

Free Libraries

Four Free Reading Rooms

Game Room Supplies

Free stationery to encourage writing home

Free English Classes

Information Bureau

Literature Distribution Department

Ways and Means Department

Post Office

Operation of Institute Boat

Department of "Missing Men"

Publication of THE LOOKOUT

Comfort Kits

Christmas Gifts

First Aid Lectures

Health Lectures

Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment

Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

## Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK", a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.



# THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 11

OCTOBER 1920

No. 10

## Thought He Was Dead

He stood in line waiting to book his room; and as he stood there, he looked idly around. He glanced at the soda fountain where a number of men were leaning on the counter, some talking and some eating ice cream. It was a little too cold for ice cream, he thought, and he glanced to his right.

He saw a list of names on the Bulletin Board, and he noticed at the top the words, "Missing Men." His lips twitched, but he did not grin, neither did he sneer. He might have been a missing man if anyone had been left to care. But he had not heard from home for so many years he was sure they were all dead.

His father was the kind of a man who would have written if he had been alive. He knew that letters could not reach him during the war, but as soon as was possible after he had written letter after letter, and then waited anxiously. Then he gave up. They were all dead, he decided. Nothing else could account for the awful silence of the years.

He let his eyes wander down the list of "missing men." It was not hope or expectation that made him look where his name might be, but when he did look, he suddenly closed his eyes and then opened them very wide and looked again. Then he rubbed his hands over them and again looked at the name that seemed to stare back at him. *It was his name,*

He turned to the clerk at the desk

who had his hand extended for his passport, and asked, "Where can I find out about them names?" and he indicated the list on the bulletin board. He spoke in a suppressed voice that did not hide his excitement, and he shuffled impatiently from side to side.

The clerk stretched his neck to see where he was pointing, and said, "Oh, up in the Chaplain's office. I thought you wanted a room."

"Where is the Chaplain's office?"

"Second floor, up the stairs. Do you want a room?"

"Yes," the excited man said, but instead of waiting for it he slipped out of the line, and hurried toward the stairs.

"What is the matter with him?" the clerk asked, as he peked through the grating after the fast retreating man.

The men in the line glanced curiously toward the stairs, and one said, "I guess he saw his name on this here list."

"I guess he'd better get a room if he wants one," the clerk mumbled, as he took the passport of the next man, "there are only a few left."

But the man in the Chaplain's office had forgotten all about rooms, for with shining eyes and trembling hands he was turning over a letter from his father, who had written to ask us to locate his long lost son.

"I thought he was dead," the son said. "I thought he was dead. and—and thank you Sir—thank you very much. I'll write at once."



### The Institute Property

For several years the Institute has owned property adjoining its present building, on which the Board of Managers intend to build a much needed annex.

Last week a most unexpected opportunity to secure a lot adjacent to our property on Front Street presented itself, and the wires between the members of the Board concerned, were kept busy until the land was purchased.

It was owing to the prompt and effective co-operation of the President of the Society, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, who with his usual wisdom and foresight, grasped the opportunity when it came; and the support of the Vice-President of the Society, Mr. Allison V. Armour; and the assistance of the Secretary and Treasurer Mr. Frank T. Warburton, with the aid and advice of Mr. Edmund de T. Bechtel, another member of the Board of Managers and representing the President of the Board, that prompt action in such an important matter was possible, and the much desired land was secured.

The building as it now stands covers 8,983 square feet of land.

The property owned by the Institute (including the lot just purchased) and not built on, is 7377 square feet of land, which is nearly as much as that covered by our present building. This makes a total of 16,360 square feet of land now held by the Institute.

The building now stands on a corner with a frontage on South Street and Coenties Slip. The new building will have a frontage on South Street

of ninety-one feet; a frontage on Coenties Slip, of one hundred and sixty feet; and a frontage on Front Street of a little over one hundred and eleven feet.

When the new building is completed it is estimated that there will be sleeping accommodation for sixteen hundred men a night, which will be more than double our present capacity.

There will also be more room for the other activities of the Institute, that are now greatly hampered by lack of space.

### Lost at South Ferry

He did not hesitate at the door; he was quite unselfconscious. "Can—maybe—my brother—can help."

He spoke in a breathless way that indicated nervous strain; or was it that he had been running. The Chaplain could not say, but he asked him to sit down.

He sat down reluctantly—it was evident that time was valuable to him.

"My brother I lose—I lose him at South Ferry and he cannot speak the language. He speak only Spanish."

"Was this his first time in America?" the Chaplain asked sympathetically.

"Yes, he is only seventeen and he came out with me on a Belgian ship. I say I will take care of him and I lose him at South Ferry. I walk and walk and I walk all over New York, day and night, and I cannot find him."

It did seem a hopeless task, and we got in touch with the Missing Men Bureau of the Police Department, and gave him a note to them.

"I walk and walk all day and all night," he said, coming out of his al-



## THE LOOKOUT

---

most despair at a kind word, "and I cannot eat or anything. I thank you. I thank you very, very much," he paused a second at the door and looked back, "he is only a boy, and I lose him. I lose him at South Ferry."

---

### Foreign Books and Papers

The Librarian was arranging the magazines on the table when a man approached him rather diffidently, and made a few sounds that he had no doubt meant something but they were unintelligible to him. He looked around and as he expected, the man was a Hollander.

He went with him until they found an interpreter; and then he learned that the sailor had been here for two weeks and he was so lonely he did not know what to do. He thought if he had a paper or book in his own language it would help a lot.

The Librarian had a few papers that he had kept for such a man, for he knew by experience that the Dutch greatly appreciate papers and books in their own language.

But the Dutch are not the only ones, who, alone in a strange country, not able to speak or read the language, hunger for a paper or book from home. The Swedes, the Norwegians, the Spaniards, the Italians, the French, the—but why try to enumerate all the people in the world. We have them all here, most of them transients, forced to stay here a few days or weeks or months; and only those who have been alone in a foreign country know the loneliness.

A few days ago an Arab from Aden, a poor waif washed up on our shore, tried to tell the Librarian of

his loneliness of soul; and what a task it was. But finally an interpreter was found, and while we were unable to give him any papers or books to read, still the Librarian said a few kind words. Another man who could not make himself understood was a man from Bosnia. A smile and a shake of the hand was the best we could do for him.

So do you wonder that the Librarian has a dream of building up a library of foreign books? He says he cannot think of any better way of giving these foreign peoples a good opinion of America, than to give them the things that will make them happy here, and nothing will do that so well as a paper or book from their home land.

These people are our guests—our guests because we need them to carry on the commerce of the world. While they are here we want to make them feel that they are our brothers, and we care whether they are comfortable and happy.

Nothing will help so much as books; books strongly bound; books of all kinds that will interest such men, so long as they are good books.

The Librarian will welcome books and papers in all foreign languages. He already has a few French books, very few, but a beginning. But his dreams are big—so big that he already sees the day when his library of foreign languages will have something for everyone.

---

### Boquets of Flowers

He was a Hollander, who had given up the sea. The House Mother remembered him when she saw him standing at her office door almost hid-



den behind a great bunch of beautiful flowers.

He lives in New Jersey now and when he heard Mrs. Roper was back he brought his offering of flowers; and a magnificent offering it was. And under the flowers on her desk, when the Editor looked in for copy, was a picture painted by another sailor; and beside the picture were post cards from Rotterdam, and from England, and from different parts of America, all expressing what one card bore in artistic lettering, "Welcome—from other shores to ours."

### Christmas Around the Corner

The world is so full of strife and misunderstanding, that already we have begun to look toward Christmas as an oasis in a desert of hate. Christ said He came to give life and to give it more abundantly, and to those of us who believe in Him, He offers the only solution of our problems.

We desire that Christmas this year may be a time when all the world will pause, and with eyes on an uplifted Christ, seek a solution of the world's problems, in a spirit of love.

But Christ must be lifted up before He can draw all men unto Him, and it is the work of the Institute, in its small way, to hold Christ up before the sailors of all nations who come to us. We try to do this from day to day and week to week, but at Christmas time men's hearts are tender, and we wish to welcome them all on that day into one great family, bound only by a common humanity and a common task.

Our Christmas depends on our

friends; even the spirit depends on you for only by the consciousness of your sympathy, are we strengthened for the task that is ours.

### Chaplain's Problems

It is understood that the Chaplains at the desk must be prepared to meet any emergency; and as a rule they are. But one of the most resourceful members of the staff confessed that he did not feel quite equal to the situation, when a fine big American engineer approached him and asked him to get him a wife.

He made his request in the off hand way a man might ask for a passport or a bandage. The Chaplain asked him to repeat his request, and he turned his ear toward him.

"I want you to get me a wife," the engineer repeated, "I am thirty-five years of age and I want to get married but I have no means of meeting the kind of woman I want to marry. I want your assistance."

"Well but—" the Chaplain hesitated, "getting married isn't just like anything else. I maybe—"

"You are here to help the seamen," the engineer interrupted with a twinkle in his eyes, "and I need help. Can you do anything for me?"

"I—I— don't know," the Chaplain stammered, and just then the telephone rang.

"Yes! Yes! I'll be there in a minute."

"I have to show some ladies through the building," the Chaplain said to the anxious engineer, "I'll talk to you when I come back."

The Chaplain met the ladies (an elderly woman and her daughter) and



he took them first to the roof, then through the navigation school, and on down until he reached the second floor where he introduced them to several other members of the staff.

While the ladies were talking the Chaplain felt a hand on his arm. It was the engineer, who pulled him aside and whispered, "That is the woman I want. Please introduce me."

The Chaplain looked at him in astonishment; then he saw that he was looking at the young woman he had been taking through the building.

"I want to meet her," the engineer insisted.

"But—but!" the Chaplain protested, for it was too dizzy a romance even for him, and he thought he could not be surprised.

But the engineer was gently propelling him toward the party and the young woman was watching them.

The Chaplain introduced them; and it seems to have been enough.

Last Sunday he was preaching in the city where the ladies live and the engineer was at his service. After it was over he advanced and shook his hand and then urged him to go outside with him. In her car out there was the lady. She too wanted to shake his hand and thank him.

---

### Annual Memorial Day

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York has been called a house of memories; some have called it a house of a thousand memories.

Everywhere throughout the building there are brass tablets telling of someone whose memory is fresh in a living service to seamen. And once

a year a Memorial Service is held in the Chapel of Our Saviour, a service in which our friends and the friends of the Seamen may renew their connection with the Institute.

The Board of Managers has set the Sunday nearest All Saints' Day, which is this year October 31st., as the day on which those who have made memorial gifts to the Institute may come together; or at least may know that their memorials, and those in whose names they were presented, are remembered.

The Board of Managers and the Superintendent very cordially invite all such interested friends to be present.

---

### But One Cross

The following letter from an earnest supporter of the Institute has so appealed to us that we wish all the readers of the LOOKOUT to know her opinion, and especially her suggestion in regard to prayer.

She wrote, "Your kind letter of Aug. 17th., received, and I have waited to reply until the magazines arrived as you asked me to 'take my pen in hand,' regarding them.

"I am glad to say they came last week, for there was but one day to spare before my friend left, to whom I wished to show them, as she had never seen the LOOKOUT, and the Seamen's Institute and its work had never before been brought to her notice—I gained thus both her interest and her subscription.

"You kindly ask me to suggest anything which may add to the progress of the Lookout. This I am unable to do, as it seems to me all that one



could desire. I have noted however that its especial interest and charm to those who have for the first time seen it, lies in the letters from the seamen—their sayings, and all personal items concerning them.

"In every instance where I have been able to secure a new subscriber, this feature has appealed to them, inspiring interest in the work for our brothers of the sea.

"The simplicity, and genuine way, in which it is all told, attracts and appeals, so that it would be a pity ever to crowd them out for other matter, or lessen in any degree.

"There is however one thought which I will express, although I do not offer it as a suggestion, but it may meet your approval.

"It is more earnest prayer from each subscriber for the seamen and the work of the Institute on their behalf.

"I am a firm believer in prayer, and its blessing, given to those who ask God's help in the work done for his children. This regardless of creed, if the petitions are made 'In His Name'—for there is but one Cross, although different roads may lead to it.

"Could in any way, this request be made, on the closing page or pages of each number?

"May the reader, who has felt an interest in this Magazine earnestly remember each day in prayer, the lives of those on the Sea that they may be kept body and soul, for their Heavenly Father's Kingdom.'

"Also petition a blessing from God, in abundance for the work of the Seamen's Church Institute for the Sea-

men. Dr. Mansfield or Dr. Green could word this far better than I have expressed it, did it meet their approval, if you tell them of your request to me and this reply. From a child I have always prayed for the sailors, and tried to help them, although I have never had anyone belonging to me, or a friend who followed the sea."

### Our Wireless Station

On the roof of the Seamen's Church Institute, just below the green light, there is a wireless station, where the students who are studying to be operators learn to send and receive messages.

As the Instructor sat before the transmitter, and explained about wave lengths and ground wires, he suddenly stopped and listened to the "tick, tick" of the instrument. Then he seemed to play with it, and a tolerant smile spread over his face.

We looked questioningly at him and he explained, "That was a message from one of the students. He says he cannot come to-morrow because he has an engagement with his girl."

"Where is he?" we asked.

"He lives in Brooklyn and he has rigged up a wireless station on his house."

We went to the door and looked down at the millions of twinkling lights across Brooklyn Bridge, down the shores of Long Island, around Governor's Island and the Battery, across to Liberty and the shore of Jersey; and at the hundreds of little craft, that seemed to be crawling snail-like around the harbor. We could hear the dim rumble of life far up town, and the occasional clank of a late wagon on



South Street; and then we turned back to the receiver that had begun to click again.

From somewhere, through the air, had come a message, that the little instrument was spelling out for the Instructor. He tried to tell us how it was done, but when he had finished, he had not explained, for who can explain electricity.

When we asked that question, the expression came into his face that we see on the faces of clergymen when they speak of the mystery of life; that can be seen in the face of the inventor when he has chained a power he does not fully understand; that can be seen in the face of the seaman when he speaks of fate.

Men who work with electricity respect its power and mystery, and the Instructor who teaches the wireless operators in our Navigation School is no exception. Day after day he teaches the students who come to him how to send out and how to receive messages; he teaches them how to repair their instruments; he teaches them to love their work of protecting life and property; and he teaches them respect for the wonderful forces of nature.

It would be interesting to know whether wireless operators are ever materialists. It is hard to believe that they can be—and in the meantime students come to our classes and learn how to serve on our Merchant ships; and already the tradition of the "Wireless Operator" who sticks to his post until the ship goes down, has its origin in sacrifices as fine as those of any officers on ships.

### From a Seaman

The following letter to Mrs. Roper gives an idea of the kind of letters she receives nearly every day from some of her numerous family of seamen. Some she knows, and some just know her.

"Would you please be kind enough to hold my mail until I return to New York, which will probably be about six months. We are making a trip around the world and believe me, we are having a wonderful time, but I think most of us would rather be back in the S. C. I. \* \* \*

"I always visit the Seamen's Church Institutes, but somehow they all seem vacant without a mother. I have never met you personally but have seen you numberless times at the home, and you can rest assured that the next time I come to New York I am certainly going to look you up and have a little chat.

"I received my mail that you forwarded to me while I was on the Zenith City on the Great Lakes this spring, and I thank you very much."

### Carrying the Message to Japan

The Director of the Seamen's Institute in Kobe, Japan, the corner stone of which will soon be laid, visited us this month. He brought his assistant with him and they went over the whole building, which they described as "wonderful."

The Captain of a Japanese ship also called this month and asked to see through the building. The story of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, has reached Japan; and they want to go and do likewise.



## THE LOOKOUT

Published monthly by the Seamen's  
Church Institute of New York  
at 25 South Street  
Telephone, Broad 297  
New York, N. Y.

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

Address all communications to  
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D., Superintendent  
or Lillian Beynon Thomas.....Editor

### Annual Sailors' Day

The Seamen's Church Institute of America for the first time as a national organization has sent an appeal to nearly 4,000 Clergymen in America to join in the observance of Sailors' Day. This is in accord with the following resolution passed at the last General Convention: "That the established Annual Sailors' Day be generally observed in all of the Churches on the second Sunday in November, that we may remember the value of the living seamen and memorialize those who have died."

November 14th is the day set apart to emphasize our responsibility for "Those who go down to the sea in ships and do their business in great waters."

A conservative estimate places the number of seamen in our ports at 1,000,000. Many of these are young men from good homes, with ideals and aspirations, and yet when they come ashore in many of our port towns they have nowhere to go except the cheap boarding houses and dives; no one to welcome them but the land shark and the crimp. They are alone and forlorn and easily fall a prey to conditions which should never obtain.

To offset these conditions, the national organization is making every effort to establish Seamen's Church Institutes in the various ports. It can be done and will be done, if the whole Church will assist in the effort.

### The Consecration of Bishop Davenport

At Trinity Cathedral, the Diocese of Easton, on Wednesday, September Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, Reverend George William Davenport, former General Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, was consecrated Bishop of Easton.

Among those who took part in the service was Dr. A. R. Mansfield, General Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, who has been a strong supporter of a national organization to care for all seamen who come to our ports, and with whom Bishop Davenport, as General Secretary, was in almost constant association since he undertook the work.

The loss of Bishop Davenport to the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of America cannot be estimated; but such an occasion is not the time to count the cost, but rather to rejoice with those he has chosen to serve.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, will miss him very much; we will miss him in a thousand ways of which he does not know, for his magnetic smile and his kindly manner have made a place for him here that will not be filled; but even while we are conscious of our loss, we extend to him our very best wishes in the life he has chosen.



Our door will always be ajar for Bishop Davenport; and our hearts will always glow with a friendly warmth at the mention of his name.

---

### Appreciation

The following letter written by Bishop Davenport, on his last day as General Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, to Dr. Mansfield, who has recently been appointed General Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, will be of interest to many.

Bishop Davenport wrote: "This is my last day as General Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America. I cannot leave without putting on record my sincere appreciation of all that you have done to make the work of my office a success. Little would have been accomplished had it not been for your counsel and help in many ways. While I feel that we have only made a beginning in the national work for seamen, I am glad indeed to have some part in the inauguration of an undertaking which I believe is destined to accomplish great things for the seamen of the world.

"I trust you will be able to find someone to carry on the work who will be able to accomplish things I never could do, but whatever I have done, small as it is, was made possible only because you have given me so generously of your experience, knowledge and judgment, born of long years of service for the seamen. I shall always be interested in the work of this organization and hope that you and the other national officers will feel that I am ready to cooperate and serve whenever it is possible in the promo-

tion of the Seamen's Church Institute of America.

"I wish also, thru you, to thank the Board, Staff, Heads of Departments, and all others connected with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, for the many courtesies which I have received.

"Wishing you every success not only as the General Superintendent of the National Organization, but also as the honored Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York."

---

### First Annual Report

The Seamen's Church Institute of Newport, R. I. is the first born child of the Seamen's Church Institute of America. All the other branches of this great organization were established before they became part of the national body, therefore it has been with the feeling of a father for the first achievement of his eldest son, that the national officers have read the First Annual Report of the Newport Institute.

And it would be a credit to the first born of any organization. It is printed on good paper on which cuts of the Institute show to advantage. One almost feels that they have paid a visit to the Newport Institute after looking at the pictures and reading the simple clear accounts from the various members of the Board and the Staff as to what has been accomplished; and what is planned for the future.

Over 24,000 men have visited the Institute during the year, and 2,760 men have been visited in the hospital. 146 vessels were visited and 349 packages of books were sent to the ships.



Nearly \$4,000 of seamen's wages was cared for by the Institute, and writing material for 3,024 letters that were mailed from there was provided.

But figures cannot give an idea of what the first born child of the Seamen's Church Institute of America has accomplished. As the Superintendent so well says in his report, "The remainder of the record of our work is written in the lives of men."

### For Mother

"If it wasn't for her I'd never go back," the bright fair haired boy at our right said, when we told him his family were anxious about him.

We understood for we had talked to the mother, as in broken English she had tried to explain about the death of her youngest; and her boy had been discharged from the navy; and he had not written home, and her load seemed a little too heavy.

"Did we think he was ashamed to go home? Would he maybe get into bad company and never go home? Might he some day do something wrong?"

"No," we did not think any of those things would happen. We knew the foreboding that lurks in the shadow of a new grave. We talked as cheerfully as if boys never did wrong things. We did not mention the letter on our desk from a boy behind prison bars. There was something about that woman that made us hopeful her boy would be drawn back to her.

And there he sat, as cheerful as if he had never occasioned anyone a moments worry, and told us how he was going to be an officer soon.

"Yes," he had been home.

"Did he know about his sister's death?"

"Not until he was almost home; and when he heard he turned around and went back to the ship; then he thought about his mother, and he went to her.

And again we felt the clasp of her toil hardened hand; and we saw her smile, and we knew why her boy went back.

### Under Arrest

It may not be known to everyone that ships, like men, are sometimes arrested, but such is the case.

She looked dejected enough for anything as she lay at anchor, with a list of nearly thirty degrees. She had reached the state where she was indifferent to appearances. She was in disgrace and she knew it.

The Institute boat greeted her with a friendly toot, but there was absolutely no response. No one appeared on deck. There was no sign of life about her.

The J. Hooker Hamersley puffed up beside her, and tooted again in an inquiring way, and a lonely looking man put his head out of the saloon door. He looked down suspiciously at the Chaplain who was waving to him, and demanded, "Are you police officers?"

"We are not," the Chaplain said, and he explained who he was, and asked permission to go on board.

The man consented, and when the Chaplain climbed over the rail, he explained that he was an officer of the law, and the ship was under arrest.

He was the sole occupant of the



ship; and he did not like his job. He had never wanted to go to sea. He didn't like ships or anything about them and he had chosen a shore job, and here he was, deserted, the only one on a crazy old boat that hadn't spirit enough to sit up straight. He didn't know what she might do; and in the meantime he hadn't anything decent to eat.

"Come into the cabin," he said, and when there he held up three burnt onions, and explained that was all he had except a piece of bread.

The Chaplain looked for the bread, and he was astonished to see it hanging by a string from the ceiling.

"Rats!" he said.

"Yes rats!" the officer of the law echoed drearily, "that is the only way to keep it."

The Chaplain, who had made several voyages in the vessel in her happier days, wanted to see what time and circumstances had done to her and he began to look her over. He happened to go in the direction of the bar.

"Nothing there! Nothing there!" the officer warned him hopelessly.

The Chaplain left a few magazines and promised to send a very urgent message to those in authority, to go to the rescue of the lonely man on the lonely ship.

### Making Americans

A gentleman on board the S. S. Ryndam on which the House Mother returned to New York, went every day to the steerage where he had a class of five boys he was teaching to speak English. The last day they were on board he asked Mrs. Roper to go down and see them.

She was much impressed with the work done on one short voyage. The boys could all count to one thousand; they could tell the names of many articles in common use; they could ask for what they wished; and more than all that, there was Peter.

Mrs. Roper in telling the story always comes back to Peter. He was a Polish boy of fifteen who had been sent to work so young that he had had only one year at school. He was coming to this country to work in a mill, but the teaching of the man who had gone down every day on the voyage, had stirred something in the boy. Before he had seen Liberty's light, before he had touched the shores of America he had determined to have an education.

### Moonlight on the Harbor

The first to arrive were two sailors in navy uniform. They brought the ice cream. The next were two British apprentice boys, they brought the small organ that is taken around for services held on ships. After them came boys and girls in all kinds of uniforms, and in civilian dress; for it was a Thursday night, and the Institute boat on that night takes the young sailors and their friends for a trip around the harbor.

A thin sliver of a reddish moon, hung high, a gem on the throat of the night; while lights from every shore glittered like jewels on her robe.

"The Harbor!" who can describe it? Ernest Pool has pictured one side, but there is another; the harbor from which Liberty would fain drive the darkness; the harbor across



which the green light sends its beckoning rays; the harbor we dream of being a refuge for all in distress; but of course it is just a dream.

And on the boat the navy boys are singing; the girl is trying to make the organ heard above their strong young voices; and aft and forward, many are sitting quietly, for they too have felt something of the spirit of the harbor.

And like mosquitoes the restless are flitting up and down and around, and one of the buzzing kind that cannot be happy unless he has the undivided attention of everyone and is jealous of the night and the harbor is heard to remark, "If there is going to be a funeral next Thursday night I will bring flowers."

And no one laughed. The night and the Harbor disowned her; she did not belong.

### They Do Not Care

The Disagreeable Man in "Ships That Pass in the Night," said to Bernardine, "You pretend to know something about the human heart, and yet you do not seem to grasp the fact that most of us are very little interested in other people; they for us and we for them can spare only a small fraction of time and attention. We may perhaps, think to the contrary, believing that we occupy an important position in their lives; until one day when we are feeling most confident of our value, we see an unmistakable sign, given quite unconsciously by our friends, that we are after all nothing to them; we can be done without, put one side, and forgotten when

not present. Then, if we are foolish, we are wounded by this discovery, and we draw back into ourselves. But if we are wise we draw back into ourselves without being wounded, recognizing as fair and reasonable that people can only have time and attention for their immediate belongings. Isolated persons have to learn this lesson sooner or later; and the sooner they do learn it the better."

Sailors are isolated persons, and most of them have learned this lesson too well; they do not expect to be remembered. On each return they look into the eyes of the employees at the Institute as a total stranger would, but if they are remembered, their eyes suddenly grow soft and misty.

### Books for Seamen

A commission on Seamen's Education, which was instituted by the world Association for Adult Education, met recently in London. The Commission has the support of many ship owners in London and Liverpool, and it also has the support of many of the Sailors' Unions, which have made contributions to its work and have members on it.

The object is to put libraries on all ships; and two ships have already been provided with books chosen, not only to amuse, but to enable the seamen to secure information on any subject that may be of interest to them.

Dr. Mansfield has already had considerable correspondence with the American Library Association which he is urging to undertake just such work for the American sailors, and



something of this nature will be done, when the proper organization to do the work has been determined.

---

### Explosion Victims

The explosion on Wall Street that caused so many deaths and so much suffering, was not only heard at the Institute, but some of the victims were sent to us for treatment.

While the doctor in our Clinic cared for the more serious cases, the doctor in the Chaplain's office took care of those who responded to more simple remedies.

The Clinic looked like an operating room when the blood stained victims were properly bandaged and cared for; but we were glad to be of service at such a time.

---

### After War Problems

Unusual problems, the result of the war are still coming to us.

Just last Saturday night, a dejected looking soldier entered the Institute and went straight to the Chaplain. His story was not like any we had ever had, but in one thing it was similar to many. He had neither a friend nor money and it was Saturday night.

He had been a sailor but when the war broke out he joined the army and went to France. After the war was over, while he was still on duty, he was absent without leave and he was imprisoned. His company returned home without him, and he was sent over a prisoner.

No charges were made against him and no one seemed to know anything about him, so he was finally released, but without money.

He was given enough money to

keep him until he secured work at a place to which the Chaplain sent him; and already he has called to return the money and report that he is getting along well.

---

### Drug Addicts

There has been a decrease instead of an increase of drug addicts according to a recent number of "The Journal of the American Medical Association." This is good news for those who have long fought for prohibition, for while they believed the good results would far exceed the evil ones; still not the most sanguine but expected serious reactions, and the one most commonly feared, was an aggravation of the drug habit.

If men are denied the stimulant they are accustomed to they will seek something else, it was argued, but the facts seem to prove that the drug habit instead of being a substitute for alcoholism, is a consequence of alcoholism.

The problem of order in the Institute, has been simplified by prohibition, and the main floor where fights were at one time quite common, is now as quiet and orderly as the best conducted hotel up town.

---

### The American Red Cross

In Havana, Cuba, and in Barcelona, Spain, the American Red Cross has established definite work for sailors. It is not the intention of this organization to establish any great physical equipment, such as club rooms, boarding houses and etc., but to demonstrate in a few selected ports, where the need is great, the kind of service that seamen need in foreign ports.



Offices will be opened up and personal service given to seamen who apply for it.

At the present time the Red Cross has a man in England studying the situation in regard to the needs of American sailors; and there is a man in the far east looking over the possibilities for the establishment of Red Cross service in one or two far eastern ports.

The Red Cross is not competing with existing agencies that are operating for the benefit of seamen, but is working in co-operation with all existing organizations.

### They Adopted Him.

"You can send my mail to this address," a young Russian seaman who had asked us to locate his family for him said, and he gave an address in Brooklyn.

Then he explained. He had arrived in New York alone a stranger with a great seabag on his shoulder. When he reached South Street he was tired and he went in to a shop and asked if he might leave his bag while he found out where he could stay.

The shopkeeper said yes, and something in the lonely look in the eyes of the young seaman touched his Irish heart. He talked to the young fellow for a few minutes and when he went home that night he took him with him, seabag and all.

"That is six years ago, and they are more to me than my own family," he explained, "I always go there. It is home."

And as he talked, we could not but realize the richness that had

gone into that plain home with the young seaman, who carries their affection with him to the farthest corners of the earth; and brings back to them not only the trinkets that love prompts him to get; but the knowledge that the world is not big enough to win him from them.

### A Piano in Memory

In memory of Emilie H. Vickery, who was called to be with God on August 30th, her husband Coleridge C. Vickery has given a very beautiful piano and pianola, with about one hundred rolls of music, to the North River Station.

### "Going Into Dry Dock"

The other day a seaman was leaning against the wall near Elevator No. 1 which takes the ailing seamen to our Free Clinic on the top floor. He was a big hulk of a fellow who looked very much the worse for wear.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the elevator man, suspiciously.

"I am going into dry dock to have my hull examined and possibly have some repairs made to my machinery. I've plenty of boiler capacity, but somehow I can't keep up steam," he drawled in sailor fashion as he gave an extra hitch to his trousers. This was a new one to the Elevator Man, but he was bright enough to appreciate that the "wreck" ambling onto the elevator was very much in need of the Clinic.

This department has become a very important factor in the daily life of the Institute under the development of Dr. Wilson. He is al-



ways cheerful, on the alert, quick to diagnose each case and when he gives an opinion, it begets confidence in the patient.

Here's a man who needs an open sore cleansed and bandaged, another requires an examination of the eye, another evidences serious illness which results in a hurry call for a hospital ambulance; another requires a stiff lecture on personal cleanliness and care of the body. A seaman who has been discharged from the hospital has come back to the Institute to convalesce, but is too weak to care for himself. The 'phone is called into service and in a few minutes arrangements are made with the Free Convalescent Home, White Plains, (which was established by The Burke Foundation) to take the seaman, and he is sent to the Grand Central Station in charge of a fellow seaman. The only cost is the carfare to and from White Plains.

And so the days pass, and this beneficent work ministers to an average of seven hundred fifty monthly. The sympathetic doctor whose heart is wrapt up in his work has many mysterious bottles containing various cultures stowed away in the closets, but during the time the Clinic is open, he is breeding Hope, Courage and Optimism in large quantities. The doctor is very patient instructing these sailor men not only in how to get well, but also in how to keep well.

We cannot overestimate the value of the Clinic, the health lectures in the Auditorium, the semi-weekly

lectures to the students in our Navigation and Marine Engineering School, the medical examination of all new employees, and the daily thoro examination of the Institute from top to bottom, including inquiring after the health of the employees in various departments.

---

### Flowers for the Chapel

The flowers on the altar on September 5th., were given by Mrs. S. K. Probasco, in memory of her father, Robert Allan Forsyth, who as a young man ran away from home, and followed the sea for a few years.

---

### Ten Years of Waiting

"Dear Friend," the letter began, "I am going to call you friend because you are a friend to so many. If you can help me, a lonely mother, after ten years of waiting, I will love you and pray for you always."

She told the same story we have heard so often, of the boy who wanted to join the navy. She was a widow with only two boys and she felt she could not spare him; and then one day he disappeared. Ten years had passed, and sometimes she had mourned him as dead; but every thing she read about sailors or their homes or ships, she treasured, and she wrote all over the world trying to get some trace of her boy. But most of her letters were not answered, and those that were, gave her no hope.

Then one day she saw an account in a New York paper of the work being done in the Missing Men Department of the Institute and she wrote there. "I grasp at every gossamer thread of hope," she wrote



from her home in Arkansas; and on receipt of her letter the search for the ten years' missing man was begun. A man has never been missing too long for the Institute to look for him.

Inside of an hour it was found that an engineer known to many of the employees in the Institute bore the same name as the missing man, and he had called for his mail that very day; but he had not received any.

Wouldn't you like to see that mother when she gets the news?

---

### He Felt Like it

"I have just been reading quite thoroughly the last 'Lookout' a Commodore in the U. S. Navy wrote," and though I have been making, and have made this year, a small contribution of a dollar or two, I am moved to make an extra contribution. I must add that this is not a precedent, as my "Benevolent list" is already quite full, but just to-day—well, I feel like it.

---

### In Every Port

"I have seen your Missing Men Bulletins in almost every port," a young American sailor said, as he sat beside the Chaplain and asked him if he would locate his father.

"I have looked and looked for my name," he explained, "but it is not there and I thought I'd ask you if you'd try to locate a man's folks. I have written and written and I do not get any reply. I just want to know that my father is all right."

We do that too. We have already located a wife, a mother, and we are

looking for a daughter who is supposed to have married while her father was away at sea, and he does not know her name. It is rather a problem, but we are doing our best, for the old man says, "I have wrote and wrote, and nothing comes, and she is all I have in the world since my wife died."

And now we have added a missing father to the list.

---

### Magazines

The Librarian wishes to thank the unknown friends who have subscribed so generously for papers and magazines for the Institute. He also wishes to thank the known friends who month after month and year after year never forget us when a book is read or a magazine is finished. It is wonderful the supply we have received all this year and the work we have been able to do has been splendid.

Later we will give a full report of work accomplished; that is in so far as such work can be reported. The best part of the work is never known, the number of brighter eyes and happier smiles; and the lives that have been given new courage and hope.

---

### London Daily Mirror

The Apprentice Boys' table needs one more paper, and that is the London Daily Mirror.

---

### A Difference

It is said Lloyd's, ring a bell when a ship is reported lost at sea. The Missing Men Department never rings a bell when a sailor is reported lost, for seventy-five per cent. of them are found.



# General Summary of Work

## AUGUST 1920

### Religious Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning	5	134	141
“ Evening	10	531	649
Miscellaneous	5	180	192
Bible Class Meetings	0	0	0
Communion Services			4
Baptisms			1
Weddings			0
Funerals			3

### Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing	0
Assisted thru Loan Fund	62
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	359
Referred to Hospitals	26
Hospital Visits	54
Patients Visited	5,680
Referred to other Organizations	6

### Institute Tender “J. Hooker Hamersley”

Trips	23
Visits to vessels	84

OUT OF COMMISSION

### Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	3	990	1,087
Home Hours	3	222	260
Ships visited			103
Packages of literature distributed			570
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			5

### Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering School enrollment	75
First Aid Lectures	4

### Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	22,129
Letters received for Seamen	13,606
Pieces of dunnage checked	8,198

### Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I	38
Men shipped	449
Given temporary employment	12
Total	461

### Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$101,316.62
Withdrawals	106,036.61
Transmitted	21,942.45



What About

## THE LOOKOUT

Ten years ago THE LOOKOUT first knocked at your door.

It introduced itself by saying, "We intend to build a new Institute that will be a model to its kind throughout the world."

THE LOOKOUT helped to arouse your interest in the largest and most successful institution of its kind in the world. It helped to make you part of that great organization, The Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

THE LOOKOUT must grow, because the Seamen's Church Institute is growing. It must point the way to greater service to the men of the sea.

How can it do more than it has done?

Put yourself in the Editor's chair and tell us what you would do.

Constructive criticism is what we want.

How can we improve THE LOOKOUT?

---

### WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may receive THE LOOKOUT.

1. **Founders or Benefactors** receive THE LOOKOUT for life.

2. Everyone who subscribes one dollar a year to THE LOOKOUT DEPARTMENT.

3. All who contribute annually **one dollar or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.

4. Those who **make any gift** receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

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

The increased cost of paper and printing and the postage thereon make it impossible to send THE LOOKOUT except under the above **conditions**.