

The LOOKOUT



With the passing of President Harding the American Merchant Marine has lost one of its most ardent supporters.

In his speech at Tacoma, Washington, July 6, 1923,

President Harding Said:

"This administration has been earnestly striving for a great and efficient American merchant marine. We had it once when the sails of our clippers whitened the seas of the world. But there came a recession and the world war found us an inconsiderable maritime power. I have always believed that there would have been no war, certainly it would have been of less duration if we had possessed a merchant marine comparable to our commercial aspirations."

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

EDMUND L. BAYLIES FRANK T. WARBURTON REV. A. R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
President Secretary and Treasurer Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620 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	Free stationery to encourage writing home
Hospital Visitors	Free English Classes
Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals	Information Bureau
Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats	Literature Distribution Department
Free Clinics and medicine, two doctors and assistants	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Department of "Missing Men"
Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
Transmission of money to dependents	Comfort Kits
Free Libraries	Christmas Gifts
Free Reading Rooms	First Aid Lectures
Game Room Supplies	Medical and Surgical advice by wireless day and night, to men in vessels in the harbor or at sea
	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. 14

AUGUST, 1923

No. 8

One Thousand New Readers

Last month we asked you to get us new subscribers to THE LOOKOUT. Some did, but more didn't.

We have come to the conclusion that most people would rather take a dollar out of their own pockets than ask anybody else for one.

We believe that if we could get at least a thousand new people reading THE LOOKOUT it would mean a greatly increased income for the Institute. Will you help us by subscribing for one friend? Your name does not need to appear at all in the transaction unless you care to have it. Just select some person whom you think might contribute to our work if acquainted with it, send us the name and address and one dollar. Please don't leave it for the other person to do, as he may be leaving it for you.

If every person, young or old, who reads this issue of THE LOOKOUT would do this one thing it would mean thousands of dollars more income for this Institution.

One good friend sent five names and five dollars, with the wish that all the rest would do likewise. We print her letter below, but just one each would make us very happy:

Mr. Frank T. Warburton,
Dear Sir:

In my copy of THE LOOKOUT, received yesterday, I noticed your appeal for new subscribers, and I enclose five dollars and names of

five persons that I hope will help. I am a very poor solicitor, and I think that by sending you this list I am helping THE LOOKOUT, and I hope it will be an educational gift to these friends of mine. Trusting that all of your subscribers will do likewise, I am,

Respectfully,

A Friend.

A Curious Predicament

We have a saying at the Institute that it is always the unexpected that happens. Certainly the House Mother had no idea of what was before her when a man threatened with the D. T.'s sought her out, and asked her to help him.

The first thing he wanted was another drink, and he wanted that badly, with a craving that came so near to being delirious that she was afraid to refuse him. So she and the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief gave him enough to get a drink and made him promise to return in ten minutes and go with the House Mother to Beekman Street Hospital. This was ten o'clock at night.

The man returned, and off they went to the hospital. All the way there the man kept trying to express his appreciation of her understanding that he had to have that drink.

"I want to do something for you," he said. "I'd like to take you to the Ziegfeld Follies tomorrow night."

The House Mother, who never snubs anyone, said tactfully, "But don't let us bother about that just now."

Arrived at the hospital the man begged her not to leave him, and as it turned out later it was just as well she didn't, for the hospital said they couldn't take in cases of that kind but they would give him an injection that would quiet him and ward off Delirium Tremens.

They did that and the House Mother started back with him to the Institute. The man seemed all right at first, but the injection had been too soothing and he told the House Mother he was afraid he was not going to be able to keep going until he reached the Institute. She took his arm and gradually he leaned more and more heavily on her until she was almost carrying him, and finally he collapsed and fell down on the street, and immediately went to sleep.

She looked about for a policeman, but none was in sight. She was standing wondering whether it would be safe to leave the man while she went to look for one, when a gentleman came up and asked if he could help her. She told him her predicament and he kindly volunteered to find a policeman or a taxi. He returned with a policeman to whom the story had to be told all over again. The policeman meditated upon it and decided that if he could find his pal on the beat the two of them could get the man up and get him to the Institute, so he blew whistles and rang bells, and blew whistles but no pal turned up.

Then they held a conference and decided that one of the men would look for a taxi, the other would guard the seaman, and Mrs. Roper would come on back to the Institute and have a room ready to put him to bed immediately upon his arrival.

Back she came and had the room ready and the elevator waiting, and the guards instructed, and kept watching for a taxi, but no taxi came.

After about fifteen minutes two policemen and the kindly stranger arrived with the seaman between them, having been unable to find a taxi, and he was put away to bed.

Thus does the Institute try by giving a man sympathy and kindness and understanding when he is down and ashamed, to make him realize a different sense of values. Sometimes we find it more effective than a sermon.

The Pool Table Arrived

"Wonder if that pool table ever reached the boys at Fort Stanton," one of the workers said the other day. It was sent early in June and it seemed strange that we had heard nothing, especially as the young men have always been so prompt and business-like about their correspondence.

Almost as if in answer to the anxious thought, the very next day, a Brooklyn boy, who has returned from there, cured, came to call upon us. The pool table had arrived the day before he left.

He had been instructed by the boys less lucky than himself to come right to the Institute to report

on the way things were going with them, and to tell us what the boys down there thought of the Institute.

It would sound bombastic to print in THE LOOKOUT all the things he said about their feeling for this Institution, but it was to the effect that in that sanitarium for seamen the name of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is sacred.

We are glad we have been able to help them for surely if ever men deserved assistance it is this group of boys who, instead of sitting down and mourning their ill luck, have been so pluckily, out of nothing at all but faith, getting themselves the means of diversion, in the form of a club house and pool tables.

Quiet on All Fronts

Our Superintendent is known to be relentless in his demand that the Institute be kept up to the highest possible standard in the matter of cleanliness, with the result that the place is literally shining in its spotlessness.

It was in a facetious mood, therefore, that he sent this clipping from the morning paper to the House Manager:

WANTED—1,200 BED BUGS

Department of Agriculture Offers a Cent Apiece for the Insects

Washington, July 11. — Persons with spare or undesirable bed bugs on hand have an opportunity to get rid of them at a profit.

The Department of Agriculture today went into the market for 1,200 bed bugs for the use of its insecticide board at the experiment station at Vienna, Va. The department bid

a cent apiece for good to choice specimens, delivered in Vienna.

The House Manager replied: Rev. A. R. Mansfield.
Re. 1,200 Bed Bugs for Government.
Dear Sir:

Just my luck. If it was raining soup I'd have a fork.

In my last drive the enemy had either dug themselves in, or evacuated, as the report from the battlefield was "Quiet on all fronts."

T. M. Barlow.

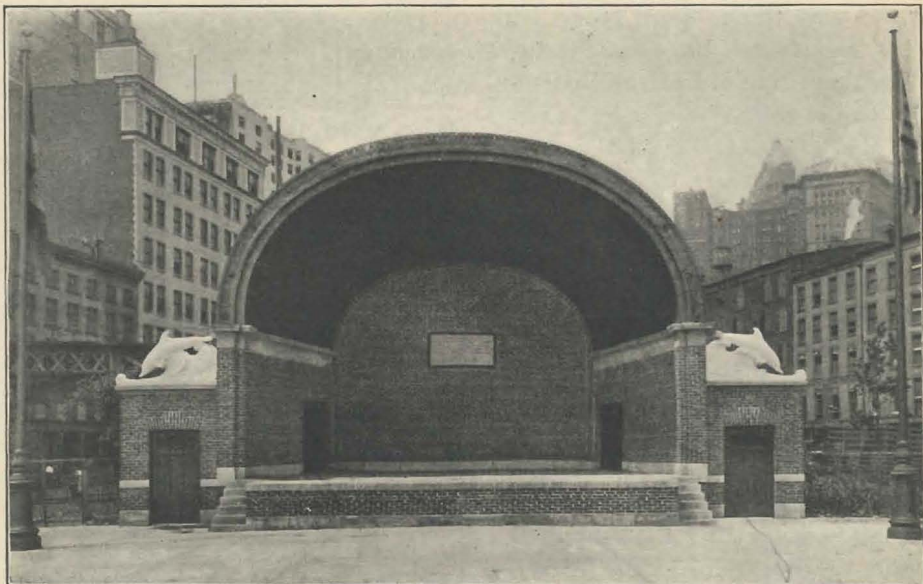
Willing to be from Minnesota

Two women from Minnesota came to the service in our chapel the other evening and stayed for the home hour. The House Mother thought they might like to meet some boys from their own state so she went about looking for Minnesotans.

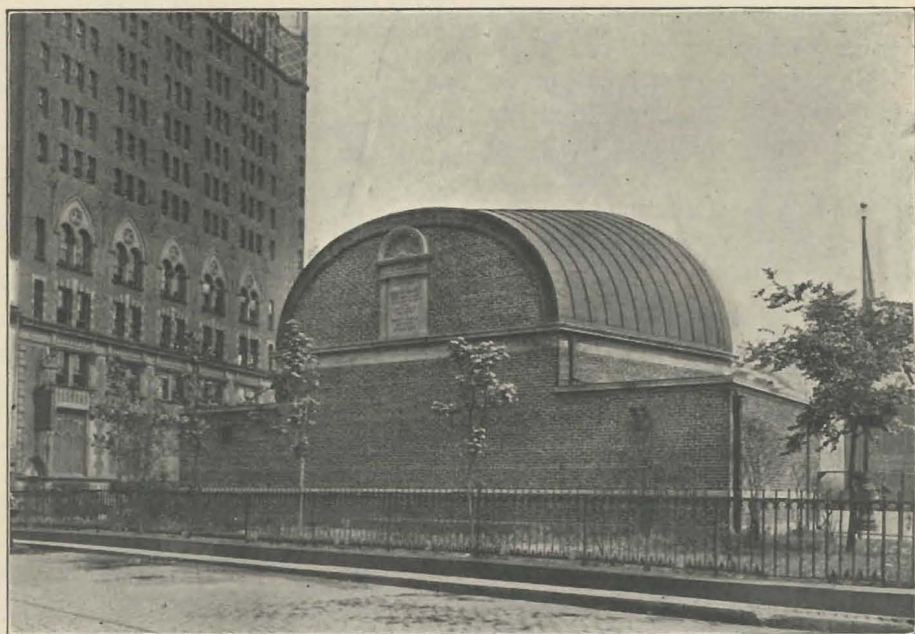
She went up to one of the tables and said, "Are any of you boys from Minnesota?" and a nice looking lad looked up and said, "Uh huh," but when she was about to lead him over to the ladies his courage failed him and he confessed, "I ain't really from Minnesota. I'm from Kansas, but I'd be willing to be from Minnesota to talk to the ladies."

Where Slang Helped

Some of the workers in the Institute were trying to ask an Italian seaman if he had seen anything of rum pirates, as he had been on a rum runner. He could not understand the word pirate, until somebody said "thief, steal." With an illuminated countenance he translated it into good American, "Ah, pincha."



**Front View of the Memorial Band Stand in Jeannette Park
with a Glimpse of the Sky Line.**



**Rear View of the Memorial Band Stand Showing Also the
Coenties Slip Side of the Institute.**

The Memorial Stage Completed

The other day a derrick hoisted into place the large white granite dolphins at either side of the Memorial Stage, thereby completing it. It has been a year in the course of construction but that is not so much when one considers that it has centuries in which to stand there.

Time will weather the copper roof to the greenness of Liberty, smoke from ships and tugs in the harbor will modify the gleaming whiteness of the dolphins

and the crested waves from which they have sprung. Time will also erase from the minds of men the pain of the Great War, but the Memorial Stage will stand, an eloquent tribute to the quiet courage of plain men.

The Comfort Station

A year ago the Institute asked the city for a comfort station to be built in connection with the Memorial Stage in Jeanette Park. In the interval it has never ceased to bombard the authorities with reminders that it is needed, with the result that the appropriation was passed the other day, and work will be begun almost immediately.

That it has gone through successfully is due to the sympathetic cooperation of Park Commissioner Francis D.



Tablet on Rear of Memorial

Gallatin, Borough President Julius Miller, Commissioner Joseph Johnson, and Superintendent of Public Buildings, Colonel Frank H. Hines.

At the invitation of our Superintendent, Commissioner Johnson

and Colonel Hines paid the Institute and the park a visit, and saw that a Comfort Station was really needed in this locality.

Inasmuch as it will be built at the back of the stage it is planned to have it harmonize in architecture

At last evening gathered up her shining skirts and departed and the park was wrapped about with shadows.

The show began with the singing of popular songs, which the children sang so lustily and well that the



Tablet Inside of Memorial as It Looks in the Brick Wall

and materials with that structure so as to make a complete whole.

The Institute takes this opportunity of publicly expressing its appreciation to those city officials who have taken such a sincere interest in the project and done their best to bring it to a successful conclusion.

Manslaughter

The park was alive with children and still from every lane and street and alleyway there leaked out thin streams of them, trickling in the direction of the movie show. There was no hurry, as daylight saving makes a tardy darkness.

seamen often stopped to listen to them. Among others, that modern classic, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," rang out fervently upon the evening air.

The feature picture on this occasion was "Manslaughter," the story of a rich and reckless young woman, who lived her life regardless of others until her fast driving caused the death of a policeman and she was sent to jail for manslaughter, where she wakened to a consciousness of other values, and went out into the world again to serve her fellow men.

The children followed the picture breathlessly, with a rather appalling emotional intensity, as for example, when the hero wavered on the verge of a relapse in his fight against drunkenness, and they shouted frantically, "Don't you touch it," "Oh! mister, don't take it." And his decision not to was followed by a deep relieved sigh, as if the whole park had been holding its breath in an agony of suspense.

The seamen looked on and enjoyed it, sometimes commenting to each other on the intensity of the youthful audience, an excess of emotion which they, with their travel worn minds, and the peculiar passivity born of sea life, are no longer capable of experiencing.

Monarch Band

It is a band of excellent musicians with an excellent leader. There was something about the way this Monarch Band played that touched the heart, something emotional in its playing that is often absent from music of trained musicians.

All of us felt this appeal, but it worked especially upon the mind of a certain seaman who was partly intoxicated. Several times he was seen to go up between numbers and whisper something to the leader of the band, all quite quiet and orderly, but apparently urgent.

When the concert was over he came to the House Mother with his trouble, and it appeared that either his intoxication or the music had turned his thoughts to religion and he felt that the evening would be wasted unless he could persuade the band to play Onward Christian Soldiers.

Not Found Yet?

A woman, whose husband deserted her seventeen years ago, came to see us the other day to ask if we would put his name on our missing men bulletin.

A week later she appeared hopefully and inquired whether we had located him. When answered in the negative she looked much annoyed.

"We haven't had time," the Man-at-the-Desk explained politely.

"You've had it a week," she answered accusingly.

She had been looking for him herself for seventeen years.

We were more successful in satisfying the Danish parents whose letter of gratitude appears below.

"Peas in God."

In a few lines herewith, we send our thankfulness for your letter received about Rasmus. It made us happy to know that this world has humane and noble men, ever ready to help others. Since the loss of our other son 20 years old, who was drowned, we are doubly anxious about our remaining boy, Rasmus, especially as these lapses of long times between letters from him. We are again thankful for the kind attention you have given to the matter. Maybe some day we will be glad for your kind assistance again. Through your kind help, we have received a letter yesterday from Rasmus, which have gladdened our hearts.

With the warmest regards from Rasmus' parents,

"God bless you"

With compliments of season.

M. Hansen.

The LOOKOUT

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by the

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ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.
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or

FRANCES MARION BEYNON, Editor.

Before the Supreme Court

Bellevue Hospital notified us that a man by the name of Bert Wells, who gave his occupation as a seaman was very ill there of typhoid fever. Three times our Hospital Visitor went to the ward, but he was lying in a state of semi-unconsciousness too ill to be disturbed.

Then we were notified that he had died. Without the least suspicion that there was anything in the man's life to be hidden we set about making his death known. The only name the man had given when he went to the Hospital was that of a friend in the Bronx. We found the friend and he told us that he believed the man had a wife and family out west, and that Bert Wells was only an alias. He gave us the name of the woman, but he did not seem sure enough that it really was the man's name to justify us in telling the woman her husband had died, so we wrote to a clergyman in the town

where she lived giving a description of the man and the facts of his death, and asking him, if there was a woman by that name in the place, to break the news to her gently. The fact that the man was using another name than the woman he said was his wife did not suggest anything suspicious because seamen often change their names.

So we were quite unprepared to receive a telegram from the police of the town to which we had written saying they thought Bert Wells was a man wanted there for murder, and asking for a full description of him. Next the police of this city got in communication with us desiring further particulars.

This morning the police department telephoned to say the man who passed away had been identified as the one they were seeking.

We are wondering whether Bert Wells was innocent, or whether there were extenuating circumstances in his case that he was permitted to have it tried before the court of last appeal, for truly it has been said, "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

Sent Home

Did you ever feel so sorry for a person that you almost hated him? That was the sort of emotion Peter McCarroll inspired in one. His thinness was appalling and he had a nasty cough. Even when he was well he must have been one of those wistful men, who if they are capable of having a definite goal, never reach it. It was written in his face that he was one of the impotent peo-

ple who never grapple with life effectively.

Now he was a physical wreck, an animated skeleton, with nothing much left but some bones and skin, and a fixed determination. We sent him to the hospital but the fixed determination made him get up out of bed and come back to us.

Some years ago, back in England, Peter McCarrol took unto himself a wife, and had two little daughters. Then he came to America, about five years since. No doubt he hoped that the new country would give him that impetus to success that he lacked in himself. But as, even America, can only supplement personalities, not remake them, Peter McCarrol did not find the golden fleece waiting for him on this side of the ocean.

Then word came to him that the wife back in England had died and the little daughters had been placed in a home. No doubt the worry caused by this trouble contributed to bring on the sickness which began about two years ago, but which it is impossible to doubt will be over very soon.

With the end of the journey in sight there came over him a great longing to see those two little girls of his again. And for once Peter McCarrol's weakness, his pitiful condition, his wistful helplessness were an asset. Wise or unwise it was impossible to deny their appeal.

The Institute secured the cooperation of the British Consul and sent McCarrol home to see his babies. To the actual passage supplied by the Consul the Institute

added some spending money for the voyage, warm clothes and an air cushion so that, with his almost naked bones, he might be able to rest in comfort on the journey.

We hope that this once, at least, in his life Peter McCarrol may succeed in realizing his ambition.

As We Do It at the Seamen's Church Institute

"Well, well, well! May I ask what is up now?"

Dennison strolled into the cabin of the third officer and paused to watch the astonishing spectacle of that worthy vainly endeavoring to see a third of his six feet two inches in the infinitesimal mirror.

"Mission," was the laconic reply, for "Baby" was now deep in a struggle with his refractory necktie. Finally it was adjusted to his satisfaction and after a gusty sigh of relief he said persuasively, "Come on over with me tonight. They're having a party and I hear there's to be great sport."

"But there are girls—"

"Rot! They won't eat you, and if they did you'd probably have a jolly time. Come on, there's a good fellow."

"We-ell—all right, I'll do it, but you must stand by me. Do I need to fix up much?"

Meanwhile, all was bustle and preparation in the Apprentice Room of the Seamen's Church Institute, or "Mission," as the English boys called it. The workers who were giving the party flew about aided by two or three early arrivals. One dapper youth who was supposed to

be helping with the tally cards seemed to be afflicted with *cacothes loquendi*, a disease decidedly more painful to his associates than to himself. Another diligent and helpful young man was industriously cutting out tails appertaining to a donkey who must, judging by his delightfully Irish hue, have been suddenly attacked by jealousy. When at last the furniture had been satisfactorily placed and mysterious little tables set about, the hostesses retired in search of nourishment and festive apparel with which to fortify themselves for the evening.

When Dennison and "Baby" arrived at eight o'clock sharp, they were greeted by beaming smiles from one young lady, tally cards from another and a warm welcome from the ruler of this delightful place. "Baby" responded affably to these courtesies, but poor Dennison was in agony. Girls, girls, girls, even as he had predicted, and more were even now approaching! He hastily departed to a remote corner, but even here his solitude was disturbed. One of those terrifying females drew near and addressed a trivial remark to him. How he answered he had not the slightest idea. He leapt to his feet and offered the intruder a chair which—oh, horrors!—she accepted. But she drew him into conversation, willy-nilly. Soon, as someone started the Victrola, she extracted from him the fact that he could dance and before he realized what had happened, they were industriously fox trotting. Suddenly he found that his fear had taken wings and departed. He listened and

agreed as the charmer informed him that she considered the English "perfectly splendid," and that she "adored" the Institute, and that—at that particular moment, mind you, she was having a "marvelous" time. Too soon his bliss was interrupted by the call of "Everybody find your table."

Immediately there was a scramble and it appeared to bystanders as if the whole twenty-odd were making simultaneously for one table. In five minutes' time, however, everyone had managed to find his or her appointed place. Dennison found himself at a table devoted to the threading of needles where he proved himself highly skilled at this feminine art and proudly received a gold star on his tally card and made his way to the next agony which was attaching buttons more or less (chiefly less) firmly to bits of cloth. Here he was obliged to spend three successive sessions, during which he became wilder and wilder as to nerves and more and more rumpled as to hair and tie. The Donkey Party offered pleasing relaxation, and he wended his way there with high hopes which were dashed rudely to the ground when he saw that he had triumphantly affixed a tail to the long suffering beast's left ear.

When, at last, the revelers were commanded to stop, his card bore just two stars and he was led forth to receive the "booby" prize which, being decidedly palatable, had its compensations.

After consuming ice cream he was persuaded to join a Paul Jones. This

he enjoyed hugely until he found himself blessed with a partner who was extremely youthful and had apparently taken a vow to follow the lead of no man. After two minutes of horror, however, the whistle blew and he found himself with his companion of the early part of the evening.

"That boy is having a glorious time," remarked the hostess of the evening.

"Yes," agreed the Lady-in-Charge-of-Apprentices absently, "but what is happening in the kitchen?"

They hastened to the spot and found that several young gentlemen, more inclined to refreshments than dancing, were busily surrounding the gallon or two of ice cream which remained in the can.

On being discovered, the culprits hastily assumed expressions of angelic innocence and one said pleadingly, "It's most awfully good, you know, and we thought you'd not like it to be wasted—"

The Lady-in-Charge smiled. "Go ahead, but don't turn into icebergs, please."

On the ferry "Baby" inquired with interest, "How was it?"

"Jolly!" was the heartfelt reply.

Which sentiments were echoed by all concerned.

—Contributed by the
Very Young Person.

Loneliness

The House Mother has concluded that this man has never seen her, but has heard of her from other seamen as a person who indiscriminately mothers seamen, and it has

struck him that by adopting her as his mother he can get even with life for taking away his own mother when he was only four years old.

To us there seems to be something singularly wistful in his desire to be written to, to get letters as other people do.

Dear Mother:

I hope you don't are sorr an me as that I say "dear mother." Wishes I was able to say "my mother." I was four years of age when I lost my own sweet mother. But you mother sailors. They call you Mother des House. I hear plenty talken about you and what you are working for some poor sailors. So I will ask you please if you will write one letter to me, and I allways will answer you and soon I get back to New York I come and see you.

Dear mother write to me one few letters, and give me please your name, as that I send you some nice postal cards from some cities. I got here some beautiful places on the lakes. Every season I come here from March till November and then I come back to New York and then I take one rest. I come and see you and have one little conversation and little compania.

yours Truly,
Johannes ———.

My Hotel in Mid-Atlantic

By Joseph Conrad

In this article, which appeared originally in "The London News" of May 15th, Mr. Conrad contrasts present-day ocean travel with conditions prevailing in earlier times.

The one statement that can safely be advanced about travelling at

sea is that it is not what it used to be. It is different now elementally. It is not so much a matter of changed propelling power; it is something more. In the old days, under the machinery of sails, the distinguished and the undistinguished travellers (of whom there were not so very many) were wafted to distant parts of the world by the movement of variable air currents. Now the travelling multitudes are taken to their destination because of the invariable resistance of water to the screwing motion of the propeller, with which fire (that other element) has a lot to do. The whole affair of progress across the seas has become much more complicated and much more precise on its physical side. It has grown also into a marvel.

But a marvellous achievement is not necessarily interesting. It may render life more tame than perhaps it should be. I do not mean that any marvel of applied science can tame the wild spirit that lurks in all men and of which the proofs are not far to seek. It only makes the condition of our pilgrimage less exciting.

The whole psychology of sea-travel is changed. Formerly a man setting out on a sea voyage broke away from shore conditions and found in the ship a new kind of home. This applied even to such comparatively short passages as across the Atlantic. But now a man (especially if setting out for the United States) brings the conditions of shore-life with him on board, and finds in his ship the usual sort of

hotel, with its attempts at all kinds of sham comforts, all the disadvantages of gregarious life, with the added worry of not being able to get away from it for a certain number of days. The only comfort is to be found in the assurance that the number of days is not great and that, barring accidents, it is fixed. There is a definite date to look forward to—the date of release from that more or less luxurious prison any ship must be to any passenger.

That every passenger (even in the biggest and most hotel-like Atlantic ferry with their territorial names) wishes to escape there can be not the slightest doubt. He may say what he likes, but it is a fact of human nature. He looks forward to his release much as any prisoner. The modern traveller has never the time to get into an acquiescent mood. The sham shore conditions which the shipping companies try to create for him stand in the way, too. The hold of the land (which is his natural element) is on him all through the passage, and he suffers from a subtle disharmony between his natural tastes and his surroundings.

It was otherwise with the old-time traveller under sail; he had to become acclimatised to that moral atmosphere of ship-life which he was fated to breathe for so many days. He was no dweller in an unpleasantly unsteady imitation of a Ritz Hotel. He would before long begin to feel himself a citizen of a small community in special conditions and with special interests which gradually ceased to be secret to him, and

in the end secured his sympathies. The machinery of his propulsion, the picturesque activities of the men of the sea, lay open to his sight and appealed to his sympathies.

In the course of my sea-life, a time when it never occurred to me that I myself might be a passenger some day, I was for a couple of years officer of a sailing passenger ship out of the Port of London. This gave me the opportunity to watch that process of acclimatisation of which I have spoken, in a group of about sixty persons of various ages and temperaments, some travelling for their health and others only for rest—which they indubitably secured in our passages that averaged about eighty days. Part of our passengers, those from the Midlands generally, used to come on board in London dock, while others, those from the South and from London itself preferred to join the ship in Plymouth, where we had to call in order to embark the live stock for the voyage.

There, on fine mornings (and there are more fine mornings at sea than have ever been dreamt of in a landsman's philosophy), the ship's children, some controlled by nursemaids, others running loose, trooped forward to pay a visit to their cow, which looked with mild big eyes at the small citizens of our sea community with the air of knowing all there was to know about them.

All this may sound very primitive, but it has a charm and an intimacy of a settled existence no modern steamship with its long barren alleyways swept by the wind and

decorated with the name of promenade decks can give. The modern passenger may be able to walk a good many miles in his ship in the course of the day, but this is the only thing which differentiates him from the bales of goods carried in the hold—this, and the power of swallowing the food which is presented to him at regular intervals. He is carried along swiftly and delicately, but the other lived the life of his ship, that sort of life which is not sustained on bread (and supreme *au volaille*) alone, but depends for its interest on enlarged sympathies and awakened perceptions of nature and men.

I have seen old maiden ladies develop during a passage nice discrimination in the matter of steering. They had their favorite helmsmen. Elderly business men would become good judges of the set of the sails and acquire a seaman's eye for the aspects of the weather—and almost all, men and women, became reconciled to the vast solitude of the sea untroubled by the sound of the world's mechanical contrivances and the noise of its endless controversies. The silence of the universe would lie very close to the sailing ship, with her freight of lives from which the daily stresses and anxieties had been removed, as if the circle of the horizon had been a magic ring laid on the sea. No doubt the days thus enchanted were empty, but they were not so tedious as people may imagine. They passed quickly, and, if they brought no profit or excitement, I cannot help thinking that they were not wasted.

Proposed Institute Annex Building Fund

A Building Committee has been appointed and plans prepared for the proposed annex to the Institute, but no campaign for funds has as yet been launched. Nevertheless it has become known among the close friends of the organization that more room is urgently necessary and many have already taken memorial rooms, in order to be sure to get them in the locations they prefer. Twenty-five thousand dollars has already been subscribed in this way.

Off the Press

The new and second edition of the Manual on Ship Sanitation and First Aid for Merchant Seamen is just off the press. You will remember that a year ago the first edition was prepared by the Institute to meet a peculiar need of Merchant Seamen, to go on from where the landsman's manual says, "Send for the doctor."

As the preface says, "Something more than directions for first aid is necessary for use on board a ship, where, on long voyages it may be several weeks before a doctor can be seen. An attempt has been made therefore to include some practical information, concerning bedside nursing, the use of simple remedies, and instructions which enable a layman to meet those terrible conditions which sometimes follow accidents at sea. For this reason certain items of instruction are added, which are usually omitted from books designed for the use of those happily situated in places not so greatly re-

moved from the habitations of men.

"The language and terms used are as simple as possible so that those for whom the manual is intended may find it easy to understand."

In the first year the entire edition of five thousand copies has been exhausted. In this second edition important revisions and additions have been made by the author with the helpful cooperation of Surgeon General Claude H. Lavinder, of the United States Public Health Service and Dr. Warren L. Duffield.

Appreciation of Manual

Since the modern First Aid Manual and Medical Advice by Radio have become brothers in saving life it seemed natural that Mr. David Sarnoff, Vice-President and General Manager of the Radio Corporation of America should have a complimentary copy of the new First Aid Manual.

Our Superintendent has just received the following appreciative letter concerning it:

Dear Dr. Mansfield:

I greatly appreciate your thoughtfulness and generosity in sending me, with your good letter of the 26th inst., a complimentary copy of your "Manual on Ship Sanitation and First-Aid for Merchant Seamen."

I am, naturally, pleased with the reference you make to radio on pages 4 and 5 of your Manual and I am delighted that our joint efforts in this connection have proved of service and benefit to humanity. Surely nothing more pleasant can come to one than a knowledge that in some small way they have been privileged

to contribute to the betterment and service of humanity in general.

A general glance over your Manual, which, I have no doubt, represents a great deal of hard work, convinced me that I ought to take it home and add it to my library for future reference, which I have done.

With kind personal regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) David Sarnoff.

The House Mother's Picture

It seems to have been a particularly happy thought to publish in THE LOOKOUT the picture of the woman who has done so much to give the Institute an atmosphere of home. There have been a number of readers who have expressed their pleasure in having this opportunity to know her better. One of several letters is reproduced below:

Gentlemen:

I fear it will not be possible to set down on paper at all well what the picture of Mrs. Roper in the current number of THE LOOKOUT makes me feel, but I am going to try. I have just found the copy of THE LOOKOUT on my return from a vacation.

First let me say that it was a very happy thought on the part of someone to make the readers of THE LOOKOUT acquainted with Mrs. Roper as has been done by the publication of her picture.

Quite naturally, one who reads THE LOOKOUT as I do has absorbed a mental picture of the House Mother and an admiration of her patience, understanding, and common sense in the devoted serv-

ice which she gives to those wandering sons of mothers, who come under her care. Her picture so strongly confirms and increases this feeling on my part that I cannot resist the impulse to write this word (never having seen Mrs. Roper personally) of admiration of her personal qualities and devoted work for the Institute and those it serves, and of congratulation to the Institute on its having been able to retain the services of such a delightful personality on its staff of workers.

Very sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) H. N. Jasper.

A Bad Bad City

A young seaman from the west coast couldn't have a poorer opinion of New York than he had after his first visit recently. He came in by way of a fruit boat, and came on shore to see the great city, of course with his pay in his pocket.

As he was walking along a downtown street he was suddenly struck on the head and knew nothing more until he found himself in a room with some strange men who took his money away from him and threatened his life if he told where he had been, an unnecessary precaution with one as ignorant of the city as he was. He couldn't have told if he had wanted to.

When they turned him out on the street he wandered about with blood flowing from the gash in his head until a policeman found him and took him to a hospital, where they bound up the cut.

How he found his way to the Institute is not quite clear, but he

turned up here dazed and asked for a room for the night.

"I don't know," he said, "how I'm going to find my ship, and she sails early in the morning."

"What ship was it?" asked the Woman-Who-Gives-Relief.

He was too dazed to say it but he asked for paper and pencil and wrote, "The Jeffrey."

The Woman-Who-Gives-Relief sent him off to get himself a meal, which he badly needed, and while he was away she located his ship and wrote down directions for reaching it.

When he came back he took the paper and thanked her and said, "It's bad city this, an awful bad city."

We have not seen him again so no doubt he departed and is now broadcasting in other ports the ill fame of New York where a person with money in his pocket is apt to be blackjacked at any moment.

The New Life

A young Spanish boy sought out the chaplain in Charge of Religious Work and in broken English told him he wanted to live the new life. Translating his words into the language of the poet, as he went about his work on the decks of ships, as he watched the sea and the stars at night he was blindly seeking the City of God.

Even a chaplain cannot lead a man to that destination. He can only point out the way, as he knows it,

and this the chaplain did, and supplemented his words with a copy of the New Testament in Spanish, which the seaman accepted with gratitude, and like the Pilgrim in Pilgrim's Progress, took up his burdens and went on again.

Sydney

Sydney wants to go into the movies. In a whole world full of more or less interesting things to do nothing else will give him any satisfaction. Though he looks about fourteen he insists that he is eighteen, but no young boy at sea will ever admit less than eighteen years. It seems to be their minimum.

Without waiting to enter into the actual realm of the films he lives in a wholly imaginary world, and tells the most marvelous stories of what he has done at sea and ashore, feats which include hitting the first mate in the jaw and riding wild horses.

He is convinced that he is a genius, and keeps himself apart from the men in the lobby. He has nothing in common with their "Come easy, go easy, God send Sunday," attitude of mind. His life is mapped out. His eye is fixed on a star. There is no place in his scheme of things for such loose ways as theirs.

Temporarily he has taken a job as a porter.

Typical Names

Here are two specimen names, which appeared recently on the log book of the Institute, Mike Janczyn and John Fleeschhouwer.

General Summary of Work

JUNE, 1923

RELIGIOUS WORK

	No.	Attendance
Sunday Services A. M.	4	66
Sunday Services P. M.	4	384
Communion Services	4	17
Bible Classes	1	22
Fellowship Meetings	2	267
Weddings	1	
Funerals	2	
Baptisms	0	

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island

Sunday Services	4	106
Communion Services	1	5
Funerals	6	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICES

Song Services	4	300
Entertainments	7	1,559
Packages Literature Distributed		28
Knitted Articles Distributed		118
Apprentices Visiting Building		887
Lodgings Registered		22,681
Incoming Mail for Seamen		13,147
Dunnage Checked		6,675

Relief

Meals, Lodgings and Clothing	793
Assisted through Loan Fund	38
Baggage and Minor Relief	166
Cases in Institute Clinic	429
Referred to Hospitals and Clinics	21
Referred to Municipal Lodging House	8
Referred to Other Organizations	10

Employment

Men Shipped	692
Shore Jobs	76

Visits

To Hospitals	20
To Patients	87
Other Visits	20

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21

Number of Visits	26
Number of Hours	124½

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School Enrollment	10
Illustrated Lectures in Navigation and Engineering	2
First-Aid Lectures	29

SEAMEN'S WAGES DEPARTMENT

Deposits	\$31,755.47
Withdrawals	33,926.74
Transmissions	7,843.27

The LOOKOUT



*Will YOU send
The Lookout
for a year to one friend?*

IT WILL COST \$1.00

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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