

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. VII.

AUGUST, 1916

Number 8

# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

## 25 SOUTH STREET

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INCORPORATED 1844

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# THE LOOKOUT

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

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

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Address all communications and make checks payable to

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

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## THE TANGIBLE VISION

### Roof Enclosure Assured

Anonymous donors, whose gift is "In Memoriam," are realizing for the Institute one of the greatest dreams since the new building was completed, by a gift of over \$30,000 to pay for enclosing fully two-thirds of the roof.

In the April Lookout a detailed article gave the proposed innovations. The original plans to make the expansion possible required a sum not to exceed \$15,000, to be used in enclosing only a small part of the big roof. Even with this limited enclosure it was hoped to establish the House Clinic, a small convalescent ward and the Navigation and Marine Engineering School high up above the hurrying feet that echoed faintly from the Sailor's Boulevard.

With this gift it will be possible to enclose the roof immediately. Plans have been completed, estimates are being secured so that the actual labor may be commenced at once. Because of the very deep interest and great generosity of the donors, to whom we are most profoundly grateful, the Roof Magnificent, instead of being a vague vision, is already a glorious reality.

What may be accomplished when the roof enclosure is finished seems practically illimitable in its scope.

Here will be installed the fully equipped ship's bridge for use in the Navigation and Marine Engineering School. From this bridge all observations may be taken and the workings of a ship practically demonstrated. There will also be a chart room with

all the necessary instruments, with all the vast equipment important in the process of turning seamen into engineers and mates into captains. "We recognize," says one of the school circulars, "the great present and future need for competent deck and engineer officers as well as certificated seamen, and earnestly want to do our part toward increasing their number."

That sentence probably epitomizes the big motive spirit which actuates this school for nautical education. With a plant so superbly situated upon the roof of a building entirely devoted to the needs and interests of seamen, the opportunity for doing an unusual, an extraordinarily vital work is boundless.

Exactly how the roof space is to be divided must be described in a later issue. Some sort of choice as to the amount of room which can be devoted to the Clinic and Convalescent Ward must be made. It depends largely upon the balance of necessity and this can only be decided after careful consideration, and a wise determination to make every inch of the new roof yield the greatest imaginable service.

To be able to give the Institute this glorious chance to carry out some of its cherished plans is a great deal more than mere generosity. This gift of over \$30,000 creates one of the most splendid memorials ever designed because instead of aiding a merely stationary or routine activity, it vitalizes work which will develop men, will cure them physically and open their eyes to mental horizons they never hoped to explore.

## The Gift

They were crowded about the Hotel Desk late in the afternoon, everyone pushing, just a little fearful lest all the 25-cent rooms be gone before they reached the window. Suddenly there was a craning of necks and a shifting of positions as a seaman purchasing his room for a night produced a tiny monkey, a marmoset, from his pocket, and gave the small animal the quarter to hand to the Desk Man. The small pet gravely placed the money in an outstretched palm and then scrambled to his master's shoulder to peer anxiously down on the interested seamen.

"I'm taking him home to my wife," explained the owner. "Next voyage I'll go to see her in England. I haven't been able to find any presents in China or South America, but when I saw this little chap I knew right off I wanted him. He ought to be company for her when I'm at sea, don't you think so?" he inquired earnestly of the man beside him. The other looked into the bright eyes of the grotesque animal and smiled.

"Well, perhaps. I'd never take such a thing home to my Missus after I'd been away two years, but yours may like him. Women are queer."

He wandered away, leaving the marmoset's owner staring after him in nervous alarm.



### His Floral Offering

Charlie sat in a shadowy corner of the hotel lobby, occasionally leaning his weather-beaten cheek against the white coolness of the wall. His companion, finding him in a communicative mood, had embarked upon a series of exceedingly personal questions, which reached a climax with "Was you ever in danger of getting married, Charlie?"

"Never in no great danger," answered the seaman, a little regretfully. "Although there was one lady I guess you might have said I could maybe have loved. But more like a mother, now I come to think of it.

"She was a nurse in a hospital where I was laid up for a while, and so good she was to me that it didn't seem I could leave without giving her something to show my feelings."

"And what did you give her?" asked the breathless listener.

"I bought the biggest bouquet of flowers I could find. Red, white and blue they were, and twelve dollars they cost me, besides a messenger boy to deliver them all proper. But it was worth the money," sighed Charlie reminiscently.

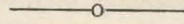
"I bet she was pleased, all right," encouraged his comrade.

"I guess so. There's no way of knowing."

"You mean to say you never heard from her?"

"I didn't send any name or address with the flowers. It might have embarrassed her, and the other nurses would maybe have teased her. Just so she had them, I was satisfied."

Perhaps the nurse's intuition was sufficient to suggest the source of the red, white and blue bouquet. Perhaps also she may read this story and thus solve one of the romantic mysteries of her career.



### Motion Picture Machine \$700

If your best chance for amusement lay in a dingy, ill ventilated little room where moving pictures were meagerly reinforced by a worn-out phonograph, wouldn't you be glad of an opportunity to sit in a big concert hall with fresh breezes rushing through all its windows?

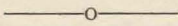
Here in the Institute the seamen can view every sort of film. They regard soberly the educational ones which feature the habits of birds, fish and wild animals. They applaud the tours through Yellowstone Park or Brazil or Paris. They laugh, as they are supposed to laugh, at the unique comedy of Charlie Chaplin. Someone said the other day that Mr. Chaplin was a very intelligent young man, apart from his work as a comedian. But this would be arrant injustice in the opinion of the seamen admirers of the man who became famous by shuffling on the sides of his feet and wearing an absurd mustache. They approve most heartily of all his methods. They don't demand any greater degree of intelligence than that he shall use what he has to be side-achingly funny. And occasionally a little sad.

Because the sad and romantic and melodramatic reels all find their way to the Institute. They hold their



watchers in the pleasant thrall of imagination during many hours when the men would be wandering about the water front and discovering a great many forms of recreation of a purely emotional nature.

The big moving picture machine should be made a gift. \$700.00 pays for it, and includes a stereopticon. There is no question about its supreme importance as a powerful factor in the Institute scheme. Whenever we fill the Auditorium with laughing, interested seamen, we do a little more than so-called social work. We prove something about brotherliness and loving.



### The Enforced Smile

He was what the Big Brother who looks after apprentices referred to as "especially difficult." Not that the Big Brother minded that, because in the thirteen years of his work at the Institute he has met hundreds of unresponsive, unapproachable boys who suspected him of laying traps for the good of their souls. No one wants his soul tampered with, if he knows it; and boys from fourteen to twenty are particularly sensitive about it. They hate to think they have souls, generally, and as for talking about them, such a thing is utterly inconceivable.

So when L—— refused the invitation of the Big Brother, who had simply said, "Come over to the Institute at 25 South Street on Thursday evening. A lot of the other chaps will come and there will be music and games. It is usually

pretty jolly"; they both knew that he rather curtly declined because he feared interference with his inner life to which he owed a strong allegiance.

Three other times L—— was urged to join the apprentice boys.

"You don't have to go to church or anything of that sort, if you don't want to," one of his friends explained.

"I don't?" queried L——, yielding a bit, "but then, why is the Mission there? They always have some bait to draw you into their net. I fight shy of them all."

On his fourth voyage to New York he surprised the Big Brother by saying that he believed he would come over, just for one evening, to see what it really was like. He looked about the big building rather fearfully, searching the game tables in the apprentice boys' special room with an eye ready to find tracts and earnest exhortations to young men. There were none; there were no texts upon the walls, no mottoes, no advice to youth. The boys played the piano or pianola, danced, played games and ate many sandwiches, much cake and drank chocolate with whipped cream. L—— found it hard to understand.

"You really like having these chaps here, making such a row, and keeping you busy seeing that they behave themselves?" he asked the Big Brother incredulously.

"I do, and the Institute does. The boys must have some fun while their ships are in port and we are glad to have them find it here. Some



of them get pretty homesick the first voyage or two. They wish they had never heard of the British Merchant Marine or that their parents hadn't chosen a seafaring career for them."

L—— nodded understandingly, although he did not break the shell of his reserve, nor admit that he himself had problems which the Big Brother could help to solve. It was only after his ship sailed that he gave his older friend a glimpse of that carefully guarded inner life. He acknowledged the pleasant little steamer note by this poignant letter:

"You can never know what your note means to me. I can feel what you mean in it all through.

"I have never felt more as if I were leaving home than this time, leaving New York and saying good-bye to those to whom I owe all the good in me being rejuvenated.

"Now that I am going I realize what you and the Mission atmosphere has been to me, a place of realization of the difference of things and a place where I could smile without knowing it was a forced smile."

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### A Matrimonial Viewpoint

Andres had been notified by the Inquiry Man that his wife was looking for him. She had evidently departed from too sunny and improvident Spain and come to America to seek her recalcitrant spouse. Several trips to the Institute had proved fruitless until one day Andres really did arrive in New York from a long voyage.

"My wife!" he repeated, looking with surprised dark eyes at the Inquiry Man. "Why should she come here looking for me? I thought she was in Seville and now she is in this so great city of no money for poor people. Why, I have supported myself for seven years. She has no claim upon me!"

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### Something In a Name

Uncle Lans Hamner, about whom two stories appeared in the June issue, appears to be an inexhaustible fund of story material. He should be doled out in small bits because so many of his eighty-six years were crowded with excitement and danger and romance. We seldom have a really old sailor whose memories of the "Old Wooden Navy" and his own experiences are so accurate, so graphic, so vitally absorbing. Many elderly sailors come to the Institute from time to time, en route to Sailors' Snug Harbor, but they are for the most part inarticulate. They are shy and reserved; an effort to draw from them stories of the days when sails flapped and ropes' ends were flourished is usually met with evasion or embarrassment. Perhaps they want to forget the hardships of thirty or forty years ago, or perhaps they fear the reportorial pen. No such restraint spoiled Uncle Lans.

"There's one thing that always has worried me," he told the editor, and then paused until she asked sympathetically what that one thing was.

"It's my name," he said, a note of irritation creeping into his pleasant, high voice.

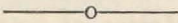


"You see, when I first signed on a ship I didn't have no middle name, and when the man asked me my name I thought quick and I made up my mind to have a middle initial. Middle initials was thought real stylish in them days. So I says, 'Alanson C. Hamner' to him.

"'Alanson!' he says, 'Oh, I never can remember that. What's the C. for—Charlie? Well, we'll call you Charlie.'

"And they did. For sixty years nearly I was called Charlie and I had to sign it on all my papers, when all the time my name was Alanson, and a sight prettier name than Charlie, which I never did like."

The editor murmured something about his being able to use his proper name now, anyhow. He laughed with satisfaction. "Yes, my girl, there isn't a child around where I live that don't call me Uncle Lans, I guess most of the boys that knew me as Charlie are dead now, too. Still, I'll always be sorry I was so anxious to be in the fashion, putting in that middle letter. Don't never do a thing like that; you can't never tell what it may lead to."



### Mentioned In Despatches

Many apprentice boys and officers of the British Merchant Marine are, quite naturally, serving in the Great War; but when the Institute learns how many of its own boys are in the Navy or Army, it makes all its abstract regret and horror and sorrow more tangible, more vividly personal.

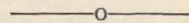
In one family in which the three sons have all been to the Institute while apprentices, two boys are in the Army, both of them already mentioned in despatches, while the other son is in the Navy, having won his D. S. C. at the Dardanelles.

Another "old boy", for the apprentices soon achieve that affectionate term in the hearts of their Institute friends, writing from somewhere in France says:

"We had our Easter service out on the green grass (the parson came twelve miles on his cycle). As we sat there singing a hymn, I thought of you and one Easter I was in New York when I walked down South Street to the little Floating Church, to the first celebration, with you. And Dr. Mansfield took that service!"

One of the boys, now a man, is in charge of a submarine in the North Sea while many are stationed on various battleships, cruisers and destroyers.

To prove their versatility several of the boys have shown marked literary ability. One of them, in the Interning Camp at Gronigan, Holland, is president and principal owner of the camp paper which is published for the interested members of the Naval Brigade.



### Victrola Records

We are always glad to have records for the Victrolas. When the seamen operate the instrument they frequently play their particular favorite until it is conspicuously unmusical.



There is always need of variety and novelty. Send any records you wish to discard, whether they are musical, dramatic or simply imitations of birds or country sounds. There are quite as many men ready to listen to excerpts from "Madame Butterfly" as to a potpourri of a recent comic opera or a monologue by a talking machine comedian. Seamen who recognize "Celeste Aida" vie in numbers with those who only beat time when a Sousa March or "God Save the King" whirls its melodic way upon the spinning disc.

A taste for canned music doesn't have to be cultivated; it is instinctive with seamen, as with other people.

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### The Courtesy of Olaf

There is a certain potency in the printed word which overwhelms the best of us at times. Olaf is one of those people who possess an absolute reverence for cold type, especially capitals. Therefore it is only natural that he should be deeply impressed by the alluring literature of advertising.

Olaf not only reads advertisements seriously. He is a seaman of highly developed conscience also, with a strong sense of his duty toward his fellowman.

Olaf recently picked up a magazine in the reading-room and became absorbed in the advertisement of a new complexion soap. It was an advertisement of the imperative type. Its message was more than a suggestion; it was a command.

Moreover it made Olaf realize that the one great need of humanity was

complexion soap. If only everyone ordered complexion soap, all the evils of the world would cease. And a sample of this crying necessity of life could be had by sending ten cents in stamps "to cover cost of mailing."

Olaf pondered deeply. Every instinct of his better nature called upon him to answer the advertisement and send the stamps. Yet his own deeply bronzed face could not by any process of his imagination be visualized in the sacred lather of the utterly essential soap.

Olaf shook his head sadly, and after much thought began to write a letter. Before he mailed it, he showed it to one of the attendants, to be sure, as he put it, "that they don't get mad about the soap."

Here is what the attendant read:

Dear Gentlemen!

Pleas excuse me I do not send for no sampel your wonderfull complecation soap. My own complecation I am satisfy and also do not think it can be change anyway but if I see any bad complecations I will tell them send for your sampel. With kind apologize,

Your frend, Olaf \_\_\_\_\_

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### A Matter of English

Seamen are generally quite decided in their opinions and seldom at a loss for words to express them. An exception is the young cockney Englishman who recently arrived from the war zone. When asked what he thought of the war, he hesitated a moment and then answered, "Well, sir, if I may coin a word, sir, I think it's 'orrible, sir, 'orrible."



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

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

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

### The Strange Land

To most of us, securely flanked by relatives or intimate friends of the sort who can be closer and dearer even than those who share our ties of blood, the idea of where we shall lie when we no longer mind about such things, seldom occurs. There isn't any reason why it should, and as there is a growing tendency toward crushing the first incipient morbid interest of this sort, everyone looks happily forward to a long life and fails to worry about the rest. And seamen, quite the same as everyone else, also take this healthy, normal attitude toward living, forgetful or regardless of the fact that they are likely to cause a great deal of sorrow to the one or two (at least) persons who will care when they die unexpectedly in a strange land among aliens who must seek for them a slender space for permanent rest.

This is one of the Institute's big problems—the seaman who dies in the hospital without having made any arrangements for the disposal of whatever it is that remains when his soul has mercifully freed itself.

Sometimes it is a man who was often a guest of the Institute, who attended the Chapel services regularly whenever he was in port, who was a loyal and staunch admirer of the Institute plan. We notify the person named by him on his card of admission to the hospital telling him that his brother or son or nephew may have a funeral service in the Chapel of our Saviour and a burial service at Evergreen Cemetery where the body may be interred in the Institute's plot.

Quite often there is no reply, or the next of kin lives too far away to get word to us in time, and then one of the Institute missionaries goes to the hospital morgue and reads the service for the burial of the dead over the body of the lonely stranger. After that, of course, the body must be buried in the Potters' Field for seamen at Jamaica, L. I.

All of which is rather tragic, especially if there are people who care and who would be comforted if they could feel that their son or husband were lying in a grave of his own, placed there by friendly hands. The Institute ought to be able to do this but of course it cannot afford it under present conditions.

The plot at Evergreen Cemetery is much too small now. We should have at least three times as much room over there in the shade of the cedar and cypress trees. There is no adequate burial fund. If the seaman from Sweden dies in the Marine Hospital on Staten Island the Institute ought to be able to take charge of his body at once, to bury



it with proper rites, or to arrange things so that his family may later take charge of it themselves, if they wish and can afford it. Of course, in most cases the families are too poor to do so. A great many of them would want to do this because, after all, it is a satisfaction not confined to the well-to-do classes, that of having successfully cared for one's own.

We didn't begin this editorial with the idea of making it a background for an appeal, but why not start a real Burial Fund? Why shouldn't the Institute do the obvious thing and be able to finance it?

An extra plot or two at Evergreen, a fund for the necessary final arrangements, about which no one likes to reflect, these would give the Institute the opportunity to do what is so clearly its duty to these tragically lonely seamen. It cannot be avoided, this death among strangers, but its horrors can be greatly alleviated. The knowledge that he was to be cared for by people who had known and liked him must certainly make easier the final hours of a man, dragging out the miserably slow minutes of waiting. So many of them die of tuberculosis or the various forms of virulent cancer, and that means the certainty of release at almost any second. Their waiting could be relieved and the loving hearts of those who are separated from them made happier, if the Institute were in a position to act fully as the father and mother it so often is.

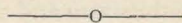
### Music While You Wait

As most of the seamen guests of the Institute are merely waiting for ships to sail, for the time to elapse between voyages, it is only natural that they should seek to beguile the monotony of patience by whatever offers itself easily.

For that reason, the exceptionally fine new player piano, which Miss Grace Scoville gave to the Institute, has been placed in the hotel lobby where it can be heard by the ever-changing crowds of men on the first and second floors. It will be operated as many times during the day as is possible, various members of the staff having volunteered their services as near-musicians.

Too much appreciation can scarcely be tendered Miss Scoville, not merely for the generosity of her gift but for her recognition of the enormous need for this piano, for the gaiety and sadness of music to charm dreams into the hearts of the men who throng the great public rooms.

The player piano will be used for the Sing Songs which have become so popular at seven o'clock Sunday evenings, and will be heard specially at meal times.



### Remembering a Birthday

Among the many memorials which have been chosen from the Institute's rather remarkable variety, few have more individual charm or distinction than that devised by Mrs. William Van Rensselaer Smith, who gave the big Concert Hall in memory of her husband.



With her gift of the Auditorium, Mrs. Smith also arranged for a fund with which to pay each year the cost of a special entertainment for the seamen, on the anniversary of her husband's birthday, August 2nd. The entertainment this year was singularly successful.

A carefully balanced programme was arranged to make every man glad he had come in-doors on a Summer evening when the streets seem to offer a doubtful coolness. The big audience was soon laughing and applauding the efforts of a trick juggler whose original rapid fire conversation accompanied his juggling tricks.

There were piano and vocal selections by Miss Anderson of Portland, Oregon; Messrs. Barbour and Fisher of the S. S. Kalonio and S. S. Philadelphia. Mr. Turner, an apprentice on the S. S. Cumberland, led the seamen in a chanty which shook every singer's throat in a supreme desire to out-noise his neighbor. A photo-play in General Custer's period held the closest attention, and when the performance had obviously come to an end, everyone sang "America," because it is easier to learn than our real national anthem.

Three rousing cheers for Mrs. William Van Rensselaer Smith proved the men's enthusiasm and appreciation, if proof were needed.

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### When Windows Crashed

There were few friends of the Institute staying in New York over the week-end of July 30th-31st who did not look through the newspaper list of accidents for the name of the big building so dangerously near the ter-

rific explosions. They were justified in their fears.

Black Tom did not spare the windows of the Institute. When the gigantic explosions which shook all New York at 2:15 and 2:45 that Sunday morning the end of July, caught the corner of Coenties Slip and South Street in their convulsions, the two windows of antique glass which were placed in the Chapel of our Saviour beside the beautiful stained glass one removed from the old Floating Church, were immediately shattered. They have had to be entirely renewed at a cost of nearly \$200.00. Luckily the exquisite third window was not damaged at all. But destruction did not end with the Chapel.

Fourteen heavy plate glass windows elsewhere in the building were demolished and the wood work broken so badly that it had to be replaced rather than repaired.

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### The Financial Attitude

Generalizations are always stupid and sometimes they are even extremely harmful because it is never the discriminating people who listen to sweeping statements and acknowledge them as truths.

We were just going to say that the attitude of the average sailor toward his wife was oddly different from that of the—well, let us say average motorman or subway guard. But of course nobody really knows anything about it. Wives, when they have won the title by marrying men who work pretty hard with their bodies rather than their brains,



seem to have the excessively short end of it financially.

Sailors' wives often do. Possibly they expect it and fortify themselves with a modest feminine trade such as laundry work, scrubbing by the day or keeping a little shop. If they don't, they doubtless exist for a greater part of the time upon hope and anticipation because many seamen have fragile ideas of responsibility.

They send money home, of course. Our Savings Department shows that of the nearly \$30,000 deposited in June, almost \$9,000.00 went to some relative or friend. It isn't so much the fact of their transmitting the money as it is the curious motive which actuates them, or most of them.

"I just sent my Missus seven pounds," Sam tells Peter proudly.

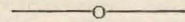
"She ought to be pleased at that!" Peter exclaims, the admiration of his friend's generosity strong in his voice.

Pleased—that is the general idea. Seven pounds sent home to one's wife is a gift, not an admission of her quite legal right to be supported erratically by the man who agreed to look after her. She is supposed to be filled with gratitude when the money-order arrives; the simple kindness of her wandering husband should touch her deeply. Very likely it does. But is an extraordinary point of view, nevertheless.

The money the seaman shares with his family is regarded by him as a gift, seldom as a mere expression of duty. Duty isn't a popular word among the members of any particu-

lar class in this twentieth century, and life on the bubbling wave does not stimulate a craving for duty.

The hopeful aspect of the situation is the undeniable fact that seamen are gradually developing a feeling for doing what they don't enjoy just because they ought. They are learning to regard themselves as citizens of the world with a certain responsibility to one special corner of it. And when they achieve that they acquire a more normal attitude toward their earnings and the rights of their dependents.



### Preparedness

On the little folders published by the new Navigation and Marine Engineering School a good deal of very useful advice and information is vouchsafed. One of them reads:

#### **PREPARE!—TO BE an OFFICER**

The great number of vessels that will be launched within the next two or three years will furnish good positions for men whose desire is to follow the sea and are ambitious to rise to the top of the ladder.

Now is the time to qualify for a license. Delay will mean money and position lost to you. Advancement will be sure to come to those who do not hang back to see what the other fellow is going to do.

Don't think you cannot learn or that you do not know enough. We will teach you all that is necessary for you to know to get a license and qualify you to become a competent master of an ocean steamer.

Any person 19 years old and a citizen who has had three years' experi-



ence on any sail or steam vessel of 300 gross tons can be examined for a third mate's license for ocean steamers. Information regarding the grade of license your service qualifies you for will be forwarded on receipt of the enclosed blank properly filled out.

You are cordially invited to visit the school. Take the officers' elevator.

The school is very conveniently located in the splendid building of the Seamen's Church Institute and the students are granted the privileges of completely equipped reading and game rooms. Students who desire may stay in the building where they will find comfortable and airy rooms, warm in winter and cool in summer. Excellent and moderate priced meals are served in the restaurant.

Studying navigation without leaving your position may be arranged for by coming to the school for instruction, and work will be assigned from time to time. This plan has proved very satisfactory, and has reduced the expenses.

### You Never Can Tell

Old Abner is a grim reminder of those past days when a sailor's life consisted of a constant succession of hardships. His heavily lined face seems as stern and relentless as the sea which he has sailed for more than forty years.

There was a shock of surprise, therefore, in the accidental discovery of an Institute worker that the one great desire of old Abner's life was to make children happy. He has

spent most of his spare time and money in supplying his little friends with toys and sweets, often with shoes and clothing as well.

Old Abner has kept his hobby entirely to himself, masking his tender heart under the gruff exterior which has grown out of the strain of a seafaring life.

"If I had my way," he told an Institute worker the other day, unexpectedly betraying a very real sentiment, "there wouldn't be a neglected child in God's universe. I was reading in the papers this morning how toys were needed by the youngsters over on Blackwell's Island. If I only just had a big payday now, couldn't I make those children happy!"

### The Tragedie Domestique

Sometimes one of the missionaries has to assist in the unraveling of matrimonial tangles, and a great many times his efforts to serve the cause of the home and its special influences have been rewarded with quite amazing success. The results of his activities indicated in the following letter have yet to be forthcoming. He replied to it, however, by a most hearty and cordial acceptance of the office of intermediary, expressing a genuine note of sympathetic understanding which cannot fail to help the perplexed applicant.

Here is the letter, which takes its place among the few peculiarly human documents which reach the desk of the Superintendent:

Dear Sir:

I am writing these few lines asking your help for I know you will



help me as you have done others.

I myself am an ex-merchant marine sailor and have spent many an enjoyable evening in your Sailors' Home. Certain circumstances have caused my wife and I to be parted which will cause me to go the wrong way in life, but I know you can help me. What I want you to do is this: I am going to send you twenty-five dollars a month and you will please forward it to her, but you must not give any information regarding my whereabouts, and if she would like to know where it comes from you could answer by saying that it was my instructions.

Now dear sir, won't you please write to me and let me know what you can do for me and I will call on you when the ship arrives in New York.

I remain hoping to hear from you soon. I am

A Follower of the Sea.

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### After Fifty Years

When James Cullen shipped on the S. S. Monarch of the Sea in 1866 he had a small account with the Seamen's Bank of Savings. His vessel went down in mid-ocean, and all hands were lost.

For fifty years the bank tried to find relatives of Cullen, to whom the money might be delivered. With the addition of interest, the sum had meanwhile grown to \$481.

Recently a nephew of the dead seaman, Michael Cullen, was discovered in Boston, and through him another nephew and a niece were traced in New England. Informa-

tion was also received of three more relatives living in Ireland.

These six will divide the Cullen estate, even down to the odd dollar. There will be no inheritance tax.

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### The Versatile Edward

A great many people seem cursed with a sort of fatal facility. They have a multiplicity of talents, without any supremely developed ability. Edward Thompson is one of those persons.

He sat erect and perfectly at ease in the office of the LOOKOUT and discussed himself in detail.

"I guess I'm sixteen, or maybe seventeen. Sixteen's enough, though," was his naive reply to the inevitable query.

Edward was born with cataracts over both eyes, and it was only an operation, performed at the New York Institution for the Blind, that gave him the use of one eye. The other eye had to be removed.

"I get awful tired of explaining about my glass eye," he said, "and I can see just as well with my one good eye as most people can with two."

The "good" one was a very nice, frank, wide, brown eye, and it was not difficult to believe that it was nearly as useful as two.

Edward was quite happily expansive. The Institute had just procured him a berth as cabin boy; he was clad in a suit of gray tweed and the high leather boots which boys delight in; moreover, he was to be given a quarter and allowed to spend the day with his mother over on Long Island. So he was quite willing to talk of his accomplishments.

"I used to work in a cotton mill up

in Connecticut when I was younger. And then I found I could make more money playing the piano for clubs and entertainments. I play the piano fine—anything you like by ear.

“Then I got a job as cabin boy and went to Panama. Down there I went ashore and went into vaudeville and moving pictures and I played the piano in a theatre and in a cafe. I sang, too. I’m not one of your rough singers, either. I sing soft and sweet and quiet, you know? Some of these vaudeville singers are awful loud and shrill.

“I worked in a restaurant, too. Then I operated a telephone switchboard; I know all about that work. Then I got another berth with the United States Fruit Company, and I got promoted to ordinary seaman.”

The editor asked Edward if he were ambitious for a career on the sea.

“Well,” he said, thoughtfully, “I am, in one way. I’d like to get to be an under steward, because then I might get a chance to play the piano in the music room sometimes. You never get any chance to speak to a passenger if you’re an ordinary seaman, you know.

“Or I might be a bellboy on one of the big boats. That’s a fine job. You just sit and watch a little box, and a number drops down and you go and see what a passenger wants. In that way you might get a chance at the piano, too.”

He could have taken a job as an elevator boy while ashore, having picked up the mechanical knowledge somewhere, but there is a prejudice against imperfect sight.

“I could ’a done it, all right,” he sighed, regretfully, “but people don’t realize how good my one eye is.”

### Forty Singing Seamen

Across the seas of Wonderland to  
Mogadore we plodded,

Forty singing seamen in an old  
black barque,

And we landed in the twilight where  
a Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye wink-  
ing red and yellow through the  
dark!

For his eye was growing mellow,  
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,

As was time, since old Ulysses  
made him bellow in the dark!

We crossed a plain of poppies, and  
we came upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like  
a spray of leaping fire;

And behind it, in an emerald glade,  
beneath a golden mountain

There stood a crystal palace, for  
a sailor to admire;

For a troop of ghosts came round us,  
Which with leaves of bay they  
crowned us,

Then with grog they well nigh  
drowned us, to the depth of our  
desire!

There was music all about us, we  
were growing quite forgetful

We were only singing seamen  
from the dirt of London-town,

Though the nectar that we swal-  
lowed seemed to vanish half  
regretful

As if we wasn’t good enough to  
take such vittles down,

When we saw a sudden figure,  
Tall and black as any nigger,

Like the devil—only bigger—  
drawing near us with a frown!

And “What’s all this?” he growls at  
us! With dignity we chaunted,



"Forty singing seamen, sir, as  
won't be put upon!"

"What? Englishmen?" he cries,  
"Well, if ye don't mind being  
haunted,

Faith you're welcome to my pal-  
ace; I'm the famous Prester  
John!

Will ye walk into my palace?

I don't bear'ee any malice!

One and all ye shall be welcome  
in the halls of Prester John!"

He took us through his palace and,  
my lads, as I'm a sinner,

We walked into an opal like a  
sunset-colored cloud—

"My dining-room" he says, and,  
quick as light we saw a dinner  
Spread before us by the fingers of  
a hidden fairy crowd;

And the skipper, swaying gently

After dinner, murmurs faintly,

"I looks towards you, Prester  
John, you've done us very  
proud!"

Then he walks us to his garden  
where we sees a feathered  
demon

Very splendid and important on a  
sort of spicy tree!

"That's the Phoenix," whispered  
Prester, "which all eddicated  
seamen

Knows the only one existent, and  
he's waiting for to flee!

When his hundred years expire

Then he'll set hissself afire

And another from his ashes rise  
most beautiful to see!"

Then he says, "In yonder forest  
there's a little silver river,

And whosoever drinks of it his  
youth shall never die!

The centuries go by, but Prester  
John endures forever

With his music in the mountains  
and his magic on the sky!

While your hearts are growing  
colder,

While your world is growing older,  
There's magic in the distance,  
where the sea-line meets the  
sky."

So we thought we'd up and seek it,  
but that forest fair defied us,—

First a crimson leopard laughs at  
us most horrible to see,

Then a sea-green lion came and  
sniffed and licked his chops and  
eyed us,

While a red and yellow unicorn  
was dancing round a tree!

We was trying to look thinner,

Which was hard, because our dinner  
Must ha' made us very tempting  
to a cat of high degree!

So we scuttled from that forest and  
across the poppy meadows

Where the awful shaggy horror  
brooded o'er us in the dark!

And we pushes out from shore again  
a-jumping at our shadows,

And pulls away most joyful to the  
old black barque!

And home again we plodded

While the Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye wink-  
ing red and yellow through the  
dark.

Across the seas of Wonderland to  
London-town we blundered,

Forty singing seamen as was  
puzzled for to know

If the visions that we saw was  
caused by—here again we pond-  
ered—

A tittle in a vision forty thousand  
years ago.

Could the grog we dreamt we  
swallowed

Make a dream of all that fol-  
lowed?

We were only simple seamen, so  
of course we could not know!

—*Alfred Noyes.*

— o —

## Shipping Department

### Month Ending July 31st, 1916.

Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Cavour	1	Manchester, Eng.
S.S. Verdi	21	Bahia, Brazil
S.S. Roumanian		
Prince	3	Dartmouth, Eng.
S.S. Burmese		
Prince	29	Bordeaux, France
S.S. Brabant	9	Tampico, Mex.
S.S. Santa Theresa	1	Havana, Cuba
S.S. Moorish		
Prince	34	La Pallice, France
S.S. Stephen	29	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Tennyson	28	Manchester, Eng.
S.S. Vauban	64	Liverpool, Eng.
S.S. Portuguese		
Prince	29	Bordeaux, France
S.S. Memling	14	Buenos Ayres, Arg.
S.S. Corfe Castle	31	Cape Town, So. Af.
S.S. Florida	4	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Larne	5	London, Eng.
S.S. Satsuma	19	Cette, France
S.S. Belgian Prince	26	Buenos Ayres, Arg.
S.S. Vestris	19	Bahia, Brazil
S.S. Roman		
Prince	27	Cape Town, So. Af.
S.S. Texas	11	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Boniface	29	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Servian		
Prince	27	La Pallice, France
Yacht Margaret	4	Cruising
Yacht Winonah	1	Cruising
Yacht Winchester	1	Cruising
Yacht Kasagi	2	Cruising
Yacht Spark II	1	Cruising
Yacht Iris	1	Cruising
Pilot Boat New York		
York	3	New York Harbor
U. S. C. G. C. Mohawk	2	Coast Patrolling
Lighthouse Tender "Tulip"	2	New York Harbor
Tug No. 35	1	New York Harbor
Tug May	2	Philadelphia, Pa.
Men given temporary employment	132	in Port

Total.... 612

## Donations Received During The Month of July, 1916.

Flowers, literature, clothing, shoes, pieces of carpet for use in the engine rooms, white sand, fruit.

Abbott, Miss Alice D.  
Adams, Miss M.  
Alevand, Mrs. Wm. J.  
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.  
Barnard, Frederic  
Bischoff, Mrs. J.  
Bogert, Henry L.  
Breitung, Mrs. E. N.  
Carpenter, Mrs. A. E.  
Chapman, F. H. & Co., New York.

### CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUB AND BRANCHES

Headquarters, 281 Fourth Ave., N. Y.  
All Angels Church, New York.  
Christ Church, Bay Ridge, B'klyn, N. Y.  
Holy Trinity, Harlem, N. Y.  
St. Mathew's Church, B'klyn, N. Y.  
St. Paul's Church, B'klyn, N. Y.  
Trinity Church, Elizabeth, N. J.  
Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.  
Crump, Miss H. Egbert, Mrs. J. L.  
Emlstyn, Mrs. Geo. Faber, Mrs. L.  
Fink, Miss M. M. Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.  
Helpful Circle of King's Daughters, through Mrs. B. A. Ramsdell, Bayonne, N. J.  
Hyatt, A. M. Kitching, Mrs. Geo.  
Lawrence, Miss Mathews, Mrs. E. C.  
Matson, Mrs. F. C.  
Morgan, Mrs. C. V.  
Page, Mrs. E. D.  
Parsons, Miss Bertha  
Prime, Miss Cornelia  
Ramsey, Mrs. Wm.  
Sanford, Mrs. Edmund C.  
Simmons, Mrs. J. F.  
Sims, Miss Agnes  
Usher, Miss Irene  
Watson, Mrs. M. E.  
Weeks, Mrs. W. F.  
Winder, Mrs. J. A.  
Woman's Auxiliary, St. Stephen's Church, B'klyn, N. Y.  
Woman's Auxiliary, St. Paul's Church, Syracuse, N. Y.  
Women's Guild, St. Philip's Church, Dyker Heights, B'klyn, N. Y.  
Young, Mrs. B. L.

### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES

Offering taken at Divine Service on board Yacht Katura.....\$56.50  
Scoville, Miss Grace—Piano player for Hotel Lobby.....\$365.00  
Zabriskie, Mrs. John.....20.00  
Anonymous donations.....7



# General Summary of Work

## JULY 1916

### Savings Department.

July 1st Cash on hand.....	\$54,425.19
Deposits .....	30,702.20
	\$85,127.39
Withdrawals (\$5,571.49 trans- mitted) .....	26,564.62
Aug. 1st Cash Balance.....	\$58,562.77

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

### Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	33
Men Shipped.....	480
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	51
Men given temporary empl. thru Mis- sionaries .....	81
Total number of men given employment	612

### Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made .....	42
Visits to vessels .....	158
Men transported .....	241
Pieces of dunnage transported .....	341

### Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered .....	15,793
Letters received for seamen .....	3,418
Pieces of dunnage checked .....	2,904

### Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and Clothing	68
		Employment on shore thru Missionaries .....	81
		Referred to Hospitals.....	69
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies. ....	110

### Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments .....	4	542	683

	}	First Aid Lectures	Discontinued for the Summer
		Gerards Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational	
		Noonday Talks	
Hospital Visits .....		121	
Patients Visited .....		373	
Ships Visited .....		775	
Packages reading matter distributed....		468	

### Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	23	929	1,146
Scandinavian.....	4	43	47
Special Services .....	4	32	32
Sing Songs.....	5	350	350
Bible Classes.....	5	136	136
Total.....	41	1,490	1,711

Holy Communion Services .....	1
Funeral Services.....	1

# Suggestions and Reminders

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

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

## TO BE GIVEN

Laundry \$1,500

Motion Picture Machine \$700.00

2 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

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

**FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer**

No. 25 South Street, New York