

The LOOKOUT



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

Vol. XII.

JULY, 1921

No. 7

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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President Secretary and Treasurer Superintendent

Administration Offices

Telephone Broad 0297

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

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|---|--|
| 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 Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants | Ways and Means Department |
| Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families | Post Office |
| Burial of Destitute Seamen | Operation of Institute Boat |
| Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift | Department of "Missing Men" |
| Transmission of money to dependents | Publication of THE LOOKOUT |
| Free Libraries | Comfort Kits |
| Four Free Reading Rooms | Christmas Gifts |
| Game Room Supplies | 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.

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Wanted His Nose

Row upon row of little white beds lined the hospital ward. Row upon row of human heads, some dark and some fair and some neither dark or fair protruded from under the coverlets like corks in the human bottles that lay row upon row.

The House Mother stepped softly from bed to bed in search of one, Edward, a sailor, who had been taken to the hospital, a few days before and who had sent word that he wanted "Mother" to go and see him.

The fact that the House Mother could not remember him made no difference; the fact that he had not been staying in the house made no difference; nothing made any difference, because he was a sailor in need, and he had called on us.

Head after head turned as Mrs. Roper went from cot to cot and said a pleasant word here and there as she met a pair of too eager eyes to be passed. If you have ever visited in a public ward in a hospital you know what those eyes are. Eager eyes, lonely eyes, desperate eyes, eyes that speak what the tongue cannot say. They grip you and would wring tears of compassion from even a petrified heart.

But then, of course, one cannot weep in a public ward and so you smile instead, and that is what the House Mother did and it was with a smile she at last found Edward

who wasn't very sick, but who had been doing much speculating about the future.

And just here, why is it that doctors and nurses do not explain to the poor victims in their clutches what is the matter with them? There is a lack of imagination some place. If they had any idea what is in the minds of some of those poor fellows they would surely spend a few seconds explaining that removing the tonsils and operating for adenoids is not likely to disfigure a person for life.

"They say they are going to operate on me," Edward explained as he fumbled with the quilt, "on me throat and me nose."

"No doubt you have adenoids and they will likely remove your tonsils," the House Mother replied with the assurance of experience.

"No doubt I have all you say Ma'am," Edward agreed meditatively, "and I think I will let them operate on me throat. But when I get better I want to go back to Dublin and I would like to have me nose."

"That will be all right," the House Mother said cheerfully, "they will not remove your nose."

"You think not?" he said somewhat cheered, "but when they get you in their hands and you don't know nothing, they can do what they like," he added doubtfully.

The Drama of Life

The Chaplain Who Has Great Faith came into the office of the Editor, his eyes shining and an expression of reverent wonder on his face.

"What are you laughing about?" the Editor asked.

"I did not know that I was laughing," he said; "I think I feel more like crying."

The Editor waited, as he stood a few seconds, his hands supporting his head while he seemed to try for words to express the experience through which he had just come.

"I think God has just used me to lead a man to Himself," he said, reverently. "It was down in the lobby. Hundreds of men were surging around us. No one but ourselves knew—and yet the miracle happened."

"And we say there is no drama in the everyday lives around us," the Editor said in a low tone.

"Just put yourself in God's hands and let Him use you, and then you can serve," the Chaplain said as he walked up and down, joy radiating from him—the joy of service.

Merchant Seamen Memorial

There are hundreds—yes, we are sure there are thousands—of people who would like to have a share in the Memorial to Merchant Seamen that we are going to erect in Jeanette Park.

Many of these people do not read THE LOOKOUT, and we must depend on those who do to tell others about it. Give your friends an op-

portunity to have a share in this very worth while work.

We need \$25,000, and while there are no doubt many men and women who would like to give the whole amount, we sincerely hope that many will have a share in making possible the great stage that will be both a recognition of the work done by those who are still living, who served in the war, and a memorial for those who gave their lives in the service of their country.

Fumigating the Mind

There wasn't much the matter with Henry but there was something. In order that the old adage, "about an ounce of prevention being worth more than a pound of cure," should be practised, he was sent to the hospital.

But the hospital failing to find any reason for allowing him to occupy one of their beds, when all were in demand, sent him back. That is when the real trouble started.

It is the custom in the Institute, when a man is taken to the hospital, to have the room fumigated before it is used again. The excellent health of the majority of people in the Institute is no doubt due largely to this precaution.

But Henry arrived when the fumigation was going on and inquired of some of the help, who did not know him, as to why it was being done. He was informed that a man had been taken to the hospital from that room and it was being fumigated to kill the germs.

Germs—that was the idea. He

had germs. He had always suspected it, and here was proof!

He was sure the desperate nature of his case was being hidden by kind but mistaken friends. The Chaplains tried to explain, but he turned despondently away from them. He knew they meant well and he would trust them in all ordinary cases, but he felt that his was extraordinary.

Germs—but where?

All his old symptoms returned with great additions to their number. Germs but where? If he had only known where they were he might have localized the trouble, but he did not know and so he suffered all over. You can fumigate a room, but when it comes to fumigating a human mind it is another proposition.

The last the Editor heard, one of the Chaplains was carrying a tray of food to Henry, with the hope that it would make nature re-assert itself and give him courage to fight the germs—and the head of the dining room was demanding information as to who was going to pay for Henry's fumigation.

The Income Tax

No matter how much we may believe in a direct tax, no one can honestly say that they like the Income Tax. We are all like the patient who prefers to have an anaesthetic before he is operated upon. It dulls the shock.

The Income Tax is an operation without an anaesthetic—and if you happen to be a seaman the operation is liable to be just as difficult to understand as the nice comfortable

method of letting someone tack the extra price on your daily purchases. Then at least he knows that everyone is getting the same medicine. Now he does not know anything about it.

All any seamen knew about it is that a certain sum was demanded from them and if they could not pay, their passports were taken from them and held until they could. This was simple enough for the Income Tax collectors. They had the passport and the man could not go to sea until he got it back. He couldn't get it until he paid the money. But he couldn't earn the money until he went to sea. The more you think about it the more complicated it becomes.

A great number of seamen began to appeal to the Chaplain's Office for relief from this intolerable situation. Added to the above was the fact that they were asked to prove the time they were not working. Now a seaman can easily prove when he was working by his discharges from his ships, but he cannot prove when he was not working. How could he? Well, anyway, he couldn't, and so many of them were charged Income Tax on time they were not working, simply because they could not prove that they were idle.

The Chaplain Who Knows the Law took the matter up and soon found that a ruling had come from Washington forbidding the Income Tax collectors taking seamen's passports as surety for the Income Tax. This he has announced to the men and he is now working to get mat-

ters adjusted so that the seamen will not be discriminated against, because of the nature of their employment.

We can never hope to have a great American Merchant Marine as long as the sailors are not given the same consideration as other classes of workers. Our American young men are too independent and self-reliant to continue in a kind of work that subjects them to conditions where they have to prove the impossible in order to get fair treatment.

The Immigrant

"But I can't stay back in Holland. I will go for just a few months and then I will come here again," Evert explained, the tears streaming down his face. "I could not stay, I am American."

We looked in amazement at the poor chap, and the wonder that was in our souls at the struggle there must be in the heart of every immigrant must have shone through our faces, for he continued, as he brushed his sleeve across his eyes and tried to make his adopted tongue express his deepest emotions.

"I was at the war when my mother die, and I cannot see her. Now my father is die, and when I tell the Captain when I was in England that my father was sick, he said he could not help it. I must come back with the ship. I must come, and plenty others would have been glad to come, and my father die and I cannot see—I cannot—"

Words failed, then his eyes blazed, and in a low tone he said: "If I see him I don't know what I will do.

God's truth, ma'am, I don't know. My father want to see me and I was in England, and the Captain would not let me go and—"

Again he repeated the story, his frame wrecked by the war, trembling as he talked, for the roof of Evert's mouth was shot away when he was fighting for Uncle Sam, and a bullet lodged in his abdomen, and although the machinery hobbles along, it does not run smoothly, and perhaps never will. But his spirit is undaunted and he drags his wrecked body around at a pace that will wear out all that is left before its time.

We read him a letter from some of his relatives in Holland, saying how anxious they were to have him go back, and asking us to tell them just what his condition is. They said he came from a good family, and they wrote like cultured people, and they spoke of the estate that had to be settled, and they must have Evert's signature for the papers.

"Tell them I'm all right," he said, "and I will sign any paper they like. Tell them I couldn't get back in time."

We then read him a letter we had written, telling them the truth about his condition—how he had been months and months in different hospitals and had to go again; how much he needed their sympathy and understanding. He listened, and when we finished he said: "All right, whatever you say. I want to go home for a little while. But," in alarm, "tell them I cannot stay. I must come back. I am American."

And now every day he pokes his

head in the door to ask, "Have you a letter for me?"

A Costly Argument

The Captain and the Chief Engineer on a vessel had an argument one day. It began in a friendly way, but grew more serious as it progressed. The Captain said he could do the Engineer's work and laughed at the idea that things would go wrong if he had charge in the engine room.

The Engineer said he could navigate the vessel without any training and he was ready to go on the bridge and try.

Well the two men agreed, so the story goes, to change places. The Captain went down to the engine room and the Chief Engineer went to the bridge.

The Engineer asked the Mates to help him as much as they could and the Captain asked the assistant Engineers to do their best for him.

For awhile everything seemed to be going all right. Then something happened in the engine room. There was the smell of burning and the whole place was filled with smoke. The Captain ran around frantically calling on everyone to do something. He did not know what, and everyone did something and matters got worse instead of better.

Finally the Captain went to the tube that led to the Bridge and called: "You had better come down here—something has gone wrong with the engine."

"It doesn't matter" the Engineer replied cheerfully. "the ship is ashore anyhow."

Letter to North River Station

The following letter was written to the Resident Manager of the North River Station of the Seamen's Church Institute at 341 West Street, where a wonderful work is being done for the men on ships in the harbor, but the letter will tell some of the story.

"I beg to convey to you and also to the Ladies' Auxiliary and Life Line Crew, the heartfelt thanks of our membership for the happy hours we spent in New York in your company," writes the Secretary of the Social and Athletic Club of the S.S. Essequibo.

"You people who go out of your way to such an extent to welcome us and make us happy in strange places, can have no idea to what an extent your goodness and kindness is appreciated, and the fact that we retain 50 per cent. of our original crew is due in great measure to the many acts of friendship which you have all treated us to, and endeavored at all times to make us feel at home.

"Owing to the fact that about forty of our lads return to Liverpool from New York on our next visit, we have decided to hold a Farewell Dance. This does not necessarily mean our final dance on the 'Essequibo' but simply our farewell to departing members of our club."

Then followed an invitation to the dance and best wishes for a continuance of the work that had contributed so much to their happiness while in this port.

"KDKF"

The following letter, which has been sent to Major General George O. Squires, Chief, Signal Service, U. S. Army, Paris, France, by the Seamen's Church Institute, will give you an idea of the already visioned possibilities of the radio service on the roof of the Institute.

"Radio Station 'KDKF' was recently organized and established on the top of the building of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York at the above address for the sole purpose of giving medical and surgical advice to vessels at sea.

"This station specially licensed, is the only station in the world established for this purpose, and is being operated on 24-hour watches. It has rendered valuable assistance.

"Radio, a great aid to navigators, has become a means whereby medical and surgical advice can successfully be given to vessels at sea. Men who have been injured or taken sick have been relieved of suffering and lives saved by advice thus given.

"There is a call 'SOS' for vessels in distress which involves the safety of the vessel and all on board, but there is no call for medical advice, so that a vessel wishing medical advice uses the call 'SOS,' thus creating an impression that a vessel is in distress.

"If there could be established a call for medical or surgical advice it would be the means of preventing confusion. Any vessel or station hearing this call would recognize that a person ill or injured on board was in need of assistance.

"We have circularized much of

the world, sending informing literature to vessel owners, to consulates and to all places where seamen assemble, samples of which please find enclosed.

"If 'KDKF' could be made an INTERNATIONAL call for medical and surgical advice any vessel or station hearing this call and having a doctor on board or near the station could send the required assistance by radio. This would be the means of relieving a great deal of suffering and probably saving lives.

"We earnestly hope that you will be able to bring this matter to the attention of the Paris Conference, and that 'KDKF' will be adopted as the International and Universal call for medical and surgical aid."

What Is Personality?

He was small and there was nothing striking about his appearance in any way. You would pass him on the street without a second glance unless you saw his smile.

He came to the Institute to try and find his brother, and everyone who spoke to him mentioned him afterward. None of us could say what it was about the little man that won us, unless it was his happiness and his brogue.

Two months out from Ireland and he was already swearing by Uncl. Sam. His whole warm Irish heart shone in his face—he had surely reached the land of promise.

"Does your brother know you are here?" we asked.

"No," he said confidentially, his face beaming, "he'll get a fall when he hears I am in New York."

There was nothing unusual about the little man or our conversation with him, but among hundreds he stood out.

Why?

"Personality" is our only answer, and we do not know just what that is—but he had it.

Where Were His Boots?

Henri was one of the men who are much concerned about little things.

"I don't know what is the matter with him," the elevator boy said disgustedly; "he is running up and down, and every place he goes he loses something. Now it is his boots."

"Where are his boots?" the Chaplain asked with concern. He understood the difficulty of being in a strange country and unable to use the language fluently.

"He may have them on, for all I know," the elevator boy said with a shrug of his shoulders, "I don't think he knows whether he has his shirt on or not. I never saw such a man."

The Chaplain went up and down on the elevator until he found Henri in the basement standing among his worldly possessions wringing his hands and beseeching high heaven to help him find his boots.

"Where did you put them?" the Chaplain asked sympathetically.

Henri burst into a flood of language that did not convey anything except perplexity to the Chaplain, who leaned down and pulled a package from under Henri's arm.

"What is this?" he asked.

"This?" Henri gasped, and he opened the parcel and the boots

rolled out. "My boots, God be praised."

"And he had them under his arm all the time he was accusing us of having stolen them," the elevator boy grunted. "I'd like to give him a piece of my mind. He tried to make out we were keeping them from him."

"I know," the Chaplain said, "but maybe if we had been cheated and robbed as many times as Henri, we would distrust everyone, too, until we knew them well."

"Well, I hope I never get like that," the elevator boy said as he watched Henri loading up his gear.

Appreciation

The following from a letter to the "Missing Men Department" is just one of hundreds received, expressing gratitude for our services in putting them in touch with members of the family from whom they have long been separated.

"Your letter of June 9th received, and am very grateful for your untiring efforts in locating my brother, who has been missing for over a year (has been in a Russian prison for nine months). Am glad to know he has arrived back in New York and called at your establishment for mail, otherwise I would never have known his whereabouts.

"I am forwarding him a letter in your care at this writing. Please see that he receives it as it contains news of importance about his folks.

"Sincerely thanking you for interest taken in this case. It is needless to say your efforts are highly appreciated."

The LOOKOUT

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Superintendent

or

LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

Why Bother?

Someone asks why we should bother to raise money for a great covered stage in a public park, as a Memorial to Merchant Seamen.

In the first place let us say that it is not a bother. It is a pleasure.

In the second place let us say that we do it because we believe that every home and every institution in a Community has a duty to that community.

The Seamen's Church Institute is "Home" to between seven and eight hundred men every night. It provides beds and food and baths and barbers and clothes and many other things for these men at a reasonable price.

But seamen are like other men, they have the play side to their nature. They need recreation, but they are transients and they cannot provide amusements for themselves. The duty to provide these men with

wholesome entertainment belongs to the community in which they live while on shore.

The evil element in every port in the world is organized to take from the sailor his money and give him as little in return as possible. If he is ruined body and soul by their methods they do not care. When he is unable to work and produce more money for them to take, they cast him out.

The proposed stage in Jeanette Park, and the reconstruction of the Park so that it can be used for games and gymnastic exercises, is an effort of the Institute, to serve the seamen and others who live around South Street. It is a Community effort, for the Park is under the direction of the Parks Board. Whatever we can do to beautify this part of the city, and make happier the people who live around us, is our contribution to the city of New York and the community around South Street.

Appreciation

The following letter from the Secretary of the National Sailors' & Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland gives some idea of how much our Missing Men Department is appreciated by the sailors.

"I have to acknowledge receipt of No. 23 of the Weekly Inquiry Bulletin," he wrote. "I am pleased to note your success in locating what as I sometimes term my 'Sailor Brethren,' 'Birds of Passage,' and bringing them into touch again with relatives and friends.

"May your work prosper is the wish of"——

Our Get-Together

Last month we had a banquet. It was given to the employees of the Institute by Dr. Mansfield, who gave it to his fellow employees. We have stated it this way because that was the key note of the whole evening, the note of Service. We were all there as those who Serve.

It was a big idea—a new idea to some, but every man and woman turned to it as flowers turn to the sun with smiling faces. It seemed to lift us all out of a world of struggle for personal gain to a purer atmosphere—and how everyone enjoyed themselves! It was the first occasion of the kind, but before it had really begun, whispers were heard on every side, little tentative questions, as to whether we couldn't have another some time.

"If I had been a queen I couldn't have been treated any better," one of the housekeepers said as her face beamed on all around her.

"It seemed as if there was a spirit over us that made everything just perfect," was the opinion of another employee who had been listening to the conversation.

First there was a reception in the Apprentice Boys' Room and every member of the staff who could be present, shook hands with Dr. Mansfield and was introduced to the rest of the employees. Some who could not stay for the banquet came up to meet Dr. Mansfield and then hurried back to their duties and as one man said, "Just to take his hand and feel his interest and have a kind word, made the work lighter."

Then, two and two, to the Concert

Hall, where the tables were set and all together we sat down to a real banquet and as Dr. Mansfield said we had for once our feet under the same table. There were a hundred and twenty present and the girls from the dining room waited on the tables. Dr. Mansfield would have brought waiters from outside only the girls would not let him. They felt that strangers might not do it so well, and they wanted everything perfect and when a fine trained band of girls want that, they are likely to get it. We will wager, if anyone cares to take us up, that no banquet in any hotel in New York, was ever served better, and more quickly.

And during the dinner, we sang familiar songs that were thrown on the screen or we listened to music provided by a pianist and violinist, and patter and recitations by a trained artist in such things. Oh there wasn't a dull moment, and besides there was the feeling that everything was being done right. And after everyone had enjoyed their dinner the programme was begun by all joining in singing the following S. C. I. song:

For we are the hope of the S. C. I.
And the folks who make it go,
From engine room to tower on high
We do our work just so.

Our badge is blue
To each other true
Our motto is S. C. I.
Oh yes, the hope of the Institute,
And loyal till we die.

This was followed by the S. C. I. yell—which is some yell—don't you think? We hadn't had any practise, but it was wonderful what we did

with that yell. Of course, there are college boys who might have thought we were a little out of voice, but the guests of the house, seemed to think our lungs were in good condition.

Who are we?

Who are we?

Workers of the S. C. I. you see
Some of us here
Some of us there
Some of us working everywhere
All of us always standing by
Doing our bit for the S. C. I.

That was the yell, and we are going to keep it for future use. It is the kind of a yell that both men and women can take part in with good effect—that is if they agree with the sentiment.

Dr. Mansfield then talked of what the Seamen's Church Institute should mean to those who through it are permitted to serve their fellows. He told of the Rev. Ernest M. Stires, D.D., who was preparing his sermon for the dedication of our Chapel and that morning as he was having his bath he shouted to his wife, "I have it. I have it."

"Have what?" his wife asked much puzzled.

"The subject for my address, at the Seamen's Church Institute. S. C. I. stands for Safety, Comfort and Inspiration." And so it has meant ever since and so it should mean to all who work here. Everyone should try to make it a place, that will mean all those things to the seamen who come here.

Next Dr. Mansfield told of Bishop Greer's inspiring words when talk-

ing of this work—"We can never go forward by going backward," and lastly he turned to the example of the Great Master, who washed the feet of his disciples, even the feet of Judas, and He said that He was among them as one who served.

Yes, that was the keynote of the evening—the idea of service—and following Dr. Mansfield's speech the heads of Departments were called on to tell of their work, and mightily interesting it was, for The Seamen's Church Institute is the largest Institution of its kind in the world, and such an evening as we had would have been impossible anywhere else. Impossible because no other place of this nature, has hundreds of employees.

Then just a moment, before we finished that part of the programme, we stood with bowed heads, a tribute to one recently gone from among us. But we did not mourn, rather we felt her living spirit of service, that will not die, for it has become part of the soul of this great Institute.

Then as Dr. Mansfield began to announce the short motion picture that was to follow, someone said: "Wait a minute!" and there followed a part of the programme that had been prepared in great secrecy.

Dr. Mansfield's picture was thrown on the screen, followed by the following motto that was presented to him in a frame:

The Spirit of This House as
Shown by Our Great Big Chief.
Who enters here must leave without,
All envy, malice, gloom or doubt,
For joy and faith the door stands
wide;

For grief and need there's room inside.

And because this spirit is the spirit that Dr. Mansfield has striven to inculcate in all who have worked with him; and because he is admired and loved by all who have the privilege of working with him, his fellow workers joined in the following yell:

Root! Root! Root!

Root! Root! Root!

For the GREAT BIG CHIEF

Of the Institute.

He's a king; He's a seer

Dreamer, builder,

Of all that's here—SO

Root! Root! Root!

Root! Root! Root!

For the GREAT BIG CHIEF

Of the Institute.

Then as Dr. Mansfield stood too much surprised to say more than "Well I thought I was running this banquet but it seems to have gotten away from me," he was presented with a bunch of roses, and among the roses was a card that said:

"Twenty-five roses for twenty-five years. They have their thorns but they have their perfume too. This is just a hope that in the garden of Service you have cultivated so well, your roses will not have many thorns and their beauty and perfume will make light the tasks of the coming years."

Twenty-five years Dr. Mansfield has served in this work and this was the first banquet for employees, but it was one to be remembered, and everyone stayed until the very last reel of the moving picture was run off, although the midnight hour was

not far off, and the boats on the East River tooted sleepily.

Yes, it was a real get-together; an unforgettable occasion; a milestone on the road to understanding; learning to walk together in Service.

Her Son

She came to the Institute, a little woman with a tired, worn face. She came simply because she had to have help and she did not know where else to go.

"My boy used to talk about this place," she said, "and he stayed here a lot. I used to send his letters here."

She paused and turned away for a minute. Her voice was steady when she began again. "He is in the hospital and I can pay if I have time. I am a good worker and strong." She straightened up to show the breadth of her shoulders that were rather stooped.

"I can pay," she repeated, "if I have time. If you could help me just now I would pay it all back."

And that is where the Discretionary Fund came in. Dr. Mansfield heard of the case. He saw the worn, tired face and the bent shoulders and he said, "We will pay his hospital bill."

"All—all of it?" the woman gasped, unable to believe that such good fortune could be hers.

And later when there was a funeral and many extra expenses—well, she found she had all her bent shoulders could bear, and she had one bright spot in the gloom. Someone had cared enough for her boy to help in their time of trouble.

What They Say

The following account, written by a volunteer worker among seamen, abroad gives an accurate picture of life as we see it from day to day.

(Enter a loquacious youth of seventeen.)

He: "Last night three of us tramped all round the town looking for this place!"

Largo: "I'm sorry. Didn't you find it?"

He: "No! At last we met a johnnie, and I asked him in French (I know a bit of French you see)," with an impressive wave of the hand, "er—I said—er— 'Ou est la direction—er—of the Mission,' you see, and he marched us about ten hours, and at last brought us to the English Church, which was closed. Then he asked lots of people, and suddenly bethought himself of this place, and brought us. I didn't quite know whether to tip him—nearly gave him 2d., and then thought perhaps that he mightn't like it. Saw his photo today—a big one in a fine shop." On his further description, we realize with a gasp that the pilot in question was an Exceedingly High Official (with very capital letters). We wish he had had the tip—he would surely have stuffed it as a curious memento!

The same men came up trip after trip, and after a time or two, became our firm friends, and very proud of their friendship we are too. The first signs of its dawning is the production of family photos, which I, personally, fully appreciate.

He: "That's my wife. We've been married four years."

Largo: "Really! How bonny she is!"

He (beaming with pride at his (and my) good taste). "These are my children. John, he's three, and May is eighteen months. Such clever children. What do you think John said * * *" etc., etc., etc. The next trip, probably, we get messages from the wife, and send greetings back. Such links are fine.

Of course we necessarily get glimpses of the other side too. A youth—whom I should have taken to be twenty-four years old—was sitting by me as I played the songs I fondly thought well known. Suddenly he put on the music-rack the picture of a bonny little girl of three years.

Largo: "What a lovely child. Your sister?"

He: "No, my daughter—Angela."

Largo: "How proud you must be of her."

He: "I never see her now. Haven't seen her for two years."

Largo: "I'm sorry. Can you tell me about it?" And then follows a sad story of unfaithfulness, partings, and lonely lives. The voice breaks, and a tear is indignantly wiped away, but one feels that the outpouring has given relief, and that the sympathy is valued.

Free Baths

"We had an argument," a sailor said to one of the workers, "and I want you to settle it. I said you would let a fellow have a bath for nothing, and the other fellows said you wouldn't."

"You were right," the worker ex-

plained; "we have had a gift of some money for relief, and we are using part of it to keep the bath-rooms on the third floor open all day. Any man can get a free bath ticket by applying at the Chaplain's Office."

"I told them so," the sailor said with satisfaction; "just write it down on a piece of paper for me, and I will show it to them."

So it was written down and he went off happy, and already about forty men a day are taking advantage of the opportunity to keep clean at a time when they have no money to spend for baths. It is a greater blessing than anyone who has never been without a bathroom can imagine.

Sixty Years' Work for Seamen

The cornerstone of the first Y. M. C. A. building to be planned especially for merchant seamen was laid during the month of June at Richards and Sullivan Streets, Brooklyn.

The building will be a memorial to James Harvey Williams, whose widow has financed the erection of the building that will supplant the old Bethelship Seamen's Home on Sullivan Street. And among those present was the Rev. P. B. Smith, who sixty years ago began his evangelical work among the seamen, and who founded the first Bethelship Home for Seamen during the Civil War. The aged minister offered the benediction.

Dr. Mansfield took part in the exercises representing the Seamen's

Church Institute of New York, an organization that had its origin away back more than seventy-six years, and has grown into the greatest Institution of its kind in the

A City of Pitfalls

The following account of the work of the Institute in Callao, which is copied from "The Church and the Sailor," the publication of the Missions to Seamen, gives a pretty accurate picture of what conditions were in the port of New York twenty-five years ago; conditions that would have been much the same today if Christian people had not realized their duty to the men of the sea.

This article in part says:

To begin with, it would be necessary, before anyone could really appreciate or estimate the value of the work or of the Institute, that they should spend some little time in Callao, so as to realize something of the abominable wickedness of the place. Sins and vices of the worst kind are practised without interference; men and women of the worst kind carry on their horrible livelihoods unmolested, and woe betide the poor fellow who is fool enough to be led away by these land-sharks.

The spade-work—by that I mean the daily round, the ship visiting, hospital-visiting and home visiting, besides the many little jobs one is called upon to do for sailors almost every day, banking money or sending money home, writing or posting letters, or buying articles much needed for a man who is unable to get ashore—is most important, be-

cause it is these things (the spade-work) that go to the making of friendships which invariably ripen as time goes by—those friendships which are such an essential part of the work of winning men for Christ.

* * *

A little while ago I received a letter from a sailor who, with others of his shipmates, spent some weeks with us after being paid off. In conclusion he says: "Thanking you again for your aid in keeping us from harm during our sojourn in that city of many pitfalls, Callao."

"City of many pitfalls" adequately describes Callao, as I suppose it does also many of the seaports abroad. Callao abounds in those who are on the lookout for unwary sailors, and how pathetic it is to see the poor chaps so easily led away! But in most cases they are more to be pitied than blamed. A sailor comes ashore after several weeks in a stuffy fore-castle, seeking a change from the dull monotony of life on board. He is heartily sick of the companionship of his shipmates, having been with them for so long. He wants to see new faces and to talk with some one else. Walking along he is hailed by some "hail fellow well met," who escorts him to the nearest saloon. Or perhaps it is that he hears a piano or gramophone playing in a saloon, and, feeling lonely and being attracted by the music and the brightness of the place, he enters. No sooner is he inside than he is addressed by some one who speaks English, and who immediately strikes up an acquaintance. Drinks are called for, and drink follows drink, until finally

he loses all knowledge of what is happening. The next morning he finds himself in a police cell, without a penny in his pockets, and feeling very miserable at having made such a fool of himself. Then, to add to his misery, he is told that he will be required to pay a substantial fine to gain his freedom. This has happened time and time again, and many a splendid fellow, through once falling and being unable to rise, "has gone absolutely to the dogs."

Marie Louise Bennett Memorial

This Memorial Fund that has been established in recognition and in memory of ten years of untiring service to the Institute will be used to erect a tablet in the Chapel of Our Saviour and pay for a room in the new building.

This room will be known as the Marie Louise Bennett Room, and will have in a conspicuous place, a framed photograph of the late Miss Bennett and with it will be a brief statement of the outstanding facts of her life—which can all be summed up in the word SERVICE.

In contributing to this fund, you are contributing to the new annex and you are recognizing the value of absolutely unselfish devotion.

Taking God to the Docks

It was one of the founders of the Seamen's Church Institute seventy-six years ago, who visited the docks in New York and returned heartsick from the sights he saw.

"The church spires point toward heaven," he said, "but the devil owns the docks and God lives uptown."

The work of the Seamen's Church Institute for nearly eighty years has been to bring God-like service to the docks; to defeat the evil purposes of those who would batten on the sailors; and to bring home to Christian men and women the fact that we cannot expect God's Kingdom on earth, while God lives uptown, and a portion of his children are left to the mercy of the agents of the devil.

Ocean Secrets

Notwithstanding modern inventions, which have added materially to the science of navigation, the many new facilities for safety of life at sea, including ability to keep in touch with shore and other vessels by radio, no less than fourteen ships were recorded by underwriters to have been lost at sea through unknown causes during the year 1920. It is significant that of this total, ten were steamships and only four were sailing vessels.

In spite of everything that man has accomplished to date, the sea continues to envelop many of her tragedies in mystery.

A total of 277 vessels have been reported lost during the last year. There were 1,788 collisions which sent down thirty ships. An equal number were destroyed by fire and explosion, while grounding claimed the greatest toll of 109 vessels.

The element of mystery regarding those ships which are recorded lost through unknown causes compels conjecture. Perhaps a stray floating mine, broken away during the war, has been run down during the dark

hours of night. An unseen iceberg, or hidden derelict may have torn the bottom out of another. Two vessels may have collided with such impact as to rip the vitals out of each or caused boiler explosions of immediate destructive force. Combustible or explosive cargo could have accounted for other accidents by spontaneous combustion.

Out in the vast stretches of the Atlantic or Pacific oceans there may have occurred sudden seismic tidal waves large and sweeping enough to engulf the finest vessel afloat. There are hundreds of possibilities, and when we review only a few of them realization of the limitations of man before the forces of nature become strikingly apparent.

\$500 for Relief

This month we received a gift of five hundred dollars for relief and it has made many things possible.

We have arranged to give free baths, and we have other plans that we will announce later, and in the meantime we are helping those who are unable to help themselves in any way that seems best. We wish on behalf of the sailors to thank the generous giver.

The June Lookout

We had a large number of extra copies of the June, "Lookout" published, so that those who wish to interest their friends in the Memorial for Merchant Seamen, can secure a copy or copies by writing to us. Address your letters to Dr. A. R. Mansfield, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St., New York, N. Y.

The World Together

It was concert night. The hall was full of men, most of them young strong-looking fellows, and not a few with dreamy idealistic faces. They had felt the call as Ulysses did, to leave their little kingdoms of home in every corner of this great earth, that they might sail beyond the baths of all the western stars—and they had called for a little stay in New York on their way.

It is the call of the unknown—the desire to penetrate the mysteries that lie beyond their own horizon, that make most men go to sea. They are the world's adventurers, who intend to see the world and then settle down, but before they have seen it, the spell of the ocean has laid its compelling finger on their spirits, and they go on and on and on until their turn comes to go on the Great Adventure.

But to return to the Concert Hall where the men from all nations sat together, laughing at the same things, enjoying the same music, clapping for the same sentiments and watching with equal interest the same moving picture.

It was a moving sight, because through the window could be seen the bow of a Spanish ship, and on its deck, well forward, so that they out there, might enjoy the concert, the crew had gathered. And that very ship had at one time belonged to the ex-Kaiser of Germany. We had been in the ship and had seen his private suite, where he had dreamed wild dreams of world power. What pictures had been visioned in his diseased brain who can say! What

gatherings of wise men there had been in that ship! What prophecies had been made! What plans had been made, and how many human weaknesses had been summed up and counted upon!

Who can know the human heart?

Kings and kaisers and czars have all failed to reckon on a spiritual quality, that when crossed will defeat the best-laid plans of nations and rulers. Idealism is not dead—the world is still in quest of the Land of Promise.

It may have been an idle dream, but somehow as we sat and looked down on all those different types, smiling at the same time, looking serious together, applauding as one man, it seemed to us, that in that gathering we had a forecast of that Promised Land toward which all our eyes are eagerly turned.

That Land, in which all nations will get together and settle their differences by getting each other's viewpoint. We have given the sailors of all nations a chance to get together, and we find they live in peace and happiness.

If someone would provide the way for the men of all nations to get together to serve the world instead of to corner it, the Promised Land would be here.

"Peace." Yes, it was the yacht outside that suggested it, and the happy spirit inside that gave promise of a better day for the world; and the ex-Kaiser's yacht is a cargo ship and the East River flowed calmly on, as it lapped its side, and rocked the barge beside it, alike indifferent to both.

General Summary of Work

MAY, 1921

RELIGIOUS WORK

South Street Institute, 25 South Street

	No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services A. M.	5	92
Sunday Services P. M.	5	1,057
Bible Classes	5	447
Gospel Meetings	4	307
Funerals	1	

North River Station, 341 West Street

	No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services P. M.	5	278
Song Services	4	347
Funerals		

Public Health Service Hospital No. 43 Ellis Island

Sunday Services P. M.	5	565
Funerals		

U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21 Staten Island

Sunday Services A. M.	5	176
Funerals	2	

INSTITUTIONAL SERVICE

South Street Institute

Home Hours	5	926
Entertainments	9	3,174
Lodgings Registered		22,138
Incoming Mail for Seamen		15,843
Dunnage Checked		4,047
Free Baths		
Free Clothes Washings		80
Packages Literature distributed		407
Knitted Articles distributed		135

North River Station

Home Hours	5	
Entertainments	13	1,177
Incoming Mail for Seamen		562
Dunnage Checked		161
Free Baths		
Free Clothes Washings		
Packages Literature distributed		155
Knitted Articles distributed		

Relief

Meals, Lodgings & Clothing	191	26
Assisted through Loan Fund	67	
Minor Relief		
Cases in Institute Clinic	608	
Referred to Hospitals	19	3
Referred to other Organizations	27	

Employment

Ships supplied	12	
Men Shipped	63	
Temporary Employment	7	
Shore Jobs		

Visits

To Hospitals	10	2
To Patients	379	2
Other Visits		
To Ships		51

Public Health Service Hospital No. 43		U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21	
To Hospitals	12	To Hospitals	23
To Patients	1,090	To Patients	4,025

EDUCATIONAL

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School enrollment	30
First Aid Lectures	1
Other Educational Lectures	1

SEAMEN'S WAGES

Deposits	\$76,709.16
Withdrawals	80,819.56
Transmissions	11,669.30

SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

Almighty God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thy blessing upon all organizations throughout the world engaged in ministering to the welfare of seamen. Give wisdom to all who have undertaken to direct the management of their interests.

Endow with judgment and strength from on high the Executive Officers, Chaplains, Missionaries and all associated with them: direct and prosper all their doings to the advancement of Thy glory.

Grant, we beseech Thee, that the Seamen and Boatmen gathered from all nations of men who dwell on the face of the whole earth may find within the walls of the Institutes and Missions deliverance from danger and strength against temptation, inspiration to nobleness and purity, and, above all, such influence as will lead to their repentance and salvation through faith in Thy blessed son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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 five dollars 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.