

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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Number 6

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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THE LOOKOUT

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From Eight to Three At Home

And that means from 8 p. m. until 3 a. m. Monday, June 3rd.

The Man Who Gives Advice was returning to his office in the Institute late in the afternoon when he heard the newsboys shouting that nine vessels had been sunk by submarines. He did not even buy a paper, but hurried along thinking it was another device to sell extras. When the news was confirmed by the ticker and telephoned to the Institute, he began at once to order preparations.

"Some of those crews will be coming here," he told the staff, and at eight o'clock the Naval Intelligence office called him up to say that the crews were arriving in New York and would need the shelter of 25 South Street.

"It might mean anything up to 100 men, or it might be only thirty-five or forty. We shall have to get ready."

At eight o'clock there were only 30 available beds in the building, but cots were quickly set up, all arrangements

made, and everything kept open, waiting. The Soda Fountain was surrounded by jostling, thirsty, excited seamen, keeping one eye on their glasses of iced syrups and one upon the Main Entrance through which the ship-wrecked crews would presently make their way. The Lunch Counter did not put away its sandwiches, or empty its shining coffee urns, and the waiters did not fold up their white aprons at the usual hour. Everyone was waiting, restlessly anxious to see the heroes of the latest war adventure, and to hear how things had happened.

About ten o'clock the clanging fire-engines filled the street; there was a fire in the building next to the Institute. The sound of steam, breaking glass, the hissing of hose and the shouting fire-fighters increased the pitch of intense nervousness which crept flame-like through the waiting staff and the Institute guests.

Suddenly the noise and the unmistakable nearness of fire penetrated the

third floor dormitories where the East Indian coolies were sleeping. Without waiting for the brief clothing in which they negligently wrap themselves during the day, they leaped out upon the main staircase. They skipped down the stairs, their bronze, slender bodies shimmering against the white marble—they were too frightened to remember the stupidities of civilization.

"Look out!" one of the staff called to the House Mother at the foot of the stairs, warning her an instant too late.

She looked up at the brown avalanche and made horrified gestures of rebuff.

"Go back, go back. The fire is next door," she explained to the serang, and after a few minutes, the frightened Lascars tramped back to bed, quite unconscious that they had almost precipitated a young panic by their natural appearance.

"They don't wear nothing where they come from," remarked Jim to Tom in the Reading Room. "It don't mean no more to them than if they was babies being photographed on one of them fur rugs you used to see."

Tom nodded and went again to the window to see how the evening looked.

Downstairs and upstairs everyone was still waiting. The fire was getting under control when a representative of the guard-house at the Navy Yard came in, carrying handcuffs and a pretty obvious gun, and armed with authority to arrest a deserter whom he believed to be stopping in the building.

The Desk Man went over the records and they found the name of the

man and his room. The Navy Yard man and one of the staff went up to the room, knocked and entered with that indelicate lack of ceremony which only the law makes respectable.

"He should be a tall, fair, slight man, somewhat underweight," the Navy Yard man had said, and he switched the electric light upon the sleeping man and stepped over to the bed.

There lay beneath the blue and white counterpane, a short, fat man with dark hair. He roused himself indignantly and urged everyone to get out of his room before he lost his temper.

"But your name is the same," insisted the Navy Yard man, putting the hand-cuffs back into his pocket and looking very disappointed.

"Can't there be two Jenkinse in this city?" glared the fat, dark man, turning his pillow over for a cool spot. And the two intruders walked gently out, meekly turning off the light and closing the door with caution.

Up in Dr. Mansfield's office the telephone rang steadily. First it would be reporters asking for news, then the government officials requesting that the crews give out no news to reporters; then an order from the Old Slip Police Station saying that their policemen should be allowed to come over and protect the men as they arrived. The government specially requested that the submarine sinkings should be given as little publicity as possible.

Out on the sidewalk were groups of restless photographers and newspaper men, seething back and forth, fearless lest a fluttering wing of a story should escape them.

At last one man came, escorted by a Naval Reserve man. He was surrounded by clamoring reporters, but his mouth was closed; he glanced at them with friendly eyes, not at all unwilling to figure on the printed page, but the Naval Reserve guardian was stern, and the seaman went into the Institute. For hours they kept coming, one at a time, after making their statements at the Customs House. It was three in the morning before the last one got to bed.

As THE LOOKOUT goes to press, the Institute has lodged most of the crews from the S. S. Winneconne, Schooner Edna, Schooner Hattie Dunn, S. S. Carolina, S. S. Texel, S. S. Haupauge, Schooner Samuel C. Mengel, Schooner Isabel B. Wiley and S. S. Hendrik Lund.

Everyone hurried around to see that the strangers were fed. The Slop Chest was open to supply clothes for those who had to hurry off their ships without saving anything. The Lobby whirled about with Naval Reserve officers, Navy sailors and British gunners, and seamen of every rating and nationality.

And into this came the survivors of a day of electrifying surprises. The Institute took them in, gave them food and beds and made them welcome. There was no one to say who should be responsible for their care—there was no guarantee. They were simply war victims, and the Institute had another chance to fulfill its patriotic duty.

"I think most of those men are Hollanders," a seaman in the Lobby suggested thoughtfully to the Desk Man. "I bet if they had been Americans or Britishers, the German captains would

not have been so willing to put them ashore. They thought that Dutch seamen weren't worth bothering to blow up, as long as they are still neutrals."

But this is an opinion which has not been substantiated, as many American seamen were among the crews which were given the chances of the open boats.

This, then, was a night, one of the thousand and one out of an Arabian fairy-tale. This could have happened in ancient Bagdad, but it was a night in Manhattan-on-the-Subway (O. Henry's idea, as everyone remembers), and it was crowded with adventure, and color and strange rumors of marauding enemies close to our shores.

A closed port of New York means confusion and uncertainty for seamen. A harbor busy with extra precautions, a water-front and a line of piers under double guard—all these bridge the 3,000 miles between the United States and the battle grounds of Europe.

That the Institute was built at a strategic point and should have the chance in these crises to put its resources at the disposal of the government is particularly fortunate. The war is closer down here, closer even than it is on Fifth Avenue, when the men in uniforms march and flags float above their heads and the bands play, "It's a long way to Berlin, but we'll get there, and we're on our way, by Heck!"

And all through the evening the Shipping Department was feverishly collecting a crew to send to Providence, to sail out of that port. A limousine waited outside the building for hours, ready to take the men to the Grand Central.

"I'm looking for an oiler," the Shipping Man shouted nervously into the ear of a hurrying member of the staff.

"I'm looking for another cot," called back the harrassed young woman, who had already stayed some five hours overtime to help with the preparations for the expected crews.

The Shipping Man went through the building searching for the two men needed to complete the crew, an oiler and an ordinary seaman. He finally found them and saw them off to Providence.

"Some night!" he whispered to the Desk Man and they both wiped damp brows.

Boys' Own Gift

On the fifteenth anniversary of the Big Brother's coming to the Institute, the apprentice boys in port on that date (May 16th) raised the money to give him a very handsome silver jam-pot. They insisted that it should be a gift entirely from the boys, and they selected it themselves, after looking all over the possibilities which Mark Cross offered.

"We couldn't give him brushes and leather cases because we found out that he has those, but we thought he'd like this jar," the youngest boy told the House Mother. "Everybody has to eat marmalade out of something," he added, wondering if he was right.

They marked it on its gleaming side:

"H. O. W. From the Boys."

He Wanted One Thing

"You got your clothes?" asked the carpenter of a ship-wrecked crew to an engineer, who was wandering rather aimlessly about the Slop Chest (the Institute's small department store for seamen). "I bought shoes, socks, underwear and a suit in here, so I can leave the bathrobe I have been going around in," he added, grinning.

The engineer looked rather uncomfortable. He glanced at his well-brushed blue serge suit and his new shoes. He felt in his pocket and discovered a clean handkerchief.

"I got all I need. I have a bag stored here anyhow."

But he still walked about, looking at the boxes, reading labels and peering into half-opened drawers. At last the clerk was free and came over to him.

"Think I can get you anything?" he inquired, observing the man's embarrassed expression.

"Well, I don't know. I came off the ship in such a hurry I left my false teeth behind, and I was hoping I could buy a set from you."

We Want Records

Our seamen are all singing "Over There," "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France," "Baby's Prayer at Twilight," "The Long, Long Trail," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Over Here," "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There." And they want the phonograph records.

Send us some patriotic records, some songs with a good swinging melody, the popular war songs.

And send us some songs that we can play Sunday afternoons, some-

times, in addition to the popular songs. There are certain hymns and certain home songs like "Sweet and Low," "Lead Kindly Light," "Abide with Me," songs which are almost universal. There are a lot of semi-classical songs, and a lot of songs like "Juanita" and "Love's Old Sweet Song," which the men enjoy hearing, and are glad to sing themselves.

Send your records down here to these seamen the next time, remembering that this is a great Camp too and its seamen-soldiers need cheering up, and light hearts.

Where to Economize

"I wouldn't care if I hadn't just bought them before we sailed," mourned a seaman from the wrecked Clan Matheson. "I paid thirteen cents for them in England. They had silver rims and everything."

"Here is a pair with gold rims," offered one of the staff. "They cost fifteen cents, but I will give them to you, and you can wear them up-town to Wanamaker's and get yourself fitted properly to a new pair."

The seaman took the gold-rimmed glasses in his hand and viewed them with enormous delight. He tried them on. Since the lens must have been entirely harmless, he felt no strain, and decided at once that they were exactly right.

"It's very kind of you," he smiled, "and I'll not be havin' cause to go up to that place to buy new ones. These war times it is wrong to waste money on foolishness."

When Submarines Command

Captain Lowry is a young American with the kind of American blue eyes which smile as if he had a sense of humor. He has needed one, for since the war began he has four times had his ship shot from under him. Once in the Mediterranean he escaped in a pair of pajamas, losing everything else when the gasoline cargo exploded after the torpedo struck. Another time in the Straits of Magellan his ship was torpedoed and in the Bay of Biscay it was destroyed by a mine. The last and fourth time was the S. S. Texel, the week of June 3rd, when the raiders crept up close to the Atlantic coast and bombed every schooner they met.

"Why I had \$1,000 worth of clothes on that boat," the Captain told THE LOOKOUT editor the afternoon after his arrival in New York from Atlantic City, where his crew was put ashore. "I felt perfectly safe running up and down the coast, and of course we did not carry any guns.

"It was 4:21 p. m. when the first shot was fired from a range of four miles. I saw the two submarines and the one that came alongside must have been about 350 feet long. My ship was 6,000 tons, and the U-boat was a little larger. She had three guns on deck, 6 in. 40 calibre guns, and when the Captain came on board, he had a gun in each hand. He put the right one in his belt, kept the left gun ready, and extended his right hand to me.

"I suppose you know what I'm on board for," he said, and he spoke just like a Maine Yankee. There wasn't a trace of German accent—

he had lived over here for years. He was a young fellow not over thirty, with a pleasant face.

"Get your money and any instruments you want, because I am going to blow this ship up."

"Well, I wanted to know how he was going to do it before I left for the life-boats. He got out his bags and put electric bombs all over the boat. We got into our boats, the whole crew of 36, and at 5:08, about three-quarters of an hour after the first shot was fired, the Texel sank—those 6,000 tons of sugar went into the air a mile," the Captain said, regretfully.

When the crew went the 61 miles to the beach at Atlantic City, they reported that they saw no American destroyers or torpedo boat or any sort of protection during the entire distance. They took a train to Philadelphia, made very quick connections for a New York train, and once on board that they were unable to get anything to eat.

Twelve of the crew, men who had no homes or friends in New York or the nearby suburbs, came to the Institute, arriving here very close to midnight. The Lunch Counter was closed, but one of the staff hurried about and got coffee and ham sandwiches for the hungry dozen.

"What will you do now?" the editor asked the young Captain, as he started away to pay his men off.

"Oh, I'll get another ship. Next week at this time you can think of me on the water again, dodging another submarine, or maybe doing this same thing over again."

"That submarine Captain told me

he had been 51 days away from his base and that he was going to do a lot more damage before he returned.

"Every boat I meet is going the same way yours has," he said, and he said it as if he meant it."

When Signs Fail

The Accounts Man said that he had frequently interrupted his hurried meal at the lunch counter to admire the fine brown skin of the Lascar boy beside him. He had watched, too, the gradual appeasing of an appetite which seemed at first unlimited. As they passed the cashier, the Accounts Man turned to the Lascar, whom he knew could speak almost no English, and made the gesture which has always indicated satisfaction after a hearty meal or a refreshing drink, and asked:

"Happy?"

The Lascar opened wide brown eyes, the sort of eyes which would look like liquid velvet, if there were such a thing, and shook his head uncomprehendingly.

"Happy?" asked the Accounts Man again, repeating the Falstaffian gesture.

"No," the Lascar boy denied, smiling. "Me Mohammedan."

In Memory

The flowers for Whitsunday, May 19th, were given by Mrs. Edward V. W. Rossiter, "In memory of one who has gone." The Altar of the Chapel of our Saviour was a flower memorial not only for that day but for two days longer while the blossoms lasted.

The Open Boat

"When this here war is done," says Dan, "and all the fightin's through, There's some will pal with Fritz again as they was used to do:

"But not me," says Dan the sailor-man, "not me," says he:

"Lord knows it's nippy in an open boat on winter nights at sea."

"When the last battle's won, an' won an' lost the game,

There's some will think no 'arm to drink with square-heads just the same;"

"But not me," says Dan the sailor-man, "an' if you ask me why—

Lord knows it's thirsty in an open boat when the water breaker's dry."

"When all the bloomin' mines is swep, an' ships are sunk no more, There's some'll set them down to eat with Germans as before";

"But not me," says Dan the sailor-man, "not me, for one—

Lord knows it's hungry in an open boat when the last biscuit's done."

"When peace is signed and treaties made an' trade begins again,

There's some'll shake a German's hand an' never see the stain;

"But not me," says Dan the sailor-man, "not me, as God's on high—

Lord knows it's bitter in an open boat to see your shipmates die."

London Punch.

Seaman and Red Cross

During that week of raising millions for the Red Cross, the Institute sea-

men were approached, as was everyone else, many times outside the building, asked to contribute, and responded.

"I give to every girl with a little box, if it is no more than a nickel," a British oiler told the boatswain beside him at the Soda Fountain. "I don't feel as if I had a right to drink this glass of Bevo, my money is getting so low."

"Yes," agreed the boatswain, "I don't know how to refuse those nurses. I know in our work the Red Cross can be my best friend, so its just like giving to a pal."

It wasn't until Friday, during the concert, that the Institute started its own particular drive. The House Mother talked a few minutes and then she asked the men to give to the Greatest Mother in the World.

There was instant response. A little Japanese seaman gave \$5.00—a British gunner gave \$20.00, an officer in the gallery called out that he would double the amount given by the most generous contributor.

"Who will give twenty-five cents?" she asked, encouraging those whose wages were depleted by demands from home.

Shouts from all over the concert-hall answered her, and when the girls (volunteer social workers and staff members), dressed in the Red Cross uniform, went about the audience they collected \$208 in small amounts from the one hundred and ninety men present. At the chapel service \$25 more was contributed.

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Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
or
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

That Well Known Trait

"You can't blame a seaman if he takes a drink sometimes. It is after the long voyage and after he has looked at the same water and the same wet deck and the same faces for too many days."

He was a young Captain and he talked about his crew and his own experiences with the leavening sympathy and humor which made you believe in his future.

"I had one of the best crews I ever had last voyage and yet when they got into Havana every one of them took an extra glass or two that he couldn't hold, reasonably. I believe," he reflected a moment, and then he continued, "I believe that New York is one of the best ports in the world for temperate seamen now, and its due to these Institutes. If you get hold of a man in time, he will get so interested in what there is to amuse him in a building like this that he won't want much of a drink. He will be entertained enough without it. I used to say I wished I could always sign my men on at the ports that are dry, Newport News and Norfolk and those. I always got a bunch of sober

men, but lately I have had better luck all the time in New York.

"You ought to have another building just as big as this standing right along side of this," he advised the editor seriously. "There are lots of chaps that can't get in here, and when they go up the street—well, take the hotel near South Ferry. They pay \$1.00 a night for a room with more than \$1.00 worth of vermin. And down here they get a room with clean bed, clean sheets, no vermin, fresh air, a clean place to get a bath, for thirty cents."

The young Captain looked out of the window, measuring with his eye the graceful hulk of the Spanish steamer being unloaded across the street from the Institute. He became confidential.

"I used to be an ordinary seaman, and I have been coming to this building for the last five years. Whenever I was in port I made for this place. They wanted me to be a minister and I did part of my course; and then one vacation eight years ago, I heard about a schoolship in Philadelphia (where I lived) and I went down there. That fall I went back to school but in January they sent me a notice to come and join the schoolship again. I guess I threw books one way and clothes the other and I got to Philadelphia and that ship before anyone could put out a staying hand. I was on her for two years and I worked hard."

"You did not get drunk every time you were paid off?" the editor asked softly, reviewing hastily the chances of becoming a Captain in less than eight years.

He shook his head. "Maybe I was hard on fellows when I said they all did it. I have had seamen who wanted to come to my cabin and have me help them with their navigation and who wanted to get on and advance. And let me tell you something. One of the best things this place (the Institute) ever did was to open that Nautical School. That is doing more to raise the standard of seamen than anything in this town. Men and boys that didn't know ambition was a word are beginning to see ahead and see how they change that A. B. to 3rd Officer."

"I rambled on," he apologized as he rose to go, "but it had a little sense, what I said." And the editor wrote it down.

Picnics for Seamen Will You Give One?

There is a splendid chance to get the seamen away from the steaming sidewalks of South Street for picnics this summer. We have been offered the use of an old picnic ground at Port Washington, L. I., on Manhasset Bay; it is a large tract of land with a pavilion which can be used for luncheon, or in case of rain. There is a fine sandy beach, excellent for bathing, to which the men can be taken directly by the J. Hooker Hammersley.

Last autumn we arranged automobile rides for forty men on certain afternoons and this spring and summer we wish, not only to continue these drives, but to send the men on boat trips to the picnic grounds.

Let us manage to find a little money to give these merchant mariners a chance to lie on the grass or roll upon the beach. Some of the Institute's guests could go at least once a week; they could have the sort of good time that will make them glad they are living, in spite of the additional hardships of their lives.

\$30.00 would give us the automobile for three or four hours and \$25.00 would certainly pay for the boat and the picnic luncheon for from fifty to one hundred men each week.

Hot Weather Services

During the warm months of June, July, August and possibly September, the morning service in English will be discontinued. On the warm, brilliant Sunday mornings the attendance at these services is so slender that it seems ill-advised to hold them when the necessary expenditure, small as it is, can be so valuably applied in another direction.

Scandinavian services will be held at 9:30 a. m. Sundays and the Russian services at 4 p. m.

The evening services in English will be held at 8 o'clock instead of at 7:30 as has been the custom. It was found that a 7:30 service was most inconvenient for the apprentice boys who come to the Institute for tea, Sundays. Many of them are delayed in leaving their vessels, so that their attendance at the service was always achieved after much hurry and an unsatisfactory rushing through tea and friendly talk to which they had specially looked forward during the long week.

By eight o'clock the heavy hot days have cooled a little, and the seaman is more nearly in the mood to sit indoors and fix his attention devoutly. The shore congregation, also, is better able to attend service at this hour.

Lighthouse Tower Blue or Green?

We have always referred, with sentiment and pride, to the light in our Titanic Memorial Tower, as the only green light upon the coast. Special arrangements with Washington were made, five years ago, to enable us to display a green light, and it has shone steadily over the harbor and down the Bay. Recently, however, several LOOKOUT readers and Institute subscribers who can see the Tower from Brooklyn, have spoken about the blue lights from our lighthouse. After repeatedly denying that it could be blue, Dr. Mansfield wrote to the Cooper-Hewitt Company who installed the light and they sent us an analysis which we reproduce. The fact that it deals in unfamiliar terms does not obscure its obvious proof that the pointing beacon really is green. Reading this analysis will certainly convince one that whatever tricks the eyes play, the absolute light cannot be blue-violet.

"From measurements made with the Bolometer on the visible portion of the spectrum of the quartz mercury are the following energy distribution in this portion of the spectrum was found:

Yellow Lights	37.7%
Green Light	41.7%
Blue-Violet	15.0%
Violet	5.6%

As the sensitiveness of the eye for seeing, varies for different colors, these energy percentages will have to be corrected and the visibility curve of the light from the quartz arc will now be:

Yellow Light	47%
Green Light	52.2%
Blue-Violet8%

It therefor becomes evident that the characteristic hue of the light from the quartz mercury arc is yellow green in absolute measure."

Life-Boat Days

"We had a few biscuits and a little water," the reserve engineer of the Texel told one of the staff, "and among thirty-six men those did not go far in life-boats. In the broiling sun Sunday we suffered terribly and several men, being unused to exposure, showed signs of being overcome. To those we doled out the water as sparingly as possible, the hardiest of us depriving ourselves. Since Monday morning (this was late Tuesday night) we were without food or water. We pulled hard and drifted with the current. Not a sail did we see that was near enough for us to attract the lookout's attention. Finally tonight we saw the lights of the city and headed for the shore."

In the crew almost every race was represented, except German. Negroes, Irish, Americans and Scandinavians predominated.

Not Benighted Hindus

Three brown boys, with beautiful skin (beautiful, that is, if you do not mind its being brown) and eyes that sparkled with intelligent interest, stood near the Hotel Desk and watched the crowds in the Lobby.

"Those Lascars don't mind having bare feet on these marble tiles," commented an old Norwegian seaman who has learned all the languages but Hindoostani, and has just begun to regret that he neglected that.

"Those chaps don't mind anything. I met one of them coming along the corridor in a suit of underwear and I tried to explain to him that he couldn't go about this building that way. He just opened those great brown eyes as childish and inquiring, and when he saw I was in earnest about something, he smiled and let me see the best-looking teeth I ever saw on a seaman. I had to get hold of the serang (the boat-swain) who speaks English and could translate what I said."

There are 63 Lascar coolies in the building. They came with the crew from the Clan Matheson which was wrecked in a collision about ten days ago. They had no time to save any clothing when their vessel was struck, at one in the morning, and all the Lascars huddled into one boat with an apprentice boy and a wireless operator. They were there until six o'clock when they were picked up by an American warship and brought to New York. A newspaper account says that they landed at the Battery, a picturesque procession wrapped in gay colored blankets and wearing

turbans, but the crew of the sunken Scottish ship were non-committal. They refused to give details about the accident or to say where they landed. It was enough for them that they were in the Institute and that they could buy clothes in the building.

In the excitement of the transfer to life-boats the Captain of the Clan Matheson was left on board, and it was not until the last boat had pulled away that he was discovered, dressed only in his pajamas. The Chief Officer went back and rescued him five minutes before the vessel sank.

Through the public rooms and wide halls of the Institute the East Indian coolies wander all day, looking at the pictures in the illustrated papers, watching the games of billiards and pool and shuffle-board, but never offering to play themselves. Their bare feet, slim and perfectly modelled feet, that have never worn shoes, nor seemed to spread into ugliness, pad lightly over the cool floors. Sometimes one of them throws his lithe body in the corner of the Lobby or at an end of the up-stairs corridor and sleeps. As Dr. Mansfield came up the stairs the other afternoon, a graceful boy, stretched easily upon the unyielding tiles, raised his head, threw a shimmering smile to the superintendent, then relaxed and pursued sleep.

"Do you like it here?" one of the staff asked the serang who understands more English than you can believe when you look at his fierce little mustache and inky black beard.

"Here, in this building?" he asked, looking about.

"In New York, I mean," explained the Institute man.

"We like all go Calcutta soon," the serang answered wistfully.

"Calcutta!" his men repeated. They knew that word and they had gathered about their serang when he began speaking in the strange tongue. They stood together, an illustration from the Arabian Nights, unspeakably fantastic and mysterious and delightful. There is one old man with white hair and a full white beard; he wears a turban and a crimson and cream striped tunic; he might have stepped from the service of a Rajah or a Caliph, or he might have been one of the keepers of the seraglio. His full white trousers come to his knees and sometimes he wears a sash about his waist.

"The Lascars are not buying much clothing," said the Slop Chest man, after fitting out all the other members of the Clan Matheson crew. "I have sold these men shoes, socks, handkerchiefs, ties, underwear, suits, toilet articles — everything a man needs, but the Lascars will only come in before they sail and buy some overalls. Sometimes these coolies are forced to buy shoes by the steamship company who is outfitting them after a wreck. They wear them on shore, limping about and looking unhappy, but before they sail away again, they have all sold their boots. They strike the decks bare-foot and smiling."

Emergencies

At six o'clock in the evening, with the house full for the night a telephone from the Coast Guard of-

ficials asked that the Institute be prepared to receive 44 additional men. It could be done, somehow, with more cots and more adjusting, and with the knowledge that the extra guests already installed would be willing to accept a little crowding cheerfully.

"Expect to send you 75 more men to-morrow night," added the official, and the staff who had not gone home began to make beds.

The Institute has to be ready for any contingency. Shipwrecked men, men from torpedoed or bombed ships, may arrive at any hour of the day or night. They must have a chance to get baths and food and beds; they must be made to feel welcome and to have medical attendance or even hospital care if they are suffering from their recent experiences.

And if, as it sometimes happens, the seamen do not arrive when special arrangements have been made for them, that too is accepted cheerfully by the workers who have grown to indulge the philosophy that nothing can surprise them in war times.

A Correction

Through a printer's error in making up the Donations page, in the May Lookout, donors whose names began with the letters from C to Z were apparently included under the heading "Comfort Forwarding Committee of the Christian Scientists of New York."

This, of course, was a mistake. This organization sent us a donation but its individual members were not listed.

The names which followed were all those of independent donors.

Memorial Day

Up in the Printing Shop on the Roof, another little poster was printed a few days before May 30th, a small poster which said:

PATRIOTIC NOTICE!

The President of the United States calls on the people to meet in their several places of worship on

Memorial Day, May 30th

to pray for an honorable and lasting peace to the Nations of the Earth.

Let every serious-minded person recognize this Supreme Duty.

Service in the Institute Chapel at 9:30 a. m.

In the Chapel there was a simple prayer service, four patriotic hymns were sung and the President's Proclamation read. Dr. Mansfield told the seamen who practically filled the little house of worship, that they were met there to pray for peace, to pray that the war might end.

A printed form of Supplication and Intercession to Almighty God in Time of War (Adapted from various sources) was distributed and this the men used and followed with earnest, serious faces. Two prayers from the leaflet are especially comprehensive.

"O Merciful Father, we beseech Thee at this time to look down in mercy upon our country. Guide and protect the President of the United States, and all others in authority. Give wisdom and courage to those who bear command in our Army and Navy. Grant to us, and to our Allies, if it be Thy will, victory and success. Preserve our land from bloodshed, and

remove the horrors of war from other lands. Stay, we beseech Thee, the pain and misery, the sorrow and want, the fierceness and the cruelty, which now desolate the earth. Look down in compassion upon those who are our enemies in the war, especially upon their sick and wounded. And speedily, if it be Thy will, send forth upon the nations of the world the blessing of just and righteous peace."

"Look in Thy mercy, we beseech Thee, O Lord, on those who are called to tasks of special peril, in the air or beneath the sea. Even there also shall Thy hand lead them. Help them to do their duty with prudence and with fearlessness, confident that in life or in death the Eternal God is their refuge, and that underneath them are the Everlasting Arms."

They sang "God of all Nations," "God of Love, King of Peace," which has the refrain "Give peace, give peace again," and "Our Father's God to Thee." It was one of the most impressive services which the little Chapel has known, for it solemnized a day pregnant with meaning, expressing for these inarticulate workers on the seas, a profound conviction that truth and justice and mercy will triumph, and that they themselves are going to pay a part of the terrible price.

Welcome for Seamen

A most flatteringly constant reader of THE LOOKOUT, himself the editor of a paper "Laguna Life," published at Laguna Beach, California, has sent

as a rhymed Welcome which proves, apart from its cordial message, that Institute is a word for which there are rhymes, if you are not opposed to a little gentle slang.

"All your dunnage store, when you come on shore (and I mean if you are cute), see that on your bag is that little tag of the Seamen's Institute. There's no need to balk, though you cannot talk (in the English language mute), why, just make a sign that you care to dine, at the Seamen's Institute. When a bath you crave, and you need a shave (we know you are not a beaut!), there's no need to wait, and why hesitate?—there's the Seamen's Institute. To preserve the health of your pay-day wealth (for it may go up the flute), don't be at a loss, but just see the boss—of the Seamen's Institute."

Sir Walter Scott Chapter

At the Institute on the evening before Decoration Day, the "Sir Walter Scott" Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the British Empire gave a series of tableaux representing a War Allegory. Britannia and her Colonies, The Allies, The Invasion and Call for Aid, Right versus Might, Service Pays Tribute to Labor, and The Day were the titles of the tableaux.

They were accompanied by songs and violin solo. All the young women who took part were daughters of British Empire, many of them born in America of British parents, and some of them citizens of Great Britain themselves.

Flower Fund

Remembering is often a sorrowful mental exercise when it is not bitter, but it can be made beautiful too. One of the most gracious ways of showing remembrance is flower giving, and it has been suggested that people would like to give flowers to the Chapel by starting a Flower Fund which would provide for each of the 52 Sundays of the year.

An Endowment Fund for Flowers of \$3,000 would give us an income of about \$2.50 a Sunday, and this amount will, if spent with care, fill the Altar vases with roses or lilies or carnations of gladioli or tulips, peonies or chrysanthemums.

Contributions are made, stipulating that certain Sundays, certain anniversaries be made flower memorials, or they are made simply to swell the Flower Fund. Already \$168.50 has been received from interested persons. We should, of course, be glad of extra flower money for Christmas and Easter because on those festivals not only the Altar, but the Chancel and Pulpit are decorated.

A Stimulating Sweater

He found out the name and address of the woman whose patient industry had produced the warm sweater given to him on one of the worst winter days, and he determined to let her know that her knitting had done more than any ordinary knitting is supposed to do for a seaman.

So he wrote her a letter about the sweater, praising its color and tex-

ture and cold-barring properties. Then he added,

"My heart smiles every time I put it on."

—:o:—

Out-of-Doors for Apprentices

Apprentices and officers who play cricket and tennis are having special courts and a special cricket pitch put up for them by S. Vernon Mann who is offering the use of his place, Grove Point, at Great Neck, that the youngsters of the British Merchant Marine and the officers who have been apprentices not so long ago, may have a place to come and play out-of-doors this summer.

Mr. Mann has put the use of his entire property at the disposal of the boys at any time during the summer that they can use it, and he has arranged that they shall have the second floor of his new barn as a locker for their bathing suits, tennis nets, racquets, cricket bats, etc.

This is the kind of thoughtful generosity which makes young boys away from home feel that they are not just unimportant half-men. They realize that their happiness and their health, and their ability to have a good time, and to laugh and to enjoy every bit of a day in the country or near the sea, has been worth the consideration of one of their friends. This will be one of the happiest summers the apprentice lads have ever spent, when they are ashore, and they will need it. They are our rapidly maturing merchant mariners and theirs already has been the dangers and terrors of shipwreck, of submarined and torpedoed vessels.

Propitiating Other Gods

They are loyal sons of the great prophet Mohamet, but they are not altogether sure that he is as powerful in America as the God to which the Institute Chapel is built. They do not understand, these East Indian seamen, just who this Christian God is, but they realize dimly that great temples have been erected to Him and that this big hotel where they live (the Institute) has a quiet corner to which they can retire and say their prayers.

With their little prayer-rugs, and their own particular brand of Moslem prayers, they ask for permission to enter the Chapel at various hours of the day, kneeling there for several minutes, reverently, wondering a little about the altar symbols and the organ pipes and the figures in the stained glass windows.

—:o:—

Summer Movies

At the Friday evening concert of May 31st, the Fall and Winter season of concert-vaudeville closed for 1917-18. The season of 1918-19 will open in October with weekly entertainments, lectures by the Board of Education and special moving picture nights.

During the summer we expect to show movies certain nights each week. The ideal plan would mean movies on Mondays and Fridays. If it were possible to secure films in good condition without paying prices beyond the reach of the Institute's entertainment budget, the seamen would begin to forget the South Street lures.

Donations Received May, 1918.

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola records, victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, trench mirrors, developing and printing outfit.

Anonymous, 4
 Appleton, Mrs.
 Barnell, Mrs. C. L.
 Bilbrough, W. H.
 Blakslee, Miss Fanny
 Bonnett, Charles P.
 Bradford, Mrs. William H.
 Buchanan, Mrs. S. Edwin
 Bull, Miss Dorothy
 Burleigh, Col. George W.
 Butler, Mrs. W. A.
 Denning, Mrs. W. T.
 Dominick, Mrs. M. W.
 Fairbanks, F. P.
 Fields, Mrs. L. C.
 Finck, Miss M. M.
 Fisher, Walter
 Goodfellow, Mrs. W. S.
 Gookin, W. C.
 Gwen, Mrs. J. L.
 Haile, Mrs. William H.
 Homan, Miss
 Homan, C.
 Hooke, Mrs.
 Hyatt, Charles M.
 Inniss, Miss
 Janeway, S. H.
 Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
 Jones, Mrs. Charles H.
 Kellogg, Mrs. C. W.
 Kirby, A.
 Lake, Walter H.
 Lapsley, Miss A. W.
 LeBoutillier, Miss M.
 Leslie Judge Company
 Mahan, Mrs. A. T.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Martin, Mrs. John W.
 Morgan, Wm. M.
 Mount, Mrs. J. F.
 National Plant, Fruit & Flower Guild
 Orr, Mrs. Alexander Ector
 Paine, Mrs. Owen
 Parsons, Miss Bertha
 Peters, Mrs. L.
 Probasco, Mrs. S. K.
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
 Robinson, Edward S.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rockwood, Mrs. George I.
 Shoosmith, Miss Christina
 Shriver, Mrs. Harry T.
 Simmons, Mrs. J. F.
 Southwick, Mrs. J. C.
 Sparks, Mrs.
 Stevens, Mrs. F. K.
 Stillman, Charles
 Storey, Mrs. J. deR.

Swift, Mrs. L. W.
 Tiffany, Miss E.
 Trotty Vick Messengers
 United Charities Building
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Wever, Miss J.
 Whitfield, Miss
 Williams, Mrs. C. M.

Church Periodical Club and Branches.

Christ Church, Suffern, N. Y.
 Christ Church, Norwich, Conn.
 Grace Church, Jamaica, L. I.
 St. Agnes' Chapel, New York
 St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Thomas' Church, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes.

Anonymous, Discretionary Fund	\$ 1.00
Anonymous, Equipment Account	10,600.00
Bowers, Mrs. J. H., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Comstock, Mrs. Robert H, Discretionary Fund	25.00
Dominick, M. W., Discretionary Fund	50.00
Floy, Mrs. James A., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Gardner, J. Howland, Social "North River Station"	25.00
Goodfellow, Mrs. W. S., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Hallock, Mrs. Frank, Discretionary Fund	2.00
Meissner, C. A. (April), Discretionary Fund	5.00
Meissner, C. A. (May), Discretionary Fund	5.00
Murray, C. S., Discretionary Fund	3.00
Phelps, Mrs. Herbert W., Discretionary Fund	10.00
Post, Mrs. William, Discretionary Fund	2.00
Rhoades, Miss H., Discretionary Fund	10.00
Suffern, Louis, Discretionary Fund	2.00
Wolcott, Mrs. E. J., Discretionary Fund	25.00
Woman's Auxiliary, Church the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y., "Ice Cream"	5.00

Chapel Flower Fund

Comstock, Mrs. R. H.	\$10.00
Jackson, Mrs. R. H.	2.50
Shriver, Mrs. Harry T.	6.00

General Summary of Work

MAY 1918

Seamen's Wages Department.

May 1st Cash on hand	\$148,333.93
Deposits	51,547.39
	\$199,881.32
Withdrawals (\$5,954.73) trans- mitted)	\$50,235.28
	\$149,646.04
June 1st Cash Balance.....	\$149,646.04

(Includes 90 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$39,986.23)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	41
Men Shipped.....	439
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	58
Total number of men given employment	497

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	29
Visits to Vessels.....	12
Men transported	91
Pieces of dunnage transported	153

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	16,805
Letters received for seamen.....	5,105
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,477

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	103
Referred to Hospitals.....	16
Referred to other Societies.....	3
Hospital Visits	19
Patients Visited	394

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	9	2,007 2,271
Public School Lectures	1	54 62
First Aid Lectures.....	7	50 50
Ships Visited		12
Packages reading matter distributed....		122
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....		79

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	39	1,178	1,399
Song Services.....	3	120	128
Scandinavian.....	8	84	163
Lettish.....	4	48	92
Special Services (Welfare Meeting)	1	8	8
Bible Classes	4	172	172
Holy Communion Services			3
Wedding Services			2
Baptismals			3
Funeral Services			2

PLEASE REMEMBER

That new equipment and additional aids to Efficiency are constantly needed.

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

The RELIEF Fund and the special DISCRETIONARY Fund always need to be replenished

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may be a subscriber to the **Lookout**

1 **Founders** or **Benefactors** of the Institute automatically become subscribers.

2 All who subscribe annually **five dollars or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.

3 Those who contribute a sum **under five dollars** or **make any gift**, receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

4 Every one who subscribes **one dollar** a year to the **Lookout Department**.

If you have not already done so, 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, printing and postage makes it impossible to send the **Lookout** except under the above conditions.