

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. VIII.

MARCH 1917

Number 3

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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INCORPORATED 1844

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The Roof Magnificent

That was the way it was referred to in the LOOKOUT in the April, 1916, issue, because the whole project for enclosing the Institute roof portrayed itself in one's mind as a thing of glittering splendor and magnificent scope. It is actually being constructed, the roof enclosure, and it will probably be finished in another two months.

In its present stage of steel beams, temporary wooden frame-work, piles of bricks, cloaked by a picturesque but uncomfortable garment of soft snow, the roof is able to suggest very clearly to the person of imagination what it is going to be like when it is finished. Already the outlines of the skylights are visible and one knows what the rooms will be like on days of brilliant sunshine and aqua-marine skies.

It is planned to have the floor of a rich, dark, brownish red tile, precisely the shade to look warm and color-

ful in winter, and darkly cool and restful in summer. The walls are to be of mottled gray enamelled brick which will relieve the too glaring sunlight and give the interior character and atmosphere of rare charm.

Of course the exact division of the enclosure has not been definitely settled but the back part which overlooks the low wooden buildings extending to Water Street, is to be used for storing food stuffs. Apples, potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, beets—all the winter vegetables that can be kept will be bought in bulk and stored there.

Think of the tremendous value such a storage room would have been if the Institute had been able to put in four or five hundred barrels of potatoes at a time when they cost \$4.50 a barrel rather than \$9.00 as they do now!

When erected, the Ship's Bridge for use in connection with the Navigation

School, will challenge attention. From this Bridge all observations may be taken and the workings of a ship practically demonstrated. There will also be a chart room with all the necessary instruments, with all the vast equipment important in the process of turning seamen into engineers and mates into captains.

And a space has been set aside for the Printing Department where all the Institute printing may be done. All the cards used in the Lunch Counter, the Soda Fountain, the Officers' and Staff Dining Room, all the folders, stationery, reports, the multitude of small printed slips, tickets, pads and memoranda in constant use in an organization of such varied activities as the Institute will, in time, be issued by the Printing Department upon the roof.

It used to remind one a little of an adventurous excursion to the hurricane deck in a heavy gale to go up to the roof and across to the Tower on a windy day. But soon the Tower will be connected by the ship's bridge and the roof is so protected and so ingeniously arranged that every available inch will be made to do its share in this increase of power and efficiency due to expansion.

A Little English

"It is a pity that he does not understand English at all," commented the Relief Man, as Olaf stood in his doorway looking very pink and white and golden-haired, but very blank.

"Yes, he has had a very hard time," said the House Mother, "he is only seventeen and he cannot get a berth just now, and he is a good

boy."

Olaf had maintained an expression of calm stupidity until her final words. But these were too much. A large smile puffed his pink and white cheeks into glowing apples.

"Yes, goo' boy," he agreed enthusiastically.

Spanish Ship Sails

A hoarse whistle pierced the late afternoon dullness in The Lookout office and the occupant left an over-worked typewriter desk to look out of the window, across South Street to the docks of the Spanish Steamship Line, where the "Alphonso XII" was slipping quietly (except for the whistle, of course) from her pier.

It was a special sailing at five o'clock in the afternoon of March 2nd, the first passenger steamer to sail directly from New York to Viga, Spain. The big boat, with the American flag, which had indicated their first port of call, still flying on the foremast, moved slowly out into the fog and mist of a March twilight, bound for Spain. There was romance in every line of her slender, smooth whiteness. Snow covered the roofs of the nearby piers and the waters of the Bay were dark with the winter blackness, but the "Alphonso XII," specially sailing, was on her way to a land of much famous sunshine.

Saxeby, the Thrifty

Although Saxeby had been a steward on one of the boats going to South America, he had another calling. He was billed by a sagacious

manager as the Champion Irish Lightweight. No one denied that he might be a good pugilist but, as a matter of fact, he was a Jew.

"Oh, well, he always wears Irish green trunks when he fights," defended one of his friends, and, after all, it did not matter very much what his nationality was if he could remain a champion. It was his racial thrift which brought Saxeby into disfavor in the end, however.

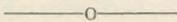
An old shipmate had invited him to lunch with him at the Institute and Saxeby had perched himself beside his companion with the air of one about to order extensively.

"I'll have a cup of coffee, please," he said finally after reading the bill of fare through several times.

"Oh, but you want something more substantial than that," insisted his friend. "Have some ham and eggs. Go on, have eggs some way."

Saxeby hesitated a second. Then he shook his head.

"No, I guess I don't want any. I'll take the money instead."



Reflectoscope Given

By her gift of \$150.00 Mrs. Samuel W. Bridgham has made the Reflectoscope, described in the January and February issues, her gift. This is the projecting apparatus which will project opaque illustrations direct to the screen without the use of transparent slides. Post cards, magazine illustrations, kodak pictures, in fact, anything presenting a flat surface can be shown upon the screen in enlarged dimensions, in the minutest detail of color and form.

Exchanges—Our Bad Penny

Yes, even the Institute has its proverbial Bad Penny. And though we can't help smiling in the recording of his case, we can't help wishing there "wa'nt no sech animal!"

He's a typical son of the sea, a big, lanky, red-faced fireman. He was washed up, so to speak, onto the Institute's door-step, when his wave of High Life broke. He had previously landed in this port after a long voyage with enough wages in his pocket for a long spree. When the pay envelope was at least emptied we made his acquaintance.

Marine firemen, be it known, have been a drug on the market lately, for so many ships burn fuel oil. Berths for stokers are scarce.

So our Bad Penny turned up, day after day, unable to get a ship. We spent eight months watching him come and go but no vessel arrived in port needing firemen when he happened to be sober. We began to look upon him as our Old Man of the Sea.

Finally, there came to us a word of a steamer without a "Black Gang." Rejoicing exceedingly, we sent our bibulous Bad Penny to report. Great was our joy when he, among others, was signed on. Indeed, the whole staff heaved a mighty sigh of relief. And then—he came back.

By mistake, one fireman too many had signed on the steamer's articles, and the last man signed on was dropped. Of course, it was our man, and we are countermanding our premature sighs of relief and release. To be strictly modern, Sinbad had nothing on us!—*The Seafarer*

Coast Guard Recruits

On a slightly raised platform, surrounded by a low railing from the corner of which flies a large American flag, the Recruiting Officer for the Coast Guard (what used to be called the Revenue Cutter Service) sits in the Institute Lobby and receives applications every day from nine until five o'clock. The large sign above the temporary office says:

WANTED FOR THE
U. S. COAST GUARD
Carpenters, Seamen, Firemen, Oilers,
Ordinary Seamen, Cooks, Buglers,
Coal-heavers, Boys.
APPLY HERE.

—o—

There is an interesting little background of old friendships and old associations behind the establishment of this recruiting branch in the Institute. It lies back in the days when Captain Carden, the officer in command of the Coast Guard recruiting, was a lieutenant on the "Mohawk." And every Sunday the old Institute boat "Sentinel" went down the Harbor, carrying a Chaplain who went aboard the "Mohawk" and held services, in her cabin in bad weather, and on deck when the days were fine.

After Captain Carden had organized the recruiting work he was appointed chief, and about a month ago appealed to Dr. Mansfield to permit the opening of a small station in this building. After receiving the consent of the Board of Managers and of the authorities at Washington, a two months' experiment was decided upon, beginning February 9th.

From February 9th to March 1st one hundred and fifty-seven men have applied for positions in the service. It is not likely that all of them will be accepted, because the physical examination is extremely strict. The benefits of enlistment in the Coast Guard are proportionately great. If a man is hurt, he receives a pension sufficient to take proper care of him, amounting to three-quarters pay; if he dies, his family receives two years ships' pay, in quarterly installments. At the end of thirty years' active service he is retired upon three-quarters pay.

Of course the specific result of the establishment of this Recruiting Office is the manner in which it educates the seamen, who are at last having an opportunity to realize that they can enlist in an American service which will look after them, protect them and their families, and secure for them permanent employment.

—o—

Under the Cap

If Henrik had been able to explain in fluent English, he would have felt secure. But he had to find an interpreter who spoke Danish and even then, it was pretty difficult because Henrik had deserted his last ship, and wanted to go to sea again. He had good reasons for desertion, too; he was sure of that. The food had been very bad and very scarce; the other seamen had knocked him about a great deal because he was only five feet tall and just over sixteen years old; he had been given all the worst jobs and all the bitterest weather. Flesh and spirit could not bear all the in-

dignities, so he had left the ship.

He came into the Inquiry Department wearing a cap of the American Line. It was a very good cap too, only it did not fit Henrik. It had been intended for a man with an excessively large head and it, therefore, balanced itself unsteadily upon Henrik's eyebrows.

"That your cap?" asked the man who speaks Danish, amiably curious.

"No, I just brought it along," Henrik replied shyly, "I wanted them to know that I was a seaman."

Improvements

Every alteration, every constructive change in the Institute Building is one more link in the long chain of evidence which proves the case of the greatest possible efficiency. There have never been any interior rearrangements made merely to see how they would work. They have only been made after careful consideration and thoughtful decisions as to the wisest effect. That is what makes some of the improvements which have been made during the past six months of so much real value. For instance, the additional elevator doors, five of them, are an enormous convenience.

Formerly, it was necessary when going to the basement in either elevator opening into the Administration Department, to enter the Shipping Office. By putting two new doors which open into the corridor leading into the Dining-room this difficulty

was at once relieved. Two more doors have been made to open into the Sub-basement by the Baggage Department and one more opening into the enlarged space on the main floor where the Post-Office used to occupy a needless amount of room. Quite naturally, the question of new elevator doors is not of vital importance to LOOKOUT readers who do not come to the Institute, but the fact of live development which made them imperative cannot fail to be impressive.

And up on the fourth floor an extra dressing room, rather a sort of rest room, has been devised for the women members of the staff. There are now thirty women employed in the Institute Building, waitresses having taken the place of men stewards in the Officers' and Staff Dining-room.

During the summer the kitchen was practically rebuilt when the ice cream manufacturing plant was installed. It is possible now to prepare and serve meals, not only with greater speed, but with greater comfort and convenience to the workers whose not always attractive duty it is to spend their days near glowing ranges and steaming kettles.

An entirely new system for the disposal of garbage, rubbish, and the thousand things which must be destroyed to avoid disorder, has been established.

It is all significant of growth and of the prompt response to every apparent demand for assistance in handling increased work, more intense activities.

The Perfect Tribute

Upon the door of the Inquiry Department is a bronze tablet placed there in memory of the Reverend Romaine Stiles Mansfield, the father of Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Institute. Its simplicity appeals even to the most casual visitor; it occurs to one with a swift accession of humility that to have merited that particular inscription would have made of life rather a splendid thing. It reads:

1843-1916

REV. ROMAINE STILES MANSFIELD
RECTOR EMERITUS

CHRIST CHURCH, SUFFERN, NEW YORK

He was a living rebuke to anything false.

—o—

Sailors' Day on April 22nd

The second annual service to be held in New York City under the auspices of the Joint-Conference will be celebrated on Sunday evening, April 22nd, in the Old First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street.

The arrangements for this service are in the hands of the Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D., Chairman of the Joint-Conference Committee on Publicity, and the Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D., Pastor of the Church.

Ministers in New York, and throughout the country, are urged to arrange on this, the second Sunday after Easter, some recognition of the work that is done for the men of the sea. At this time they are in especial need of our sympathy, our interest, our prayers, and the support of the

various philanthropic and religious agencies interested in their social and spiritual welfare.

Sailors' Day was observed in the Port of New York on May 7th, 1916, by a great service in Trinity Church, at which the congregation was composed largely of seamen. A very special invitation to attend this service was extended to every organization which has been and is connected with the Institute. This included members of the Church Periodical Club, the Seamen's Benefit Society, the Legal Aid Society, the Produce and Maritime Exchanges, the Chamber of Commerce, etc. Representatives from all societies having business and social relations with the Institute were asked to come, and most of them accepted.

It was a tremendous success. Men from Sailors' Snug Harbor, from the Sailors' Y. M. C. A., from institutes and from every part of the waterfront, found their way to Old Trinity on that evening. It was one of the greatest events of the year to seamen and to the friends of, and workers for, seamen all over the country.

The address of the evening was made by the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D., Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Tomkins, widely known as a man of tremendous enthusiasm, profound sympathies and force, his knowledge of seamen problems, his eagerness to be of service, made his sermon, preached from the text:

"They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord and his wonders

in the deep," an address of absorbing interest.

About 1500 persons were present at this service in Trinity Church. Over 1200 men of the Merchant Marine and the Navy filled the center of the church, while little groups of apprentice boys found themselves unexpectedly led to the front among the Consuls, officials, and other landmen.

There is every reason to believe that the Sailors' Day service to be held this year in the Old First Presbyterian Church will be of even greater significance. It is impossible to foresee the condition of national turmoil which may exist upon April 22nd, but this is the sailors' hour; these are the uncertain days in which the seaman holds his life in a lighter grasp than ever before.

You can help to make the celebration of Sailors' Day an unparalleled success by remembering the day and the date and telling the people that you know will want to hear about it.

The Call of the Salt

Colin has been trying for the last three years to leave the seafaring life. He went to sea first when he was only fifteen and now that he is twenty-three, he has decided several times that a job ashore is more profitable, more practical, more in accordance with his sane and thrifty ideas of what a young man should do, when he wants to get on in the world.

Several times Colin has taken a job on shore, only to feel himself irresistibly pulled back to the salt water.

"I do not want to go back," he told the Shipping Man one day as he was applying for a berth, "but I am so homesick to feel a deck under my feet again—and, oh, I guess it must have gotten into my blood somehow."

But about three months ago Colin resolutely stifled his instinctive yearnings for the smell of tar and paint and a spicy gale, and took a job in a munition factory up in Bridgeport, Conn. The pay was very good and he worked hard and made money by staying over-time. He was so tired he seldom had time to think of ships and the careless, comfortable companion-ship of the fo'castle; until the other morning, when something reminded him.

He had been working all night, helping to get out an extra large shipment of war supplies, and suddenly he turned to his pal, and asked an eager question.

"How long would it take us to pack up and catch a train for New York?"

"Fifteen minutes," replied his friend laconically.

And the following day both boys were in the Institute Shipping Bureau trying to sign on for a voyage anywhere, war zone or Coney Island. It was all alike to them.

Edward N. Tailor

The Institute loses an old friend when it announces the death of Mr. Edward N. Tailor who became a Lay Member of the Board of Managers in 1867 and was elected an Honorary Member in 1893. Mr. Tailor died on February 15th, 1917.

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Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer
Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
or
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Impressions of an Exile

After nearly ten months' absence, the editor walked through Bridge Street and down Coenties Slip, on the first of March. There was the same pearl and blue haze clinging to the masts in the harbor, the same smoky vagueness of outline of the low water-front buildings, the same elusive atmosphere of land on the edge of the sea which has always characterized winter days spent at the Institute. But there were a great many changes, too.

Climbing the front of the building, just above the main entrance, is a scaffolding which encloses a small elevator and this runs to the roof, carrying building materials for the constructive work of enclosure. It is only a temporary scaffold, because the work has progressed so far that it soon will not be necessary to carry bricks, mortar and lumber up the outside of the building. Inside, elevator Number One has already been extended so that it runs to the roof and ultimately all the elevators will be similarly extended. But just now, the rough wooden framework projects

like another hastily improvised tower and is curiously effective in spite of its purely utilitarian purpose. And to the returning exile it somehow altered the face of the familiar Institute, making it look more alive, with all the symbols of progress and expansion so obviously displayed.

There were changes in the main entrance, too. The huge bronze tablets bearing the names of the Founders and the Benefactors of the Institute have been put in place these many months, but, seen for the first time, they are extremely striking in their rich coloring against the dull green background of the tinted wall.

Over near the Lunch Counter is the little railed-in stand for the Coast Guard, referred to in detail in another column, but the Stars and Stripes which mark it as a Government office make a brilliant spot of color in the neutral-toned Lobby.

New signs flourish about the Soda Fountain. We used to say that there would be Hornpipe Sundaes and Marlinspike Cocktails when the Soda Fountain was opened, but, of course, there never were; those titles were too picturesque for active service. However, the "S. C. I. Special" is a sort of marshmallow sundae with maraschino cherries, which is tremendously popular, and the "Charlie Chaplin" drink is faithfully purchased by all lovers of the India rubber comedian. They sell oranges, apples and bananas at the Soda Fountain now and if you want to be nourished without stopping to eat a long lunch or dinner, you can have "Egg Malted Milk" or "Egg Chocolate" or

"Egg Coffee" with sandwiches or cake.

Little violet-scented sweets, warranted to overcome the fragrance of garlic, tobacco or alcohol, are in the front ranks of the show-case.

"Seamen don't bother with things for the breath, surely," the exile said to the Soda Fountain clerk.

"Sure, they do!" he responded promptly, "they buy 'Violets' and clove gum and everything."

But the exile had already turned to look at the weighing machine where three men were waiting, their pennies all ready, until the very fat occupant of the scales' platform should step off.

"I never weighed 219 pounds," he was saying indignantly, "there is something wrong with this machine."

"More likely you weigh 300 pounds," jeered the first of the three, "hurry up and get off before it breaks."

There was a sound of melody from the player piano in the Hotel Sitting Room, which can only be reached by going through the turn-stile. A group of about twenty-five men who had been standing about the Hotel Desk hunted desperately for the tickets which proved they had rooms in the building, and hastily transferred themselves to the music zone.

"You have a wonderful place here," visitors usually say five or six times after they have exhausted their other expression of amazement. The editor used to hear them say it with a distinct feeling of complacence. It

was, of course, a wonderful place, but The Lookout had watched it grow from the early days of peering into the great hole where the caissons were sunk, where the concrete wall was being built to keep out the too-anxious East River. It was wonderful, but it was familiar and home-like, and not altogether surprising to one who believed that everything can come true if there is belief enough.

But, coming back to the Institute on a foggy March day, after having left it in the brilliant sunshine of early spring nearly a year ago, was more than an experience; it was a sort of devout pilgrimage. The great thing for which the Institute has always stood and the superb spirit which has become more poignant, finer, with the hurrying days, had new vitality, was more vivid.

The Lookout has tried to avoid what is rather contemptuously called "fine writing," but it has tried even harder to be articulate, to make the people who read it understand that the Institute means so much more than merely housing and feeding and generally making homeless men comfortable. Perhaps it never really succeeded in doing this because it requires more than ordinary writing ability to make people feel anything as intangible as the spirit of a building of red brick and terra cotta. But there is solace for that fear of failure. Whether the Lookout has made you feel it or not, the great building on the harbor's edge is real, it does the things that are really worth doing. And it is worth a trip to South Ferry just to see it doing them.

Freighter "Orleans" Arrives

American flags were flying in Bordeaux, France, when the freighter "Orleans" which sailed from New York, February 10th, arrived at the French port on February 27th. The entire voyage was made without a U-boat being sighted, the ship following the regular course. Its safe arrival had an additional interest for the Institute, for its _____ Officer, a friend of one of the staff, had left a letter to be opened in the event of his ship's being torpedoed. This story appeared in the February Lookout.

Dispatches from Bordeaux say that the first boat to greet the "Orleans" was a French torpedo boat, which ran up a large white flag bearing the inscription "Welcome" when the freighter signalled her identity. As the "Orleans" dropped anchor off Pauillac she was quickly surrounded by a fleet of smaller craft, with their whistles blowing and the men cheering the new arrival, which flew the American flag fore and aft, in addition to bearing two large flags painted on her stern and bow.

The crew of the "Orleans," mainly Americans, united in saying that even if submarines had sighted the ship they did not believe they would have dared to torpedo her. Captain Tucker, a man of thirty-three, said:

"We made the trip as a mere matter of business, not as a defiance to anyone. I am surprised at the welcome given us here. We have only done our duty. We have as much right to sail the sea without being torpedoed as the ordinary citi-

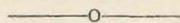
zen has to go about his business through the streets without fear of being molested."

The port authorities quickly passed the steamer and she proceeded immediately to Bordeaux, tying up alongside the same dock from which Lafayette sailed in 1777 to aid America.

"Vive Amerique!" was a shout that came from thousands of persons when Captain Tucker and the crew of the Orleans stepped off the gangplank of the steamer and made their way through the city. The crowds along the docks waved handkerchiefs, hats were thrown in the air and flowers were dropped from balconies as the captain and his men passed through the streets.

In proposing a toast to President Wilson, the United States, and the sailors of the Orleans, at luncheon, the Mayor of Bordeaux said:

"It is with a feeling of legitimate pride that I salute the sailors of the great American Republic. This successful voyage is an attestation that a great people, proud and free, are firmly resolved to defend the laws of humanity and to have respected the most sacred principles of civilization."



American Names

"Are most of your applicants Americans?" one of the Institute staff asked the recruiting officer of the Coast Guard down in the Lobby.

"Yes, they are. Here are some of the names: Schulerman, Levinski, Myagoras."

"American!" exclaimed the in-

quirer. "Why, those aren't American names."

"Of course, they sound queer, but every one of those fellows had papers to show that he was an American citizen. You can't tell anything about names any more. Some of them would break your tongue, but they are Americans just the same."

Two Decorations

It is all a question of values, but one wonders a little whether even two decorations from the King of England can compensate a man for the partial loss of an arm and leg.

That is what happened to one of the old apprentices. He can't be so very old because he was still an apprentice when he left the Institute in 1914 just before the war began. And now he has two decorations from the King, given him for bravery in the battle of Jutland.

He was standing on deck and had just asked a question of the man beside him. Before the man could reply, the boy who used to be an apprentice saw him shot to bits, and then he himself opened his eyes four days later in the hospital at Greenwich.

"Of course, I can't dance any more or skate," he told the Big Brother when he arrived in this Port a few weeks ago, "but I think I may be able to get back into action again. If only my leg will get over being so stiff." But it wasn't until he was asked with flattering insistence that he got out, and displayed, the two decorations. There was no hint of triumph or pride in his manner: they were all a part of the Great Game. One plays it merely as a matter of course.

"Some Fit"

A young lady whose mother the editor of the "Post" knew more than thirty years ago, says an Elizabethtown, N. Y., paper, spent a portion of last summer with her father, mother and sister at an Elizabethtown hotel. While here she learned to knit a pair of socks which she sent abroad for the use of an English soldier. It being her first pair, one sock was longer than the other. However, she pinned her card to the socks and after several months received the following:

"Socks received, lady;
Some fit!

I wear one for a helmet
And one for a mitt.

I hope to meet you when
I've done my bit;

But where in hell did you
Learn to knit?"

An Apprentice at the Front

He was writing with a pencil and he headed his letter "Salonica Forces" which is the practical equivalent of "Somewhere in the War." He was projecting his imagination some three thousand miles, for it was the first of January and he was wondering what the boys were doing at the Institute, as he wrote to the Big Brother. He had gone to the old building on State Street on his first voyage as an apprentice, and he had never failed to keep in touch with it, even after the Great War claimed him and subjected all his letters to the cold scrutiny of the censor.

"We spent quite a pleasant Christmas," he wrote, "under the circum-

stances, I think we really had a very decent time. We all got together in a large dug-out, the men of the gun position, you know, and had a Sing-Song. It was quite lively. We decorated the walls with colored pictures out of magazines and with greenery and bull-rushes from a river close by."

Few people, and certainly few soldiers, ever get much credit for making the best of things. They rather expect that life will insist upon their being gay and light-hearted, no matter what the circumstances. All the same, there is something rather fine, rather touching about this glimpse of the barren Christmas of English boys (perhaps we should say Englishmen) celebrated in a dug-out lined with bull-rushes.

First Aid Lectures

During the month of February the lectures on giving First Aid to the Injured were held at 7:30 P. M., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, a course for the Officers.

Seeker of Lost Persons

What a lot of sons and husbands there are who never bother to write letters! It isn't because they have not been taught to read and write and spell, either. It is often merely because they delay the letters they really meant to send until they are ashamed to communicate with their families, or sometimes because they left home in a fit of anger which they have since acknowledged to themselves as childish and ridiculous. Whatever the cause, it is a great pity, for mothers

and fathers and wives are constantly writing piteous appeals to the Institute imploring us to find Ted or James or Sidney.

"I am sure he has been in your place at some time. Isn't there any way to reach him now?" they write.

A very small picture fell out of an envelope the other day.

"I am so anxious to find my boy," the mother wrote, "and you can easily recognize him from this."

It was the photograph of a boy of eighteen, with a weak, indefinite mouth and very little chin. His remarkably shaped eyes were surmounted by eyebrows that arched into points. It might not be so difficult to identify him if he came into the Institute, but all the Inquiry Department could tell the mother was the date on which the boy was last in the building and the name of the boat on which he had sailed, over a year ago.

Sometimes there is a direct result which is very encouraging.

At a Friday evening entertainment several weeks ago, the House Mother spoke to the men about this matter of writing letters. She had been reading an accumulation of appeals from worried relatives and her heart was full of sad wonder that there should be so much unnecessary grief in a world already crowded with sorrows which cannot be avoided.

"If any of you have neglected to write, or have waited until you are afraid to write, do go and write to your mother or father, or whoever it is that cares. Don't think that they have forgotten; they are probably thinking that *you* no longer care about

them," she urged the men, hoping desperately that some careless memory might be stirred into activity.

And a month later, at a Friday evening concert, a man came up to her with the picture of a very pretty child.

"That is my little girl and she is twelve years old and I have not seen her since she was three weeks old," he told her. "I went away to sea angry and hurt because I thought my wife's family looked down on me. Her brothers were doctors and they seemed to think a seaman wasn't much of a fellow. So I never wrote to her except to send money sometimes and she never wrote to me.

"Then that night you said that maybe the people at home cared more about a chap than he thought, so I wrote to my wife and said I had put my pride in my pocket. She answered by the next post and sent me this picture and I am planning to get home next voyage."

"It is a very pretty little girl," the House Mother said, softly.

"Like her mother," the man remarked after another admiring look at the picture. "Think of all the years I have wasted not seeing them. I don't know but a man is foolish to have pride, that kind, I mean," he added as he put the photograph back into his pocket.

Who is Your Tailor?

If you were a seaman you would be relieved of a great many of the annoyances in connection with selecting clothes, being fitted, and trying to decide later whether you were en-

tirely satisfied with the back of the collar or the shape of the waistcoat. The little poster printed for the "Slop Chest," our store for seamen, says:

ARE YOU IN NEED OF A
NEW SUIT?

See Display of New Line of Suits in
the Institute Slop Chest Windows
on Main Floor

A Special Line of Blue Serges
Prices Within the Reach of All
\$11.50 AND UP

Do Your Clothes Need Repairing?

DOES YOUR SUIT NEED
CLEANING AND PRESSING?

Leave Your Suit at the Slop Chest
and Our Tailoring Department

Will Return It to You as
Good as New

Suits cleaned and pressed, 40 cts.
Trousers cleaned and pressed, 15 cts.
Overcoats cleaned and pressed, 40 cts.

They sell everything in the Institute store, from collar buttons to oilskins. The men can buy soap, tooth brushes, handkerchiefs, socks, sea boots—in fact, there is no reason why a seaman living in the building should ever go up-town for any of his equipment. When he comes ashore he can buy everything he requires at the lowest prices, with a minimum of effort. When he goes to sea he can purchase all his "gear," and if he is in a hurry, there is always someone to help him choose and pack.

After the Concert

BY A SEAMAN GUEST.

We sat in a corner of the Hotel Lobby, cheerfully discussing the pleasant impression created by the various artists who had taken part in the performance which had just come to an end and in some of the other concerts we had attended. There was the dancing of the little children, the wonderful rendering of songs by the soloists, the music and stunts of the ventriloquist; indeed, with the passing of time our hilarity seemed to grow to an almost alarming proportion. And John, a fine and honest sample of a sailor, thoroughly warmed up to the occasion, was willing to prolong the entertainment, ready to perpetrate his "turns" indefinitely for our or anyone's benefit. All he wanted was an audience.

At last, his enthusiasm increasing, we agreed, for the sake of a little calm, to hear his turn, voting him the undisputed possession of the floor.

Now, John's turn was an anecdote, a story of Jack and his simplicity; and to lend color and effect to his narration, he drew himself to his full height, and after a most impressive clearing of his throat, calculated to clear all obstacles from impeding his eloquence, he struck such an attitude that we were wondering whether the late Sir Henry Irving or the great Southern were ever rightly entitled to be considered as the best in their class.

THE STORY.

"Now, Jack shipped on board of a yacht bound for a cruise to the West Indies and on a fine morning, after

saving the daughter of the owner (a millionaire) from drowning, thereby cheating a scouting shark out of his breakfast, the Boss (as they all called the owner) promised Jack that he would fulfill whatever three wishes he might have.

"At the end of the cruise, Jack was called up to the house, where, before the family and friends and a bevy of domestics, the Boss, after a lengthy commendation of Jack's valour and bravery, invited him to state his three wishes.

"Wish Number One was very easily complied with, for it was only a desire for a pound of tobacco, but gaining courage, Jack decided that Wish Number Two should be for a barrel of rum. The Boss thought this very singular, but being a man of his word and regarding a promise as sacred, he gave an order that the rum should be procured. And now for Wish Number Three.

"'What will you have, Jack?' asked the yacht owner, but Jack hung his head, not really knowing what he did want.

"Jack was a fairly good looking chap and the domestics, in fact all the girls, were standing on the tip-toes of expectation, craning their necks with a significant stare at Jack, wondering what his third wish would be.

"The Boss, a little annoyed by the silence, said:

"'Come, come, Jack, what will you have for your third wish? You have your tobacco; you can have your rum. Now, out with it, Jack! I will grant it. My word is my bond and all the people know it. Hurry up and

tell us.'

"And then, like a bolt from the blue, came Jack's third wish. It was for another barrel of rum!"

Of course we all said that it was the best yarn we had ever heard and after our laughter had subsided somewhat, John decided to embellish his tale, pointing a moral.

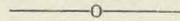
"But that was a long time ago," he said, "and I, for one, don't wonder at Jack's stupidity. If I had the fortunate chance to swap places with him to-night, of course I would ask for the tobacco myself, for Wish Number One. We all have the same weakness for the weed, but for Wish Number Two, I should certainly not choose a barrel of rum, because I have learned that very little real pleasure can be got out of that barrel. This very Institute has taught us how to get real pleasure and relaxation upon our return from sea; they have awakened us to better ideals, aroused only healthy excitements so that we realize that life, after all, is worth living.

"Jack was neglected in those by-gone days. The avenue of society that led to embracing self-respect had been closed to him; the height of his ambition was limited to a simple barrel of rum. To-day all this has changed and, boys, hear me! I would substitute my Wish No. 2 to the owner of that yacht for a generous donation to these concerts and entertainments and the general welfare organization of this Institute. You can laugh, but I would, just the same.

"And for Wish No. 3, you may all

guess what is coming. For now, being better taken care of in morals, than Jack of yore, do you think I could have left the 'right one' among those girls standing on the tip-toes of expectation, in embarrassment, not to say in distress? No!" And lifting his curved horny fingers in the act of muffling his voice, fortified with a convincing wink, he wispered:

"Well, boys, I have 'hove to' to the inevitable!"



A Bit of Reward

One of the seamen from the "Manchuria," which was recently in port, slipped quietly into the office of the House Mother and put a small package on her desk.

"It is a bit of reward," he said with an embarrassed laugh, "for your always being so kind and talking with me," and then he backed out hurriedly to avoid being thanked.

Inside the neatly tied brown paper were half a dozen embroidered handkerchiefs and several small linen doilies edged with hand-made lace.

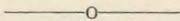
"These were made by the convalescent soldiers in France," said the card. It seemed impossible that men should have worked the delicate stitches which were as fine, as exquisite as if the famous embroidering nuns had created them. A curious task for French soldiers but not an altogether surprising one, when one remembers that they come of a race which has never despised the trivialities of toil, nor underestimated the value of beauty.

A Fee for Service

He left the letter on the House Mother's desk and it was not until after he had gone that she discovered it. Inside the envelope there was also a savings bank book showing a balance by no means to be despised. The letter said:

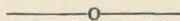
"I join the S. S. 'Oswego' to-day, bound for Genoa. In case of my being lost at sea will you kindly notify the following persons or any one of them? My mother, my sister, my brothers (addresses were given)."

Attached to the letter was something which made the House Mother smile a little through the gravity with which the rather sombre precautions had filled her. It was a dollar bill, a "little something for herself."



Entertainment Nights for \$35.00

In response to the suggestion that individuals should buy Friday evening entertainments, furnishing the concert-vaudeville programmes by gifts of \$35.00 each, we have received checks for this amount from Mrs. John A. Hance and from a donor who wishes to be known as "One who loves parties."



Donations Received During The Month of February 1917.

Reading matter, flowers, clothing, shoes, candy, music, pianola records, knitted articles:

Anonymous—14
Archer, Mrs. George A.
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Bay, Mrs. K. S.
Bernard, Mrs. William

Burleigh, Mr. George W.
Cary, Mrs. T.

Church Periodical Club and Branches

All Angels' Church, New York
Church of the Messiah, New York
St. Agnes' Chapel, New York
St. Andrew's Memorial Church, Yonkers, N. Y.
St. George's Church, New York
St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Thomas' Church, New York
Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
Cox, Miss Isabella V.
Curtis Publishing Co.
Davis, Mrs. S. D.
de Peyster, Miss Augusta M.
Dunlap, Mr. Charles E.
Fieberger, Mr. Frank
Giles, Mrs. Robert
Greenwood, Mrs. William
Hunter, Miss Mary
Ives, Mrs. Howard
Janeway, Mr. G. H.
Jones, Miss Mary F.
Lawrence, Miss Isabella
Mariners Advocate
Markoe, Mrs. Harry
Medlicott, Mrs. Arthur D.
Morse, Mr. F. R.
Potts, Mrs. Charles E.
Prime, Miss Cornelia
Righter, Miss Jessie H.
Ropers, Mrs. A. G.
Simpson, Mr. Thomas S.
Usher, Miss Irene
Ward, Mr. Frederick S.
Whitman, Mrs.

Contributions For Special Purposes

Almond, Mrs. Theodore S., to Lookout Account	\$ 4.00
Archer, Mrs. George A., to Lookout Account	9.00
Buckingham, Mrs. Benjamin H., Friday, Feb. 9th Concert.....	35.00
Busk, Miss M. H., Altar flowers.....	10.00
Hance, Mrs. John A., Friday Evening Concert	35.00
Hewson, Mr. J. H., Friday Evening Concert	35.00
Huntington, Mrs. Archer M., Altar flowers	15.00
Low, Mrs. Seth, Altar flowers.....	5.00
Randolph, Mr. H. C. F., to Lookout Account	4.00
Sparks, Mrs. T. Ashley, Altar flowers	5.00
From "One who loves parties," Friday Evening Concert	35.00

General Summary of Work

FEBRUARY 1917

Savings Department.

Feb. 1st Cash on hand	\$72,575.92
Deposits	29,762.48
	\$102,338.40
Withdrawals (\$ 5,995.29 trans- mitted)	29,281.99
	Mar. 1st Cash Balance..... \$73,056.41

(Includes 39 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$20,412.24)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	28
Men Shipped.....	343
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	136
Total number of men given employment	479

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	35
Visits to vessels	91
Men transported	125
Pieces of dunnage transported	261

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	15,094
Letters received for seamen.....	3,193
Pieces of dunnage checked	2,224

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and clothing	196
		Referred to Hospitals.....	116
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.	27

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	4	1,654 1,929
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	8	1,075 1,102
Public School Lectures	5	851 945
First Aid Lectures	5	36 45
Hospital Visits		18
Patients Visited		208
Ships Visited		284
Packages reading matter distributed....		207

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	20	688	998
Scandinavian.....	7	115	122
Special Services	4	68	83
Sing Songs.....	8	865	890
Bible Classes	4	304	304
Holy Communion Services			3
Wedding Services.....			1
Baptismals.....			1
Funeral Services			3

Suggestions and Reminders

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

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

TO BE GIVEN

Laundry \$1,500

2 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

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

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer

No. 25 South Street, New York

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

HENRY L. HOBART, Chairman

ORME WILSON, Jr. Vice Chairman

FRANK T. WARBURTON

ROBERT L. HARRISON

CHARLES A. CLARK

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