

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XII.

APRIL, 1921

No. 4

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

Administration Offices

Telephone Broad 0297

25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

Our multiform religious work, Chaplains, House Mother, Religious Services of all kinds, Sunday "Home Hour," and Social Service

Religious services aboard ships lying in Harbor	Free stationery to encourage writing home
Hospital Visitors	Free English Classes
Comforts for sick sailors in hospitals	Information Bureau
Attentions to convalescent sailors in retreats	Literature Distribution Department
Free Clinic and medicine, two doctors, and assistants	Ways and Means Department
Relief for Destitute Seamen and their families	Post Office
Burial of Destitute Seamen	Operation of Institute Boat
Seamen's Wages Department to encourage thrift	Department of "Missing Men"
Transmission of money to dependents	Publication of THE LOOKOUT
Free Libraries	Comfort Kits
Four Free Reading Rooms	Christmas Gifts
Game Room Supplies	First Aid Lectures
	Health Lectures
	Entertainments to keep men off the streets in healthful environment
	Supplementing proceeds from several small endowments for special needs

And a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up an all-around service and to interpret in a practical way the principles of Christianity in action.

Those who contemplate making provision for the Institute in their wills may find convenient the following

Form of Bequest

I give and bequeath to the "SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK," a corporation incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ Dollars to be used by it for its corporate purposes.

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Why the Sailor?

Over seventy years ago, the Board of this Society explained why they had undertaken work for the sailors in the port of New York, and they made a plea for these men, than which there is nothing finer on record.

Whether you are a Christian or not, you could not read those old reports without being impressed by the zeal for righteousness, of the founders of this organization; and if you have Faith you would feel that the prayers of those early men of vision, have ever been a source of strength to this Institution.

You who are contributing now, have picked up the torch that was lighted seventy-six years ago, and it is a privilege to carry on the work of men, who like the founders of this nation, had a wonderful vision of their responsibility to the weakest and humblest of their fellowmen.

The following statement of the Board, made in 1849 is as true today as it was then, for with the growth of this great nation our responsibilities have increased, and we are still unable to care for the sailors who come to our doors.

The report reads:

“Your Board feels that this work must secure more of the sympathy of every Christian heart. The time seems to have come when all the members of the household of faith, favored with this world’s goods, and her wealthy merchants in particular, who, but for the sailors’ bold daring upon the uncertain sea, would not have their treasures, or could not forward their plans to gather them, can in no way so well discharge the debt they owe him, as by conferring on him the blessings and consolations of the Gospel. From boyhood up he labors hard and suffers much. His life is chiefly passed in contending with the wind and the waves, and all his energy and his skill are called forth in the conflict; so that he has little time, perhaps, and still less has he inducement, to look upon himself as anything more than a creature formed for others use; and we who are enriched by his toil and service, have almost forgotten that he is a man; that he has a soul which is immortal, and that Christ, the blessed Lord, has died for him as he has for all; aye more than all this, that in Christ the sailor is our brother. His stay on earth is generally short, and his life more uncertain than that of other men. His calling such as almost to debar him from those means of grace appointed by our Lord to prepare us for the world to come; and now before he dies we would look him up, the neglected and the abandoned, to tell him of the Saviour and his Church provided for him and for his salvation, and we would assure him that he is in our hearts, our

minds and our prayers; aye, more than this we would be able to say to him, whenever he returns from the unresting sea, and from his sufferings and his perils, we have for him a retreat, in which the comforts and privileges of a home may be enjoyed, secure from the snares and impositions, which under the guise of friendship, involve him in poverty and ruin." †

Distinguished Service

The Chaplain did not notice him particularly. He was just one of the unfortunate, caught in this time of unemployment. He asked for the privilege of sitting up in the reading room all night. For three weeks he had not been to bed, when he at last secured work.

One evening after he had been at work for a few days he called on the Chaplain who had helped him, and said, "You may be interested to see some of my papers."

The Chaplain was more than interested—he was astonished.

He found that the man who had begged for the privilege of sitting up in our reading room all night, and who had been compelled to accept the relief checks that we issue, had twice been mentioned for Distinguished Service in the British Navy during the war. He had been commended for gallantry and good judgment in the landing at Gallipoli; he had been in the raid on Zeebrugge; he had been awarded the Croix de Guerre; in fact, it seemed as if he had received all the honor one man could.

And to add to that, he had twice been offered a permanent position in the British Navy, but he refused. He refused because he had become a citizen of the United States, and he wanted to return to his adopted country. Here he was caught in the terrible unemployment situation, but he was a good sport. He took his place with the other men, and did not show his papers until he had secured work.

It is your special relief gifts that have enabled us to help such men.

Found—A Mother

He was a homeless boy, and when he found a Christmas present on his bed, in the Seamen's Church Institute, he could scarcely believe his eyes. It seemed to him at first, that he had made a mistake, it was so long since he had received a present wrapped up in soft white tissue paper, with a bright cord.

Then he saw a card on it wishing him a Merry Christmas, and he knew that it was for him, and he sat down and opened it with the eagerness of a man who had been robbed of the joys of Christmas for many years. And then he wasn't very old, not yet twenty, although he had done the work of a man for years.

In the package he found a note from the lady who had sent the gift wishing him the joys of the season.

Something welled up in him when he read that note—he didn't know

what it was, but he knew there were tears in his eyes. He almost felt as if he had folks and belonged some place.

The feeling was so real that he sat down and wrote a letter of thanks to the lady who had sent the present, and to his astonishment he received a letter in reply, a few days later.

It was a year ago that he received the present, and for twelve months the lady wrote to him regularly and he wrote to her. Then this Christmas he received an invitation to go and spend from Saturday until Monday at her home.

It would take too much space to tell of all the getting ready he had for that visit. All his friends were consulted as to what he should wear and what he should do. But in the end he just decided that he would be himself. He wouldn't pretend to be anything but what he was, and when he reached the beautiful home of the lady he was glad. She was so real and genuine and good, that folks couldn't pretend with her.

Her husband too, was the kind of a gentleman who makes young men feel that they would like to be strong and upright and good. And what a visit our sailor boy had! He just couldn't describe it.

He has visited the home of his kind friends again, and it is doubtful if even they know what they have added to the life of a lonely boy. A million dollars would not have been to him what their friendship has. He is richer than any millionaire we have met. He is prouder than any king.

No son could give greater devotion than he has given to the woman who has had time to take an interest in his affairs and treat him like her own boy; and proud of her! She can do no wrong!

The Influence of Prayer

There is a reading room in the Institute, in which a prayer service is held every Tuesday evening. The reading room is a memorial room and the prayer services are held at the request of the giver of the room.

It has been said that the prayers of the righteous avail much, and it seems at times, as if there is a wonderful power in that room.

A few weeks ago, that power was so apparent in the meeting that after the service was over, and the men rose to go, the House Mother went to the front, and said, "I feel that tonight is a deciding time for some man here. I do not know which of you it is, but I could not go without urging you to make your decision at once. I feel that some of you men are crying out for guidance, and if you will tell the Chaplain after the service and let him help you, you will find the way."

It was not like the House Mother to do anything like that. She is not a highly emotional woman, but the something, she says she always feels in that room, and which she believes is the result of the prayers of the donors of the room, impelled her to speak.

Seven men asked to be prayed for, and two men went to the Chaplain

after the service and said they were the man to whom the House Mother referred. They said it was the crossroads of life for them, and they asked help to see the way ahead.

Students from the General Theological Seminary have been helping in the evenings, and it has been with beaming faces that the Chaplains and the student helpers have met, and reported the work done; and in Missionary Alley, you might have met men, with a new radiance in their faces, a radiance that comes from Faith and Hope and Love.

Ten to One

"We have ten invitations to do wrong to every invitation to do right," a young sailor said a few days ago in the Institute.

"Is that true in every port?" we asked.

"It is more than true in most," he answered seriously, "lots of places all the invitations we ever get are to go to the devil. New York is better than some."

You who have contributed to the Institute will be glad, that you have had a share in making conditions in this port better; and it will give you some idea of the needs of the work now, that the sailors who come to our shores, still receive ten invitations from those who would debase them, and lead them away from decency and self-respect, to every invitation to a better life that is given by the Church.

Hundreds of sailors are turned from our doors every day. They are not waiting for an invitation, they are coming begging for the privilege of buying lodging, in a place where they can be decent. They are coming for the protection the Church can offer, and we have to shut the doors in their faces; there is no room for them.

Two American Boys

They never had to do anything like it before, but they were absolutely destitute. They had neither work nor money, and they did not know what to do.

They were young, and proud, but when the pangs of hunger began to gnaw at their vitals, and they felt they could not stand it any longer they went to one of the Chaplains and told him their story.

It was not a new story to him, but he listened as if it were, and then with all the kindness of a father, he gave them the help they needed.

Day after day they looked in vain for work, and day after day the Chaplain encouraged them, and gave them the help they had to have.

Then came one glorious night; they had work. It was temporary, just for five days, but as soon as they were paid, one came to the Chaplain and paid all he owed, \$7.60.

The other owed more and he paid \$10. He had to keep eight dollars to get a suit he had pawned.

They are again out of work, but they are trying very hard to get something to do. It is to help such boys as these that we use the relief money you sent.

Congratulated Dr. Mansfield

Rt. Rev. W. F. Nichols, D.D., of San Francisco, Honorary President of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, wrote the following letter to the Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the work for seamen.

"I suppose a record of twenty-five years allows a little margin for words of greeting, especially as the knowledge of it has had to travel across this big continent to reach me, but now that I know of it let me send you my heartiest congratulations upon the creative field both locally for New York and continentally for which God has so abundantly blessed your devotion and labors for the men on the many waters. I am sure it must be a great satisfaction to you, and obvious as is that splendid material building in New York as a memorial of your agency in the work with others, it must be after all but little in that respect when compared with the living epistle you have written in so many hearty seamen's hearts by your interest and skill in looking out for them.

"All of your fellow workers rejoice with you and may God bless you for many years yet."

A Great Work

A man called to consult the Institute doctor a few days ago.

He wasn't a seaman, so the doctor left him until he had treated all the seamen who were waiting for him. Then he took up the case of the man who had waited very patiently.

When he had finished with him, the man stood up and said, "I have been watching you, and you are doing a great work. Here is ten dollars that I wish you to use in any way that you think best."

The doctor took it eagerly, for he had had many patients who were so exhausted from lack of food that they were weak on their legs, and as he said, there was nothing for him to do, but give them something to eat, before he did anything else.

Another gave him twenty-five dollars for his patients, and his face glows as he tells what he has done with that thirty-five dollars.

Altar Flowers

Easter

Mr. John White

Miss Sorlie

Mrs. Charlotte G. Breitung

In Memoriam

Able seaman "Peter Johnston"
of Ophir, Orkneys, Scotland

Frank A. Harley

Cheering Him Up

Ted has a special place in the life of the Institute. He won it by falling backward out of the dormitory window, being caught on a wire netting two stories below, and miraculously escaping with his life.

"I don't know how I escaped," he was heard explaining to a companion he was propping up against the wall, "I fell out of that window backward, and I might as well be dead as not, but here I am."

His companion grunted and nodded in a way that showed the Volstead Act was not being fully enforced.

"Then there was that time at Gibraltar," Ted continued, putting his shoulder against his drooping companion and hoisting him to a more upright position, "you know what Gibraltar is and three of them fellows come at me with knives, but here I am, and I might as well a been stabbed, but I wasn't."

Just then he saw the House Mother, and he beckoned her to his side, and in a confidential tone he explained.

"He has had a few drinks," with a nod toward his companion, "but he is in great trouble, great trouble, Mrs. Roper. He has just heard that his sister, he hasn't seen for twenty years, is dead."

The House Mother looked properly serious and expressed sympathy.

"Any fellow would take a few drinks under the circumstances," Ted explained, and then asked, "Didn't you hear me trying to cheer him up?"

But that was too much—the House Mother plead a sudden engagement and disappeared down Missionary Alley.

A Great Church Philanthropy

Dr. Mansfield addressed two large meetings of students of the Pennsylvania State College in February, when he told them of the work of the Seamen's Church Institute.

He not only told them of the work done during the twenty-five years of his life that he has given to it, but he visualized for them something of the conditions in the port when this Society was organized, and the work the Institute has done.

"A huge philanthropic organization," and "a community home," is the way the college paper described us, after listening to Dr. Mansfield's addresses.

All He Had

The rich young man was commanded to sell all and give to the poor.

He didn't—but if he had been a sailor such a command wouldn't have bothered him in the slightest.

A young Danish sailor stopped the House Mother as she went out a few days ago, to tell her his trouble.

She listened sympathetically for she had known him for many years, since as a boy, he sang at concerts, in his native language, a quaint, little figure at which everyone laughed.

He was still small, but the cares of manhood had somewhat lined his face, although they hadn't taught him to look ahead.

He had just come ashore, and he had received a letter from the mother of a girl who had been kind to him. He wasn't engaged to marry her, but he thought that some day maybe they would have been married. Anyway she was dead, and he had sent all the money he had, twenty-five dollars, to buy flowers for her coffin.

"But didn't you keep any for a bed tonight?" the House Mother asked anxiously.

"No, not a cent," he said, "how could I, and I not there to do anything but send a bit of money."

"I'll sleep in the park," he said indifferently, "and tomorrow I'll go back to my ship."

"It's a good thing you have a ship," the House Mother said with relief.

"Yes," he agreed, "I work hard all the time, but I don't know what its for. I won't have a home now. I won't have anything much—a fellow might as well have a good time when he has the chance. You never know when it will be your time."

The House Mother couldn't answer his argument. She had often wondered what they got out of life—and so often "their time" came unexpectedly; but she was glad he had a ship.

Loaned Garments

He was looking for a job, but the weather was cold and his clothes were very thin. He had pawned most of them, to get food. He was just a boy and boys are always hungry.

The House Mother saw him shivering and she invited him to her office and told him she would give him some warm clothes, so that he could go out and try and find work. She gave him a sweater and some socks and a muffler.

He took her gifts with mumbled thanks and went out. That was in the morning. It was after dark before he returned. Mrs. Roper was sitting at her desk writing some letters.

He walked into her office and took off his muffler. Then he took off his coat and his sweater. Next he sat down on the floor and removed his boots and stockings.

This was a little too much. No telling what queer notions he might have. The House Mother demanded an explanation. He looked at her out of great honest, boyish eyes and explained, more by signs than words, that she had loaned him the clothes to go and get a job.

He hadn't got the job, and so he was returning the clothes.

Thanks to the generosity of the friends of the Institute, she was able to tell him to keep the clothes, and he left her office, a queer, boyish quiver on his lips.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE *of* NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 3620

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid

Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Address all communications to

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or LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

Seventy-six Years of Service

As we stand at the beginning of a new era for the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, we look before and after. It is a time of a spiritual as well as a material stocktaking. It is not a light responsibility, to carry on the work begun by the founders of this Society, for they were men who dreamed dreams, they were men of vision, and they were men who believed in prayer; and all down through the years sanctified lives have been given to this work.

Seventy-six years ago, a Missionary Society organized by a band of young devout men, determined to dedicate their society to work for seamen and boatmen in the port of New York. There are but meagre reports of those early days, but one thought runs through them all—and that is, that their work was not taken up because seamen were bad men, but because they were a class of men who had no opportunity in this port to live decent lives. As one report said, the spires of the churches uptown pointed toward heaven, but every hand at the docks pointed toward hell.

The work of the Seamen's Church Institute was not begun because seamen are more wicked than many other classes of men, but because they had no opportunity, to live decent lives in a so-called Christian city.

At first the Society built churches, and offered the sailors a place to pray, and receive spiritual help. It gave them books, and more than all else, it gave them an incentive to do right, because it tied their affections to one place in the world, where something good was expected of them.

It is impossible for those who have family ties, and many ties of friendship, to understand the attitude of a man, of whom nothing is expected except that he will get drunk and be a beast at the first opportunity. We all tend to become what is expected of us—it is the road of least resistance. It was not until Dr. Mansfield came into the work, that the dream of having a place where the sailor could be cared for physically as well as spiritually, was realized. He felt very strongly, that it was impossible for the sailors to live up to the standard preached in the Chapel, so long as when they left the Church, they had to go to some place that would contaminate their body and soul in order to get food and lodging.

That was the thought back of the present great building; it is a place where a man can be clean bodily and mentally; and the fact that the souls of the sailors were crying out for such a place, is proven by the fact, that every bed in the place is sold before 10 o'clock in the morning. We have had letter after letter begging us to hold rooms for men who had to go out early to look for work. To get a bed in the Institute is almost as difficult these days as getting a job. If the men have a cent, they spend it for a clean bed in such wholesome surroundings as we provide.

An opportunity to be decent. That is what they desire. And our quarters are so crowded, that we are compelled to deny that opportunity to many. We have to turn them away, and when they describe some of the places where they have to go for lodging, we shudder for our fine young men, who have so much to give to the country, and who are so eager to give it.

Evil is lying in wait for them around so many corners; we hate to turn them from our door; and so we are eagerly looking forward to the time when we will have a new building, large enough to house all those who come to us.

In Memory

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. 1 Cor., 13, 12.

* * *

The sudden death of Marie Louise Bennett, secretary to Dr. Mansfield for the past ten years, has so stunned us all, that with groping minds we have endeavored to brush aside the veil that hides the inscrutable purposes of the Most High. We have strained our weak human vision, to penetrate the mystery of why one so young, so loyal, so self-sacrificing and so devoted to Dr. Mansfield and the work of the Institute, should have been taken, when there is still so much to be done, where her assistance would have been invaluable, and when life seemed to have so much to offer her.

Ten years and three months ago, in December 1910, she came to the Institute from school, a young, impressionable girl, full of hope, and anxious to make the most of her opportunities. She did not know what she would ask of life as her portion, but as the years rolled around, and the work of the Institute and the life of Service that it imposed on her, left its mark, it was evident that she was one of those who are set apart to give and not get. Life had bestowed on her exceptional talents, the choice was hers, she could have had position and power, but instead she chose Service. She gave of herself generously, recklessly and with an abandon most remarkable. Early and late, in season and out, she could be found at her desk, or some place in this great building, the very heart and pulse of the whole.

Her selfless devotion to Dr. Mansfield, and her efficiency in her work, were the admiration of all who came in contact with her, who knew the value of such service. It is no wonder that for Dr. Mansfield the world has suddenly been impoverished; he took her as a young girl and trained her as he might have trained his own daughter, and for everything he did for her, she returned him a hundred fold in service.

During the erection of the present structure, Miss Bennett was indefatigable, doing not only her own work, but with the Superintendent and his Assistants, she helped to plan every detail. Her advice was often invaluable, and when the building was completed, she knew every part.

Then when the new life began to pulsate through it, she made herself a part of it with her usual vigor and virility. Nothing was ever so hard that she would not do it, but she had her compensations and Christmas was one of them. She loved Christmas, for she would ever rather give than receive. She always began to prepare for it in August, and no one, not even the Superintendent, ever knew how generous was her contribution to the happiness that radiated through this building, and on from it to all corners of this old world.

It was her hands that tied most of the Christmas packages, and it was she who was most careful that no one was missed. And when the Seamen's Church Institute of America was organized, it was Marie Louise Bennett who remembered the lonely men who had gone to the outposts to serve, and to them she sent Christmas packages. And that was not all, for to her personal friends, she was generosity personified; for those she loved she could never do enough.

During the war she often worked until a late hour getting food and clothes for shipwrecked sailors, who never heard of the girl who did so much for them. She never received thanks, and she never desired thanks for what she did; the consciousness of work well done was her reward.

The President of this Society, at the first meeting of the Board after her death, on behalf of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, paid a most exceptional tribute to her memory; a tribute enriched by the deep feeling of strong men greatly moved, moved as only a life of unusual Service can move men. They directed that her name be inscribed "In Memory" in the records of the Society; and it was also decided that in the new building a considerable room be dedicated to her memory, and be known by her name, that in this Institute, where she put all her working life, there will be a visible memorial of her who always found it better to give than receive.

She had been working on the plans of the new building with the Superintendent, and already she had visualized the new structure, and had squared her shoulders, for the burden that would have been hers in the busy days ahead, but it was not to be. The why, we cannot know, for "now we see through a glass, darkly."

Spiritual Hunger

Sailors are silent men, unable to express themselves, but in old prayer books, in the Chapel, have been found the following outpourings of spiritual needs, of these lonely men.

"This day," writes one on the fly-leaf of a prayer book he found in his seat, "the mercy and compassion of God has again permitted me to worship in his house, after two years of wandering to distant shores. For this I desire devoutly to thank my heavenly Father."

"The mercy of God," writes another, "in sparing my life, and allowing me once more to enter this blessed place, after the dangers through which I have passed, moves my soul to desire to live a new life."

"I thank you for those good books you gave me to take on my last voyage," says another, "I have one still by me, but I gave the others to shipmates who begged them of me while we were going 'round the North Cape."

Missing Man Writes

"I received your welcome letter to day and tank you for it very much also for the kindness you did for my sister.

"I am expecting to hear from herself any day. I write to her to-day also on the address given in your letter.

"God only know when will I get to New York. I lost my citizen papers whose I got in month of May 1918 in Norfolk Va., so now I can't prove that I have right to land in U. S. A.

"But I hope on the best and might by lucky chance I get there sometime then sukely and whit great pleasure I will call at the Seamen Church Institute."

Thanks for Two

The following letter gives an idea of the kind of service we have been able to give because of your generous gifts in the present emergency.

"Will you please accept my humble thanks for the kindness you showed my son, who arrived here last night and was full of your praise. I had no idea he was in such straits until last week, the poor lad did not let me know. This is the second of my boys you have been kind to; Harry was shipwrecked. You may remember him, he is a returned soldier who had been wounded.

"I now thank you on behalf of them both, and hoping God will give you the health to continue in your good work."

Gift from the Students

The Missionary Society of the General Theological Seminary contributed \$200 to our Special Relief Fund in March, and helped us over a very trying period.

A Seaman Missionary

Seventy-five years ago, in the second annual report of this Society, is the following account of what the Mission did for one seaman:

"A Seaman, who, by means of the perils to which he has been exposed, has been aroused, during the course of the last year, to some knowledge of himself, came to our Chapel, and under the guidance of our Missionary, by the blessing of God, has, as we have good reason to hope, become a religious man. Finding no place to pray among the crowd, he has often while the opportunity was afforded, come early in the morning, to offer his devotions in the secrecy and solitude of the Chapel.

"As a Christian man it has been his custom to bow his head and his heart in supplication for God's blessing, before he has partaken of his mess. As will readily be believed, this has not been but in the midst of many sneers, and much derision. But his passions have been curbed by an Omnipotent Spirit, and quiet, kind and orderly consistency of conduct, has been his only reply.

"Thus by the help of God he has been the means of leading two of his companions into the same hopes, which through the Saviour, he possesses; and without one word of reproof or impatience on his part his messmates when they now prepare to eat, stand quietly around with their hats off, until he has finished his silent blessing.

"It has been the influence of a meek and steadfast Christian character, enforcing respect and esteem. And it may well be expected, that such an influence will be more widely felt, and will lead many others of the crew to join the little band of these men of prayer."

After giving this example of the enrichment of the lives of these simple men, the report goes on to say, "With encouragements such as these, the Board need only the prayers and liberal charity of the Society to enable them to succeed."

And for seventy-six years the work has been going on and expanding because of your prayers and liberal charity.

Needed, A Gazetteer

Our population in the Institute is recruited from almost every nation in the world. We need a Gazetteer of the world, for reference, so that we may have correct information when someone comes along and tells us he is an Afghan, Bosnian or other foreigner.

We have to write the names of cities and towns absolutely unspellable unless we can look them up. Letters frequently have to be written to foreign towns and cities and the names of Ports ascertained.

A fairly good Gazetteer can be obtained for \$10. The more expensive run from \$25 to \$35 and have maps. Perhaps some of our friends may have a copy, which they do not use, and would like to give to the cause.

Relief

You may not think that prayer and faith and trust in God have much to do with the life of most people, but if you were here from week to week, and month to month, you would change your mind.

In February and in March we made a special appeal for money for relief, to meet the present unemployment situation. In the meantime when the need began to press, we went ahead and spent all the money we had planned to use for relief during the whole year. We spent and we trusted.

It has been a wonderful experience to watch the two sides of the relief account. One day we were in debt. The next day someone sent in a special contribution, and we were funds ahead. The next day we might again be behind, but always someone was moved to send something, and we were again on the right side.

Up and down it has gone from day to day, and a wonderful lesson in Faith it has been.

We wish we knew just what it was that impelled you to send your contribution when you did; but whatever it was, we believe that back of it was a divine impulse—directed—who knows how—but why should we question the Almighty?

One of the Chaplains said, as he walked up and down excitedly after a meeting in which seven of the seamen asked for prayer, "Trust in God and everything will be all right—it can't be otherwise."

A Child Helps

A very little girl sent a contribution for the Soda Fountain, and Dr. Mansfield wrote her a letter of thanks. In return he received the following letter, which was signed "Your loving friend."

"Thank you very much for the nice letter you sent me. I would have liked to give more than fifty-five cents to the Soda Fountain.

"I am very interested in the sailors and I hope that after awhile there will be no sailor turned away.

"My puppy would like to see all the sailors though he is a bit shy.

"Please give my best wishes to all the sailors."

Appreciation

"I sincerely thank you for your efforts to locate my brother. He called at the Institute and received word of his mother's illness and came home Friday. You have a very efficient service."

A Liberty Bond for Relief

We wish to thank the donor of a one hundred dollar Liberty Bond, that was sent for Special Relief. In another part of the magazine you will see what it meant in our work.

The Soda Fountain

Cheerfulness Center is getting more cheerful all the time.

We have received contributions for \$821; we owe \$2,500, which leaves a deficit still of \$1,679.

One little girl sent fifty-five cents as her share; with it she sent her love to all the sailors. I went down before I started to write this account of what it is doing, and it seemed to me that in the bright faces of the men standing around it, I saw a reflection from the love of that little child.

"Our trade is cut down half, since the boys have been out of work," the Manager explained.

I heard a gurgle behind him that sounded like a laugh, and I peered around at the milk, that was dancing into a tumbler.

"Yes, we are selling more milk than ever," he acknowledged, and at his words there came a protesting splash from the Buttermilk Urn, "and buttermilk too," he added, "but not so much ice cream."

The clerk lifted the lid of the vanilla cabinet just then, and as he put in the ladle, I heard the words, "Stand by! Stand by!"

That is sailor language for "Wait!"

"Things around here are talking," I said, "that milk was laughing at you, and I heard the ice cream say 'Stand by.' Its turn is coming."

The Manager looked surprised, but he said, "You can't blame the milk for being stuck up, it is so much in demand."

"The money is coming in splendidly for the Soda Fountain," I continued, "I believe it will be paid for before Spring."

The lid of the chocolate cabinet opened and shut twice, "Good! Good!" it said.

The strawberry cabinet moved stiffly and squeaked, "Spring! Spring!"

"Did you hear that?" I asked the Manager, "Those cabinets are listening to what we are saying."

He reached for a cigarette for a boy who had put down a penny, and he rubbed thoughtfully behind his ear. He evidently wished to be polite, but in the interest of truth he was impelled to say, "You have a great imagination."

"It seemed to me I could hear them talking," I explained, "for everything around here seems so much alive, and so happy. I don't know what this Lobby would be like without the Soda Fountain."

"You are right there," he agreed, "and if these cabinets and urns do not speak in words, they do in deeds, and that is what counts now.

"This sure is Cheerfulness Center."

The Income Tax

The Chaplain Who Knows the Law has been kept very busy helping seamen and employees to determine their income tax.

There were a lot of anxious-eyed people lined up in the hall opposite the door of his office on March 14 and 15—and particularly anxious were the men with families, whose income and expenses had come out even, and they had been without work all this year. The Chaplain told them how much they had to pay—but he fell down when it came to telling them how to do it.

The income tax is like death—you have to face it alone.

The Lookout

THE LOOKOUT wishes to thank you for coming to the rescue so splendidly.

January, February and March, up to the 20th, has brought us 489 subscriptions.

That is fine. If you keep it up, we'll get the 2,000 the Board asked us to get, to show that we were wanted.

One dollar is the price of the subscription for one year.

If you haven't subscribed, and you really like THE LOOKOUT, please subscribe soon.

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Not Enough Shirts

Of course, if there had been a mother it would not have happened, but she was dead. There was no one he could tell about the trouble he had with his brother George; and, anyway, George was making money, and he was only going to school—no use to anyone, he thought. After a sleepless night, he crept out of bed at five o'clock in the morning, and dressed quickly and quietly, and with a small bundle of clothes under his arm, he started out with the early workers in Brooklyn, to seek his fortune.

He had been seeking for ten years when he came to us—and he still looked like a boy, although he said he was twenty-two. And in his quest he had found only the fortune that is the possession of those who have given everything for their country.

He had been wounded twice and

gassed twice in France, and when he was brought back he was said to be 100% unfit. He was taken to Boston, and every comfort that the U. S. A. provides for her disabled sons was his—but he longed to leave the hospital and go out again into the big world and work—and be free. He had been a sailor for so long that the confinement irritated him, and as he dozed on his cot he could hear the waves breaking over the vessel, and the wind whistling in the rigging, and it seemed to be calling him.

The doctors said one lung was gone—and he wanted to live—and live hard—for the time that was left.

He secured some work, but his compensation was immediately cut down to \$20 a month, and he soon lost his position, because his breathing was sometimes very difficult, and often he could not sleep at nights, and he was tired the next day.

He came to us penniless—and asked us to help him locate his family. They had moved, and unless he could find them he was beaten—he would have to go back to the hospital.

The Red Cross had promised to have his compensation restored to him, but it took a long time to get such things through, and he thought his people might be willing to keep him until he got it. He would be able to pay them for everything they did. He kept repeating that.

We understood when he tried to explain bashfully, "You know how it is—it's a plank overcoat for me before long—and I don't want to spend all the time in the hospital."

We determined to find that family, and although it took us two days, we finally located his father and the brother.

He thanked us, but looked doubtfully at the address we gave him, and said, "Of course, George is the one I had the trouble with.

"But that was ten years ago."

"Yes," he agreed, but his tone implied that he had not forgotten.

Two weeks later he called to thank us, and we scarcely recognized him. He still looked pale and weak, but his smile was so radiant we almost forgot his difficult breathing, and he seemed to have forgotten it, too.

"They were awfully glad to see me," he said; "and do you know, they heard me leaving the house that morning, and George ran out after me as soon as he could get clothes on, and they advertised for me, and they did everything they could to find me."

"Then you are glad you went back?"

"Yes, and my grandmother left me some money seven years ago, and they tried again to find me. My father says if I had gone back to the hospital they might never have seen me again, and when I was leaving today he said he hated to see me leave the house he was so afraid I wouldn't come back."

"A family is worth while," the Chaplain said.

"You are right," he agreed eagerly, "and they have taken me to two specialists, and they say I have a chance—there is a spot on my lung, but if I go West for the winter I may get better, and they are going to send me—they just can't do enough for me. One of my brothers bought me this outfit," and he stood up and turned around for us to see his new clothes.

At this point our curiosity got the better of us, and one of the Chaplains asked: "What was it that made you run away from home?"

He laughed merrily, but there was all the memory of what it had meant to him ten years before in his eyes as he said, "After my mother died, the housekeeper never would wash my shirts. She always kept George's all washed—and his drawer would be full. That night I wanted to dress up and I hadn't a clean shirt, and I took one of George's. I told him, and he snatched at it. I held on, and we pulled it in two.

"He was very angry and said he wouldn't stand it—he would get out. I said he needn't—I would. And he says he has felt guilty ever since."

General Summary of Work

FEBRUARY 1921

Religious Department

Chapel of Our Saviour, 25 South Street

	Services	Attendance	
		Seamen	Total
Sunday A. M.	4	187	198
" P. M.	4	1,025	1,099
" Communion	4	24	35

Church of the Holy Comforter, West Street

Sunday P. M.	4	208	251
" Communion	0		

U. S. Marine Hospital

Sunday A. M.	4	139	139
" Communion	1	12	12

Ellis Island Hospital

Sunday P. M.	4	388	388
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Bible Class Meetings

Bible Class Meetings	4	399	399
Miscellaneous	3	210	216
Baptisms			1
Weddings			0
Funerals			4

Relief Department

Boarding, Lodging and Clothing	2,921
Assisted thru Loan Fund	183
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	621
Referred to Hospitals	48
Hospital Visits	50
Patients Visited	4,805
Referred to other Organizations	47

Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	19	4,285	5,327
Home Hours	4	903	957
Ships visited			51
Packages of literature distributed			533
Knitted articles distributed			317

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	19
Men shipped	95
Given temporary employment	29
Total	124

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	19,981
Letters received for seamen	15,282
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,223

Educational Department

Navigation and Marine Engineering	
School enrollment	42
First Aid Lectures	5

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits	\$97,191.34
Withdrawals	84,181.77
Transmitted	14,802.96

SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

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

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

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may receive **THE LOOKOUT**:

1. **Founders** or **Benefactors** receive **THE LOOKOUT** for life.
2. Everyone who subscribes one dollar a year to **THE LOOKOUT DEPARTMENT**.
3. All who contribute **annually five dollars or more** to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
4. Those who **make any gift** receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.

If you have not done so already, please renew your subscription; or if you have received complimentary copies in the past, subscribe now by sending one dollar.

The increased cost of paper and printing and the postage thereon make it impossible to send **THE LOOKOUT** except under the above conditions.