

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
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No. 7

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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INCORPORATED 1844

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

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| 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 |
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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.

THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 11

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Their Boy.

New York was wrapped in the soft haze of a summer night when the weather man is unsettled in his mind. The lights in the tall buildings peeked through a grey veil that half revealed and half concealed their little winking eyes.

On the East River, irritable little tugs, panted asthmatically as they shoved their barge companions through the dangers of traffic; and the self confident ferries went about their business with a calming regularity.

But to the little man and woman from a city far to the north there was nothing regular about it. Above their heads great trains crashed; below them they heard the rumble of the subways; and beside them the trolleys ambled along indifferently. Everywhere there was motion, people and things hurrying in every direction, and nothing and no one ever seeming to get anywhere. And some place in the midst of all this, was their boy.

"Do you think we'll ever find anybody?" the woman asked her husband anxiously as they stood, trying to find someone who wasn't running to catch something.

"I guess so," he answered with the confidence of a man who is expected to have knowledge because of his past; for at one time the man had been a sailor.

"Let us go to the Seamen's Insti-

tute," the woman said, "that is where he told us to write; but dear me I don't think we'll ever find him in this place."

So they came to the Seamen's Institute, a kindly man who liked to swap yarns with the old sailors; and a gentle faced woman, whose eyes scanned the face of every boy.

Three days they stayed in New York, and much of the time they spent in the Lobby talking to the sailors and telling them about their boy.

"You would know him at once if you saw him," the mother explained to the Chaplain who looks for Missing Men. "He is not an ordinary boy. He is a very good boy; and last night when I was sitting in Battery Park I saw a boy something like him, but he looked down and out. I wanted to speak to him, but my husband said there were thousands like him. But maybe my boy is like that. Maybe he is down and out, and there is no one to speak to him."

And then the tears came to the mother's eyes and she hid her face for a second; and after three days the man and the woman went home, without their boy.

* * * * *

Six weeks passed and John's name was on the list of Missing Men and a card in the post office asked him to call at the office of the Chaplain; and then he came.

The Chaplain did not know him at the first glance. To him he looked much like many other boys; but when he saw the name on his card, he took him into his office, and he told him about his father and mother. They would pay his way home and all his expenses if he would only go.

The boy sat twirling his cap in his hand, and catching his under lip between his teeth. His clear honest boyish eyes met the eyes of the Chaplain frankly as he declared his creed.

"I left home myself and I'd rather make my way back myself. I missed my ship in France and I had to sell my clothes to live until I got another. I will go home after my next trip, when I can buy some clothes, and pay my fare."

"How long since you were home?" the Chaplain asked doubtfully.

"Three years."

"And how old are you?"

"Twenty."

He did not seem eighteen, but when he opened his hands, he showed the marks of the shovel, the big calloused muscular hands of a man; a man with all a man's prejudices and pride.

He had only ninety cents in the world, but he left the office refusing to take a cent of the money his father left; but with a promise to return if he changed his mind.

The next day he was back.

"I will go home," he said without any preliminaries.

"Why?" the Chaplain asked in surprise.

The boy twirled his cap and kept

his eyes on the floor. His voice was a little thick and confused as he tried to explain.

"I went out to the fence where a lot of the fellows were sitting when I left you, and I told them about my father wanting me to go home. One of the men had seen my mother and father. He had talked to them. He said I ought to go home. He said if he could he'd take me there himself."

The boy paused, then added, "He said my mother looked downhearted."

He couldn't say anything after that.

The Chaplain couldn't either, not for a few seconds. He had seen the mother, trying so hard to be brave.

He sent a telegram to the father. John would go home if he would send the money.

All day the next day we waited for the money but it did not come; and he had said he would send it. John's young face took on older lines. He knew most people fell down when it came to giving money and he hadn't wanted to take it. He had consented only for his mother's sake. He said he would go to sea.

"Could this boy find a place to change his clothes?"

It was the father from a little city far north and in his hand was a suitcase full of clothes. Beside him stood John, his face beaming with restored faith and love.

Up town the mother was waiting. She had come all the way back, but she was afraid to come the last step. Afraid the boy would have 'gone back to sea.'

Freaks.

Covered with medals, a blackjack in his belt to keep away the hobos, and a small satchel by his side with the records of his travels and the autographs of many of the great of the earth; he sat in the reading room puffing a small brown pipe.

"Yes he had been to sea," he said in answer to a question, and he wanted a job peeling potatoes on a ship going to England.

"I have been over most of this country," he explained, "walked most of the way, and I can do my thirty miles a day, without any trouble. I went across Canada," and to prove it he showed the signatures of many prominent men in all the larger cities.

He had also the signatures of Secretary Tumulty, and Governor Hiram Johnson and many other prominent people in this country.

"No, I won't call on the Mayor," he said like one denying a favor, "he's a Fenian, and I am going back to fight the Irish. There were a lot of Irish women on the street today selling papers, and I told them we'd get them yet?"

"What did they say?" an interested listener asked.

"It gets around," he said with a satisfied nod, "it gets around that a wicked man has arrived in town."

"What made you think of tramping around the world," he was asked.

"I wanted to see what freaks there were in this country," he explained, "and I have. I've seen them all."

And the restraint of the workers

is shown by the fact that no one asked him if he had a mirror.

The Rev. Jimmy Legs.

The following from an article in *The Churchman* by Guy Emery Shippler, will interest every reader of *THE LOOKOUT*. We regret that we haven't space to publish the whole article.

"Say, I'd go to the end of the rope for that little doctor."

It was 'Scupper' one of Jimmy Legs 'gobs' who made this pronouncement. We were sitting at the moment in the little doctor's study—the little doctor being Jimmy Legs, on some occasions known to the gobs also as 'the Skipper.'

'Scupper' attired in the navy uniform of Uncle Sam, was occupying the swivel chair at the little doctor's desk where he had been for some time engaged with pen and paper inscribing a letter to a pal somewhere on the seven seas.

"Pretty soft this hangout the doctor has turned over to you fellows," I had said by way of livening up the dullness of listening to 'Scupper's' pen. "He must be a pretty good sort."

It was in response to this interruption, that 'Scupper' had swung on me with his enthusiastic proclamation of allegiance.

"All the gang feels the same way," he went on. "Lewes, Delaware may be a good town, but its no place for a bunch of gobs—except for 'The Skipper.' "

I had been in town only a few hours but I had to admit my agree-

ment. Outside the rector's study window was a lovely old burying ground surrounding the church. The tombstones carried dates as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. It seemed somewhat typical of Lewes. For be it known that Lewes is the oldest town in Delaware, founded in 1631 and once a part of New Amsterdam. * * *

Uncle Sam established a naval base at Lewes during the recent war. Suddenly the sleepy old town was overrun with gobs from the navy. There wasn't a blessed thing for them to do when they were off duty. No one among the inhabitants had ever counted on having the town become an important naval center, with young gentlemen in uniform looking for entertainment. But the Rev. Jimmy Legs, one of the youngest old men it has ever been my pleasure to meet, jumped in and made the town a mecca of joy for every man jack of the crowd.

Back in 1900 Jimmy Legs—never suspecting that he would wear that name—was made rector of St. Peter's Church. When the call went to him it was addressed to the Rev. C. H. B. Turner, D.D., for that is Jimmy Legs original name—though his gobs protest that it is not his real one. * * *

Nine hundred sailor men and no place to go! Jimmy Legs donned his old felt hat and headed for the beach. In spite of his clerical togs—anyone could see that a real man was inside of them—the youngsters in uniform gave him a royal welcome. They told Jimmy Legs their troubles and they had a good supply of them. One little trouble was that there was no

place for all of them to sleep.

"That's easy," said Jimmy Legs, or something to that effect, and headed for home with a crowd in tow.

Any night for months after that if you entered the rectory—and the door has never known a key—you would find it necessary to pick your way carefully, if you wanted to avoid sure death by stepping on a sleeping gob. They were wrapped in blankets all over the floors; they were piled like railroad ties on every bed.

"They knew this place belonged to them" said the 'Skipper' smiling in reminiscence as he told me of those days. "They could come and go as they wished. It was funny to see them going over the front fence in the morning—like a flock of blue birds I used to tell them. I didn't have very much room but what I had was theirs." * * *

Where did Jimmy Legs get his name? Out of his love for discipline. It is perfectly well known that gobs have a profound aversion for getting up in the morning. When they slept at 'The Skipper's' they thought at first they might 'put one over on' the little doctor. And so they would pile off to bed telling 'The Skipper' to call them at five A. M. 'The Skipper' would set the alarm clock and put it where it could be heard by the gobs. When the clock went off the gobs turned over and went to sleep again. But it meant short shift for Morpheus, With relentless punctuality 'The Skipper' would sally down the hall in his pajamas and turn the gobs out of bed, or flip them out of a blanket as the case might be.

"They may sleep all day if they don't tell me they have to get up," said 'The Skipper.' "But they know that if they tell me to get them up they've made a binding agreement."

And so the sleepy gobs dubbed 'The Skipper' 'Jimmy Legs' because of his traits in common with the gentlemen on shipboard known as Jimmy Legs, whose task it is to rout out the boys of a morning.

Lewes has one attraction—the inevitable one, a movie show.

"We'll go tonight, if you want to," said Jimmy Legs that afternoon in his study, "Some of the boys will go with us. I always keep a supply of tickets on hand, and they know where to find them."

He pulled out a drawer of the desk and unwound two yards of pink pasteboard.

We went through the old streets in the early dusk that night, with five of Uncle Sam's young gentlemen trailing along behind. And in every heart under a blue jacket was a love for the little doctor that any man might envy, the kind of love that spoke in every gesture, every tone of voice, every live young eye.

That afternoon I had said to Jimmy Legs, "What can the Church do to help you?"

He hauled me off to the sea edge of the town, alongside the old battery.

"I want to buy that house," said Jimmy Legs, "and turn it into a seamen's institute, where the boys can have a real place to stay and where they can have a good time. The whole thing can be done for fifteen thousand

dollars. I hope the church will give me the money." * * *

The house to which Jimmy Legs had pointed had seemed even more drowsy than the town around it. But as I watched it it gradually became alive, into its doors I saw the bluebirds flocking, and from its open hospitable windows I heard the rollicking songs of the sea. And in the early dawn I heard the clamor of a Big Ben and saw the pajama clad figure of Jimmy Legs on his morning rounds.

A Perpendicular Parish.

When a clergyman is called to take a pastorate, he first inquires as to the opportunities for work, the machinery for assisting in doing it and the extent of the parish. This may vary from a few blocks square in our great cities to many miles square in the more sparsely settled country districts. Missionaries to foreign fields tell us that their parishes are hundreds of miles square in extent and contain literally millions of inhabitants.

The parish of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is unique in that it is a *perpendicular parish* extending down three stories into the bowels of the earth to bedrock and up in the air thirteen stories.

It is a great seamen's community center replete in its provisions for meeting the needs of real men. It is a "City Four Square" on earth intended to put into practical application the underlying principles of Christianity which govern the "City Four Square" to come.

Within this beehive of activity are installed those co-operating agencies necessary to meet the mental, moral, physical and spiritual needs of the normal man.

While vast sums are being expended by various religious organizations in sending missionaries to the various non-Christian lands, the Institute is unique in having the peoples of many foreign lands flocking here to receive its physical benefits, and giving us the inestimable Opportunity of ministering to their higher natures. You who contribute to this great work have the honor of co-operating in what is probably the most unique parish in the world—a *perpendicular parish*.

Books and Magazines.

The summer has come, and while the Institute Boat has not yet made any trips to ships in the harbor with its message of good will and its offering of books and magazines, it will do so long before you receive this number of THE LOOKOUT.

The drain on our book shelves will then be its greatest; and we hope that you will not forget the men of the sea, when you finish reading a book that has been particularly interesting, and the latest magazines. It seems like imposing on good nature to keep on asking when you are sending us so much excellent reading matter, but the more we have the more we can give. And the more we give the more pleasure and profit there is to the men of the sea.

Power Launch Needed

Bishop Hulse is contending with conditions in the harbor at Havana, Cuba, than which three are few worse in this world. He is attempting to offset the influence of liquor and the class liquor brings to that part of the world.

He wants to visit the ships in that Roadstead, and take books and magazines to the sailors; and he wants to take the men from the ships to some place on shore where the influence around them will be clean and wholesome.

He needs a second-hand power launch, 30-35 feet long. He needs it very badly. He needs it at once.

On ships in that harbor are clean wholesome American boys; boys who must be protected; this is the opportunity for someone who can help in this way.

On those ships are the young men who are laying the foundation for the Greater American Merchant Marine. It is our privilege to reach out and put around those boys the protection we cannot be there to give.

A second-hand power launch is what is needed. It is needed badly.

The Lean Season

The summer months are usually more trying to our Board of Management than any other season, because of the natural shrinkage of benevolences. Our good friends are either away from home on their vacations or else it is too hot to give consideration to appeals.

John Smeaton, who built the great

Eddystone Lighthouse after several unsuccessful attempts by others, was once asked about the possibility of its light going out. "Never" he replied, shocked at the mere suggestion. The Institute never takes a vacation. Its hospitable doors are ever open to the needs of the seamen. It is on the job night and day, week in and week out, with its ceaseless service to the men of the sea.

The many remittances we receive from friends at the seashore or in the mountains give evidence that they have not forgotten the Seamen. This year the increasing pressure in the economic world confronts our Board with problems which they have not had to face heretofore. In recognition of this, many friends who have paid their annual contribution, have sent us a second contribution, while others have doubled or increased their annual remittances. Our grateful thanks go out to them for their thoughtfulness.

Cheers of Appreciation

Three rousing cheers for Mr. Louis Gordon Hamersley, whose gift of \$100 made one of the best concerts of the year possible for the Fourth of July entertainment, were the loudest part of a joyous evening, when five hundred men joined to express their appreciation.

Mrs. Roper looking at the men through a soft haze of smoke, that rose from the cigars that were part of the entertainment, told the men of the interest Mr. Hamersley had always taken in the men of the Merchant Marine; and that even when he was on the other side fighting he had

not forgotten them.

The Beasey sisters who long ago sang and played their way into the hearts of the sailors, delighted them as they had done a year ago; and two comedians added the laugh that we all want on the Fourth of July. And of course there was a talk on the 'flag' and its meaning; and moving pictures, and community singing, and smokes. The smokes were mentioned before; but they must be mentioned again, because they were before, and after, and in between.

Nowhere to Go

His arm held at an awkward angle, his shoulder twisted forward, his face grey with an unhealthy pallor, he walked up the stairs, a companion on each side. His companions were talking eagerly. The boy, for he was not more than a boy, was not talking. There was a scared look in his young eyes.

"What is the matter?" the Chaplain asked sympathetically.

They explained. Two of the men had been fooling with a revolver, and it went off. **The boy with the twisted** shoulder and the grey pallor had been lying in his bunk, and he received the bullet in the chest. It had been there for seven days, and he was suffering untold agony. The ship had docked after all the offices were closed. The boy did not know where to go.

He was afraid too, for his shoulder had twisted out of place, and he could not move his arm, and he had no money, and New York seemed a very big, big city.

And then they thought of the Institute.

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Growing.

In nature there is no standing still; there must be growth or deterioration. In the organizations of society that are made by man the same inexorable law holds; for men and nations are bound to the treadmill of necessity which demands, that we advance or die.

The Seamen's Church Institute is not exempt from this law, and the life in the idea on which the Institute was founded, is evidenced by the fact that similar Institutes are springing up in various ports all over the United States. The Seamen's Church Institute idea is growing.

From month to month we have told the story of the Seamen's Church Institutes in San Francisco, in Philadelphia, in Norfolk; and this month our story is not of a new Institute, but of the election of officers for the Seamen's Church Institute of America, a great organization that is destined to link this work in the various ports into one great combined effort for the men of the Merchant Marine.

What the future of the Seamen's Church Institute of America will be no man can say. The need for it is great and the possibilities will be lim-

ited only by the people who are back of the idea,

The names of the men in the national organization are the guarantee for a great future; for many of them are men who have already built up one of the greatest organizations of its kind in the world.

A Modern City of Refuge.

The Old Testament makes a statement of fact confirmed by historians that certain cities in olden time were known as "Cities of Refuge." To these a murderer could flee and if successful in reaching same before his avenger, he received protection that could not be guaranteed outside thereof.

The great building of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is a veritable city of refuge to thousands of storm-tossed mariners who find within its hospitable walls a sense of security not afforded elsewhere.

As soon as they land from their vessels, they make a beeline for the Institute in order to deposit their earnings in the Seamen's Wages Department. Then they heave a sigh of relief, for they know that outside are crimps and pan-handlers and harpies and plug-uglies lying in wait to snare the unwary.

It requires a never-ceasing vigil to circumvent the plans of those who would prey upon the sailor. Like Clancy, in the song the sailors love to sing, the Institute "sleeps with one eye open" in order to assure protection. Our detective force is kept busy day and night weeding out the undesir-

ables who make bold to pass in with the thousands of bonafide seamen who visit the Institute daily.

The Medicine He Needed.

The Chaplain had worked all day, and he was tired. He knew that his family would have dinner ready for him, and he was ready for it. He reached for his hat and then for the telephone that rang out an insistent jarring appeal.

The message was from a big New York hospital saying a French sailor was dying and they wanted a Chaplain to go to him. They gave the name of the ship and the Steam Ship Line, but not of the sailor.

When the Chaplain, who went at once, reached the hospital, he could not find anyone who knew why he had been sent for. After some searching he found a French sailor from the ship named, but he was far from dying. However he said he had heard that a man from the same ship was in some other part of the hospital.

He went with the Chaplain in search of the man who was dying and they found him. He had been operated on that morning as a last chance and there he lay gasping out his last little span of life.

He could not understand a word of English, a stranger in a strange land; alone in life; alone in death.

The Chaplain could not speak to him, but the French sailor with him did; and so surprised was the dying man to hear his own tongue that at first he could not speak.

Then he talked—how he talked;

and the Chaplain got permission for his companion to spend his last night with him. He also sent a priest to minister to him.

The next morning when the Chaplain came to his office, the first thing he did was call up the hospital.

"No he is not dead," was the message, "he is better."

Pretty Polly.

There is something about a parrot that is irresistible to a seaman.

It may be the bird's proud disdain of the wishes of its captors. It may be any one of a dozen reasons, but the fact is there, that most sailors who go south at some time or other come back burdened with a parrot, that they promptly pass on to someone else to care for while they are in port.

Such a bird was left in the office of a kindly Chaplain with the promise that the owner would call for it in the morning. The Chaplain was kindly, but he knew seamen, so he emphasized the necessity of the man calling the next day, as he would not keep the bird any longer.

The next day passed and the seaman did not call, but Polly did. Polly was an autocratic bird, indifferent to the wishes and feelings of everyone but itself. It kicked its food out of the cage when it was not pleased, it spilled the water when in a bad temper and it screamed in a horrid grating voice when it could not have what it wanted, and the trouble was no one knew what it wanted.

At the end of a week the Chaplain

was beginning to hate the sight of it, and its voice was getting on his nerves. He started out to find someone who would take it off his hands. He finally found a young lady who had an aunt who was fond of parrots, and she offered to take it to her. The Chaplain sighed with relief, but bargained that if the sailor returned within another week he was to have the parrot by paying its board and lodging.

To this the aunt agreed and the parrot was sent to its new home, and in some strange inexplicable way won the affection of its new owner. She said she hoped the sailor would drown before he came back to claim the bird.

But he didn't. He came back at the end of two months, and asked for the bird, in the innocent tone of a man who had live up to his contract.

The Chaplain explained that he had forfeited the right to the bird as he had distinctly said he would not keep it for more than one night. The sailor agreed that he had been remiss in his duty but he wanted "Polly."

There was something about Polly that he liked far on and beyond any parrot he had ever known. He couldn't exactly explain it, but no other bird was just like Polly to him. He felt that life would not be the same without that bird.

The aunt felt the same. Polly had a way with her. There cannot be any doubt although the Chaplain had failed to see it. Polly had her good points.

Polly's fate hangs in the balance.

Other Things Necessary.

In all the great times in the history of men and nations there has been a turning to God. Our own time is no exception. Already there has been a stirring in the consciences of men, of which the outward expression is Labor and Community Churches.

At the annual meeting of The British Missions to Seamen, Mr. Thomas Chambers, Treasurer of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, said, "For over thirty years I have been an active trade unionist. For the last twenty-two years I have been connected with the men of the sea, and during that time, I have become of the opinion,—more and more as years go on—that there are other things necessary in the lives of the workmen than the purely material, industrial, and economic things."

And in regard to the work of the Missions to Seamen the same speaker said, "The conditions on so many of our ships being what they are, there is all the more need for such an institution as The Missions to Seamen in order to look after the men, and to give them something of the brightness of life when they get off these ships and get on shore. And when we know the conditions which exist in some parts of this country—and not only in this country but overseas—when we know the terrible temptations that face the men as they leave their ships, then there is all the more reason why there should be someone ready to welcome the men, and things should be made as bright as possible for them."

The Seamen's Church Institute in America, is just as necessary as the British Missions to Seamen.

Sailors and Health.

One evening in June the Institute had the honor of entertaining Surgeon General Cumming of the Public Health Service of the United States; a number of men associated with him in caring for the health of the nation; Captain Seeley, Supervising Inspector of Steamboat Inspection Service; Mrs. Henry Howard, of Boston, who did remarkable work for sailors during the war, and her assistant, Miss Mabel Barkley.

Mr. Baylies, President of the Seamen's Church Institute, welcomed the guests on behalf of the Board, and assured them that any suggestions they could make in regard to bettering the condition of Merchant Seamen would be appreciated. Captain Burleigh, a member of the Board was also present to meet the men of the Public Health Service and gain all the information possible that might be of benefit to the Institute.

Dr. Mansfield, the host of the evening, emphasized the importance of having the co-operation of the Public Health Service, and the Institute, in caring for the men of the Merchant Marine; and Dr. Wilson, the House Doctor, gave some idea of what is being done in matters of health for the men who come to the Institute.

"I am glad that a clergyman is over this splendid work for sailors," the Surgeon General said, after he had expressed his pleasure at seeing the

Institute, "for I realize that any nation to be really great, must have a religious basis."

He gave a short history of the Public Health Service, which had developed from two Marine Hospitals. They had now taken over the War Risk cases, which gave them a general interest in the hospitals throughout the country. Next year he hoped to see an addition to the Marine Hospital in the Port of New York. He said that in matters of health he had found that sailors were about as good as anyone and maybe a little better. But being world transients, they had little opportunity to get proper medical attention and he was greatly pleased to know that the Institute had a doctor and a dispensary, and he hoped soon to have follow up work.

Dr. Lavinder said that the great need at present was First Aid training for all officers on Merchant ships; and Captain Seeley followed with the information that the plea for such training made at Washington by Dr. Mansfield and Dr. Lavinder, had been so effective that as soon as they had facilities for training the officers, First Aid training would be made compulsory. That he expected would be within the year.

Dr. Young, Superintendent of the Marine Hospital, Staten Island, recalled the time when the burial of a sailor without friends in this port, had nothing to distinguish it from the burial of a vagrant dog. It was an epoch making change, when Dr. Mansfield secured a plot for sailors and every man was given decent burial, no matter how poor and friendless.

Dr. Cofer spoke from the angle of the doctor in charge of the quarantine station, where he said they would be glad to have the attendance of a Chaplain; and Dr. Kerr told of some of his problems in the Ellis Island Hospital where a Chaplain from the Institute visits regularly.

Mr. Baylies referred to the fact that there were more women present than he had ever seen at any such gathering in the Institute, and he thought the influence of women was needed in the work. The Surgeon General also spoke of the value of the work of women for sailors, and Mrs. Howard of Boston, gave an account of her work for sailors from three angles. She spoke as the wife of a man who had been in the Service; as the mother of a boy who had been to sea; and as a woman who had organized a great Social Service work. She emphasised the need of a Social Service Department, a department to care for a class of men, whose calling makes them peculiarly dependent on the understanding sympathy of the people they meet on shore.

Her Vacation.

Men sat in a row beside the drunken fence, that staggers around the devastated waste, that was, Jeanette Park. They sat facing the Institute, silent for the most part, glancing idly from time to time, at the men and women going in and out.

It was an old sailor who first saw a tall thin woman, who walked with the hesitating step of one on new ground; and who looked with eager hungry look, at the faces of the men,

her eyes hesitating and then stopping on the face of every boy in the row.

They knew what she wanted those men, and they would have been glad if they could have told here where her boy had gone. If he had been there they would have told him, that it was not right for any boy to bring such a look to the face of his mother. They would have told him that, unconscious that many of them had brought the same look to the face of some woman.

She walked on into the Institute, still hesitating, looking eagerly from side to side. At the door she was met by the watchman who listened to her anxious explanation about her boy, who was a good boy, but he lost his position, and he didn't like to go home, and she heard he had gone to sea.

The watchman sent her up to the office of the Chaplain, and there she again told her story, to The Man Who Cares for Boys. He listened with the sympathy felt only by a man who has carried into the Kingdom of Manhood, the visions and dreams of youth. He listened, and by some queer intuition he knew what was the right thing to do. He said, "Come and let me show you the building, where the sailors live."

Wondering she went with him, and when she had seen it all, she returned to the Chaplain Who Looks for Missing Men and Boys and she said, "If he was only here I would be happy. I have had terrible visions of him being in some disreputable place. But if he were here he would be safe."

"It is my vacation," she explained, and I am spending it looking for my

boy."

She dashed away the easy tears, and added, "He doesn't know how I suffer or he wouldn't. He is a good boy. You would recognize him if you saw him. Here is his picture."

Glorified by love, he was one among a million; and we did not tell her, that we were not so sure we would recognize him.

The National Organization.

A meeting of the Directors of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, was held on June 17th, 1920, for the purpose of organizing the Seamen's Church Institute of America, and electing officers.

Bishop Burch was elected temporary chairman of the meeting and Mr. Edmund Baylies temporary secretary. Mr. Baylies produced a certified copy of the Certificate of Incorporation of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, dated June 10th, 1920. This was ordered to be placed with the records of the Corporation.

By-Laws were adopted, and the following officers were elected.

Hon. President: Rt. Rev. William F. Nichols, D.D.; President: Edmund L. Baylies; Hon. Vice-Presidents: Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, D.D., Rt. Rev. Charles Sumner Burch, D.D., Rt. Rev. Clinton Simon Quin, D.D.; Vice-Presidents: Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Alexander Van Rensselaer, William H. Crocker; General Superintendent; Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D.; Asst. Gen'l Sup't.: Rev. Charles P. Deans;

General Secretary: Rev. George W. Davenport; Treasurer: Henry L. Hobart; Asst. Treasurer: Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D.

A Memorable Gathering.

When the history of the Seamen's Church Institute of America is written, a little gathering in the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, on June 26th, 1920, will have an important place.

Just sixteen days after the organization was Incorporated, and nine days after the officers were elected, Dr. Mansfield, newly elected General Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, presided at a farewell dinner to Rev. John F. Frampton, on the eve of his departure for Port Arthur and Beaumont, Texas, to take up work for the national organization.

Mr. Frampton is a child of the New York Institute, having spent two summers here, between terms at the Theological Seminary from which he graduated this summer. He goes to his new field with practical experience in the work to which he wishes to devote his life.

Fundamental.

A subscriber writes—"The work of the Seamen's Church Institute was exceedingly interesting to me during the war. It was as fundamental as any government work, and is always interesting because so comprehensive."

Another from the far south writes—"I am very sorry that I cannot do more than the enclosed check to help

in the splendid work you are doing for the seamen. I suppose you will never know all the wonderful help in the many ways you have given until you get into the great Beyond. I thank you for the opportunity to help a little and am enclosing some names of friends whom I should like to have experience some of the pleasure that I do in joining in this work."

Still another from near home says—"I enclose contribution for use wherever needed in your excellent work. Very much enjoyed my recent visit to your institution. Its remarkable cleanliness, and its so well meeting the needs of the men impressed me most. Such a pleasant spirit seemed to pervade the place, goodwill, kindness and service were in the air."

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of all the nice things our friends say and do, but we must quote from a New York lady who wrote, "A childhood passed in an old whaling town, many summers on the coast of Maine, and frequent crossings of the Atlantic, have given me an enduring interest in the sailors, while THE LOOKOUT has seemed to make me personally acquainted with many of them. I rejoice in the way that you are caring for men and that the work is spreading in many directions, and hope that each new branch may prosper."

Showing Dad.

There were two of them, bright boys just out of the university, who came into the Chaplain's Office, seeking help.

"We live in South America," one of them explained, "and we want to work our way back there, but we must be identified? Can you help us?"

"I certainly can," the Chaplain Who Knows the Law said, heartily, "Did you have passports coming up here?"

"Yes we did," the more talkative said, "and we both have positions representing good firms in Philadelphia. But we wish to work our way down so that we can start business with a clean sheet. We want to show our Dads that our education has really helped us, and not made us afraid of work."

"Then I'll see that you have a chance to show your Dads," the Chaplain said heartily, and he took out the identification book from which the Institute issues certificates to men it feels confident are worthy.

As he questioned the young men he found that one was the son of an Ambassador; and the other was the son of a man well known in mining circles.

They were sent with certificates filled out and sworn to, to the Shipping Board; and as they ran down the stairs with thanks on their lips, and enthusiasm in their faces, it did seem so worthwhile to help boys, "show their Dad."

Do Something!

The Chaplain stood facing a weeping girl.

In the background three sailors stood at ease, but their eyes were at attention. They knew there were many

ways of dealing with weeping women.

One way is to pat them on the back and cheer them up without doing anything. That is the political way. They had done that on occasion.

Another way is to laugh at their troubles and tell them there is nothing the matter. That is the indifferent way. They had done that too.

The third way is to remove the cause of trouble. That is the way of a friend. They had done that.

They tried to look absorbed in doing nothing, but their eyes betrayed their interest in the girl and her problem, and what the Chaplain would do. The Chaplain was interested in it too; he too wondered just what he could do.

Her brother had run away, leaving a note on the table saying he was going to sea. Five months had passed and then his mother received a letter from him in Japan naming all the places he expected to go before he returned home; but he did not give the name of his ship.

The Chaplain read his letter, that the girl had brought with her, and he noted that he spoke of taking troops. That gave him the idea of a transport, and he at once called up the Bureau of Operations of the United States Transport Service.

He learned that the General Grant had been in Yokohama when the boy wrote, and that it would touch at the ports he mentioned.

He told the girl and her joy was beyond expression.

It was the usual story, "My mother cannot sleep. She is crying herself sick. But now she will rest at ease. Now she will be happy watching for his ship."

A Six Year Memory.

It is proverbial that seamen have short memories; but there was one man at the Institute one hot day in June whose memory had treasured a kind deed for six years.

The perspiration was streaming down his face until people at a distance thought he was crying; and they wondered where he got the liquor. But it was merely a case of perspiration from too much hurrying.

"I have only a few minutes and I want to thank Dr. Mansfield. I ask the Steward to let me come. Six years ago Dr. Mansfield cared for me when I was in trouble."

"Yes that is all," he said, "I just want to thank him. I want him not to think I forget."

"Did he remember the money he owes us?" the Chaplain with a very good memory asked with a doubtful smile, when told of Jack's desire.

"He didn't mention that," the new and sympathetic Chaplain said with a certain reserve. He didn't know seamen and it was rather a shock to find that Jack's memory was faulty in places.

Donations Received June, 1920

Reading matter, bound books, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort bags,

ties, clothing, undergarments, post cards, waste paper, encyclopedias, talcum powder, dental cream, shaving cream, shaving soap, shaving holders.
Adams. Mrs.
Addison, Mrs. Murray
Allan, Mrs. George S.

Allen, Miss Cynthia S.
Allen, J. D.
American Museum of Natural History.
Anonymous—5.
Anonymous—Bloomfield, N. J.
Anonymous—13303 Lake Shore Bld.

Appleton, Mrs. H. K.
 Archer, Mrs. George A.
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
 Baldwin, Miss Martha R.
 Bank of El Dorado Springs
 Bard, Misses Mary and Louise
 Bartlett, Miss E. Ethel
 Bates, B. F.
 Beall, Miss M. L.
 Bird, Mrs. C. S., Jr.
 Both-Hendricksen, Miss L.
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 Brooks, Miss Mary D.
 Brown, Mrs. Robert
 Browne, Mrs. Benjamin C.
 Bull, Mrs. A. L.
 Bullett, Mrs. W. M.
 Burnhans, Mrs. H. W.
 Burkham, Miss Caroline T.
 Burlleigh, Col. Geo. W.
 Butterworth, Mrs. T. H.
 Calder, Mrs. J. A.
 Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth
 Chafee, Mrs. Z.
 Champlin, William
 Chase, Miss A. G.
 Cleveland, J. Wray
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Craig, Miss A. B.
 Crowell Publishing Co.
 Danielson, Mrs. John W.
 Darnell, Mrs. G. F.
 Davis, Mrs. A. D.
 Davis, Miss S. E.
 Davy, H. G.
 Dawes, Dexter B.
 Dawson, Mrs. A. E.
 Dickerman, G. W.
 Drummond, Miss Mary
 Drumbell, Miss A.
 Dunham, Dr. Carroll
 Dyck, Mrs. Emerson C. P.
 Dyett, Mrs. J. S.
 Edgar, Mrs. H. L. K.
 Fillebrown, Mrs. J. P.
 Fisher, Mrs. J. W.
 Flynn, M. C.
 Foster, Mrs. E. B.
 Gambier, Edward V.
 Gates, Mrs. John
 General Electric Co., Service
 Committee of Edison Lamp
 Works, Harrison, N. J.
 Gilmore, Miss M. J.
 Given, Mrs. John L.
 Goodbody, Mrs. W. W.
 Gordon, Mr. & Mrs. W. W.
 Gould, Mrs. W. T.
 Griffith, Miss Susan D'annat
 Hagemeyer, Mrs. F. E.
 Hall, Mrs. A. H.
 Hall, Mrs. J. B.
 Hall, Mrs. Thomas G.
 Hance, Mrs. J. A.
 Hardenberg, H. F.
 Harrington, Mrs. John
 Hartshorn, Mrs. Stewart H.
 Hatch, Miss Clara J.
 Hendrie, Miss J. S.
 Herr, Aldus C.
 Higginson, Mrs. J. J.
 Hodgeman, S. T.
 Hoe, Mrs. G. E.
 Horne, Mrs. E. M.
 Hotchkiss, Mrs. C. E.
 Innes, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. T.
 Irving, Mrs. Cortlandt
 James, Mrs. Julia F.
 Janeway, G. H.
 Jarecki, Ottomar
 Jenkins, Edward E.
 Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
 Jennings, Mrs. Sidney J.
 Johnson, Benjamin R.

Johnson, John White
 Jones, Mrs. Charles H.
 Kellogg, Mrs.
 Kent, Mrs. A. H.
 Kenyon, Mrs. George G.
 Kevin, Adelaide F.
 King, Miss I. C.
 King, Miss S.
 Kirby, Capt. A.
 Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.
 Lauterbach, Miss H.
 Lihme, Mrs. C. B.
 Lucas, Mrs. William Edward
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 Lyons, Miss Harriette J.
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 Marson, Mrs. T. M.
 Martin, E. M.
 Mathews, Mrs. A. J.
 Megie, Mrs. B. C.
 Metcalf, Mrs. F.
 Miller, Thomas I.
 Morgan, Mrs. James L.
 Moseley, Mrs. H. P.
 Morris, John B.
 Mowe, Mrs. Wm. R.
 Munger, H. C.
 Murdock, Mrs. G. W.
 Neilson, Mrs. Alfred
 Nevins, Miss
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 Hartford Railroad Co.,
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 Oriental Navigation Company
 Osborne, Mrs. H. W.
 Patten, Miss A. M.
 Pederson, Prof. F. M.
 Peters, Mrs. L.
 Peloubet, Mrs. L. G.
 Potts, Mrs. Charles E.
 Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
 mals, Mass. Society.
 Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
 Quinby, Mrs. W. H.
 Raymond, Prof. R. M.
 Redford, Mrs. C. A.
 Remey, Miss A. G.
 Richard, Miss Elvina
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 Righter, Miss Jessie H.
 Robb, Mrs. John T.
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 Rossiter, Mrs. Ed. V. W.
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 Spret, Mrs.
 Squire, G. H.
 Standish, J. N.
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 Sullivan, Miss

Swartz, T. J.
 Theobald, Mrs. Henry
 Thompson, Arthur C.
 Tiemann, Miss Edith W.
 Tiffany, Miss Eugenia
 Todd, John G.
 Townsend, Miss Caroline B.
 Turner, Miss Helen G.
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong
 Union League Club of N. Y.
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Van Gierson, Mrs.
 Van Winkle, Miss M. D.
 Wainright, Stuyvesant
 Walbridge, Mrs. T. H.
 Wayre, Charles D.
 Webb, Archdeacon Charles
 Henry
 Welcher, Miss A. L.
 Wheaton, Mrs. Lewis
 Whitfield, Miss Estelle
 Whiting, Giles
 Williams, Miss M. A.
 Willis, Mrs. Wm. P.
 Woodhams, Mrs. M. S.
 Woodward, Mrs. J.
 All Angels' Branch, New York
 City.

Church Periodical Club and Branches

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 Hall, N. Y.
 Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Epiphany,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Incarnation,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Messiah,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church Periodical Club, New
 York City.
 Church Periodical Club, Pitts-
 burgh, Pa.
 Grace Church, E. Orange,
 N. J.
 Holy Cross Church, Plainfield,
 N. J.
 Holy Trinity Church, New
 York City.
 St. Andrew's Church Mont-
 evallo, Ala.
 St. George's Church, Hemp-
 stead, N. Y.
 St. John's Church, Huntington,
 N. Y.
 St. Stephen's Church, Brook-
 lyn, N. Y.
 St. Thomas' Church, New
 York City.
 St. Thomas' Church, Washing-
 ton, D. C.
 Trinity Church, Elizabeth, N. J.
 Trinity Church, Hoboken,
 N. J.
 St. James Church, Painsville,
 Ohio, Boys' Guild.
 Trinity Chapel, New York,
 City, N. Y., Boys' Club.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Discretionary Fund
 Hooper, George G. \$10.00

Relief Fund
 Hatch, Miss Clara J. 1.00
 Mott, Mr. & Mrs. I. W. 1.00
 National Allied Relief
 Committee. 10.00

General Summary of Work

JUNE 1920

Religious Department

Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Sunday Morning.....	4	78	101
“ Evening.....	8	460	552
Miscellaneous	5	111	143
Bible Class Meetings	4	309	323
Communion Services			7
Baptisms			0
Weddings			1
Funerals			1

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainment	16	2,468	2,918
Home Hours	4	260	306
Ships visited.....			46
Packages of literature distributed.....			590
Knitted and other useful articles distributed			91

Relief Department

Board, Lodging and Clothing.....	19
Assisted thru Loan Fund.....	65
Cases treated in Institute Clinic.....	518
Referred to Hospitals.....	21
Hospital Visits.....	58
Patients Visited.....	5,643
Referred to other Organizations.....	1

Institute Tender “J. Hooker Hamersley”

Trips	
Visits to vessels.....	
Men transported.....	
Pieces of dunnage transported.....	

OUT OF COMMISSION

Educational Department

Navigation & Marine Engineering School enrollment.....	87
First Aid Lectures.....	5

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	20,954
Letters received for Seamen.....	12,692
Pieces of dunnage checked.....	7,471

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S.C.I	30
Men shipped.....	289
Given temporary employment.....	8
Total	297

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$108,981.08
Withdrawals	103,569.99
Transmitted	26,840.17

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

New Laundry Equipment \$3,000

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

CEMETERY FUND. Send contributions for the seaman who dies away from home, that he may be buried with his fellows. The larger the Fund, the greater number of seamen may have final care.

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may 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 **one dollar 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.

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