

The LOOKOUT



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Number 7

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

Jock and Quirk or Not Alone in a Great City

This could be done pathetically into a motion picture, but it isn't really a sad story at all. It is all about two little cabin boys who were brought to New York when the Cunard liner "Ascania" was ship-wrecked off the Banks.

Jock looks as if he were at least ten years old and Quirk might be eleven, if you were optimistic. They are both sixteen, but they are remarkable cases of arrested development, and they are not brothers, either. They speak with the burriest of Scotch voices and as they caught bad colds in the open life-boat, they have been a bit difficult to understand. Apparently, however, one man had no trouble about that: he was a reporter for the New York *Herald* and one fresh June morning, ten days ago, he was walking along the Battery when he saw Jock and Quirk, one of them in a miniature sailor suit, looking out across the Har-

bor. He stopped them, asked them a few questions, and the subsequent issue of the *Herald* had their pictures and a very sad story about their being two hungry, forlorn little sailor boys, frightened by the cold city, cold as to temperament we mean. Of course, it is July.

Now as a matter of fact (although when do facts matter to the heart-throb reporter?) neither Jock or Quirk were a bit hungry or frightened. The Cunard Co. had taken care of them, sent them to live at the Institute, supplied them with pocket money and generally been extremely good-natured and kind-hearted.

But from ten o'clock on the morning on which the *Herald* appeared with the story, until eleven o'clock at night the House Mother did nothing else but answer telephones about the poor little boys. Everyone in New York who had a soft spot for motherless boys, and for sailor lads in particular, called up and invited them to dinner, to drive, or go to the movies.

A Scotch man who found that he once had lived very near to Jock's home in Glasgow, sent his car for them took them to dinner, and to the theatre. Then he brought them back to the Institute, arranging for them to come again the next day. A limousine was sent for them by a woman whose heart had ached with sympathy when she saw how small they were and how inadequate they seemed against a background of New York.

"I shall have to keep an engagement book for you boys," the House Mother said to Jock. His round, pink cheeks grew red with embarrassment.

"I think it fine they want us to come. We did not know the paper would say that we were starved. We never told that man the things he printed." And Jock unfolded his clipping, carefully secreted beneath several layers of blue serge and flannel undergarments (in June!).

The next day they sought the House Mother to leave with her the gifts they had bought to take home. Up at the Polo Grounds someone had put up a sign, "Please help two poor little sailor boys," and they had collected about eleven dollars apiece.

"You want to be careful with all that money in New York," the House Mother warned them.

"It's no worse than Glasgow, is it?" inquired Jock feeling for his wallet.

His wallet was not easily discoverable. It clung to his warm skin, under all those extra shirts, and it was located almost directly in the center of his back, between the shoulders.

But both Jock and Quirk had remembered the family at home. Jock produced two fountain pens.

"My brothers have never had one and I got two," he said proudly.

Quirk's packages were somewhat larger. They were wrapped in tissue paper and looked a bit unwieldy. The House Mother opened the gift. It was a large glass punch-bowl, with six small glasses which could hang about the rim.

"My mother will be rare pleased to see me open that for her," he smiled, and nobody said anything about its breaking on the way from New York to Glasgow.

Jock burrowed down into his trousers pocket, unfastened a large safety pin and pulled out one of the largest Ingersoll watches that ever pulled a sailor's trousers out of shape.

"We must be thinking of going up town again," he said briskly, and they hurried off, two diminutive heroes, so small that they had to climb up and balance themselves upon the brass rail of the soda fountain in order to reach the counter and drink their Sundaes.

They have now been sent back to Scotland, presumably to write a book about their adventures in the friendliest and most generous of all cities.

"They were grand to us, and the men in this building were good. Jock and me had so many sodas one afternoon that we had to give away a strawberry one, with real strawberries in it, too," Quirk said when he left.

Students and Zone Passes

Every student who sails upon the J. Hooker Hamersley, in its three

times a weekly cruises down the harbor and outside into the open sea, must have a war zone pass.

"How do I know that one of your students isn't charting this Bay with a sextant and doing a little measuring that should not be done?" inquired the Coast Guard official of Captain Huntington.

"You can easily investigate every pupil that goes to the Navigation and Marine Engineering School," returned the Captain promptly, but after that no student boarded the boat without his pass.

Every day before the launch leaves she has to get her number from the Coast Guard office and she flies a signal which reads "E U N " in the Log Book or "A C X."

These are not the days for launches to take spontaneous trips about our harbor, or through the Narrows into the ocean. The school trips are all carefully supervised and every regulation recognized and obeyed.

House Steward Gone to France

Mr. Trevor Barlow, who has been a member of the Institute staff at this building and at the North River Station for the past eight years, sailed on July 12th for France, in the capacity of Y. M. C. A. assistant secretary and canteen worker. Mr. Barlow was the House Steward, having about six departments under his supervision, and his loss makes a serious gap in the Institute scheme. He is fitted for several branches of the Y. M. C. A. work and should make a most valuable secretary and entertainer of homesick soldiers.

When Friends Meet

This is a place of strange meetings. Husbands and wives long separated and estranged find each other, not always happily perhaps, but they meet. Fathers find their sons, and shipmates are united after years of sailing on divergent sea tracks. A few Sundays ago two men came to the Institute service. They had both known Mr. Podin many years ago, and learning that there was to be a Russian service with the celebration of communion, they had come. Seventeen years ago one of them had been a drunkard, a seaman who seemed absolutely irreclaimable. He listened to Mr. Podin who was then working with a seaman society in Brooklyn, and he found a day in which he looked himself over and made up his mind that he could get work on shore and keep sober and become a respected citizen of this or any city. He did it, and working his way up to the head of a department in The Foundation Company, he had charge of the difficult work of sinking the caissons which are beneath this Institute building.

"I like to come over and see this building," he said. "I know just how the foundations look and how hard they were to lay."

"I know something about it myself," the man standing near him remarked. "I did the iron work of this building, and I sometimes come here to service."

The two men, shapers of the Institute destiny, looked at each other and then they shook hands. They had been shipmates over seventeen years ago, sailing the seas and drinking their shore leaves away together. Now

they were men of affairs, prosperous, respected, standing once more side by side in the Chapel of the Institute.

"Mr. Podin baptized me," the foundation man said. "He baptized me, too," exclaimed the iron worker, and suddenly, unaccountably, they found tears rolling down their cheeks. The Man Who Speaks Russian, his big heart easily touched, wiped his own eyes and then every one laughed happily.

A Giant Friend to Men of the Seas

"While New York was devouring headlines last week," writes the Rev. Guy Emery Shipler in *The Churchman*, "gathering in groups before the newsstands to watch for the latest word from that new battle front—a battle front which the submarines had suddenly shifted to a few miles down the harbor—one of the Church's great institutions was taking another reef in its belt, and trying to stretch its accommodations for housing sailors. Already Uncle Sam had worn the telephone girl at the Seamen's Church Institute to a frazzle during the preceding weeks. Incessantly he had been asking for just a few more beds for his gallant men of the merchant marine. Already Dr. Mansfield had tested his never-ending resources, and burned an excessive amount of electricity, as he plotted and planned to keep the door swinging in with its friendly welcome to those men who ride the deep.

"What is one to do but ignore impossible limitations when one has friends who need a shelter? And if one be a Dr. Mansfield, what chance

has a limitation, anyway, of keeping its self-respect?

"The week before the Hun had seen fit to bring his pleasant little pastime to the doors of New York I had sat up in that immaculate office where 'the doctor,' a sky pilot loved by unnumbered multitudes of the pilots of the sea, spends days that were never intended to be long enough for a man who has so large and so international a family. I had listened while he told me of the hundreds of men he housed every night, of the ends to which he had gone to put in beds enough to take care of more and more, even to the extent of using "double deckers." (During the last year the Institute has tucked 200,000 sailors into bed!) Some weeks before that I had stumbled over innumerable cots crowded into the vast auditorium, the scene of so many gay evenings of vaudeville and dancing, arranged for those men from all the world, transformed into a dormitory. I had walked on through corridor after corridor, on a seemingly endless number of floors and looked into the clean, inviting rooms, each with its spotless white bed. I marveled to think that even a brain like that of Dr. Mansfield could uncover another bit of place to stow a Jackie. But when there's a heart that measures up to the brain, impossible things are bound to happen as a part of the day's work.

"And besides, when those blond devils from across the water turn themselves loose off your front yard, and set the boys you love adrift in open boats to battle through the night in wind and heavy seas, what are

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you going to do about it when they make shore, and ask you for a berth? Why, you're going to take them in, whether you can or not.

"So it happened that parts of the crews of eight of the ships that Germany sent to the bottom last week made the harbor of the Seamen's Church Institute. They had rowed mile upon mile through the nights: they had gone hungry. Many of them were men who never had thought of any other place in New York as home; who had always, as soon as their feet touched land, headed for the Institute. A good bed, good food, good smokes, friendly chat and pleasant games awaited them—and the sunny smile of the House Mother and 'the doctor' and those other delightful people who give off kindness and good cheer. /

"Of course, there are seamen's homes in other ports, but truly there are no others like this.

"What a place it is! And how little our Church people know of its wonders! And what a marvelous need it is filling in this war! Down there at the waterfront, in that queer part of this New York, the building itself towers its sixteen stories like a giant friend that it is. With a strange precision of alignment the great skyscrapers of lower New York have stopped and left the old water front to all its fantastic shabbiness. As you look down upon it to the north and east from the iron balcony footing the government light atop the Institute, there is a grim old-fashionedness about it that seems doubly strange in contrast to those towering cloud-sweepers. Block after block of four-

story buildings of another day hover together as if in defiance of the most modern of modern cities. In and out of their doorways goes merchandise to and from ships of the seven seas.

"And all the while, set in their very midst, the most modern of buildings spells home to thousands of men from those same seas, a building fashioned by the wizards of the present day construction whose brains conceived the Grand Central Terminal."

Mr. Shieler said a great many more splendid things about the Institute. He wrote about it with insight and sympathy and the human note of appreciation which always help to make other people understand what the Institute means and what it does. "Institute," as we have always maintained, has a certain professional, coldly organized sound. It does not present the picture of this particular, warm, friendly, hotel and club. That Mr. Shieler was so successful in suggesting the idea makes us all very grateful to him, and to *The Churchman* for its support and encouragement.

Other Seamen Articles

"Jack and the Parson," of Mr. P. H. W. Ross of the National Marine League, "The Seamen's Church Institute of America," "Sailors' Snug Harbor," "The Church and the Sailor in San Francisco," by the Rev. Charles P. Deems. "The Port of Philadelphia"; "Sailors and the War," by the Ven. Ernest J. Dennen, referring to the work done in Charlestown, Mass., were the titles, significant of their pertinent interest in the Seamen's Number of *The Churchman*.

An Apprentice Speech

It was during the last Liberty Loan campaign that Tom, one of the young British apprentice boys, was walking up Fifth Avenue, stopping now and then to listen to the side-walk orators, thinking about the sunshine and the flags on that wide street which some one has suggested may be called "Pershing Avenue" after the war.

At the corner near the Library a young Englishman in a lieutenant's uniform was making a speech from a soap-box. He looked down into the fresh face of Tom and he stopped.

"Come up here and talk for your country. Buying Liberty Bonds is helping England too. We are all in this together."

"I never made a speech anywhere in my life," Tom protested but the crowd made way for him, and before he could understand how he happened to be doing it, he was standing on the box and hearing applause.

"All I can say is that if you knew the hardships we have to endure in England right now because of the war, and the things that boys like me are doing in France and Belgium and on the sea," Tom began. They were listening to him, keeping quiet and apparently anxious to hear what he was saying. He hurried on. He talked of the privations, of the tragedies of which he personally knew, and when he climbed down, they counted up the subscriptions.

Tom's speech had brought in \$3,500 worth of Liberty Bond subscriptions.

"I never thought I could do anything like that. I only told what I knew," Tom explained to the Big Brother that evening.

After Six Days

"I not speak the English so well but I like to try. I learn it in my own country Belgium," he told the editor rather proudly.

He was a Belgian seaman who had been three years in the trenches. "Now they are trying to build up the Belgian Navy," he explained, "and they are taking the seamen from the trenches and putting them on ships. I was a seaman long before the war and now I am back on the sea: I like that better, even if there are the submarines now."

When the vessel on which he had sailed was torpedoed, about 1,000 miles from this port, 31 men got into the large life-boat and 6 men into the small one. This was on Saturday. On Sunday the sea was very rough and the smaller boat capsized, drowning all the six men.

"We could not get to them to pick them up, not one of them," he said very sadly. "That is the way of war and of the sea when your vessel is sunk."

After that they were six days in the larger life-boat, living on one biscuit a day for each man, and a very little water. They lifted up their faces to the rain, keeping their mouths wide open to catch the smallest drops of moisture. They thought, many times, that they sighted smokestacks or masts, but they were always mistaken.

"Let us row to Chile," the boat-swain urged the captain, "That is only five hundred miles from here, I think. I am very strong and I could row a great deal."

"Not on one biscuit a day," the Captain decided, and they put their signal flag a little higher above their heads.

At last a United States battleship saw them, and very nearly fired upon them, believing the life-boat to be a submarine. Luckily, the gunners discovered their mistake in time, and the ship-wrecked crew was picked up.

"When we got to the battleship we fell down from being so hungry and from having been out all those days with our clothes soaked with salt water. All the time we bailed out the sea which comes over the side of a life-boat with every high wave. I went to the hospital here in New York but I am not sick now that I have food," the smallest Belgian said, simply.

Most of the Belgian seamen, eight of whom are soldiers, are anxious to stay in New York for a while. They like the Institute. They like America and they think they could manage the language and get jobs here if they were permitted to remain a month or two. But the consul is compelled to return them to their own country and to the war, unless they receive special permission to continue at sea.

Of the twenty-five members of the crew staying in the Institute, twenty-one are Belgians, the other four are Russian, Dutch, and Danish.

Flowers on Altar

There were memory flowers upon the altar on Sunday, June 16th, placed there by Mrs. H. T. Shriver, "In Memory of Two Lovers of the Sea."

On Sunday, June 23rd, the flowers were given by Miss Mary K. Livingston, "In Memory of her mother." Mrs. Glover C. Arnold sent flowers for St. Peter's Day, Saturday, June 29th, which remained there, keeping fresh for Sunday, June 30th.

AS THE LOOKOUT goes to press there have been no July Sundays reserved. We shall be glad to receive contributions to the Flower Fund to make it possible to have the altar fragrant and beautiful with blossoms every Sunday in the year.

A Pilgrimage

He was a very old man, a Russian with the sadness of old age which has suffered and not forgotten, in his eyes. He came all the way from New Jersey on Sunday morning to take communion at the Institute Russian service.

"I have worried so much about the injustice that is being done in my country," he told the Man who Speaks Russian. "And the Bolsheviks, they are terrible. I do not understand how it is permitted, but then, I am too old to understand all the sorrows that continue. But today I have come here and you have made my church live again for me, so I give you this to keep. It might bring you luck."

As he turned toward the steps he put into the hand of the Man Who Speaks Russian a small gold coin, a two and one half dollar gold piece. With slowly moving feet, he turned his face away from the little chapel, back to New Jersey. But a soft contentment shadowed the troubled eyes, at least for a little while.

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A Depleted Staff

During the past month Dr. Mansfield has lost four members of the staff, every one of whom held a position which supervised lesser branches and departments. In a work so complicated as this one, the removal of a single departmental head creates a situation which could quickly degenerate into temporary chaos, if it were not wisely handled.

Women are being used to replace the men which the war has claimed, wherever possible. At the Hotel Desk Mrs. Thomas, of Winnipeg, Canada, is now the Desk Woman. Her smile is no more welcome than that of the former Desk Man, perhaps, but she looks as if she were the hostess; and when Jim Black rolls up to the window to ask about his bed-room, she smiles as if she had been expecting him. It is a subtle difference.

Summer and Out-of-Doors

Every Tuesday evening, a reasonable time after dinner, there are to be meetings beneath the elms of little Jeannette Park. Perhaps that is a poetic exaggeration, because the open air meetings are to be held be-

fore the Chapel door, but the elms shade the street. There will be music, led by a stirring cornet, songs and a little talk for the men who spend their evenings sitting about the curbsings on Coenties Slip, or wandering along South Street. These meetings are being conducted in co-operation with the Y. M. C. A.

Every Thursday evening our open air motion pictures will entertain the men up in the big Concert Hall. With every window open and the strongest salt breezes filling the auditorium, every man can sit in his shirt-sleeves and smoke, watching the dramas and comedies, listening to the music, and singing the choruses of "Joan of Arc" and "Over There," and the current popular airs with lilting melodies.

Friday is Picnic day. Every week a group of seventy men are to be taken to Manhasset Bay to the picnic grounds. They can lie on the sandy beach, swim, have their lunch in the old pavilion, and generally forget New York and the war and their always recurring hardships.

When the weather is fine, Friday will be the day for a picnic, but if it is stormy, the day will be changed to Monday.

Then at least twice a month there will be the automobile rides, during which about forty seamen will drive up Riverside Drive and through the Park and down Fifth Avenue.

Money from people who are interested in the seaman's summer recreations has been received to take care of the picnics for July and for the two automobile rides for this month, but if more subscriptions come in, we

should like to have at least one drive each week. Moreover, there are the August picnics to be financed.

This is the summer when seamen should be kept out of doors, and refreshed and diverted. Theirs is the big task, and a winter of icy seas and open boats is going to follow. Let us see that all the men who can get away, shall have a chance for a day at the beach, a boat trip, a drive in the big motor.

Shipless Crews

Since June 3rd the Institute has lodged, fed and clothed, besides entertaining and making cheerful, the crews or parts of the crews from the following ships. These ships were either torpedoed, submarined, bombed or wrecked.

S. S. Winneconne,
Schooner Edna,
Schooner Hattie Dunn,
S. S. Carolina,
S. S. Texel,
S. S. Hauppauge,
Schooner Samuel C. Mengel,
Schooner Isabel B. Wiley,
S. S. Henrik Lund,
S. S. Dwinsk,
S. S. Ascania,
Troopship Cecelian.

A Seaman's Issue

In its issue of June 15th, *The Churchman* gave a large part of its space to seamen, to the societies which work for their welfare in several cities, and to entertaining discussions of their problems, and the problems of the sea which the war has developed.

In the editorial "On the Seas," *The Churchman* says, in part:

"The growth of America's sea power through the exigency of war gives wings to the imagination. There was a time in our nation's history when America as a maritime power was a force to be reckoned with. We dared to contest the seas with England; we swept the pirates from the Barbary Coast; we rounded the Cape and enriched our ports with the wealth of the East. Ships were building in many a harbor and Maine, Rhode Island and Massachusetts raised up a rugged, venturesome race of seamen. Those were days which Americans like to dwell upon.

"Then came the era of timid Jeffersonian diplomacy. America's sea power began to wane. From that day to the outbreak of the great war our shipping steadily declined. In 1914 we were selling our few remaining ships to our rival upon the Pacific. America withdrew from the seas.

"The war is likely to make the United States the greatest sea power in the world. The newspapers are expanding this thrilling theme with ardor. The commercial aspect of the question is not likely to be slighted by our people. But the Christian Church also has something at stake in the problem of America's sea power. The moral welfare of the seamen is a responsibility which only the most daring statesmanship of Churchmen can adequately meet. As the weeks go by, the responsibility expands by leaps and bounds. Thousands and thousands of American seamen are being added month by month to our Navy and merchant marine.

"When the United States entered the war, 187,921 men were employed upon American vessels of all kinds. Approximately 60,000 were used to man the ships in foreign trade. If we are to increase our tonnage five-fold, it follows that nearly 300,000 men will be required to operate the fleet of merchantmen afloat at the conclusion of our building program. These fellow-citizens will be sailing from our ports and returning from their voyages. Shall we equip the Seamen's Church Institute of America to do for these men what it is so admirably fitted by experience and consecration to do? That is the present problem.

"At the present time a movement is under way to meet the sailor problem on a larger scale. Five years ago the Seamen's Church Institute of New York constructed the largest building in the world for work among seamen. It cost over \$1,250,000 to build and equip. The Sailors' Haven in Charlestown, Mass., constructed at a cost of over \$400,000, is also playing an important role in behalf of seamen and plans have been considered to rebuild more extensively. These great ports have set a splendid pace for the rest of the country. But the nation as a whole is yet to be aroused to its responsibility. We have yet to provide for and protect the sailor satisfactorily, especially where he is ashore in all our ports."

When the Lascars Listened

Our coolies, guests in the building for over four weeks, went their ways, amiably absorbed in their own thoughts, smiling when the shifting

Lobby offered them amusement, paying polite attention to the English words which were poured over them like volumes of agreeable sounds, but which meant nothing. Then one day the Man Who Speaks Norwegian decided that it would be rather a nice thing to arrange a service in Hindostani for the Lascars. He went into the Turkish quarter in Brooklyn, he sought out every one who could give him information about Mohammedan priests in the Bronx and Flatbush, and then he asked the serang (boatswain) which the men would prefer, a Christian minister who could speak their language, and could talk to them about things which they would understand, or a Mohammedan priest. They consulted. They made large gestures and they smiled so that their sparkling teeth made their brown faces radiant.

"We like have the Christian man," announced the serang and no one could determine whether it was peculiarly delicate tact, or a desire to hear what the Christian man would say. Certainly they knew pretty much what to expect from one of their own priests.

Anyhow, it was arranged and the Rev. Dr. Cummins from the Bible College came down on Sunday afternoon, June 16th. After a preliminary talk with them in the auditorium he found them to be Bengali, all of the 52 Hindoos illiterate except ten. He made an address on Mohammed and Christ in Hindostani which they followed with obvious interest. At the close of his address he had another informal talk with them, in which they joined freely, interrupted each

other and displayed a degree of animation which surprised the Institute workers.

More than any other direct good resulting from Dr. Cummins' visit was the increased friendliness of the Lascan smiles. They realized, as they had not entirely comprehended before, that the Institute was genuinely interested in them and sincerely anxious to make them share in every spiritual benefit which the seamen of all nations can seek and find under this roof.

Fourth of July Movies

Lieut. Louis Gordon Hamersley, who gave the Institute tender, the "J. Hooker Hamersley," in memory of his father, sent a special gift for the seamen's Fourth of July celebration. During the day many of the men were uptown, watching the gorgeous parade, finding their own nation represented among the marchers and floats, but in the evening they were all about the Institute, seeking entertainment.

"The Stolen Treaty," a five-reel thriller in which Earle Williams of the Vitagraph appears, was given, followed by a Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy. Ice cream cones were supplied in such a quantity that every man could eat all that he wanted to, an arrangement which seemed to overwhelm the warm and thirsty ones up to the fifth cone. After that point a noticeable languor affected the hardiest eater.

"Made me think of a Sunday school social when I was a kid in a country town," a young American seaman said, running down the wide stairs after the movies were over. "We

always had ice cream and they usually let the children have all they wanted. You always thought if you could only save some of it a day or two, you would be able to eat a quart freezer full!"

Lieut. Hamersley would have been glad to see the unaffected pleasure and amusement which his entertainment gave the men. He is at present with the American army in France, having enlisted in the French Army early in the war, and getting himself transferred when the United States entered what somebody once called the "All Comers' War."

Learning Navigation

They learn, not only navigation and marine engineering, but how to repair an old boat, how to stop leaks, and set afloat a derelict.

Mr. Chapman, of the Chapman Merritt Wrecking Co., lent an old whale boat to the Navigation School for its students to practice upon. They sailed over to the Staten Island wrecking station, hauled the boat up on the beach and looked with some dismay at the gleaming daylight which showed through the cracks.

After they learned how to scrape her properly, they filled in the cracks with ordinary washing soap, not Ivory, but the yellow sort. The action of the salt water upon this soap forms a sort of shellac which makes the boards watertight until they swell and push the soap out.

The pupils got the old whaler into such shape that they could sail it up to the Clifton Boat Club.

On July 2d they had the first lifeboat launching. There were thirty-

three students on board, and they launched the lifeboat and rowed back to the Institute pier in her.

Eight Boy Scouts from Troup 12, St. John's Church, went on the trip of Saturday, July 6th, receiving instruction in rowing.

Dr. William D. Polk

The most recent member of our Board of Managers, Dr. William D. Polk, who died on June was an old friend of the Institute. He consented to serve on the Board, although he had already too many duties for his crowded days. His marriage to Miss Maria Dehon in 1914 was another link in the bond which united him to the Institute. Miss Dehon has always been a staunch supporter of the work, having become an anonymous benefactor by her gift in memory of Theodore Dehon.

The Institute regrets exceedingly the untimely death of Dr. Polk: it loses a most interested and loyal member of the Society.

He Forgot to Ask the Favor

This is an accurate copy of a seaman's letter sent to the House Mother. In his laborious struggle for self-expression he seems quite to have forgotten the favor he meant to ask for.

"dear friend, just a fue lines to let you no i am wel and all ok and when this reaches you i hope it will find you well and all ok, dear Mrs. Roper, i am askin you to do a little faver for me and if it aint to much truble for you, i would thank you ever so much. i gest you rember me all right i

am the man who got his hand brook when i were a watchman last Genery, and who cam in off a shipwreck. i will right my full name in plain and my short name as well. som people calls me Samuel Gaskill and som calls me Sam Gaskill all so, S. Gaskill. well it is gotten late so i will com to a close for this time from yours truly."

Waiting For William

It is a simple matter for the sentimentalists to write about mother love, to invent stories about mother devotion, to sing ballads about mother and the old garden-gate. It is not so easy for a mother to express what she feels when the son she loves, with that absorption which only the maternal instinct develops, is away from her and forgetting to send her any news of his movements. The other day a letter came to Dr. Mansfield, one of the most poignant bits out of a woman's heart which the Lookout has published. It was badly spelled but it is superbly real.

"I received your letter," it said, "with the splendid news of my boy being alive. I thank you ever so much and God bless you for your trouble and kindness of locating my boy. I am fifty-five years old and wish to hear from William. I have always thought that he would be alive, and have always been waiting for my boy to come home. I have seen him in my sleep coming home a big man, and if I could only see him once more and could put my arms around him. Oh, it is so hard to think my own son can be so hard and can't spare a little time to write to his mother, the most

loved one he has in this world but I am overjoyed of the good news that he is alive.

Dr. Mansfield, would you kindly ask William to come home, if you please? God bless you."

The Superior Manner

A little girl, whose home was near a pond, went on a visit when she was four years old. The aunt she was visiting said: "I will take you to see the ocean." "I will look at your ocean," replied the little girl in her most condescending manner, "but we have a pond at home."

Sailors' Magazine.

Why It Returned

A Seaman's letter was returned to the Institute the other day. It had been to India, travelled about several months and it was finally returned to the address on its upper right hand corner. "No such person at "Dapoli Palauno" wrote the Postmaster in red ink. And this was the address on the letter.

"Ba va Balu Zulai

Gillaroonegri

Tralugacadapuli, Posto Paloni,
Piblo, India.

The Premonition

During his last visit to the Institute he subscribed ten dollars to the running expenses.

"That is very queer," remarked one of his friends dryly. "I never knew Fred to give anything away before."

Fred was an engineer, a reticent, reserved Britisher, thrifty and cau-

tious. He had come many times to the building but he seldom talked to his companions up in the Officers' Game Room. One evening before his vessel was to sail, he sought the Man who Gives Advice.

"I have a premonition that I am not coming back after this trip," he began, "and I want to arrange with you to see that my wife gets my things and what money I have saved in your Savings Department. She and I have not understood each other very well. I never would talk enough to please her, and I suppose she talked too much to suit me. Lots of married people have that trouble, and it makes hard feelings. But now I have this feeling about this being my last voyage, and I am writing her a long letter."

Of course the Man Who Gives Advice, accustomed to seamen superstitions, assured Fred that he was foolish. One always seeks to allay the fears of people who confess to premonitions. Curiously enough we never want our own dismissed as ridiculous, but we invariably treat other people's with scant respect.

Fred wrote the letter, and mailed it, left his affairs in order, made the Institute a small gift, and sailed away. His ship was torpedoed, and he was lost, with seven others of the crew.

"I could have told you he would never come back," an old seaman in the Lobby told the Man Who Gives Advice. "We sailors have a kind of second sight every little while and it does not go wrong."

And in the letter of gratitude which Fred's wife wrote she spoke with profound feeling of her husband's bravery.

Picnic Helpers

An interesting chain of individuals were helpful in obtaining for us the picnic grounds at Manhasset Bay. In the beginning Mr. and Mrs. S. Vernon Mann, Jr., suggested the location. Mr. Mann took up the matter with the owner of the property, and he was referred to the Tuxill Realty Co. Mr. C. E. Tuxill most courteously offered us the old Starrin place on Manhasset Bay on which there is a pavilion. Then it was discovered that we needed a dock. We applied to the U. S. Mortar Supply Co., and Mr. William W. Kenly, treasurer of the company, gave us permission to use their dock and land our picnickers directly upon the grounds.

THE LOOKOUT takes this opportunity to thank once more these friends of the seamen ashore. Their efforts are giving him summer days on land of which he never dreamed.

First Picnic

They left the building at a quarter of ten the Friday of the first picnic. Dr. Mansfield went, and British boys in uniform, Scandinavians, Dutch boys and several Americans, the rapidly increasing merchant service already appealing to boys born in this country.

After the habit of picnics, since the first one in Paradise, they began to eat directly the boat was under way. There were peanuts, lemonade, sweets and cigarettes. They chattered together with holiday friendliness, asking questions about the Harbor, the boats, the buildings, the shore line, all

the way to Manhasset Bay, where they arrived about noon.

"You can scatter about wherever you like, boys, but dinner is at 1:30," Dr. Mansfield called out when the men put their feet upon the grass and looked longingly toward the cool green of the wood. So some of them played baseball, and others lay flat upon the grass, getting hungry and sun-burned, and forgetting that all life was not irresponsible and careless and smelling of the welcoming earth.

For dinner there were three kinds of sandwiches, coffee, fruit, cake, ice cream and cigars. When the cigars were lighted, several seamen were stimulated to speech making.

"I only want to say thank you for every man that gets a chance to come out here. It is so wonderful I can't tell you how I feel," one of them said, making a gratefully short speech which said everything he meant in a voice full of happiness. Dr. Mansfield responded, and everyone cheered, and altogether there was a delightful aroma of cordial liking and enjoyment.

Later they pitched quoits, had three legged races, had races in which their shoes were all deposited in a pile and the man who could first find his own boots, and put them on, won a prize. This was a difficult race, because when a seaman found a pair of shoes that did not belong to him, he threw them as far across the field as he could and the owner had to find them.

They swam in the still water; they begged that the boat could wait a little longer, but finally they had to

start home about five o'clock. Before that they ate a supper from the things that dinner had over-supplied, and going home there were ice cream cones, lemonade and smokes. When the editor was small, she always returned home from a picnic feeling a vague inertia from too much cake. It occurred to us that those picnicking seamen must have returned in a similar state.

But they sang all the way home, and the American boys helped out with "Swanee River" and "Old Black Joe," while the Britishers knew "Rule Britannia," "Sweet and Low" and "Love's Old Sweet Song."

The House Mother and three other young women members of the staff went on the picnic to supply the feminine touch which all proper picnics need.

Rolls for Player Piano

In the June issue we asked especially for popular records for the phonographs in the building, but it is also very important that we should have new rolls for the player pianos.

Please send us contributions, checks or currency, in order that we may buy the rolls we want without duplications, and in order that the rolls may be the kind which fit our various players.

All the popular, patriotic and "heart" songs the seamen love to sing in chorus, and if they have no one to play their accompaniments, the player piano does most effective service.

The Fern

He had twice slipped small bouquets of roses and carnations upon the desk of the House Mother, hurrying away before she could thank him. He was a Dutch seaman, more reserved, less anxious to talk about himself and his adventures than the men about him. The House Mother always smiled when she saw him sitting by himself in a corner of the Reading Room looking out into the Harbor sails and smoke-stacks, listening to the whistles and the insistent sirens. Then one morning she found him outside her door when she came to unlock her office. He was not shy on that morning: he was excitedly explaining the large potted fern which he clasped tightly in his arms.

"My friend, Hendrik, he die, and today they have the funeral down in the little church. I have seen once before those funerals and always the coffin looked so bare. There was no one to buy flowers for it. So I think what I shall do and I buy this fern. You will put it at the head of the coffin beside Hendrik."

And two hours later he sat in the little Chapel, watching the face of the Man Who Gives Advice as he read slowly,

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A graceful green fern spread delicate tendrils across the top of the plain black casket, and once Hendrik's friend smiled.

Donations Received June, 1918

Reading matter, flowers, fruits, jellies, pianola and victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, waste paper, pictures, testaments, charts.

Allen, Miss Ruth
 Anonymous—5
 Arnold, Mrs. G. C.
 Barnard, Frederic
 Beazer, The Misses
 Bonnes, Mr.
 Carew, Mrs. Edward B.
 Cosmopolitan Sewing Circle
 Davis, S. E.
 Dent, F. J.
 Finck, Miss
 Fisher, J. Wilmer
 Gates, M. F.
 Gookin, W. C.
 Gordon-Cumming, Mrs. A.
 Gwen, Mrs. J. L.
 Hall, Mrs. G. L.
 Homan, Mrs. C.
 Hooke, Mrs.
 Hospital Book & Newspaper Society
 Howe, Mrs. L. V.
 Hunter, Miss Mary
 Judson, E. L.
 Julian, W. J.
 Laughlin, Miss
 Lawrence, Miss Isabella
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Maxwell, Miss M.
 Morgan, William M.
 Morrison, John H.
 Mount, Mrs. J. F.
 New York Bible Society
 Olsen, Mrs. Robert B.
 Peters, Mrs. Edward McC.
 Phelps, Mrs. Herbert W.
 Prime, Miss Cornelia
 Radge, Miss Elvira
 Richmond, Mrs. G. I.
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rodewald, Mrs. F. L.
 Roebing, Mrs. J. A.
 Rohse, Miss Jenny H.
 Rollins, H. E.
 Rolph, Miss Esther A.
 Russell, Mrs.
 Sidman, E. N.
 Simmonds, Mrs.
 Smith, Mrs. Chandler
 Smith, Mrs. F. K.
 Smith, Miss Lillian
 Storey, Miss E.
 Strong, Mrs. Grenville Temple
 Thompson, Mrs. H. M.
 Usher, Miss Irene

Warde-Eisen, Mrs. A. W.
 Wheeler, Everett P.
 Williams, L. S.
 Williams, Miss M. A

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Church Periodical Club and Branches

Christ Church, Suffern, N. Y.
 Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.
 Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Grace Church, Orange, N. J.
 Grace Church, Jamaica, N. Y.
 St. Agnes Chapel, New York.
 St. George's Church, New York.

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Contributions for Special Purposes

Arnold, Mrs. G. C., "Chapel Flower Fund".....	\$2.00
Barber, James, "Summer Outings".....	100.00
Crosby, Frederick V. S., "Discretionary Fund".....	10.00
Dow, Mrs. F. G., "Summer Outings".....	25.00
Hatch, Miss C. J., "Discretionary Fund".....	5.00
Hogemeyer, Mrs. Garetta, "Apprentice Boys Work".....	10.00
Livingston, Miss Mary K., "Chapel Flower Fund".....	2.50
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr., "Apprentice Boys Work".....	21.75
Meissner, C. A., "Discretionary Fund".....	5.00
Petersen, John, North River Station, "Coffee & Bun Fund".....	1.00
Polk, Mrs. G. Clark, "Discretionary Fund".....	5.00
Sparks, Mrs. George P., "Apprentice Boys Work".....	5.00
Tilford, Mrs. Henry Morgan, "Discretionary Fund".....	50.00
Tilford, Henry Morgan, "Discretionary Fund".....	100.00

General Summary of Work

JUNE 1918

Seamen's Wages Department.

June 1st Cash on hand.....	\$149,646.04
Deposits	65,577.51
	<u>\$215,223.55</u>
Withdrawals (\$4,282.21 trans- mitted)	\$52,523.63
July 1st Cash Balance.....	\$162,699.92

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

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	30
Men Shipped.....	346
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	81
Total number of men given employment	427

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	34
Men transported	56
Pieces of dunnage transported	106

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	16,869
Letters received for seamen.....	5,060
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,716

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	73
Referred to Hospitals.....	14
Referred to other Societies.....	3
Hospital Visits	23
Patients Visited	443

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number Seamen	Total
Entertainments	9 1,873	2,032
Ships Visited		84
Packages reading matter distributed....		107
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....		27

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	10	953	1,145
Song Services.....	3	75	80
Scandinavian.....	6	51	58
Lettish.....	4	45	90
Bible Classes	5	279	280
Holy Communion Services			1
Wedding Services			3
Baptismals			6
Funeral Services			3

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

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

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

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

The increased cost of paper, printing and postage makes it impossible to send the **Lookout** except under the above conditions.