

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

DECEMBER 1919

No. 12

# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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INCORPORATED 1844

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# THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 10

DECEMBER 1919

No. 12

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## Songs of South Street

JOHN WAYLAND.

To the flinty stones of South Street;  
Flying jibbooms over head,  
Where the hobnailed boots of sailors  
Echoed in the days long dead.

There they came with foreign car-  
goes;  
Blackball ships and Swallow-tails,  
When the street, now smudged by  
smoke's stacks,  
Knew tall spars and snow white  
sails.

The men who sailed there are for-  
gotten,  
But the old time sailor lore,  
Still is whispered by historians  
Lingering on that South Street  
shore.

Retrospection, a mental stock tak-  
ing, is a habit of mind common to  
most people as the year draws to its  
close. The year has brought to us  
all, its dreams, its accomplishments,  
and its failures. The Institute has

had its glad days and its sad days,  
but through it all it has kept on  
growing, until it is almost bursting  
through its clothes, and the present  
needs are so insistent that we have  
but little time to think of the past.

But in this closing number of THE  
LOOKOUT for the year, it seems a fit-  
ting time to give the readers some  
idea of what others think of us. "As  
others see us," we call this number,  
and in it you will find letters from  
seamen, from subscribers, and from  
people who have been helped by the  
Institute.

We also give a few extracts from  
articles that have mentioned the In-  
stitute.

"Songs of South Street," at the  
beginning of this article, is quoted  
by John Wayland, who, in The Na-  
tional Marine, says: "The golden tide  
of ancient glory has again rolled back  
upon historic South Street. It is pros-  
perous, thriving, bustling and noisy;  
a fringe of sea activity hedging the  
banked up pile of towers that rise  
upon Manhattan. But for all of its

bustle, for all the money that is in the making there, and we know that shipping is again profitable, the street, to the old mariner at least, has become a strange thing with the going of the square-rigged sailing ships, and the dying out of the old deep-water sailor men. Chanties are no longer heard, and the deep salt sea no longer flavors the street with the oaths of sailor men just in from Frisco Town or Singapore.

"Now and then an old shellback drifts along the water front on a brief holiday from the Snug Harbor, or some foreign sailor comes back and is billeted at the comfortable SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE. These men marvel at the complete elimination of the signs of sail; the total disappearance of those tall masts and tapering yards that at one time gave South Street the appearance of a huge denuded forest, and made it, next to Trinity, the tallest feature of the lower city."

### The Family Wrote

He was just a shipwrecked sailor who had lost all his clothes, and he hadn't any money. He had sent it home. He did not expect any special sympathy, for shipwreck and financial stringency are things sailors accept as part of life. He had to have food and clothes, but he expected to draw on future earnings for them, and that would be a bit hard for the wife and bairn at home. But they too had learned to trim their sails to the winds of adversity.

He bought just the necessary clothes and food. In fact, he hadn't

quite the necessary clothes, for the House Mother noticed that he looked chilled, and somehow, he never knew how she did it, she found out about the wife and child at home and the high cost of clothes, and the terrible expense after everything has been lost.

She asked him to go to her office and there she found a nice warm pair of socks and a sweater that some kind woman had sent in for someone who might need them. She gave them to him, and he was so overwhelmed by such kindness that he could not find words to thank her. But when he reached his home across the ocean he wrote back and poured out his gratitude.

But that was not all. His wife wrote, "Many thanks for your kindness towards my husband whilst he was away from home. He has told me how good you are to all who come into your mission."

But that did not satisfy the grateful father. Little Jimmy wrote, "My dada says you are a nice, kind lady, so when I am a man I am coming in a big ship to see you. I am five years old now and I have started going to school. Do you like this post card?"

### Writing a Business

Letter writing is not an easy thing for the average seaman. It is a serious business that requires preparation, much thought and time. Pens are stubborn things, ink makes blots, and paper soils very easily. So that when a sheet of paper that is carefully ruled and painstakingly written is dropped into the letter box, it is

appreciated by the administration that knows the effort it cost; an effort that no seaman would make unless driven by a strong feeling or some kind. The following letter, written by Mr. —, Deck Officer in the Merchant Marine, speaks for itself.

"In speaking of the Seamen's Church Insitute I will say that it is one of the greatest benefits to seamen that has ever been put forward, and it is appreciated by the seamen. The proof is by its patronage. A friend of mine from Glasgow, Scotland, is surprised and grateful for the attention shown him, and can't say enough for those in charge of the house. And it is ample proof the way the seamen confide in the management and those under that they are honest and courteous and true to the positions they hold.

"Everything that the practical seaman requires can be had in the house. It is a great help to the government and commerce and is recognized by the people as a great institution."

### A Contributor Says

Dear Mr. Bowring:

In response to your letter on November 1st. I am glad to enclose my check for five dollars as a small contribution to the work of the Seamen's Institute. I should like to support your splendid enterprise much more generously, but, as Dr. Mansfield knows, I am interested in a similar work in Brooklyn, being one of the founders of the Bethel Ship Seamen's Mission, which was taken over by the Young Men's Christian Association in 1918, and is now being rapidly expand-

ed and enlarged. The opportunity for service to merchant seamen in Brooklyn is quite as extensive as in Manhattan, and the success that our work has already attained is largely due to the personal inspiration we have received from Dr. Mansfield as well as to the splendid achievements accomplished by the Institute itself. In the work that both our organizations are attempting to do for the boys "who go down to the sea in ships" we are looking forward to a still closer cooperation with you, which has been so helpful to us in the efforts we have been making to serve the sailor in Brooklyn.

Very truly yours,

C. C. SMITH.

### Our Thanks Are Due

To a friend at Detroit, who, unseen by any of those in charge of the Seamen's Church Exhibit, pinned an envelope to the flag pole addressed "For the Rev. Mansfield, Seamen's Institute."

In the envelope was a fifty-dollar bill and a note which said,

"In memoriam to those who served their country on the sea,

"Frederick— Samuel—

"LeRoy— Bernard—

"Please remember sometime before the altar.

"Detroit. October 16th, 1919."

Frederick, Samuel, LeRoy, and Bernard will be remembered before the altar; and their influence will live in the lives of the seamen who are helped by the gift in their memory.

Will the unknown donor accept our thanks on behalf of the seamen.

### That Plum Pudding

The Man Who Gives Advice had a brown paper parcel slipped into his hands on the night before Thanksgiving. Without looking at it, he held it while he continued to encourage a seaman who was trying to play the violin. Suddenly he looked at the parcel, for it was beginning to feel hot. The donor laughed, and said, "He just out of the oven."

A note with the parcel explained. It said:

"I wish you jolly good Thanksgiving.

"Now Sir I remember that you says some days ago that you like plain plum pudding. Accidentally I happened to remember that this morning, and I thought that I will make a small one for you, and I made it. I hope that you will accept this poor gift of mine. I shall be thankful."

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### Help in Trouble

A seaman wrote from Aberdeen, Washington State. He said, "I am writing this letter to thank you all for the hospitality and interest shown me in my time of trouble. I assure you that I have appreciated your kindness, and will always have a tender spot in my heart for those connected with the Institute. Thanking you one and all, and may God bless you."

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### Strengthens His Faith

Dear Sirs:—

I feel it my duty to write you these few words. They are that I feel very

grateful to you for taking care of my boy, while he was staying in New York.

It is a great thing for a parent to feel that a missing member of the family in a far off land is being taken care of in an Institute formed by the church, instead of probably being left to wander to destruction, which is one of the easiest paths for a young soul to tread today.

It is by the existence of a few scattered institutions like yours in this broad world of iniquity, that our faith is in a great measure supported and strengthened. When once a parent knows the missing one is there, it is a great consolation.

Now my boy has left you for another destination. I feel he would not leave you without displaying heartfelt thanks to you. He has told us to still write to The Institute to him, for which I am very glad as he may always need a bit of good advice to combat whatever experience he has in his absence from home.

Please excuse me, for I am not much good at writing letters, but I do hope that the blessing of God may for all time be bestowed on you and your work. Then when time ends, your work will be rewarded with something that will never vanish. Joy at His right hand for evermore.

Signed by a Father.

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### Defends the Institute

A note signed, "An old sailor that lives in the Institute," was delivered the day after Thanksgiving. The writer said, "Last Thanksgiving Day

we had a regular old fashioned Sailors' Day here in the Institute. I think all of us appreciated it, too.

"On the official Sailors' Day that was held in a church uptown, I was one of the lucky ones to get there. The speaker gave us a good sermon, alright, but one thing I did not like was when he said (as far as I can recollect now), 'You workers for the seamen in the Port of New York are not doing half your duty for seamen.'

"Here is where the speaker was wrong. Perhaps he had never been down here to the Institute. Why not invite the speaker for the next Sailors' Day down here and let him see the good work that is going on for the seamen in this port. I know you are doing good work here and I did not like the 'knock.'"

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### Enclosed \$100

A Contributor wrote to the House Mother and enclosed one hundred dollars. With her contribution she said, "Thank you for your nice letter telling me you had received the things I sent for the "Boys," from my ranch in Oregon. It is strange how we roam around in this great country of ours. I, of the East—come out West to Oregon and California, and you, having been out in Portland, now are in New York. You may not know but my grandfather, pastor of over sixty years in New York, was one of those in the beginning of things there, who began to work for the sailors. No wonder I am interested, you will say.

Just think what it would have been

could he have imagined THE LOOKOUT and the Institute and all it is doing. I hope the check enclosed will reach you in time for Thanksgiving; if not, use it for Christmas or relief work as you think best.

Here and at San Diego we have crowds of sailors from the warships, for San Diego Bay is one of the largest and most beautiful harbors we have. At present there are sixty-four war ships here. We have a small building on the San Diego wharf in charge of a fine man, and the Christian Endeavor societies of the churches, and the place is crowded night after night. Too small—the Jackies stand outside (the weather here generally permits it) and join in the singing. But you know it all. I need not tell you. The place needs all the help we can give it, but still I like to spare a little from time to time for the work in New York.

\* \* \* If I can send any garments for Christmas I surely will, and hope you will get all the things you need for improvement of the work. With best wishes.

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### Appreciation

A relative of one of the seamen who had been away on a long voyage was very much concerned about him. When he returned she was informed at once as she had asked to be. She wrote: "I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to me in sending the cable, also for your very cheering letters. I wish I could express my gratitude to you in words. You have been so exceedingly kind, and may

God bless you for all the kindness you have done for me.

"I am more than glad to know the wanderer has returned safely, but he seemed to have been very ill. I do hope that he may come over to us very soon for a rest and a change. I cannot express how worried I was about him. I had almost come to the conclusion that the worst had happened to him. With renewed thanks and best wishes."

### They Give Thanks

"To whom do you wish this money to go if anything happens you?" the Man in the Savings Department asked as he took in two-hundred dollars from a seaman.

"Nothing will happen me," the seamen said with a laugh.

"I'm not a pessimist," the Man in the Savings Department answered "but things have been known to happen seamen, and it might save a lot of expense if you said who was to have this."

The seaman looked puzzled. He looked at the floor but failing to get the necessary inspiration he raised his eyes to the ceiling. Finally he said in the dull lifeless voice of one who has been forced to an unhappy conclusion, "I have no friends."

Hundreds of seamen say the same "No friends."

It happens the way it nearly happened to a bright eyed boy who had been haunting the post office for a week.

"I have wrote twenty letters and not not one have come to me," he

said angrily to the Woman who Gives Out Letters, "I will write ten letters, and then never no more. They forget me! I forget them!"

He seized some paper and winked hard as he walked away with it. His letters at last found him. Some were nearly worn out in the effort, and some were no doubt lost. But he didn't try to forget. He tried to remember.

There are many seamen whose letters never find them. They try to forget. Sometimes they do, but their friends do not.

On the Bulletin Board there are the names of two hundred and sixty-five men who are anxiously sought by loved ones, and every day letters of inquiry come pouring in. When the missing men have been found there come letters of thanks and blessing.

The following letter is from the far west. "I got your letter of September 25th late, being out of town when it arrived. I at once sent it to Mrs. S. and if you could have seen her pleasure at hearing of her boy again, you would have realized how much your efforts are appreciated. Personally I wish to thank you for your very kind assistance." Another letter in the same mail, from a man in the far south said, "Your kind and highly appreciated letter came yesterday, also the first one you sent me came on the 10th, and I wish to answer both this morning and thank you for your kindness, in trying to locate my son. I am pleased very much to tell you that my son is home safe and well.



He arrived in New York the 6th, and got his mail before you looked for it. He came home on the 14th, and we were exceedingly glad to see him. Yes, I am recovering from my accident, thank you. Again thanking you for your kindness."

And this one from an anxious mother. "Many thanks for your kind reply to my inquiries concerning my son. Since hearing from you he has written to me. I deeply appreciate the work you are doing for the seamen. May God bless you in this work."

### Christmas Day

Christmas Dinners for 800 seamen; and Christmas Gifts for 1500 seamen is the aim of the Institute this year. At the present time we are housing seven hundred and fourteen men every night. We would like very much to give each man a little gift and an invitation "home" for dinner on Christmas Day.

Then there are quite a number of our "Boys," who are in the hospital. We do not wish to neglect them. They must have a gift to show them that they are not forgotten. Besides these there will be a large number of the regular guests of the house who will try very hard to get back in time for Christmas, but will fail by a day or perhaps a few hours. So many will be here, that we will have to turn some who have no other home away. They will have to get lodging elsewhere, but bright and early Christmas morning they will hurry back. We would like to be able to show them that they are not forgotten. In all,

the number will reach 1500.

Next month THE LOOKOUT will give an account of Christmas at the Institute. It is a time when laughter and tears are very close together. It is a self-revealing time, a time when one's faith grows strong, for folks are just folks the world over, and there is a divinity in each that is sound and sweet.

Address all your packages and contributions to the Superintendent, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St., New York.

### From the Log Book

A seedy looking individual with a most winning smile asked for relief as a shipwrecked sailor. Upon inquiry he stated that he lost his vessel off Cape Horn three weeks ago. He said that he had arrived in New York from Nova Scotia three days ago, and he had found his way there from Baltimore. To Baltimore he had come from Jacksonville.

He was asked the geographical situation of Cape Horn. Yes, he knew that it formed the extreme southern end of the South American continent. When he was asked to explain how in three weeks he could have covered the routes, he blandly stated that he had walked from Cape Horn to Jacksonville.

He was then asked how many miles per hour he was capable of making, and he started to give a demonstration and was out of sight in a couple of seconds.

The Man Who Gives Relief is still waiting for his return. But he says he left with a motion of both hands that indicated, "Nothing doing there."

## THE LOOKOUT

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Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent

### As Others See Us

Encouragement is a good thing for most of us. It spurs us on to know that our work is appreciated. So we feel that you, who have made it possible for the Seamen's Church Institute to do the work it has, should know what is being said about it.

In this number of THE LOOKOUT, our "As Others See Us," number, we have attempted to give you some idea of what is being said and written about the work accomplished by this Institute, for seamen. The letters published in this number have all been received during the past month, so they express the opinion of those who know the work as it is being done now.

The fact that we have no letters of adverse criticism is a weakness, for everything alive and growing meets opposition. From time to time we do receive letters of complaint and criticism, but during the past month only one such letter was received. It was due to a misunderstanding, and the writer afterward apologized and expressed regret for writing it, so that it would not be fair to publish it.

We hope that when our next "As Others See Us" number is published we will have on hand some constructive letters of criticism, to add flavor to the discussion.

The past history of the Institute has been one of wonderful growth; the future is yours. You can make of it what you will. Already the building is much too small for the demands made on it. Hundreds of men are turned from the door, because every inch of the building is full. And yet in nearly every paper we read that ships are being built for the Merchant Marine.

Who will care for the sailors who man the ships?

We can do no more until we extend our borders, but we must extend our borders. The past must be as nothing compared to the future. We must grow to meet the needs of the times. We feel as one who understood said: "Is it any wonder, that those of us who are in close touch with the Merchant Service, who know at first hand all that it has done and suffered for the sake of the Country, desire passionately to see that Service take its rightful place in the nation's esteem, to see it an honored and respected profession, in which men can gain a competence under conditions of life fit for human beings, to see it, in short, adequately rewarded for its heroism, its devotion, and its unflinching readiness to serve others."

### The Detroit Exhibit

Among the interesting sidelights of the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church recently held in Detroit was the exhibit of

the Seamen's Church Institute housed in a large tent on Stimson Place.

The object of the exhibit was to show that the New York and similar Seamen's Church Institutes have met the needs of the seamen in the ports in which they are situated, and to show that the other seaports and lakeports of the country need similar places in order to overcome the bad conditions under which the seamen have to live when ashore.

The central part of the exhibit showed the midship section of a steamer with bow and stern cut away, at the back was shown a bridge, wheel and steering gear, compass, funnels, mast, ventilators, etc. The ship had a 16-foot beam and a mast head rising twenty-five feet above the waterline.

Below deck the steamer was divided into two parts; one side representing the forecastle (fo'c's'le) of a ship of the type which prevailed before the American ships were built under the U. S. Shipping Board. This was shown to give an idea of how the men have had to live in forecastles such as were represented in most of ships except those of the American type. In contrast there was shown a seaman's typical bedroom such as is found in the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Around the hull was shown a large number of photographs of the work being done by the New York Institute. First, the deck where the seamen books his room: the great baggage room that rivals in size that of many railroads; the sea-

men's wages department, where last year nearly three-quarters of a million dollars were safely cared for against the South Street prowlers; the lunchroom and dining room where approximately 800,000 meals are being served this year; the post office that does a business of a city of 15,000. Everything was depicted in such a mammoth scale that it is hard to visualize how such a tremendous work could be carried on within the walls of a 16 story building.

The space will not permit of a description of the "slopchest" or seamen's store, the refrigeration and electric plants, the religious and entertainment facilities, the navigation and marine engineering school, in fact here is everything that could be found in a town inhabited only by seamen. It is one of the greatest and most successful experiments in cooperative Christianity of modern times. The great building and the land it occupies cost \$1,225,000 and is free of debt of any kind whatsoever.

San Francisco showed how its work is conducted and in connection therewith was an exhibit of handwork done by convalescent seamen in the Marine Hospital. The whole exhibit was designed to show the necessity for providing proper housing facilities for the million or more seamen that come to our shores annually. In this great melting pot between thirty or forty nationalities gather nightly and a great work is being done in Americanization of the men.

### The Big Brother

Sixteen years is a long time out of a life, and that is the time Mr. Howard O. Wood, who resigned in November, spent on the staff of the Seamen's Church Institute. Mr. Wood sacrificed his health to his work, and about six months ago had a complete breakdown. Rest and country air seemed to restore him to his usual physical vigor, and he was ready to return to work, but his physician advised so strongly against it, that he yielded and resigned.

Mr. Wood will be missed in all departments of the Institute for he has been with it from its comparative infancy, and he has known all its growing pains, all its joys, and all its sorrows.

Dr. Mansfield, in speaking of the work of Mr. Wood, said that he was always ready to adapt himself to any need, and he had in a very special sense a realization of the domestic possibilities of institutional life.

He was often called "The Big Brother," and that described him both in his relationship to the Apprentice Boys, who were his special charge, and his relationship to the Institute itself, for which he had a feeling of personal responsibility.

Mr. Wood was unfailing in his attendance at service in the chapel. He had a keen aesthetic sense, and the floral decoration of the Chapel that has been so much admired, was largely his work. He was organist, and not only played for the services, but often after a day of strain he went into the Chapel alone, and there stole

through the building, the soothing tones of the organ, that charmed more than himself back into harmony with their surroundings.

His personality showed to great advantage in his work in the clinic, where he made a host of friends of whom time and place cannot rob him. The writer recalls one Sunday night at midnight, when an officer ran to the desk, his shirt front soaked with blood. He had just had a hemorrhage. Mr. Wood, who was ready to go home, was sent for, and at once made arrangements for the officer to be taken to a hospital. But when he was being assisted out of the building he stopped and looked pathetically at Mr. Wood, who at once understood.

"Do you wish me to go with you?" he asked.

The man, who could not speak, nodded vigorous assent. Mr. Wood, without a thought for himself, asked that his wife be informed that he might not be home until morning, started on his long trip up town with a man for whom he had no special responsibility. But it was because he felt a responsibility for everyone that he wore himself out.

It was the work for Apprentices that Mr. Wood came to the Institute to do, and in that work he made a most enviable reputation. He visited the boys on the ships, their only home in the port, and took them books and magazines. He invited them to make the Institute their shore home, and when they came, he made it a real home for them.

His enthusiasm inspired many volunteer workers who were untiring in

their social work, but Mr. Wood was never satisfied with just one side of life. He won the confidence of the boys, who, far from home and all the restraints of home, so much needed a friend; and while he did not preach, his influence for good was incalculable. It was the Apprentice Boys who affectionately gave him the title, "The Big Brother."

It will be years before men cease coming to the building to ask for Mr. Wood.

"He was good to me when I was a boy," or "He was good to me when I was sick," are some of the reasons given. An enviable place was filled by "The Big Brother."

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### Thanksgiving Day

Is it a sign of the times that the most outstanding feature of Thanksgiving Day at the Institute was the wonderful attendance at the morning service in the Chapel! It is said that a religious wave is spreading over the world. However that may be, the seamen in great numbers gathered together to give thanks for the blessings enjoyed during the year.

The day thus auspiciously begun was one of the happiest Thanksgiving Days the Institute has known. Thanksgiving dinners with all the traditional trimmings, and supplemented with a gift of cigars from the Institute, were served in the Dining Room and at the Lunch Counter. In the afternoon, one of the concerts for which the Institute is becoming famous, was given in the large assembly hall on the fourth floor.

The assembly hall has been large enough until this year, and has maintained an air of superiority over the rest of the building, that has long been overcrowded. But pride has had its fall. The assembly hall cannot now hold the crowds of seamen, who fill every seat, who stand in rows at the back, and who have to be turned away. Thanksgiving Day it was almost exhausted trying to expand its sides to let in just one more.

Especially was this true in the evening, when the seamen guests were at home to each other and a "Free and Easy" time was spent, in games, in wrestling, and in various other feats of special interest to seamen. The centre of the hall was left clear for the contestants, and all the rest of the hall was packed to capacity. Seamen stood on tables and chairs; they hung from every place they could get a hold with hand or foot, and sailors can climb. It was a case of men, men, everywhere, and with much laughter and applause they ended together a day, if not perfect, still with a resemblance to it.

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### Sailors' Day

That the war is over and we can turn our minds to problems of reconstruction, is largely due to the "Soldiers of the Sea," was the dominant note of the Fourth Annual Sailors' Day Service.

The service was held in the First Presbyterian Church, University Place and Tenth Street, on Sunday night, November 9th, at which the Rev.

George Alexander, D. D.; the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, D. D., and the Rev. George William Carter, Ph.D., officiated.

Fifteen organizations interested in the welfare of seamen in the Port of New York joined to do honor to the men who, unheralded and unsung, during years of danger unparalleled in history, lived up to the highest traditions of their calling; and who still continue their hazardous life, for the elements with which they battle never agree to an armistice or sign a treaty of peace.

Row upon row of weatherbeaten faces, that bore both the outward and inward markings of a hard, relentless life, were raised to the speaker, and dumbly asked for a message more comforting than a creed of blind Fate, the theology of the average seaman. And the message came.

"Thou numberest my wanderings," were the words chosen by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, and knowledge was back of his choice of a text. Like a father who understood their weaknesses and their temptations, he reached out to the men in front of him to warn them against the perils that destroy both body and soul.

A responsive tremor ran through the audience as he enumerated the dangers that surround them, for the men of the sea felt that he knew what their life is and sympathized. He understood the peril of being away from home and friends and all the ordinary restraints of society, but—

"Thou numberest my wanderings," was his answer. No man can escape from the loving, tender care of God.

He can leave country and friends, but his tie to his kind is more fundamental and vital, and cannot be severed.

The peril of the port after months of restraint at sea, he pictured vividly, and the duty (of the men and women who live on shore to see that the seamen are met by the best and not the worst elements of society. "For no matter what you have done for the seamen," he said to those who work for sailors, "you have not done enough to pay them for what they have done for humanity."

Nor did Dr. Fosdick think it enough to warn the men of the perils surrounding them. He emphasized their opportunities. Were not the early missionaries sailors? And have sailors not opportunities unequalled by any other class of men, to carry messages of good cheer and understanding throughout the world?

Dr. George Alexander, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, welcomed the sailors and the representatives of the societies that work to better their condition, and the choir sang appropriate music. At the closing of the service all joined in singing:

Across this troubled tide of life  
Thyself our pilot be,  
Until we reach that better land,  
That land that knows no sea.

### Magazines and Books

He was a young sailor boy with bright, restless eyes. He had come to ask for magazines or books.

"I just got out of the navy," he said. "I am going in the Merchant Marine, but I haven't enough money

to buy books. My mother got half my pay. She needs it, you know. I'll be able to keep her fine now. But I would like something to read on this trip."

He was given a package of magazines, but he did not go. "If you have enough," he said, diffidently, "I'll take some for the other fellows. It keeps them in better humor if they have something to read. I learn a lot, and I'm going to study to be an artist."

The Man Who Gives Books instinctively looked at the boy's hands that had been hardened by heavy manual work.

"Yes, I know," he said, and hid them behind the books. "It's hard on the hands, but I have to do it for awhile. I'll save up. Yes, thanks. I'll take those for the other fellows. I'm much obliged."

He tried to touch his cap, but the magazines were too heavy, and he went away with both hands full.

Do not let your conscience prick you during the holiday season because you have not sent that pile of magazines or books to the Institute. It will take only a few minutes to send them, and some sailor boy will be entertained or inspired by them. The Institute never has all it can use.

### Victrolas or Gramophones

Have you a victrola or gramophone that you would like to give to some one? It would be greatly appreciated by the crew of some ship. Life is so dull and monotonous on a long voyage, that it makes but little appeal to

many American boys who enjoy light and color and music. Much can be done to make the life of a sailor more attractive and nothing will do so much as music.

### Unity of Purpose

"We are brethren in Christian faith," so spoke Cardinal Mercier when he appeared before the recent Episcopal Convention at Detroit. This gem sparkled and shone because it emphasized the keynote of the convention—the Spirit of Get Together. And this has been the spirit that has actuated the gathering hosts of those who feel it is the duty of the citizenry of America to recognize the Seamen problem and rally to its support.

The Man - with-His-Finger-on-the-Pulse, whose duty it is to watch the life-stream to detect any affection of the heart or hardening of the arteries, about once a week receives a letter indicating that the writer believes that New York is big enough and rich enough to take care of all the charities located within her borders, and declines to assist in the support of the Seamen's Church Institute. We are glad to say that these cases of philanthropic strabismus are either few and far between or else the symptoms do not manifest themselves in malignant form. It is a rather delicate proposition to make suggestions that will correct a perverted vision because the inflammation of the pocket nerve frequently affects one's real consideration and causes mental astigmatism of more or less pronounced character.

The seamen problem is world-wide.

Were it not for the seamen, this and every other nation would have no foreign trade. Every nation would be living unto itself, in isolation. The cooperative care of the seamen is as much an obligation upon the farmer in Kansas as upon the merchant in New York—every man according to his ability.

“Am I my brother’s keeper?” in this case is not a local question, but a national and even an international one. One does not have to climb the mountain of Desire to get a vision of the broad field of Opportunity. A million or more seamen cannot be hidden under a bushel. There is not a hamlet in this broad country that does not bear evidence of the importance of the seamen class. Their work penetrates every home and every one is debtor to their devotion to duty. Their work is interwoven in the very fibre of the nation’s activities. And yet the kind of Americanization they have been taught by the baser element of our great cities, as they reached our shores at various ports, has been such as to cause them to have reason to curse America. We are awakening to a new realization of our responsibilities.

This is the day of specialists. The Seamen’s Church Institute specializes in studying and laying plans to meet every real need of the seamen class. You can join forces with us by **assisting in the support of the work** with the full assurance that every dollar you put into it will have to work many times harder than you did to acquire it.

Any time you are in this section of

New York, you are invited to inspect the building and see the work at close range. A rigid investigation by an impartial critic will bear witness that it is a practical and successful experiment in cooperative Christianity which provides a right environment and meets every real need of the seamen. The influence of this work will be vastly extended and fortified when every port shall get the Vision, rise to its opportunity, and provide a safe harbor for the seamen. During the recent survey, the investigators found seamen in every port of the United States without exception who knew of or had stopped at the New York Institute.

At present our work is sometimes undone thru our former guests arriving at an unprotected port and falling into evil associations. To prevent this and to provide means for ministering to the moral, spiritual and physical welfare of the seamen wherever and whenever they touch our shores, this is the plan of the national organization, Seamen’s Church Institute of America. This work will not reach its full fruition until it shall have attained its aim to provide “A Seamen’s Church Institute for every seaport and lakeport of America.” There is no more productive field for Americanization or spreading the principles of Democracy than these “seadogs” who are the shuttles of commerce as they should at the same time be messengers of Christianity.

### A “Merry” Christmas

Contributions to the Christmas Fund are coming in slowly. You still have time to send yours, and put the “Merry” in some seaman’s Christmas.



**Donations Received November, 1919**

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, hand rags, Xmas Gifts.

Allan, Mrs. George S.  
 Allen, Miss Ruth  
 American Navy Club, Hamilton, Bermuda.  
 Anonymous — 21  
 Anonymous — 105 S. Fitzburgh St.,  
 Rochester, N. Y.

Anonymous — 13303 Lake Shore Blvd.  
 Babcock, Mrs. W. A.  
 Bailey, Mrs. James Sherman  
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.  
 Baldwin, Miss Martha R.  
 Barnard, Mrs. Horace  
 Bates, B. F.  
 Beekman, Miss J. L.  
 Bogart, Miss A.  
 Bouker, Mrs. Franklin  
 Boyd, Miss R.  
 Bridgman, Miss Anne T.  
 Brooks, Miss Mary D.  
 Brown, Miss M. A. Stewart  
 Brown, Robert H.  
 Campbell, Miss Fannie  
 Campbell, Mrs. Wallace  
 Center, Miss H.  
 Chafee, Mrs. Z.  
 Clinton, Mrs. Chas.  
 Collier, P. F. & Son  
 Colonial Dames of the State of N. Y.  
 Colton, Thomas J.

Comforts Committee of the Navy League  
 Mrs. H. L. Satterlee, Chairman.

Comstock, J. C.  
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.  
 Craig, Miss A. B.  
 Craighead, Miss Alice W.  
 Cromwell, Miss J. C.  
 Crowley, Mr. J. J.  
 Dall, Mrs. H. H.  
 Davis, Mrs. A. D.  
 DePeyster, Miss Augusta  
 DePeyster, Miss Frances  
 Despard, Miss Marie  
 Dominick, Mrs. M. W.  
 Dvett, Mrs. J. S.  
 Edgell, Mrs. G. S.  
 Edmond, Mrs. W. A.  
 Elliott, Mrs. Dexter  
 Gardiner, Mrs. S. W.  
 George, Miss M. J.  
 Gibbs, Miss Agnes  
 Goodbody, Mrs. W. W.  
 Gookin, W. C.  
 Graham, Mrs. J.  
 Hall, Mrs. W. W.  
 Hance, Mrs. John A.  
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.

Hatch, Miss. C. J.  
 Hayden, Mrs. Albert  
 Hesse, Louis  
 Heywood, Mrs. Frank E.  
 Hogan, Mrs. Jefferson  
 Holt, Miss Celia  
 Hunter, Miss Mary  
 Jackson, Mrs. Edwin E., Jr.  
 James, Mrs. Julia F.  
 Janeway, G. H.  
 Jenkins, Edward E.  
 Jenkins, Mrs. Thos. C.  
 Jones, Mrs. Chas. H.  
 Jones, Mrs. W. S.  
 Kayser, Miss Mary  
 Kayser, Miss L.  
 Kenyon, Mrs. George G.  
 King, Mrs. Edward  
 Kingsland, Mrs.  
 Kirby, Capt. A.  
 Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.  
 Knapp, Mrs. Philip W..  
 Laffin, Miss Lizzie  
 Landon, Mr. & Mrs. Francis G.  
 Lawrence, Miss Isabella  
 Lawson, Miss Mary E.  
 Lyon, Mrs. C. O.  
 McGowan, A. P.  
 Mahan, Mrs. A. T.  
 Makarewicz, Alexander  
 Malcom, Miss M.

Lack of room prevents publication of complete list. Remainder will appear in January issue.

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**CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES**

DePeyster, Miss Augusta,  
 40 tickets to take Apprentices to Theatre.  
 Anonymous — Left at the Exhibit during the General Convention in Detroit, October, 1919. "In Memoriam of those who served their country on The Sea," Frederick, Samuel, LeRoy and Barnard.  
 "Chapel Flower Fund".....\$50.00  
 Anonymous,  
 "For Apprentice Lads"..... 4.00  
 Anonymous,  
 "Relief Fund" ..... 1.00  
 Anonymous,  
 "Holiday Fund" ..... 1.00  
 Anonymous, Lakewood, N. J.  
 "Holiday Fund" ..... 1.00  
 Bailey, Mrs. James Sherman  
 "Holiday Fund" ..... 1.00  
 Bates, Miss Caroline E.  
 "Holiday Fund" ..... 5.00  
 Benton, Mrs. J. M.  
 "Holiday Fund" ..... 1.00

Bowne, Mrs. J. H.		Minor, Miss Emily C.	
"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00	In Memory of Nephew	
Breslin, Miss Evelyn M.		"Chapel Flower Fund" .....	5.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	4.00	"A Friend,"	
Brewster, Miss Josephine		"Chapel Flower Fund" .....	1.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00	"Cemetery Fund" .....	2.00
Brown, Mrs. J. Adams		"Holiday Fund" .....	2.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00	Moses, Mrs. James,	
Bualt, Mitchell		"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00
"Relief Fund" .....	5.00	Mott, Mrs. I. W.,	
Burkham, Miss Caroline T.		"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00	Newman, Miss M. G.,	
Clark, Miss E. V.		"Discretionary Fund" .....	1.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00	Pelzer, B. H.,	
Cochran, Mrs. J. H.		"Holiday Fund" .....	25.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	20.00	Pope, Mrs. Charles C.,	
Colbron, W. T.		"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00	"Chapel Flower Fund" .....	5.00
Cunningham, Mrs. F. A.		"Cemetery Fund" .....	5.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00	Provost, Mrs. Cornelius W.,	
Darrach, Mrs. E. R.		"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00	Richard, Miss Elvine,	
Davis, M. M.		"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00	Rockwood, Mrs. George I.,	
DeLong, Mrs. George B.		"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	20.00	Russo Lettish Congregation,	
DePeyster, Miss Augusta		"Religious & Social Dept." .....	6.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	60.00	Saul, Miss Ella,	
Diersen, Miss Sophie E.		"Holiday Fund" .....	2.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00	Shiple, Mrs. A. C.,	
In Memory of Anna K. Diersen		"Holiday Fund" .....	2.00
DuBois, Miss Ethel		Slater, Mrs. John,	
"Holiday Fund" .....	20.00	"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00
Gerrish, Mr. & Mrs. Frank S.		Spencer, J. Clinton,	
"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00	"Holiday Fund" .....	50.00
Gould, Miss Anna J.		Spring, Miss Anna M.,	
"Discretionary Fund" .....	5.00	"Holiday Fund" .....	100.00
Hadden, Mrs. H. F.		Styn, F.,	
"Chapel Flower Fund" .....	25.00	"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00
Hall, Mrs. G. L.		Thomas, Mrs. Charles H.,	
"Holiday Fund" .....	4.00	"Holiday Fund" .....	50.00
Hasbrouck, Mrs. H. C. & Mrs. Warren,		Trinity Church, Hewlitt, N. Y.,	
"Holiday Fund" .....	3.00	"Religious & Social Work" .....	12.00
Higbie, James L.		Udall, Mrs. J. Athol,	
"Holiday Fund" .....	30.00	"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00
Hunt, Miss Mary H.		"A Friend"	
"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00	"Chapel Flower Fund" .....	100.00
"Discretionary Fund" .....	10.00	VanBeuren, Mrs. Frederick,	
Jackson, Mrs. Edwin E. Jr.		"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00	Waldo, Mrs. J. L.,	
Johnson, Mrs. Mary D. & Miss Disosway		"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00	Warren, Mrs. E. Walpole,	
King, Mrs. Edward		"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00	Weinburg, E. N.,	
Lawson, Miss Mary E.		"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	1.00	Willis, Mrs. Wm. P. & Miss Willis,	
Lewi, Mrs. M. J.		"Holiday Fund" .....	5.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	2.00	Wisner, Miss Elizabeth H.,	
Lucas, Mrs. Wm. Edward		"Holiday Fund" .....	20.00
"Holiday Fund" .....	10.00	Woman's Auxiliary Church of the	
March, Miss V. A.		Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.,	
"Holiday Fund" .....	7.00	"Holiday Fund" .....	20.00

# General Summary of Work

## NOVEMBER 1919

### Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English, Morning	5	182	202
English Evening	9	1061	1222
Tuesday Evening			
Gospel Services	4	218	233
Bible Classes	4	354	354
Holy Communion Services			4
Wedding Services			0
Baptismals			0
Funeral Services			3

### Relief Department

Assisted through Loan Fund	21
Board, Lodging and Clothing	250
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	136
Referred to Hospitals	66
Referred to Other Societies	4
Hospital Visits	43
Patients Visited	3676

### Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	
Visits to vessels	
Men transported	
Pieces of dunnage transported	

OUT OF COMMISSION

### Social Department

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	22	6528	7185
Home Hour	4	557	602
Packages reading matter distributed			137
Comfort Bags and knitted articles distributed			173

### Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	21,347
Letters received for Seamen	10,902
Pieces of dunnage checked	6,432

### Shipping Department.

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	38
Men shipped	338
Men given temporary employment in port	35
Total number of men given employment	373

### Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$83,487.58
Withdrawals	78,178.53
Transmitted	17,454.68
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust	67,655.02

# PLEASE REMEMBER

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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.

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## WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may be a subscriber of **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.