

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. VIII.

APRIL 1917

Number 4

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

ORGANIZED 1843

INCORPORATED 1844

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Address all communications and make checks payable to
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Sailors' Day April 22, 1917

Sailors' Day, the Second United Annual Service, will be celebrated on the evening of Sunday, April 22nd, in the Old First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, New York City. The Pastor of the Church, Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D., is to preside and give an address of welcome. Dr. Duffield is a member of the Board of Directors of the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

The sermon is to be preached by the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., Pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregation Church Brooklyn, N. Y., and Vice-President of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Representatives of other Societies are to take part in the service.

An effort is being made to get a large attendance of seamen, for whom this service is primarily intended, but a most cordial invitation is extended to all friends of the seaman and all persons interested in work for men of the sea.

Admission to the service will be by tickets which may be had upon application to Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D., 25 South Street, New York.

Pastors of all churches are urged to make some recognition of the Seamen's work and needs upon this Sunday, April 22nd. Clergymen who expect to respond to this invitation are kindly requested to write the Secretary of the Joint Conference, Rev. George S. Webster, D.D., 76 Wall Street, New York.

Tickets for Sailors' Day

Please write at once to secure tickets of admission to the Sailors' Day Service to be held in the Old First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street on the evening of April 22nd, at eight o'clock.

Apply to the Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D.D., 25 South Street, New York.

Sailors' Day Poster

At the top of a huge poster displayed on docks, shipping offices, shop windows, in all public places wherever possible, are two striking pictures. One shows a spectacular fire destroying an asphalt ship, the "Cricket," floating down the river at Portland, Oregon, all ablaze from stem to stern. The "Cricket" was one of twenty vessels destroyed by a fire which swept the water front of that city with a loss of over a million dollars. That big water front fire of March 12th will go down in the history of Portland as the greatest conflagration in the city.

The other picture represents a raft with survivors from the torpedoed "Ivernia." Crowded together on the small raft, these survivors of the transport "Ivernia" faced the Mediterranean in her roughest mood before a trawler came along and rescued them. The "Ivernia," a Cunard liner of 14,000 tons, was sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean Sea while carrying troops. One hundred and fifty-three, including thirty-three members of the crew, perished. The last man to leave the ship was the skipper, William T. Turner, who commanded the Lusitania when she, too, was torpedoed by a German submarine.

Below the pictures the giant poster says:

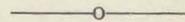
"In recognition of the value of Seamen to the World and in Memory of those Lost at Sea during the Past Year, Seamen and Boatmen are earnestly invited to attend a Great Seamen's Service.

There will be 1,000 Seats Reserved for Seamen."

After the address and date, it adds:

"Apply to any Seamen's Institute or Mission for Information and Tickets.

Officials of the Navy and the Merchant Marine, together with Consuls, Members of Marine Organizations and all who are interested in Seamen are invited."



Their Day

It is to memorialize those who have been lost while following the sea that this great Sailors' Day is planned.

In a circular distributed among all Bishops and Clergymen of the Episcopal Church throughout the entire United States, Dr. Mansfield said:

"The Seamen's hardships afloat, their present supreme peril, their maltreatment ashore, their social and religious life ought in some way to concern all who are constantly reaping the benefits of their labors and sacrifices."

The following lines were penned by the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, in connection with this day:

"Seamen on merchantmen,
Seamen on cruisers and battleships,
Seamen on trawlers and tugs,
Seamen in storm and fog,
Seamen in battle at Sea
Seamen in temptation ashore—

Let us think of them,
And pray for them."

A similar circular was distributed among Churches of other communions in the Port of New York under the direction of Dr. Mansfield who is the Chairman of the Committee on Publicity.

These are headed :

JOINT CONFERENCE
OF NEW YORK ORGANIZATIONS
INTERESTED IN THE
WELFARE OF SEAMEN.

Edmund L. Baylies, President

James Yereance, V.-Pres.

Rev. George S. Webster, D.D., Sec.

—o—

New Flag

The first "Seamen's Church Institute of America" flag, a design of which we hope to reproduce in the May issue, has been made. The flag is rectangular in shape, the width two-thirds of the length, the field blue, on which is displayed a Latin Cross in red, surrounded by seven six-pointed stars, an anchor at each of the lower corners, the words "Seamen's Church Institute" on an arc of a circle on the upper side and "of America" horizontally, on the lower side, all in white. The crown of the anchors point to the corner, the shank approximately on a line drawn from the lower corner to the upper point of the upper star.

This very beautiful flag, together with the National emblem, both made of silk, three feet by five feet have been presented by Mrs. James Herman Aldrich, to the Chapel of Our Saviour, in which they will permanently hang. They were installed and dedicated at the Easter morning service.

Dr. Mansfield Speaks In Charleston.

Dr. Mansfield, the Superintendent of the Institute, was signally honored by an invitation to be the special speaker on the occasion of the first Anniversary of the consecration and dedication of the new buildings of the Seamen's Mission of Charleston, S. C., on Sunday, March 25th.

This Mission comprises a church building, the Church of the Redeemer, and an annex, the Harriott Pinckney Home for Seamen, erected in 1915 and 1916. It is partly supported jointly by two corporations, the Church of the Redeemer and the old Charleston Port Society and is under the care of an Executive Committee, consisting of the Rt. Rev. William A. Guerry, D.D., and three members of the corporations of the Church of the Redeemer and three of the Charleston Port Society. This is an exceedingly interesting and exceptional amalgamation, the history of which will be printed in the May Lookout.

Before Dr. Mansfield's arrival at Charleston, the following invitation was sent to the ministers of the different Churches in the city.

"It is proposed to close the first year of the Seamen's Home with a service in the Church of the Redeemer, corner of East Bay and Market Streets.

The Executive Committee extends a very cordial invitation to all the ministers and their congregations to attend this service.

The Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield,

D.D., Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, has kindly accepted the invitation to be present and address the meeting.

It is the earnest desire of the Committee to have the people of Charleston better acquainted with this great work, and to secure their hearty support. Kindly extend the invitation to your congregation."

The invitation was signed by Bishop Guerry, President, and the other members of the Committee.

In response to this and to the general publicity given to the service, a congregation, which taxed the capacity of the Church to the limit, attended the meeting.

The services were conducted by Bishop Guerry and the Rev. A. E. Cornish, Chaplain of the Home. In introducing Dr. Mansfield, Bishop Guerry said that the New York visitor had been engaged in the work of caring for seamen nearly twenty-two years, and was largely instrumental in the work that resulted in the great building, fifteen stories high to which a sixteenth is now being added.

A reportorial account of Dr. Mansfield's address gives a vivid suggestion of the strong impression which his graphic word pictures made upon the minds of his audience.

"A picture of the conditions surrounding the life of the sailor was drawn by Dr. Mansfield," says the "Charleston News" and "Courier." "The saddest feature of the seaman's condition is his homelessness. He is a creature and a slave of conditions over which he has no control.

He has no home, no wife, no children, no domestic felicity, no snug harbor in which he can drop anchor when not engaged in the actual work of his calling. Society knows him not, although he is a highly important factor in carrying on commerce, which is the foundation of modern society. When he is on shore, society leaves him to the wiles of the vicious who offer him false attractions and substitutes for society, solely to make a profit of him. In life, and in death, he is unrecognized. Like his ship, he travels the seven seas and leaves no trace.

"The reaction of these conditions on the seaman is unfavorable. It produces in him some of the worst vices known. It emphasizes the extremes of his nature. If he is cruel, he is brutally cruel, but he will be dashingly generous. His kindness is unlimited, but his hatred does not stop at murder. His profanity is blasphemy."

Dr. Mansfield said that he drew this picture to show the necessity of Institutions offering seamen an attractive home, something that in a measure is a substitute for the society that is denied them.

He also told in detail how the great home in New York has fought against the vicious conditions that once offered themselves to all sailors in New York. It was a colossal struggle to break the grip of the forces that were responsible for these old-time conditions in "Sailortown," and it required years of effort on the part of all Seamen Societies in the Port.

Dr. Mansfield also had the privilege of preaching in St. Philip's Church, the oldest Parish (though not the oldest church building) in Charleston. It is, in fact, the Mother Church of a City unusually endowed with churches for a town of its size.

He was delightfully entertained and accorded a most hearty welcome by the Bishop and some of his clergy and laymen. The Rev. S. Cary Beckwith, rector of St. Philip's Church, Chaplain A. E. Cornish of the Church of the Redeemer, and Mr. T. W. Bacot, who is not only a prominent churchman but has the distinction of being the oldest living member of the Church of the Redeemer Corporation.

These men, and everyone in Charleston, with whom he came in contact, succeeded in making Dr. Mansfield realize, not only the deep truths which lie in the tales of South Carolinian hospitality and warm-heartedness, but also the strength of purpose and altruistic impulses which made possible a Seaman's Institute so comprehensive in its detail as the Harriott Pinckney Home.

Dr. Mansfield took advantage of this Southern trip to visit Savannah and investigate thoroughly the work for seamen in that Port. He was entertained by the Rev. William T. Dakin, rector of St. John's Church, from whom he received much valuable information and assistance in his quest for knowledge of the peculiar problems.

This close study of the seamen work in the two Southern cities was made by Dr. Mansfield very largely in his capacity as Secretary of the

Seamen's Church Institute of America, with a view to seeing what may be accomplished for the future in connection with the work of affiliation.

A more detailed description of the Harriott Pinckney Home for Seamen will appear in the next issue. Dr. Mansfield speaks of it with the warmest praise and appreciation.



Roof Enclosure Gift Increased to \$50,000

In the April Lookout of 1916, the project for enclosing a part of the Roof was first outlined, and an appeal made for funds to create this very necessary addition to the Institute's floor space.

In the August issue it was announced that \$30,000 had been subscribed by anonymous donors to make this work possible. Plans were immediately drawn, estimates submitted, and every energy bent to arrange this roof enclosure in the wisest manner so as to yield a maximum of efficiency. It was finally decided that the best use could be made of it if the roof were entirely enclosed. When the donors learned of this conclusion, made only after careful analysis and thoughtful weighing of the possible objections, they proved that theirs was a generous spirit not cramped by ordinary limitations.

"As circumstances have required you to increase your outlay so we feel we should increase the amount of our gift," was their prompt reply. Theirs is the large attitude—the point of view upon life which sees it whole.

The donors who are making this gift of \$50,000, so that the roof may embrace every important expansion which developments have made practically imperative, are expressing their profound belief in the seaman, his possibilities, his progress under skilful guidance. They are doing more than this—they are expressing a generous sentiment, an instinct for sane philanthropy which is the more admirable because of the crucial time, the disturbing uncertainty in which we are all living.

When completed, the Roof will offer unique facilities for the Navigation School, for a Printing Shop, a Rest Room for women employees, a Convalescent Ward for seamen. No inch will be wasted. And quite apart from its essentially utilitarian purpose, the Roof Enclosure adds materially to the decorative exterior of the building. A view of the Institute from the Harbor already suggests the beauty of outline, and a certain balance and grace of line which the super-structure lends.

And Romance

Humans can pretty safely be divided into two kinds, those who are always expecting adventure just around the corner, and those who never hope for the glamour of surprise, the thrill of coincidence, the chance for unexpected romance. It is too bad that there are not more believers in magic, because it exists if you think so hard enough. And romance lives, too, as the Institute can testify any day.

Several weeks ago the House Mother received a telegram which

landed suddenly in the midst of an unusually busy day. It was from the wife of a Chief Engineer who had recently been lost in a ship wreck, and it asked the House Mother to meet the widow and her daughter (old friends) at the Grand Central, and arrange for their passage on an Anchor Line boat to Scotland.

As she went down to speak to the Desk Man, she voiced her perplexities.

"I shall have to get passports for them to go to Scotland," she was saying when a seaman standing near her interrupted.

"I'm Scotch, and if I can be of any help, I'll be glad to do it," he assured her. The House Mother looked at his pleasing intelligent face and felt her burdens lightened.

They went together to the station. Rooms were secured for the mother and daughter at the big hotel for women; passage was finally secured.

On the day the ship sailed, the House Mother passed the Scotch seaman on the stairs. He was in a great hurry.

"I say," he called out, "I am sailing, too. I got a job as Engineer on that boat," and he was off.

A month later he returned and waited in the House Mother's office until he could see her. He looked a little embarrassed.

"I took good care of Jean and her mother going over, and they arrived safely at Glasgow."

"What else?" asked the House Mother, smiling a little.

"You ought to be the first to hear it because you brought us together—me and Jean," he explained with a vivid blush.

Confirmation in Hospital

It was on a particularly dreary day late in February when the Institute worker who visits sick seamen in the Marine Hospital was making his rounds. It had been alternately snowing and raining all day and the windows of the big ward were streaked with mist; the grey light which filtered through and found its way to the white beds hung like a pall of gloom upon the spirits of the patients.

The Man Who Visits stopped at the bedside of a seaman suffering from heart disease. He had been coming to the Institute for many years, and had been educated in New York and in Europe.

"I have just read in Sunday's paper an account of Sir Oliver Lodge's latest book on psychical research," he began, rather surprisingly, "do you believe in the existence of spirit world?"

"The whole Bible is founded upon that reality," the Man Who Visits told him.

"If that is true, I want to become a Christian before I die," he said eagerly.

He was so obviously sincere that the Man Who Visits lost no time in imparting to him the necessary instruction. Shortly after that he was received into the Church in Holy Baptism, and owing to his critical illness he was allowed to take Communion, to his profound delight.

And then, there was only one more request.

"Do you think I could possibly be

confirmed?" he asked timidly.

Dr. Mansfield's coöperation was sought and a few days later, through his efforts, it was arranged.

Bishop Burch met the Man Who Visits (who is the Missionary in charge of all Scandinavian work) at the hospital, where the dying man was presented to him for the rite of Laying on of Hands.

This ceremony seemed completely to satisfy the seaman.

"You will understand that I cannot find the words to thank you," he said to the Bishop, unashamed of the tears that dropped unheeded upon the sheet.

But before he died, three days later, he was able to tell the Man Who Visits something of his great joy at having at last found a refuge for his storm-tossed soul.

"It makes everything right for me now," he smiled contentedly, and somehow those who saw his radiant face, knew that he had uttered a great truth.

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Two Staff Offices, Gift of Mrs. Polk

The two remaining Staff Offices have been made the gift of Mrs. William M. Polk by her check for \$500.00. This amount not only covers the estimated cost of building and furnishing these offices but pays for the bronze tablets.

Mrs. Polk is the daughter of Theodore Dehon who in 1860 was a Lay Member of the Board of Managers. After his death his wife and daughter continued his habit of making annual contributions.

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

The Seaman Prepared

Living in the new building, being a member of the great Institute family will certainly increase the self respect of every seaman who is registered at No. 25 South Street, we prophesied in the days when the structure was merely a sheaf of white-starred blue prints. It took imagination to visualize the present realization of dreams and plans and practical devising, but it needed merely logical mental processes to foresee the effect of the great Sailors' Club upon the men who were to come within its influence.

And we were justified in our prophecy. Seamen began to regard this water-front corner as their home in the late Spring of 1913, four years ago; as soon as the bedrooms were ready, in September of that year, they began to appreciate the value of fresh sheets, spotless floors, crisp, clean air untainted by the pungent disinfectants so lavishly sprinkled about by the average, purely charitable lodging house. Little by little they examined their own garments with critical eyes. Men who had formerly glanced with dim, listless eyes at undercloth-

ing which had turned grey from infrequent washing, looked at it with sharp distaste in the sunlight of a clean room. They began to patronize the barber every other day instead of once every two weeks; they found a natural pride developing in the care of smooth skin, well-brushed hair and hands from which tar and paint had been laboriously excavated. From that stage the steps are easily ascended. They filled the cheerful Reading Rooms and the companionable Lobby; they read the newspapers more carefully; they began to think, to have ideas, to have opinions. They attended the lectures given by the Board of Education; they took courses in First Aid to the Injured; and many of them have worked in the School of Navigation.

That self respect of which we spoke as an abstract quality has become concrete. It has prepared the seaman for his place in the world, for his share in the greatest conflict of them all. Of course, nobody pretends that a marvellous reformation has occurred, but it did not need a miracle to change the seaman of ten years ago; it needed only patience and faith and the thoughtful working out of the ideals which this Institute personifies.

Development, improvement, progress—these can never be wasted, but for the seaman today these things mean his chance to prove his greatest efficiency in a turbulent, bitterly disturbed civilization. The Institute is its own justification. It has produced many startling results, but if the exigencies of war so decree that every man who knows the sea shall be

called upon to serve a power higher than any of them have ever comprehended, the Institute will have been the potent factor in the essential preparedness.

Chivalry Lives!

Near the player piano which the House Mother was operating sat several young seamen, applauding appreciatively at the end of each selection and settling themselves more comfortably into their chairs as they called out requests for "Poor Butterfly" or a Sousa march. Suddenly an old sailor who had been sitting at the end of the long room arose, went over to the Soda Fountain and returned with a bottle and a glass, which he placed beside the House Mother.

"I don't know what is happening to the young fellers that go to sea, today. They don't seem to have any idea of how to treat a lady. There they sit and let you work that thing by the hour and never offer you a thing!"

She looked up and saw a tall glass being filled with Bevo, the new temperance drink, which even the seamen admit tastes exactly like beer. She thanked him and continued her concert. Fifteen minutes later he returned with an S. C. I. sundae.

"Maybe you like ice cream better than a drink," he hazarded. "For all them young chaps think of it, you could sit here and starve!"

He went away, shaking his head, and audibly deploring the slump in gallantry which had occurred since his youth.

Reward for Rebuke

There is a man in the Coast Guard Recruiting Station in the Institute who has been awarded a medal by the Sons of the American Revolution. He is too shy to talk about it himself, but the story is significant of the spirit which burns fiercely in the most modest, self-effacing men.

A young roisterer, filled with an excess of cheerfulness, thought he would make his companions very happy by teasing the Recruiting Officer. He looked about for means of playing a practical joke upon him and nothing offering, he suddenly bent down and began to wipe his dusty boots with the folds of the American flag which stood on guard at the corner of the little station. An instant later he sprawled upon the ground, all the merriment surprised out of him.

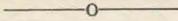
"You insult this flag! You don't know anything about decency," the angry, outraged voice of the Recruiting Officer shouted at the prostrate joker. "Don't you get up, or I'll knock you down again."

Someone with a dramatic sense repeated the story to a man who brought it to the attention of the Sons of the American Revolution. And the medal followed.

Anonymous Gift

A gift of \$250.00 was received in December in response to the appeal for gymnasium equipment, but as this was not needed at present for that department, it was reserved for a useful purpose to be announced later, when the name of the generous donor

shall be made public. To this sum \$25.00 has just been added by the same person.



White Carnations For Mothers' Day

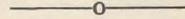
Sunday, May 13th, is a day which will be celebrated all over the country, although it has not yet become a national holiday. It is Mothers' Day, when everyone who wishes to do homage not only to his own mother but to the great spirit of motherhood, symbolizes it by wearing a white carnation.

It will be recognized at the Institute both at the morning and evening services when each person present will receive a white flower. The services last year were extremely successful, but, of course, on that particular day the price of white carnations and white flowers of any sort is greatly increased.

No group of men feel more poignantly the appeal of this day than the seamen. At this time they revive their memories of mothers separated from them by thousands of miles of land and water; they are reminded vividly of the neglected letters, of the boyhood days when Mother seemed to be the fountain of all knowledge, the source of all power, the great refuge. Many of them whose mothers have been dead many years are glad of the opportunity to pay tribute to her memory on a day when the whole world is thinking of mothers.

We shall be glad of gifts of white carnations or contributions with which to purchase them, in order that

a carnation may be given to every seaman who desires to wear this visible symbol of devotion, on Mothers' Day.



Retreating Guests

They retreated with perfect politeness, with excessive courtesy so beautifully prevalent among members of the Latin races, but they went, all the same.

They were eighty-one members of a crew which had been compelled to leave one of the vessels of the Spanish Line because of a fire on board. The Steamship Company had to provide hurriedly for accommodations on shore and applied to the Institute. About forty-five additional cots were put up, the Apprentice Room was requisitioned, all the usual preparations made which are necessary when extra guests stretch the elasticity of the big building.

The Spaniards came, remained one night and a part of one day and then disappeared.

"We thought we would try another place for tonight," one of them told the Inquiry Man.

"How about tomorrow night?" he asked.

"Well, I think tomorrow, too," admitted the Spaniard, a little shamefacedly.

"What was the matter?" the Man Who Gives Advice demanded of one of the officers, who spoke English better than the rest.

"The men, they always have the wine with their meals. They have the custom and they not like to change. Here they could have the milk, yes, and coffee, yes, but wine?"

No. They go to boarding houses."

And they did. They sought seven before they found lodgings.

"They be sorry they trouble you," apologized the officer. "And they not like where they stay now. It not clean and pleasant as your big house, but the wine—you see how it is."

Where ?

"If only you could tell me something about my son," wrote a mother who had worried through several long months with no letter from her boy away at sea.

"I am sure he would go to the Institute. And just now everyone is so fearful. Couldn't you just tell me that he was not on any of the ships that have been torpedoed?"

These are the appeals which the Inquiry Department receives every day. Parents, their fears greatly intensified, beg the Institute to tell them some encouraging news of the boy or young man who has quite possibly gone down to his death in dark waters. Every avenue of search is investigated, every chance bit of hopeful news is transmitted, but these are days which pull at the heart-strings of the most callous, the most indifferent. These are the days full of questions to which no one knows the answers.

Sewing Machine

Mrs. William Warner Hoppin has made an exceedingly useful gift to the Tailor Shop. It is a sewing machine, equipped with an electric

motor which at once makes it possible to manipulate heavy materials with the highest degree of dexterity and speed. It can be used to stitch overcoats, suits, oiled clothing, bedding, blankets, mackintoshes, etc.

On Roller Skates

They have deserted fox trotting in favor of roller skating, with the easy fickleness of youth, and at every chance groups of twenty to thirty Apprentices go up to Grand Central Palace to roll noisily about a shimmering floor. When they first started, about a month ago, only one or two boys had ever skated before but they were sure they could learn. Before the evening was over, one youngster of fifteen who had never touched a pair of roller skates until then, was coaching everyone.

"Bend a little, Hal," he urged one of his ship mates; "Oh, not so far. Oh, my hat! You do look funny!" he finished in a shout of laughter as Hal unwillingly pressed a perspiring forehead to a rather dusty board.

When the House Mother, as courageous as any of them, roller skating for the first time, slipped and fell gently upon an absolutely unyielding floor, the boys were filled with concern. That is, they were at first, but when they discovered that she was not hurt at all they felt the desire for laughter strong upon them.

"I know you are just bursting with giggles," she told them, "so don't get red in the face trying to be polite."

And of course they laughed.

Private Communion Silver

A gift, not only of exceptional beauty, but one rendered more valuable by a background of loving association, has just been made to the Institute by the Misses Ethel and Muriel Moran in memory of their father, the late Rev. Francis J. Clay Moran. For many years Mr. Moran assisted Dr. Mansfield whenever he could be of real service, frequently preaching in the Floating Church of Our Saviour. As a happy sequence to his activity, his daughters have become extremely interested in this outgrowth of the old Floating Church and are now volunteer workers in the Social Department of the Institute.

They have presented to the Institute a private communion set exquisitely designed, which was originally presented to the Rev. J. H. Moran, their grandfather, by the teachers of the Boys' Sunday School, Christ Church, Burton upon Trent, England, in February, 1847.

The Lookout takes this opportunity to repeat the expressions of gratitude already tendered the Misses Moran by Dr. Mansfield. The communion set will be exceedingly useful in our missionary administration when there are emergency calls to hospitals, seamen on board ships in the harbor, and for special occasions.

Home Defense

Meetings of citizens enrolled in the Home Defense organization, sponsored by the Police Department, are being held in the Institute Auditorium

where the men are being drilled and thoroughly instructed in their duties.

The Busy Tailor

Already the tailor is having to work overtime. Trousers which have been innocent of crease for months are beginning to take a fresh interest in existence. Men are bringing everything they own to the little tailorshop on the second floor.

One optimistic seeker after renovated garb brought in a pair of trousers, to be cleaned, on which there were paint spots at least three years old.

"It is impossible to remove these," the tailor told him after an exasperating hour.

"All right," agreed the man, throwing them over his arm. "I suppose I'd miss those paint spots anyway."

All sorts of funny and pathetic things can occur in a tailor shop, for pathos clings to old clothes quite as it does to old houses. They are both full of memories. A curious situation arose the other day:

Charlie came in to buy a new suit, but after trying on every coat in the shop he said that he did not like the cut.

"Why not?" argued the tailor. "They are absolutely up-to-date."

"Yes," assented Charlie, "that is just it. I am going home to see my mother who has not seen me in nearly seven years. She's an old-fashioned woman and she hates changes. I know she would like me better if she could see me in a suit that looked just the same as the one she last saw me wear."

Entertainment Nights

Another check for \$35.00 has been received from Mrs. Jefferson Hogan to make one of the Friday evening entertainments her particular gift to the seamen who so greatly enjoy these concert-vaudeville-moving picture performances. Mrs. Hogan was also a subscriber to the John Lee Memorial Fund which made the Dunnage Department its object.

Learning Navigation

Many yachtsmen who have received provisional commissions in Coast Patrol are qualifying to pass the examination to have their commissions confirmed. The Navigation School is in constant use, keeping the Instructor exceedingly busy.

Lectures have been given on the compass, with blackboard talks, practical demonstrations and timely instruction in the branches specially needed for swift preparation.

Preparedness has been a word for a long time. It is now a fact. The Institute fairly bristles with preparedness. A recent lecture on the life and training in the Navy in the Naval Station at Newport, showing the advantages derived from training seamen and the cadet course, aroused tremendous enthusiasm. Chaplain Stevenson of the U. S. N. told of his experiences in the trip around the world which the Fleet made seven years ago. His humorous references to the girls in every port were greeted with appreciative chuckles.

Lectures on astronomy are also being held. It should soon be possible to make researches with a telescope from the Institute Tower.

The Tolerant Attitude

He is a wise man who understands truly seaman psychology, and although many businesses would fail if they were run upon the plan which the director of the Navigation School says he has found most successful, in this particular case keen insight into the curious character of the men has proved the director to be right.

"I have an easy payment plan," he said. "A man may not be able to pay all at once. If a man does not pay, I do not write him a letter telling him what a scoundrel he is, giving him a chance to show the letter around and say, 'Look what they sent me when I only asked them for a little information.' No, I just say to myself, 'Forget it!' and look for a new student."

The fact that the majority of his students are most conscientious about making their payments renders this system more secure and less precarious than it sounds.

Ceiling Falls

They had been expecting some serious result of the Black Tom explosion which occurred last July. The Institute's North River Station on West Street felt the force of the gigantic shocks more severely than the Institute itself, but when nearly eight months had elapsed with no further damage visible, they felt reasonably safe.

A week ago, however, at five o'clock in the morning the ceiling in the office of the Station fell. Luckily no one was about at that hour, or several persons might have been badly injured.

Navigation School

At a recent Board of Managers' luncheon, Captain Robert Huntington spoke on the subject of Navigation Schools throughout the Country in general, and about the one which he directs at the Institute.

Nearly sixty years ago there was a School called the Organized Nautical Academy at 92 Madison Street in New York, and a little later the Thoms School which developed into the Patterson School, eventually turned over to the West Side Y. M. C. A. There were also Schools in Boston and San Francisco.

"The personality of the men was what kept the Schools in existence. Most of the great Commanders today in America have been graduated from one of these Schools. When I came to New York, I felt at once," he said, "that this was the proper place for a School."

"Of course, the Government is spending \$75,000 annually for the education of seamen in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. They are willing to spend \$25,000 in each of ten ports, or \$250,000. The right instruction can be given under the Government's auspices, but the cost seems excessive. Then, not ten per cent. of the men ever put their foot aboard a vessel after they are through. The schooling gives two years' training in mathematics and seamanship. One year more is necessary but they often withdraw, disgusted. They must go in the fo'castle before they can qualify for an officer in the Mercantile Marine.

I tried to induce Secretary Daniels to get a ship to carry freight, let me take one or two hundred young men as apprentices on a cruise and let the proceeds of the freight go toward paying the expenses of the school. After this request was refused I told myself I must come down off my high horse, look the thing squarely in the face and build up a big school and have it stay forever, becoming a great source of nautical information."

"What seems to me to be the most feasible thing in establishing a place would be to have a shore station where you could take young men and instruct them in mathematics, knotting and splicing. How many men aboard a vessel can tell you how many tons of freight will the between decks of the vessel hold? How far will the vessel run on so many thousand revolutions?

"If the Government would give us a ship (instead of spending \$75,000), on which these men could go aboard for three or four months, when they were discharged from the vessel upon their return, they could be drawn upon for boatmen. As it is now a man can pass as a boatmen who has never been aboard a vessel, and it isn't right.

"I am glad to say that the information is getting around that the Seamen's Church Institute's Navigation School is a good one. Using rules in studying navigation is only using the man's brains who wrote the book, not your own. I teach navigation by diagram. There are at present (in February) thirty-eight students enrolled. Twenty passed the examination for master of steam, master of sail and

for every class down to coastwise steamers."

No more pertinent time could be chosen for printing Captain Huntington's ideas upon this subject of instructed seamanship. It is a subject about which everyone is certain to be thinking more or less just now. This is also the time for self congratulation on the part of the seamen who were wise enough to take advantage of the splendid opportunities offered by the Navigation School.

Burial Fund

More money is needed with which to purchase additional plots in Evergreen Cemetery. During the past three months there have been an unusual number of funerals in the Institute Chapel, and many services at the grave.

It is a subject from which people naturally shrink, but it is a definite problem for the Institute, and if we are to continue to bury the seamen, the strangers in the strange land of which the Lookout has written many times, the Burial Fund must be greatly increased.

Steve Makes a Protest

"Would you not like to come to the Chapel service this evening?" asked the Man Who Ushers, one Sunday not long ago, just as Steve was about to push past him toward the front door.

Steve did not look as if his frame of mind were in a sympathetic and receptive condition. He ignored the soft persuasion of the Man Who Ushers.

"No, thanks," he answered, "I am going out."

"But surely you can spare fifteen or twenty minutes for attending service and then go out just as well, afterwards," persisted the other.

"No, I have got to go right away," Steve objected, and started on his way. And then, as if a second and more reasoning thought had struck him, he came back, greatly to the satisfaction of the Man Who Ushers, who leaped to the conclusion that Steve had changed his mind about the service.

Instead, however, he turned a very wrathful face upon the Man Who Ushers, shook his fist under his nose and said, explosively:

"You have shanghai'd me into that Chapel now about a dozen times, and I'll be blasted if I let you do it to-night!"

The Humorous Sense

Everybody hates to believe that he has no sense of humor. Even to hint that a person has no sense of humor has grown to assume the nature of an insult, so sure are most people that no matter what else they lack, they have that saving grace of laughter. Most Americans are credited with an enormous sense of the ridiculous, the grotesque, the ludicrous, but the real sense of humor consists in being able to laugh at oneself.

That is why we unhesitatingly hand the laurel of a humorous sense to the Man Who Ushers. He told the story of Steve to the editor, and he distinctly laughed at himself.

Donations Received During the Month of March, 1917

Pianola records, knitted articles, reading matter, shoes, clothing, candy, fruit, jelly, flowers, carpet for hand rags in engine rooms for the firemen, picture frame, slides, sextant and navigation books, card tables.

Alexandre, Mrs. J. J.
Almond, Mrs. Theodore S.
Arnold, Mrs. E. B.
Baer, Rev. F. V.
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Battin, Mrs. A.
Biggs, Mrs. Charles L.
Bloom, Mrs. C. A.
Bradford, Mrs. W. H.
Briscoe, Miss Daisy
Brown, Mrs. J. C.

Church Periodical Club and Branch

Headquarters, 281 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.
All Saints, Orange, N. J.
Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, N. Y.
Christ Church, Newton, N. J.
Christ Church, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Church of the Epiphany, New York City, N. Y.
Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Church of the Redeemer, Astoria, L. I.
Grace Church, Jamaica, L. I.
Grace Church, Orange, N. J.
Holy Rood Church, New York City, N. Y.
Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, N. Y.
St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Bartholomew's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I.
St. James' Church, Montclair, N. J.
St. John's Church, Boonton, N. J.
St. John's Church, Far Rockaway, L. I.
St. Luke's Church, Montclair, N. J.
St. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Thomas' Church, New York City, N. Y.
Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry on Hudson, N. Y.
Colt, Mr. Francis S.
Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
Davis, Mrs. J. L.
Dilham, Miss
Dint, Mrs. F. G.
Doorly, Mr. N. W.
Edgar, Rev. G. E.
Eliot, Miss
Emory, Mrs.
Evarts, Mr. George K.
Fink, Miss M. M.
Franklin, Mrs. L. B.
George, Miss Mary J.
Gonzalez, Mrs. A. C.
Green, Mrs. Judd
Harley, Mr. Frank A.
Heide, Miss Edna V. D.
Hospital Book and Newspaper Society

Hunter's College of Y. W. C. A., New York City, N. Y.
Ide, Mrs. George E.
Ingolls, Miss M. E.
Irving, Dr. W. W.
Janeway, Mr. G. H.
Kirby, Absalom, U. S. N.
Lane, Mrs. William H.
Lehman, Mr. John
Mapes, Mrs. E. L.
Marson, Mrs. T. M.
Merritt, Mrs. John
Moehring, Mrs. William G.
Moran, The Misses
Morrison, Miss C. G.
Morrison, Mr. John H.
Napier, Miss Mary A.
Palmer, Mrs. Edwind
Prall, Mrs.
Reynolds, Mrs. A. G.
Richard, Mr. A.
Richards, Mrs. Annie
Righter, Miss Jessie H.
Rode, Mrs. David G.
Roebing, Mrs. J. A.
Rolker, Mrs. Charles M.
Ropes, Mrs. A. G.
Thurston, Miss M. D.
Usher, Miss Irene
Vermilye, Mrs.
Wanamaker, Mr. Rodman
Ward, Mr. Frederick S.
Westcod, Mrs. C. L.
Whitehead, Mrs. Frank D.
Whitwell, Miss Elsie
Whitwell, Mrs. L. M.
Wilkes, Miss
Williams, Mrs. A. J.
Zimmel, Mrs. E. M.
Woman's Aux., Church of the Atonement, Tenafly, N. J.
Women's Guild, St. Philip's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Anonymous: To be added to previous gift of \$250.....	\$25.00
Boys' Chapel Committee of Morristown School—Religious Work.....	5.00
Bridgham, Mrs. Samuel W.—Reflectoscope	15.00
Cornell, Miss Mary A.—for Shoes.....	40.00
Heist, Miss S. D.—for Men and Boys in hospitals.....	10.00
Hogan, Mrs. Jefferson—Friday Evening Concert	35.00
Hope Club—for Easter Flowers.....	2.00
Hoppin, Mrs. William W.—for Tailor's Sewing Machine.....	55.57
Lyman, Miss Lois M.—Discretionary Fund	5.00
Sawyer, Mr. George A.—Social Fund	1.00
Udall, Miss Mary S. for Easter Flowers	5.00
Woodhull, Mr. Maxwell—Social Fund	5.00

General Summary of Work

MARCH 1917

Seamen's Wages Department.

Mar. 1st Cash on hand.....	\$73,056.41
Deposits	35,003.21
	\$108,059.62
Withdrawals (\$ 5,117.72 trans- mitted)	31,773.03
Apr. 1st Cash Balance.....	\$76,286.59

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

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I. 31	
Men Shipped.....	303
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	163
Total number of men given employment	466

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	49
Visits to vessels	203
Men transported	336
Pieces of dunnage transported	560

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	16,055
Letters received for seamen.....	3,437
Pieces of dunnage checked	2,792

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and clothing	245
		Referred to Hospitals.....	101
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.....	22

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	5	1,912 2,287
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	9	957 990
Public School Lectures	4	649 706
First Aid Lectures	10	117 146
Hospital Visits		22
Patients Visited		551
Ships Visited		405
Packages reading matter distributed....		657

Religious Department.

	Attendance	
	Services	Seamen Total
English.....	20	767 1,047
Scandinavian.....	9	131 151
Special Services	4	49 49
Sing Songs.....	8	870 955
Bible Classes	4	297 297

Holy Communion Services	2
Funeral Services	4
Confirmation Service.....	1
Candidate.....	1

Suggestions and Reminders

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

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

TO BE GIVEN

Laundry \$1,500

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

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer

No. 25 South Street, New York

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