

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. XII.

AUGUST, 1921

No. 8

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

Administration Offices

Telephone Bowling Green 3620 25 South Street, New York

Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

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

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

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

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

Form of Bequest

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

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Changed His Luck

He had such an eager look that when he approached the Chaplain he greeted him like an old friend, although he could not remember him.

"I came back to tell you that when you gave me that boost you changed my luck," he said. "I am doing well—have been ever since—and you did it."

"Why I—I can't just remember," the Chaplain said hesitatingly. He hated to acknowledge that he had forgotten anything so important to the man before him.

"You don't remember!" the man said blankly, "You don't remember finding me sleeping in the park, because I was down and out, although I had been Captain of a ship. You recognized me and instead of giving me a bed in a dormitory as some would have done, you said I should have a bed in the Officers' quarters, and it was that bed that gave me confidence in myself—that and the room and the surroundings."

"Yes, I do remember," the Chaplain said, much pleased when he recalled the circumstances. "You had kind of lost faith in yourself."

"I sure had," he acknowledged, "and when a man gets there he is in a bad way. He defeats himself. Of course I have been back before and paid what I owed, but I couldn't find you to tell you what it meant to me."

"That is what we are here for," the

Chaplain said, much pleased nevertheless that he had used the Discretionary Fund to such good purpose.

Nothing to Wear

We have all heard the story of Miss Flora McFlimpsey who had nothing to wear. We have many Miss Floras among the seamen these days. Shipping is very dull and has been for a long time. Many men are out of employment and they have pawned everything they can raise money on.

The trouble under such circumstances is that when at last a job is available the man cannot take it because he hasn't any sea clothes. The sailor is a true fatalist. He never faces a serious situation until he is forced to do so. Then he expects that something will turn up. He is a regular child of Providence. He depends on Him as most boys depend on their fathers.

"I have a job if I could get my clothes out of pawn," a man announced to one of the Chaplains.

"How much do you owe?" the Chaplain asked.

"Only four dollars and eighty cents."

"We haven't any money for that," the Chaplain said, as he slowly shook his head.

"But I have the job," the seaman said breathlessly. It was evident from his tone that jobs were precious.

"But I haven't any money," the Chaplain explained. The head of the department was away and Dr. Mansfield was out of the building.

"But I have the job!" It seemed that the tears were very near.

"Well, if I can find you some working clothes, will that do?" the Chaplain asked, for truth to tell he was as anxious to help him get that job as the man was to get it.

"Sure!" the sailor said, and he brightened up and added, "Of course I knew you'd do something."

The Chaplain laughed, it was so much like the way a lad he had at home acted, when he wanted anything very much.

Libraries for Seamen

The American Merchant Marine Library Association has been organized. It is composed of American steamship owners, men and women prominent in Welfare Work for seamen and in Library Work as well as representatives of Officers', Engineers' and Seamen's Unions. The purpose of the organization is to maintain libraries for the use of seamen on merchant vessels plying out of American ports.

The association begins its work with a capital stock of \$257,000 passed on to it by the American Library Association. This capital is represented by 250,000 books, 5,000 packing cases and \$2,000. The packing cases are arranged to serve as bookcases when set up on board the vessels.

It is planned to carry on this work by dues from annual and life memberships to which any citizen of the

United States is eligible. Gifts of books will also be sought.

The work of the American Library Association in supplying books to members of the merchant marine during the war is well known, but what is not so well known is that the men selected the best authors and read books on many important subjects.

The new organization is headed by Mrs. Alice S. Howard, wife of the founder of the United States Shipping Board's recruiting service, and at present chief of the Social Service Bureau, a privately maintained organization devoted to welfare work in the Merchant Marine.

The chief office will be in New York City and branch offices will be opened in such other places in the United States and foreign countries as the distribution of books requires. In this country the co-operation of established clubs will be sought and in foreign countries the United States Consulates will be made headquarters to a great extent.

Among the trustees of this association are Edmund L. Baylies, President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and Dr. A. R. Mansfield, Superintendent of the same institution.

Pawned His Eyes

Of course he didn't actually give his eyes, but he pawned his glasses for a dollar when the demands of the stomach were stronger than his need for sight.

Then his eyes protested, they grew red and inflamed, and he suffered day and night.

"I thought I could get along without them," he explained, "and I was mighty hungry, but I can't see nohow and I can't get a ship with my eyes like this. They think there is something the matter with me."

"But, my dear man," the House Mother said, "You knew you could not go to sea without your glasses."

"Yes, of course," he acknowledged, as he fingered his cap, "but I thought my luck might change."

"How would it change?" she asked; "you knew you could not earn anything until you went to sea."

"Yes," he agreed apologetically, "but I thought I might be able to borrow a dollar from some of the fellows."

"What boys you are," she said, as she went to help him get his glasses out of pawn.

The Men Back of It

The men who are supporting the project for a great Memorial Stage in Jeanette Park, in "Memory and in Recognition" of the service of Merchant Seamen during the war, are the Officers and Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The forty-five prominent men, who constitute this Board, led by the President, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, feel that as citizens they owe some public recognition to the men of the Merchant Marine for their wonderful work during the war, and as nothing has been done to memorialize this great service, they should lead the way in interesting the public in this Great Memorial

Stage, which is to be erected by public subscription.

The Stage is not for the Seamen's Church Institute. It is for the Port of New York, and it is to be placed in a Public Park that is under the control of the Parks Department. That Jeanette Park is in front of the Institute is merely a fortuitous circumstance.

In Memory and Recognition

The great Memorial Stage that we desire to erect in Jeanette Park will cost \$25,000. It is to be in Memory and in Recognition of the wonderful Service to their country of the men of the Merchant Marine during the war.

It will be not only a monument to those who are gone but a recognition of those who are still living. It will add joy and happiness to the lives of the men of the Merchant Marine who will soon learn that to visit Jeanette Park in the summer is an event not soon to be forgotten.

Send your contribution for this Memorial to Dr. A. R. Mansfield, Superintendent, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St. New York, N. Y.

Ancient Athens

From Athens to New York is a long call, but it is the influence from that far distant port that has led us to plan a Memorial Stage for Jeanette Park. The ancients honored their men of the sea and their men of the sea brought honor to them.

Athens put on her holiday attire to welcome the sailors home from their arduous labors, and great entertainments were held in the open,

where all rejoiced together. Jeanette Park, with its cement floor that makes a wonderful place for dancing, and its great tent, that we hope to have this summer, and its Memorial Stage for which we are asking your assistance, will be an echo from that gay eastern city, a spot of life and color, set down in the midst of lives that are chiefly drab.

Changing Shadows

He came to the Post Office window in as cheerful a manner as one could imagine, bubbling over with youth, energy and good health. He was a foreigner from one of the Baltic States, but he had become an American so recently that he was self-conscious about it.

In fairly good English he gave his name and began to prattle away about being in the American Army and that he had just been discharged and his mail had been accumulating for months and he was now expecting a bunch of letters from home.

Truly enough he had a bunch of letters and the lady clerk began to throw them out to him, one at a time. He gathered them up as they came, exclaiming exuberantly, "This is from my brother, and this too, and this one is from my sister," etc. The clerk has a homey way of calling seamen by their first names, so she said, "Wait a minute, Frank, and I will get you some registered letters."

She turned away and when she looked up to Frank again, behold he was crying, as only a strong man can cry, in silence, his strong frame trembling and his voice gone.

"What is the matter, Frank?" the clerk asked, and between sobs he replied, "I just read one of these that my mother is dead."

All the lady could say was "Do not cry, Frank," and he turned away. The lady was sorry she could find nothing else to say, but we wished that Frank could have heard her heart speaking.—Contributed.

Hard Times Shirts

Jack was of an ingenious nature, but times had been hard. First there was the strike, followed by even greater unemployment than before it took place, and he couldn't find a ship in the whole port where he was wanted. He pondered over the situation day after day as he walked from dock to dock and shipping office to shipping office.

His shoes twisted to the side and then gave up the unequal fight with New York pavements. They were beaten and they knew it and so were the rest of his clothes, but his other garments hadn't discovered it.

Then he had one gleam of luck. A pal gave him a ticket for a bed in the dormitory. He hadn't slept in a bed for weeks and weeks and only those who cannot have a bath and clean sheets know how he enjoyed snuggling down between the white coverings, and resting his head on a real pillow.

No one knows when the temptation came to him. It must have been while the light was dim and others slept that the desire to take some of the luxury with him first presented itself. But present itself it did.

He quietly slipped the cover from the pillow, measured it across his chest, then cut out a place for his head, and slits up the sides for his arms, and he had a much needed undershirt. It was clean and although a little abbreviated, still in times of unemployment those out of work cannot always choose the length of their shirts.

But something happened—what it was must be left to the imagination. Was it conscience? Was the pillow slip too narrow? Was—we cannot tell. The pillow-slip-shirt turned up in the laundry—neither a pillow slip nor a shirt.

Port Arthur Goes Ahead

The following from a letter written by Chaplain Frampton, who is in charge of the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of Port Arthur, Texas, gives an idea of what is being accomplished in that port.

He writes: "In a day or two I will have a batch of pictures for you. Yesterday I spent the day taking views in Beaumont and Port Arthur. The interior of the Institute I had taken by a professional. I hope they will turn out well and be what you want. I will send them on as soon as they are developed and printed. * * * *

"The people of St. Mark's, Beaumont, have been wonderful in their help. A week or two ago the young people gave a shower for the Institute and sent me a box of sheets, pillow cases, towels and curtains. Of course they didn't get enough to supply my needs, but

what they did will go a long way.

"The work of repairing the two upper floors is practically finished. We now have a large bathroom with three showers, three lavatories and three toilets; the entire second and third floors have been covered with beaver board. You wouldn't know the third floor if you should see it now. When I get fans for the third floor there will not be a nicer dormitory in town than mine. The men are very enthusiastic about the place and say the Institute is the place for them when they make this port again."

You'd Better Wait

The Sunday Services were drawing to a close. The Service in the Chapel of Our Saviour had been followed by the Home Hour in the Concert Hall. The spirit had been very fine all that day but there are always some who miss the best of everything.

The Chaplain asked the men to stand for the benediction. It is possible that some did not quite understand what he meant, for a young negro began to leave the hall and quite a number were following him when they were stopped with dramatic suddenness.

A large black negro was standing at the back of the hall. His head was bowed and his hands folded reverently. But as the young negro approached him he reached out his great black hand and beckoned for him to remain where he was.

The young negro looked defiantly at the big black fellow and took another step and then he stopped.

The black hand was waved again and the reverend black head was raised for a second and the young negro received a look from the eyes that said, "You stay where you are or I will see you when we get out of this."

Then the big fellow bowed his head again and folded his hands reverently, but the young negro remained where he was, his eyes saying plainly, "I don't see why I can't go out since I want to go," but he did not move until the service was over.

Nothing Can Beat Us

An old seafaring man has written the following letter to the House Mother, and it gives a picture of the world as he sees it:

"Having safely arrived here I am writing this as promised. After a rough passage it feels good to be ashore for a little while at least. The times are bad in Liverpool at present and there is no likelihood of them becoming better for some time yet. The Lancaster Castle which I left there is laid up in Manchester and it lays us up also. The young days that I had in Liverpool are gone. Times are not like they used to be when I sailed from here for three pounds fifteen shillings a month. You cannot sail if you offered yourself for two pounds a month.

"It is not the fault of the shipping because the trouble with the Irish is at an end. There are too many people running things and good living people and good-hearted people must bend to successful wrongdoers. Though you are a lady I tell

you that you are one of the best people I have ever met for giving concerts and other amusements for the Sailors and Firemen of the South Street Home. I had no notion of being where I am today, being shanghaied aboard a ship in two hours. I am at the Gordon Smith Institute, 300 miles from home, where there are concerts held three times a week. But nothing can beat the old South Street Home for amusements of this description.

"People here are being molested at every turn by desperadoes and one is never sure of themselves at night time. I ask you to caution any seafarers coming across to carry no arms or ammunition with them. There is a good time coming when you and your friends will be able to spend a good holiday in Ireland, which I hope will be on friendly terms with everyone.—"

And he closed with the following: "I think that at this moment while thoughts are coming in quick succession one is always reminded of that little verse which is so applicable to every one of us:

"Our little lives are kept in equipoise

By the struggle of two opposite desires,

The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,

With the more noble instinct that aspires."

Thanks from Australia

"We received both of your kind letters in answer to mine, asking if you could give any information of our son whom we have not heard

from this last twelve months. We don't know how to thank you for your kindness in doing all you have done in finding out his present address. We thought we would never hear of him again and cannot make out why he has not written home before this. I am now going to write to him. I will tell him to call on you and thank you for your kindness if he goes to New York again. Hoping that we will soon have a letter from him and that you will be rewarded for your good work."

A Tent Needed

The sun glares down on the cement floor on Jeanette Park and seamen seek in vain for a shady corner. Huddled together under the two trees that are left, as many as can, get some protection from the terrible heat. The majority of the men are forced to sit with the sun beating down on their heads, because the trees that have been planted are much too small to give any shade, and they will be too small for many years yet.

This is the reason we are asking for a tent or really a great awning 20x40 under which the men may sit in comfort. We hope to make this tent both utilitarian and ornamental. The park is very bare looking and will be until we get the Memorial Stage built, and we are going to put flags on the tent and make it attractive as well as useful.

Jeanette Park is really the front yard of the Institute and as the Parks Department is willing to cooperate with us in making it as attractive for the great seamen popu-

lation as possible, we are anxious to make it just what we would make our own yard if we had one. We wish it to be a place where our men may enjoy themselves when they are idle perforce. For our big family live precarious lives, being paid off every time they reach port and forced to then look for another job.

A man out of a job is not generally in a happy frame of mind; particularly is that the case now, when the possibility of getting a job is not very great. The old, old saying that there is mischief still for idle hands to do is as true as ever, and we believe that part of the work of the Institute is to provide comfortable quarters for these wanderers while they are on shore.

So we want a tent to keep the sun from beating down on them as they sit in Jeanette Park. It will cost \$500. We hope that those who have sometime longed in vain for a shady corner will send us that amount.

Marie Bennett Memorial

She gave all she had—her whole working life. There was just ten years of it, ten years of wonderful service for the Seamen's Church Institute, and it is that we would honor, in the Marie Bennett Memorial Room.

There is nothing in the world finer than Service. It is the Greatest Gift one can give, and of it she gave abundantly. Those who would like to contribute to this fund should send it to Dr. A. R. Mansfield, Superintendent, Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE of NEW YORK
at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

TELEPHONE BOWLING GREEN 3620

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Address all communications to

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Superintendent

or

LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS, Editor.

The Right Place

New York has no Memorial to the men of the Merchant Marine. The war could not have been won without their great heroism, but there is no visible sign that the people of this country appreciate what these men did.

We know that the people of this country do appreciate the fact that they never refused to go into the very jaws of death, voyage after voyage, knowing well that any hour they might be drowned like rats in a trap. They were ever ready to carry troops and food and the most dangerous explosives, going quietly about their tasks, without even a uniform to mark their high service.

An opportunity to contribute to such a Memorial is all many people desire, and we are giving them this opportunity. The Seamen's Church Institute is the greatest building of its kind in the world and within two years it will be doubled in size.

Jeanette Park is the front yard of the Institute, a triangular plot of ground that has been rescued from the East River, right in the heart of the docks, in the greatest port in the world. No more suitable place for such a Memorial could be found than in this little Park, that is a recreation place for thousands of seafaring men, who live in downtown New York.

Already they claim Jeanette Park as theirs because of their need. It is where they can rest and enjoy themselves, beside their home, while in port. A great Memorial Stage in Jeanette Park is what those who gave their lives for their country would desire, because there it will serve their fellows who are still living; and it is what those who are still living will appreciate because it will be an evidence that the best they had to give and did give for their country, was appreciated.

A Successful Life

An autograph copy of "The Americanization of Edward Bok" has been presented to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, by Mr. Bok, through the courtesy of Mrs. Ellen W. Jepson.

Mrs. Jepson writes, "Am thrilled to my finger tips with the reading of this wonderful book, the achievement of a most wonderful man." Such was our own experience and such will no doubt be the experience of our men, when they have the privilege we have enjoyed. Our most hearty thanks are due to Mr. Bok and Mrs. Jepson for this addition to our library.

Mr. Bok is both a Charter member and a Life member of the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia, and this fact would have given us assurance of his interest in the men for whom we are working, had his book not already shown him to us as a man whose interests are as wide and diversified as the great human family of which he is such a vigorous, independent and original member. We would that we could follow his book into the hands of the seamen of all nations, where it will go, taking its message of faith and hope. But of one thing we are assured, even before we place it on our library shelves, and that is that no seamen will read it with greater interest than the young Dutch sailors, his own countrymen.

Back numbers of "The Lookout" will show that month after month, we have put in appeals from the Librarian for more books for the Holland seamen. Each of our Librarians report the same thing. The Hollanders are the greatest readers of all the nations represented here, and it sometimes seems to us that we have men from every nation and then some over, but of them all it is the Dutch who never have quite as many books as they would like.

It may well be that "The Autobiography of a Dutch Boy Fifty Years After" when placed in our library, will be a special inspiration to the young Hollanders who come here, and look out with eager eyes, anxious to find the heart of this great nation, that they may know whether there is a place for them.

"No man has a right to leave the world no better than he found it," Edward Bok says, and over and over until every seaman in the world has read the message we would that we could repeat it, "No man has a right to leave the world no better than he found it."

Apprentice Boys Honored

Thursday evening was a memorable occasion for all the Apprentice Boys who attended the regular party at the Institute. Consul General Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong were the guests of Dr. Mansfield who invited them to come and see what was being done by this institution for the future officers of the British Merchant Marine.

The bright faces of the boys and their hearty applause were evidence of their pleasure when the Consul General and Mrs. Armstrong talked to them; and in fact everyone who had the pleasure of meeting the British Consul General and Mrs. Armstrong and hearing them speak were delighted. Their visit was one of those bright-hued occasions that leave a gem in our book of remembrance.

The Consul General, in writing to the Superintendent of their visit, said:

"We spent a most pleasant and instructive evening and are both enthusiastic at the splendid work you are doing in every direction, and particularly interested in the successful efforts you are making to render the apprentices of British ships thoroughly at home in the Institute."

THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Rev. George C. Gibbs, General Secretary

The Rev. William T. Weston was appointed Organizing Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America on June 15, 1921.

At present Mr. Weston is located at Los Angeles, California, and in conjunction with the Commission on Seamen's Work of the Diocese, is planning to develop the work for seamen, already begun at San Pedro and San Diego, California.

During the year from June, 1920, to June, 1921, Mr. Weston made a very able survey of all the principal lake ports of the Great Lakes. He studied the conditions for seamen's work from all points of view. Mr. Weston was enabled to carry out this work successfully by the courtesy of the Lake Carrier's Association, under whose direct auspices he worked.

New Orleans, La.

The General Secretary was resident at New Orleans during most of the months of March, April and May, 1921. Organization of a Board of Directors was partially completed for a Seamen's Church Institute of New Orleans, and plans are maturing for opening temporary quarters in October, at which time the Organization will be Incorporated. Several candidates for Chaplain and Organizing Secretary are under consideration at headquarters, with the probability of a selection before October. The candidate chosen will train at the N. Y. Institute and will

be inducted at New Orleans by the General Secretary.

The Gulf Ports

The General Secretary also visited the ports of Galveston, Houston, Beaumont, and Port Arthur, Texas.

The Institute at Port Arthur has been giving excellent service under the direction of the Rev. John A. Frampton, the Chaplain. Sleeping rooms, and a dormitory have been opened and are always filled, and the Chaplain writes that the Institute's services are in constant demand.

Tampa, Fla.

The Rev. George Cavanagh has done fine work as a Missionary to the seamen at this port, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Patillo, Rector of St. Andrew's Parish.

It is expected that the Convocation of the Missionary District of Southern Florida in January, 1922, will put this work on a Diocese basis, and affiliate with the Seamen's Church Institute of America.

Havana, Cuba

The Rev. K. L. Houlder, formerly Missionary at Deming, N. M., has been accepted by Bishop Hulse of Cuba, as the Seamen's Church Institute of America Chaplain, to be located at the Y. M. C. A. Home for Seamen at Havana.

Training at the New York Institute

In August, The Rev. George Boys,

of Schnectady, will spend a period of study and training in the methods of the New York Institute. The Rev. Wallace Martin, who formerly spent a period of training here, while a student at the General Seminary, will come for a short period of study during the month of September. Mr. Martin is now the Chaplain at the Harriott Pinckney Home for Seamen at Charleston, S. C.

The Rev. K. L. Houlder, the new Chaplain for Havana, will also spend a short period of training in New York before leaving for Havana.

A Dream Coming True

Philadelphia is to have a great bridge across the Delaware, bringing the two banks of the river into constant contact; it is to have the greatest waterfront of any inland port in the world, attracting the shippers of America; and it is to have a world exposition, drawing people from the ends of the earth over land and sea to participate; and—it is to have a great new Seamen's Institute, bidding welcome to the men of the merchant fleets of the world, who will find therein an evidence of good will toward the crews of the ships which bring to Philadelphia its visitors and carry on its trade.

Plans for the new building are to be submitted to the Board of Managers early in the fall for conclusive action, and it is hoped that the first unit of construction may be under way before 1922 has advanced very far.

The first year of operation in our temporary building will end in Octo-

ber and the need for the Institute and its possibilities have been clearly demonstrated. The entire block from Second to Dock Streets and from Walnut to Moravian has been acquired, the title to the whole being completed July 1, 1921. The foundation has been established and all efforts must now be bent toward the consummation of the building plans.—From "The Crow's Nest."

Cleanliness and Godliness

Bob did not know anything about the saying that cleanliness is next to godliness, but he had the instinctive feeling that he must be clean if he would go into the Chapel of Our Saviour. It was Saturday and he had pawned all his clothes but those he wore.

He sat in the reading room and thought the matter over. He knew that seamen could get free baths in the Institute, but a bath followed by a dirty shirt was most unsatisfactory. It seemed that there wasn't anything he could do to mark Sunday as a day apart from the other days of the week.

At last he took his problem to one of the Chaplains.

"You know a seaman likes to be clean for Sunday," he explained, "and I can't change my clothes because I haven't any others. I had to pawn them when the hard times came, so I was wishing I could wash my shirt and it would make me feel like Sunday."

The Chaplain gave him a ticket to the washroom, and he soon appeared looking like Sunday.

Rooms in Memory

Everyone is looking forward hopefully to 1922. Trade has already shown a little flutter of returning life. We hope that next year will see business back to a normal basis, and everyone building on a firm foundation for greater things than we have yet seen.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is planning to double its size. With absolute faith in this great country and in the people back of the work for seamen, the Board is going to begin building operations next spring. Already we have the greatest institution of its kind in the world. When it is completed, it will be an inspiration and a model for all who believe that if the men of the sea are to give the nation the best service of which they are capable, they must receive as good treatment as any other class of workers.

The present building has been called a house of a thousand memories. Every room in the building was given in memory of someone who has passed on, but they still live in this building, serving the men who go down to the sea in ships. On every door is a brass tablet with the name of the person in whose memory the room was given, and often something is added about the life of the person, who is remembered in this way. They still live, in the lives of the men who come here, and will continue to live so long as this building stands.

Three hundred dollars will pay for a seaman's room in the new building and five hundred dollars

will pay for an officer's room. This includes the furniture. If you have friends whom you would like to remember in this way, you may send your money now.

\$300 and \$500 for bedrooms in memory, and so long as the building remains, their names will stand for constant service, in this house of memories, where the dead still live, making life richer and happier for those who come here.

Excitement!

He had red hair and freckles that had persisted past middle life. His temper had not been mellowed by age, and when he stood in front of the hotel desk talking in a loud voice and gesticulating excitedly, a crowd immediately gathered around him.

They thought it was a fight and there was eager expectancy on every face. The morning was dull and hot and humid. The prophecy of St. Swithin was evidently going to be fulfilled early in the day. And a fight would help to pass the time.

Even some of the employees who were at a safe distance were seen to brighten up at the prospect of someone venting the ill temper most people felt, on someone else. We are not in favor of fighting, in fact we are much opposed to it, but as a matter of psychological observation we might say that a fight frequently does much to clear up a lowering atmosphere, and seems to cheer up the Lobby.

But it was soon evident that if the man with the red hair and freckles was going to fight, his victim would be an employee of the

Institute. He finally made himself understood. He had left one hundred and ninety dollars in his bedroom and when he went back to get it—it wasn't there.

"One hundred and ninety dollars!" a listening seaman gasped, "I didn't know there was that much money in the world."

"Did you look carefully through the room?" the desk clerk asked.

He had. He had looked many times and he had come to the conclusion that the employees of the Institute could not be trusted.

"Just wait a minute!" the clerk said wearily as he took up the telephone and asked for the House Department.

"Has any money been turned in from a room on the eleventh floor?"

"Yes, we had a belt turned in with one hundred and ninety dollars," was the answer.

"What's he say?" the seaman shouted.

"He has the money for you," the clerk answered, but the seaman was disappearing in the direction of the office of the House Manager.

Unforgettable

"Is it true that Miss Bennett is dead?" the Oysterman asked in subdued tones, as he stopped beside Dr. Mansfield, on the Staten Island ferry.

"Yes, it is true," Dr. Mansfield replied.

"I will never forget her," the Oysterman said, after expressing his regret; "she always spoke to me as she passed my stand. And one night (I don't suppose you know,

Sir), the ferry was not running, and I was wondering what I was going to do. I couldn't see any way of getting home.

"Just then Miss Bennett came past in her quick breathless way. She did not know my name but she called, 'Mr. Oysterman, how are you going to get home?'"

"I do not know," I replied, "I guess I will have to stay in New York all night."

"The Institute boat is going over to Staten Island," she said. "Hurry and pack up and we will wait for you."

"I hurried and she waited and she talked to me on the way over. No, I will never forget her. She always spoke to me. She was one fine woman."

This is just one of the many evidences of the thoughtfulness of the late Marie Louise Bennett, that are being brought to our attention nearly every day. Her path in life was strewn with kind deeds—she did what she could.

Heart Beats True

He had all the dignity of a man in authority. Following him were two sailors, that he said he had picked up in Norfolk. They were on the beach and he was able to bring them to New York with him.

"I would like you to keep these two men," he said to the Chaplain, "for they are splendid fellows and I hope to be able to take them with me on my next trip."

"We will be glad to do that," the Chaplain said as he looked at the two

men who were sticking closer to the Captain than to a brother.

"I will pay you," the Captain added in a loud authoritative voice and he put his hand in his pocket and drew out two bills, not nearly enough to pay for their keep over the week end. He looked at the men and said, "That is all right boys. Report on Monday morning."

They went away murmuring their thanks, and the Captain turned to the Chaplain and said, "I haven't enough to pay you for their keep but I do not wish them to know it. I found them starving and I am going to try and take them with me, for they are very decent fellows. I have to send most of what I have home to my wife and children, but I will be able to pay you tomorrow."

Just another example of the way these men help each other.

To Be Remembered

"Why didn't you speak to me?" the woman who looks for missing men asked as she saw a man she knew watching her.

"I didn't think you would remember me!" he said and his face lighted up with a bright smile; "it is a year or more since I was here."

"Of course I remember you," she said; "you were inquiring for your brother. Has he been home yet?"

"No," he replied, and a worried expression came over his face, "and I have been looking all over. I thought perhaps you had heard something."

The woman shook her head. Nothing had been heard about him, and she had remembered the man

before her because he was so much like the good son in the old, old story of the prodigal son.

"It is not so much for myself that I am looking," he explained as he had explained before, "but for my mother. I guess she is glad to see me when I go home, but it always makes her cry and she says how much better it would be if I brought Stephen with me."

"We will advertise for him again," the woman said, "and I do hope we will get some trace of him."

"Yes, so do I," he acknowledged, "for I would like to go home again, but I would like to take him with me."

"How long since you were there?" she asked.

"Two years," he said, "and I have been looking all over the world for him all that time."

"He is the prodigal son," the woman said.

"Yes, I guess that is about it and I am—" he hesitated, then added, "I thank you very much for all your trouble, and you must have a good memory to remember me. I didn't expect it."

Sailors never do expect to be remembered when they return from a long voyage. They have no illusions about being missed, not after the first few voyages. If anyone remembers them it is all to the good.

Trusting

Sam never learned by experience. His was a trusting nature, that ever responded with faith in his fellows, no matter how often his trust was betrayed.

He got a loan that he said he would repay when he was paid off. He was well known and everyone believed in him and so he received the money readily. He went gaily down to the office to be paid off but he came back in tears. He could not explain what had happened except that he had put the money in his pocket and when he came back it was not there. Someone had no doubt seen him receive the money and had waited for an unguarded moment when they took it.

"I owe you the money," he said huskily, "and my wife and children need all I had and now I haven't anything."

"It is hard luck," the Chaplain said, "but you must just make the best of it."

"If I was a drinking man or spent my money on myself it wouldn't be so bad," he said a little bitterly, "but I never drink and I do not squander money on myself."

"It is too bad," the Chaplain agreed, not feeling then was the time to explain that there was no relationship between drinking and squandering money and being robbed. And after all there did seem to be something rather tough about the experience.

✦ Encircling the Globe

"The world is a small place," we often say when the most unlikely people meet unexpectedly.

Our Missing Men Department frequently has a case that makes those who have followed it feel that anything may happen here, no matter how unlikely it would seem. Of

course anything may happen any place. What we are trying to say is that anything is liable to happen here.

A case that has interested us immensely is one in which we have not seen any of the people concerned and yet we have succeeded in uniting them across the chasm of years and wrong and misunderstanding.

The girl's heart was tender and when the returned soldier and sailor told her a story of misfortune, she gave him the little she had saved during the war, and she gave him herself, content with the promise of a wedding ring when he returned from his voyage and was able to buy her an engagement ring as well.

But he did not return and the girl and her child faced a hard world. She lived somehow but often she thought of ending it all. Finally some one told her to write to us. She did so and we advertised for the man.

He was in Australia. He saw his name on our Missing Men Bulletin in that far distant port and he wrote to us to ask who was inquiring for him. He said he was sailing to Vancouver, Canada, and we wrote to him at the address he gave us there. We also wrote to her and advised her to write to him at the address he gave. She lives in Liverpool, England, but her letter reached him before he left Vancouver, and he wrote to the girl he had wronged. He acknowledged that the child was his and that he had been very unkind, but promised to go to her as fast as trains and steamers would take him.

Was it our letter in which we told him to be a man, or was it the girl's helplessness, or was it the fact that he was a father that moved him to pity? We do not know. We will not likely ever know. But we do know that we reached across to Australia and England and Canada and gathered together the scattered threads of three lives, and for a time at least stirred that which was best in the man and the woman.

We like to think that the child, that baby boy, will have a chance to be a good man, because some one in the United States cares for human suffering and extends a healing hand when possible.

Summer Dresses

The House Mother returned from her vacation looking very much rested and wearing one of those light summer dresses that make one think of cool porches and shady walks.

The men all took as much interest in the dress as they would in the dresses of their own women folks. Of course they all claim her as belonging to them, for do they not all, even up to seventy years, call her mother?

And it was evident that they are not strangers to the weaknesses of the feminine sex, for their stock remark was that it made her look younger. There were some who did not hesitate to specify the amount and according to their opinion she has lost from ten to thirty years, simply by a change of dress.

We would recommend this to those who wish to keep their youth

—but do not forget, that as well as the summer dress, you must be looked at by eyes of affection.

Improving the Shining Hours

It was the House Mother who found him roaming around in that aimless way that people do when they desire something a little out of the ordinary.

A needle in a haystack is easy compared to finding a man in this building when he has departed from his regular haunts. It was a Saturday afternoon and most of the employees had gone for the day.

A young serious-eyed man stopped everyone who appeared to belong to the Institute and said he wanted to buy a book. The watchman shook his head and said we didn't sell books—and if we did we wouldn't sell them on Saturday afternoon.

The Navigation School was closed, as all good schools should be on a summer afternoon.

"It is a book called 'Questions and Answers,'" the young man explained. "I have just left the Navy and I am going home for a short vacation. I heard this book was one of the best text books on Navigation and I thought I would take it home and study. It was written by Captain Huntington."

"Why, it will be in our Navigation School," the House Mother said as she led the way to the elevator, and the young man soon went away happy, with the book written by the Principal of our Navigation School, under his arm.

General Summary of Work

JUNE, 1921

RELIGIOUS WORK

South Street Institute, 25 South Street			North River Station, 341 West Street		
	No.	Attend- ance		No.	Attend- ance
Sunday Services, A. M.....	4	107	Sunday Services, P. M.....	4	342
Sunday Services, P. M.....	4	938	Song Services	8	741
Bible Classes	3	245			
Gospel Meetings	4	318			
Funerals	3				

Public Health Service Hospital No. 43, Ellis Island			U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21, Staten Island		
Sunday Services, P. M.....	3	425	Sunday Services, A. M.....	5	143

Institutional Service

South Street Institute			North River Station		
Home Hours	4	822	Home Hours	4	
Entertainments	8	3,258	Entertainments	11	1,406
Lodgings Registered		21,418	Incoming Mail for Seamen		726
Incoming Mail for Seamen		14,063	Dunnage checked		86
Dunnage checked		3,176	Free Baths		
Free Baths			Free Clothes Washings		
Free Clothes Washings			Packages Literature Dis- tributed		108
Packages Literature Dis- tributed		528	Knitted Articles Dis- tributed		3
Knitted Articles Dis- tributed		77			

Relief

Meals, Lodging and Clothing	326	Meals, Lodging and Clothing	50
Assisted through Loan Fund	52	Assisted by Loans	
Minor Relief		Minor Relief	
Cases in Institute Clinic	688	Cases Referred to Institute Clinic	
Referred to Hospitals	17	Referred to Hospitals	
Referred to other organizations	10	Referred to other Organizations	

Employment

Ships Supplied	17	Ships Supplied	
Men Shipped	119	Men Shipped	
Temporary Employment	45	Temporary Employment	
Shore Jobs		Shore Jobs	5

Visits

To Hospitals	37	To Hospitals	3
To Patients	2,832	To Patients	4
Other Visits		Other Visits	
		To Ships	39

Public Health Service Hospital No. 43		U. S. Marine Hospital No. 21	
To Hospitals	6	To Hospitals	14
To Patients	364	To Patients	2,540

Educational

Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School enrollment	22
First Aid Lectures	6
Other Educational Lectures	

Seamen's Wages

Deposits	\$47,724.60
Withdrawals	76,861.85
Transmissions	15,244.32

SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

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

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

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

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