

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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JULY, 1916

Number 7

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

A WANDERER'S SONG.

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.
Oh I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street,
To where a lifting foresail is yanking at the sheet;
To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,
Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.
And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewing of the gulls,
The clucking, sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls,
The songs at the capstan in the hooker warping out,
And then the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.
Oh I am tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going, from the roaring of the wheels,
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels.

--JOHN MASEFIELD.

A Question of Etiquette

They brought him into the Institute for first aid before sending him to a hospital to be thoroughly repaired. The trouble had arisen through that honorable British institution, afternoon tea.

On Percival's ship, a freighter lying in New York harbor, tea is regularly served from 4 until 5 o'clock. Percival, however, coming on board at 5:30, after an exhausting shopping tour in West Street, insisted that it was not too late for him to get his accustomed cup.

Seemundun Bissessin, the freighter's East Indian cook, disagreed with Percival. His ultimatum was expressed in the brief sentence, "No tea you get."

Percival, outraged in his dignity and sense of propriety alike, began to throw canned goods and crockery in the direction of the stubborn cook, who made an all-too-effective counter-attack with a heavy rolling-pin.

"What does a heathen Turk know about etiquette, anyway?" was Percival's disgusted comment, as his wounds were being patched up.

Geoffrey Prepares

Geoffrey holds the proud record of having fallen overboard more times than any man in New York harbor. Some say it is merely due to a natural, whole-hearted clumsiness, while others insist that Geoffrey would keep his balance better if he were always completely sober.

One of the Institute workers recently thought of a way in which

Geoffrey might be cured of his failing. He supplied the seaman with a number of the horrible shark stories from the daily papers, and then suddenly confronted him one day with the question, "What would you do if a shark should get you some day?"

Geoffrey smiled a wise smile. "I ain't afraid of sharks," he answered calmly. "You know, I've heard they never bite colored people. And I guess this'll fool 'em."

Whereupon Geoffrey slowly and impressively pulled his trousers up above his knees, displaying a pair of full-length black stockings.

Water for the Thirsty

By her check of \$500.00 Mrs. Herbert Barber, who has already made several generous gifts to the Institute, has made it possible for hundreds of thirsty seamen to feel the healing trickle of iced water during the hot August nights—and at all times, simply by turning on the taps on their own particular sleeping floors.

Drinking fountains were installed in the basement, on the main, second, third and fourth floors, but it was not possible, until Mrs. Barber's check smoothed the way, to put in the adequate plumbing to connect each bedroom floor with the great Institute system of pure iced water.

This means a chance for every perspiring seaman, seeking sleep on a warm night, to get a drink without having to go more than the length of a corridor. The men will appreciate it enormously, as does the Institute itself.

A Family Secret

It is generally an easy matter to tell when someone has an important secret and is simply aching to be asked about it. The look on young Elliot's face, as he furtively examined a photograph, clearly invited inquisitiveness.

"Got a new girl or something this trip?" asks a seaman casually, as he saunters by.

Elliot blushes furiously and makes a motion to hide the photograph, then hands it to his listener with honest pride. The pretty young woman in the picture holds a fine big baby in her arms.

"Eight months old today, and I've never even seen the little kid," says Elliot, and there is just a suspicion of a shake in his voice. "But everything's well with them, and next week I'm sailing back home to see my—my family!"

The Good Old Days

Perhaps there will always be old men in the world to sit in corners and tell people that things aren't what they used to be. Thus a sailor of forty years' experience, addressing anyone who may care to listen, in the hotel lobby: "Sailors? There ain't any sailors nowadays. All the ships want is men to chip iron and wash paint-work. What good would sailors be to them anyway? When I think of the old days!"

To every argument the veteran finds a pessimistic answer, until suddenly a seaman pops out with "Well, what about this Institute here?"

"Ah, now you're talking!" says the only surviving sailor with a sudden change of tone. "In the good old days they used to say, 'Oh, he's only a sailor,' but here they treat us all like men first and foremost. Just look at those fellows over there with clean collars and everything!"

For the next half-hour the listeners in the lobby are treated to a sustained eulogy of the Institute and its work. Evidently "the good old days" had their disadvantages, after all.

The Laundry \$1500.00

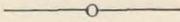
It is of the greatest possible importance to the Institute, but perhaps because everyone regards clean linen as one of the natural, most obvious necessities in ordinary living, it is easy to forget the invaluable service rendered by the laundry.

The Institute equipment is operated by electricity and consists of two huge washing and rinsing machines, wringers and a large mangle. A staff of four persons is kept constantly at work receiving the great baskets of sheets, pillow slips, towels, napkins and table linen, and sending them out again fresh and clean smelling.

1,500 pieces are washed every day. It is this clean linen, this prospect of fresh bedding and spotless towels which has allured many a seaman to the Institute. Tired of the grey blankets and the rough brown towels of the fore-castle, they look forward to the days on shore with pleasant anticipation. No seaman really enjoys

being surrounded by dirt and dreary living conditions.

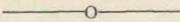
The gift of the laundry would be a splendid opportunity for someone who realizes what an immeasurable influence it has upon the seamen who come to the Institute to sleep.



As for Marriage

He was Swedish, and not entirely familiar with the mysteries of the English language. But he managed to give the necessary information to the Man Who Asks Questions, regarding his age, nationality, etc. Finally came the query, "Married or single?"

"No," was the non-committal reply, "I am operate appendicitis."



Out of the Darkness

This story is written down exactly as it was told by a sailor to the Man Who Gives Relief.

"In 1881 I left Dubois for St. John, N. S., on the schooner Carrie Langdon, with a load of lumber. Besides the captain, the mates and the cook, we were four seamen.

I and another man were the only experienced sailors; the other two were very green. Shortly after putting out to sea, he and I were both brought down with malaria and had to take to our bunks.

Suddenly a terrible hurricane arose, threatening to blow the ship to pieces. We were then asked to go on deck

and give what aid we could, but we were unable on account of weakness to do so.

As I lay there tossing in the night I suddenly heard a clear command in my own tongue, the Norwegian: 'Gus, go aft!'

Wondering if my sick mate, who was a Nova Scotian, could have called me, I asked him, 'Philip, was it you telling me in Norwegian to go aft?'

He answered, 'No,' and told me to go to sleep.

As I tried to do so, and was ready to doze off, I heard the same voice, 'Gus, go aft!' still clearer than before. Inquiry from Philip brought the same reply. Again I tried to go to sleep, and finally succeeded in doing so.

But I had not slept long before I heard the same voice for the third time, thundering at me, 'Gus, go aft!' So I thought I had better put on some clothes, and crawled aft over the lumber deck-load, to the poop.

As I tried to crawl along the lee gangway, I heard the captain, who was lashed to the taffrail, say, 'Gus, come over to leeward and crouch beside the skylight!' No sooner had I obeyed the order than a terrible sea carried masts, deck-load and fore-castle overboard, killing my poor mate, whom I had left behind.

The next day a tug sighted us and towed us into Charleston, N. C., where I had to stay in a hospital for two months. Never shall I forget how God's direct interference saved me from a violent death that night."

The Fitness of Prizes

There is a tradition that in any mixed contest for prizes, the feminine contestants invariably carry off a variety of smokers' implements, while the men are rewarded with ingenious aids to sewing and fancy work. When the Institute gives a party, however, there is little chance for such tricks of fate.

Recently, after an evening of potato races, rope jumping, and other games, it was feared that a mistake had been made when Lawrence, a very young apprentice, won a full-sized man's razor.

"But you know you don't shave yet!" argued a sailor to whom the boy was radiantly exhibiting his prize.

"Well, now that I've got a razor, maybe it won't be so very long before I'll have to start," was Lawrence's confident reply.

A Sportsman's Tribute

Hermann is one of those sailors who thoroughly appreciate the game-room of the Institute. He is equally skillful at checkers and billiards, and can be seen almost daily, seriously pursuing his favorite recreations.

Recently Hermann began to study the attendant who has charge of the game-room. He gazed with silent approval at the man's activity in distributing cues, checkers, and other implements of sport. Evidently he decided that these labors deserved some mark of appreciation.

During a lull in the proceedings,

the attendant suddenly found Hermann beside him, struggling with an effort at conversation. Finally the weighty words were released.

"Do you like peanuts?" asked Hermann, and immediately the attendant felt his hands filled with hot-shelled tubers. Before he could answer, the appreciative patron of the game-room had disappeared.

The Search

"Can you find my son?" This is the question which comes over the telephone, by letter and through a personal interview many times during the week. There is always the chance that Bob or Sam or Ned was caught by the salt sea lure that time when he ran away from home. Surely the Institute can find him. Sometimes it does, but there is a boy just now whom his parents are frantically anxious to find, and of him we cannot find the faintest trace.

He was supposed to be a member of the Foxtan Hall, which burned last winter when a cargo of chemicals exploded. One of the crew was lost and it was at first thought that Albert was the victim. However, subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that Albert had signed on the Foxtan Hall and deserted the ship in Norfolk. Several confusing answers followed. Albert was on the Foxtan Hall but was saved. Albert had not sailed with the vessel. He had been seen in the Bahamas.

The greatest mystery clouds the case. Every clue has been proved wrong and we are still unable to discover exactly whether Albert did sail on the doomed vessel or whether he is

leading the careless life under a tropical sun, forgetting to write home or deferring it through the laziness for which the tropics have always been to blame. Meantime his people are writing the consuls in every Central and South American port while the Institute has set every agency it controls at work to reach the boy if he is alive, or to learn how and where it happened, if he is dead.

His Modest Wish

Augustus had wandered uptown as far as Central Park, and it was there that he struck up an acquaintance with an obviously prosperous New Yorker. The seaman's pretty talent for spinning yarns eventually won him a sincere invitation to come and have dinner at one of Broadway's most exclusive cafes.

Seated amid the splendors of the restaurant, Augustus began a joyous yet agitated study of the menu. He pondered long and earnestly, occasionally venturing a remark concerning the names of the dishes. His host kept urging him to order what he pleased.

At last Augustus drew a deep breath and said shyly, "I ain't really used to this kind o' food, and it seems sort o' foolish to let you spend so much money just on vittles. I wonder could they bring me a cup o' coffee and some sinkers?"

Sunday Service

It might be mentioned that the Sunday morning service in the Chapel during August will be at 10 o'clock instead of the usual hour, 11 o'clock.

The Talent of Marie

Marie trudged wearily up the wide stairs, clutching vaguely at a loop of torn braid which threatened each instant to wind itself about the buttons of her unloosened boots. She gave her 1909 model hat a careless push toward the side from which it had too obviously strayed, before she knocked upon the door of the Man Who Gives Advice.

"Has Jim been here? Is he looking for me? Will you have them find out down stairs?" she begged, disdaining any introductory preamble.

The man in the swivel chair hesitated only an instant and then, taking down Jim's name, sent to the hotel desk for information. Word came back within a few minutes that no one had been in to ask for news of Marie. Her story, punctuated by gestures which should have determined her career as an emotional actress, was very exciting.

"Jim and me had a quarrel," she began concisely. "He's a captain on a barge and one night last week he'd been ashore and he come back full of fight. I won't be imposed on by nobody," and she waited a moment to see if the Inquiry Man showed symptoms of a tendency toward imposition.

Reassured by his quiet demeanor she went on.

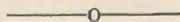
"Well, the long and short of it was that we fought and just about the time that I fainted, Jim tripped, hit his head and was unconscious too. They carried us off to different hospitals. I went to Bellevue and I think

he went to the Marine on Staten Island. The question is, how can we get together again?"

The Inquiry Man regarded her seriously for several moments and at last directed her to the Man Who Gives Advice and after a brief telephone interview, she was sent up to the Y. W. C. A. until Jim should be located. With ten cents for carfare in her hitherto empty purse, she started uptown, volubly grateful. An hour later the jangling telephone on the desk of the Man Who Gives Advice furnished further news of Marie.

"She has arrived here slightly the worse for alcohol," announced the Y. W. C. A. worker rather grimly.

"On that ten cents!" said the startled Man Who Gives Advice. "Marie is a talented person."



Clothing and Shoes

If you have any overcoats, odd coats and trousers and waistcoats, or heavy underwear, which you can send, please send them at once. And above all, we need shoes. So many men walk about with the flapping soles of worn out boots tied on with a bit of string.

Shoes seem so ordinary, so taken-for-granted, so much a part of the necessities which no one notices. But when a seaman has no shoes, he finds it hard to get a job, and when he has worn out shoes that soak up rain and render him the easy prey to colds and their evils, he is useless to society and to himself.

Send your clothing, even your warm, winter things, and shoes to No. 25 South Street.

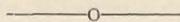
Two Staff Offices \$200.00

There are remaining two offices to be made gifts or memorials. These are the special helpers' rooms—the office of Mr. Wood, the Big Brother to apprentices, and Mrs. Roper, the house mother.

They represent so much more than wood-work and flat topped desks and swivel-chairs that their significance as a gift is difficult to describe in the ordinary phrases.

Here the seamen bring their intimate problems, their personal perplexities. Here the little apprentice boys come to tell about the last voyage, how homesick they are, how hard they mean to work to pass the examinations.

They will certainly appeal to someone who understands what a great part of the Institute plan such a gift immediately becomes.



German Efficiency

They were talking about the voyage of the "Deutschland," and agreeing that you could never tell what the Germans would do next. "Why, the other day," said one of the group, solemnly, "I heard about one of them there You-Boats coming right up in the middle of Salt Lake, and the captain says, 'Is this New York?' and when they says it isn't, the boat disappears again and ain't never been seen since."

This, by common consent, wins the prize, which consists of the privilege of treating the crowd to orange phosphates.

THE LOOKOUT

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Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
or
Irene Katharine Lane,.....Editor

The Navigation School

We are often asked at the Institute "What chances has a seaman for improving his position in life, of rising to the top of his profession?" The answer is that better positions are constantly open to seamen, with the eventual possibility of a captaincy in the merchant marine, but that a knowledge of navigation is essential to such an advance.

Your happy-go-lucky sailor does not have much time for the study of even the fundamentals of navigation. On a voyage he is generally too busy, and on shore he finds too many other things to do.

Back in 1914 the Seamen's Institute decided to found a school of navigation, to be known as the New York Nautical College. In this it enjoyed the co-operation of the Young Men's Christian Association, which for two years supplied its own instructor and much of the equipment used in the educational quarters of 25 South Street.

By February of this year, however, it had become apparent that the co-operative plan would not succeed, as the two institutions were too far apart to work effectively together.

The Y. M. C. A. then very generously decided to withdraw from the project, leaving all its materials at the disposal of the Institute. The Institute deeply appreciates this action and gift of the Association.

Steps were taken at once toward reorganization, and the name of the college changed to "The Navigation and Marine Engineering School of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York." On June 30th the Board of Managers appointed Captain Robert Huntington instructor of the new school.

Captain Huntington has during the past ten years conducted a private school of navigation in Boston. He is in every way qualified to make a great success of this educational work. A Texan by birth, he has spent most of his life on the sea, serving his time both in the Navy and in the Merchant Marine.

The Institute feels confident that under the guidance of Captain Huntington the School of Navigation will in time become one of the largest and most important in the world. It is planned to make the enclosed roof the headquarters of the new school.

Seamen and apprentices of intelligence and ambition may now employ their spare time on shore in steadily advancing toward positions of real responsibility. One can hardly expect sailors to go out of their way to read books on navigation, but with an attractive place up on the roof, fitted out with compasses, maps, ship's models, and the other interesting materials of navigation, it will be difficult for any of them to resist the temptation to self-improvement.

The Wrong Line

In the June issue of the LOOKOUT, the steamer "Carpathia" was wrongly referred to as belonging to the White Star fleet. The editor offers apologies for this injustice to the Cunard Line, of which the "Carpathia" is still a member.

More Explanations

Professional magazine editors like nothing better than to write "blurbs," telling of the wonderful things their publications have done, are doing and are going to do. In the LOOKOUT the corresponding space has of late been filled with corrections of its mistakes and apologies for its shortcomings.

The editor's continued illness has again made it necessary for her to place much of the responsibility of the LOOKOUT on other shoulders, and to delay the date of publication appreciably. It is hoped that everything will be in good order by the time the August number appears. The third story about old Uncle Lans Hamner, which had been promised for this month, will have to be postponed until then.

As for the new size and shape of the LOOKOUT, those who know about the intricacies of paper-buying will realize that the departure merely represents a necessary standardization, not a deliberate change of policy.

Concerning the Editor

The Editor of the LOOKOUT is accustomed to treat everything in such a cheery fashion that it is quite characteristic of her to belittle the serious-

ness of her own illness.

We, however, wish that the readers of this little magazine may understand the true state of affairs, and at the same time to express our admiration and appreciation of the Editor's courageous fidelity to her work under almost impossible conditions.

Since May 17th she has been lying in a hospital bed, and as this number of the LOOKOUT goes to press, she is undergoing her third serious operation during the ten weeks of her illness. Her life has several times been in very grave danger. The latest reports from her bedside, however, are encouraging.

In September, if all goes well, the Editor of the LOOKOUT will have completed five years of efficient service. Meanwhile we hope that her plucky spirit may be rewarded with a speedy recovery.

A. R. MANSFIELD,
Superintendent.

Twenty Years Ago

In her address at the first luncheon of the Board of Managers, Mrs. Roper contrasted the present attitude toward seamen with that which prevailed twenty years ago.

It was the custom then to go about the docks with tracts, treating the seaman purely as a spirit. His social nature was not recognized, was given no encouragement. There was, she contended, an idea that to have a little mission up over a sail loft, or in some obscure, picturesque corner of the water front, made the project sound very attractive. But it was just possible that the sailor felt differently about it. In strong contrast to the

little one room mission stands the twelve-storied Institute to-day, large and efficient.

She spoke also of the theory that almost any man was good enough to do work among seamen, whereas everyone believes now that a man should have special qualities, education, tact, certain characteristics which particularly fit him to understand the men with whom he works.

Her impression of the Institute itself, of its scope, its tremendous possibilities was at once so refreshing, so naively enthusiastic as to make all her hearers swiftly see the great work with new interest.

Mr. Hopkins' Departure

The calling of the State militia to the Mexican border has deprived us of the head of our commercial department, Mr. M. E. Hopkins, who left on June 28th for Brownsville, as a member of Company F of the Seventh Regiment.

Mr. Hopkins came to us at our old quarters, No. 1 State Street, back in January of 1913. It was his task to buy all the supplies for the new building in the Fall of that year, and to put this very vital department into good working order. Under his efficient management things have moved forward so smoothly that few have realized the executive ability constantly active in the background.

Mr. Hopkins is one of those rare people who accomplish practical things without fuss or ostentation and are sufficiently rewarded by the

satisfactory results of their work. It is to be hoped that his military duties will soon be over, so that he may return to the field in which he has made himself so valuable.

Comfort Bags

These may be made of any strong cotton materials, such as cretonne, ticking, denim, etc. Dark colors are preferable. They should be about 8 x 10 inches in size, with a tape drawstring at the top. We are glad to have them both filled and unfilled. The following is a list of the contents:

1. Spool White Sewing Cotton No. 16.
2. Spool Black Linen Thread No. 25.
3. Ball or Card black brown or white Darning Cotton.
4. Six large Sewing Needles.
5. Three medium Darning Needles.
6. Square of Flannel, 3 x 5, for Needle-book.
7. Small Bag or String of Assorted Buttons.
8. Half-paper of Pins.
9. Half-dozen Safety Pins, medium.
10. Strawberry Emery Bag.
11. Small Piece Bees-wax or Paraffine.
12. Large, open-top Steel Thimble.
13. Box, or bottle of Vaseline.
14. Court Plaster or Reel of Adhesive Plaster.
15. Muslin Roller Bandage, two inches wide.
16. Piece of Tape, half-inch wide.
17. Pair Shoe-strings, one yard long.
18. Comb.

What They Sing

On Tuesday evenings Miss Katharine E. Knowles (a volunteer worker) goes up to the Game Room and plays popular songs and old ballads for the seamen to sing. She simply sits at the piano and plays whatever they want from the period of 1899 when "Just Break the News to Mother" was the close harmony favorite to 1916 when "America, I Love You" and "My Mother's Rosary" try to rival "There's a Girl on the Magazine Cover." Then they sing "My Old Kentucky Home," though it is rarely possible that one of them has the remotest notion as to whether Kentucky is a town or a style of architecture. But it has a haunting refrain and the men like it. They also sing "Rule, Britannia" and "Dixie" and "Die Wacht am Rhein."

When Miss Knowles has to go, there is often a seaman in the group who was forced to the piano in his childhood and who has been glad of it since he grew up. He can usually invent accompaniments if he cannot actually play the tunes and gradually the men playing billiards and shuffleboard, pool and checkers, begin to hum and whistle softly. They look at each other and grin; it can't be such a bad world if there's music.

Thirteen in a Day

Recently there were thirteen inquiries made at the Inquiry Department; every one of them urgent demands for news of a lost brother, husband or father. Each individual making the inquiry was certain that the

missing seaman had been a guest of the Institute recently, and that his present address would be a mere matter of record. Their incredulous surprise when we were sometimes unable to find the names upon our books was extremely pathetic.

One young girl said that she had just learned that her two brothers, away from home for ten years, had stopped at the Institute a week ago, and had been unable to reach her because she had changed her address during the last year. She sat on the long bench outside the Inquiry Office and sobbed so audibly that several seamen offered to assist her in her search. It was finally learned that the brothers had sailed for South America two days before.

Letters Wanted

Would anyone like to write to a lonely wireless operator in British East Africa and hear something of his adventures in various parts of the world? To be sure, Mr. H. Lefibure, who solicits the correspondence, makes some fairly definite specifications, but probably any interesting and cheering letters would be welcome to him in his solitude. Here is his complete message to the Institute:

Naval Wireless Station,
Mombasa, British East Africa.

May 16, 1916.

The Secretary,
Mission to Seamen,
New York,

Dear Sir:

Having always been interested in the Mission and having spent many happy hours with it at different places

I hope you will not consider it rude my writing to you although I have not the pleasure of knowing you. As it is very lonely out here and as I have very few friends I wonder if you know of any nice American young lady who would care to write to me purely for friendship's sake. I don't know how long I shall be out here but it will be for a good time. I had a very happy time with the Mission in Hong Kong, and many of my friends have told me what a jolly time they had with you in New York. Now I will close. Hoping to hear from you soon. Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

H. LEFIBURE,
W. O., R. N. R.

Summer Social Events

So many men have been constantly about the Institute this summer that it has been found advisable to arrange a special series of social evenings for their entertainment. The first was held on the 27th of June, with the sailors and apprentices furnishing the musical part of the program. There were games and races of various kinds, with six prizes for the successful competitors.

On the Fourth of July a similar party was held, at which Lars, a six-foot Norwegian sailor, created a sensation by his prolonged struggles and eventual success in carrying a peanut, balanced on a knife-blade, from one end of the concert-hall to the other.

On the evening of July 11th, a six-reel film, "The Chalice of Courage," was exhibited through the courtesy of the Rev. Cyrus Town-

send Brady, L. L. D., Comm. J. Stuart Blackton and N. W. Irwin. Cold lemonade kept the night from feeling as hot as it really was, and the large audience stayed to the very end of the entertainment.

Cargoes

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds, emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal, road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Why Arnold Was Mean

Arnold is a nineteen-year-old sailor of a thoroughly sociable disposition but with a strange reputation for meanness. His companions at first merely made sarcastic remarks

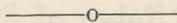
about his backwardness in spending money, but soon their attitude became openly hostile.

Arnold gradually acquired the habit of standing alone in the corridors, deliberately avoiding company, looking as disconsolate as a lonely boy of nineteen can.

An Institute worker, who had observed his solitary state, approached him one day to find out, if possible, something of his life. The case is a simple one. Arnold's mother is a widow, and there are five more children at home. He sends every cent he can spare to them.

As Arnold puts it: "My mother was good to us children and worked hard to bring us up right and send us to school, and so, as I am the oldest of the family, I want to do what I can to help her. I think she sort of depends on me. It isn't so hard, you know, to get along without spending-money."

And Arnold looks just a bit wistfully in the direction of the densely populated soda-fountain.



Geoffrey of the Bridges

It was two years ago that Geoffrey Cecil Barrett-Wells came into the LOOKOUT office and told the editor of his achievement as a pedestrian. He said he was calling himself Geoffrey Smith because of his people in England. He was only seventeen and he had left the ship on which he had been apprenticed in order to seek adventure entirely untrammelled. Like most young persons to whom money is of secondary importance until they suddenly find its use imperative, Geoffrey pursued a careless course,

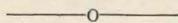
extending over Buenos Aires, Lima, Valparaiso and back to New York.

And in New York one November evening he found himself unable to buy a bed, too proud to ask the way to charity, too afraid of the police to try to sleep in a doorway. So he walked.

He walked across the Brooklyn Bridge thirty-two times by actual count (his own) and once or twice across Williamsburg and Queensboro. His story of the bridge walking appeared in the LOOKOUT and aroused so much skeptical amusement that Geoffrey's subsequent employment in the building made him the natural subject for a great deal of not unkindly humor. Soon after the beginning of the war, Geoffrey went back to England and one morning (after a long silence) we received word that he was enlisted with the Royal Field Artillery.

"Geoffrey will have a chance to use that muscle he got on the Brooklyn Bridge," remarked the Desk Man drily.

"Sure," answered one of Geoffrey's old chums. "I am just writing to ask him how often he has walked from London to Paris."



A Troubled Soul

In another part of this issue is quoted the story of a Norwegian sailor who was given a dramatic proof of the "divinity that shapes our ends." The man was dying of pneumonia when he told it to the Man Who Gives Relief, as one of several instances which had brought faith to his troubled soul.

Although professedly a Christian, he had never since his eighteenth year been able to resist the temptations of the sea-faring life. Again and again he had tried to gain a foothold through his old religious belief, but each time he had failed.

On his death-bed he confessed a deep penitence and a desire for the Sacrament, which, however, he felt himself unworthy to receive. The Institute's representative finally succeeded in convincing him that his prayers had been heard. The storm-tossed soul was admitted once more to the table from which it had so long been absent, and an hour later passed away in peace.

He was buried in the Institute Plot in Evergreen Cemetery on July 18th.

Being Friends

They were such nice looking boys, and even though shy and embarrassed they looked you straight in the eye with a clear, frank gaze that would have convinced a district attorney.

One of them spoke English, but the other, his best friend, was still struggling to be articulate in Swedish. He succeeded badly, and his chum put a protecting hand on his arm, as he spoke to the man at the hotel desk.

"How much for a bed in the dormitory?" he inquired.

"Fifteen cents apiece," was the answer.

The boy searched his pockets carefully and finally held out the only coin he had.

It was a quarter. He knew that there wasn't another cent in his pockets be-

fore he looked, but he'd heard of treacherous linings and of unexpected dimes and nickels that one sometimes finds hidden away in a fold.

"Could you please let us have two beds for a quarter? I can't leave my friend, and he doesn't speak English. We must have somewhere to sleep."

"Very sorry, but I'm afraid it would not be fair to make an exception," answered the clerk. He saw the Man Who Gives Advice approaching, and he stated the case.

The possessor of the solitary quarter looked depressed and discouraged, but he kept his hand on the arm of his best friend. Then he turned to see the Man Who Gives Advice hold out a nickel, the five cents needed to make up the thirty.

It is seldom that five cents buys such a look of relief and happiness as the one which spread over the boy's face. He and his best friend climbed the stairs to the dormitory, smiling at each other in the way youth smiles.

The Robes of State

People used to believe that the sailor had "a wife in every port," and perhaps that is true of some of them. Certainly the seamen who send money home through the Institute are either remarkably monogamous or else unreasonably partial to one particular wife. A recent case makes us believe that the respect for weddings is increasing.

Alfred Stokes had a small dress trunk sent to the Baggage Department for storage, and then came in to see about it. He raised the lid carefully and took out tenderly a suit of delicate

pearl gray. He looked at it critically to see if there were signs of moths, and then laid it back. As he stood regarding it with a fatuous smile, one of the nearby seamen approached him.

“What you got there, matie?” he inquired with amiable curiosity. “You seem jolly well pleased with it.”

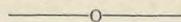
Alfred turned on his questioner with rising color, and then, seeing that the interest was sympathetic rather than jeering, he answered:

“I was married in them clothes just two months ago to-day. I wouldn’t like nothing to happen to them, and I heard they’d be safer here, while I go on my next voyage, than if I took them with me. My wife’s in Australia, and she wants me to bring ’em back home so I can wear ’em again like on the wedding day.”

The other man nodded understandingly.

“Women think a lot of such things,” he agreed, and Alfred closed the lid

over the pearl gray suit with the air of one who makes concessions to sentiment.



A Fish Story

Not all the fish prevaricators live in the United States, according to the “Mariner’s Advocate.” The editor recently received the following letter:

“I have read an interesting account of singing fish in your paper. It recalled to my memory a rather remarkable fish we have in Nova Scotia. It is known as the ‘Frost Fish,’ because it may be frozen like a lump of ice, but, if placed in water in that condition, it soon thaws out and swims around as vigorously as ever. The natives make use of this property to make ice-cream. The fish is caught, frozen, and placed in the cream. In thawing out, it freezes the cream, and its movements at the same time beat the mixture, making it smooth.”

Shipping Department

MONTH ENDING JUNE 30TH, 1916

Vessel	Men	Destination	Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Burmese Prince	28	Brest, France	S.S. Tuscan Prince	26	Manila via Panama Canal
S.S. Black Prince	3	Rio Janeiro, Brazil	S.S. Gregory	25	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Aros Castle	25	Cape Town, So. Africa	S.S. Glenmount	10	Sydney, Cape Breton, Can.
S.S. Memling	11	Genoa, Italy	S.S. Moorish Prince	33	Brest, France
S.S. Byron	15	Bahia, Brazil	S.S. Murillo	11	Port Said, Egypt
S.S. Welsh Prince	26	Cape Town, So. Africa	S.S. Francis	28	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Kasama	1	Bombay, India	S.S. Georgian Prince	12	Tampico, Mexico
S.S. Illinois	3	Port Arthur, Texas	S.S. Portuguese Prince	27	Brest, France
S.S. Olinda	1	Nuevitas, Cuba	S.S. Florida	6	Port Arthur, Texas
S.S. H. M. Whitney	2	Boston, Mass.	S.S. Russian Prince	3	Trinidad, B. W. I.
S.S. Vestris	22	Liverpool, England			
S.S. Terence	5	Manchester, England			

Vessel	Men	Destination	Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Vasari	17	Bahia, Brazil	S.S. Roman Prince	6	Philadelphia, Pa.
S.S. Bellgrano	30	Chile and Peru	S.S. Camino	7	Bordeaux, France
S.S. Georgia	2	Port Arthur, Texas	S.S. Justin	31	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Port Adelaide	3	Brisbane, Australia	S.S. Siamese		
S.S. Naugatuck	7	Bridgeport, Conn.	Prince	24	La Pallice, France
S.S. Alabama	4	Port Arthur, Texas	Yacht Carmina	2	Cruising
S.S. Servian			Yacht Emmeline	3	Cruising
Prince	28	La Pallice, France	Yacht May	1	Cruising
S.S. Gordon Castle	31	United Kingdom	Yawl Scotia	2	Cruising
S.S. Siddons	5	Buenos Ayres, Arg.	Tender Gen'l		
S.S. Boonah	8	Wellington, New Zealand	Johnston	1	New York Harbor
S.S. Weathersfield	2	Havana, Cuba	Men given temporary employment	101	In Port
S.S. Texas	2	Port Arthur, Texas			
S.S. M. E. Harper	2	Havana, Cuba			
			Total	642	

Donations Received During the Month of June 1916

Literature, comfort bags, clothing, shoes, flowers, player piano records.

All Saint's Guild, Winter Park, Fla.

Allen, Miss M.

Bostwick, Mrs. W. A.

Chamberlin, Miss E.

Christy, Mrs. N. A.

CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUB AND BRANCHES

Headquarters, 281 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Christ Church, Newark, N. J.

Church of the Holy Communion, South Orange, N. J.

St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I.

St. Stephen's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Lydia's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Clark, Mrs. P. G.

Colt, Mr. Francis S.

Cordock, Mrs. J.

Corner, Miss

Crane, Miss M. E.

Crowell, Paymaster D. C., U. S. N.

Dall, Mrs. H. H.

Davis, Mr. S. M.

Elliot, Miss R. V.

Emery, Miss Helen W.

Fink, Miss M. M.

Foster, Mr. Oscar R.

Giles, Mr. Robert

Grand, Miss Katherine A.

Gronard, Mrs. M. L.

Guernsey, Miss L. R.

Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.

Janeway, Mr. G. H.

Junior Daughters of the King, St. Thomas' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lawrence, Mrs. James R.

Lawrence, Miss Isabella

Marsh, Mr. Robert McC.

Mapes, Mrs. E. L.

Moehring, Mrs. Wm. G.

Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.

Odd Fellows Home, Jamaica, N. Y.

Osborne, Miss Gertrude

Parsons, Miss Bertha

Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.

Roberts, Miss Edith

St. Faith's Guild, Holy Trinity Church, N. Y.

Sanford, Mrs. Edmund C.

Seamen's Benefit Society

Sparrow, Mrs. Ed. W.

Tiffany, Miss Eugenia

Usher, Miss Irene

Vedder, Mrs. H. A.

Von Bargon, Miss A.

Wanamaker, Mr. Rodman

Ward, Miss Marion DeC.

Whitehouse, Mrs. Francis M.

Women's Guild of St. Philip's Church, Dyker Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wood, Mrs. A. E.

Zabriskie, Miss Ethel

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES

Benjamin, Miss A. P. Discretionary Fund	\$20.00
Graduation Class of St. George's Sunday School, N. Y. For Shoes	10.00
Scovill, Mrs. Henry W. Social and Religious Work	9.00
Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club—Social and Religious Work	39.65
Stimpson, Mrs. Mary—Relief Funds	1.00
Sunday School Classes of St. George's Church, N. Y. Clinic Work	12.50
Anonymous donations	13

General Summary of Work

JUNE 1916

Savings Department.

June 1st Cash on hand.....	\$52,616.80
Deposits	29,995.52
	<u>\$82,612.32</u>
Withdrawals (\$8,918.89 trans- mitted).....	28,187.13
July 1st Cash Balance.....	<u>\$54,425.19</u>

(Includes 22 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$11,152.23)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	44
Men Shipped.....	541
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	47
Men given temporary empl. thru Mis- sionaries	54
Total number of men given employment	642

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	26
Visits to vessels	125
Men transported	225
Pieces of dunnage transported	368

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	15,272
Letters received for seamen.....	3,470
Pieces of dunnage checked	2,732

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	Board and lodging.....	106
	Clothing	22
	Employment on shore thru Missionaries	54
	Referred to Hospitals.....	91
	Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.	95

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number Seamen	Total	
Entertainments	3	250	
First Aid Lectures Gerards Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	}	Discontinued for the Summer	
Hospital Visits			23
Patients Visited			391
Ships Visited		333	
Packages reading matter distributed....		192	

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	20	856	1,013
Scandinavian.....	9	75	91
Special Services	2	22	22
Sing Songs.....	7	475	490
Bible Classes.....	3	152	152
Total.....	41	1,580	1,768

Holy Communion Services	3
Funeral Services.....	3

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

Motion Picture Machine \$700.00

2 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

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