

The LOOKOUT



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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

Archbishop of York at Institute

After a luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce, at which he was the guest of honor, the Archbishop of York, was taken down to the Institute on Thursday, March 7th, and spent nearly an hour going over the building.

He was accompanied by his chaplain, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, The Rev. William T. Manning, D. D., Rev. Howard Duffield of the Old First Church, Messrs. Eugene H. Outerbridge, Charles W. Bowring, Henry L. Hobart, Col. George W. Burleigh, and with them he saw every part of the Institute beginning with the Titanic Memorial Tower and the Navigation School on the roof.

In the basement the Archbishop paid his respects to the Shipping Branch of the British Consulate General, and when he came out from the Chapel, into the thickly filled Lobby, he went over to the Main Staircase and mounting the first landing, turned and addressed about three hundred seamen

who had assembled to greet him. Many of the men wore the blue jackets of the British merchant marine and the British Navy, and they especially crowded close to the stairs to look intently into the radiant face of the Archbishop.

Before he became an Archbishop, he was the Bishop of a London diocese, working constantly among the men in London's West End. He grew to know men, to know seamen, to care about them as people, and he knew exactly what to say to them. His was not the careful, coldly formal utterance of the stern English prelate, but the human, warm expression of one man who has worked hard and suffered, to others who are working and suffering and enduring. He spoke briefly, but with great feeling, of the constancy and loyalty and bravery of the men of the Merchant Marine. And when he finished they burst into spontaneous applause of the sort that no polite promptings ever bring forth.

The Archbishop is the Third Vice-

Patron of the Missions of Seamen, the great English Society with its headquarters in London, with which (and all its branches throughout the country as well) we co-operate.

Music Before Leaving

"I'm going in the morning," he told the Desk Man, "and I want the key to the player-piano so I can hear some good music before I go. There is that one thing by that chap Grieg that I want to play over."

"The rules are that the piano in the Lobby is not to be played before 5 p. m.," the Desk Man answered a little crisply, having already said the same sentence some fifteen times during the day. The boy went away and sat quietly in the sunshine for half an hour; then he returned.

"You see, I am sailing in the morning early and I thought you could let me have the key a little bit before five as an exception," he said persuasively.

"I'd like to," explained the patient Desk Man, "but we found we had to have a rule about playing the piano, and we have to keep it."

The boy went back to his chair, turned a little so that he could watch the big clock over the Lunch Counter. He did not try to read or talk; he simply sat and watched the minute hand in its slow, painstaking progress. At last he jumped up.

"It's five!" he shouted to the Desk Man and caught the key from the fingers of the tired keeper of rules.

An hour later he was playing for the sixth time a roll which contains "Anitra's Dance" and "In the Morning,"

whistling and smiling and beating time with his head, completely happy, completely forgetting the voyage immediately before him.

New Rolls, New Records

Not only seamen but the Institute staff, too, need the pleasant stimulus of new selections sometimes. The rolls for the player-pianos have been heard hundreds of times. Please send us anything you have, whether you think it suitable or not. There are always audiences for Beethoven and Chopin, for Verdi and Puccini, as well as for light opera and musical comedy and rag-time. Do not hesitate because any roll seems to demand a cultivated appreciation. Seamen love music—they understand it, and they need its gracious services.

More records for the phonographs are needed, too. These are being sent to Camps in increasing numbers, but the Institute is a great cantonment, also. Its seamen soldiers need exactly the same entertainment being provided liberally for the Army men.

Send any records, Victrola, Columbia, Emerson, Edison, Pathé—they can all be used upon our machines by using a special attachment.

No Eatless Day

Bob and Ted arrived at the Institute after a voyage on a sailing ship which had lasted 180 days. It was a run which ordinarily takes about 120, but the war exigencies had increased the time almost two months and in that time food had become a little less than nourishing.

"Have you ever been hungrier?" Ted asked Bob. They were both young apprentices not over seventeen and in addition to short rations they had contended with the well-known appetites of growing boys.

"I never have, and we may as well eat everything in the building," Bob declared succinctly, leading the way to the Lunch Counter.

They ate until their checks were punched as far as there was figures to punch.

"I feel a little ashamed to eat another check full," Ted whispered, so they slid regretfully off the high stools and went into the officers' dining room, where apprentice boys are permitted to take their meals if they like.

When they arose, they walked a bit slowly, but a certain air of satisfaction was beginning to erase the haggard lines in their young faces.

"Shall we go up town and have something to eat?" Ted asked Bob, a trifle embarrassed. Bob hesitated.

"Suppose we just eat some ice cream at the Soda Fountain for now," he suggested.

They ordered three sundaes in quick succession and then wandered upstairs to the Apprentice Room to think them over.

"I am just beginning to feel as if I could wait three hours until tea-time," Bob announced grinning at Ted's evident agreement.

"Another voyage on a sailing ship and we could nearly support this Institute on our food checks," Ted decided, counting his money a bit ruefully.

Seaman Gave Blood

All the newspapers gave the story at least three inches because they were busy, and anyhow, the war crowds everything else off the pages these days. In peace times a reporter would have spent an afternoon in the hospital and written a column in his best imitation of O. Henry. This is the story, anyhow:

George Brown, a seaman who had been on two torpedoed ships, finally became very ill and had to be taken from the Institute to the hospital. Several of his shipmates went to see him and when he became so ill that no one was admitted, they telephoned, and were anxious and talked about him, just as people do when their friends are desperately ill. Seamen do not receive this degree of attention very often because they usually become sick in a port where they know no one—their shipmates may have all been uncongenial or have already taken other ships and sailed away.

However, George was more fortunate, and when the day came that the doctors said nothing would save his life but blood transfusion, George's pals talked it all over seriously.

"The one of us that is healthiest and has not drunk much and hasn't had anything the matter with him had better give his blood," they decided, after each of them had said he thought he could spare blood better than the rest.

Finally Robert Lord was selected and went up to see the doctor.

"Just fix me up to sail tomorrow," he said as they began to sponge his arm with alcohol.

"You'll be too weak to sail for a few days," objected the doctor, hesitating with the needle.

"All right," consented Robert, cheerfully, "I'll get another boat. Jobs are plenty. Go ahead."

They did, and George is getting better now, and will soon leave the hospital and go for a brief convalescence to the Burk Foundation up at White Plains.

That is all. We might have made it more dramatic, but it is a simple story as stories about friendship and selfishness are likely to be.

He Would Follow the Sea

Among the many inquiries which reach the Shipping Department from landsmen who wish to transform themselves into seamen, this particular one stands out as a thoroughly unique expression of a great desire.

"It is my greatest desire to inform you," he writes, "that my ambition in life is to be in an advanced state, and I am anxious to go in that line (the sea) to advance progressively.

"My greatest desire is to get a position in a ship and I write to you regarding same. I have tried several years, personally and correspondingly, but was always disappointed in being informed of no vacancies, and business dull.

"Dear sir, at this perilous time I write to you and ask you for a position on one of your Company's ships, if there is a vacancy. There is great demand in help now and it is a final opportunity.

"I am a young man, 28 years, mulatto, single, America born, of good

health, temperance, 59 inches in height and 110 pounds in weight. I am employed in a metal factory at present but there is no interest here.

"My great desire is to travel and seek adventure."

In the Navigation School

Seamen and landsmen are going to school these days. They are reading and listening to lectures with a serious intensity which promises well for our coming Merchant Marine.

In the Institute's Navigation and Marine Engineering school on the enclosed roof, there are 150 students working in its several departments.

The engineering courses under Institute control were begun on February 25th, and the U. S. Shipping Board free classes in Engineering on March 18th.

On the same date preparatory courses for admission to Annapolis were started. This prepares students to take competitive examinations and may also be taught by correspondence. The only requirements are one year's service in the Navy of the United States and, naturally, all applicants must be under twenty-one years of age.

These examinations are held all over the world, questions being sent from the Naval Academy to the different supervisory examining boards; examination papers are then submitted to the Academy where they are marked and listed in the order of merit.

Entrance to the Academy entitles a boy to the position of Midshipman in the Navy, the educational advan-

tages of a college, and an Ensign's commission, in line of promotion.

Examinations for the current year are to be held on or about April 15th.

Cruises for demonstration are made three times a week down the harbor on the J. Hooker Hamersley.

Graduate in Fight

Already one of the Navigation School graduates has been in an encounter with a submarine.

He took the examination and received a Third Officer's license, shipped on the S. S. Nyanza as third mate, and departed in high spirits.

In a fight with a submarine 250 feet long, the Nyanza was struck five times during the hour and a half that the encounter lasted. Finally, however, the American gunners got the range of the U-boat and sunk her.

Good-Bye, Missus!

At dinner the other evening a young American girl, her mind occupied rather seriously with thoughts of Holland, confided to her right-hand neighbor that she was appalled by the ridiculous collection of facts she had accumulated about that shining country.

"I know there are tulips and dikes and wooden shoes and a mania for cleanliness," she began.

"You read 'Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates,' of course," he interrupted, and she laughed.

Of course she had, and she knew that little Dutch boys had round faces and very pink cheeks and yellow hair, bobbed hair. She knew all about that.

And the very next day when she

made her first visit to the Institute, absorbed by her ambition to learn all about seamen quickly, she met one of these Dutch boys, a little cabin boy of fifteen whose cheeks glowed like tomatoes.

He stood beside the visitor for a minute and then shyly extended his hand and smiled.

"Good-bye, Missus," he said, and turning, pulled forward another boy a little shorter than himself.

"Good-bye, Missus," the other boy whispered, much more embarrassed than his companion.

The visitor laughed as she shook hands.

"How nice!" she exclaimed to the member of the staff who was showing her about the building, "do they always do that?"

"No indeed!" he explained, "but those boys have been here nearly five months waiting to be taken back to Holland to their homes. They are so glad to be leaving that they have said good-bye personally to everybody in this place, whether they knew him or not."

The visitor turned toward the staircase, but as she moved away she saw the first little Dutch boy, his hand outstretched once more.

"Good-bye, Missus!" he smiled.

Hope Club Knits

With that pleasant concentration upon whatever is really worth doing both hard and well, the Hope Club, associated for so many years with the Institute, has just completed sixty-two pairs of wristlets for seamen.

What Really Shows

This is what happened to the wife of a seaman who died in the Marine Hospital last month.

She was not well herself and a young woman from one of the societies who looks out for people in distress, came to see her.

"This flat is very damp and I think you ought to move," she said, after a few minutes. "Mrs. Logan, would you be willing to move if we can find a brighter, more healthful location for you?"

Mrs. Logan considered it a minute and then she shook her head.

"I could not move. I should be ashamed to move anywhere. I have nothing. I have not even a mattress for my bed."

"Oh, well," the young woman answered brightly "that does not matter so much. You don't care about other people so much as you care about getting well. We can see about getting a mattress too."

Mrs. Logan still shook her head. Then she decided to explain.

"You see," she said, wisely, "when you are hungry that does not show, but when you have nothing then everybody can know it."

Chart Room Equipped

Mr. Allison V. Armour, a member of the Board of Managers, who is tireless in his intelligent participation in the Institute work, has completely equipped the Chart Room, at a cost of \$393.

This Chart Room, used for demonstration in the work of the Naviga-

tion School, was built upon the Roof so that students can learn practical navigation in all its branches without the necessity for constantly living upon a ship.

When the Sea Calls

Jim lived in a small town upstate, a town where there are moving pictures three nights a week, occasional lectures in the Y. M. C. A., and a great many earnest, kindly people who do not understand youth's craving for excitement. Jim didn't really want excitement so much as he wanted to go some where, somewhere on a ship. He had once made the trip from Albany to New York and back, and he had been out to the Statue of Liberty, but these were unsatisfying; they only increased his desire to be on the sea for several days. He had read a great many books in the library, and he had read *Tip Top Weeklies* and other publications in which the hero always leaves home, returning ten years later, a bronzed sea Captain, with chests of silk and strange idols to distribute to an admiring family.

So Jim ran away. He wasn't quite seventeen, but he was strong; he had won the hammer throw and shot put events in the last Field Day in the High School, and he thought he could persuade a steamship company to try him.

That was a year ago. Last week Jim's father and mother came to the Institute.

"We have tried to find him everywhere, but someone told us that seamen often left this as an address for letters, so we are going to leave one

here for Jim. When he knows how anxious we are to have him at home, perhaps he will be willing to come," Jim's mother said, looking wistfully into the faces of three apprentices who passed, arm in arm on their way to their special amusement room upstairs.

They left the letter and for three days they came to see if by any chance Jim had come to claim it.

"I don't suppose there is any use in our coming again," the father said sadly, as they went away.

"We'll try one more day," insisted Jim's mother, and that afternoon Jim appeared at the Post Office window and asked for mail.

Jim has gone back to the small town. He has no chests of gold and no foreign silks, and the only resemblance he bears to his bronzed captain is the brown skin, but he is glad to be at home where the people all know him and call him "Jim" and are willing to hear exactly how it feels to run away to sea.

—:o:—

Commodore Jacob W. Miller

A member of the Institute Board of Managers for over twenty years, and a lay Vice-President for two years, Commodore Jacob W. Miller, U. S. N., Retired, was one of the most interested and active friends the Society has ever had. His sudden death after only two day's illness with pneumonia occurred on Friday, March 8th.

At the funeral services, held on Monday, the 11th, in the Church of the Incarnation, Dr. Mansfield, a warm friend of Commodore Miller, offici-

ated. The Board of Managers was represented by Edmund L. Baylies, President, M. W. Dominick, John A. McKim, J. Frederic Tams and Col. Herbert L. Satterlee.

Commodore Miller was deeply interested in Navigation Schools and in Marine education, especially for boys, and his unselfish desire to further what he believed to be an exceedingly important cause, made him a very valuable member of the Committee on the Institute Navigation and Marine Engineering School.

The Institute feels profoundly the loss of one of its old friends, and the removal of the inspiration from his generous, sympathetic co-operation.

—:o:—

Magazines, Books, Etc.

The merchantmen must have books and magazines to divert their minds from the grim business, the constant danger, the desperate uncertainty of their tasks. Please think of them and remember all the time that the seaman who stokes and oils and unloads cargo is fighting in this war; he is a soldier without a rifle, but a soldier for all that.

Send us your reading matter; don't put it in the trash basket. It is a little trouble to collect them and tie them up and write "Seamen's Church Institute, No. 25 South Street," of course, but it is a great deal more trouble to your peace of mind to keep thinking that here is a simple little thing you can do and you are failing to do it.

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Edmund L. Baylies,.....President
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Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,..Superintendent
or
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

A Choice in Working

"I wish I knew what to do to help, some kind of war work that I could do really well," a young woman in a Red Cross work-room said the other afternoon.

"But here——" gasped the woman beside her without stopping her operation of the knitting machine.

"Yes," agreed the first speaker, "this work is vitally important, but I do not do one bit of it well. I cannot make compresses properly and I never shall. I was simply born without being deft with my fingers. Most of you seem to have hands that learn quickly and do all these things efficiently, but after a year of working some part of every day in a work-room like this I realize that I am not doing the work I do best to help in the war."

She said what other women have felt, and in her desire to be working at something at which she could excel, or at which she could use and develop naturally her own particular facility in serving, she voiced a rapidly growing sentiment. That is why the Institute suggests itself as a way of helping, for men and women alike.

Into this building every day come over 1,000 men of the Merchant Marine. They are young boys, apprentices and cabin boys and mess boys as young as fourteen; they are young men of twenty and twenty-two, and there are hundreds of men from forty to sixty. Probably not more than ten out of the 1,000 have any families in America, and not more than twenty have friends who live here, with homes which could put out welcoming signs for the strange and lonely seaman.

These are men who have returned from voyages on a sea whose original dangers of storm and wave have been almost forgotten in the terrors which lie always beneath it somewhere. These are men who have been torpedoed from one to twelve times. An engineer was in last week who had bought ten canvas bags in the last fourteen months. He had lost his luggage each time he was submarined, but he had not lost his courage. Sometimes they return to this port suffering from pneumonia, the swellings due to exposure in open life-boats, from broken arms and legs, from all the ills which can attack a man thrown suddenly into ice-bound winter waters. They are obliged to spend weeks in a hospital, emerging weak and miserable and only half well enough to sign on for new voyages.

But these are the men who do the work that must be done. They realize that cargoes must be carried and that they must carry them. They know that troops must be transported, that ammunition and food, clothing and supplies of all kinds must reach France and England and Italy and Belgium, and they sign on again and again,

vigorously putting away the recollection of the recent horrors and refusing to anticipate fresh ones.

These then are the men with whom and for whom you can work if you want to help win this war. You can ask them to your homes; you can send them to the theatres sometimes; you can see that they have books and magazines. Those are concrete things. But more than that, you can put yourselves behind this Institute, supporting its endeavors.

The Institute is specially equipped to take care of merchant seamen. You can see that it is able to do it. It is teaching them in its school, entertaining them in its Concert Hall, feeding them, giving them a chance to buy clothes, to store their possessions, to save their money, to have an address where their families can always write. It is doing all the things you know about since you read *THE LOOKOUT*.

Well, this is your particular opportunity in this war, to help and encourage and make more cheerful and efficient these workmen of the sea.

—:o:—

Music Fund

It was important that we should have better music for our Chapel, that we should engage a choir who could inspire a rather shy seaman audience to take an active part in the musical service, to interpret for them the messages of the great masters. We have engaged the choir, arranged for extra music, and we need an endowment of \$1,200 annually.

Autumn Date For Sailor Day

For two years Sailor Day has been celebrated on the second Sunday after Easter, a date varying from the last of April to the first week in May. For the ports on the Atlantic Coast this Spring celebration was quite satisfactory, but as it is important that Sailor Day should be observed all over the country on the same date, a suggestion from the Pacific Coast that a day either very early in the Spring or during the very late Fall be substituted, was submitted to most of the seamen societies in the United States.

Mr. Deems, Superintendent of the Institute in San Francisco, made the suggestion, stating that after the first of April and until the first of October, hundreds of seamen on the Pacific coast go to Alaskan waters, engaging in fishing and other similar summer work. Therefore it is impossible to have any adequate attendance of seamen at the service so essentially created for sailors and seamen everywhere.

After considering these objections, and hearing from the various Institutes involved, the Joint Conference of Seamen's Societies for the Port of New York decided that the Annual Sailor Day should be held on the second Sunday in November.

Therefore there will be no Sailor Day on the second Sunday after Easter this year, but it will be observed in the late Autumn, when seamen all over the United States will be free to participate in it.

Forgetting in the Grand Manner

In the days when farmers were supposed to purchase gold bricks, women who wanted to separate themselves from their babies were also supposed to give them to strangers to hold for a few minutes, and never return to claim them. Perhaps these things actually happened—the newspapers said so—but Sam demonstrated a bit of absentmindedness last week which quite surpasses the average brand.

"I'm just going over to South Ferry to meet the Staten Island boat," he told his best friend in the Institute, "and I'll be right back, so hold my coat a few minutes, please; it's too warm to wear it on a sunny day like this."

He deposited his heavy ulster in the lap of his reading shipmate and departed. Three days later he returned a bit chilly and a good deal insistent about demanding the warming services of his coat. The Desk Man listened impatiently.

"Why, Sam, you told Bill you would be gone only a few minutes, and he sat around here half a day not knowing where to leave your coat so you could get it. We can't keep track of things like that for seamen unless they check them properly. I will try to find out where he left it."

Sam looked enormously surprised.

"I did say a few minutes. I forgot all about it," he admitted. "I once forgot that I was married for over two years!"

Sailing Ships and Boys

There have not been so many sailing ships anchored in the harbor in fifty years as there are now. At least,

that is what one of the oldest seamen, who was a sailor first, told the editor last week.

"You see so many of these cheeky youngsters around this building, and that is because there are always from six to eighteen apprentices on each sailing vessel. I never saw so many boys here before. Every time I go by their club-rooms upstairs I hear them shouting some song and lots of them know the old chanties. Makes the place quite lively and cheerful," he added with a nod at one of the boys who had just touched his cap as he passed.

With a dozen ships in the harbor and twenty more bound here, the Institute has temporarily taken on the aspect of a boys' boarding school.

—:o:—

Fifty Boys at Play

When fifty apprentice boys make a pilgrimage from South Street to Columbus Circle it takes on the nature of a personally conducted tour for those who have to keep counting fifty every few minutes. To the boys themselves it is nothing short of an expedition in search of adventure.

Two weeks ago, Mrs. Ida M. Innis, one of the apprentice's friends, secured fifty seats, through the courtesy of the management of the Park Theatre, and over four dozen excited boys saw "Seven Days' Leave," a war and water melodrama which begins and ends with thrills and mysteries.

They returned to the Institute volubly enthusiastic, making private resolutions to become actors instead of masters and mates.

"We'll have that play to think of

for a whole voyage," one of them told the Big Brother.

—:o:—

Gifts to Apprentice Room

Shaded lights can change even a cold, bleak, unfriendly room into an intimate, inviting one. The Apprentice Room was never bleak, but it was lighted by the high-ceilinged indirect light which is usually most practicable for public rooms.

Now, however, Mrs. Howard Wood has achieved an atmosphere of homelikeness by the gift of a gold shaded floor lamp, while the Misses Moran have added a shaded desk lamp. The effect is enormously appreciated by the boys who are particularly sensitive to subtle differences in the feeling of a room.

—:o:—

Flowers

In a recent issue of THE LOOKOUT, the editor suggested that flowers which would ordinarily be sent to a friend ill in the hospital should be sent to the Altar of the Chapel of Our Saviour.

A note from the donor of flowers for the Altar for Sunday, March 17th, says that these were sent to the Institute rather than to the hospital where the editor had just spent two weeks.

It was a very literal interpretation, but THE LOOKOUT meant it just the same. Everyone who is ill receives more flowers than are cheerfully necessary, and they make all the difference to the Chapel services.

The Minturn Gift

With the news of the death of Robert S. Minturn, who was buried from St. George's Chapel on March 18th, the memories of the Institute's old friends revert at once to the early days of the Building Fund.

When plans were made for the new building, when dreams of a great Institute were discussed by members of the Board, the sum which loomed ahead of them seemed for a while almost prohibitive. Raising over half a million dollars for merchant seamen would not be so difficult today as it was ten years ago, and it was in these first days when about \$700,000 was the goal, that Mr. Robert S. Minturn turned over to the Society a sum of money (\$62,000) which he had at his disposal from the Robert Bourne Minturn estate to be used for certain charitable purposes. A tablet on the Main Floor reads:

"Part of the land on which this building stands is held under a benefaction of Robert Bourne Minturn 1805-1866, an honorable merchant and ship owner. A generous philanthropist. A devoted Christian."

In the minds of many of the Building Committee, this first large contribution formed a background of encouragement which helped the individual workers for the Building Fund to double their efforts and their beliefs.

That the building ultimately cost over \$1,300,000 proves that they were right, both in regarding it as a formidable task, and in believing that to the courageous all things are possible.

Why Marry?

In his search for a truly sympathetic audience Jerry was fortunate in securing fifteen minutes of the House Mother's time.

"I got quite a long story to tell you," he began a bit doubtfully, but she nodded encouragingly.

"You see, I got engaged to an awfully nice girl in the South, when our ship was in Norfolk that long time, but she said she didn't want to marry me until I had a little money laid by and she wanted me to leave the sea for a while. So I went down to Louisiana and worked cutting lumber on a job that was to pay me \$180 for three months' work. That wasn't much either because I worked about twelve hours a day—you can see my hands," and Jerry stopped to show the House Mother the cut and caloused fingers which ably illustrated his story.

"Then I got through and I wrote her I was coming up with the ring and marry her, and I went to draw my pay. What do you think was in my envelope? Forty dollars! That was all they would give me, and when I talked to a lawyer he said that the company was bankrupt and I was lucky to get forty. And while I was away my girl had moved to Brooklyn, so it cost me forty dollars to get back up North."

He waited a minute for the full tragedy of his situation to sweep over the House Mother.

"What can I do?" he asked desperately. "She is expecting me any day to come over with the ring and marry her. I got to do it and then I

can take a job and we will be all right. She can stay home for a while her people."

Jerry looked a bit hopefully at the House Mother's kindly smile of interest.

"How much do you think it would cost for the ring?" she asked.

"Well, I could get a ring for ninety-eight cents," he said, "not regular gold, but it would look all right to her friends for now. Then there would be the minister. I suppose I couldn't give him less than \$5.00."

"Perhaps two would be enough," the House Mother hazarded gently, but Jerry disagreed.

"She wouldn't think much of me if I did that, and then there is the license. I think they are \$2.00 now where they used to be \$1.00."

They figured out all the possible expenses of Jerry's marriage and decided that \$10.00 would cover it.

"You don't understand this, maybe, but I just have to go over and marry her. I can't go near her without at least the ring and the license. Then I could tell her about the lumber and the money."

The House Mother said she would think it over and see what could be done, and Jerry went down-stairs. An hour later he came back to her, his pink cheeks gleaming with something that looked very like complete joy.

"I got it!" he called out to her before he reached the door. "The boys downstairs took up a collection for me, and I will pay them back just as soon as I get a job or a ship. I'm going over there now with the ring."

And the House Mother, who knew all the practical arguments about wait-

ing, and about there being no great hurry about matrimony, an institution which is always so reliably fixed, ready to receive reckless ones even a month or so late, wished Jerry the best of luck.

"He was so very earnest about it," she said afterward, "I couldn't help thinking he was right."

:o:—

Officers' Room

We have received \$250 from Mrs. George S. Morris for an officer's room in the new building, for which the Institute adds its sincere appreciation in addition to the thanks which have already been conveyed to her.

:o:—

Noon-Day Talks

There have been Noon-Day talks twice a week in the Public Reading Room, the gift of Mr. Gerard Beekman, in memory of his brother, and Mr. Beekman has also made himself responsible for the expense in connection with these Noon-day hours of music and talk. There are always speakers who talk simply and forcefully to the men upon subjects which will most readily appeal to them. Seamen have quite as many problems as landmen, more complicated ones quite often, and they are glad to hear the straightforward messages of other men who have no dully pious motives, but who sincerely wish to understand and be of some use.

These talks are garnished with music, songs or violin or piano. Sometimes there is a harp or cornet, but the men have proved by their flattering absorption in the speaker's words that they do not listen only to the

music when they come to the Reading Room.

Mr. Beekman gives \$250.00 a year to support these meetings and they are unquestionably worth it.

:o:—

Henry Lewis Morris.

On Tuesday, January 8th, 1918, Mr. Henry Lewis Morris entered into rest after a long and trying illness.

The Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in recognition of his long and valued services to this Society, desires to place on record this expression of its grateful respect for Mr. Morris who had been a faithful and useful member of this Board since 1868, a period of fifty years.

Mr. Morris was elected a Lay Vice-President in 1902. He was a member of the Building Committee which raised the funds for and had charge of the erection of this Institute, on the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip.

He was one of the original members of the General Convention Commission for Seamen, now known as the Seamen's Church Institute of America.

Mr. Morris honored his Church, which in Diocesan and General Conventions he served, always and in every way, with unflinching and unselfish devotion; and the Church bestowed all honors upon him.

We give thanks for his example.

Resolved, That this memorial be entered upon the Minutes of this Board and that a copy be sent to Mrs. Morris.

Signed John A. McKim,

Archibald R. Mansfield.

The Flower Fund

"In the February number of THE LOOKOUT," writes one of the Institute's friends, "I see an article 'Flowers in Memory.' Why not start a fund, the interest to supply flowers for the Chapel of our Saviour? If you approve, I will gladly give toward such a fund and I do not doubt you will very soon have your fund and then not find it necessary to ask for flowers. For \$2.50 you could fill the two vases every Sunday for the morning service and these would, with care, remain fresh for two or three days. We have such a fund at our Cathedral, different ones having taken a date and endowed it for this purpose. Let me hear and I shall send a check for the fund."

And on that same day that this letter was received, a letter from Rochester came, making another suggestion.

"May I congratulate you on the little editorial which recently appeared in your publication under the caption 'Flowers in Memory.'

"Both my grandfathers were seafaring men. My grandfather on my mother's side was a Master Marine; whereas, my grandfather on my father's side was a seaman in the British Merchant Marine.

"I quite agree with you that a seaman who visits the Seamen's Institute is influenced by the 'gentle, fragile graces' of flowers which may appear on the altar each Sunday, and may I ask if it is the custom at the Seamen's Church Institute to announce in whose memory the flowers are sent?

"I would like to have the British

seamen at least who attend the service, hear the names of my Scotch grandfathers, and if announcement could be made on the Sundays when the flowers were in memory of Captain John White or in memory of Able Seaman Peter Johnston, I should be very glad."

Both these suggestions commend themselves as interesting and practicable.

A fund of \$3,000 would give us an income of \$2.50 a Sunday for the 52 Sundays of the year. Individuals who wish to subscribe to the fund, setting aside certain Sundays as their particular memorials could easily do so. We shall be very glad to receive contributions to this *Flower Fund*.

Upon inquiry we learn that it has been a custom in some churches to make announcements of the names in whose memory flowers had been placed upon the Altar and it seems a gracious custom which the Institute would be glad to introduce.

Flowers on the Altar with no particular meaning attached to them have a charm and a subtle influence over the seamen congregations, but the knowledge that these were placed there as an expression of loving memory would most certainly touch the hearts of the seafaring man in whom sentiment and emotion are so swiftly evoked.

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Shipping Board Needs

The Shipping Board has posted huge placards announcing the need for Watch Officers and Engineers in the new Merchant Marie. Under the heading Deck Department it says:

"The American Merchant Marine will need, in the next 18 months, 5,000 additional masters and mates. Men qualified by previous sea experience to apply for U. S. Steamboat-Inspection service papers as masters or mates will be given further training by the Government at Free Navigation Schools.

An applicant is not asked to enlist, as in the Navy, but is expected, if accepted for training, to sign on in the Merchant Marine, where present wages are very high.

As soon as a student gets his papers he will, if selected, go on pay as a junior officer on a coastwise or South American vessel, where he will remain for two months at \$75 per month. He will then be at liberty to go on full pay at the rate prevailing in the trans-Atlantic service.

Applicants should plan for their own support while in school, for a month or six weeks.

Arrangements have been made for 30 of the Navigation Schools at ports on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and the Great Lakes. A candidate for admission should send his name and address to the nearest Collector of Customs.

For the Engine Department the poster states:

"The American Merchant Marine will need, in the next 18 months, 5,000 additional engineers in all grades. Men qualified by previous experience to apply for U. S. Steamboat-Inspection Service papers will be given further training by the Government, in Free Engineering Schools.

And this is where the Navigation

and Marine Engineering School is co-operating with the government. The Shipping Board's free classes, as stated in the article on Page 4 of this issue have already begun.

The attention of all men with sea experience should be drawn toward these classes at the *Institute's school*.

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From the Dutch Ships

When the Naval Reserve men boarded the Holland ships last week, with each group an officer from the Immigration Department was sent along, authorized to give the crews three choices as to his future.

A Dutch seaman could either come within the Immigration laws governing the foreign-born who desires to enter and live in this country, thus signifying his intention of ultimately becoming an American citizen, or he could arrange to sign on as a seaman for an immediate voyage, or he could become the guest of the United States Government and remain in New York until he could be sent home.

"We'd like to go down to the Sailors' Home at 25 South Street to stay until we can go home," several of them said at once, in answer to the Immigration Officer's inquiry. And the next day they began to arrive in groups of 12 and 20 and 60. In three days 158 men came to a building already filled to its capacity, and lodging in addition 100 Coast Guard recruits here from Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and other inland cities.

There have been other Dutch crews at the Institute the past six months and the fresh members of the great family were delighted to fit themselves

into the crowded spaces with smiling adaptability.

On the Fifth Floor dormitory 109 men were put where 88 usually sleep. Cots were put up on the 13th floor. There were 61 beds in the rooms of the Navigation School and 66 more in the Auditorium.

Hardly a problem resulting from the war complexities relating to the sea, ships and seamen has escaped the Institute. It has stood here, able to serve in emergencies, ready to push its elastic rooms as far as they would yield.

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Donations Received February, 1918.

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola records, victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, waste paper, electric lamps.

Anonymous—3.
 Belloni, Miss Sadie H.
 Bradford, Mrs. W. H.
 Cheesman, Mrs. T. M.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Crowell Publishing Company.
 Cundill, Francis A.
 Davis, Archibald D.
 Disosway, Miss.
 Downing, Mrs. H. S.
 Elliot, Miss R. V.
 Fowler, Mrs. Henry
 Fraser, Miss Cynthia.
 Frost-Stout, Mrs. A.
 Gerrard, Mrs. Frederick.
 Souzalez, Mrs. A. C.
 Grahame, Mrs. L. H.
 Hicks, Miss M. H.
 Holly, Mr. C. M.
 Horner, Mrs. H. B.
 Jackson, Miss T. L.
 Jacot, The Misses.
 Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
 King, Mrs. H. D.
 Lewis, Mr. C. L.
 MacLeod, Miss Edith A.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Medicott, Mrs. Arthur D.
 Moore, Mrs.
 Moran, The Misses.
 Moran, The Misses.
 Morgan, William M.
 Mount, Mrs. J. F.

Oliver, Miss Edwina
 Parmalee, Mrs. Henry D.
 Podin, Rev. Carl
 Puchen, Mr. J. R.
 Rhoades, Miss H.
 Robinson, Mr. Henry J.
 Rodenstein, Mrs. Louis A.
 Rodewald, Mrs. F. L.
 Ross, Mrs. C. A.
 Russell, Mrs. T. M.
 Salmon, Mrs. M. J.
 Schmitt, Mrs. David
 Storey, Miss E.
 Sullivan, Mrs. A. B.
 Sutton, Mrs. Laurus
 Thompson, Miss E. M.
 Robinson, Mrs. E. L.
 Trainer, Mrs. Frank
 Watson, Mrs. J. Henry
 Wood, Mrs. H. O.

Church Periodical Club and Branches.

Church Periodical Club No. 86.
 Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Agnes Chapel, New York City.
 St. George's Church, New York City.
 St. Michael's Church, New York City.
 St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Philip's Church, Women's Guild,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Society, Flushing, L. I.
 St. George's Chapel, Junior Auxiliary

Contributions for Special Purposes.

Anonymous (2)—Relief Fund.....	\$7.00
Armour, Allison V.—Chart Room.....	393.30
Beekman, Gerard—Noonday Talks.....	250.00
Bershach, Maurice—Discretionary Fund	2.00
Clark, Miss E. V.—Relief Fund.....	5.00
Crowell, Mrs. J.—Discretionary Fund	10.00
Hall, J. O.—Coffee and Bun Fund, N. R. Sta.....	1.00
Haywood, Mr. and Mrs. T. Holt— Music Fund	10.00
Heywood, Mrs. Frank E.—Relief Fund	5.00
Higginson, Mrs. James J.—Post Office	500.00
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr., Dis- cretionary Fund	50.00
Meissner, C. A.—Discretionary Fund	5.00
Morris, Mrs. Geo. S.—Officers' Room New Building	250.00
Watts, Mrs. M. S.—Discretionary Fund	5.00
Willis, Mrs. Wm. P.—Discretionary Fund	25.00
Wiswall, Mrs. Thomas C.—Relief Fund	2.00

General Summary of Work

FEBRUARY 1918

Seamen's Wages Department.

Feb. 1st Cash on hand	\$136,456.06
Deposits	56,431.59
	\$192,887.65
Withdrawals (\$ 7,689.47 trans- mitted)	55,409.05
Mar. 1st Cash Balance.....	\$137,478.60

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

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	52
Men Shipped.....	226
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	30
Total number of men given employment	256

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	25
Men transported	95
Pieces of dunnage transported	166

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	16,652
Letters received for seamen.....	3,732
Pieces of dunnage checked	3,384

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	124
Referred to Hospitals.....	31
Referred to other Societies.....	7
Hospital Visits	25
Patients Visited	763

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	7	2,782 3,086
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	8	1,220 1,235
Public School Lectures	4	810 892
First Aid Lectures.....	9	79 85
Ships Visited		22
Packages reading matter distributed....		96
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....		176

Religious Department.

	Attendance	
	Services	Seamen Total
English.....	42	1,074 1,304
Holland.....	1	6 7
Scandinavian.....	4	91 99
Lettish.....	4	43 81
Special Services	3	51 51
Home Hour.....	4	455 553
Bible Classes	4	392 392
Holy Communion Services		5
Wedding Services		1
Baptismals		2
Funeral Services		4
Memorial Services		1

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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