

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

FEBRUARY 1918

Number 2

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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INCORPORATED 1844

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THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 10

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TELEPHONE. BROAD 297

Special Movie Evening

Although it is not established as a permanent entertainment evening, there are now motion pictures on Thursday nights, and if we could afford to show these films every week, it would certainly increase enormously the charm of the Institute as a place to spend the evening.

When three or four hundred men come to the Concert Hall from eight to nine-thirty, they are not likely to want to go out upon the water-front afterward, hunting for something less innocuous by way of diversion.

"I like the pictures with the cow-boys best," a Norwegian explained to the House Mother, "and all the fellows do. We like to see shooting and riding hard. I guess it is because we never have any chance to do that."

"You get lots of chances to shoot if you want to," argued the little Dane near him. "There is a place up on Water Street where you can shoot at china ducks and——"

"But if I could leave the sea," interrupted the Norwegian disgustedly, "I would want to go out where there are those high mountains and strong horses and I could wear a big belt full of cartridges."

It is true that the movies have a language which makes them intelligible to every nationality. This is not a new moving picture thought, but it applies more specifically to our seamen than to any other class of motion picture enthusiasts.

A room in which Norwegians and Danes sit beside Egyptians and French, Lascars and Spaniards, all waiting to be amused and interested, presents a problem with definite complications. Some of them will understand English ballads, and all of them will understand juggling and magicians but few of them entirely appreciate little dramatic sketches in which English is spoken.

That is why the movies have a universal tongue. Every man in the audience is interested in the love

story of a pretty girl and her Western suitor, or any suitor at all. They are willing to see educational films about bird nesting and how linoleum is made; they are willing to be stimulated and instructed for the sake of the romance and glamour which is to follow.

Certainly the Institute should be able to provide a motion picture evening. There would be no additional charge for music as one of the seamen will usually offer to play the piano. Some of them are versatile enough to suit the music to the action of the picture, and if one of them played the "Spring Song" when the hero plunged into a snowdrift last week, it only added gaiety to the general intensity. Altogether the movies are important; for the Institute they are exceedingly potent workers.

Crews From the Coast

Already four different crews of about thirty-five men have been sent to the Institute from San Francisco. These men are Holland seamen who are paid off on the Pacific Coast and are to be sent back to Holland. They come to New York, try vainly to get ships to take them home, and wait here. Sometimes they have stayed three or four months.

One of the little Dutch cabin-boys decided not to waste his time in New York and has begun a course of study in the Navigation School. He has already greatly improved his use of English and is discovering the difference between a pelorus and a sextant.

The Distinction

A day of false spring, a February day, when melting snow and that haze which softens the harsh outlines of the water-front piers drew all the seamen, who could crowd the walk and pavement, out of doors. They stood about lazily, turning their faces toward the sunshine and examining in detail the Institute's facade. Over the big front door is a new sign "Institute's Navigation School" and two cabin-boys observed this for the first time.

"You might go there to school and get to be a Captain," suggested one of them, carelessly.

"I read what the big paper said and I am thinking I will go if I can find any shore work to keep me while I am studying," the other answered seriously.

"The big paper said you could keep on working until you got through, so maybe you could finish," his friend said helpfully.

"Well, I bet I could make one record here," grinned the cabin-boy, bending backward until he could see the roof where the school was even then in session. "I could be the giant of the school."

"Giant!" repeated his pal, "why you are only five feet, four inches."

"Yes, smallest giant in the world," finished the other boy, ducking hastily.

British Seamen Dine Out

Many of the British gunners and signalmen now at the Institute are being asked to dine at private houses or in restaurants by thoughtful peo-

ple who want to make their stay in New York cheerful and attractive. These are men coming over on merchant ships teaching Americans and seamen of other nationalities the things they must know in order to sail on armed vessels; they are men from the British Navy and they wear uniforms although they sail on the merchant ships.

But most of the Institute seamen do not wear uniforms. They do the work of the world and they wear working clothes. They are firemen and engineers, carpenters and stokers, intelligent, capable, courageous. It would be worth giving up an evening to take dinner with one or two or more of these men. When it was over you would find that you had learned something about the sea, the wide spaces, the war, commerce and what makes everything carry on, when perhaps you had only expected to provide a pleasant dinner and a little entertainment. Why not try it, anyhow?

Making Over Jem

"Nobody don't need to call me Jem," he announced angrily the first evening he spent in the Institute. "It ain't my name and I don't care for it."

But in spite of this everybody continued to call him Jem. They did more than that; they tried to alter his habits and his clothing.

"You should take two showers a day for this week and bury your clothes and buy some new ones," his best friend, a small mess boy from Holland, told him. Jem growled at him and buttoned his coat over his greasy

brown neck-tie. He turned his head the other way when he passed the little department store in the lobby. He was not going to spend his money wastefully upon things to wear. Then something happened. Jem went to a Friday evening entertainment at which a young woman sang and another one played the harp. The harpist wore a gold-colored frock which matched her instrument and Jem watched her eagerly, following her graceful weaving of melodies with painful intensity. When it was over he asked the House Mother if he could go up and speak to her, to thank her for playing so beautifully.

"Perhaps you could wash your hands first, Jem," she suggested not unkindly. But Jem understood. He did speak to the harp lady but the next day saw him in the tailor shop.

"I want a blue suit and I want a new red tie and some shoes," he began. He went to the Slop Chest and bought underwear and handkerchiefs and a new razor. Then he rushed upstairs to the House Mother's room. Beneath his arm protruded the shoe-box, and over his shoulders hung the new clothes, while several packages threatened to slip from his fingers.

"Give me a bath ticket, quick!" he called to her excitedly, overlooking the fact that the bath tickets could only be obtained at the Hotel Desk.

"Why, Jem!" she said, delightedly. "Be sure to come to see me when you are dressed."

"I am going to find some place where a lady plays the harp," he declared hurrying away.

Sentiment and Seamen

"I wish they wouldn't think they have to bring down songs about the rolling wave and the blue sea," complained a seaman at a concert in the Institute Concert-Hall one evening. "We get enough of that when we are working. We like home songs and songs about girls and things like that."

He exactly stated what everybody is beginning to realize about the seaman's musical tastes. The seaman is for the most part a sentimentalist. He likes to be harrowed a little bit. There used to be a song: "You made me what I am today
I hope you're satisfied.
You dragged me down and down
until

The soul within me died.
You tortured each and every hope
You tricked me from the start,
Although you're not true,
May God bless you;
That's the curse of an aching heart!"

It is, of course, the most complete drivel; the seamen themselves half laughed at it but they liked it, too. They felt a dramatic poignancy in that song, and it doesn't prove that they have unspeakable taste, either. It merely displays a simple, elementary response to sentimentality which more sophisticated people have outgrown so long ago that they have forgotten. But the seamen do not care entirely for this sort of reproachful melody. They like songs about mother.

"I love the dear silver that shines
in your hair,
The brow that's all furrowed and
wrinkled with care,

I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn
for me,
God bless you and keep you,
Mother Machree."

They will always listen to this song. They know it themselves. Some of them have not kissed any toil-worn fingers for many years and haven't even written home to their mothers; but a good many more do write, and very often they are touched by these straightforward appeals to their hearts to the point of actually trying to let their mothers know that they really do care.

There is a song being revived now called "Daddy" which is extremely popular. It deals with the old theme, familiar to everyone who ever attended a vaudeville performance, the little child speaking with precocious intuition about her dead mother. There was one, a long time ago, beginning, "Hello, Central! Give me Heaven, for my mama's there!" It seems impossible that this type of mawkish, artificial ballad could creep beneath the shell of hard reserve which few seamen are without, but it is true. They sang and played this long after the smallest towns had refused to listen to it on their phonographs.

If there could be some songs written about children and mothers and home, with verse which was simple and clear, but free from sickly sentimentality, set to music which has an easily caught rhythm, a whistling melody without the cheap trickery of these saccharine tunes, they would find instant success among seamen audiences everywhere.

While this is being written, a sea-

man is playing "La Paloma" upon the Game Room piano. He is playing it with a little technique but more particularly with the sort of touch which one gives to the sort of tune he loves. He has passed lightly from that to "La Marseillaise."

Did we mean to be satirical about sentiment? It is never safe to do that.

Seeing "Cheer Up"

They had to ask their Captain to let them come ashore on one of the heatless Mondays, but finally four of them, four apprentice boys, were able to secure permission to come to the mainland from their vessel anchored in the harbor.

"A lady is taking us to the Hippodrome," they told everyone who would listen, in the big lobby.

"The kids get the best of it," grumbled a middle-aged seaman, looking up from his crumpled paper.

"You could go, too, if you wanted to very much," remarked the Desk Man. "You get good pay but these boys never have any money to spend on a theatre."

And the middle-aged seaman laughed. It had not occurred to him that he could take the 6th Avenue Elevated up to 42nd Street and purchase a fifty cent seat and see "Cheer Up. The sight of the boys' glowing faces decided him.

"They are all excited about it; that is what you do when you are young," he told the man beside him.

The boys *were* excited. They were going to see one of the largest theatres

in the world; they were going to hear music and laugh at a clown and be completely removed for an afternoon from the sea tasks and sea restrictions. And when the performance was over, they were going to dine with their hosts, to eat ice-cream and chocolate just as if there were no war tragedies.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Vernon Mann, who were so active and successful in raising money for the Christmas gifts and dinners, gave the Hippodrome party, taking the boys to their hotel for dinner.

From a Brother

"Today," says the letter from Rotterdam, "I received a note from my brother, 4th engineer S. S. Prins-Fredrik-Hendrik who told me that you was so good for mine two brothers Gerard and Antoon. I am very much obliged, because I am certain that their way is not the wrong way under your wings.

"I hear through your working that my youngest brother Antoon, as apprentice sails, something what made me very happy. Now, I write this letter to you, Madam, (to the House Mother) because I and my parents thank you very much for your troubles, and I hope that our Dear Lord his blessing wil send to you and that he will save you in this dangers world."

They do not always take the trouble to write, these brothers of the boys who come to Mother Roper for advice and help. Their limited English, their sense of imperfect spelling makes them shy, and that is why she especially values a letter of this sort.

He May Have Been Right

George has been coming to the Institute every voyage for the past seven years and during that time he has met some of the same seamen so often that they have become his friends. They are interested in him, they sincerely like him; they want to know where he has been, how he feels, what he thinks, just as the friends who care for one want to know all about all of us.

Anyhow, when George arrived last week, two old shipmates were standing near the Hotel Desk.

"George Anderson, British seaman," they heard him telling the Desk Man who did not recognize him immediately.

"Why, George, if it ain't you!" shouted the ship-mate who was able to bring a darting look of pain to George's happy face by his hand-shake.

"George!" echoed the other man, slapping him so that a month's accumulated dust flew from the shore overcoat.

"Boys," George began, "I'm glad to see you chaps here. A lot has happened to me since I was here last April. One thing—I have been married. What do you think of that, after forty years?"

The two ship-mates made no reply for a moment. They appeared stupefied with surprise. George married! They thought they had known him pretty well for the last seven years. They remembered his picturesque views upon the subject of seamen and matrimony and women and homes.

"Whatever made you do it, George?" they asked finally, a little anxiously, wondering perhaps if it was the sort of thing which could be contagious. They thought fondly of their own freedom, as they peered into George's scarlet face.

"Well, I dunno exactly. One of my friends told me that he thought I drank too much for a single man!"

Learning and Liking It

If you were told you had to go to a lecture once a week, and that it was going to do you a great deal of good, improve your mind and all that sort of thing, you would probably begin at once to devise ways of evading that one evening. And not because lectures are necessarily dull, either, but because there is a curious resentment, a very human feeling, which always arises when we are forced into humble attitudes.

Down here there are lectures every Wednesday evening and they fill the Concert-hall. No seaman is urged to go; nobody is told that it will improve him. A little sign goes up on the bulletin board stating the title of the lectures, suggesting the illustrations by stereopticon views and motion pictures, giving the hour and the place. But the reason for their success is not hard to understand.

They are under the direction of the Department of Education of the City of New York and they are arranged with care and with an idea of giving seamen what they will like. The lecturers bring to their subjects more than dry facts and authentic information. They know how to discuss

Australia and Honolulu with intimate, conversational charm. A little leaflet describing the lectures to come and some of those already given is illuminating.

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Public Lectures

Seamen's Church Institute

Four Lectures on Industries.

Four Lectures on Asia and Pacific Islands.

Wednesday, January 9th.

1. "Story of the Motion Picture." The invention of the motion picture machine.

The film from script to screen.

Illustrated by motion pictures.

Wednesday, January 16th.

1. "Australia: Development of a New Country."

The oldest continent and the youngest nation. A progressive democracy. Nature in an eccentric mood.

Illustrated by stereopticon views and motion pictures.

Wednesday, January 23rd.

2. "Ships, Ancient and Modern—Part 1, Ancient Ships."

Evolution of the ship—from oak and oars to steel and steam—from the dugout of primitive man to the modern 20th century battleship and ocean liners.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views and motion pictures.

Wednesday, January 30th.

2. "Honolulu, the Paradise of the Pacific." Hawaiian scenery as viewed on horseback. Fort Shafter—guard

mount. The post hospital and Diamond Head.

Illustrated by stereopticon views and motion pictures.

Wednesday, February 6th.

3. "Ships, Ancient and Modern"—Part 2, Modern Ships."

Twentieth century dread-noughts, the submarines, fighters for sea power; and the development of the greatest of the ocean liners.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views and motion pictures.

Wednesday, February 13th.

3. "The Far East—China and Japan."

China on the eve of revolution. Lotus time in Japan. Thirteen hundred miles by rail and 'rickshaw through the island empire.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views and motion pictures.

Wednesday, February 20th.

4. "Submarines."

Description of submarines, method of attack, method of defense, methods of trapping submarines and dangers experienced.

Illustrated by stereopticon views and motion pictures.

Wednesday, February 27th.

4. "Smiling Ceylon."

An island of lovely coloring, palms, spices and plenty. How tea is prepared for the market. Beautiful Kandy with its sacred shrine of Buddha.

Illustrated by colored stereopticon views.

Programs for the third course will be issued in February.

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or

Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

What Happened Last Year

No highly colored account of the year 1917 at the Institute could make it as vivid, as significant as the little table of statistics which issued from the Accounting Department last week. A printer told us that the only way to make people want to read figures was to put them in a box, but THE LOOKOUT hasn't space enough for boxes. It believes that its readers will care sufficiently to read them in the regular column. They are startling and distinctly dramatic.

When you realize that during that year, with beds for about 518 men, there were 192,778 lodgings registered, you will understand that there was an average of 528 men sleeping in this building each night. This of course includes special double-decker cots, special nights when crews were tucked into every bed and cot in the Game Room and on the 13th floor. It means that the Institute also turned away probably 36,000 men who applied for lodgings during that year, since they average 100 men a day who apply for beds after the sign "No Beds No Rooms" is put

in place each afternoon. This gives one an idea about the Institute's size and the need, after only four and one-half years' occupancy, for expansion.

From these men \$533,459.24 was received in the Seamen's Wages Department. This money was handed to us to keep safely, and to send home to families or to friends whom the seamen often promise to help, and strangely enough, keep their word. This is something which landsmen do not always achieve, in spite of popular delusions about the superior responsibility sense of people on shore.

There were also 446,852 meals served. This means meals at the Lunch Counter and in the Officers' Dining Room. It means a little over a thousand meals a day. Of course many seamen who live with their friends or at other places often take their meals in the Institute, having tried the water-front restaurants and decided in favor of the Institute chef, the Institute's clean dishes and appetizingly served food.

At the Soda Fountain, where fruit and biscuits and tobacco are sold as well as soft drinks, there were 276,124 sales, which is something over 800 sales in a day.

There were 41,705 pieces of mail received for seamen. These were letters sent to us often months before the man arrived to claim it.

"Just send mail to me to the Seamen's Institute, 25 South Street, because I will surely get it there in time," a man says very often. And he does receive it.

Down-stairs in the Baggage Department 38,844 suit-cases, trunks, carpenters' chests, packages, great canvas bags and heavy hand-bags of all sorts have been taken care of during the year. They have been checked by the men themselves, or sent to us by express with a little note.

"Please store this for me and I will see you when I arrive in port."

Sometimes it is two months before the man is able to get here. Sometimes he is torpedoed before he finally arrives.

"Good thing I sent my best clothes ahead," he says philosophically to the sympathetic Baggage Man. But taking care of 38,844 pieces of dunnage means endless lifting and moving and cleaning and arranging. It means tags, and book-keeping, identification slips and the comparing of signatures. One of our baggage tags has often been the only way of tracing a seaman who has been taken suddenly ill, or has been found dead in another city.

And out of all the men who have come here, most of them swiftly caught up by the shipping men everywhere, 5,168 have been furnished with employment by us.

At the religious services the total attendance was 16,421, which means voluntary seeking for the peace of the little Chapel of our Saviour, because no seaman is made to feel that he must go to church, or that his staying at the Seamen's Church Institute forces him into the pretense of religious feeling which he may not possess.

All these figures, analyzed, bring one to but one conclusion. This year 1917 has marked an epoch in the work of the Institute. It has been a year of stern decisions, of hideous realities, but it has been a year in which the Institute has been able to take its active place as a war worker. It has been here, at the edge of the war zone, strong, secure, welcoming. It has been ready to meet emergencies, to take in the ship-wrecked, to provide for the seaman in distress, for the prosperous seaman who has sought comfort during his brief stay on shore. It has yielded every atom of its power, and it has somehow been able to fulfill supreme demands in a way that must have surprised even its staunchest admirers.

Flowers In Memory

The next time one of your friends is ill, why not tell her that you are sending her some flowers to the Seamen's Institute for the altar, where hundreds of seamen can look at them, and inhale their fragrance during the service, and be affected by their gentle, fragrant graces?

We have asked for flowers in memory, and there have been responses, but our little Chapel should have flowers every Sunday. The seamen who sit soberly in quiet rows, wondering about themselves and their possible or improbable futures, are greatly cheered by the nodding red roses or shaggy yellow chrysanthemums which sometimes greet them.

New Post Office \$500

Letters! They should have a word which connotes romance and glamour, happiness and sorrow, friendship and affection. They are the slender ties which connect the wandering mariner with his home, with his boyhood, with his youth. They make him remember that people care about him; they soften his selfishness, free his congealing sympathies.

There were 41,705 pieces of mail distributed through the Institute Post Office last year, over a hundred letters, papers and packages in a day. This meant endless sorting and rearranging and looking over.

"Anything for me, my name is Thorndyke?" asks a seaman, thrusting an anxious face close to the little window. The Post Office Man looks through all the letter T.

"No, nothing now. Yes, here is one. Alfred Thorndyke."

"My name is John."

He goes away disappointed, to return an hour or two later to ask again, when someone else is serving out the mail. It would seem as if the letters under the initial T would be worn through before they are all claimed. Some of them come here to wait for a man whose movements are made uncertain by war traffic. They lie in the boxes a long time. They are stamped the day they arrive. Then at last a man comes to the window.

"Name Aycrigg." It is January and he takes his letters stamped June, August, October, November.

But they are just as welcome to him no matter how stale the news may be; they bring him into actual touch, for the little hour he reads them through, with the people 3,000 miles away. They remind him that he himself has not written very lately and he begins to look over the pens in the Writing Room.

The Post Office plays a leading role in the Institute. It has taken up so much space about the Hotel Desk that it is now being moved and a new one built in a corner of the lobby, more easily accessible and infinitely more convenient than the old one. Special cabinets are being installed to hold the newspapers, as seamen receive so many papers from the towns in Sweden, Norway, Finland, France, everywhere, and they are separately valuable.

This new Post Office will cost about \$500 and it is suggested as a possible gift or memorial.

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Mid-winter Party

There were eighty boys and guests at the big apprentice boys' party the last Thursday in January. With so many ships held in the harbor for coal, there are more apprentices here than at one time in the history of the Institute. They come to the Institute on Thursday and Sundays and any evenings they can obtain special permission. It was decided to give them a dance with rather unusual refreshments, and a committee of volunteer workers was formed. These young women took charge of all the arrangements. There were candles on the tables and little

dance cards and salad and ices. Everyone danced and behaved with a certain mixture of decorum and high spirits which made the evening entirely delightful.

When apprentices are in this port, they should have a chance to come to the Institute and meet young women, and have some sort of social life. They are youngsters who miss their homes tremendously, and this opportunity for association with girls, these little dances, have undoubtedly kept many a boy from the extreme edge of deserting his ship and forswearing the sea.

Another Note

It was the day after Christmas that he wrote this, but it only reached this office last week, and it is so perfect an indication of the way many seamen felt about Christmas gifts that it is worth printing.

"I attended," he wrote to Mrs. J. Adams Brown, "the Seamen's Church Institute yesterday evening and was the recipient of a Christmas present, very kindly given by you.

"I write this to thank you most heartily for it and trust that you and the other kind friends of the Institute will continue to carry on this great work as one can hardly realize the great boon these Institutes are to sea-faring men. The bag contains an excellent selection of most useful articles, and of course when I have occasion to use anything, I shall always think of you and the Institute.

"I am in the Institute almost every

night and of course it passes the time away more cheerily than being on board ship."

This was from a signalman on a transatlantic liner who is waiting in this port and who sleeps on his ship. It is impossible to count them, but probably from 1,500 to 2,000 seamen come into the Institute every day, in addition to those who have their rooms in the building. When the seaman was one of our old friends, he received a gift even if he did not have a room here on Christmas Day.

Navigation School and U. S. Shipping Board

On the 1st of December the U. S. Shipping Board Recruiting Service, facing the necessity of licensed officers to man the great number of vessels that will be necessary to carry supplies to our soldiers and their allies fighting in France, called the attention of the newspapers to the fact that they had established a free class in Navigation at the Seamen's Institute.

The Institute, realizing this necessity, turned over to the use of this School the new addition on the top of the building, equipped it to meet the emergency, also the steamer, J. Hooker Hamersley, which has been equipped with Stand-ard Compass, Pelorus Stands, Peloruses, Chart Room, Chart Table, Telltale Compass, Wm. Thompson's Sounding Machine, Patent Log. The Cabin has been fitted up to accommodate students and all the necessary equipment to demonstrate

Navigation of an ocean going vessel.

The results are that in the first month 78 students have taken advantage of the opportunity to learn Navigation free. A great many of these trained seamen have family obligations which would prevent their attending a private school.

All these students are given an opportunity to learn gunnery, ordnance, and signalling free. The new Pilot House and Chart Room are completed, adding greatly to the school's efficiency.

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Seamen's Shelters in France

In the January issue, the *Lookout* published a brief reference to the *Abris du Marin* to which the Institute subscribed 1,000 francs. A more detailed account of this work was promised. In a letter which accompanied Mr. Bernon S. Prentice's letter about this work, the writer, a French worker in the shelters, says:

"There are eleven Seamen's Shelters which extend from Roscoff to Belle-Ile, offering centers of social life, impregnating the men with moral influences, instructing them and reaching their families, that is to say, a large population.

"Just before the war our Institutions were in full swing. They were not only popular, and much beloved by all the sailors, but widely known and appreciated by the general public. A writer of great talent who studied for 40 years our Brittany coasts wrote to me lately that on all our coast line the work of the

Seamen's Shelters is the only fruitful anti-alcoholic enterprise.

"At present all charitable works are naturally turned toward the sufferings and the ruins of the war, but also toward the immense social needs of France following on the war, when she will be wounded and faltering. It is from this point of view, especially, that the work of the Shelters may inspire your friends with much interest.

"The thousands of sailors who come to the Shelters compose the major part of the so-admired crews of the French fleet; they furnished the Naval Fusiliers of Dixmude, those of whom Mr. Le Goffic in France told to the world the sacrifice and splendid heroism in those battles on the Yser which barred to the enemy the common road to Calais. They constitute in a large measure the crews of patrollers who for two years among the rocks, tempest and fogs of our terrible Brittany coast, hunt day and night for submarines.

"For these three years the Shelters have been trying to remain in contact with its men but it is feared that the war which has excited such magnificent devotion, has also wrought disconcerting changes among them by reason of the change of habits, by the abuse of tobacco and of wine which cheers them up and gives a false sense of comfort.

"The old trade of the sea must claim them again as quickly as possible. Our sailors must find the homes and centers of social life they had in their shelters and find therein everything that will give them healthy, moral suggestions. They

must be encouraged, guided and preserved throughout the shocks and illusions that are bound to follow the end of the war.

"Too, there will be among the guests of the Shelters, and in great numbers, wounded, mutilated, chronic sick, rheumatic subjects, consumptives, neurasthenics, etc. Our grateful pity should surround them and soften their sufferings; we will not permit them to remain isolated with the little official pension which will not after all be given to all the victims of the war.

"In order to work effectively it is absolutely necessary that the work of the *Abris du Marin* shall have the services of a doctor annexed to its work, who will devote himself to our maritime populations. This doctor, young, courageous, prudent, active, will pass the year as a real missionary, going about our coast, giving practical conferences on all subjects of hygiene and morality, especially against drunkenness; he would give daily talks to groups of sailors; individual medical advice in the Shelters, fatherly visits in the poorest homes; he will cure many sick and preserve the healthy.

"All the work of this doctor will cost absolutely nothing to the sailors and his sincere friendship as well as his science will be evident to them. He will be a direct tie between the Committee directing the *Oeuvre* and the populations whose men frequent our Shelters. He will discover and find out precisely the needs and possible improvements by penetrating to the heart of the people, without ever resembling an Inspector or Police-

man, who always inspire some mistrust.

"Naturally the *Oeuvre* should be able to pay this doctor when it asks for all his time to be consecrated to the maritime populations. His salary should not be less than eight or ten thousand francs a year which requires that the *Oeuvre* shall possess in reserve a capital of 200 to 250,000 francs.

"Need I add that we would be very happy and very proud to see our American friends visit some of our establishments and some of our fishing ports? The most interesting part of the masculine population is absent, mobilized, but crews have been formed with cabin-boys and old sailors and they are working and fishing, for you know that the manufacture of tinned sardines which are being used just now for feeding the armies, exceeds all records."

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An Apprentice Boy Writes

"I feel it is my duty," wrote one of the youngest British apprentice boys, not meaning to make his duty sound unattractive, but doubtless at a loss for an adequate word, "to write and thank you for all your kindness to me. I am sure you do your best for our comfort and happiness and I can say on behalf of all our fellow apprentices that we are all greatly indebted to you (the Big Brother) and to your friends and helpers.

"I am sure we all appreciate the good morals and work of the Institute and I hope I shall see you in the future though that may be not for a long time."

It was rather a big thing for the little apprentice to write about the good morals of the Institute. Youngsters of fourteen do not regard good morals as highly alluring in themselves, but this boy really meant something rather fine. He felt in a dim way the thing the Institute stands for; it wasn't very clearly defined in his groping young mind but he wanted to speak about it. If the boys who come here could be more articulate, their shy, unexpressed gratitude transmuted into tangible sentences, they would unquestionably say something like this:

"The Institute is great. We have a good time and everybody is kind to us and we like it. Besides that, we think it is a good place and not goody goody. It isn't like any ordinary mission and that is why it is popular."

—:o:—

A Little Manly Sport

"Athletic Night" they call it and it comes every Monday evening. All seamen who wish to take part in games, in competitive strength tests, in the kind of physical activity where the strongest and the most skillful man can become temporarily a hero, are asked to come up to the Concert-Hall. There is a medicine ball, and there are tugs of war, pillow fights, shot-putting.

"I think I like the game best where the chaps are the roughest," a small Welsh fireman told the House Mother, wiping his perspiring forehead on one of the coldest February evenings.

"Don't you get hurt?" she inquired, looking at a bruise on his right hand.

"Oh, yes," he laughed, "but we don't mind that. It is worth it to beat some fellow at something. Then you get so tired that you go up to bed, and open your window and smell the salt air, and know you won't have to get up for a watch in about four hours. That is another pleasant part of it."

These athletic evenings have become a fixed part of the entertainment programmes. Seamen need exercise and few of them care to walk very much. They find an outlet for their stored-up vitality in muscle-swelling contests; they certainly increase their supply of good-natured laughter.

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New Stage Scenery

Through the kindness of Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim our stage has been greatly beautified by the gift of some new scenery. It is the set which was used in Heroland for the Old Bowling Green and can easily be adapted to whatever theatrical performances we are putting on.

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Russians Leave

Before they went away, about fifty Russian sailors were photographed before the Institute. They were on their way back to Norfolk, thence to Vancouver and finally to Vladivostok. Just as the camera man was ready to press the bulb, every sailor put his hand to his cap, put it on straight and saw that the orange and black ribbons were properly disposed.

The Lookout Thanks

With the renewal of their subscriptions, several of THE LOOKOUT subscribers wrote little notes of appreciation of the small magazine.

The editor herewith thanks everyone, not only for liking THE LOOKOUT, but for so consistently refraining from calling it a pamphlet. Thin as it is, it still has dignity and importance enough to be called a magazine, and the editor was enormously pleased to find that its readers thought of it as one.

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Human Side of the Harbor

"If ever a benefaction has justified itself," says the New York Sun of January 27th, "the present Seamen's Church Institute at Coenties Slip has done so. New York as a world port existed before the war, to be sure, but New York as a sailors' port is in a place today that twenty years of peace would never have gained for her.

"The human side of the harbor is all summed up on the work of the 12 story building overlooking bell-shaped Jeannette Park and the serpentine elevated, rising serenely above the clatter of cobblestoned South Street, basking agreeably in the warm sun which pours down on the ships of all the world, on the flags of many nations. A splendid building this, from the chapel with stained glass windows to the lighthouse aloft. It is new, clean, full of comforts and as busy as a super-fo'c's'le in the dog watches."

Southern Institute Expands

That our Institute is 'not the only seamen's haven whose activities make demands beyond its enlarged capacity was attested by Mr. T. W. Bacot, of Charleston, S. C., who was a recent visitor to our building.

It will be remembered that Dr. Mansfield was the special speaker on the occasion of the first anniversary of the consecration and dedication of the new building of the Seamen's Mission of Charleston, S. C., a year ago. Upon that occasion Mr. Bacot, the oldest living member of the Church of the Redeemer Corporation, was one of his hosts. Now, owing to the need for expansion of the already inadequate plant and in anticipation of adding to the present building on the adjoining property which has just been purchased, Mr. Bacot journeyed to the fountain head for practical inspiration.

The Mission is known as the Harriott Pinckney Home for Seamen and includes a church building; it is managed by a committee representing the Church of the Redeemer and the Charleston Port Society.

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Magazines, Books

We need these badly. So many people who used to send us magazines and illustrated papers and foreign papers of all sorts now send them to the soldiers and naval men. This is important, of course.

But if it were not for our merchant mariners, how would the soldiers get to France? If our seamen do not carry food and supplies and ammunition, how is the war to be carried on three thousand miles across the water?

Our men 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 magazines; don't put them in the trash basket. Send your car down filled with all the papers (not newspapers unless they happen to be French or in a Scandinavian language) and books you can spare. Or send them parcels post. It is a little trouble to collect them and tie them up and write 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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Donations Received, January, 1918

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

Acton, Miss S. T.
Adams, Miss M. E.
Allen, Miss May
Anonymus—4
Belloni, Mrs. L. J.
Comstock, Mrs. R. K.
Crowell Publishing Company
Chamberlin, E.
Edmond, Mrs. W. A.
Franklin, Miss Nina M.
Fuller, Mrs.
Gibson, Miss Florence
Girls Friendly Society, Holy Cross Memorial Church, Utica, N. Y.
Girls Friendly Society, Church of the Epiphany, N. Y.
Glidden Varnish Company
Gordon-Cumming, Mrs. A.
Graham, Mrs. J.
Hancock, Mrs. R. G.

Harris, J. M.
Hazen, Mrs. F.
Hedlicott, Mrs. Arthur D.
Hicks, Miss E.
Holt, Mrs. Robert S.
Hope Club
Horstman, Miss Ida E.
Hospital Book & Newspaper Society
Ide, J. J.
Jackson, Miss T. L.
Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
Janeway, S. H.
Kenyon, Miss Marie L.
Knapp, Miss Flora Belle
McLaren, Mrs. S. A.
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Sr.
Miller, C. B.
Morgan, Wm. M.
Morrison, Miss C. G.
Mount, Mrs. J. F.
Mowe, Mrs. W. R.
Nelson, Miss V.
Pearce, Miss Helen
Pegram, Mrs. Mary M.
Prime, Miss Cornelia
Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
Robinson, Henry J.
Rodenstein, Mrs. Louis A.
Russell, Mrs. T. M.
Sailors & Soldiers Home Club
Schmitt, Mrs. David
Schwarz, William
Stanley, Mrs. E. B.
Story, Miss Pearl C.
Tiffany, Miss E.
Usher, Miss Irene
Ward, Frederick S.
William, A. J.
Williams, Miss M. A.
Women's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Wood, Miss Edith

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Church Periodical Club and Branches

Ascension Memorial Church, N. Y.
Christ Church, Suffern, N. Y.
St. Agnes Chapel, N. Y.
St. George's Church, Flushing, L. I.
St. Michael's Church, N. Y.

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Contributions for Special Purposes

Bershach, M., Dis'inary Fund	\$ 2.00
Hopkins, Mrs. H. C., Fl'rs & Rel. Fund	10.00
Knapp, Miss Flora B., Dis'inary Fund	1.00
Sparks, T. Ashley, Dis'inary Fund	50.00
Kearney, Miss Adele L. Relief Fund	5.00
Parker, Mrs. Gordon, Xmas Fund	10.00

General Summary of Work

JANUARY 1918

Seamen's Wages Department.

Jan. 1st Cash on hand	\$120,422.13
Deposits	61,051.30
	\$181,473.43
Withdrawals (\$ 3,996.85 trans- mitted)	45,017.37
	\$136,456.06

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

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	53
Men Shipped	184
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	70
Total number of men given employment	254

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	18
Visits to vessels	18
Men transported	79
Pieces of dunnage transported	148

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	18,491
Letters received for seamen	4,099
Pieces of dunnage checked	3,783

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing	149
Referred to Hospitals	24
Referred to other Societies	15
Hospital Visits	16
Patients Visited	517

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	6	2,505	2,902
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	9	1,137	1,143
Public School Lectures	4	537	560
First Aid Lectures	5	119	123
Ships Visited			36
Packages reading matter distributed....			112
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed			157

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English	38	838	1,039
Holland	1	5	5
Scandinavian	9	135	146
Lettish	2	20	32
Russian	2	85	88
Special Services	3	38	38
Home Hour	4	702	786
Bible Classes	4	372	372

Holy Communion Services	5
Wedding Services	2
Baptismals	1
Funeral Services	6

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Post Office \$500.00

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.