

# The LOOKOUT



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

Vol. XII.

MAY, 1921

No. 5

# Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Organized 1843 - Incorporated 1844

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

## Administration Offices

Telephone Broad 0297

25 South Street, New York

## Your Contribution Helps to Pay For

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

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

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

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

## Form of Bequest

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

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## Money for Safe Keeping

We will call the two seamen who came to the hotel desk very late one night last week Jim and George, because we do not know their names. It is doubtful whether the one we will call Jim knew his own name. He certainly didn't know anything more than that.

George supported him while he informed the clerk on duty that Jim had some money he wished to deposit for safe keeping. But George shook his head violently and declared he hadn't a cent for safe keeping. He even insisted that he didn't wish his money to be saved. He wanted to spend it having a good time. He grew quite sentimental about it—telling of long months at sea, with only one dream—a dream of the time he would come on shore, and paint the town.

But George was not to be persuaded. He insisted that Jim had money, and that he must leave it with us for the night, and finally, after offering all kinds of bribes if George would only go out with him and spend it, Jim opened his shirt, and produced a roll of bills as large as his fist. When counted it was found to be six hundred dollars.

The clerk put the money in the safe and gave the man a receipt. Then the question arose as to what should be done with him. He had put every cent he had away for safe keeping—so George paid for a bed for him, and he was sent upstairs.

The clerk and George looked at each other with relief when Jim disappeared in the elevator—they felt as if they had been through a long and trying financial transaction.

"I could sell a farm with less effort," the clerk sighed; "but I suppose he is a good friend of yours?"

"I never saw him before to-night," George said, "and I don't know anything more about him than you do."

"You don't!" the clerk gasped.

"No; but he was over in a saloon in Hoboken, and they were robbing him. I could see he was a sailor and I hated to see them getting the better of him, so I got him away from them. Then I didn't know any place but this where he would be safe, so I brought him all the way over here, and some job it was."

"It must have been," the clerk said, looking closely at the common-looking little man, who didn't seem the least bit like a hero or anyone out of the ordinary. "Why did you do it?"

"Oh, he'd do the same for me," George said indifferently.

"How do you know?" the clerk insisted.

George shrugged his shoulders—he could not answer.

Next morning Jim came downstairs, and he went immediately to the desk and asked, "Where am I?"

The clerk told him.

"How did I get here?" he asked. "The last I remember I was in a saloon in Hoboken, and I was robbed."

"Haven't you anything left?" the clerk asked.

"Not a thing," the seaman said, and he put his hand in his pocket and he drew out a bit of paper. It was the receipt.

"Look at that," the clerk advised.

The man did, then he looked at the clerk and his voice was a little breathless as he asked, "Is it safe?"

"Sure."

"And can I have it?"

"Sure thing! And you ought to be mighty thankful to the fellow who brought you over here. He had no end of trouble with you, and he paid for your bed last night."

"Who was it? Where is he?" Jim asked; but George had disappeared and Jim will never know the man who brought him all the way from Hoboken to us, because he did not know any other place where he would be safe.

### A New Nation's Vision

Some months ago we printed a letter from Esthonia, in which some of the progressive men in that nation, asked for the plans of this building, that they might go and build one like it.

The Board of the New York Institute was so much interested in that letter, that they are having plans prepared to be sent to this people—a gift from this Nation which can remember its youth—to that Nation that is just beginning to feel its power and its possibilities.

A few months later two young men came to the Institute to see just what it is like. They were from Esthonia and had been sent out from that Nation to study at Columbia University, that they might take back to their own country, the most progressive ideas in the world in regard to how to manage their own affairs.

They are healthy looking young men—and they have dreams worthy of the young Nation that is looking to them for leadership in the years to come.

When they arrived here they found that the money allowed them by their Government, while a large sum there, did not amount to more than ten dollars a month in American money. As one young man said, "It would about buy their boots."

But did they whine and send for more, to their little country that could ill afford to give them more?

Not they.

Instead they secured work in the post office from 2 A. M. until 6 A. M.—which leaves them time to go to college during the day and a little—but a very little time for sleep and recreation. But as we said at the beginning, they are strong young men, and their dreams are big—the dreams of youth—the youth of the men and of their Nation.

### Homeless Men and Youths

Did you ever hear of a “flop” place?

Not likely you ever did, but there are such places in New York—places where men for a few cents can go and lie on the floor for the night. Most of these places are dirty and not properly ventilated, miserable holes from which the men emerge worse than when they went in.

The present unemployment situation has brought forward the whole question of the homeless men and youths in this great city, and the social agencies have appointed a permanent committee, known as the “Committee on Homeless Men and Youths.”

The work of this committee as so far outlined is to find out the agencies that assist such men and just what they do, and arrange a confidential exchange so that there will not be overlapping in their work. They also plan to eventually have clean, sanitary places where all homeless men can spend the night when absolutely penniless, places in which they will not be exposed to the germs that infest the filthy places now known as “Flop Places.”

One of the Chaplains of the Seamen’s Church Institute has been on the Special Committee, getting this work started.

### Like Her Boy

A lady was being shown through the Institute. She had been up to the Titanic Tower, through the Navigation School and the Clinic. She had seen the Radio apparatus and heard about KDKF, which is our official title in the Radio world, in which we have a license to give medical advice to men in ships during certain hours of the day.

This lady had been through the dormitories and exclaimed at their comfort and cleanness; she had seen the bedrooms, the reading rooms, and the concert hall.

She had not stopped there but had come on down to the Lobby and the reading rooms and was on her way from the Lunch Counter to the Chapel of Our Saviour, when she stopped suddenly and looked at a bright faced young boy who was watching her, while pretending to be doing something else.

“He is like my boy,” she was heard to murmur half under her breath and the Chaplain who was taking her through the building, told her about the boy. He was out of employment, but had the promise of a job up-state if he could get the money to go.

Immediately the woman put her hand in her handbag and asked: "How much does he need?"

The Chaplain called the boy and with shining eyes he stood beside her while she told him that she would pay his way wherever he wanted to go.

He twisted his cap anxiously in his hand as he explained to her all about it, and she listened sympathetically. Then with thick, hurried stammering words he tried to thank her, and a boyish blush of pleasure came to his cheeks as she said a kind word of farewell.

Two of her boys lie in Flanders Field and a little monument to them, yes a big monument to them, is a young sailor boy who has had an opportunity when he needed it greatly.

### **Y. M. C. A. in France Co-operate**

The following letter from the Director of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in Brest, France, gives an interesting sidelight on our work.

"I received your 'Missing Men Bulletin' and posted same on our black-board. It is being looked over by the U. S. Navy and Merchant Marine sailors daily. You are doing a good work and I have heard favorable comments from the seamen about your place. Today I got a bundle of New York papers from W. S. (Red) Jacobs, 25 South Street. He is a good fellow at heart but when he gets filled up with 'booze' he is very hard to handle.

"Last December during my night patrol work I would meet him and had many talks with him about coming up to the 'Y' rooms and loaf. I gradually got him to coming and when he left 'we were pals.' The appeal that seemed to get under his skin was 'What would his dear old mother out in Frisco think?' Our work is full of promise as well as of difficulty—a promise of good to seamen which I believe will be fulfilled by God's blessing on our efforts.

"You can rely on our hearty co-operation in your efforts on behalf of the Seamen. With cordial best wishes, I am yours in the fellowship of love and service."

### **The League of Nations**

He was a pompous-looking negro, and he walked into the office of the Chaplain with the air of a man who had important business.

He sat down close to the Chaplain and he leaned over in a confidential way, and asked, in a full resonant voice, "Can you tell me where I can find the office of the League of Nations?"

The Chaplain sat a little straighter and took another look at him. He decided that his first opinion of the man had been correct. He was a man of great affairs.

"No I do not know where the office of The League of Nations is," he acknowledged. "What do you wish to see about?"

"I was told it was in this building," the sailor protested.

"No!" On that matter the Chaplain was firm. We have many things in this building, such as the men from all nations, but he was sure we hadn't the League of Nations.

"I want the League of Nations to get busy and collect my wages from the last ship I was on," the colored gentleman explained.

### True Mythology?

The gods were having a conclave on High Olympus, presided over by the mighty Jupiter, when he to Hermes said, "Messenger of the gods, bring hither the sons of men. I would have them choose pursuits and occupations that they may become useful one to the other."

Shortly thereafter Hermes returned with a long line of men behind him, and bowing low said, "Mighty Jupiter, behold the mortals summoned at thy bidding."

Jupiter benignantly said, "Mortals I have commanded you hither to further instil into your hearts and minds the cosmic urge for useful toil. Idleness and uselessness are the prerogatives of the gods of High Olympus only. Choose ye now useful occupations that ye may be of service one to the other."

There were those who chose to become tillers of the soil, drawers of wood and hewers of wood and chislers of stone. The selection seemed to be following its expected course until one mortal said that he would like to be a mariner.

Mighty Jupiter beamed upon him with lustrous eyes and said, "Intrepid mortal. Knowest thou what thou hast chosen? Thou hast chosen an occupation that shall in time become one of the most useful to man, but it shall always be the most hazardous. Thou shalt have to leave thy land and thy people. To do this thou hast to be brave, ingenious and dexterous and yet with all these qualifications there will be a yearning and sometimes a bottomless depth beneath thee, always ready to swallow thee.

"Prometheus once stole fire from heaven to help the sons of men, but know thee that no one has yet stolen from heaven the secret of absolute safety at sea and perhaps never will. For thy precarious calling, voluntarily chosen, I shall make thee compensation. I decree that unto the hearts and minds of thy kindred the wide world o'er shall enter the thought and desire to aid thee, sister and brother thee, and they, failing in this my decree, thou shalt become the sorriest of mortals. Dost thou still choose to be a mariner?"

He answered, "Mighty Jupiter I am faint of heart, and had thou not offered this compensation, I should have desisted, but confiding in the faith of my brethern, I shall venture forth upon the deep."

Contributed.

### How It Works

He was just an ordinary sailor, like you pass every day on South Street. His clothes had not been pressed and his boots needed polish. His face was tanned from exposure to wind and sun, and his eyes had the placid unconcerned expression always found in the eyes of a Fatalist.

Why worry, when everything was long since decreed. You will go when your time comes. You cannot go before—neither storm nor starvation can take you until the sands of your life have run down—such is the philosophy of the sailor.

And so, when our sailor was paid off up on the Lakes, he brought his three hundred dollars to New York, knowing well that many of his companions were here out of work—and they would ask help.

He gave it—two hundred dollars disappeared in gifts in a few days.

More fortunate than many others, he secured work here, and another three hundred dollars was his.

This time he found many of his friends who were actually hungry and two hundred and eighty dollars had soon been handed out to those less fortunate than himself.

He told the Chaplain that he had given away four hundred and eighty dollars in a short time—and when the Chaplain asked if any of it had been paid back he looked surprised and said, "No—I didn't expect them to pay it back. They are all good fellows and they are 'out of luck.'"

He did not expect his friends to pay him back, but when he is "out of luck" he will expect someone who has money to pay his way. It may not be anyone he has seen before, that he will call on for help—it will just be a sailor, who is in luck.

And this philosophy of life and of brotherhood in times of trial works out fairly well on the whole. Men in our house have steadily kept drawing on their bank account for friends, week after week and month after month, knowing often that there were only a few meals and a few beds left for any of them. But they shared what they had as long as it lasted. And when one got a job, all rejoiced.

### American Ships in Europe in 1920

One of the officials of the American Bureau of Shipping has, during the past year made an inspection of some ports in Europe, and it is interesting to see from his report, to what extent our ocean shipping has increased since pre-war days.

It is common knowledge, that for many years at most of the ports mentioned below, the American flag was seldom seen except when flown by a war vessel or occasional yacht. Now the extent of our trade may be fairly estimated by the arrival of American merchantmen at some of the leading ports.

At Rotterdam, from January 1 to July 15, 1920, there were 177 vessels.



At Copenhagen, from January 1 to August 5, 1920, there were 78 vessels.

At Antwerp, from January 1 to October 1, there were 246 vessels.

At Bordeaux, from January 1 to November 10, 1920, there were 103 vessels.

It will be seen from these few examples that a good start has been made in our quest for foreign trade conducted in American bottoms.

This means that we must train a great band of men to man the American vessels that will be in every port; and we must make conditions of life for them such that it will appeal to American boys, for no nation can hope to be successful at sea unless it mans its ships with its own men.

### Perfectly Clear

"Please kan jou kip may valice. The same is of Februari 26. I'm bij bac un Marsh mount. I'm paij jou ven I'm come back to New York, und bring jou gut present."

The House Manager says it is all right, and he is waiting for the present.

### Generous Contribution

Our contributors have been most generous in their gifts of books and magazines.

We greatly appreciate the fact that day after day and week after week and month after month the supply keeps up whether we make an appeal or not. It is such friends who give us strength and courage.

This month we had one of the largest single contributions of this kind that we ever received. It consisted of six hundred and fifty-three magazines and thirty-nine books.

### Long Distance Service

A few months ago we received a letter from a woman in Liverpool asking our assistance in locating a sailor.

We looked through our records, but could not find any record of the man, so we put his name on our Missing Men Bulletin.

A short time after we received a letter from the office of the British Consul asking us to try and locate the same man. We wrote and told them what we had done.

Our bulletins went out all over this great world to twenty-one different countries and over a hundred ports and in a few weeks we received a letter from the sailor who was in Australia. He had seen his name on our Bulletin there, but he was leaving for Canada and he asked us to write to him at an address he gave in Vancouver, Canada.

When we informed the British Consul we received a letter of thanks, complimenting us on the efficiency of our service.

# The LOOKOUT

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
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or

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## Our Heritage

The Editor of The Atlantic Monthly Magazine told an interesting story to a group of writers recently. He said that for many years one of their subscribers sent in thirty-five cents each month for the magazine. They never knew whether his finances were so limited that he could not afford more than one copy at a time; but they learned to expect that thirty-five cents. It was like a visit—from one they knew and respected.

And then the inevitable happened. The month came when the thirty-five cents did not come; and he said there was a gloom over the whole office. They felt that they had suffered a personal loss. Another milestone for each of them had been passed.

Much the same experience was mine the past month. I had been

reading the early history of this Society, and in each report I turned first to the one signed B. C. C. Parker. I had travelled with him in his work from the early beginnings of this Society, of which he was the inspiration, up to the 14th Annual Report, and after that his name was missing. I felt a sudden sense of personal loss, for his every sentence had had literary merit, and the yellow pages of those old reports still live, with his spiritual fervor.

Just reading the words of this man has been an inspiration; and he has been dead for sixty-two years. Such men live on; they are the foundation on which this work is built; they are our Heritage.

In another part of the magazine you will find a brief history of his work, but the history of a life of service cannot be written, for it still lives, an unseen force, that helps us to hold true to our course.

## Our First Chaplain

We claim him yet—for he laid the foundations on which the Seamen's Church Institute is built. Rev. B. C. C. Parker was his name, and his interest in seamen was caused by what seemed like an accident. But it was one of those accidents that makes one wonder whether there are such things as accidents in this life.

Mr. Parker was on the way from Boston to the General Convention in a small sailing packet. This vessel with others was driven by contrary winds into a place called "Tarpaulin Cove." Mr. Parker, writing of this incident in his life, said:

"We reached this place about

thirty hours after leaving Boston; but here we have been detained ever since, by intensely thick fogs and headwinds. We are in the midst of nearly fifty sail of vessels bound to the South. Yesterday (Sunday) was one of the most interesting days I ever spent. Finding we must still be detained here I obtained permission to hold a religious meeting on shore, in the kitchen of a public house, into which opened two larger rooms. I had agreed on Saturday evening with the captain of a vessel near us to send his boat around among the vessels early next morning, and inform the officers and crews that there would be a service on shore at 10 o'clock A. M.

"On the following morning there was almost a gale of wind, but these hardy fellows were true to their word. At eight o'clock I saw them on the top of mountain waves, floating like seagulls, going to the windward of the vessel, and passing the word about our meeting. At the time appointed we went on shore, and were soon followed by a great number of boats. The rooms were well filled; 150 persons were present; such a congregation has seldom met together. I preached twice and appointed another meeting for the evening. It seemed as if the good Providence of God had detained us for the very purpose of holding this meeting. The poor sailors wept like children; and at the close of the service the poor fellows lingered, unwilling to separate from us. We continued there, notwithstanding the darkness and fog were so thick I was

more than once apprehensive we might not find our vessels. On board I found some of our own crew affected. We had reading of the Scriptures every night in the cabin, with explanations by me and prayers, which sometimes lasted an hour and a half. I feel thankful for the opportunity I have been permitted to enjoy here."

It was this occurrence which directed Mr. Parker's mind toward the seamen, and when in New York he conferred with some of the resident clergy and some excellent laymen and the enterprise was commenced.

Mr. Parker came from Boston to be the first Chaplain, and in this work he labored for sixteen years. And always in his reports, instead of speaking of the hardships of the work, he wrote of his privilege in being allowed to do the work.

He had great faith in the influence of literature on the sailors; and during his ministry he personally handed to them 70,000 bound volumes of religious publications, and of these books he heard most cheering reports from all quarters of the globe.

And when Mr. Parker was called to a higher service, the Floating Church of Our Saviour was filled long before the hour for the funeral, and hundreds and hundreds of people were on the dock, standing silently waiting to show their respect for one who had loved them. Two funeral services were held at the same time, one outside and one in the Chapel, that the thousand persons assembled might all do honor to him, who had sought honor only for His God.

### **A Gift of Paintings**

Our thanks are due to Mr. W. R. Bell, son of the late Captain William R. Bell, for the gift of three large oil paintings.

Captain Bell was at one time the master of some of the fastest clipper ships trading between this port and Liverpool, and later he became well known as a ship owner. He was elected a member of this Society in 1894 and was made an honorary member in 1912. He was much concerned with all that pertained to the welfare of seamen and took an active part in the work of this Society so long as he was able. He died in May 1915, in his 89th year.

The paintings will be hung in the Officers' Reading Room.

### **As They Were and Are**

In the annual report of this Society, written sixty-six years ago, the sailor characteristics were described—and they are as true today as they were then. This old report says:

"There we meet the sailor-characteristics of bravery, truth, frankness, respectfulness, kindness and integrity. He is improvident, but not stingy; profane, reckless, self-indulgent, but not false, insolent, unkind or dishonest. Some elements of his professional character claim our high admiration. He is, moreover, no athiest, no infidel, no universalist. He believes. How could he be else than a believer in the God he almost sees in the deep sea and the deeper sky, and hears in the tempest and in the murmur of the gentle breeze? \* \* \* If they

think they believe, and the work to be done with them is rather to call them to regard and observe the words of life as clearly true, than to reason out their truth as if requiring demonstration."

### **The Soda Fountain**

We are very anxious to clear off the indebtedness on the Soda Fountain. The original cost was \$2,500 and we have received in contributions so far \$1,126.55 which leaves a deficit of \$1,373.45.

### **To the S. C. I.**

Thou art to the Mariner as a Constellation, a North Star, a Beacon. When he finds Thee he has found Friendship and Security. He has escaped the perils of the deep and in Thy protecting arms he will evade the wiles of men. For awhile he nestles in Thy arms and prepares for the next adventure. If God so wills, he will come again because he has discovered that Thou are working under the shadow of the Master's hand, the hand that calmed the sea and bid the waves their own appointed limits keep.—Contributed.

### **Paintings of the Sea**

George Patterson, for five years a British apprentice lad, and now an artist, who is devoting his time to painting pictures of the sea and of ships, pictures that are beginning to bring him recognition as an artist of a high order, hung a number of his paintings in the Apprentice Room, at the invitation of Dr. Mansfield.

The seamen were invited to go up

and look at the paintings, and they were not told that the artist was present, as he wished to hear their comments about his work. And he heard them, a few very illuminating, although seamen are not given to expressing their feelings.

One weatherbeaten Captain, standing in front of a sailing ship, said, "She is perfect. I could go on board her and put my hand on every rope in the dark. They are all where they should be."

Only a seaman could have expressed his appreciation in that way.

Another old sailor, more inclined to talk than the majority, knew at a glance, which was his favorite. He pointed to a ship that was sailing off in a businesslike way and said, "That is my favorite. She is the first ship that raised the wages of American seamen."

A young sailor, little more than a boy, took one look at the pictures, then put his hand in his pocket and drew it out full of papers and passports and discharges and crude drawings. They were crude, but they showed some feeling for the things he had seen; ships and trees and pretty girls, all had come to some kind of distorted resemblance to reality, under his untrained pencil.

The drawings of girls he hastily covered up, but the others he displayed proudly, and who can tell what the inspiration of the pictures may do for him, or for someone else. Perhaps Mr. Patterson at one time, when a sailor lad, carried crude drawings around in his pocket with his passport and his discharges.

It was soon apparent that the sea-

men had their favorites among the paintings. A schooner with all sails set "full and by" was the favorite, but there were those who insisted that the sailing ship at the dock with every bit of rigging perfect was the best of the lot.

And perhaps the finest bit of criticism, was that of the seaman who said with a backward twist of his thumb, toward a picture he was leaving, "I don't like her."

"Why?" we asked anxiously, "Isn't she all right?"

"She's all right, only she ain't homeward bound!"

How significant that statement was! As significant as the criticism Robert Burns is said to have valued the most of any he ever received, when the people he wrote about in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," said they didn't think much of it, because it was only just what happened all the time.

### Helped Him Through

The following was on a post card sent to the House Mother, "I shall never forget the convenience of the few articles of underwear you gave me before Christmas. The minute we left Staten Island we were in a gale of wind for five days and drenched to the skin and through your generosity we pulled through."

### Our Gazetteer

Last month we asked for a Gazetteer and this month we are the proud possessors of a beauty.

Our thanks are due to Mr. M. L. Moore, of Pittsburgh.

### How He Helped

We received a letter from an anxious sister in New Jersey. She just did not know what to do, and in some way she had heard of us, and so she wrote here.

Her young brother had written to her from Norfolk to say that he was in prison—and was going to be deported as a stowaway. She did not know what was the matter, for he was an American citizen, or so she believed, and she was greatly distressed.

Our Chaplain, who knows the law, at once wrote to the Seamen's Church Institute Chaplain, in Norfolk, who immediately went to see the young man.

He reported at once that he was a splendid young fellow, of Scotch descent, who went to sea when only fourteen, just after the war began. He was too young then to become a citizen, and he had not thought anything about it. In fact, he thought so little that he did not get a passport—he was so sure he belonged to Uncle Sam.

But Uncle Sam demanded proof of citizenship or a passport, and he could not produce either—and so he was to be deported. It was like being turned out by his own father, whom he had served so faithfully all during the war.

We wrote to Washington, and the Chaplain who had met him did everything in his power and finally, while we could not overrule the decision that he had to go back to England, and get another start with a passport, we did manage to have the boy placed on a boat where he could work and earn good wages while he went back, and later return with his passport.

We haven't any doubt that the citizenship man will have another applicant, to be taken into Uncle Sam's family, for he is now just twenty-one.

### His Bit

One of the Chaplains was speaking at the North River Station, and he mentioned the great number of men who are sitting up in our reading rooms every night.

A note was sent up to him during the service, with the following scribbled on it, "I can put one up with me on my boat."

The sender was a man who had a barge, and he was willing to share his bed with some man who could not afford to buy a bed. Night after night that man takes some needy seaman home with him, and gives him a comfortable bed and breakfast.

### His Friend

We are asked to do many things for sick seamen who cannot do anything for themselves, when we are the only friends they have in this great city.

Just this week we received word from a large city hospital, that there was a man in the accident ward who was most anxious to locate a friend of his named Taylor.

We searched high and low for Taylor but failed to locate him, until we

threw the name of the man in the hospital and the name of the man we sought, on the moving picture screen at our concert.

Taylor was in the audience and he went to the hospital first thing in the morning.

### **The Loneliness of Poverty**

An animal when mortally sick crawls away alone to die. It is an instinct that makes it leave its fellows, that it may meet the last great tragedy of life without spectators.

There is an instinct in man that makes him hide, when he has been hit by the fiercest arrows of misfortune.

A Chaplain when going down "Missionary Alley" saw a man crouched against the wall behind a post. It was evident that he did not wish to be seen, and so the Chaplain passed without a word.

But when in his office he listened, for he feared that the man might be ill. He presently heard the rustle of paper and when he went out, the man was eating a sandwich.

"I was on a ship, and one of the fellows gave me a sandwich and I was trying to get a quiet corner to eat it," the man explained.

The Chaplain gave a quick, keen look into his face. He knew the signs of lack of nourishment.

"Come down to the lunch counter and have a hot drink with it," he said.

The man hesitated and stepped back. He seemed to be going to refuse.

He mumbled thanks, but later the Chaplain saw him rub the back of his hand across his eyes.

### **Her Son**

She is just an anxious mother living on Long Island. Her boy had gone to sea and she had not heard from him for more than a year.

She had looked all over this great city for him, but had failed to get any trace of him. Finally she came to us, and we were as helpless as everyone else. We did not remember the boy and we hadn't any record of him.

We promised that we would put his name on our lists and advertise for him on our Bulletin, but the mother did not seem satisfied. She said she would call up every week.

We told her to do so, if it would make her feel any happier, but that we would let her know at once if we heard anything concerning her boy.

The weeks and months passed and we did not get any word about the boy; but every week, as regularly as it came around, that mother called up on the telephone. We hated to have to tell her there wasn't any news. But we had always the same story.

Last week, she called up again, and she had the news. She said she had received a letter from her boy. He was in New Orleans and he had seen his name on our Missing Men Bulletin down there. He knew at once that his mother must be worrying about him, and he sat down and wrote to her.

She had called up to thank us for finding her son.

### Sunday Bible Class

Sailor—"May we ask you some questions?"

Mrs. Roper—"Certainly. I like to have you ask questions. It makes me feel that you are interested."

Sailor—"Well, I wish you would tell us what this League of Nations is?"

### In Great Trouble

"A few lines to let you know that I seen my name in the above Institute as being missing. You might let who was inquiring for me know that I am still alive. You might also let them know that I have been in the English Army for over 3 years; I have been in France and Russia. I thought I could get a ship easy, so I made a mistake and I got nothing to show that I came from the States. You might tell who was inquiring to see what they can do as I am in a bad way. I sent two letters and a photo, telling them to send over and let the American Consul know who I am. I am staying in a place where they are taking care of me for nothing or else I would have to sleep on the streets. After you receive this let me know, as I will be waiting for an answer. I am very thankful to you."

The above was written from the Gordon Smith Institute for Seamen, Liverpool, England. We at once communicated with the son of this man, who was inquiring for him, and he came down and got his father's letter, and said he would write to him at once and give him all the assistance necessary to get back to the United States.

### Bill Jones

Have you seen "Lightnin'" a play that has been on Broadway winter and summer for years, and still fills the theatre every night?

If you have, and if you feel that you understand Bill Jones as played by Frank Bacon, then you understand the sailors with whom we come in contact every day. They are just as loveable as he is, just as childlike, and some of them are just as shiftless when on shore. The difference is that at sea, sailors are hard-working and courageous.

You remember when Bill met his wife in court, and heard her charges against him; he at once got up to give evidence to help her to get the divorce. He said the charges that he drank and didn't provide for her were true. He hadn't thought of his life in that way before, but when brought face to face with facts, he realized that he was guilty of those two charges.

That is like many of the old time sailors; they do not always take their duties to their wives and children seriously, but when the matter is brought to their attention, and they see themselves as others see them, they immediately try to do better.

One of the Chaplains was very angry a short time ago, at the way a seaman had neglected his wife and children. He told the men in the house



about it at a Sunday evening service. As soon as the service was over three men went to him and gave him quite large sums of money, and asked him to send it to their wives.

That was like Lightnin' Bill Jones,; he has the simplicity of a child, that goes for what it wishes in this world without considering his relationship to the rest of the Universe.

Sailors have exactly the same type of mind. Days and months at a time at sea, they are detached units, without any connection with their families or friends; and when they go ashore, it is usually in a strange port where no one cares what they do. They are still detached units without responsibilities.

They have much more excuse for forgetting their obligations to society than Lightnin', but if you wish to understand their psychology, get acquainted with Bill Jones.

They are the same irresponsible, kindly, unselfseeking kind of men, the majority of them; and they are just as loveable. They are also at times just as trying to get along with. But, then, we all have our faults, and it is their work for us that makes the sailors the type they are. It seems that close contact with the forces of nature for long periods of time always makes men indifferent and childlike in their regard for money. It may be that they have the truer vision of its value, or lack of value.

### With Regret

Rev. Wm. Nicolls, a Chaplain and our Librarian, and a much valued occasional contributor to "The Lookout" has left us to become the Rector of Trinity Church, Northport, L. I.

We will miss him greatly as a Librarian and Chaplain and "The Lookout" will feel the loss of his human interest stories, but with him he takes the very best wishes of all his associates in this work.

### One Glorious Week

There was something mysterious about one of our guests as he informed us that he was going to leave us. He talked much about the pleasures of a home and we naturally thought it was the old, old story.

He strenuously denied that. He didn't know any girls, and he wasn't ready to get married if he did. In fact he thought a sailor should not marry. He had to be away from home too much—and there were too many temptations always around his path.

Still he insisted on the pleasures of a home, and he finally informed us that he had rented an apartment.

We expressed interest and curiosity. His chest swelled out with pride as he explained, that he had been dreaming of a home for years and on his last trip the dream had become so real he couldn't resist it any longer. He had to have a place that was his. So he had rented an apartment and furnished it the way he liked a place furnished, and he was moving out to it.

We wished him well—and he left us buoyed up with pride and hope.

A week later we found him at the hotel desk, buying a bed in the dormitory. We expressed our surprise—but he was not at all disturbed.

He explained that things cost a lot more than he expected, and after one glorious week in a home of his own, he found his funds had run out, and he had to sell everything.

He hadn't received nearly as much for his household goods as he had paid—but he had had a home, all his own.

### Broke and Sober

A seaman went into the office of the Chaplain and stood near the door. A number of men were standing closer to the desk, and it was evident that the newcomer wished them to finish their business and get away, before he stated his.

"What can I do for you?" the Chaplain at the desk asked in a hearty voice, as the other men finished their requests and began to move slowly away.

The newcomer walked on his tip toes to the desk, and slipped into the chair beside the Chaplain. Then in a mysterious way he looked around to see if anyone was listening. Being assured that he would not be overheard he leaned close and whispered: "I stole some money."

"Did you get away with it?" the Chaplain asked, thinking he was joking.

"Yes," he replied seriously, "here it is. I want you to take it." He held out ten dollars.

The Chaplain moved back. He didn't understand what he might be asked to do. "I can't accept stolen goods," he said.

"He doesn't know," the sailor said reassuringly, "and when he gets damned broke and sober, I want you to give it to him."

"Why don't you give it to him yourself?" the Chaplain asked.

"I may not be here," he explained, "I did it to save Charley. He is a good fellow. You give it to him."

"But I don't know him," the Chaplain protested as the man shoved the ten dollars into his hand.

"You'll know him all right," the sailor said confidently. "He is a tall, thin fellow."

The Chaplain looked despairingly around at the hundreds of men of all builds who were sitting in the reading rooms and standing in the Lobby and he caught the "Thief" by the arm, and insisted that he take him out where he could see "Charley."

Finally they located him, and the Chaplain realized that Charley was not in a state to save himself, so he took charge of the ten dollars which he later delivered to a sober and much subdued sailor, who thought he had lost all he had.

# General Summary of Work

## MARCH 1921

### Religious Department

#### Chapel of Our Saviour, 25 South Street

	Services	Attendance Seamen	Total
Sunday A. M.....	6	236	316
" P. M.....	8	1,229	1,347
" Communion.....	7	100	148

#### Church of the Holy Comforter, West Street

Sunday P. M.....	4	255	305
" Communion.....	1	13	13

#### U. S. Marine Hospital

Sunday A. M.....	4	145	145
" Communion.....	2	18	18

#### Ellis Island Hospital

Sunday P. M.....	4	410	410
Bible Class Meetings.....	4	338	338
Miscellaneous.....	10	679	721
Baptisms.....			2
Funerals.....			7
Weddings.....			0

### Relief Department

Boarding, Lodging and Clothing.....	3,410
Assisted through Loan Fund.....	118
Cases treated in Institute Clinic.....	1,090
Referred to Hospitals.....	32
Hospital Visits.....	47
Patients Visited.....	5,324
Referred to Other Organizations.....	7

### Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.....	17
Men shipped.....	199
Given temporary employment.....	20
Total.....	219

### Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	22,102
Letters received for seamen.....	17,255
Pcs. of dunnage checked.....	4,466

### Social Department

	Attendance	Services	Seamen	Total
Entertainments.....	17	3,312		3,791
Home Hours.....	4	837		891
Ships visited.....			49	
Pkgs. literature distributed.....			707	
Knitted articles distributed.....			131	

### Educational Department

Navigation and Marine Engineer- ing School Enrollment.....	28
First Aid Lectures.....	1

### Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$90,190.50
Withdrawals.....	108,531.84
Transmitted.....	15,483.58

# SEAMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND WORKERS

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

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

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

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## WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

The increased cost of paper and printing and the postage thereon make it impossible to send **THE LOOKOUT** except under the above conditions.