

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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NOVEMBER 1918

No. 11

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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Sailors' Day

Inspiration chose the evening of November 10th for the big service for sailors and seamen. What a wonderful night on which to remember, not only the men who had lost their lives during a hideous year, but to pay tribute to the thousands of seamen who had survived in spite of mines and U-boats and winter seas!

There was a thrill in the crowds of men who poured through the doors of Trinity Church that Sunday evening. Seamen are instinctive because they live too close to the elements not to hear sometimes the rustle of angels' wings. Some of them hadn't believed in the premature peace celebration of November 7th, but on that evening, in Trinity Church, they did feel the throb of something glorious about to happen.

Since the last Sailors' Day, on April 22nd, 1917, the United States has learned what war means. In the big congregation this year there were hundreds of American boys. There

were boys in the blue uniform of the Navy, boys with the insignia of the ensign, with the gold stripes of lieutenants. There were men who have crossed the great water pathway with thousands of troops, young faces that have grown grave from responsibility, from solemn cares. And here were big groups of other American boys who had answered the call of the Merchant Marine. There were French seamen, whose scarlet-tasselled caps lighted all the brown shadows of the dusky church. British officers and men sat beside rosy-cheeked apprentice lads: it was the seamen and sailors' evening, and the people of the land who came, looked at the bronzed faces with smiles of affection and with eyes full of friendly thoughts.

When the procession began, heralded by the exulting voices of choir boys singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," every inch of Trinity where it was safe for people to sit, was filled. In the procession walked:

Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney, D.D.

Rt. Rev. John N. McCormick, D.D.
 Rev. William T. Manning, D.D.
 Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D.
 Clergy of Trinity Church.
 Clergymen of Trinity Parish.
 Chaplain N. S. de Jersey.
 Rev. Frank W. Crowder, Ph. D.
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 Rev. Charles Cederholm.
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 Rev. Carl Podin.
 Rev. James Healey.

Laymen

Commodore Davenport.
 Commodore Lionel de L. Wells.
 Mr. Edmund L. Baylies.
 Mr. C. C. Smith.
 Mr. Howard O. Wood.

Dr. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Institute, and the man who as Chairman of the Publicity Committee, had worked with every bit of his energy and strength to make this particular Sailors' Day the significant occasion which it became, lead the responsive reading of Psalm 107.

"For He maketh the storm to cease; so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad, because they are at rest, and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

A note of rejoicing sounded in the voices that spoke those words: for the first time in many sad months, people could be glad, really glad.

The lesson was read by the Reverend George Wm. Carter, Ph. D., General Secretary of the New York Bible Society, followed by the greatest of all hymns for seamen, "Eternal Father! Strong to Save."

Dr. Mansfield read the special prayers which have been written for seamen, for organizations and workers for seamen and for all who affect the lives of seamen. Space will not permit us to publish all these splendid prayers in full, but two of them should be read by everyone who is thinking of seamen, their problems and their happiness.

For Organizations and Workers for Seamen

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—especially those of the Port of New York.

Give wisdom to all who have undertaken to direct the management of their interests.

Endue 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 tempta-

tion, 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.

For All Who Affect the Lives of Seamen

O Lord God of Hosts, who has laid the foundation of the round world and all that therein is, grant that Government Officials, Legislators, Shipowners and all who affect directly and indirectly, the lives of Seamen and Boatmen may employ the power and influence wherewith Thou hast endowed them to Thy glory, by dealing with their seafaring brethren in a Spirit of equity and christian love; and this we ask, in the Name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

After the anthem, "Fierce Was the Wild Billow," Dr. William T. Manning, Rector of Trinity Church, made the address of welcome.

He spoke of Trinity as the old mother church of the city, which has stood down near the waterfront for 220 years.

"It gives me the greatest possible pleasure to welcome the Seamen's Church Institute and all the representatives of societies who exist solely for the purpose of looking out for seamen," he said, "but my special welcome is to every sailor in this church, not only at this service, but at all times. Trinity Church stands open 365 days in the year. I wish you would feel that this is one of your home spots in this port."

He paid eloquent tribute to the men of the British Navy, repeating what we have long recognized, that without that great Navy, our war would have been lost long ago. He spoke of the merchant mariners, of their bravery, their unpretentious performance of a duty which made them as indispensable as the Navy.

"Without the merchant marine we could never have won the war," he said, and if it had not been Trinity Church, somebody would certainly have cheered. Dr. Manning's gracious address must have convinced the seamen and sailors that he was sincere in his desire when he said, "I wish I could shake the hand of each one of you, personally."

Dr. Mansfield then read these messages from Washington officials:

British Embassy, Washington,
D. C.,

Sailors' Day Message to

Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D.,
Chairman Publicity Committee of
Joint Conference, 25 South St.,
N. Y.

At the present stage of the war the natural message from the landsman to the seaman is one of thanks. We all know what we owe to the American and Allied Navies and recognize the glorious work they have done to secure the Victory. But many people do not realize our debt to the Officers and men of the mercantile marine, who for four years have gone about their business in defiance of the enemy and

in spite of his attempts at terrorism. All this time the mercantile marine has fed the Allied Countries, supplied their armies and made our victory possible. Whatever the enemy has done, the work of transportation has gone on, and to the men who have carried it on, and without whose courage and skill the victories of our armies and navies must have been wasted, every man, woman and child on the allied side owes a deep debt of gratitude.

COLVILLE BARCLAY,
British Charge d'Affaires, Wash-
ington.

French Embassy,

On the sea, just as on land, the enemy has been kept at bay until the day of his doom which is at hand. All honor to the sailors of our United Fleets and Merchant Navies who, undismayed by invisible, constant, silent danger, ceaselessly performed their duties on every sea, transporting men and supplies, clearing the ocean of German ships, blocking so effectively the enemy fleet in its harbors that it might have been cemented there for aught it served, and who finally triumphed over those blackguards of the ocean, the enemy submarines, whose favorite prey was passenger boats and hospital ships. You may already think, all of you, men of the sea, of the laurels you will need to wreath the decks and turrets of your ships when they come home.

JUSSERAND,
French Ambassador.

Department of Commerce,
Washington, D. C.

May I join on Sailors' Day in the expression of the respect and admiration of the civilized world for the brave officers and men who for four years have always risked and often given their lives to protect the freedom of the sea from piracy and murder. All will approve the plan to set apart annually one Sunday's services as a tribute to them. Can we, who have not shared their dangers, do less than to help to care for the mothers, widows and orphans of those who have given their lives at sea to win the victory and enduring peace just dawning.

E. T. CHAMBERLAIN,
Commissioner.

Department of Commerce,

I am pleased to learn of the special service set for Sailors' Day, November 10th, and should be glad if it were possible to be personally present. In no small measure we owe our present safety and the bright prospect of peace to the work and sacrifices of seamen. The men of our own Navy and the Allied Navies have long stood between us and the foe. The seamen and officers of the Naval and Army transport services have carried our troops to the field of victory where they won safety for the world. The Merchant sailor has furnished them food and supplies, the sailor has been the soldier's safeguard that the

soldier might in his turn win safety for the sailor. It is to the sailor the nation looks to carry the kindly services of Commerce into every sea and to make the Flag known **as the emblem of justice and righteousness** in every Port. The work of the sailor has been nobly done in the years of war. His task is but beginning and will, I believe, be increasingly fruitful as the years of peace pass.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
Secretary, Dept. of Commerce.

Navy Department,
Sailor Day Message

I wish very much that I could **give myself the pleasure of being present** at the service to be held in Old Trinity on Sunday night, November 10th, in honor of the men who follow the sea.

I understand there will be men of all nationalities present. It would be a great pleasure to be present and join you in welcoming the seamen of our own country, and the pleasure would be increased many fold because in this war the sailors of the Navy have served side by side with men of all the Allied nations.

We have tested their mettle and found that in spirit and patriotism we are one. I do not think that at any time in our history have the people so fully realized the heroic and sacrificing services of seamen in the Navy and Merchant Marine as in the past few months.

They have indeed kept the path open to France, and in the face of menacing submarines have kept the

seas safe for our soldiers going to France to fight for their liberty, **and in concert with their brothers** on land have made sure the freedom of the seas, essential to free commerce and international friendship.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS,
Secretary of the Navy.

United States Shipping Board,
Through you as Superintendent, I wish to say to the men and officers of the Navy and Merchant Marine, that I feel that the very splendid work done by them so fearlessly, so heroically, and with such great self-sacrifice has contributed in the greatest measure to the success of our arms and that of the Allied countries with which we are associated and, I believe, their efforts are appreciated in the highest degree by all the citizens of the country.

EDWARD N. HURLEY,
Chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

And after the hymn which begins "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun does his successive journeys run," the Right Reverend John N. McCormick, D. D., Major of the American Red Cross and Bishop of Western Michigan, preached the sermon.

Bishop McCormick has been in France nearly a year during the war. He knows the fighting seamen and soldiers and he knew how to talk to men who had had stern personal contact with the long tragedy. He speaks with the intimacy that talking to men fresh

from the battle-fields gives to a man with eyes clear enough to see into hearts.

"I am going to talk to you about a man who took a great many voyages," he began, "a man named Paul. He is a man who should be dear to all seafaring men, for his life was filled with adventure and danger and he met every hardship with blithe courage.

"One of the chaplains in France told me that although every soldier had a small New Testament which went into his pack, he was having constant demands for the whole Bible in English. He had scoured the country for Bibles, and the supply did not equal the requests. Finally he asked a private why he wanted the whole Bible.

"You have the New Testament. Why do you want the whole Bible so particularly?"

"Because I want to read about wars. The Old Testament is full of wars and I want to read those stories," the soldier said promptly.

"Well, I think that the New Testament is a book of travel. Our Lord was constantly going about from place to place, talking to the fishermen, sailing on the Lake of Galilee, making journeys. And Paul in his journeys was always doing stirring things, having adventures.

"When one of the big transports went over last spring, the chaplain, finding a group of men sitting together on the deck with nothing to do, began to tell them stories. He did not say they were stories out of the Bible. He just told

them for their brilliant value as tales. And he told the story of Paul's shipwreck, those fourteen days in the typhoon when he was making his famous voyage to Rome. When he was finished, a man called out to him:

"Who was that guy?"

"He was a man named Paul," the chaplain answered.

"The soldier went below and aroused his bunkie. 'The chaplain was telling us a story up on the deck about a fellow named Paul, and he was **some** man!'"

Bishop McCormick told them about Paul's hardships and he described in quick, terse sentences that made you see the little ship and Paul in the bow, looking anxiously for land. He described the arrival upon the coast of Italy and the greeting that Paul received from the Christians who had heard of his arrival and had traveled thirty or forty miles along the famous Appian Way to grasp his hand. And it says in the Book of the Acts, "He thanked God, and took courage."

That was Bishop McCormick's text and how pregnant with meaning it was on the eve of peace. To thank God and take courage! He spoke of the friendliness of those people, strangers to Paul, who simply heard that he was arriving a prisoner, and took that long journey merely to speak words of encouragement and welcome.

And those motives are the motives which lie at the heart of religion. Those motives of gen-

erosity and love and friendship are the power which built the Institute, which build all institutions for seamen. It is when people go out of their way to do things for other people, warmhearted actions, that you realize that the Christian spirit is there, working and prompting.

He said to the men of the Navy and the Merchant Marine that he knew they must, many of them, have been torpedoed five or six or seven times, that perhaps they were not wearing any iron crosses because they had just done a seafaring man's duty. But they must, many times, have had to take courage.

"I see," he continued, "that there is an officer in this church from the 'Vindictive.' Nobody will ever forget the gallant fate of that ship, and I heard a story about it in France which was told me by a sailor. I think it must be true, because sailors always tell the truth. When the Vindictive was going into the harbor of Zeebrugge to bottle up the German Navy by sinking herself in that harbor, it happened to be on the eve of St. George's Day. She passed an English flagship who signalled to her:

"For God, for England and St. George!" and the Vindictive answered 'Yes, and we are going to take a damned good twist in the dragon's tail!"

"Taking courage in this time of war has brought out a peculiar sort of courage. I crossed the ocean many times during the hostilities and I know what it means. I came home in July on a transport that

had just taken 2,500 soldiers. It had made the round trip in fourteen days. And we know that of the 85,000 trips that were made after the ships were convoyed, only 480 were sunk, and only 1 per cent. of the food ships."

He spoke of the future of American shipping, referring to his childhood in Baltimore when the old clipper ship days were still fresh in everyone's memory. He said that the safety of a nation was upon the sea, and that the declaration of peace would not mean that our ship-building would stop. America and young Americans have been brought back to the sea by this war.

The first half of Bishop McCormick's text was "He Thanked God." He said that he knew how many times all of us were thanking God in our hearts now that the end of bloodshed was in sight, and he knew for how many reasons the men who had survived the war perils must have thanked God, even though they had to take courage first. He told a touching little story of a young American soldier in France.

"This young boy, having a little time off one afternoon, wandered into a French church which had been spared by the German guns. He walked in slowly and wandered about, looking at the beautiful windows, examining the lovely outlines of an edifice which had stood for over two centuries. Just as he was about to leave, he saw a man in a general's uniform enter the church

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OR

Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

About Christmas Gifts

Several people have written to us about the Christmas packages. They want to know how many articles can go in one parcel and how many parcels each person should send.

Each package can have as many things inside its white tissue paper and scarlet ribbon garment as you wish to send. For instance, a sweater or some large article might be accompanied by cigarettes, or a pipe and tobacco, and candy. Any other small thing, a really gay Christmas card, or a calendar that a man could tuck into his letter-case could go into this parcel. If you are sending a muffler, a scarf, neck-ties, a safety razor, handkerchiefs, stationery, it becomes a matter for you to decide just how many things you will include in your gift.

But the important thing is that we should have gifts for every man who sleeps in the building on Christmas Eve, for some of the men coming in from ships on Christmas Day, and if there are enough, we should like to take a few cheerful packages to the seamen who lie long days in hospitals. Some of our old friends, men who

have been coming to the Institute ever since it opened, are ill. The fun of opening a parcel, sent especially for him, would almost erase the monotonous day of a hospital ward for a man who may be depressed and worried.

"I don't know when I have done such a thing as cry," an old seaman confided to the House Mother last Christmas, "but when I saw that red ribbon and those little Santa Claus things all over my present, I just had to use one of my new handkerchiefs."

And it was true of many men last year and the year before. Men who looked as if they did not bother very much with gentle moments, were so touched by the generosity of their unknown friends that they actually cried.

Send whatever you like. Do not feel that one thing is too little, if the demands upon you are so great (and they certainly are the greatest demands of any season) that you cannot afford to do any more. The Christmas Parcel staff at the Institute can usually supplement a single article with candy or tobacco.

But have the fun of tying up a package for a sailor. THE LOOKOUT will tell you what happiness you tied up with it when it writes its holiday number.

Christmas Greens

Ropes of bay leaves and long fluffy festoons of ground pine are even better decorations than holly, which so quickly dries and lets its red berries fall. This Christmas the Institute should be filled with all the greens of the holiday. A big

Tree of Light is planned for the Lobby, and under it the men will sing their Christmas carols with an exultation that only a real "Peace on Earth" feeling can give.

Please send us contributions for the tree and the evergreens. Do some of your own celebrating with these seamen who have so much cause to be a part of gaiety this 1918 Christmas.

Dinners on Christmas

"It seems to me you are always asking for something to eat," a rather exasperated mother said to her little boy one afternoon when he rushed in from school and demanded fruit and sandwiches.

"Probably it is because I am always growing," he said, after he had thought a minute.

That same reason accounts for the Institute's askings. It is pretty constant in its appeals and that is undoubtedly because it is always growing. In fact, its appeals do not begin to keep up with its growth. Which brings us, as you have already guessed, to the matter of Christmas Dinners.

A man might possibly eat corn flakes or scrambled eggs for lunch on the day preceding Christmas, but Christmas dinner is a special feast; there are certain things like cranberry sauce and plum pudding which are joyful foods. It is difficult to explain why they should be, but custom has covered them with glamour, and not to eat one

of them on Christmas is to lose a bit of the world's revelry.

So we want to have a dinner which we can serve to 1,000 men during the day. They will want to pay a nominal price for it, because seamen prefer to pay as they go, even if they cannot afford to pay much. But we want these men to be our guests, your guests and ours. A dollar would be enormous help, so send any amount you can manage.

New Burial Plot

\$100.00 was received towards the purchase price of the Burial Plot which we have secured in Cedar Grove Cemetery. This recent influenza epidemic, which attacked fatally so many of our seamen, makes us realize more than ever the serious need for an adequate burial ground.

We still need about \$3,000 for this new piece of ground, and that is buying, not only a resting place for strange seamen, but it is buying peace of mind and comfort for the parents and friends of men and boys who die thousands of miles from home.

It does not matter so much where one lies, finally, but it matters if there are kindly hands and warm hearts at the end. And it matters to those who live: they want to know that their boys rest in a well-tended spot, in a place that could be easily found if a father made the long journey across the Atlantic to see it.

Sailors' Day Continued

and going up to the chancel, kneel down to pray. The boy waited in the shadow. He stood there quietly and watched the kneeling officer; he hadn't said his prayers for a long time himself, although he had sometimes said little silent ones to himself out under the black sky when shells were bursting. At last the officer rose and went out, and the boy looked at his watch. For forty-five minutes that man in the uniform of high war honors had knelt. The boy followed him down the street and he saw that his hair was white.

"Who was that?" he asked an old woman who had bowed and smiled as the general passed.

"That was Marshal Foch," she told him proudly."

In Bishop McCormick's voice, during all his talk, there was a certain lilt, a certain hint of exultation. He talked of taking courage, because he knew that an ended war does not mean the end of sacrifice and bad days, but he talked of thanking God, and he talked of what it means to be Christian people so that his great congregation was stirred. Even as he spoke, pens were ready for the signing of the armistice.

Memorial prayers, for Sailors' Day is a memorial day primarily, followed "Our Father's God to Thee," and while the people still knelt they sang, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even

so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours." Rev. XIV, 13. And with the Benediction, pronounced by the Right Reverend Fred'k Courtney, D.D., and the Recessional Hymn, "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ our Lord," one of the greatest Sailors' Day services we shall ever attend, was over.

Before dawn New York was blowing whistles, ringing bells and tearing up scraps of paper, but down in Trinity Church, the men who had taken their own superb parts in the most stupendous war of history had celebrated already.

The Best Thanksgiving

Everyone who reads THE LOOKOUT must have been thinking very often of the merchant seamen these days, and giving thanks. After four years and three months of terrible sailings, the quietly brave soldiers of the sea who are to be at the Institute for Thanksgiving, will have a day of the most earnest, the most heartfelt thankfulness.

Please help them to celebrate November 28th. If a thousand men are in the building on that day at noon, they should have one of the best dinners that New York can prepare for her heroes. The Institute chef knows what seamen like to eat, and he knows how to cook it. They will not miss oysters and grapefruit, but there should be turkey or chicken and all the things with which American tradition has surrounded those two symbolic fowls.

If your LOOKOUT reaches you too late to send your Thanksgiving money

before the day itself, please send it anyhow, so that when the bills are paid, you will have had a share in that special rejoicing. There are two sorts of giving thanks. One way is to rejoice by yourself, and the other way is to give someone else joy. It isn't really the actual dinner, or the music in the Lobby, or the tobacco (if we have enough money to supply tobacco). It is the air of festivity, the feeling that creeps under the flannel shirt and the heavy sea-jacket; it is the knowing that people are thinking about the men on the water's edge on a day when they are being happy themselves.

No Influenza Epidemic

That the Institute should have been able to take care of its seamen so that an epidemic of Spanish Influenza did not descend upon the six hundred guests of this building deserves an extra word of praise.

Men came here from ships where half the crew was ill. Men of all nationalities and all degrees of intelligent attitudes toward disease came in and mingled together. Some of them already had the germ of the plague and some of them had probably been exposed again and again, but were immune. They did not all report to the visiting doctor, or to the House Mother, when they felt badly. Often they waited until they had high temperatures and had to be removed to the hospitals in ambulances.

But a little clinic was opened on the second floor, a fresh, clean room

with sterilized curtains and white basins and a medicine chest, as well as a couch where a patient could rest while waiting for the doctor to arrive. And owing to the precautions which were taken, and to the skill with which the staff impressed upon every individual that he was responsible for the life of some other man, an epidemic was averted.

Many men went to the hospitals and a great many of them died. For a few weeks scarcely a day passed without a funeral in the Chapel of our Saviour; (one day there were three), it was a sad, worrying time for everybody. The death of a seaman away from home has always been full of pathos for us. The caring for his possessions afterward, the search for his friends and relatives is a sober business.

But we were exceedingly fortunate in the fact that at the worst height of the city's epidemic, only five or six men were taken away from here ill, during a day, instead of twenty-five or fifty.

This crowded Lobby looked like an encouraging place to spread germs. That it was not, is largely due to the careful ventilation, to the stringent rules about expectoration, to the watchfulness of the staff, and especially to the wise forethought of the Superintendent who saw the danger ahead and prepared.

The Listener

"You ought to get on, because you listen well", a man told one of his friends the other day, and it made us think that listening is almost a business in itself.

It is because the seamen who are ill over in the Marine Hospital need someone to listen to them that the Institute has secured a social worker. It has arranged for a woman to talk to the seamen, find out about their relatives, telegraph for sisters and mothers, if they are in America. She will meet these same mothers and wives if the seamen die, help them with the arrangements that must be made, give her sympathetic advice.

When a man is very ill he is often shy about talking to the busy nurse or the harrassed orderly. The doctor doesn't have much time to win the confidence of his patient in a ward where every other man needs expert medical care. But a woman can do it.

And this need for a woman at the Marine Hospital has shown us again how great is the need for a Social Service Department at the Institute. Situations constantly arise where the right word, the right understanding help of a woman is absolutely necessary. We must manage this in some way.

"S. S. Teutonic" Boys

That does not sound like the name of a British ship, but it is, and forty boys from her decks and forecandle came over to the Sailors'

Day service. They arrived at the church in a 'bus and just as it reached Wall Street, a youngster who felt Peace Day in the air started to sing, "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here!" But he was promptly suppressed.

After the service the boys came back to the Institute with the House Mother and had coffee and sandwiches and ice cream.

"We don't want to go back to the ship. Let us stay here," they suggested, but the Petty Officer who had them in charge, had to collect them and see that every lad climbed into the launch that went out to the "Teutonic" at anchor in the stream.

"I feel exhilarated," one of them confided to the House Mother. "Either it is the coffee or it is because I think the war is almost over. And I really enjoyed that Bishop's sermon up at the church. I don't like sermons much as a rule."

A Unique Service

A Memorial Sunday, which was not a memorial to the seamen because they have a Sailors' Day of their own for special remembering, but a Memorial Day in honor of those to whose memory gifts and rooms and specific departments have been given in the Institute—this was November 3rd.

A service, unique of its kind, was held in the Chapel of Our Saviour at three o'clock, to which everyone who had made a gift in memory was invited.

On every bedroom door is a small bronze plate. Not all of these bedrooms were given as memorial rooms, but many of them were. The big Chapel Organ is a Memorial, so are the Administration Offices, and the Shipping Department, the Savings Department, the enclosed roof which shelters the Navigation School. There are too many to be listed here, but most Lookout readers are familiar with them.

And Dr. Mansfield arranged a service for the donors of these memorials, a day of remembering all those people whose names are perpetuated in bronze throughout the building. The Board of Managers has resolved to make this an annual service, and it seems a very gracious way to pay our respect to those people whose memories built the Institute.

Carefully chosen memorial prayers were made, and there was a very beautiful musical programme. The address was made by the Rev. Dr. C. J. Wrigley, a clerical Vice-President of this Society.

Gerard Beekman

We cannot spare any of our old friends and the Institute has been greatly saddened by the death of Mr. Gerard Beekman on November 9th. He watched the development of the work done down here at 25 South Street with the keenest interest, and several years ago he gave the money for the Noon-Day Talks and music.

These talks, from twelve to twelve-thirty, were held in the Public Reading Room which Mr. Beekman gave in memory of his brother. They were given on Tuesdays and Fridays, with a good speaker and an attractive soloist, and the success of these half hours pleased Mr. Beekman very much. He built his own memorial in the hearts of the Institute workers who regret his going.

"Dorothy Bradford" Boys

A request from the Chief of the Social Service Bureau of the U. S. Shipping Board, Mrs. Henry Howard, asked Dr. Mansfield if he would look out a little for the boys on the "Dorothy Bradford," anchored out in the harbor.

There are three or four Hundred graduates of training ships on this vessel, waiting for appointments, and their entertainment has become rather important. Mrs. Howard asked us to put literature on board telling the boys about our entertainments and the opportunities for recreation in the building.

On Sailors' Day Sunday, the J. Hooker Hamersley was sent to the Dorothy with a letter of introduction to the Captain, and fifty boys, with a petty officer, came over to the service. Before they went up to Trinity they had tea at the Institute and went away insisting that they would come again.

It has now been arranged that the J. Hooker Hamersley is to call for a capacity boat-load every Friday evening and every Sunday, so

that these young seamen may have a chance to go to the vaudeville-concerts and to have tea and attend the Sunday evening service, if they wish. Refreshments will be served for them, and they have asked permission to use our Auditorium for roller skating, as most of them have their own roller skates.

This is one other long arm of the Institute. It can father the U. S. Shipping Board recruits along with its own seamen and it is glad of the opportunity.

Damon Meets Pythias

Damon got forty-eight hours leave from his ship which was anchored in the harbor, and when he left the tender he saw an old ship-mate.

"Your best friend, the one we used to call Pythias, is in New York. I saw him yesterday and he asked me if I had any idea where you were."

"Pythias!" the young officer exclaimed. "I would rather see his face than any face in the world, except my mother's. We have not had a chance for a talk in three years. I have been to Australia, and back and forth to Southampton and I have always missed him everywhere. I must find him somehow."

The ship-mate gave the only address he thought might reach Damon's friend, and Damon walked to South Street, thinking hard. He couldn't go over to Brooklyn that day because of the commissions

he had to execute for his captain. And he didn't know how Pythias was to find him.

They had been the closest friends ever since they first sailed from Liverpool as apprentices. They understood each other, and that is what makes friendship important.

When the Institute's pleasant brick face greeted Damon's serious eyes he had an idea. He hurried in to the Desk and waited until the kindly smile of the Desk Woman showed that she could talk to him.

"If I sent a telegram to an old friend and asked him to call me up here would anyone take the message? I am not registered in the building, but I have stayed here several times. I haven't any confidence in any other hotel, and I feel as if I could not sail again without seeing this chap."

She saw the anxious lines between his eager brown eyes, and her days of watching seamen's faces made her say that she would try to arrange it.

"I only have forty-eight hours leave. I will wire him now and perhaps he will call me up tomorrow. He is somebody—" Damon hesitated, and his voice trembled just a little, "he is the best friend I ever had. It seems as if I absolutely had to see him."

The Institute often finds itself a messenger; one of the nicest things it does is to bring fathers and sons and brothers and mothers together after long searching. The telegram was sent and Damon went away to do his errands. Twice that after-

noon he telephoned, but there was no message.

But the following morning Pythias called up. He would be at the Institute at noon, if Damon could be notified. The Desk Woman watched the door whenever she had a chance. She began to feel as excited about the meeting of the two young men as if she had always known them. It became a vital matter to her, too. And then, just before noon, Damon came in.

"Is there—" he started to ask, but she interrupted him.

"He will be here at noon."

Fifteen minutes later two young men, both of them in the uniforms of petty officers, shook hands in the Institute Lobby. They did not speak for that first instant. They only looked into each other's eyes and smiled.

Flower Fund

\$100 toward the Flower Fund and a \$50 Liberty Loan bond with interest have been added to the Flower Fund. This has now been made a permanent Fund and amounts to about \$500. It is held in trust so that only the income can be touched. This Fund needs about \$3,000 to yield an income of \$2.50 a Sunday, the amount necessary to have the altar flower vases filled each week.

On September 29th the flowers on the Altar in the Chapel of Our Saviour were given by Mrs. A. E. Baden, "In memory of Capt. Frank Myers".

On November 3rd the flowers were

given by Mrs. Clara William, "In memory of E. E. Williams and Kenneth Robinson," and also Miss Emily C. Minor "In memory of nephew".

Contributions were also given by Mrs. Charles D. Dickey, Miss Elvire Richard, Miss Anna F. Hunter, Mrs. W. Irwin and Mr. H. C. Munger.

Donations Received September, 1918

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola and victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, pictures, playing cards, waste paper.

- Allen, Miss Ruth.
- Boyd, Miss R.
- Bradford, Mrs. William H.
- Chase, Mrs. A. C.
- Comstock, Miss Ethel.
- Dall, Mrs. H. H.
- Darnell, Mrs. G. T.
- Edgar, Mrs. H. L. K.
- Goldstein, Mrs.
- Inniss, Miss Ida W.
- Locke, Mrs. Robert W.
- McLean, Mrs. C. H.
- Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
- Morgan, Mrs. R. C.
- Morgan, William M.
- Ogden, Mrs. C. W.
- Rieck, Mrs. James G.
- Robertson, Mrs. Annie K.
- Robinson, Henry J.
- Rockwood, Mrs. George I.
- Rohse, Miss Jenny H.
- Rolph, Miss Esther A.
- Simpson, S. J.
- Talbot, Thomas S.
- Taylor, Mrs. J. O.
- Usher, Miss Irene.
- Valentine, Miss Myra.
- Wanamaker, John.
- Warde-Eisen, Mrs. A. W.
- Williams, Miss M. A.

Church Periodical Club and Branches

- Christ Church, East Orange, N. J.
- St. Michael's Church, New York.
- Women's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Andrews, Miss Maria, Discretionary Fund	\$10.00
Baden, Mrs. A. E., Chapel Flower Fund	2.50
Dickey, Mrs. Charles D., Chapel Flower Fund	15.00
Dickey, Mrs. Charles D., Social Fund	10.00
Hopkins, Mrs. H. C., Chapel Flower Fund	5.00
McShane, Charles, North River Station Coffee and Bun Fund.....	5.00
Meissner, C. A., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Sadleir, Rev. Chas. R., Relief Fund	43.66
Southwick, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Stimpson, Mrs. Mary, Discretionary Fund	1.95
Townsend, Miss, Discretionary Fund	1.00
Van Beuren, Mrs. F., Summer Outing Fund	30.00

Donations Received Oct. 1918

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola and victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, mounted fish, flags, Christmas Gifts.

Adams, Miss M. E.
Allen, Miss Ruth
Baker, Mrs. J. E.
Biggs, Mrs. George
Bird, J.
Bliss, Mrs. W. G.
Boyd, Miss R.
Browning, Mrs. E. M.
Burns, Miss Sarah
Colgate, Robert
Dall, Mrs. H. H.
Davis, Mrs. A. D.
Gilson, Miss
Gould, Mrs. David
Gunton, Thomas O.
Hand, Mrs. Augustus N.
Higham, Mrs. W. A.
Himan, B. S.
Hoyt, Miss G. L.
Janeway, S. H.
Jay, Miss Alice
Jones, Chaplain F. E.
Lawrence Miss Isabella
Lowrie, Mrs. C. D.
Lugo, Mrs.
Mann, Mrs. Vernon S., Jr.
Medlicott, Mrs. Arthur D.
Morgan, William M.
Morris, Mrs. F. P.
Mulhigan, Miss Mary P.
Nicol, Mrs. Benjamin
Prime, Miss Cornelia

Ranch, Mrs.
Robinson, Mrs. E. S.
Robinson, Henry J.
Rohse, Miss Jenny H.
Rollins, H. E.
Simpson, Thomas S.
Smith, Miss E. L.
Southwick, Mrs. J. C.
Stone, L. F.
Storey, Miss E.
Strickland, Miss M.
Udall, Miss Mary Strong
Usher, Miss Irene
Valentine, Miss Myra
Watson, Mrs. R. C.
Whitehouse, Francis M.
Whitfield, Miss E.
Wiggers, Mrs. A.
Williams, Mrs. J. M.

Church Periodical Club and Branch

St. Agnes' Chapel, New York.
St. James' Church, Montclair, N. J.

Contribution for Special Purposes

Brooks, Mrs. C. H., Holiday Fund	\$10.00
DePeyster, Miss Augusta, Holiday Fund	50.00
Holt, Mrs. Robert S., Summer Outing Fund	25.00
Hunter, Miss A. F., Chapel Flower Fund	25.00
Irwin, Mrs. W., Chapel Flower Fund. In mem- ory of unfortunate seamen who have lost their lives while fol- lowing their noble calling.....	2.00
LeBlond, Robert E., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Leonard, Mr. (Seaman), Religious Fund	1.00
Mahnker, John H., Summer Outing Fund	25.00
Maxwell, Thomas, Discretionary Fund	5.00
Minor, Miss Emily C., Chapel Flower Fund. In mem- ory of her nephew.....	5.00
Munger, H. C., Chapel Flower Fund	40.00
Myers, S. H., Discretionary Fund	10.00
Richard, Miss Elvine, Chapel Flower Fund	25.00
Sherlock, Mrs. John C., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Wesendonck, Max A., Summer Outing Fund	25.00
Williams, Mrs. C. M., Chapel Flower Fund. In mem- ory of E. E. Williams & Ken- neth Robinson	1.00
Zabriskie, Miss Ethel, Summer Outing Fund	50.00

General Summary of Work

OCTOBER 1918

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	8	255	351
Scandinavian.....	6	44	59
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services.....	4	196	204
Bible Classes	4	185	189
Holy Communion Services		1	
Wedding Services		2	
Baptismals		0	
Funeral Services		39	

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	158
Clinic Cases.....	51
Referred to Hospitals.....	29
Referred to other Societies.....	9
Hospital Visits	56
Patients Visited	1135

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	24
Men transported	38
Pieces of dunnage transported	58

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	7	1597	1684
Auto Rides	2	67	
Special, Religious and Social Talks.....	8	620	
Public Lectures.....	4	352	369
Ships Visited		12	
Packages reading matter distributed....			201
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			37

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	20,125
Letters received for seamen.....	5,865
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,632

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	40
Men Shipped.....	206
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	138
Total number of men given employment	344

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$ 56,927.31
Withdrawals.....	61,257.53
Transmitted.....	3,635.54
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust.....	45,674.90

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$150.00

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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