

The LOOKOUT

We are pressing forward toward the completion of our new building which is so acutely needed.

This is in accordance with unanimous action of the Board of Managers and in the face of the fact that we still require over one million dollars to pay for it.

Our cause is so vital and so urgent that it challenges me to cry aloud to friends old and new for their support in this hour of our dire need.

A. R. Mansfield

Superintendent

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

The Lookout

VOL XIX

FEBRUARY, 1928

No. 2

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE *of* NEW YORK

at

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Telephone Bowling Green 2710

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Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually, Postpaid
Single Copies, Ten Cents

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*Entered as second class
matter July 8, 1925, at New
York, N. Y., under the act
of March 3, 1879.*

Dr. Mansfield's Appeal



DR. MANSFIELD CONSULTS A WORKMAN

For thirty-two years Dr. Mansfield has fought the good fight and has kept the faith with the sailor and with his own vision of what should be done for the sailor.

His vision is taking form in our new Annex Building, but before he can finish St. Paul's statement by adding, "I have finished my course," he wants to see the building complete and

occupied by the hundreds of sailors who are looking to us as their only home.

Dr. Mansfield's appeal on the cover comes from his heart—full as ever with his life's purpose, brave in the face of exasperating construction problems (which are gradually righting themselves), but a bit heavy because of our financial situation.

As he comes from his home on Staten Island daily, Dr. Mansfield looks up to see the Institute towering above its surroundings, with its Cross over

all, shining seaward and skyward—the symbol of the faith which has sustained him through thirty-two years of vicissitudes—hopes, fears, discouragements, but in the end triumph.

Still, a heavy cloud hangs over it all. The Annex will not be paid for when finished unless there is a concerted effort on the part of all friends of the sailor to complete the fund.

The appeal of the Institute is irresistible. Almost invariably those who are able to do so respond to our pleas for help. We



Photo by Schoenhals

"THE INSTITUTE TOWERING ABOVE ITS SURROUNDINGS, WITH ITS CROSS OVER ALL"

have not had doors closed against us, but it has not been possible for us to reach personally everyone who may wish to have a share in this the greatest undertaking in the world in behalf of merchant seamen.

It is for this reason that Dr.

Mansfield now appeals with the hope and with the faith that all who can will, by helping him to attain the crown of his life's work, give merchant sailors the home they need ashore.

Every dollar will help to make up the necessary million.

Dr. Mansfield's Thirty-Second Year

The following account is reprinted from the 1927 Year Book of the National Institute of Social Sciences:

"The Reverend A. R. Mansfield, D.D. entered upon his thirty-second year of service as Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in January, 1927.

"His outstanding accomplishments for the eighteen months' period ending July first, 1927 were a 37½ percent increase in the Institute's services to merchant seamen, and the consummation of plans for the completion of a new \$2,750,000 Annex.

"The increase in services to merchant seamen is especially notable because it was necessarily against great odds. Since the War, the present building, which was designed to accom-

modate 500 men nightly, has been taxed to a capacity of 836 by converting recreation rooms into dormitories. Despite the over-crowded conditions, the Institute (under Dr. Mansfield's administration) increased the number of its various individual services to seamen by 37½ percent over 1925; and despite a shortage of available funds for emergency relief, there was a one hundred percent increase in the number of sailormen administered to through the Social Service Department.

"The new \$2,750,000 annex building has been needed for several years to care for the hundreds of seamen who are turned away nightly because of lack of accommodations. The shell of the new building was completed during the spring of 1926, and

July first, 1927, saw the completion of plans for the interior and the letting of contracts for the completion of the building. Arrangements have also been made for the temporary financing of the final construction work pending the completion of the \$2,750,000 fund.

"In connection with the new Annex Building it is of interest

Great Oaks from Little Turnips

A well-dressed boy stepped confidently into Mrs. Roper's office. It had been five years since he last crossed that threshold and five years had done a lot to him. He had to jog Mrs. Roper's memory a bit.

Henry's first visit brought him on a curious mission. He wanted a turnip. It was a peculiar request, but Mrs. Roper's life is made up of unusual things. A turnip seemed a modest desire, so she visited the kitchen herself and picked out the biggest one she could find.

A day or so later Henry returned with the turnip, but a day or so had done a lot to the turnip. Henry had carved from it a perfect likeness to one of America's best known men, whose picture in a newspaper

to record that President Coolidge personally endorsed the work of the Institute by releasing the current to illuminate for the first time a huge Cross on the roof as a memorial to merchant seamen of all times who risk their lives in the service of landsmen, and as a promise to sailors coming into port of a safe home ashore."

had caught his fancy.

That was the beginning of a series of events which introduced Henry to the art of sculpture. At the time he had never even heard of modelling clay, but now, only five years later, he is working on figures for a church which is to be one of the finest in New York.

Henry explained to Mrs. Roper that his advancement has been due very largely to contacts that were made for him by the Institute.

Fortunately for the Merchant Marine, all our seamen are not embryo sculptors; but whatever they are, Mrs. Roper invariably finds it out in double quick time and starts them on their way. Their way is quite likely to be over the Seven Seas.

Are Sailors Grateful?

Someone recently asked us the question, "Do sailors ever show any appreciation of what the Institute does for them?"

We wish all questions which are put to us were half so easy to answer. To this one the reply is emphatically yes.

Sailors, to be sure, are inclined to be a bit inarticulate; but frequently their tongues are loosed, and frequently their faces tell us all we need to know of their gratitude, and still more frequently they take pen in hand.

Christmas, of course, evoked more than the usual response. We will let Jack Tar speak for himself in the following snatches from his letters.

The first is from a former seaman who escaped from a prison in Walla Walla, was picked up in New Jersey and is now serving a sentence there. He is permitted to write one letter a month and that one letter usually is addressed to 25 South Street.

"Dear Mother Roper:

"I wish to thank you very much for remembering me in the kind way you did. I doubt if there is anyone who received a

Christmas box from you who derived more pleasure and good than I, all the more so because it was unexpected. It certainly tended to make my Christmas a brighter one. There was a toy balloon in the package and I took and give it to a young fellow who is a lifer and who has been here some ten years, it would bring tears to your eyes Mother if you saw the enjoyment this man found in this novelty, so it cheered and helped two to forget the dismal surroundings for a while so I am sure you will be glad to know this. . . .

"I have now been in this institution 35 months. My time expires March the 16th when the authorities from Washington will return me to Walla Walla to complete my time there. I have 9½ years to serve there and I will be given one year's solitary confinement for my escape. This is a terrible outlook but I must pay the price. I have made a costly mistake and there is nothing to do but pay the penalty. Please think as well of me as you can Mother

Roper. I do not deserve anyone's sympathy and it is not for this reason I am writing this but in view of the nice way you have treated me."

The influence of the Institute reaches out to all unfortunate seamen at Christmas time, no matter where they may be. Perhaps the most unusual case we have is that of a man in a leper colony in Louisiana. This is his pathetic letter:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your Christmas gift. It's indeed with much pleasure and great satisfaction that I wish to express my gratitude and appreciation for the kind and friendly thought that your Institute has sent me on this Xmas day in this far away part of the country.

"On many occasions the Seaman's Institute has lent me a helping hand, and now again on this very Xmas day you have brought me a little sunshine to brighten and soften the dark clouds which surrender my heart at various times.

"I just wish to say again and again, thanks my dear friends a million times.

"May God bless you all and may His richest blessing continue

to rest upon the labor of your Institute in abundance.

"From a grateful friend."

And this letter from Chicago explains itself:

"Arrived in Chicago O.K. and it sure is cold.

"I can never forgive myself for what happened while I was at sea. Upon my arrival here I found my Mother had been dead for three months and my home broken up and my brothers all scattered about the U. S. God, Mrs. Roper, what a Christmas for me! I can never forgive myself for not being home. Now I haven't any. I was bragging about setting my feet under my Mother's table for a good old Xmas dinner. Now see what's happened.

"I am starting to work tomorrow night. . . . I'm going to try and be the man my mother wanted me to be.

"Well Mrs. Roper I must close thanking you for what you've done for me. God Bless You."

This is an unusually bad winter for seamen. Jobs are scarce and many steady, thrifty men are temporarily "on the beach." Sydney was one of these whom we helped over some rough

spots just before Christmas. He has an unfortunate impediment in his speech; and suspecting that he could be more eloquent with his pen, he indited the following to our Relief Secretary:

"Mrs. is all I can call you for, your name, I know not. Please do not think anything of me sending you this note! But circumstances makes me express to you just what I have been trying to do all those other times from ever since I came to you for help. I think the world of you! of the way you speak, etc. What I want you to know is just this: others, most likely have proved ungrateful to you, but I will not. And, if you could give me a letter, to that Lady! of whom you mentioned to me about work, I would be very pleased to accept it. You see fair Lady my reason for getting a job is that I don't want to be very extravagant and besides, I want to repay your kindness to me, also the money which you have loaned me and, a little Christmas present that I have already said I would give you. I haven't told you about it that's sure. But, I am going to fulfil my promise. I alone know it. Please do not say anything."

The Superintendent of a state institution necessarily had to write in behalf of the seamen patients there:

"I wish to thank you for the nice packages which you sent to the seamen in this hospital. As you know many of these patients are not visited by any relatives or friends and therefore these packages were especially acceptable to these men.

"Several of the lucid patients have spoken of this very fine consideration on your part and have said that it is one of the happy moments of their lives when they receive these gifts, both because of the contents and because of the thought that goes with them.

"I hope that you will find it possible to continue this service in the future as you have in the past."

These are only a few of the many letters we receive each day. They were selected to show the wide range of circumstances that fall within our field of service. The selection is not complete, however, without one letter representative of the biggest class we serve — namely, the hard-working, self-respecting merchant seamen who come to

us with their heads up and money enough in their pockets to pay a moderate price for the necessities of life. *Over seven thousand* such men come to us *daily* expecting only a friendly welcome. Here is a paragraph from one of them written at sea and addressed to Mother Roper, of course:

"As an individual I feel deeply grateful for your kindness and interest shown to me. Sometimes in our dark, quiet moments of life, when we see the spiritual side of our existence, through the eye of kindness, and, shall we say, Christian tolerance, it is then the kindness of others shines out in our retrospect, as

the dew sparkling on the grass at dawn."

NO FAITH IN SIGNS

The strains of "Home, Sweet Home" drifted into the Social Service Department. It was being rendered softly on a harmonica. We decided to trace it to its source, for it is not always the best tune to play around the Institute.

Our ear led us to the Writing Room where a number of men were diligently at work bent low over desks. And there sat the musician, tilted back against the wall in his chair, with his cap just barely clearing the "SILENCE" sign!

Mysterious Max

"Blood is thicker than water," the proverb tells us, but we are constrained to add, "but not if it's salt water."

For there is a bond among sailormen that often transcends the ties of race, religion, or even family.

A recent evidence of this truth came to us in the case of Max

Bachmeier, able seaman—that is, he was both able and a seaman until a few months ago when he was taken from his ship a victim of failing lungs.

He immediately became popular in the hospital—the hero of his ward, in fact. He was a handsome six-footer with a store of sea experiences that fascinat-

ed his ward-mates, and whiled away many an otherwise dull and dreary hospital hour.

Max had weathered mutinies and storms so terrific that he had to be lashed to the rails of his ship; and he had tasted romance in far-away ports under tropic skies. He told it all simply and dramatically, but with never a reference to his own life before he took to the sea, and never a word about home.

Yeomans, in the next bed, worshipped Max and naturally wondered about him. He speculated upon Max's chances for recovery and shook his head doubtfully, for he had been overseas with the A. E. F. and recognized the symptoms. Gassed—that's what he was.

Max admitted it but was reticent as to when and where he "got his." Yeomans was disappointed. This might have been an opportunity to fight the war all over with an old-time buddy, but Max continued to confine his "bedtime stories" to his ventures afloat.

Then one morning Yeomans figuratively threw a bomb into the midst of the ward. He had gleaned an illuminating bit of information from a not

too discreet hospital orderly.

"You've been holding out on us, Max, but I've got your number now. You've won two Iron Crosses—they found 'em in your clothes when you was brought here."

Max considered his reply carefully. "Yeah, I got 'em. But I was a rotten soldier."

"Sure you was, but you got two Iron Crosses." Yeoman's admiration was unconcealed. . . .

Max has just died. He had a military funeral with a firing squad and taps and all the honors. Yeomans saw to that. When he heard that Max was scheduled for potter's field, he got his post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars to step in.

The funeral chaplain came to the hospital to tell Yeomans all about it. "He did his duty for the country he loved just as you did your duty for the country you loved. Your tribute to him was a soldier's tribute."

"But the Iron Crosses?" Yeomans was eager.

"Pinned on his chest."

And Yeomans turned his face from the Chaplain.

Salt water is thick, and Yeomans' tribute was a sailor's tribute too.

One Dormitory



Photo by Schoenhals

We have encroached upon the Merchant Marine School and upon our recreation rooms in an effort to do our utmost for the sailormen who look to us for a home while they are ashore.

We have utilized a part of the School for a dormitory, which isn't the best possible arrangement for the school—nor for the dormitory.

Still with beds 35c. each, including an individual locker, it is better than any other alternative Jack can find along this section of the waterfront. At least, it is clean and comfortable

and safe and not prohibitive in price.

But utilizing every available inch of space was intended to be only a makeshift arrangement to relieve an acute situation until we could complete our new building.

Now relief is in sight but still unattained.

We hope to open the fifth floor of the Annex early in February. This will mean eight dormitories with a total capacity of 350 beds for 350 sailormen who are now being turned away

into the cold to find shelter where they may.

All but one of these dormitories have been paid for and of course this last one should be subscribed for before it is opened.

It is costing \$5,000 to build it and to equip it with 42 beds and 42 metal lockers.

It will provide for 42 men nightly—a good-sized freighter's crew. Tonight these 42 men are perhaps roaming the East River waterfront in an attempt to find

a place to sleep. Tomorrow night or the next, they may be risking their lives on the wintry seas to protect cargoes that contribute in some degree to your well-being.

Would you not feel gratified to know that you were providing for 42 self-respecting sailormen each night in the year?

A check (or pledge for future payment) will accomplish this end. Send to Junius S. Morgan, Treasurer of the Building Fund, 25 South Street, New York.



ALL ASHORE!— BUT WHERE ASHORE?

Who've It?

Radio Life-Saving



"SPARKS"

Sickness and magic — for countless ages the two have been boon companions. But after a while magic lost its hold and men trusted to luck instead. Especially at sea the mysterious luck played a large part.

If the heavy weather were to end soon, or port be reached in time, or the medicines on board were the right kind, the patient

had a chance for life. But these "ifs" we will have for a long time to come because of the very nature of the sea.

It was in treating sick men haphazardly that the real danger consisted. But what could one do about it? Seamen are not physicians nor surgeons.

Governments began to require that masters carry certain medical equipment. Later captains, mates and engineers were obliged to pass first-aid examinations.

There is, however, a world of difference between knowing what to do for a cut finger and knowing how to take care of a flushed, fevered man tumbling about in his bunk with an unknown malady. Even with specially prepared books it is difficult for a layman to make a reasonably correct diagnosis.

To remedy some of these conditions the Institute asked for and received a special commercial telegraph station license permitting the sending of messages to ships within the vicinity of New York. As long as the Institute doctor was on duty ship masters were able to communi-

cate with him and receive help in diagnosing and caring for injured and ailing seamen.

In a very short time the value of this service became known along the Atlantic Coast. Medical aid messages took preference over all calls except S O S distress signals.

It was soon evident, however, that the scope of the service was too great for the meagre facilities which the Institute afforded. The need for continuous day and night service was obvious.

The Public Health Service had given the Institute's radio medical service the stamp of approval. A direct telephone connection with the New York Marine Hospital was made. By calling up the hospital staff the information asked for by the captains of ships at sea could be obtained with very little loss of time.

There remained still another big obstacle. Ships near the coast, much as they needed help, were not so urgently in need as the ships far out at sea. Vessels beyond the range of the Institute transmitters had their messages relayed to them from ships nearer New York. Time was often lost.

It soon became evident that

unless the Institute could improve its facilities it could not live up to the full measure of its usefulness in giving radio medical service.

The Radio Corporation of America came to the rescue. In connection with the United States Public Health Hospitals along the coasts the R C A has been able to expand the scope of medical service to a remarkable degree.

Ships at sea have only to communicate with the nearest coastal radio telegraph station. It frequently happens that treatments are sent out from one station after another along the entire coast as a ship passes by on her way to her destination.

The rapidity with which other nations have developed similar services proves the value of the original idea. Ships of any nationality in the northern Atlantic may receive medical advice from the Norsk Marconi Kompani of Oslo, Norway, which was the first to follow the American example.

In the West Indies the United Fruit Company broadcasts from its hospitals.

The most high-powered station in the United States is at Chatham, Massachusetts. It

has sent messages to vessels almost all of the way across the Atlantic. With a range of fifteen hundred nautical miles this station is able to handle messages while the ship is as much as five days away from port.

The files at the Marine Hospital in New York tell some very interesting stories. The greatest difficulty with which the doctors must contend is the lack of specific detail in the messages they receive. The compilers of the Ship Sanitation and First Aid Manual published by the Institute for use by merchant seamen foresaw this difficulty and included in the book much general and specific advice on the sending of radiograms. There are listed thirty-two definite things to look for when examining a sick man. Carefully labeled charts are also provided.

One captain, very likely one who had first gone to sea in sailing vessels, sent in the interesting news that he had a pain in the mid-rif. Webster asserts that the mid-rif is the diaphragm, but it is not all improbable that the good captain belonged to the school that pronounced "mid-reef" mid-rif.

The mixture of the anatomical and the nautical was a bit

confusing but the general consensus of opinion was that the captain's pain was somewhere in his middle.

Last February the *American Banker* brought an interesting tale to port. She had received a message from a Dutch ship saying that a man on board was suffering great pain in the eye caused by iron splinters which no one had been able to remove. If the splinters were not removed at once, the man would go blind. What means were there of extracting the iron?

The ship's surgeon of the *American Banker* advised the use of an electro magnet for removing the iron. The Dutch ship replied that there was no electro magnet on board.

The *American Banker* sent back instructions for the making of such a magnet. Three hours later word was received that the iron had been withdrawn from the seaman's eye and that he was on the mend.

Sometimes advice sent to one ship is of help to another. "Many thanks to SS *America*. We had sick member of crew suffering from similar ailment. Prescribed same as directed for other steamer. Our patient recovering. God bless you."

A large percentage of the symptoms received seem to indicate appendicitis. If the patient is not too seriously ill and can wait until the ship makes port no drastic measures are advised. But in one or two cases it was necessary to give the master instructions for performing an op-

eration with such instruments as he had.

Every now and then some tiny new-comer is ushered into the world via radio.

The magic of the witch doctors is no more, but the surer and still more wonderfully mysterious radio has taken its place.

The Guiding Light

"But, with only Duty to show a light,

The sons of the sea must face their fight!"

An apt quotation, we thought, from an equally apt poem which appeared in the last LOOKOUT.

But one of our sailors found a flaw in it. "Why *only* Duty?" he asked. "*Only* Duty! What more do you need anyhow?"

He spoke for all sailordom. Duty becomes privilege at sea. It is just as much a part of a



Underwood & Underwood
"THE SONS OF THE SEA HAVE DICED WITH DEATH
THROUGH SNOW AND FOG, ON THE REELING DECK."

sailorman's equipment as his dungarees. He accepts it calmly and without question as part of his job; and that is what sustains him as he "dices with Death on the reeling deck" during these stormy winter voyages.

One of our sailors, who writes his own poetry, has this to say, "While the gate of death is opening,

Do your duty, that is all."

And then he proceeds with more specific and perhaps more practical advice:

"Trust in God and watch the Devil.

Keep your eyes and senses level."

Everyone will recall the spectacular rescue of the *Antinoo* crew by Captain Fried of the *Roosevelt* in mid-ocean about two years ago. The world held its breath for three anxious days while heroic attempts were made to take all hands from the foundering freighter.

The rescuing crew came back triumphant, with medals for their pains, but they were far too modest to show them at the Institute. We thought perhaps they might consider praise for Captain Fried in better taste, but they were quite disgusted

with our well-meaning encomiums.

"Aw, he just knew his stuff an' he done it," one of them explained almost impatiently. He did not mean to disparage his Captain's efforts, but rather to impress it upon us that doing his duty was something we should take for granted—all in the day's work.

Then there was the recent incident of the Captain of the *Barendrecht* who picked up Ruth Elder and Haldeman. They tried to give him a reward. "It would be a strange experience to be rewarded for saving human life," he said. "It would tend to commercialize that rule of the sea by which we are all bound—'Save human lives at any cost.'"

Duty showed him its light. But he probably was no more aware of it than our seamen whose training and experience have made it second nature for them to risk their lives not only to save other human lives, but also to protect the cargoes entrusted to their care.

"Ship Torn by Blast Returns to Port," we read in the morning paper. Leisurely we sip our coffee and glance further

"Three Victims. Fire Rages Seven Hours."

On another page, "Gale-Lashed Ships Struggling to Port."

"Twelve Hurl'd Into Sea Trying to Aid Barge—Officer of Ship Is Lost—Other Seamen Hurt and Numbed by Icy Water."

"Two Sailors Jump Into Sea to Rescue Woman — Both Perish."

And so it goes—scarcely a newspaper without its story of sailor hardship and sacrifice.

There is a sort of resignation about it as far as we can de-

termine from our none too talkative (on such subjects) seamen, as well as the ingrown sense of duty. They rather expect, sooner or later, to rest forever in the sea, so why not sooner?

It is well expressed by that delightful philosopher, Alfred Aloysius Horn, the Trader of the Ivory Coast:—

"There is no denying that Death does his best for the sailors. There's less than half of them die in their beds. The undertakers'll never encourage a man to go to sea. The sea's the sailor's home, and it's there he'll be found on the ultimate day."

More About Mickey

Our Institute cats come and go. They are here today and gone tomorrow — shanghai-ed, we fear in many cases, by admiring sailors.

Mickey is the Cat of the Moment. He reigns supreme and is thoroughly spoiled.

We owe Mickey an apology. He is *not* dumb as stated in the December LOOKOUT. He had never been known to utter a sound, however, up to the time we went to press with that statement.

But Mickey developed a voice when carried to the roof to have his photograph taken. He didn't like the idea at all and apparently wanted the whole wide world to know how he felt about it.

Nor was Mickey's the only dissenting voice. One of his sailor friends also objected—a sailor in whose lap Mickey had been contentedly sleeping.

Jack had been flattered because Mickey had picked him out of all the seamen in our crowded

lobby—at least, so he thought—but Mickey, who is said to know his onions, perceived that this particular Jack Tar had an overcoat in his lap. Mickey knew from experience that a nice fat cat cannot slip between the knees of a sailor holding an overcoat. He is no respecter of persons, our Mickey, but he does love comfort!

Mickey keeps a close watch on proceedings in the new building, and like most of the rest of

Vignettes of the Seaman

Herman is an ardent admirer of Americans and their ways. Best of all he likes their practical jokes.

During the war his vessel was held at Hoboken by the government and Herman was sent to a farm to work.

He went rather unwillingly, knowing nothing of either farming or Americans. At the farm his reception was pleasant enough and he soon learned the first principles of agriculture.

There were only two things to irk him. He did not altogether like American food and he objected to being called "Heinie." He explained repeat-

us, he usually merges from his tours of inspection with a bit of plaster by way of evidence as to his recent whereabouts. Being a black and white cat, of course he always contrives to get the plaster on the black part of his anatomy, reserving the supposedly white part of himself for ink spots.

Yet, with all his seeming perversity, Mickey warms the heart of many a lonely sailor, and makes life more worth while.

edly in his broken English that he was "Herman und not Heinrich." It made no difference, he was "Heinie" as long as the war lasted.

But he did learn about American food. The lesson is painful to contemplate. It was impressed upon Herman that we were in great need of food and made use of everything. Herman showed with his big blue eyes that he understood and was properly impressed with our efficiency.

Alas for Herman, his credulity inspired his American co-workers to "make foolish mit him." He was to be introduced to that famous confection, apple pie,

and given a lesson in food saving at the same time.

He looked uncertainly at the small, round, smoothly baked object before him. Its charms were not so obvious as those of his native *kaffee-kuchen*.

The other farmers lifted their individual pies and bit rapturous big bites. Herman was not to be outdone. He raised his pie and took an equally generous bite. His eyes popped in remembrance.

"Vat you tink dey done? For them iss apples in the pie, for me iss seeds und skins und stems. But I laff like notting wrong was. The lady from the house she bring me other pie vots iss gut und I like it fine.

"The boys they say I iss fine shport efen if I iss Heinie, but I say I iss not Heinie I iss Herman und we all laff."

The saddest men at the Institute are the old men, men who feel they are no longer wanted on sea or land.

One of them stood looking through a newspaper commenting aloud on styles and flappers and jobs and old age.

"Well, I've tasted the bitter and the sweet of life and I've no

complaint, but I'm old now. I can't tell you not to grow old because you will anyway, but you can begin now to be prepared for it.

"Here I've been for seven months without a job because I have high blood pressure. They won't take me on ships and they won't take me on land. Not a soul to talk to except here.

"Most of these fellows are so young. They haven't been tried out. I can't talk to them for long. Do you know this, 'Lend every man thine ear, but few thy voice'?"

"It's Shakespeare. It's good advice but here we are talking as if we'd always known each other. Foolish, isn't it? That's our trouble—we get lonely and talk."

"If you could live anywhere you wanted to, what place would you choose?" It is an interesting question to ask seamen because the answers are so revealing of their philosophies.

"Most anywheres," is one of the most frequent answers. As one sailor put it, "We've got to eat and sleep, and we can do it in any old place so long's it's not too hot or too cold."

Another large group—usually those of a more aggressive type—declare emphatically that the good old U. S. A. is the one and only place for them.

Bill Hogue is one of the few who can pull out a map and point without hesitation to "X marks spot," etc., etc. The spot is Shanghai.

To Bill, Shanghai is a paradise for Americans, though he doesn't think the Chinese get a fair deal. He is going there as soon as shipping picks up to join his friend and erstwhile pupil in the dressgoods business.

Bill's friend took a job as salesman in complete ignorance of gingham and satins and linens but Bill "learned him" to tell the difference. Bill had acquired his knowledge in his father's general store in a remote Iowa town.

Bill expects to take his Iowa morals with him. Shanghai is "an awful place to start a feller going to the dogs," but not if he keeps his mind on the dressgoods business.

The benches in the Social Service Department are filled to capacity every day with seamen in need of help. This year con-

ditions are particularly bad. Winter alone brings a lessening of shipping; troubles in China and Mexico help to make matters worse. Sadly enough, those seamen most in need of assistance are the least willing to ask for it.

Recently an exceptionally fine looking man came in to ask if a job as steward could be found for him.

When he was questioned it was found that he had not eaten for two days. A short time ago he had spent one hundred and forty days in the hospital and had used up his small savings.

From every point of view the man was exceptional. When his two children were very young his wife died. He left them with friends in Roumania to be educated while he continued to go to sea as a steward. He worked entirely for them and he is being amply rewarded. The son, who speaks seven languages, is assured of an excellent position when he finishes his engineering course in the near future. The daughter's education has also been thorough.

This man was helped in a very special way and he has been quick to show his appreciation.

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