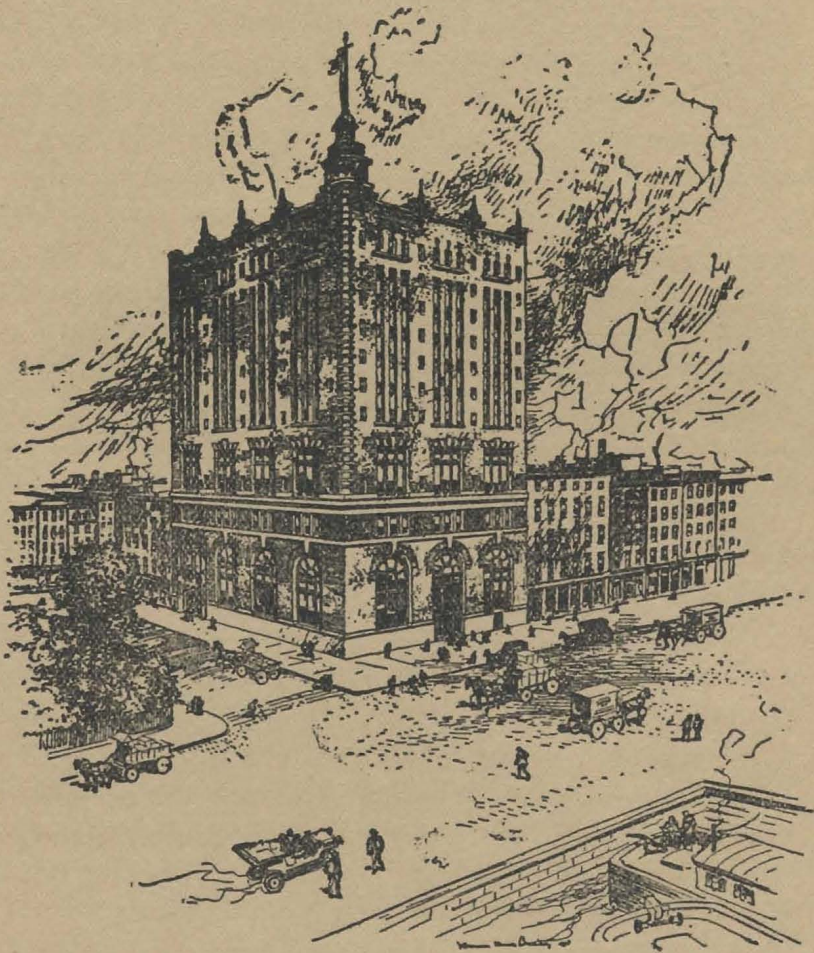

THE LOOKOUT



Proposed New Building

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
ONE STATE STREET

AN APPEAL

WE HAVE begun to build our new home—a twelve-story, fireproof structure that will be a model of its kind for all the world.

We have begun to build, although a portion of the money required has not yet been subscribed. The success of our work demands it. We believe it to be our duty to our subscribers.

To gather up the residue of a large fund like this would be an arduous task were the circumstances less favorable. Subscriptions to this fund have been accompanied almost invariably by a very genuine interest in the success of the undertaking and a pride in its future. A very pleasant and confidential relation seems to exist, and where the supporters of a society have its welfare so genuinely at heart, it is incredible that the work of gathering up the remnant should be unduly difficult.

We appeal, therefore, to the supporters of the Institute to continue their activities and generousities until the entire fund is completed. We appeal to those who have not contributed to join us in making this great work an unprecedented success.

Will you not aid us by bringing this work to the notice of your friends—personal contact is always helpful—in order that we may proceed with the building, assured that the money will be on hand to pay for it when it is finished?

A description of our specific needs will be found in the June issue.

THE LOOKOUT

Published by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

RT. REV. DAVID H. GRUBER, D.D., LL.D., President

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Secretary-Treasurer

OFFICE, ONE STATE STREET, NEW YORK

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No. 3

The Pal

A person conspicuous for nothing but the absence of cosmetics and earrings walked along Fortieth street on the lower side of the new Library building and mentally collided with a woman who was conspicuous for several things and pre-eminently for bewilderingly blue eyes.

After the age of five dazzling blue is negligible as a color for eyes.

The inconspicuous person came out of the Library, where she had been studying the conventions of Art and Life, and the pair of blue eyes came out of Bryant Park, where their owner had been reclining upon a bench.

There were indications upon her face and clothes that she might have fallen off the bench.

She wore a blue serge suit imperfectly adhering at its points of cleavage and she walked with that manifestation of erectness which is its own betrayal.

Said Blue-Eyes to Brown-Eyes: "Please give me five cents to buy a cup of coffee."

Said Brown-Eyes to Blue-Eyes in a gust of scorn: "It's not coffee you would buy with it," and they passed on.

The blue suit jerked along spasmodically towards Fifth avenue.

Now, Brown-Eyes was a lady and she became convicted of sin.

Said she to herself: "It is detestable to tell another lady flatly and frankly that she is drunk."

So Brown-Eyes turned herself about and sped back towards Fifth avenue, gaining upon Blue-Eyes by so much time as the latter spent propping herself at intervals against the Library coping.

Now Brown-Eyes invited Blue-Eyes to go with her and get that cup of coffee.

And this is what happened:

A Pal of the blue-eyed lady arrived breathless and stopped short before the two who faced each other. "Wot yer doing here, Mame?" She demanded an account of what was going on without further ceremony. "I leaves yer on a bench to go off and get a job, I does, and I comes back and can't find yer. Now I've got a job o' scrubbin' floors and it begins at one o'clock tonight and I wants to get back to the home and get a sleep first, so I do. Come on home."

Slowly and dramatically Mame waved her pal off the earth with a gesture of royal importance. "This lady is taking me out for a drink of coffee." The little Pal with decayed stubs of front teeth and disfiguring spectacles looked at her with admiration and slowly shook her head, smiling. "You've seen better days, you have; you're educated, that's wot. Lord! Mame, gi' me your handkerchief. You must of fell down."

"She can have my handkerchief," said Brown-Eyes, helpless under the vigorous initiative of the voluble Pal.

With no embarrassment whatever the

little Pal snatched the clean white handkerchief, and wetting a corner of it in her mouth began polishing Mame's face with a vigor which spoke well for the floors at one o'clock that night.

"This lady," began Brown-Eyes, "has accepted an invitation to go with me and get a cup of coffee. We should be glad of your company."

"Me!" said the astonished Pal. "I don't know as I want any coffee—but I'll come cos I've got to get Mame home so's I can get some sleep. See!"

Mame slowly rallied from the onslaughts of the pocket handkerchief. "I'll go and get some coffee with you; but I'll take your arm, if you please." "Certainly," said Brown-Eyes, without quailing.

And that was the way it happened that you might have seen three ladies—if you had been there—walking arm-in-arm across the lower side of Bryant Park one day in the middle of June.

The lady on the inside wore the marks of eminent respectability and was seeing very good days indeed; the lady in the middle had seen "better days," and in consequence was being propped up on either side to keep her out of the ditch; the lady on the outside had no concern about any kind of days except days' work, and if worst came to worst—nights' work. Her only ambition was to keep "off the Island," and her one desire—a "sleep" before one A. M.

At intervals the lady in the middle broke up the happy party by standing lady No. One against the park railing and lurching off for a better perspective with the tender suggestion that she'd "like to look her over, she would, she'd like to size her up, she would."

It was a modest restaurant which

Brown-Eyes selected for her afternoon tea and there was but one other table occupied, fortunately; but it was an agonizing meal with Blue-Eyes holding her hostess's hand across the sordid table-cloth, and the Pal tactlessly pattering on with personalities which hurt the sensibilities of Mame, and threatened disaster at every turn.

"Has she a home?" said Brown-Eyes. In imagination she saw herself unable to extricate her hand from Mame's grimy affection for hours on end; and she had visions of being put into the street and of walking arm-in-arm again with a fascinating ragged lady of drunken habits, and so she essayed the futility of coercing the situation.

"Sure!" said the Pal with a continuance of that pride in Mame's "better days", which evidently fed her own imagination. "Sure thing, she's got an awful nice husband wot's come to the home three times a'ready to git her."

"You needn't talk about me," said Mame in a throaty voice with one of those unexpected gleams of clear-mindedness which come to the drunkest.

There was a look of hurt pride in the blue eyes which went to the lady-soul of Brown Eyes, who remembered again that courtesy belongs to the fallen, and to the streets as well as to the drawing-room.

"I beg your pardon for discussing your affairs," said she, "but you see I am concerned about leaving you."

"All right," said Blue-Eyes, nodding slowly with a malicious glee. "Now you give an account of *yourself*. You've made me give an account of myself, give an account of yourself."

"You ain't no call to talk like that, Mame," burst in the kind-hearted Pal. "I say she's a real nice lady, she is. I

don't ask her to give no account of herself. I'm much obliged for this here cup o' coffee, for I'd a had beer if 'twasn't for this, I would.

"What's the Home?" said Brown-Eyes very low to the Pal after they had reduced Mame to a temporary interest in her soup.

"O'Keefe's," began the Pal with manifest gratification, "'N I'll just tell you the truth about that too."

"What you telling her about that for?" the sensitive voice of Mame commenced anew.

"Aw G'wan, Mame, eat your soup. I got to tell her the truth, ain't I? I says to her I'll tell her the truth, an' I will too."

"Do you suppose," said Brown-Eyes in sudden despair at her own ineptitudes, "that you could see her safely home, if I should pay the bill and leave you?" "Sure," affirmed the efficient scrubber. "Wot do you think I'm waiting around down here fer instead o' going back to sleep? I ain't going off to leave her.

"Just let me see that book under your arm," Mame began, "I'll bet I've read more books than you have. O! I could tell you a few things. Just let me see that books once." There was hunger in her voice, a quiet voice never once raised, and hunger in the blue eyes which were not in the least bleared, and there was the agony of self-desecration in the oval face.

The aristocracy of books is compelling, and the hands that reached for this one had been in the ditch. That which Brown-Eyes could not withhold in food or drink, or etiquette, or comradeship, she must needs withhold in the greater graciousness of mental co-partnership in books. So she put the book behind her back and went away knowing that the

brotherhood of man had not yet been reached.

Now the book was called "The Church of To-Morrow," and in it was this sentence: "The way of progress must be kept open and made easy for the feet of the weakest and most obscure child of our common Father. The spirit of democracy is the spirit of independence which fills the lowliest breast with the consciousness of personal capacity and dignity."

Down the avenue by the Hudson tunnels a polite gentleman whose "other days" had written their record upon his face implored her to show him the way to Jerry McAuley's Mission. His solicitations took the conversational turn of an elaborate explanation about himself, a postal card and a much-needed dollar; but she turned away convinced that she was not a success at "filling the lowliest breast with a consciousness of dignity and capacity."

"Will the Church of To-Morrow help Brown-Eyes and her kind to know what to do for Blue-Eyes and the Crook who wants to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission?" thought she.

Much reading and narrow experiences have sown a crop of incapacity which the church of To-Day is surely reaping. It is after all such as the Pal, who counted not her time dear unto herself nor arraigned Fate because of the "sleep" she was bound to miss before one A. M. that night, who are keeping the "way of progress open" and not those who make phrases and escape the consequences.

It is written of certain ones that they "gave alms of that which was within them" and that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Of such also is The Pal.

THE LOOKOUT

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One State Street

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NOTE—Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent

We print on another page a little story about "The Pal," that is true. It is simply a recital of the experience of a cultivated woman who made an effort to help another woman.

We print this story because the work of our society is organized in the spirit of the "Church of To-morrow" and because there may be some of our readers who will feel that they can best help to keep the "Way of Progress" open by co-operating with us in our endeavors to help the seamen.

In our last issue, we referred to the large memorial rooms in the new building, mentioning the fact that three of these rooms have already been taken. One, the hotel sitting-room, by Mr. Lisperard Stewart; a second, the reading-room, by Mr. Wheaton B. Kunhardt, Mr. Henry R. Kunhardt and Mrs. E. Walpole Warren; and the third, the apprentice's room, by the Seamen's Benefit Society. A fourth room will be reserved as a memorial to the late Philip Ruprecht and the chapel is being paid for by the churches of this and the adjoining dioceses.

The following large rooms have not yet been taken: the shipping bureau, dining-room, officers' dining-room, savings department, officers' reading-room, game room, officers' game room and the auditorium.

The names of these rooms specify, in a general manner at least, the nature of

their usefulness, and carry an intimation of the scope of the work. Their estimated costs range from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

To refer at greater length to a single one of them: the auditorium will be an active center of the Institute's work. Elsewhere, very practical and needful things will be done to help the seaman secure employment, save his money, care for his dependents, etc. All of these specialized departments take their place in the society's complete scheme of aggressive work and their values cannot be fairly calculated unless their interrelations are considered.

But the auditorium will be particularly a place of the better human contact that counts so heavily in all philanthropic work. A great evil of the day is the tendency to lower all standards to the level of the multitude, instead of holding fast to better things and lifting men up to them. Here lectures, meetings and entertainments will be provided for the seamen, all of which will be designed both to please the audience and elevate it to an appreciation of better things. When not otherwise employed the room will be available for gymnastics. It will also be used for educational work and for instruction in the principles of First Aid to the Injured.

So far as we can learn no effort is made anywhere to instruct the seaman for the work in which he is engaged, and that is a part of work we have planned.

Valuable as the associations with one's comrades may be, the value of these other associations and opportunities is great. Contact with those who aim to aid us is needed and stimulating. It forms a part of life's environment, and the influence of environment is too obvious to need explanation.

The "toilers of the sea" have a place

in modern civilization, and civilization is something very much more than steady employment and industrial prosperity. The thoughts and feelings of the crowd are its fair indices, and it is a part of our work to advance the civilization of the day through our activities with and for the seamen. Will you not help us make this Institute a real, civilizing force, utilizing to the fullest measure of efficiency its latent power?

Institutional Work Among the Seamen

WHAT THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETIES
ARE DOING FOR THE MEN AT THE
GATE

Reprinted from the Newark Evening News.

It's partly an inheritance.

Our great, great, etc., grandfather was a Yankee skipper—Cap'n Ephraim, they called him. That was in the old days when the freeholders of Lynn set out for Long Island to establish the Southampton colony there. And there were several generations of whalers after that, so the love of the sea became pretty thick in the blood.

Then it's partly an acquisition, for roving the vasty deep doesn't attenuate it.

But all that is left of the sailor is the problems of the waterfront bequeathed another race of whom we speak as seamen. The problems are the same; relieved a little here and there, but more complicated elsewhere. Whatever he is—and he's pretty much everything—he isn't an American, unless he's a colored steward in the coast service.

A week ago he began to strike, and the strike, as usual, was largely a thing of omissions. That was necessary

enough, but the omissions are interesting, so we supply some of them.

A religion, a philosophy, an economic treatise, a social tract, a pamphlet on art or a plain human document might be written with almost equal ease on this subject—but who knows what is being done for the seaman at the port of New York or the agencies at work in his behalf? When we try to answer that question we grow psychological.

Those of us who as adults saw the nineteenth century face to face, says Bernard Shaw, in one of his recent introductions, "in that last moiety of its days when one fierce hand after another—Marx's, Zola's, Ibsen's, Strindberg's, Turgeniev's, Tolstoy's—stripped its masks off and revealed it as, on the whole, perhaps the most villainous page of recorded human history, can also recall the strange confidence with which it regarded itself as the very summit of civilization and talked of the past as a cruel gloom that had been dispelled forever by the railway and electric telegraph."

Um-um. We remember all that; but we remember also that at the beginning of the twentieth century we were old enough to find ourselves out and we faced all that squarely, determined to reappraise existing conditions and devise a remedy for social, economic and political evils. Then the societies organized for the benefit of the seamen instituted aggressive policies, based on the experience of half a century and a great change spread itself over the waterfront. That's the psychological end of it and you can write your new religion or philosophy here if you will.

As far as the pamphlet on art goes, that concerns the adaptation of the

Gothic style to architecture. Commercial Gothic is the word we now hear and there are architect writers who are enthusiastic over the application of the Gothic principles to the present-day tall buildings.

The structural problem is similar. The medieval architects had thrust upon them the problem of building churches larger than had been built before. Height was the first problem involved. There was no answer in previous styles—Classic, Byzantine or Romanesque. These give no answer to the problem of height involved in the modern sky-scraper and your tall building of to-day is apt to be very much like a Globe-Wernicke bookcase; a series of units with nothing to pull it together and make it a unified structure.

One of the societies, the Seaman's Church Institute, is about to lay the difficult foundations for a twelve-story, fireproof building, all of which will be devoted to the interests of the seamen, in the old Dutch quarter of New York. Dutch warehouses stood there long ago, facing the narrow, crooked streets or Coenties Slip that has been filled in since the days when the water backed up to Pearl street. It is Coenties Slip now, and pronounced Quenshus. These old Dutch associations and the church connections of the institute determine the architecture of the building, which may be called Dutch Gothic, although Ferguson says very frankly, in his history of the subject, that the Gothic style was never understood in Holland. "Everything," he adds, "is pared down as closely to mere utility as is possible in such a style," as become the thrifty Dutch, who, at any rate, escaped the abominations of flamboyant Gothic.

The architects have a hard nut to crack because of the great number of small bedrooms in the hotel section and the very large reading and game rooms on the floors below. The whole building is drawn together by an octagonal corner tower with touches of Gothic feeling, that terminates in a very Dutch lantern. The Gothic windows of the lower stories are repeated above the dormitory floors with a curious and uncertain modification. The Gothic trefoil is placed inside a Romanesque arch, a device adapted for transition purposes perhaps, as a step to the Flemish finials of the parapet, where a broad touch of Renaissance feeling is rather emphatically hinted. The architect's sketch, reproduced on this page, is not final, and the facade will be studied more thoroughly before it is completed. Architecturally, however, the building has a very definite interest, for examples of Dutch Gothic—or, to be more exact, of Dutch and Gothic blended—are as scarce as the traditional hen's teeth. It must be accepted simply for what it is, though one may deplore the blending of types and criticize the middle section.

This institute—and here the writer of the social tract may tell his story—was one of the first to organize an aggressive work, and as it is the most complete of the societies along the water front—it does more kinds of things—we may take it as a type. The way it happened is interesting.

"It ain't fair," said an old salt, as he went out of a religious meeting, "to fill us with good resolutions and then send us out into conditions where a saint couldn't keep 'em."

As the name implies, it is an institutional church, or a religious institution, or a social welfare plant—as you will.

Some church people criticize the emphasis it puts upon its secular features, but it goes on preaching the Gospel in its own way—by improving the circumstances of the seamen's lives—but without abandoning the traditional means of grace.

It is many things combined; a church, a hotel, a savings bank, an employment bureau, a lyceum for entertainment, a school for instruction, a relief society and what not. It maintains a steam launch in the harbor, and it will be possible, when the new building is completed, to take a crew off from an incoming ship, transport it to the institute, feed and lodge it, entertain and instruct the men, give relief to the sick and disabled, visit them in the hospitals, secure them new jobs, rig them out with new outfits and place them on their outgoing vessels, having in the meanwhile taken charge of their baggage, their mail and their money, and having transmitted the latter, free of charge, to their dependents anywhere in the world. If a seaman happens to die, they bury him in their own plot in Greenwood.

This new building will have eight floors, containing 500 single rooms, set aside for the hotel. It now maintains a little hotel in Brooklyn, at which, though it has but 100 rooms, over 11,000 seamen were lodged last year. Multiplying this by five, one sees very readily where 50,000 or more—about one-tenth of all the seamen passing through the port—will sleep. The hotel will be run on the Mills Hotel plan, at reasonable prices both for lodging and meals, which will be served in dining-rooms in the basement.

separate provision has to be made for ordinary seamen and the petty officers. This requires a duplication of practically every department, which is provided for in the plans of the new building.

Of the seamen paid off in the port of New York, about two-thirds receive their money at the office of the British Vice-Counsel, which is in the same building with the Institute's headquarters and will be removed to their new building. An adjoining room will be given over to the savings department, where \$120,000 of seamen's earnings are deposited each year, and sixty per cent. of these earnings are transmitted to their dependents throughout the world. Not every seaman is thrifty by any means, but some are, and here they save up their money for trips home or to set themselves up in business, laying aside each year an incredible portion of their earnings.

One of the most practical features of this work is the free employment bureau, where some four or five thousand men are furnished with employment each year, and at least 2,500 are shipped to all the corners of the earth. These numbers may seem relatively small, but for this there is a reason. The ships on the Atlantic—the "Western Ocean," as the seamen call it—are supplied with crews by the Seamen's Christian Association.

* * * * *

And then there is a multitude of little things that the institutes do for the seaman, such as supplying him with comfort bags fitted out with needle and thread and all the rest of a lone man's necessities. They carry to him tons of reading matter, entertain him on Christmas and Thanksgiving, and keep his family informed of his whereabouts and

In order to maintain discipline at sea,

health, and a thousand and one things a fellow's folks like to hear about.

It is a pretty human sort of a work after all, and it goes a ways toward compensating a decent chap for the loneliness of his solitary life and the evils of his job that will all be remedied when the rest of the world, as Shaw put it, "finds itself out" and makes up its mind to be different.

Breakwater Notes

Mr. A. E. Tuttle, recently in charge of the Gloucester Fishermen Institute, has accepted the invitation to become manager of our hotel in Brooklyn, the Breakwater. He entered upon his duties July 3rd. Under Mr. Tuttle's management, the scope of the Breakwater work will be enlarged and he will have charge of both the religious and the social activities there. Mr. Tuttle was connected with the Gloucester Institute for five years and associated with Mr. Stanton H. King of Boston for three years. During these eight years he has done most efficient work among the seamen.

Mr. Charles B. Deems, who has just finished his middle year at Cambridge Seminary, has returned to us and will again spend his vacation working in the Institute.

North River Station Notes

On July 1st, the ice water fountain on the front wall of the Institute went into commission—under the auspices of the Woman's Municipal League, twenty-one hundred pounds of ice are installed weekly in the refrigerator, and the passers-by on West street, pedestrians, truck drivers, seamen and landsmen, hundreds daily, stop at the fountain, and go their way with a thought of gratitude for unknown friends.

The cup of cold water is not only literally given. Many letters from the various points of compass come home to the station in testimony of an appreciation from men who in one way or another come within range of the purposes and spirit of the Institute, of which the following is a type:

Dear Sir: Liverpool, Eng.

Just a line, hoping you are well. I am the lad you helped to get across to England. I went to the cattle boat place, where I quickly got a berth. I am glad to say I enjoyed the trip over and arrived safely home. I have always been under the impression that when a fellow is down and out that everybody kicks him, but you have taught me different. You helped me without making me feel like a bum. I hope you will write.

Yours gratefully,

Through the kindness of Mrs. W. Seward Webb and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, our billiard-room has been provided with all requisite appointments, and the windows on the three floors of the West street front with awnings. Other needs much desired have been met.

During the summer months a large box of flowers is sent to the North River Stations on Saturday mornings by the National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild, through the personal interest and direction of Miss Margaret Leverich, From October to June, the Chapel is supplied with flowers, a memorial gift, by Dr. J. H. Woodward.

Permission has been obtained for the landing of the Sentinel at Pier 39 on Sunday evenings, bringing the apprentice boys and others to the 8 o'clock service.

REPORT FOR MAY

DEPARTMENT REPORTS FOR MAY.

The following synopsis of the work done in the various departments during the month of May gives a fair idea of the workings of the Institute:

MAY, 1911.

Savings Department.

May 1, cash on hand.....	\$14,083.62
Deposits	7,734.72
	\$21,818.34
Payments (\$3,025.17 transmitted)..	8,575.01
	\$13,243.33
June 1, balance.....	\$13,243.33

Shipping Department.

Number of vessels shipped entire by the Institute	18
Number of men provided with employment in port.....	109
Number of men shipped.....	233
	342
Total	342

Reading Rooms.

Total attendance.....	10,903
Letters written and received.....	2,304
Packages reading given.....	654
Number pieces baggage checked.....	732

Relief Department.

Assisted	141
Sent to Legal Aid Society.....	19
Visits to hospitals.....	12
Visits to ships in port.....	114

Religious and Social Departments.

Number of services.....	17
Attendance total.....	497
Entertainments	4
Attendance	85
Communion services	1
Baptisms	2
Funerals	3

Institute Boat "Sentinel".

Trips made.....	28
Visits to vessels.....	54
Men transported.....	182
Pieces baggage transported.....	279