

The LOOKOUT



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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

His Reverences

Small and thin and bent, with his knees turned in so that they must have cracked together when he walked had he not worn a pair of loose overalls; that was Mack when he first came to the Institute. He was ashamed of his clothes and sorry for himself, which complicated matters.

When the House Mother asked him how he felt he paused a second before he realized that he was being asked a personal question. He was a stranger in New York and no one had seemed to care how he felt.

"I feel just awful," he answered finally, "I've just come from hospital."

"You should go back," the House Mother suggested.

"No, I don't want to go back," he answered emphatically, "I've been submarined twice and I'm suffering from shell shock. Its fifteen months since I was shelled the last time."

"What can we do for you?"

Seriously he pondered on the proposition. Then it seemed that he had his favorite patent medicine. The House Mother promised to get it for him.

"Why don't you go home?" she asked when he told her about his mother.

"Go home like this?" he asked with some show of feeling. "My mother wants me to go home, but I haven't wrote. I won't go home like this and me not in uniform."

"But you have done everything a man could do," the House Mother protested. "You lost your health carrying food to the soldiers. The sailors did just as much as the men in the trenches."

"I made a mistake mam," he said, "I won't go home and me like this, and not having a uniform. I made a mistake."

Eighteen his next birthday, and he felt himself an old man bemoaning the mistakes of his youth.

Next day he carried his medicine and a cake of soap to the House Mother and asked her to keep them for him. He knew the insecurity of things material and he was taking what precautions he could to preserve his worldly possessions.

At last came the day when the consul, who was paying his expenses, said he must go home. His medicine was half gone, but most of the soap remained. He said farewell, showed a letter he had written to his mother and the House Mother thought Mack would be for her nothing but a memory.

But it takes more than two submarines to kill a Mack. It was not three months later when he appeared at The Institute, standing erect and smiling like the winner of a race.

"Mack!" the House Mother said, "You here! I thought you went home."

"No, I said I wouldn't go home and me like that, and I didn't. I went to Cuba and I've got reverences."

He felt in his pockets and continued his explanation. "I never thought I'd get reverences in the United States, but I have them."

He took a soiled and worn paper from his breast pocket and showed it with a flourish and a swelling of the chest; the same kind of a swelling that has taken place under the first excitement of wearing an ermine collar and carrying a parchment with a Latinized name. An ermine collar and a parchment would not have stirred Mack but that bit of paper was signed by the master of

the ship, and it said Mack had left the ship of his own will and he would recommend him to anyone wanting a faithful messboy.

"That is splendid," the House Mother said, "and you are better. I never saw such an improvement in anyone."

"Better!", he said, "Better! I'm alright! I've a girl and nothin' can hold me back with them reverences."

He touched his breast and walked away; his shoulders up, his head tossed back, a boy just eighteen with the whole world before him.

But in a few minutes he was back, a parcel in his hand.

"Please accept this little present from me," he said, and he handed the House Mother a box of chocolates. Then he did not look more than nine, as with red face but shining eyes, he ran away to escape thanks.

The Vacation's End.

Their first time in New York, and they couldn't resist the temptation to stay for a few days to see what it was really like.

"Of course we'll be late for college," Jim said, "but think of talking about what we saw on the Great White Way."

"It'll be a liberal education," Bill agreed, "but where will we put up?"

"At the Seamen's Church Institute," Jim said decidedly, "We have a share in that place down there. My dad contributes something every year, and we are sailors. We've been at sea for two months."

"Alright!" Bill said, "We'll go

down and see what kind of a place you keep, but I'm not sure they'll take us in."

When they arrived at The Institute and asked for rooms, the Man at the Desk looked at them pityingly and said, "We haven't had any rooms for three hours. Nothing but beds."

"Your place is evidently popular," Bill whispered, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to stay here if I have to stand in a corner," Jim asserted, and he asked the Desk Man for a bed.

"I'm with you," Bill agreed, "But I'll be here in time to get a room in the morning."

"Are you a sailor?" the Man at the Desk asked.

"Sure!" Jim said. He was quaking inwardly, "I was at sea the whole vacation."

The Desk Man smiled and made out his ticket.

"A close shave!" Bill sighed, "I thought you'd have to tell him you were a shareholder."

Next morning when Jim and Bill went to the Man at the Desk to get rooms he said to Jim, "The Chaplain has been looking for you. You will find him at the top of the stairs."

"Looking for me?" Jim ejaculated in astonishment, "How could anybody be looking for me? I do not know a soul in New York."

"Maybe its a meeting of the shareholders," Bill whispered and he tried to smile, but their faces were both very serious as they ran up the

stairs, two steps at a time.

Jim soon found the Chaplain who told him he had a message for him from his mother. He led him into the quiet of his office and there gave him the telegrams that had come for him, and told him as gently as he could, that his father had answered the last roll call, but if he hurried he could get home in time for one look at the beloved face.

"How did they find us?" Bill muttered as they hurried away.

"I don't know!" Jim said, he was too stunned to think.

"To find us so soon, among these thousands of men!" Bill muttered again, "It is wonderful! I'd like to have a share in this place."

Doubtful Literature

Literature of various kinds is in demand at the hospital, where sick seamen wait impatiently until able to get out. The Chaplain who makes daily visits, goes with his pockets bulging out, and his hands full. His not to reason why some seamen insist on reading the Police Gazette, others Snappy Stories, and others more or less sensational literature.

His not to take advantage of the fellow who cannot get to the news stand himself, and so a few days ago he walked two blocks out of his way to secure a copy of the Police Gazette for a seaman addicted to that kind of reading. He walked up to the girl who sold papers in a perfectly natural and unashamed way and asked for it boldly.

The girl looked at his clerical attire doubtfully, took two steps toward the paper, then returned and asked in a confidential whisper, "Father, haven't you made a mistake?"

Since that the Chaplain explains why he wants the paper before he asks for it, and he carries it wrapped in a newspaper.

A Service Opportunity

A large percentage of our friends who read THE LOOKOUT are contributors to the Seamen's Church Institute thru the Ways and Means Department and have made their 1919 annual donations to this work. We believe in taking our good friends into our confidence and letting them know the problems we are facing.

This great Institute was built to accommodate 512 officers and seamen, but the pressure for service became so great that we were compelled to dispense with our large game room and instal 152 "double-decker" beds. We are now sleeping 714 men nightly and from 100 to 400 fail to secure accommodations. Shall such a situation continue? Shall these respectable men be forced to put up with the very conditions we are continually endeavoring to counteract?

The situation we are daily facing is this, are we to continue to develop this great cooperative Christian work as opportunity presents itself or must we begin to retrench?

The officers and seamen in 1918 paid about \$332,849.01 for the service rendered in the way of lodg-

ings, meals, storage of dunnage, slop chest, soda fountain, barbershop, etc. For other services such as religious ministrations, "Hamersley" boat service, seeking missing men, helping destitute seamen and a thousand and one little attentions which go to make up the daily life of service at the Institute, we secured in contributions \$101,033.24 and yet closed the year with a deficit of \$11,050 as per our annual report. Our budget for 1919 is approximately \$458,457.

The rapidly increasing cost of operation has sadly upset our estimated budget. We have nearly 225 employees the wages of many of whom we have been compelled to increase so that on this one item alone our increased cost has grown to nearly one thousand dollars per week. Therefore, instead of securing contributions of approximately \$100,000 the same as last year, we must receive not less than \$125,000. Of this amount we have already \$80,000. We must, therefore, obtain \$45,000 in usual or increased contributions from November and December contributors; in additional donations from previous 1919 contributors who are willing to be "pinch-hitters," to use a familiar baseball term, and will step into the breach and help save the ship. We must also make new friends and interest to the point of action at least 6,000. Can you visualize this herculean task?

The Ways and Means Department has been augmented during the past year by the installation of labor-saving machinery including three automatic electric typewriters whose

ceaseless hum day and night is stilled only by the arrival of the Sabbath Day.

In 1918 we had 20,316 contributors. Of this number over 95% gave \$10 or less; in fact, over 17,302 gave \$5 or less. In the multitude of small givers lies our financial safety. It will readily be seen that we must not only secure some very substantial help during November and December in the way of large contributions, but we must also add several thousand medium-size givers to our list if we are to "keep the pot boiling," and close the year without a deficit.

What can you do? 1. You can show your Thanksgiving and Christmas spirit by making a "pinch-hitter" (mark it such) contribution for such an amount as you can spare or send us word that you will do so before the end of the year. 2. You can speak of this practical and successful experiment in Cooperative Christianity to your friends and interest them in the seamen. The obligation rests on each of us according to our ability. 3. You can send us the names and addresses of those in your community who are philanthropically inclined. We will mail convincing literature without disclosing your name.

Get the vision of this great cooperative service-to-man opportunity and let your recognition of this service to seamen in need without regard to race or creed find expression in cooperation with us.

Christmas Gifts

Last Christmas Eve a little elderly

man came to the desk about eleven o'clock for his key. The Man at the Desk gave it to him, and with it an invitation to have Christmas dinner as a guest of The Institute. He accepted both without any comment, and immediately went upstairs.

In a few minutes he was back at the desk. "Someone has their things in my room," he said.

The Man at the Desk looked worried. Every room in the house was sold. If one room had been sold twice he could see trouble looming up in the near future, and no one wants trouble on Christmas Eve.

"Let me see your ticket," he said to the man.

He showed it. His ticket was all right. "I'll go up with you and see whose stuff is in your room," the Desk Man said.

He went up with the little man who made no comment until they were in the room. Then he pointed to a parcel and said, "That is not mine."

The Desk Man looked at the parcel, and then he looked at the elderly man and said, Why, that is Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus," the little man said, "but not for me."

"Yes, for you. Look!" he turned it over and showed him the card that was attached to each of the parcels that The Institute gave to seamen last Christmas.

"I haven't had a Christmas present for twenty years," the little elderly man said.

"That is where you are wrong,"

the Desk Man said, "You have one right now."

The seaman picked up one of the parcels that was wrapped in tissue paper and tied with bright scarlet ribbon, and as he fingered it carefully he said, "Ain't it pretty?"

"Open it and see what is inside," the Desk Man, who was curious, suggested.

The seaman seemed to be considering the proposition, then he said sheepishly, "My mother never let us open our presents until Christmas morning. I think I'll wait until I waken up."

The Desk Man, realizing that there was not going to be any vicarious pleasure for him started for the door.

"Say," the seaman called as he was going out, "are you sure there is no mistake?" This looks as if it might have been fixed up for a friend."

"It was," the Desk Man said, "and you are the friend."

In Memory

"That the people who have crossed the narrow river called death, still think of and pray for their friends in this world," was the comforting message of Rev. William T. Manning, D. D., to the donors of the memorials in The Seamen's Church Institute, at the second annual service in memory of those whose names are perpetuated in bronze throughout the building.

If, as is so graphically expressed in the Blue Bird, our friends who are dead are made happy by being re-

membered on earth, the very impressive service in the Chapel of Our Saviour on November 2nd, brought joy to many on the other shore.

Dr. Mansfield read the service and offered a special prayer suitable for such an unique occasion; Rev. J. G. Robinson read an appropriate lesson; and Dr. Manning spoke simply and briefly of God's demands, which are not for a perfection beyond man's attainment but for an upright life, with the promise of a life beyond the grave not wholly out of touch with friends on earth.

Everyone who had made a gift "In Memory" was invited to the service and there were those present who had never seen the building. After the service they went to see their memorial, and for the time, The Institute became a house of memories.

Occasion for Worry

Church services were not his usual form of amusement. He sat at the back and he did not look comfortable. The service was in Norwegian, and at first he appeared to be too preoccupied with his own thoughts to pay any attention. Toward the close he began to show some interest.

After the service he waited until the Institute Chaplain came out and he approached him. He was a little incoherent at first, but he finally told his story. His wife had written that she was on her way to New York and he had only five dollars.

He confessed that he had tried to stop her, but she was one of those people who will not be stopped. He was staying at The Institute but

what could he do with her on five dollars?

High finance of that kind was too complicated even for the Chaplain. He knew well the inelasticity of five dollars these times. He could see only one solution and he asked bluntly whether the determined wife was willing to work.

On that question her husband had no doubt. He could give her an excellent recommendation, and with that assurance the Chaplain started out on his mission of employment manager.

The work of the Institute is caring for seamen, but more frequently than anyone imagines, that means extending help and encouragement and sympathy to friends and relatives of the men, who are at home on the sea, but who are often very helpless on land.

Work for the determined but willing wife was not hard to secure, the couple were united, and another seaman talks of his home in New York, where his wife is waiting for him.

From the Letter Box

Dr. Mansfield,
Superintendent.

Dear Sir:—

After an absence of almost a year, I am now back home again—back in the Seamen's Church Institute—which for several years has been to me a real second home, and which is surely the best place of its kind that I ever struck anywhere.

I thought I would let you know how much I appreciate what you are doing for us seafarers, and how much I value the facilities and privileges it

extends to us. No doubt you will be interested to know also how well the house and its work is being spoken of by sailors all round the globe—by sober, respectable and sensible men, that is, men who have not had to be stroked the wrong way on account of drunkenness and so on.

I am an engineer myself, and some time ago I happened to fall in with another engineer in Madagascar. He was all up in the sky about the house, and could never forget the good treatment, the warm comfortable clean rooms and beds, the baths, the lunch counter, the restaurant, the movies, the concerts, the Services, everything going on here, and I could do no more than bear him out in it all.

I have myself lived on both the officers' floor, and the men's floors, and I can see no fundamental difference in them as the same general character pervades the whole building.

I am now about to take a trip to my old home over in Gothenburg, to visit my dear old mother and see her once more before she dies. And when after awhile, I return again, God willing, I hope that as before I may be permitted once more, as so many times before, to enjoy the protection and privileges of this great institution, which does so much to spare the seafaring man the endless miseries and dangers to which he is constantly exposed in the large ports of the world.

Thanking you very heartily for all you are doing for us toilers of the great deeps, and especially for all I have enjoyed here, I am

Yours respectfully,

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Santa Claus Wanted

"When will Christmas come again?" a very tired but a very happy little boy asked his mother one Christmas night.

"Not for a whole year," was her answer.

"I can't wait that long. I must have it to-morrow," he said impatiently.

"Then you will have to have one all your own."

He thought a minute. "I don't want it alone. Everybody must have it."

And it is because so many people have it that Christmas is felt in the air. We have the Christmassy feeling long before December 25th. and even the Scrooges cannot escape the good-will that encircles the world when all Christendom is joined in one great thought of doing something for someone.

Gifts, gay in tissue paper and ribbon, are the outward expression of this inward goodwill, and each of us may be a Santa Claus, with identity hidden at the still romantic north-pole, and thus have the pure joy of

Christmas.

And this brings us back to the men who need a Santa Claus so much. Their calling has in many cases separated them from relatives and friends. They have acquaintances up and down the world, but on Christmas those acquaintances draw into their own little circle and the seaman is left outside. He feels Christmas in the air. He sees it in the faces of all he meets, but he is a stranger in the port. Perhaps he is in a strange land and he knows there is no family circle that is not complete without him. He is lonely. On that day of peace and goodwill he is more lonely than he has ever been, unless someone remembers him.

In the past he has had the saloon. We have taken the saloon from him, and the church must care for him. The Seamen's Church Institute is going to make the greatest effort in its history. It wants to be Santa Claus to a thousand men on Christmas Eve. It wants to be father and mother and brother and sister to a thousand men on Christmas Day and invite them home for dinner.

"Home!" Yes, that's what they call the Institute. "Home!" and what do those of us who go home every night know of the romantic dreams that the sailor weaves around that magic word as he tosses for months on his lonely craft?

There will be keen competition for rooms and beds on Christmas Eve. Some, of course, will come just for the gift and the dinner, but the great majority will come because they want to feel that they belong

to our family party. Late comers will have to be turned away. Many of them men who have been watching the wind and the waves for days hoping they would get to port in time for Christmas. They will have to be turned away because there will not be beds for them.

That is why we would like to have a few extra gifts and a few extra dinners. It would make it so much easier to turn them out after their race with time, if we could invite them back for Christmas dinner and give them some little gift.

Wrap your goodwill in anything that men like. Sweaters, mufflers, mitts, neck-ties, safety razors, handkerchiefs, stationery, tobacco, cigarettes, pipes, candy, whatever will carry your message. The parcel staff of the Institute will wrap up a thousand Christmas parcels if they have them to wrap.

And about the dinner. You cannot invite the family home for dinner and ask them to pay for it. That isn't the Christmas spirit. Christ is the Christ because He gave freely, and it is His spirit we wish to prevail. Give, but give only what you can give generously. The seaman is not a pauper, but he is a bit starved for human kindness.

Decorations

And speaking of Christmas, what is it without Christmas decorations? One naturally thinks of holly, but the berries drop so soon, and too, holly has such strong opinions of its own, that it cannot be twisted or coaxed into graceful ropes and fes-

toons. Bay leaves and ground pine are better decorations, and then of course there is the tree. We do not expect to have a tree large enough to carry a thousand presents, but well lighted and decorated, it carries in its green branches a Christmas message.

Send your contributions for the decorations, no matter how small. Have a share in making us look and feel gay on that festive occasion.

A Skein of Silk

Two o'clock in the morning is a strange time for a normal man to be found playing with a bright colored skein of silk. But last week a perfectly sane looking clergyman could have been seen at that hour bending over a small loom, in his room in the Institute threading it with silk. The silk got tangled in the way silk does in inexperienced hands and it took a long time. But finally the task was accomplished. The loom that had been secured from the Institute for the Blind in Brooklyn had been threaded. It was ready for the weaver.

Fourteen months on his back in the Marine Hospital lay the man who wanted to weave. Fourteen months after being gassed in France, but convalescence no nearer, and life still persistent and determined to hold him, the man fights his fight from day to day.

No, he is not patient and resigned. Suffering does not always bring that blessed state of mind. He wants life and he wants it very badly. He

is blasphemous and hateful, but he wanted to weave pretty patterns in the silk.

The Man Who Visits the Sick searched through the city until he found what he wanted, and when he took it to him, of course he was grateful. No he wasn't. He blamed him for not getting it there sooner.

But the scowl that he kept for the Chaplain has turned to a grin, and after all why should he be grateful? We weave, or attempt to weave, our bright patterns on the loom of life. He has left only his skein of silk.

Those Two Pianos

Sunday afternoon and the seventh day calm rested over the Lobby on the main floor. The seats were full of men who were chiefly doing nothing. A few were smoking and fewer still were reading. It was that hour between the dark and the daylight that Longfellow calls "The Children's Hour."

A seaman with a cigarette in the left corner of his mouth and his hat tipped low over his right eye, strolled past the desk and glanced around. He saw the piano and went straight for it.

"There ain't any rolls here," a man in a green suit complained.

The man with the cigarette did not even glance at him. He sat down before the piano, spread his hands over the keys, and in a few minutes the seamen in their seats, the waiters at the lunch counter and the soda fountain, and the clerks at the desk were wafted in fancy back to

the old home, where on a Sunday afternoon friends gathered and sang the old songs.

Those who could sing, sang heartily; those who could not sing hummed; and those who could not even hum in tune kept time by a gentle swaying of their bodies. The ghosts of other days in other lands stalked through the rotunda, but they were all friendly mellow kind of ghosts, and they recalled only the happy past.

It is music that has the power to carry us to the happy hunting ground of dreams, and we cannot have music without pianos. Home is not home without music, and so many seamen can play that it is a pity not to be able to allow them to entertain each other. We need two pianos. If you have one that you wish to send to someone who will appreciate it, send it to North River Station, 34 West St., care of Allan Gookin, Supt.

Bon Voyage

"Within himself a man must carry the Kingdom of God, to keep normal on a long voyage," an officer said the other day, when talking of reading, "and books and magazines are absolutely necessary."

Staggering under a great seabag that he steadies on his shoulder with his right hand, and a great bundle of magazines that he carries in his left hand, many a seaman may be seen leaving The Institute. And the magazines are more important than the seabag.

His clothes keep his body sound

and well, but the magazines keep his mind healthy and normal. Dr. Mansfield, before the Church Periodical Club in Detroit, emphasized the importance of that work. No one knows better than he does the psychology of the sailor, and the need there is that he should have every chance possible on his long lonely voyages to keep his mind occupied with world problems and not turned in on himself, which like inbreeding, results in weakness and degeneracy.

Women who are the great magazine readers can do a splendid work in keeping The Institute supplied with magazines. It is a little trouble, but everything worth while costs something, and the trouble is nothing compared to the advantage, not only to the sailor but to the nation.

The Institute in order to give a personal touch to these packages of magazines and books has had a small tag printed, which is tied to each bundle. *BON VOYAGE*, in large type at the top attracts the attention.

Then in smaller type is this message, "This bundle of reading matter is provided through the co-operation of the Church Periodical Club, other organizations and many hundreds of friends interested in the welfare of the seamen. We are pleased to be able to give you this package and hope that it will help you to while away the many hours to your profit. And, will you not pass this reading matter on to others?"

We hope that you will have a very pleasant voyage and that some day you will return to the Port of New York. You will always find a cordial welcome awaiting you when you return to the

Seamen's Church Institute,
25 South Street New York City."

National Organization

First impressions are tremendously important, and at the General Convention in Detroit, was the first time the work of the National Organization of Seamen's Church Institutes, was put before the church as a whole. Those who have this work nearest their hearts were anxious, very anxious, that this child, so much a child of their dreams still, should make a good impression, and should receive the sympathy and support necessary to enable it to grow to the stature inherent in the idea.

"Acts speak louder than words," and the resolutions passed at the convention show that the idea was presented with such magnetism and virility, that it made a most favorable impression at the outset, and the work received a great impetus. "A Seamen's Church Institute in every Port," is now a slogan that carries to every parish a definite vision of opportunity for service.

Bishop Nichols before the House of Bishops outlined the work already accomplished, and the possibilities for the future. Mr. Edmund L. Baylies before the House of Deputies made a plea for the sailor and emphasized the fact that this work is

not experimental. The work in New York is a great living, growing proof of the need for this work, and the possibilities in it. It is sound because it is an outgrowth of the study of the needs of seamen. Dr. Mansfield before a mass meeting of The Church Periodical Club not only emphasized the importance of seamen's work, but indicated the larger opportunity for service that would be afforded by a national organization.

"Accomplishment has succeeded anticipation in steps for nationalizing the work," was the report of Rev. Geo. W. Davenport, Executive Secretary, of the Seamen's Church Institute of America, who spoke before a joint session of the two houses, and outlined the work already accomplished, and the needs of the work already planned. Rev. Charles P. Deems, Assistant Secretary for the Pacific Coast, made his plea for the work among seamen, particularly emphasizing the work for the seamen on the Pacific Coast.

"Encouraging and Hopeful," were the words used by many to describe the work of the General Convention, and "Encouraging and Hopeful," are the words that describe the attitude of the convention toward the work among seamen. This is summed up in the following resolutions.

Resolved:—That the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled in the City of Detroit recognizes that our glorious victory was, under God, due in a large measure to the indomitable

heroism and self-sacrifice of Seamen, and declares that it will do all in its power to aid the Seamen's Church Institute of America to prove the Nation's gratitude by bearing to them the ministrations of true friendship and religion in all our Ports.

Resolved:—That this Convention endorses the effort of its Commission on Seamen's work to establish wherever practicable Seamen's Church Institutes in our Seaports and Lakeports.

Resolved:—That the established Annual Sailors' Day be generally observed in all our Churches on the second Sunday in November, that we may remember the value of the living Seamen, and memorialize those who have died.

Those Christmas Packages

When you wrap your Christmas gifts in gay tissue papers and tie them with bright ribbon, will you please attach a note saying what is in the package?

The note will help the parcel committee. They do not wish to open the packages, but they try to see that Santa Claus does not favor anyone particularly. They cannot do that unless they know what is in each package. And remember, nothing is too small to send. The committee will supplement it with cigarettes or pipes or something else that seamen like.

As Others See Us

Lady Britton, who has done a great deal for the British sailors in Eng-

land during the war, visited The Seamen's Church Institute in October. She appeared to be much impressed by the work, and when a companion said to her, "You will be able to tell them in England what is being done for the sailors in New York," she replied, "I know from what I have seen here that it will not be necessary for me to speak of this work. The sailors will be the best advertisement for such a place as this."

Mon Pere.

Jules with the merry eyes stood at the door of the Chaplain's office, a card held tight in his hand. He had just returned from a trip, and he looked a little frightened, for the card asked him to call for important information.

"You—me—want?" he asked anxiously, pointing first at the Inquiry Man, then at himself, and finally at the card in his hand.

"Yes, we have a message for you," the Inquiry Man said, and he went to the file for some letters.

Jules followed him and pressed up close to him. He was much too small to see over his shoulder, so he peeked under his arm. He saw the letter that had been written to the Institute about him. His face brightened.

"Mon pere!" he said.

The Inquiry Man explained to him that his parents in France were very anxious because they had not heard from him. "You should write home very often," he concluded in a fatherly way.

"Oui! Oui!" Jules agreed, and

hastened purposefully out of the office.

In a minute he was back and sidled up to the Inquiry Man. He held up two letters. They were from his father.

Jules first made the acquaintance of The Institute, when he was a destitute deserter from a French ship. Alone in a strange land, without a word of English at his command, he resolutely made up his mind to be an American. His merry brown eyes were his passport to the heart of the House Mother. She did not know his language, but she knew lonely sailor lads and their needs. She gave him clothes and a friendly pat on the shoulder.

Thanksgiving

"You have such an interesting life," the enthusiastic visitor to The Institute said to the more than ordinarily communicative seamen, "I think it is wonderful to see so much."

"Yes, if you look at it that way," the seaman answered doubtfully, as he looked at her animated face and well groomed figure. "But we have no homes and very few friends. I often wonder if the balance holds."

It would not hold for most of us. Life seems too short to be spent away from the tender mellowing influences of home and friends. And it is because the seaman, by the nature of his calling, is compelled to be a wanderer on the face of the earth, that no opportunity to extend our gratitude and appreciation should be missed.

Thanksgiving opens the door to a special opportunity. The self-respecting seaman does not want charity. He will not accept it, but he turns like a flower toward the sun to kindness. Anything that makes him feel that he is regarded as one of us, props up his self respect, and throws around him the restraining influences of society.

Because of this, The Institute gives a free Thanksgiving dinner to its guests. On that day, by that act it lifts them above the dead monotony of their lives and says, "We appreciate the sacrifice you make and we take this method of telling you."

Do they appreciate it? Most of them do, and none of them can escape the influence of the act. But after all what does it matter whether they appreciate it or not? The great thing is that the people of America should give honor where honor is due.

Making Good

Mothers are sometimes compelled to acknowledge that there is room for improvement in their children. Jim's mother wouldn't acknowledge even that. Perhaps it was because she did not dare to let down the bars on her own faith. Whatever the reason, she talked to all who would listen about his virtues and she never mentioned—but why should we lift the veil on that one act, when she who had been the sufferer would not? She not only forgave him, but she retained her faith in him. That was something that even Jim could not understand.

Mothers are expected to stick by fellows. He knew she would do that but he did not think she would trust him. But she did. Jim was wise in the ways of the world, and he knew there was no camouflage about it. He was prepared for distrust and blame but he wasn't prepared for her confidence. He couldn't stand it. Every time he looked at her his crime seemed to double in size. He finally ran away and went to sea.

Loving messages and telegrams followed him from port to port. He wrote to friends to tell his mother that he would go back when he was able to make up what he had taken from her, but he was "out of luck, and he thought it would take a year."

Nothing would move him from this resolution. Something in the boy demanded that he make good before going back.

Voyage after voyage was made in safety and then came the time, when his ship was reported overdue. Days and weeks passed. The company sent out wireless messages, north, south, east and west, but the sea hides her secrets well. The company finally gave up hope. The ship was reported lost with all on board.

Life at The Institute is largely made up of fragments of life stories.

Jim's mother is waiting. She hasn't given up hope. And Jim, surely Jim some place still has the chance to make good.

His Collection

Danny was disgusted. He had been collecting coins for three years,

"and to have them pinched like that!" he said.

He had thoughtlessly left his bedroom door open, and the best part of his collection had been taken.

"A fellow that would do a trick like that is too mean to be called a seaman," he said to the Woman at the Desk. "He-he-he--." It was evident that he could not find a word to describe the man, that was suitable to use before a lady, "and he took one that was nearly a hundred years old," he concluded.

The Woman at the Desk was sympathetic. She could not forget the disappointed boyish face, for although Danny was only twenty-two, he felt that he had lost the work of a life time.

"I am not a collector," Dr. Mansfield said when told of Danny's trouble, "but I have quite a few coins here that have come in from time to time. Take these to him, tell him to look them over and see if there are any that he cares to have."

"I-I--couldn't take them," Danny said when the Desk Woman handed them to him, "Its awfully good of Dr. Mansfield, and I'd like to look over them, but I couldn't take them."

He was finally persuaded that Dr. Mansfield wished him to have them.

Inside of an hour he was back at the desk. "They are wonderful!" he said in a stage whisper. "I found one over a hundred and twenty years old. I'm going to write Dr. Mansfield a letter, and I'm going to express my coins home. I'm not going to take any more chances."

Donations Received October, 1919

Reading matter, bound books, flowers, fruit, jellies, victrola and pianola records, knitted articles, comfort kits, shoes, ties, clothing, games, pictures, playing cards, waste paper, hand rags, Xmas Gifts, fibre rug.

Alexander, Miss Jane M.
 Alexander, Mrs. Thos. B.
 Allan, Mrs. George S.
 Allen, Miss Ruth
 Anderson, Miss Sophie
 Anonymous—23
 Armstrong, Mrs. C. D.
 Arnold, Mrs. Glover C.
 Auchmuty, Mrs. Richard T.
 Bailey, Mrs. J. T.
 Baker, John
 Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
 Belcher, Mrs. Z.
 Boyd, Miss R.
 Boynton, Mrs. F. P.
 Bridgman, Miss Anne T.
 Brooks, Miss Mary D.
 Butterick Publishing Co.
 Campbell, Mrs. Wallace
 Cathcart, Miss Elizabeth
 Caut, Miss Jean
 Chafee, Mrs. Z.
 Chase, Mrs. A. C.
 Coe, Miss Ella S.
 Colton, Thomas J.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Craighead, Miss Alice W.
 Crowell Publishing Co.
 Dall, Mrs. H. H.
 Danielson, Mrs. John W.
 Davis, Mrs. Archibald D.
 Davison, Mrs. E. M.
 Davy, Mr. H. G.
 Dominick, George F.
 Dominick, Mrs. M. W.
 Drummond, Miss Mary
 Dunham, Miss L. B.
 Given, Mrs. John L.
 Goodbody, Mrs. W. W.
 Hall, Miss E. Y.
 Hall, Mrs. Thomas G.
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
 Hatch, Miss C. J.
 Hills, Mrs. J. M.
 Hooke, Mrs.
 Howard, Mrs. E. P.
 Huntington Library Bureau
 Ives, Mrs. T. M.
 James, Mrs. Julia F.
 Janeway, Mrs. S. H.
 Jennings, Mrs. F. C.
 Johnson, Mrs. J. W.
 Jones, Mrs. Chas. H.
 Kassler, Mrs. George W.
 Kayser, Miss Mary

Keaford, Mrs. C. A.
 Kepp, G.
 King, Miss I. C.
 Kirby, Capt. A.
 Knapp, Mrs. Homer P.
 Lane, Mrs. Wm. H.
 Lawrence, Miss I.
 Lester, Miss M. E.
 Lyon, Miss Sinclair
 McGowan, A. P.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Marson, Mrs. T. M.
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert
 Mook, Mrs. Thomas
 Morewood, Mrs. Alfred P.
 Morgan, William M.
 Morris, Mrs. John B.
 Morse Dry Dock & Repair Co.
 Moulton, Mrs. A. J.
 Mount, Mrs. R. T.
 National Humane Review
 National Marine
 Neilson, Mrs. Alfred
 Nichols, J.
 Oakley, Mrs. Walton
 Ogden, Mrs. C. W.
 Parson, William H.
 Patterson, Miss Hattie O.
 Pedersen, Prof. F. M.
 Pope, Mrs. Chas. C.
 Potts, Mrs. Charles E.
 Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
 Pyne, Comdr. F. G.
 Quackenbush, Miss Jane
 Rieck, Mrs. James G.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Rockwood, Mrs. George I.
 Ross, Mrs. Adam A.
 Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
 Rumford, Mrs. O. G.
 Satterlee, Mrs. George B.
 Scribner's & Sons, Charles
 Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.
 Skidmore, George W.
 Smith, Mrs.
 Smith, Mrs. Samuel W., Jr.
 Southwick, Mrs. J. C.
 Squire, G. H.
 Sterling, C.
 Stillman, Miss Marjorie W.
 Stout, Mrs. N. E.
 Stratton, E. Platt
 Terry, Mrs.
 Thorn, Miss Mary
 Tilford, Miss J.
 Toledo Scale Co.
 Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.
 Townsend, F. L.

Turner, Miss Helen G.
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Verdi, Mrs. C.
 Walter, Dr. Josephine
 Wayre, Charles D.
 Whitehouse, Mrs. Francis M.
 Whiting-Carlton Shirt Company
 Whitney, Mrs. S.
 Wickes, Mrs. H. V. W.

Church Periodical Clubs and Branches

Christ Church, Suffern, N. Y.
 Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn.
 St. Paul's Church, Flatbush
 St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, B'klyn, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Brooks, Miss Mary D., "Thanksgiving & Xmas Dinners,"	\$ 10.00
Devoe, Mrs. F. W., "Cemetery Fund"	200.00
Duncan, Alexander F., "Discretionary Fund"	£ 1-2-6
Everman, W. H., "Cemetery Fund"	5.00
Jones, William Henry, "Discretionary Fund"	50.00
Lear, Albert, "Discretionary Fund"	5.00
Mersereau, Mrs. Jacob, "Cemetery Fund," "In Memoriam J. M."	52.13
Nakagawa, Charles, "Shipping Department"	15.00
Rowen, Mrs. John H., "Chapel Flower Fund"	1.00
Tuttle, D. D., Rt. Rev. Daniel S., "Cemetery Fund"	5.00

General Summary of Work

OCTOBER 1919

Religious Department.

Attendance
Services Seamen Total

English (Morning)	4	133	149
English (Evening)	8	947	1050
Tuesday Evening—			
Gospel Services	4	148	153
Bible Classes	2	178	178
Holy Communion Services			5
Wedding Services			1
Baptismals			0
Funeral Services			5

Social Department

Attendance
Services Seamen Total

Entertainments	23	7260	8053
Home Hour	4	516	563
Ships visited			49
Packages of reading matter distributed			272
Comfort Bags and knitted articles distributed			52
New Testaments distributed			4

Relief Department

Assisted Thru Loan Fund	30
Board, Lodging and Clothing	214
Cases treated in Institute Clinic	67
Referred to Hospitals	40
Referred to other Societies	3
Hospital visits	49
Patients visited	4077

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	21,759
Letters received for Seamen	11,507
Pieces of dunnage checked	6,767

Shipping Department.

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"	
Trips made	
Visits to vessels	
Men transported	
Pieces of dunnage transported	
Vessels supplied with men by the S. C. I.	24
Men Shipped	217
Men given temporary employment in port	25
Total number of men given employment	242

Seamen's Wages Department.

Deposits	\$ 79,922.00
Withdrawals	72,257.90
Transmitted	15,398.35
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust	67,655.02

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

New Laundry Equipment \$3,000

The New Tailor Shop, \$1,000

CEMETERY FUND. Send contributions for the seaman who dies away from home, that he may be buried with his fellows. The larger the Fund, the greater number of seamen may have final care.

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 of **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.