

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. VIII.

FEBRUARY 1917

Number 2

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 8

FEBRUARY, 1917

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Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Subscription One Dollar Annually, post paid, Single Copies 10 Cents

Address all communications and make checks payable to

Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Musical Gift

"There couldn't be too many pianos in this place to suit me," a big-voiced seaman remarked approvingly to his neighbor when he saw the new player piano being carefully transported from the truck to the lift. He quite simply expressed the feeling of practically every man who makes the Institute his home, his club, his theatre, his refuge from the waterfront's unsavory allurements.

This latest gift of a player piano is the result of the generous thought of Mrs. Herbert W. Phelps. With the instrument she sent two mahogany cabinets and 150 records. The records are a particular source of joy, offering every variety of operatic and semi-classical melody. And after all, although few seamen are hopelessly and helplessly committed to ragtime airs, they love best the records with very obvious and distinct "tunes."

Mr. and Mrs. Phelps have been greatly interested in the Institute for several years, Mr. Phelps having made a special point of sending large packages of magazines, books, clothing and shoes at regular intervals. Mrs. Phelps' very munificent gift of the player piano, cabinets and records came most opportunely at a time when men stay indoors seeking warmth and that lightness of heart which music brings.

—o—

Like a Letter From Home

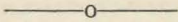
Most of us have experienced the surprise aroused by being thanked for a service which we expected to be taken as a matter of course, but it is always rather a curious sensation. The tradesman thanks you for having the check for his bill ready on the first of the month and you realize almost guiltily that it makes so much difference to him,

you could always do it. The child you gave a rather stupid game at Christmas surprises you with a pleasure you hadn't expected.

And the other day a letter came from Porto Rico which displayed gratitude because a man's letters had been sent to him sealed.

"Dear Mr. Mansfield," the letter said, "I thank you very much indeed for your kind letter enclosing five others, for I thought it very good of you, especially, to forward my mail on to me here, sealed up, and going to the expense of postage.

"Your kindness I shall not forget and I wish to state that I cannot speak too highly of the Seamen's Institute. The sentiments of your letter were more like a letter from home."



The Throat of Sandy

They had not exactly shared bunks on board the many vessels on which they had sailed together, but they had certainly managed to sleep in close proximity, despite the fact that Sandy snored heavily. For they were pals. But even a pal can go too far.

At the time of the explosions in the New Jersey ammunition factories, Sandy and Bill were sleeping in adjoining rooms at the Institute. The first explosion woke Bill from a heavy sleep.

"Confound it, man!" he shouted, knocking sharply upon the wall nearest Sandy's bed. "Can't ye sleep quiet? Ye woke me up that time!"

Being Visited

"You don't know how much a chap looks forward to visiting hours," a seaman patient told the House Mother as she drew her chair a little closer to his bed and arranged her offering of magazines upon his table.

"The nurses are awfully good to you, but they are all too busy. If I ever had any money I believe I'd always see that every ward in every large hospital had a nurse to every two patients." He smiled understandingly as a nurse with flushed cheeks sped breathlessly by his bed with her arms sagging under the weight of a dressings tray.

"I get terribly lonesome here," he went on, seeing the look of eager sympathy on the House Mother's face.

"You know, I stayed at the Institute two weeks last Fall and I had one of the best times since I went to sea. I played games and went around listening to all the pianos and playing a little myself. And then I went to the Red Cross lectures and the noon-day talks. Why, honestly, it has given me something to think about while I lie here.

"That's the thing about hospitals. A man has got to have things already in his mind that he can bring out and think over, because if he hasn't, he is just likely to go crazy some night lying awake and hearing other chaps trying to bear pain without squealing."

The House Mother gently took his thin hand from which illness had erased the sunburn.

"You will be well and come back to the Institute one day soon," she assured him with a conviction she was far from feeling.

He agreed cheerfully. "Maybe I shall, although sometimes I am not sure about getting well, and the house doctor and the youngest interne don't look as if they were, either."

"But I thought you could tell some of those people that built the Institute and gave us seamen a chance to live right and learn things, I thought you could tell them how I lie here in this bed day after day and remember what a good time I had and how kind all the men that run it were to me. They'd be pleased to hear that, wouldn't they?"

And the House Mother told him she knew that they would.

The Precaution

People used to think, in the days before the glib-tongued agent had studied psychology and read eighteen books on the art of sympathetic salesmanship, that the act of taking out life insurance somehow implied their belief that they were soon to die. No one really likes to think that, however robust his health, however effervescing his vitality at the moment, he may find himself within a week the victim of pneumonia, typhoid, or one of the varieties of street accidents. Consequently the average man seems never to face this highly disagreeable possibility, chiefly because he rarely speaks of it.

Perhaps that is the reason that a member of the Institute staff was extremely surprised when he opened his mail the other morning to find a letter addressed to him, followed by these words:

"Instructions for the disposing of

my effects and money in the event of my never reaching port. February 10, 1917. Signed, C. F. F."

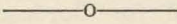
It was, as a matter of fact, rather startling. The writer (C. F. F.) is a third officer on the S. S. Orleans, which sailed on Saturday, February 10th, bound for Bordeaux, France. The S. S. Orleans was one of the first ships to attempt to cross the Western Ocean since Germany has declared her submarine blockade.

And the Orleans' — officer had sailed, concealing, as he considered it his duty to do, whatever fears he had that the voyage might end in a haven far removed from the tangible, the familiar French port.

He had even jested, with no hint of forced gaiety, about the chance of his boat meeting a submarine. He gave his friends, of the Institute staff, not the faintest inkling of what must have been his real state of mind. He was not afraid but he was all the time confronted with a fact which he could not comfortably explain away.

"Of course, I shall return safely," he said confidently, but there must have been an emotional reservation even while he spoke. One can imagine him, after he had parted with his friend, alone in his room thinking of his curiously uncertain business of life, and wondering. It must have been a relief from grewsome speculation for him to write the letter in which he made prudent disposal of his possessions: there, at least, was something practical upon which to concentrate his mind; there, assuredly, was refuge from the persisting doubt as to the length of his ship's days.

There is a touching quality of gallantry about the little sealed communication from the Orleans' — officer. He did not hesitate to risk his life but he did not admit to his friends on shore that there WAS any actual danger. He merely prepared.

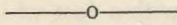


A Matter of Pride

"You seem rather proud of those boots," the barber remarked to John who was sitting upon the floor of the dressing room in the basement oiling his heavy sea boots with great care.

He was intent upon his work, carefully rubbing in a few drops, then cocking his head and observing them critically. Finally he raised his head.

"You bet I am proud of them," he affirmed emphatically. "I take just as good care of these boots as though they was my wife!"



What He Wanted

Twice he had left his seat in the sun-flooded Reading Room to speak to the Relief Man but both times he had found another applicant already elaborating his story of ill fortune. At last he arose, summoned an air of excessive courage and took up a position of watchful waiting just outside the Relief Man's door. He was rewarded, ultimately, by a chance to state his case.

"I want to get some work," he said without any effective prologue, "anything I can do. Or—" he hesitated—"or I want to eat first!"

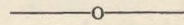
Reflectoscope

It is now possible to secure a projecting apparatus called a reflectoscope, which will project opaque illustrations direct to the screen without the use of transparent slides. By its aid one can show on the screen, in various enlarged dimensions up to 10 by 15 feet or over, post cards, magazine illustrations, printed matter—in fact anything presenting a flat surface, in the minutest detail of color and form.

Apart from its very practical use in illustrating lectures, Bible talks, humorous talks, etc., it would serve as a decided stimulus to the interest in contests of all sorts, the solving of riddles, rebuses and puzzles.

But the best thing about such a machine would be its ability to show upon a large screen any photographs, kodak prints or favorite pictures which the seamen possess. They would enjoy enormously the chance to see some treasured small bit of their home country reproduced and enlarged so that it seemed nearer and more intimate.

A **Reflectoscope** commends itself as tremendously valuable for many phases of the Institute work. It is suggested as a gift at \$150.00.



Magazines

There is always need for monthly or weekly periodicals, foreign reviews, illustrated publications of all sorts. These are not only for our reading tables, which have to be constantly replenished, but to give to seamen about to sail on long voyages.

An Amiable Deduction

Probably most Lookout readers remember the stories we published about old Uncle Lans Hamner, a veteran of the U. S. Wooden Navy, after his visit to New York last May. Anyhow, there is one more which the editor had overlooked.

Uncle Lans attended service in the Chapel on the Sunday evening before his return to his home upstate and listened with the most flattering attention to the rector's address which referred specifically to King Solomon and his reputation as a sage. Other Old Testament celebrities famous for great wisdom and penetration were cited by way of contrast and Uncle Lans seemed inordinately impressed by what he heard, although it was known that he was uncomfortably deaf.

When the service was over, one of the staff spoke to him.

"Enjoy the sermon, Uncle Lans?" he inquired.

"I did, my boy," replied the ancient mariner. "I did. The dominie he certainly spoke a good word for the Jews!"

Simon is Sorry

She had waited a long time on the chance of seeing Simon when he came into the Institute. He had only been her husband two years but apparently his experience with domesticity had only intensified his love for the sea and its irresponsibilities. Anyhow, he hadn't been home in over six months and she knew he had been living in the Institute.

"Better go upstairs where you can sit down," advised the kindly watchman, but she refused.

"I'll stay near this front door if you don't mind," she responded, glancing up and down the street, fearful lest Simon should see her first and escape.

At last he came. He was whistling, but the ragtime tune ceased abruptly as he saw her.

"Look here," she said, "I expect you to come home with me. I've kept the flat in the Bronx going and I'm your wife, ain't I?"

Simon nodded, miserably.

"I'm sorry, Eva," he began, "I—I'm awful sorry."

"Maybe you are, and maybe that is what kept you from coming home, but you come now," she commanded.

Simon looked about the big lobby where the lights glowed warmly. There was much gay music issuing from the piano player and the alluring fragrance of supper coming from the Lunch Counter. Men were talking and laughing and reading the evening papers with excited eyes. He turned toward her.

"I'm sorry," he repeated, as they went down the wide steps, "but I wish this was a place you could live in, too!"

Books

No gaudy covered work of fiction need be thrown away, no incomplete set need be stored in the attic or basement and allowed to collect dust and dampness. We can use them all down here on our shelves, or to give away.

A Taste for Tropics

Angus shivered from the day the first sharp breeze of autumn stirred the flowing red tie he wore outside his coat until that same breeze became a silent, hot breath in the early summer.

"I always hated the cold," he told an Institute worker not long ago, "and I hate it still, but I am cured of wanting to live where the sun shines every day."

"What happened?" inquired the Institute man encouragingly.

Angus looked very grave for a moment before he began. Then he shrugged his shoulders as if to reassure himself that the experience could no longer hurt him in memory.

"Well, you see, I'd always had voyages to Liverpool and sometimes to Naples or Gibraltar, but never anywhere that wasn't just as cold and raw as this New York is in winter. Then one day I met a chap who was going to Cuba on a tramp and I managed to get a berth. We landed at Havana and were paid off there finally when our vessel had orders to change its course and go to Southampton. At first it was wonderful. We found we could buy all the grapefruit, oranges and bananas we wanted; we sat around in the sunshine; we listened to the bands in the Plaza. It was warm and lazy and very pleasant.

"That was while we had a little room in a small lodging house and some money left. Just before the money was all gone we began to

hunt for another ship. We couldn't get berths. We tried for days and then we began to get frightened. We tried to get jobs in Havana, but no one wanted us; we began to pawn our clothes and at last we had no suitcases, just our combs and razors and toothbrushes in our pockets.

"How I hated the sun, too! Talk about anything unmerciful and cruel! It never stopped glaring down on us a minute in the daytime but when night came and we had to sleep on the ground, in allies, anywhere we could—a terrible cold dampness settled everywhere. And New York! Why, I got to thinking of this city and the sharp weather and the places a man could go and be helped over a bad streak of luck, and I just prayed to get back here. There were days when we had a banana apiece to eat, and we ate the skin, too!

"We tried to keep ourselves looking well and as clean as we could so we could stand some chance of a job. Once when I was lucky enough to earn a few cents washing dishes in a cheap restaurant, I saw an old New York paper lining a pantry shelf. It was torn and filthy, but I read every word of it and cried.

"The land of warmth and sunshine!

"Well, let me tell you that when I and this other chap, after just about giving up hope, did finally get a chance to work our way back to New York on the dirtiest, unsafest little craft I ever hope to see, we were so happy we nearly kissed the captain!"

"Tropics? Never again!" repeated Angus devoutly as he strolled over to the window and eyed a whirling snowstorm with obvious satisfaction.

A Cause for Friendship

When Dick entered the Game Room anxious to engage someone in a game of chess he found every table occupied. He wandered about in search of an old acquaintance but discovered no one that he knew. At last he saw that the players at one table had finished and he hastened over to them.

"Won't one of you chaps stay and have a game with me?" he begged eagerly.

"I got to go," one of them answered, "but I guess Jim here can wait."

Jim hesitated, looked at his watch and then resumed his seat with Dick facing him. One hour quickly passed, the two absorbed players wrapped in thick silence. Half an hour slipped by when Dick suddenly exclaimed, "I say I never saw you before to-day, did I?"

"No," Jim confessed, a little puzzled.

"And yet," cried Dick exultantly, "here we are, the best of friends!"

Startling Figures

It has been generally realized that the past year was by far the biggest and best in the history of the Institute. But just how amazingly all its activities have progressed during that time was not made clear until some definite figures were read at the annual meeting of the Board of Man-

agers, on January 17th. Here are some of the statistics showing how each department has jumped forward since the beginning of 1916:

The number of deposits made with the Institute was 4,624, which is 1,044 more than in the previous year; these deposits totalled \$403,894.06, an advance of \$164,596.29. 1,560 transmissions of money were made, 455 more than in 1915.

In spite of the war's effect on shipping, 108 more men were shipped than was the case last year, the total being 5,125. The total number of lodgings registered was 189,431, an increase of 20,372!

41,565 letters were received for seamen, 7,019 more than in 1916. The dunnage checked in the Baggage Department totalled 31,208, improving the former figures by 10,669. There were 659 more visits to vessels, and 420 more men sent to hospitals and dispensaries.

A big advance was made in the attendance at concerts, which have been consistently popular, in the noonday talks, of which eight more have been added, in the packages of magazines distributed, and in the attendance at English services and Bible classes.

The commissary department has been enormously active. The total of meals served in 1916 was 314,518, which is 40,649 more than in the previous year. The maximum number of meals served at the lunch counter in one day was 1,325, in the officers' dining-room 323, and at the soda fountain 958. The soda fountain reached 180,911 in its total number of sales, an increase of 69,435 over last year.

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Edmund L. Baylies,.....President
Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer
Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
or
Irene Katharine Lane,.....Editor

"For Those in Peril!"

It has been The Lookout's policy never to comment upon national or international affairs, even when they might be supposed to have rather direct bearing upon the Institute activities and purposes. Because The Lookout exists for a wholly distinct and unique purpose, i. e., to bring as vividly as possible to the hundreds of subscribers, and, in consequence, friends of the Institute, the drama and detail of the seaman's life on shore as affected by the care and sympathetic companionship of the big building at the harbor's edge. It is not a peculiarly narrow or limited field, nor a prejudiced point of view which The Lookout takes; but it happens to be its own, and for that reason it has scrupulously refrained from adding its small word of praise or criticism to the able collection of newspapers, weekly periodicals and monthly magazines.

However, it is impossible to permit this February issue to go to press without a single reference to the men now in great danger upon the high seas.

At this time the life of every seaman on board any ship is in supreme peril. Hundreds of courageous men have already lost their lives while steadfastly pursuing their ordinary duties. Their names in the imperfect reports have not meant much to any of us; we have not had time to think what sort of deaths they met in the icy water, or possibly caught in their bunks.

But this is the day and night of the seaman, of the human who lives upon the deep, concealing water. This is the time when he must occupy our hearts and trouble our minds. This is the great hour of anguish for those who know that the dearest in the world are a part of the vast life which moves and breathes and hopes and fears upon a once friendly ocean.

Winter and Shoes

Snow and a little rain can do more to make walking horrible than any other manifestation of winter weather. Everybody admits it and most of us wear galoshes (though we don't call them by that pleasant sounding name) or arctics or very heavy boots and wade through the slush with patient endurance or inward cursing, according to our early discipline. Most of us except seamen out of work, that is. They wade, too, without recourse to proper protection.

When they have been out of work for some time—and often it is due to illness and its subsequent weakness—they find themselves possessed of shoes whose soles strongly resemble blotting paper and whose sides have

fissures through which soaking snow can easily penetrate. If any one thing could remove one's zest for job hunting, it would be the necessity for wearing near-shoes and walking upon the streets and pavements of New York in winter.

This isn't a new idea to anyone who thinks about shoes and their relation to a man's efficiency, and we are merely reinforcing it because the Institute needs shoes of all sorts and practically all sizes. If you have a pair of boots or low shoes which is only half worn, send it down to No. 25 South Street. Men are discharged from hospitals every day, and they, together with other men who have had ill luck and bad fortune, must be adequately shod before they can effectually attack the problem of work, whether it be on board a vessel or temporary work on shore.

It goes without saying, but it is reiterated all the same, that we also need suits of clothes, overcoats and underwear for distribution to these same seamen.

Giving Amusement

In the January issue we published a request that either individuals or small clubs or church societies or guilds should assume the expense (about \$35.00) for a single Friday evening's entertainment. This sum covers the cost of a vaudeville magician, musician, monologue reciter or what he himself would refer to as "artist," moving picture film, services of an operator, etc.

It pays for the actual performance,

but the enjoyment, the forgetting of hardship and troubles and dreary depressions cannot be estimated by a little matter of thirty-five dollars.

For a single person or a group of people to make a certain Friday evening of laughter and happiness his (or their) particular gift would be not only fine, altruistic and generous but a distinctly original method of dispensing light hearts.

The Apt Illustration

Someone told us recently that several years ago there was a certain missionary society on whose official stationery was the picture of a bullock standing between an altar and a yoke, and underneath the picture were the significant words: "Ready for Either."

And at this time when the spirit of sacrifice and service cannot be too highly extolled, it occurred to us that something of the sort could easily be the Institute's unprinted motto. Certainly its workers are constantly facing situations and problems where they must be ready for both sacrifice and service.

This is a subject to which we seldom refer because, of course, the success of the Institute rests upon the devotion of its heads and their assistants; the facts of sacrifice and service are self evident, the results are patent. Few of us are greatly moved by abstract virtues anyhow. What usually reminds people of the unanimity of unselfish and purposeful service which has made the activities at this corner of the water-front possible is simply the concrete achievement—the Institute itself.

Looking After The Apprentices

(Continued from January)

The piano at State Street had several soundless notes and other notes with sounds more weird than beautiful. The entrance to the kitchen was rendered terrifying (to the ladies, at least) by a large rathole. It took time and courage to learn to walk past this menace with an equilibrium sufficiently steady for the safe conveyance of jam and tea to the supper table.

Reminiscences of these days could also be written indefinitely. There were happenings sad and gay, returning ships to rejoice over, sea tragedies that are never forgotten, pleasant and friendly times in the kitchen making toast or spreading bread. There are memories, too, of the sails up the river to the North River Church, sometimes through ice, sometimes in storms when the whole party had to crowd into the little cabin of the Sentinel; more frequently, though, could we sit on deck with the star lights and the city lights, and the fascinating panorama of towers and canons which makes our city riverview, in the night enchantment, such a wonderland.

It has meant much thoughtful planning and knowledge of the boys on the part of the Big Brother, as well as careful choice by him of assistants to create a social life which would not only make the evenings attractive to the boys, but also preserve the harmonious conditions in its machinery necessary to the growth of the fine spirit described at the beginning of this article. Boys

at sea have a lofty scorn of any form of entertainment which verges on the childish. Also many are immature and shy enough to make conversational advances by the unpracticed shore visitors a baffling problem. If you have ever tried to start a pleasant conversation with those whose vocabulary seemed to consist of "Yes" and "No" and blushes, you may appreciate one of the problems of entertainment in this department. It would be a long and perhaps a tedious tale to recount all the difficulties that have been met and overcome by the Big Brother during the early days at Pike Street and State Street. I have merely hinted at some.

And now, through the generosity of those who have made it possible, the Apprentice Department has an equipment perfect enough to satisfy the desires of those who care most for its success. Those readers who have in any way contributed toward its present conditions may believe that it is a splendid work they have helped, a work, the far-reaching results of which can never be computed. The attraction of the gatherings in these rooms is a fact of tremendous importance in the lives of its boy visitors. This statement is not a thoughtless hyperbole. The visiting apprentices are at an age when they hunger for pleasure, for good times and fun. This appetite must have some satisfaction. Those who know water-front conditions and realize that nowhere but at the Institute can the boys go for normal, wholesome entertainment, may appreciate the truth of this statement.

The parties held here are talked of all over the world. Boys meeting chums in Kioto or Vladivostock or South Africa will tell of "the ripping times we have at the New York Mission, of the Hallowe'en party when we had three fortune tellers—the rooms looked topping that night," of the Christmas party when the line of the grand march reached all around the auditorium, of the dance when all the boys wore their white uniforms,—"some swank, old chap, to that dance," said one, with a delightfully impartial combination of English and American slang.

The boys write most appreciative letters to the Big Brother. Many, of course, only know that the occasions have meant a bright relief from the monotony of life aboard ship. Others realize the deeper significance of the department's efforts in their behalf and in long talks with the Big Brother get help and council, and he, in return, has received some very beautiful expressions of gratitude in letters from them. These are in themselves enough to make worth while any amount of trouble. Letters from mothers in England, blessing the New York Institute for all that it has meant of safety for the boys and comfort for them perhaps show more than anything else the true value and worth of the department.

M. L. K.

Some Statistics

At the January luncheon of the Board of Managers, Mr. M. E. Hopkins spoke on the work of the commercial department and purchasing agent. He took as a basis of his talk

the "Daily Cash Report" stating that this report was really the pulse of the commercial or business operations of the society, inasmuch as it records the cash receipts and disbursements of all departments for each day together with exact condition of bank balances. The report was dated January 6, 1917, and gave the cash receipts in various income-producing departments on that date and the receipts on the corresponding day of 1916. A comparison of these various figures together with an analysis of their meaning brought forth some interesting facts, and substantiated the many statements which have been made about the greater growth and usefulness of the Institute.

The figures in the hotel or lodging department showed lower comparative receipts for this day but a greater total for the month to date. A study of the vouchers substantiating these receipts showed that in 1916 293 men booked rooms as against 194 in 1917. Forty of the sixty-five rooms on each floor are being rented by the week now as compared with twenty last year, showing that the seamen realize the necessity of holding a room by the week in order to have a room at all. 859 meals were served this day at an average of 20c per meal as compared with 917 last year at an average of 14c per meal. The receipts from the soda fountain showed that the business has more than doubled during the past year. In the slop chest the sales are about the same as last year but on a cash basis due to the abolishment of the allotment note. In the baggage room there has been a very noticeable increase.

EXCHANGES

Sky Pilots

In the January issue of "The Seafarer" there is a most interesting description of the annual Christmas dinner of the San Francisco Institute, and during the addresses which followed a rather significant epithet was gently explained away.

"Bishop Nichols' speech (says the account) began with a humorous story of his having first been called 'sky-pilot,' took up this expression and dwelt upon it. So beautifully did the Bishop handle the subject that we doubt if any man present will ever use it again as a term of derision; in future he will use it as a term of respect. The Bishop impressed upon us that everyone who holds out a helping hand to others is a 'sky-pilot,' and he concluded with a plea that we might all go forth determined to earn and hold that title for ourselves."

Two Sailors

Two sailors sat by Mona's pier,
Each strange of dress and rather queer;

Said Number One: "What brung us here,

By Mona?"

Said Number Two: "Me little tale
Is known to all the men who sail;
I came here steerage in a whale—
I'm Jonah."

Said Number One to Number Two:
"My job's collecting for a zoo;
The gnat, the elephant, the gnu,
The boa,

"The ape, the adder and the skunk,
All shared me meals and shared me bunk;

I swum ashore when I was drunk—
I'm Noah."

A Sea of Light

There is a story of a shipwreck which tells how the crew and passengers had to leave the broken vessel and take to the boats. The sea was rough and great care in rowing and steering was necessary in order to guard the heavily laden boats, not from the ordinary waves which they rode over easily, but from the great cross-seas. Night was approaching, and the hearts of all sank as they asked what they should do in the darkness when they would no longer be able to see those terrible waves. To their great joy, however, when it grew dark they discovered that they were in phosphorescent waters, and that each dangerous wave rolled up crested with light which made it as clearly visible as if it were mid-day.—*Sailors Magazine*.

Using the Tailor

If seamen in general have not spent much of their time in tailor shops it has been because of lack of opportunity rather than of interest. Every man has an instinctive feeling that he would like his clothes always clean and in good repair, no matter how modest they may be in their materials.

Recently a circular was distributed among the seamen, announcing the

opening of a tailor's shop right in the Institute, so that it will hereafter be easy for every man to look after his clothing. The shop is on the second floor, and is fully equipped with all the necessities of the trade. Clothing may be left at the slop chest to be repaired, cleaned or pressed in the tailor's shop.

New suits are also for sale at the lowest possible prices. Altogether the new feature is one which should be of great practical benefit to the self-respecting seaman.

From a War Prisoner

People do not forget acts of kindness and self sacrifice by which they have benefitted as readily as the cynics would have us believe. Occasionally one needs to polish one's shining faith in the general decency and fineness of humanity but no one need destroy his beliefs as too idealistic for every day use. A letter from an officer who has been a prisoner of war on board the S. S. Appam came the other day and reminded us of these truisms about mankind and seamen in particular.

He wrote, "By the time this reaches you, twelve months will have elapsed since I came to New York a stranger, and you took me in. You treated me with kindness I never shall forget and in my heart I am always thanking the friends I made at the Seamen's Church Institute in New York.

"Does the launch, the J. Hooker Hammersley, (you see I remember its name), still run about the harbor of a Sunday, bringing back the boys to tea and to services in the chapel? Of

course it does, and I often picture you all, and think of that happy time. God bless you all."

The Institute quite naturally receives many hundreds of letters of appreciation during the year but the LOOKOUT seldom has space in which to reproduce them. Moreover, the average letter, however much it may mean to the recipient, does not possess a quality of wide interest for the casual reader.

Somehow there is a little note of sincerity and sentiment and very real emotion in the letter quoted above which gives it a touch of distinction. It is not because the writer strove for any literary effect but because one cannot help feeling that he meant, most profoundly, that he did remember "that happy time" with loving gratitude.

"A Rose to the Living"

He looked less like a seaman than a florist's messenger, for he came into the corridor which has been not disrespectfully called "missionary alley," with his arms filled with flowers. Red carnations and pink roses rioted gloriously with golden jonquils. He had evidently bought with a fine eye for color, and he looked down upon his fragrant burden with great content.

"They are for you," he murmured a trifle shyly as he went from office to office distributing bouquets, and withdrawing before he could be adequately thanked.

An hour later one of the Relief Department men met the seaman and asked about the cheerful gifts.

"You certainly did not gather them in garden or field this zero weather," he hazarded.

The seaman thought a moment. Were there always reasons for kindness, for spontaneity? He hadn't supposed so but he had an answer, after all.

"Well," he explained, slowly, "I believe in giving people flowers while they are still alive rather than after they are dead. I love flowers myself and often buy a bunch of them to put on my table when I am ashore. And when I give away flowers I give to my men as well as my women friends. I never could see why ladies should have all the flowers."

Two Responses

"Buying Amusement," was the heading for the article about the special feature of the Social Department known comprehensively, if, rather sweepingly, as "Entertainments." And the LOOKOUT asked for about \$1,020.00, or separate sums of \$35.00 to defray the expenses of the weekly entertainments, just as it has done this month in another column.

It occurred to the editor when the magazine was printed that the title of the article was slightly misleading, because of course it did not mean amusement in the sense of purchasing something absolutely trivial, flip-pant, frivolous and unimportant.

That at least two who read the article and subsequent appeal understood what big intention lies back of this amusing the men who make the Institute their own place in this diverting town, is evidenced by the fact

that we have received two contributions of \$35.00 each from Mrs. B. H. Buckingham, Washington, D. C., and Mr. J. H. Hewson, Washington, D. C. The Institute is extremely grateful to these contributors for having so swiftly caught the spirit of the appeal for a variety of social work which cannot be explained in the ordinary terms of "so much for so much."

The Way of the Just

Whenever Alexander was in port he made a pleasant little custom to go from the Institute over to South Ferry to buy his newspapers of the old paper woman who put life into the general conversational competitiveness by calling "World," "Journal," "Herald" in a shrill falsetto which should have abashed the newsboys but did not.

Alexander, scorning the warmth of the lobby on a rainy or freezing morning, would trudge faithfully along South Street, although he sometimes admitted to himself that he guessed he must be getting old and short of breath. And something in his taciturn manner prevented inquisitive questions, until one of his old shipmates plunged abruptly into the subject.

"Why do you go so far to buy a newspaper, Alec? There are fellows right here that would get you one."

"I was wondering how long it would be before one of you forgot to mind his own business," growled Alexander. "But now that you've asked, I will tell you. That old woman with her cheeks bitten red and purple by the weather, reminds me of my old lady that died when I was on a voyage to Australia."

"And you love her memory," supplied Alexander's friend sympathetically.

"I do not!" snapped Alec, "but I've got justice in me, haven't I? I never sent my old woman half me wages nor a quarter, and now that I'm getting past the sixty mark I have a mind to make it up to her in some way. I've got a conscience, haven't I?" he added testily.

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Memorial Rooms

There still remain two staff offices which are available as gifts or memorial rooms, at two hundred dollars each. Everyone saw the picturesque attraction of the bedrooms belonging to seamen and officers but these rooms are quite as full of the fascination which clings to whatever has to do with the sea and mariners.

For in these rooms are daily dramas enacted. In one of these rooms sits the man who wants to go home and is ashamed to write because he had delayed so long. The missionary (although an Institute worker is many things beside that) advises, explains, finally offers to write for him. A little later a seaman who wants to pay back some money advanced him from the Relief Fund sits in the same chair, smiling, optimistic, full of gratitude. And in an hour there is a man who has just found his brother, after many years of separation, dead of tuberculosis in the Marine Hospital. All of life can unfold itself in an hour in one of these little rooms.

What more vital thing could one buy with two hundred dollars?

Shipping Department

Month Ending January 31, 1917

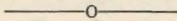
Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Leonartus	2	Havre via Norfolk
S.S. Port Hardy	13	Auckland, N. Z.
S.S. African		
Prince	5	Avonmouth, Eng.
S.S. Tudor Prince	1	Gibraltar via Balti.
S.S. Moorish		
Prince	34	La Pallice, France
S.S. Vaughan	10	Rio de Janeiro, Brzl.
S.S. Atahualpa	27	Para via Norfolk, Va.
S.S. Roscommon	8	Melbourne, Aust.
S.S. Florida	8	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Louisiana	5	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Stephen	4	Para via Norfolk, Va.
S.S. Siamese		
Prince	27	La Pallice, France
S.S. Bellgrano	29	Valparaiso, Chili
S.S. Northwest'n	2	Tampico, Mexico
S.S. Lux	1	Calais, France
S.S. Russian		
Prince	5	Queenstown, Irel.
S.S. Gregory	23	Maranham via Nor.
S.S. Onega	11	Bordeaux, France
S.S. Larne	14	London, Eng.
S.S. Byron	16	Bahia, Brazil
S.S. Cuthbert	34	Para via Norfolk, Va.
S.S. Burmese		La Pallice, France
Prince	29	
S.S. Alabama	5	Tampico, Mexico
S.S. Macona	40	Havre, France
S.S. Keelung	1	Vladivostock, Russia
S.S. Vestris	2	Liverpool, Eng.
S.S. Durham	9	Australia via Colon
S.S. Portuguese		
Prince	30	Brest, France
Barge Dallas	1	Port Arthur, Tex.
Barge Edith	1	Allyn's Pt., via New-Port News
Barge No. 59	1	Marcus Hook, Pa.
Cable Ship Jos.		
Henry	1	West Indies
Dredge Clinton	13	Bronx River, N. Y.
Lighter Marion	1	Norwalk, Conn.
Steamer Storm		
King	4	New London, Conn.
Steamer Bronx	2	New York Harbor
Tender Tulip	3	Light House Dept.
Tender Greene	1	New London, Conn.
Tender Gen.		
Stanley	3	Fort Slocum, N. Y.
Transfer No. 12	1	New York Harbor
Tug Resolute	5	New York Harbor
Tug Susie Moran	2	New York Harbor
Tug W. A.		
Sherman	1	New York Harbor
Tug Resolute	2	Halifax, N. S.
Tug Agnes Moran	2	New York Harbor
Yacht Alvinia	1	Liverpool, Eng.
Yacht Day Dream	1	Cruising
Men given temporary employment	169	In Port
Total	610	

The Enclosed Roof

Not much has been said lately about the big task of enclosing the roof of the Institute for use as a House Clinic, a recreation centre, a convalescent ward, and the School of Navigation and Marine Engineering. But the work has been progressing steadily, in spite of the handicap of the cold winter months.

The steel structure is now completed and the new roofing is almost entirely in place. It is hoped that the enclosure will be completed and ready for use about the first of May.

It will be remembered that this valuable addition to the Institute's equipment was made possible by an anonymous gift "In Memoriam."



Donations Received During The Month of January 1917.

Flowers, literature, clothing, shoes, pieces of carpet for use in the engine rooms, white sand, fruit, calendars, pianola, music rolls, player piano and sofa.

Anonymous—6

- Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
- Baptist Church, North Orange, N. J.
- Barnard, Frederic
- Barnard, Mrs. Horace
- Barnard, Mrs. J. H.
- Braine, C. E.
- Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
- Bunce, James H.

Church Periodical Club and Branches

- All Saint's Guild, Bayside, N. Y.
- Ascension Church, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
- Church of the Epiphony, N. Y.
- Church of the Incarnation, B'klyn, N. Y.
- Church of the Redeemer, Morristown, N. J.
- Church of the Redeemer, Astoria, L. I.
- Grace Church, Jamaica, L. I.
- Grace Church, Orange, N. J.

- Holy Trinity Church, N. Y.
- St. Agnes' Chapel, N. Y.
- St. George's Church, Flushing, N. Y.
- St. George's Church, Maplewood, N. J.
- St. Luke's Church, N. Y.
- St. Paul's Church, B'klyn, N. Y.
- Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.
- Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
- Dall, Mrs. H. H.
- Dean-Hicks Co.
- Dunlap, Charles E.
- Duvall, Mrs. W. C.
- Egbert, Mrs. J. L.
- Gibling, Mrs. E. J.
- Glenwood, Mrs. William
- Hellyer, Miss Anna F.
- Hender, Mrs. G. J.
- Hospital Book & Newspaper Society
- Ives, Mrs. Howard
- Janeway, S. H.
- Jordan, J. B.
- Kendrick, Mrs. E. P.
- King, Mrs. J. Howard
- Mariner's Advocate
- Millard, Mrs. E. E.
- Moehring, Mrs. Wm. G.
- Morse, F. R.
- Mott, J. L., Iron Works
- Newbold, Mrs. and Miss
- Peacock, Mrs. A. R.
- Phelps, Mrs. Herbert W.
- Preston, Veryl
- Prime, Miss Cornelia
- Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
- Rickard, Miss M. D.
- Schlesinger, Miss A.
- Skillin, Mrs. H. Harper
- Tams, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frederic
- VanBuren, Edward M.
- Whitaker, Miss H. M.

Contributions For Special Purposes

Enderes, Henry W., Discretionary Fund	\$ 1.00
Gould, Miss Anna J., Discretionary Fund	1.00
Hoppin, Charles A., Discretionary Fund	9.00
Kearny, Miss A. Livingston, Free Beds	5.00
Nones, Mrs. H. B., Discretionary Fund	1.00
Seymour, Mrs. Edward W., Discretionary Fund	4.00
Smith, Miss Effie C., Superintendent's Discretionary Fund	25.00
Sparks, T. Ashley, Superintendent's Discretionary Fund in association with the memory of "Herbert Barber"	50.00
Wolcott, Miss Emily J., Discretionary Fund	20.00

General Summary of Work

JANUARY 1917

Savings Department.

Jan. 1st Cash on hand	\$67,242.99
Deposits	39,857.74
	<u>\$107,100.73</u>
Withdrawals (\$ 5,077.85 trans- mitted)	34,524.81
Feb. 1st Cash Balance	<u>\$72,575.92</u>

(Includes 39 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$20,412.24)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	46
Men Shipped	441
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	169
Total number of men given employment	610

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	42
Visits to vessels	74
Men transported	247
Pieces of dunnage transported	368

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	16,077
Letters received for seamen	3,555
Pieces of dunnage checked	2,937

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and clothing	330
		Referred to Hospitals.....	78
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.	10

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	5	1,592	1,956
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	9	1,065	1,088
Public School Lectures	5	631	672
First Aid Lectures	7	93	99
Hospital Visits			14
Patients Visited			464
Ships Visited			303
Packages reading matter distributed....			357

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	22	751	969
Scandinavian.....	8	126	134
Special Services	5	91	91
Sing Songs.....	8	815	835
Bible Classes	4	279	270
Total.....	47	2,062	2,308

Holy Communion Services	4
Wedding Services.....	1
Baptismals.....	2
Funeral Services	0

Suggestions and Reminders

Although the **Building Debt** has been paid, the Institute is **constantly expanding and improving** its various departments.

As a suggestion to Lookout readers who desire the Institute's growth, we publish a list of the **various departments** and **equipment** still available as **gifts** or **memorials**.

TO BE GIVEN

Laundry \$1,500

2 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

Reflectoscope \$150.00

Subscriptions to the **Seamen's Church Institute** or to the **Ways and Means Department** should be sent to

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer

No. 25 South Street, New York

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

HENRY L. HOBART, Chairman

ORME WILSON, Jr. Vice Chairman

FRANK T. WARBURTON

ROBERT L. HARRISON

CHARLES A. CLARK

CHARLES W. BOWRING

BAYARD C. HOPPIN

JOHN S. ROGERS

GEO. W. BURLEIGH

SAM'L N. HINCKLEY

JOHN A. McKIM

JOHN J. RIKER