

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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APRIL 1919

No. 4

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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Evenings of a Week

With all the public rooms in the Institute becoming increasingly crowded each week, it is necessary to make some distribution of our seamen guests all over the building where there is space for rest, reading, writing and entertainment. The men are less than ever inclined to go up-town or along the water-front for recreation in the evening, and the Concert-Hall is constantly being transformed from a skating rink to a gymnasium, a moving-picture theatre and a lecture hall.

On Monday evening there are moving pictures, with a good five-reel photo-play and the Pathe Weekly, which gives vivid glimpses of the week's important happenings; it is the newspaper of the movies and its pictured columns leap lightly from skiing in Oregon to parades on Fifth Avenue, bathing on a California

beach and ship launchings. Last Monday night there were over 600 men in the Concert-Hall with about 40 standing, and nobody murmured about being crowded.

Tuesday evening there is a simple service in the big Reading Room, at which one of the Chaplains talks, explaining the gospel, bringing out particularly the messages of hope and encouragement, the illustrations of triumph over despair. Mrs. Warrington, the official soprano of the Institute, whose repertoire extends through operatic arias, ballads and topical songs, makes the gospel services have an additional appeal by her singing of familiar hymns. She knows how to put a genuinely human note into her voice so that the flowing old melodies take on a new, picturesque quality. Those are not ordinary gospel services, anyhow, for the men applaud enthusiastically after a hymn that they liked, or after some words of the Chaplain which have im-

pressed them as being peculiarly adapted to their own problems.

Lectures arranged by the Board of Education are given on Wednesday evening, and this year there has been a wide variety of subjects, always illustrated with beautifully colored stereopticon and motion pictures. It was after the lecture on George Washington that a Norwegian seaman said to one of the staff:

"He was just like my pal, Jim, that's sailed with me for eight years. He never thought about himself when there was a nasty job to be done."

Making the founders of American history more intimate is a subtle form of education that cannot be overdone.

Of course, Thursday evenings have always belonged more or less to the apprentice boys of the British Merchant Marine. They have always come to the Institute to play games and dance and have things to eat—chocolate and sandwiches in the winter, and lemonade in the summer, with ice cream whenever the exchequer permits. There are often special entertainments for them, whenever a holiday gives an excuse, such as Valentine parties with red hearts and little favors for dancing, Hal-lowe'en and Thanksgiving parties. But it doesn't need a holiday to give boys from fourteen to twenty a good time. They dance in the cleared spaces of the Concert-Hall, do Virginia Reels and Dan Tuckers; some of them play billiards in their own Apprentice Room, and if there are any searchers for quiet, they play chess and checkers, and reluctantly

troop back to their ships when the Big Brother has to send them away.

Friday evenings have been made the vaudeville-concert nights, with magicians, members of the fast-dying race of jugglers, monologue artists and singers. A very popular singing and dancing team has for its special appeal a man who was an actor at the beginning of the war; he enlisted in the Navy and has now returned to the stage with his wife.

"I'm a sailor, too," he told his audience, and since he seemed to know so well what seamen like to hear and see, they welcomed him into the fraternity of the sea and demanded encores until his feminine partner almost lost her breath and her voice.

Community singing is always a feature of these entertainments, and a Finnish seaman assured the Man Who Gives Advice that he had learned a great deal of English from studying the words of songs thrown upon the screen.

"Except Dixie," he said, shaking his head. "Nobody tell me where that land is. I never sail there, so maybe it's an island the ships don't touch."

He grasped the idea at once, after a little colorful explaining, and the next time a monologist told a story in negro dialect the sailor from Finland announced delightedly to all his neighbors that it was the language they spoke in the country called Dixie.

Saturday nights have been the roller-skating period for apprentices, but

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with the congestion in the Lobby and Reading Rooms, it is probable that this evening will soon be made into another moving-picture show, in order that more seamen may have a chance for comfortable recreation.

After the Sunday evening service, the Home Hour is arranged up in the Auditorium, attracting the seaman who may be homesick, or find himself with loneliness to fight, on the day when memories have an insidious little habit of creeping into the most sturdy heart.

There is violin music and the seamen sing "Loch Lomond," "Dixie," "Old Black Joe" and the tuneful old-fashioned college songs which seem to have no absolute nationality. Almost every seaman seems to know "Juanita" and "Sweet and Low." Now that rounds have been started, even the most timid singer has found his voice. Singing rounds and part songs is a simple method of separating the tenors from the basses and making every man feel responsible for his little group.

"Three Blind Mice" and "Scotland's Burning" have been enormously successful for rounds, although when three hundred men shout, "Fire! Fire! Pour on water!" the police along the water-front need to be warned that no alarm should be turned in. They wait anxiously for the "Fire" part and turn all their energy loose. Somebody invented a pleasant variation for the old song "You shan't have any of my fresh roasted peanuts when your peanuts are gone." It is, "You shan't have

any of my Sweet Caporal cigarettes and Duke's Mixture," and the serious efforts seamen make to get all the words into the melody crisply would warm the soul of a teacher of English.

Log Book Stories

Those pages of the Log Book should have a power of changing color like a chameleon, for each man who comes into the Relief Department office has a story which invariably has just a shade of difference in its hue. If three men follow each other in quick succession, each one asking for a loan of fifty cents until the next day, neither the first nor the second nor the third gives exactly the same reason for being hard up.

But they come in with questions and problems that make the men on duty feel like combinations of the legal, medical and clerical professions, financial advisors, teachers and literary agents.

A young seaman wants working clothes, for instance. He has been taken to the hospital with a contagious disease, and when he comes out, finds that all his dungarees and sea-gear had to be burned to prevent infection,

"I can't sign on without some other clothes," he explains, pointing to his one suit of blue serge, and the Man Who Gives Advice is forced to agree with him. He looks over the boy's papers, investigates his record as far as possible, and if the Institute's stock of emergency clothes

permits, the seaman is fitted out. He usually wants to pay for them out of his next wages, and when he reaches this port again he quite often keeps his word.

Worn By Years

"I used to think I'd never admit that I had grown old," a seaman remarked sadly to the Man Who Gives Advice, "but I can't stand up straight any more and I guess the time has come for me to give up and go to Sailors' Snug Harbor."

He looked hopefully at the face of the dispenser of friendly services; it sounded so simple. He had been to sea for fifty years and he was worn out. He had no knowledge of the steps that must be taken before he could sail over to Staten Island and join the white-haired men who spend their last days within the sight of masts and the smell of the salt air.

"I would just as soon stay here," he suggested. "Maybe I could do errands or something. My eye-sight isn't much good any more, but I served the sea well and I'd be glad to be working for the younger men that follow my old trade."

It would have been needlessly unkind to tell him how many old seamen had made the same request. The Man Who Gives Advice pulled an application blank from a pile and began the first stage of the long routine that includes proofs, papers, a birth certificate and many inquiries before an aged seaman can be admitted to Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Disaster in Pursuit

His attitude of stolid patience touched the quick sympathies of the Man Who Gives Advice, even before he looked up into the sorrowful blue eyes of the man waiting in the doorway.

"You would know where I could send my five motherless children, maybe?" the seaman inquired.

"I left the sea to work in the shipyards at Hog Island last fall; I was a rigger foreman, but I have always been a ship's carpenter, so I do many things. The day before Christmas I came home to spend the holiday with my family. My wife did not come to the door, but my eldest girl, who is only twelve, ran up to me. Her mother had been struck by a trolley car that day and killed. A few days later when I had to return to work, I caught my hand in a machine and lost my right thumb. So now I cannot earn so much, and my children are not being looked after."

He spoke of his tragedy in the calm stoical voice of one who has found it all too incomprehensible for complaint. Disaster had pursued him, and now all he could do was to consider the future of his five children.

The Man Who Gives Advice gave him the address of the Home for Seamen's Children over on Staten Island, and the man thanked him gravely.

"It would be only a little while that they must stay in an institution," he said proudly. "When I get used to doing without my thumb I shall earn more wages."

The Deep Water Urge

Out beyond Liberty's light and past the narrow path that can be seen with binoculars from the Institute Tower, on clear days, is the deep water which always calls the seaman who has been forced by circumstances to spend his days on coasting schooners and tug boats.

"I'd be willing to get rid of this title of 'Captain,'" a seaman declared, looking past the Man Who Gives Advice to the dazzling sunlight on the bay. "I'm captain of a tug boat and she's a decent little vessel, but I want to get into the deep water. Tell me how to go about it, and I'll sign on as mess boy if I can only ship for somewhere that is at least a week away from New York.

Aiming to Please

"Will you answer the telephone, Peter?" one of the staff on duty in the Relief Department asked a waiting applicant. "Find out who it is and I'll speak in a minute. I don't want to lose my place in this file."

Peter obligingly took off the receiver.

"Yes," he said amiably, "this is the Seamen's Institute. Yes. What?"

He turned with a wide grin and put his hand delightedly upon the arm of the Institute worker.

"I say," he exclaimed, "it's a law firm that wants a definition of 'poop-deck.' Let me tell them."

"Yes," he continued into the telephone mouthpiece, "we do a bit of everything down here—we aim to please."

Four Men

Four seamen stood outside the Relief office door when the Man Who Gives Advice came in. And they wanted these things:

A wanted a package of magazines and books to take on board his vessel that was sailing in an hour.

B was just out of the hospital; his room at the Institute was paid for by two of his friends, but he wanted to inquire about the Burke Foundation for convalescents.

C wanted his picture taken for his passport, but he was anxious to have the address of a good photographer. He thought he'd like the man who made the picture post-cards for the Institute.

D returned a loan, having figured out the interest on \$3.00 for two months at 6 per cent., which he made a point of paying.

Jellies for Hospital

For our seamen who are ill in the hospitals we need jellies and preserved fruits. It is not convenient to take very much to brighten the deadly drabness of invalid trays. The ward nurses and orderlies are too busy to take care of extensive gifts to augment the hygienic diet.

But jelly and jam need not crowd the ward's ice-box, and we shall be very glad to receive them at the Institute and see that they are distributed when the Visiting Lady and the other hospital visitors of the staff make their daily rounds.

What Is Important?

Most of us have a daily series of engagements and worries which seem colossally important to us. We are always saying, "I must be there at two-thirty," or "I don't see how I can find time."

But Ben has been lying in the hospital for over seven weeks, recovering from a dangerous operation on his throat, and there is only one thing that seems really important to him.

"What would you like?" the soft voice of the cheerful little Visiting Lady asked him yesterday, leaning over his bed so that the slowly healing throat might not be strained by talking.

"Oh, I don't dare think of it, and yet I dream of it all the time: it's the meat stew that they make at the Institute."

The Visiting Lady put the jar of ruby-colored jelly quietly upon the table. It would be many more weeks before any diet more vigorous than custards and jellies could be prescribed for Ben and she knew it.

"The minute you are better," she promised rashly, and Ben patted her hand. If one cannot secure the important things, it is comforting to realize that somebody understands.

The Fluent Fred

Fred strode briskly into the House Mother's office, trying hard to remove an angry scowl before he spoke to her.

"Anything wrong?" she inquired, remembering that Fred usually wore the look of one who admires the world hugely and makes everything an excuse to laugh.

"Well, no, I suppose there ain't nothing really wrong," he admitted, "but some people have no idea of gratitude."

She acknowledged this; it had occurred to her sometimes, but she had never let it corrode her disposition.

"I just met a French sailor at the entrance to the subway," Fred went on, "and I thought he looked a bit lonely, as though he didn't know his way around. I says to him in a friendly way, 'Commy vous, porty vous,' and how do you think he answered me? 'I no speak English,' he says."

Fate and Archie

Archie is an apprentice boy who needs a sense of humor just now to help him over a few trying weeks.

When his ship came into port, nearly ten months ago, there was a fire in the hold. Archie came to live at the Institute, helping work at repairing the ship, and each time it was about to sail something happened. Once there was an explosion and once there was a harbor strike. And Archie wanted to get back to England to see his mother and the little girl who lived next door.

Finally the ship was ready. It was to sail last Saturday and Archie had all his things on board. That morning he awoke with a sore throat and a temperature, and that afternoon he was sent to the hospital with measles.

"Of course, she (the ship) couldn't wait for me to lose these red spots," he said ruefully, when the Visiting Lady called on him, "but don't you believe there is such a thing as luck?"

The Gifts

From his overcoat pocket he carefully drew forth a crimson silk handkerchief and the House Mother looked up a bit fearfully, wondering what it concealed.

It was the same seaman who had promised to bring her a monkey on his next voyage, and she was nervously framing a tactful refusal. He unwrapped the glowing covering and put on her desk a little tortoise shell guitar, one of those delicately wrought trifles that tourists pick up in Genoa and Naples.

"I suppose this won't be of any use to you, but I thought about you over there and I didn't see why I shouldn't bring you something pretty even if you only keep it on the mantel," he said half apologetically.

He was so pleased by her appreciation that he came back after he had gone half way down the corridor.

"Next trip south I'll get you a stuffed alligator," he promised.

The Fraternal Atmosphere

Sometimes a seaman who wishes to describe what he actually feels about the Institute finds the right words, and whenever he does, it is a sincere expression that has value quite apart from being a human document.

"Allow me to introduce myself at the outset as Ted Black, the British sailor who used to call with you when staying at the Institute," a man wrote to the Man Who Gives Advice.

"I left the Institute rather suddenly last time before I had opportunity to receive from you a peaceful blessing prior to emerging into peril, as I was privileged to receive on a former occasion. A few minutes before leaving I ran up to your office only to find you were not in. To leave the Institute is always more or less grievous to me, as from the first day I set foot in it, I became very interested in the fine fraternal atmosphere and so loved it, as a place of refuge and almost as a home. It is now over a year since I was first there, and I feel that this life on the sea, tempered with periodical stays at the S. C. I., with the opportunity offered therein for emulating precept and studying various sorts and conditions of men, has enabled me to know more about men, and more about God.

"Providence, ever so kind, will, I hope, allow us to see each other again and that soon.

"How is my fine-built, repentant comrade going on? He could not very well be in a safer place than our dear old S. C. I."

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or
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Dr. Mansfield In West

During the twenty-four years that the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., has been the superintendent of the Institute he has only twice been able to take anything approaching an actual vacation. Although the Board of Managers offered him a six weeks' absence each year, the constant expansion of the tremendous work, developing under his guidance, has made it impossible for him to leave. There are always new problems, important decisions to be made, acute situations arising that have demanded his personal attention. At last it seemed imperative that he should get a rest and a complete change from the multiplying duties, and he has gone to the Coast to remain until the second week in May.

This trip will scarcely mean a temporary forgetting of the merchant seamen, for accompanied by Mr. Davenport, the Executive Secretary of the S. C. I. of America, Dr. Mansfield intends to make surveys of the work in most of the Western ports, with which he has been in communication for years.

"My idea of a survey," Dr. Mans-

field explained to the editor, "means a complete study of the water-front. It means visiting the Customs House, the Consulates, all the docks and piers. It means discovering the locations of all the unions, the firemen's, stewards' and longshoremen's unions. It means going in to see every Mission, every sailors' home or reading room—whatever club house or meeting place has been instituted for the use of the seafaring men. The character of the piers and the location of the Consul's offices would of course determine largely the most desirable situation for a new Institute, if one is to be opened. If a city is merely a port of call, the seamen naturally require only a kind of club house where they can read, write letters, play games and make friends during their hours ashore. If it is a port of discharge, the necessity for hotel facilities, for an Institute where mail can be sent, luggage stored, rooms and meals provided, is immediately important."

With maps of all the big Pacific Coast ports, Dr. Mansfield has already familiarized himself with the water-fronts of these cities. He will visit the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco, of which the Rev. Charles Deems (for several years the Assistant Superintendent of the New York Institute) is now Superintendent. With the wide knowledge and long experience which twenty-four years contact with merchant seamen problems in New York have given him, Dr. Mansfield has become an efficiency expert whose sympathetic suggestions are of incalculable value wherever new work is to be organized or existing activities are being expanded.

Music Givers

In response to The Lookout's request for a portable organ, checks were received from fourteen understanding friends of the merchant seamen. Although the first check actually paid for the instrument, all the other contributors were potential givers of music because their money made it possible for us to start a Ship Service Fund with which to pay the service of the organist and finance the expense of the singers who go out on the Hamersley to hold these song services on board the vessels in the stream.

Bringing music to the seamen who have to stay on their ships during a Sunday idleness has a most interesting reaction. When the Chaplain goes about in the morning, or on Saturday afternoon, arranging for the meetings, he frequently finds the men lounging about, a bit low-spirited and feeling no special impetus to change their grimy working clothes or brighten their quarters.

By the time the Hamersley returns, bringing the organ and the musicians, the men have been busy with pails of water: they have put on clean clothes, scrubbed themselves vigorously, and are all smilingly ready to take part in the singing and the simple religious service. They usually have prepared coffee or tea, anxious to extend the ship's hospitality to visitors.

Executive Secretary Work

Mr. Davenport, who was appointed Executive Secretary of the Seamen's Church Institute of America in Feb-

ruary, with his headquarters at No. 25 South Street, has his work well organized and has completed his survey of several Eastern ports. Last month he visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Portland, Maine, examining the work for merchant seamen in these cities, making analyses and trying to discover just how it may need extension and co-operation.

Mr. Davenport has now gone to the Pacific Coast with Dr. Mansfield to visit San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle and every port where merchant seamen call or land.

Carnations

Mothers' Day will be celebrated at the Institute on the second Sunday in May, the day set apart for remembering mothers all over the United States. Since the symbol for the day has always been a white flower, we wish to give every seaman in the building and at the North River Station a white carnation for his button-hole on that Sunday. This would probably mean the distribution of 1,000 flowers and we should be glad if Lookout readers would send us contributions to the Carnation Fund for Mother's Day.

That little blossom on a seaman's coat will awaken not merely sad memories and homesick longings. It will remind him of precepts and good counsel and tenderness. It is a gentle, gracious way of paying tribute in which the friends of the merchant seamen will be happy to share.

Please send checks or money with the envelope plainly marked "For Mothers' Day Flowers" or "Carnation Fund."

Ice-Water Fountain

When the balcony in the Auditorium is crowded on entertainment evenings, the warm and thirsty seamen are constantly having to leave their places to go down-stairs to the drinking fountain just outside the Concert Hall. We should like to install another fountain, connected with our iced water system through which filtered water, cooled by the Institute's refrigerating plant, can be brought, not only to the seamen in the balcony but for the use of the workers in the Ways and Means Department. The staff on the mezzanine floor with offices that open onto the balcony should not be compelled to leave their work to go down-stairs for drinking water.

All the fountains in the building, of Tennessee marble in a straight, simple beautiful design have been given as memorials. This new one gives an opportunity for another gift in memory. The cost of installing it will be \$150. It will be arranged with foot-pedal to turn on the jet of water, as a sanitary safe-guard for the careless users of drinking cups, and probably with a faucet, too, for the use of the staff.

His Own Letter-Box

Now that the new post office has been enlarged, taking in a corner of the Lobby where the Tower makes a convenient angle, over three hundred private call-boxes have been put in for seamen who wish to use the Institute almost entirely as an address for their letters. By paying the very nominal sum of 25c a month a seaman can secure a letter-box with his name on it. He can see whether he has any mail

by looking through the glass, saving an enormous amount of trouble for himself and the post-mistress by not having to wait while a search is made through a large pile of letters, alphabetically sorted under the old system.

Sometimes there is a six months' accumulation of letters for one man under the letter "L," for instance. This has meant continual handling of Lundquist's mail while looking to see if there are letters for Lewis, Lapham or Ludmiller.

Among the names on the letter-boxes already rented Scandinavian ones appear most frequently. "Nilsen," "Borensen," "Bjurstedt," "Olsen" the slips read, with an occasional British or American "Robinson," "Johnson" and "Anstruther." Those intricate Polish names like "Schimonowsky," "Lwitezovitch" will make the letter-boxes a distinct boon to the busy post office employees.

Special racks for newspapers and magazines have been built, and the whole system of handling seamen's mail greatly simplified.

Gradually the habit of giving the Seamen's Institute as his home address has been acquired by hundreds of seamen, who have discovered that it is the safest place for correspondence headquarters.

Flowers for Altar

Flowers were placed upon the altar of the Chapel of our Saviour on Sunday, March 2nd by Mrs. Walter Katte, in memory of Walter Katte. On March

16th the altar blossoms were given by Miss Marie Kenyon in memory of her father, and on March 23rd they were the gift of Mrs. W. H. Bilbrough "In Memoriam William H. Bilbrough."

"You don't know how thankful I am," an anxious wife wrote to the Visiting Lady, after receiving a letter about her husband's health, "and I am very grateful to your great kindness during his illness. Do you think he is out of all danger? You can't understand how I feel so far away and I fear for him when he leaves the hospital, but will trust to your kindness to keep an eye on him."

"It must be hard on you, seeing so much sickness, but it means such a lot to us who have to wait and worry."

About The Lookout

So many pleasant sentences of appreciation of The Lookout have been received by the Superintendent that he has asked the editor to publish a few of them, not in the spirit of an artist making a reclame, but showing something of the extremely friendly interest that Lookout readers have taken in the slender little magazine.

The Lookout made its initial bow in May, 1910, so that this April issue completes nine years of publication. The present editor wrote her first issue in October, 1911. She has been greatly touched by the sincerity of the excerpts which follow.

Washington, D. C.

"I am most heartily interested in the splendid work of the Institute and always enjoy, when tired out, reading The Lookout for its refreshing view of life. I should be glad to have the editor know how much it has helped me from month to month."

Pittsburgh.

"I always read The Lookout from cover to cover with interest and pleasure and know it shows what great work is being done by the Institute."

Rochester.

"The Lookout is about the brightest publication I have ever seen!"

Michigan.

"As I am much interested in your work and am kept posted by your paper, The Lookout, I am sending an additional subscription for I feel that 1919 is, and will be, an especially heavy year for you."

From an eighty year old reader of The Lookout: "I am very much interested in the Seamen's Church Institute and always read the monthly magazine, realizing what an important work you are doing there."

Montclair.

"I was deeply interested in the story concerning the three English apprentice lads so I would like to contribute my mite towards the good cause."

Wilmington, Del.

"We all enjoy The Lookout very much and after reading it, the numbers are passed on to the Settlement where many read and enjoy them."

Cincinnati, O.

"I want to tell you how much I admire the splendid work the Institute is doing and of which your spry little Lookout keeps me posted. Should I ever be able to visit New York again, I want to make the acquaintance of the dear House Mother and shake hands with that sensible kindly being, 'The Man Who Gives Advice.' I feel as if I know the whole staff."

New York.

"The Lookout has made some of the seamen so real to me that they seem like friends of mine in whose welfare I am intimately concerned."

From "Y" to S. C. I.

Our House Manager, Trevor M. Barlow, has returned from France, put away the uniform with the red triangle and transferred his activities from the Army to the merchant seamen, after nearly eight months' service abroad.

Being sent over as a Y. M. C. A. secretary, he was first stationed at the Hotel Pavilion in Paris, a hostelry for enlisted men who were being transferred from camp to camp. There were not many Paris furloughs being granted at that time, but the hotel was always crowded.

"The 'Y' knew about my experience at the Institute so they put me behind a hotel desk, gave me 1,000 francs with which to make change, and told me to do my best. I had to look out for the comfort of nearly 400 men. Of course, after my years with the seamen in this building, I couldn't feel helpless, but there was a constant changing of money, with the rates of exchange going up and down constantly. Soldiers were always asking me the French word for everything from boots to ice cream. When the hotel was too full I used to go about the neighborhood getting rooms for the men.

"We ran a canteen in the hotel, too, using the old bar, installing little gas stoves. The girls of the 'YM' and 'YW' worked so hard that I never could see how they kept from breaking down. They fried eggs, made omeletes, sandwiches and coffee and chocolate all day long."

After that, Mr. Barlow ran Seeing Paris Tours which reminded him of the Institute's summer Seeing New York trips. On one of the trips an American boy, driving through the Bois, suddenly ejaculated:

"Why didn't they bring us to Paris first, so we'd have known what we were fighting for?"

He was a boy who had landed in the middle of the Brest mud and knew nothing else but clinging wet soil for his first six weeks of la belle France.

Put on the motor transport service, Mr. Barlow carried supplies from Paris to Coblenz, to the American

Army of Occupation. It was a six and a half day trip across the American battlefields, along the road from Paris to Germany. It happened that he was but five miles from the place where Frank Harley (the Institute employee who died of pneumonia in Germany two months ago) was billeted. He was one of Mr. Barlow's old friends, having worked with him as first assistant during all the period that he was employed at the Institute; but the regulations would not permit the two friends to meet, and it was not until his return to New York that Mr. Barlow learned of the death of his old associate.

"So much of that work with the soldiers was like the S. C. I. work," Mr. Barlow has said. "We always had moving pictures at the canteens, and as part of my job was being an entertainer, I sang comic songs and did the same things I have so often done for seamen audiences."

He left the Institute the last of June, 1918, and he returns to the task of House Manager with new problems to be solved and new systems to be adopted, in an overcrowded building.

Mr. Wood III

The Big Brother of the apprentices, Howard O. Wood, has suffered a nervous break-down which has made it necessary for him to leave his work at the Institute for several months. Mr. Wood has been working with the apprentice boys for nearly fifteen years, having watched hundred of them grow up

and get their mate's and captain's licenses. In his absence the work is being carried on by other members of the staff. The boys who count themselves old friends after a few visits to the building inquire solicitously after him, and the ones to whom he has never failed to write each week will miss his letters.

Our Own Poets

There must have been some rhy-mers' lexicons in the books which have been coming in for the Literature Store Room, because verses to be used with the tunes of popular songs continue to filter into the House Mother's office. Here is one which has been made into a slide for the stereopticon and is being sung at the Monday night movies and the Friday evening concert-vaudeville, when the seamen have community sings:

"On the sea we've other heroes, too,
They wear no gold nor uniforms, 'tis
true,

They have no swift destroyers,
Submarine annoyers,

But they've been fighting, too;
GIVE 'EM CREDIT.

While this war was raging over there,
Munitions, food and clothing they
did pack,

Though the Army and the Navy
Deserve credit—some day maybe
You'll give some to the Merchant
Jack."

And another verse has been set to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which is even better known as the music to "John Brown's Body:"

"We have stood beside the nations
 In their hour of deepest need;
 We have dared to do our duty
 In the fight 'gainst German greed;
 We have faced Death in torpedoes
 And in other dastard deeds
 That the nations might be FREE.

Chorus:

Glory, Glory Hallelulia, etc.,
 The World again is FREE."

Ways and Means

When people take time out of their busy days to write letters to enclose with the contributions to the Ways and Means Department, we feel that an active friendliness lies very close to the work that goes on so absorbingly down here at the corner of the island.

"It is a splendid work you are doing for our seamen and it is deserving of the hearty support of everyone," a man wrote from the country.

"We are raising our subscription from \$5 to \$25 this year as conditions seem better than last year. We appreciate all the good work that has been done by this Institute, as the writer has a personal friend who has been staying there and has had very good treatment," said a letter with a New York address.

And a Commander in the Navy says, "I enclose my usual contribution to the S. C. I. I quite appreciate the necessity for the care of the merchant seamen, particularly since from the beginning of the war I have been actively engaged in command of a destroyer to protect them through the war zone."

A Search for Sugar

Dick left the days before a blazing furnace for the icy winds of New York, without remembering to wear a flannel shirt or a muffler, and a week later he was lying in Bellevue with bronchial pneumonia. When the crisis was past, his best friend, Fred, went up to the hospital to see him.

"I get along pretty well," Dick said smiling a little weakly. "There is a lot of company in the ward when I feel like talking, and I always get a second to speak to the House Doctor. Only one thing—" Dick hesitated, and finally Fred urged him gently.

"Anything you want, Dick? Maybe I could get it. I have all my wages and I have plenty of time. What is it?"

"Well," Dick ventured slowly, "you know they don't have any sugar here. They can't get it for so many patients, and I never learned to drink tea and coffee unless it was sweet. And sometimes I get to thinking of that big blue bowl we used to have on the ship in the old days, and I can't get my mind off it."

Fred picked up his hat. "I will buy some and the nurse will take care of it. She's got a kind face even if she is so businesslike."

That afternoon Fred was waiting before the House Mother's door. His face was very grave and the House Mother, who had known him for a long time, was rather alarmed.

"Anything serious?" she inquired, pointing to the chair where so many

perplexed and despondent men have sat, and talked, and gone away comforted.

"I shouldn't have thought so, but I guess it is. I have been everywhere trying to buy a pound of sugar for Dick. He's sick in Bellevue, you know, and he lies there thinking about sugar. In the stores they didn't know me, and they wouldn't sell me any; it's the law. They didn't seem to believe it was for Dick. Then I thought of you. I knew you could do anything," he finished confidently.

Does this story need a final line?
Dick got his sugar.

Donations Received March, 1919

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

- Adams, Mrs. W. S.
- Allan, Mrs. G. S.
- Allen, Miss Ruth
- American Library Association
- Anonymously—4
- Anonymously—Postmark Pinehurst, N. J.
- Anonymously—Postmark Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Anonymously—Cedarhurst, L. I.
- Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
- Barker, Mr.
- Barlow, Mrs. John
- Bilbrough, Mrs. W. H.
- Bliss, Mrs. W. G.
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- British War Relief Ass'n, Inc.
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 lyn, N. Y.
 Work, Mrs. J. Henry
 Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick William

Church Periodical Club and Branches

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 Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City,
 L. I.
 Church of the Epiphany, N. Y.
 Church of the Epiphany, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Incarnation, N. Y.
 Church of the Resurrection, Richmond
 Hill, L. I.
 Grace Church, Orange, N. J.
 Grace Church, Jamaica, L. I.
 Holy Trinity Church, N. Y.
 St. Agnes Chapel, N. Y.
 St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, N. Y.
 St. Barnabas Church, Irvington, N. Y.
 St. James Church, Montclair, N. J.
 St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Michael's Church, N. Y.
 St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, Brooklyn,
 N. Y.
 St. Paul's Church, Englewood, N. J.
 St. Thomas' Church, Washington, D. C.
 Trinity Church, Hoboken, N. J.
 Zion & St. Timothy, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Dyett, Mrs. J. S., "Religious and Social Fund" _____	\$30.00
Gale, Mrs. Thomas K., "Religious and Social Fund" _____	35.00
Halsted, Miss Leonora B., "Religious and Social Fund" _____	2.00
Hance, Mrs. John A., "Special Concert for April 22nd." "In anniversary of Daughter's Birthday" _____	50.00
Hovey, Mrs. Gertrude M., "Religious and Social Fund" _____	2.00
Katte, Mrs. Walter, "Chapel Flower Fund." "In memory of Walter Katte" _____	10.00
Lyman, Elias, "Religious and Social Fund" _____	30.00
Meissner, Charles A., "Discretionary Fund" _____	5.00
Murphy, James B., "Relief Fund" _____	5.00
Richard, Miss Elvine, "Discretionary Fund" _____	30.00
Vom Saal, Rudolph E., "Discretionary Fund" _____	100.00
Willis, Mrs. Wm. P., "Discretionary Fund" _____	30.00
Wiemann, George F., Jr., "Discretionary Fund" _____	30.00

General Summary of Work

MARCH 1919

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	16	1537	1756
Scandinavian.....	2	38	38
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	3	211	217
Bible Classes	5	450	451
Lettish	2	25	25
Holy Communion Services			7
Wedding Services			1
Baptismals			3

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	17	4216	4522
Home Hour	5	859	933
Public Lectures	5	897	988
Ships Visited			54
Packages reading matter distributed....			264
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			394

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	176
Cases treated in Institute Clinic.....	237
Referred to Hospitals.....	43
Referred to other Societies.....	4
Hospital Visits	77
Patients Visited	697

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	22,480
Letters received for seamen.....	7,569
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,511

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	21
Visits to vessels	56
Bundles of magazines distributed	84

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	24
Men Shipped.....	99
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	62
Total number of men given employment	161

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$ 62,695.34
Withdrawals.....	62,661.82
Transmitted.....	11,298.40
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust.....	57,546.82

PLEASE REMEMBER

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

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

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

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

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

- 1 Founders or Benefactors of the Institute automatically become subscribers.
- 2 All who subscribe annually five dollars or more to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
- 3 Those who contribute a sum under five dollars or make any gift, receive one complimentary copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.
- 4 Every one who subscribes one dollar a year to the Lookout Department.

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

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