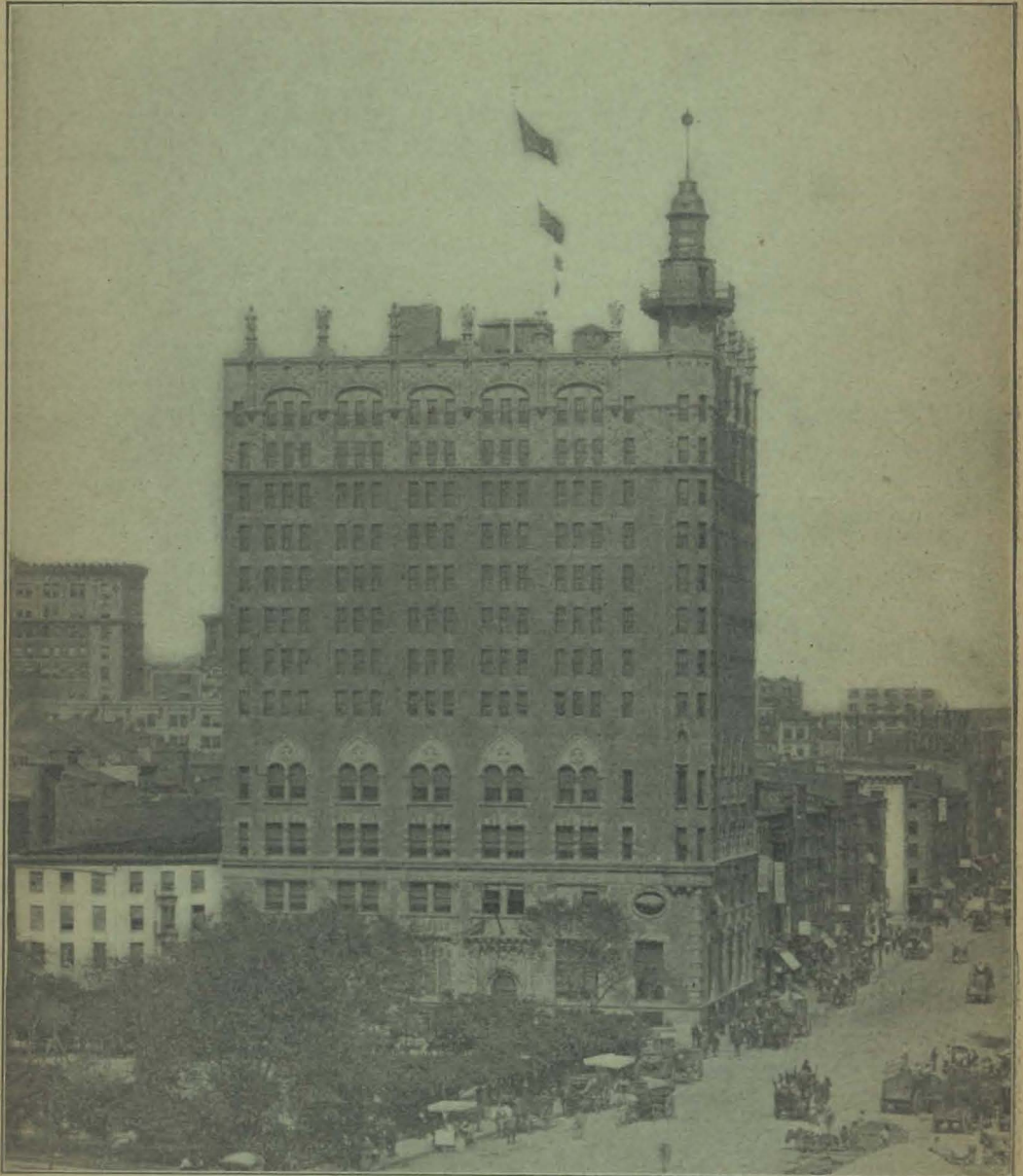


The Lookout



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.
25 SOUTH STREET

THE WAR HAS HURT THE SAILOR

With the war destroying his chances for employment, the sailor is living in a winter of acute distress.

When the debt upon our Building, which handicaps the work of this Seamen's Institute, is removed, we can help the sailor when he needs it most.

Two pledges of \$50,000 each will not be paid until subscriptions for the entire indebtedness are secured.

This indebtedness is \$150,000 in addition to the two contingent pledges above referred to.

This balance of \$150,000 hampers the Institute's best efforts.

Become a Founder and give \$5,000 or more of that \$150,000.

Become a Benefactor and give \$1,000 of that \$150,000.

\$500. will reduce that total.

\$100. or \$50. or \$25. or \$10. or \$1. will work against the debt.

With this debt paid, **NEW LIFE** will flow into every department of the Institute's work for sailors.

SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO
EDMUND L. BAYLIES, Chairman Building Committee
54 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 5

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 10

While Ben Slept

There is a story in one of W. W. Jacobs' collection about a little boy who pinches the tail of his grandmother's cat. She is very indignant and insists that he be punished.

"Yes," agrees the father at last, "I'll give 'im a clout over the 'ead: it'll teach 'im to love animals!"

This is just by way of moral-pointing and it has to do with the fact that Ben has been taught, in somewhat the same way, to love boarding-houses.

Ben drank too much on his first night ashore and then went to the nearest, which also happened to be one of the worst, boarding-houses on the water front to sleep it off. So thoroughly did he apply himself to this remedy that one of his ship-mates went through his pockets, stole his baggage check and brought it the next day to the Institute.

"I just want to take my bag for a few minutes so that I may change my clothes in the Dressing Room," he told the Baggage Man.

"All right," assented the Baggage Man, his suspicions aroused by something in the ship-mate's manner, "just sign your name here."

The ship-mate did so but he signed the wrong initial, for he only knew his erstwhile companion's surname; and he was refused the baggage. He stood on the wind-blown corner considering for a few minutes and then he made a swift decision, turning his foot-steps toward the boarding house. A few seconds later he had gently replaced the check in Ben's pocket without altering a beat of Ben's heavy breathing.

When, a day or two later, Ben applied for his bag and was told of the impostor's claim, he was greatly surprised.

"There I was sleeping like a child and him trying to rob me," he muttered "dunno who I can trust in this world—unless it's you," he added with a grateful nod to the Baggage Man.

The Bewildering Changes

Dan shifted his rather cumbersome figure into a more comfortable position on the Lunch Counter stool and then leaned forward to pour a generous spoonful of sugar into his cup of cocoa.

"Things is certainly strange," he told the waiter confidentially.

The waiter listened politely.

"What were you meaning?" he inquired as Dan paused.

"Why, look at me, an old time sailor feller drinking cocoa and smoking cigarettes when on shore. It looks to me nowadays that when a man is on shore he is all 'at sea,' and most like when he's at sea he feels pretty much as if he was on shore."

Dan shook his head with the air of one who dismisses a puzzling problem. Then he flicked his cigarette ash into his empty cup and smiled at the waiter.

"I might have a bit of lemon meringue," he added luxuriously.

Barber Shop Taken

Few things have given the LOOKOUT greater pleasure than the opportunity to announce that the Barber Shop (by a check of \$300) has been made the gift of Mr. James Barber, a brother of Mr.

Herbert Barber of the Building Committee. Owing to its peculiar nature, the Barber Shop was always extremely difficult to describe in an alluring manner but it has never ceased to appeal to the LOOKOUT as one of the most efficient workers for increasing the sailors' self respect.

—o—

Chris the Cautious

He waited until the line before the Hotel Desk had melted away, its wants satisfied, and then he leaned across the marble space to whisper to the Desk Man.

"Can I deposit some money with you for safe keeping?" he inquired with the manner of one who would say, "Hist! we may be overheard."

"Certainly," assented the Desk Man, prepared already for a heavy responsibility.

"Well, shall I be able to take it out at six o'clock tomorrow morning?" Chris asked, still with a lowered voice. "It's four hundred."

"Yes," he was assured and this time the Desk Man almost whispered too, as he began to make out his receipt for \$400.

Chris drew out his bill book, opened it carefully and drew forth four bills which he placed solemnly in the Desk Man's hand. In the four corners of each bill was a single figure—a 1.

"Four hundred cents," the assistant told the Desk man, "Seamen always call a dollar one hundred."

—o—

A Lookout Reader Writes

From one of our middle western readers we have received a poem about the sailor which we regret our inability to print, through lack of space. However, the last two lines, carrying as they do

the sentiment of the entire poem are given below:

"And I am sure many a sailor in eloquence mute

Thanks God for the Seamen's Church Institute."—J. F.

—o—

Recent Contributions

Mrs. Francis C. Lowell.....	1,000.00
Marshall Field	1,000.00
Orme Wilson, Jr.....	150.00
Theodore E. Smith.....	100.00
Mrs. E. Barnier Shaw.....	100.00
The Misses Soules.....	100.00
Church of the Epiphany.....	100.00
Mrs. Julia G. Simmons.....	10.00
Mrs. Wilson Peterson.....	10.00
Miss Linette A. Parker.....	10.00
Miss A. F. Cornell.....	5.00
Miss Josephine Brewster.....	5.00
Mrs. J. L. Hutchinson.....	5.00
J. B. Spratt	2.00
Henry Korb	1.00
Mrs. George F. Hills.....	1.00

—o—

They Make Inquiry The Husband

"Don't let my husband know I was asking for him," she cautioned the assistant in the Inquiry Department, rather fearfully.

"Why not?" he asked, prompted not so much by curiosity as by a real desire to help the owner of the frightened voice.

"He'd not like to think I was down here at this Institute looking for him. I believe if he was to find it out, he'd kill me."

"He must be a very difficult man to get on with," suggested the assistant tentatively but she interrupted defiantly.

"I want him to come home, whatever he is. You please try to find him and

just forget 'twas me that asked you to."

The assistant closed the office door upon her thin little figure and then he was moved to an original reflection.

"Women," he sighed profoundly, "are queer!"

Wilbur Goes Home

A letter from Wilbur's mother came to the Inquiry Dept. several days ago. She wanted to see her son most particularly, for it was three years since he had run away to sea and "would the Institute please send him back to her as soon as he was found?"

Two days later, Wilbur saw his name on the Bulletin Board and sought the Man-Who-Gives Advice.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked, looking a little as if he wondered just what he had done.

"Yes and your mother is still more anxious. Why did you run away, Wilbur?"

The boy, for he was only eighteen, looked a little embarrassed and then he smiled.

"It all seems silly enough now, sir, but you see she wouldn't let me go to a Sunday School picnic and I'd set my heart on going, and so....." he paused and the Man-Who-Gives-Advice nodded understandingly.

The Mother Worry

Most of the letters that reach the Inquiry Dept. are from mothers. That is natural enough, but an accumulation of pathetic appeals makes you bend over your desk with your eyesight just a little blurred some morning, realizing with sudden illumination how tremendous is this burden of mother worry.

A woman dying in one of the New York hospitals wrote last week, begging us to find her son. She said that

a seaman, who stays at the Institute when on shore, has some sort of hold over the boy and that he has not been home or to see her in over two years.

"Try to find where my son is. Ask that seaman in your Institute. Tell him I must see my boy before I go," she wrote, and the Inquiry Department expects to succeed.

Snow Shovellers

They were shovelling snow on South Street near the Institute and they were all sailors unaccustomed to the work. There would have been nothing particularly pathetic in their attempts to free the walks of the uneven lumps of ice and frozen slush if you had not looked, quite unexpectedly, at their feet. Those were indeed remarkable, for each man, unable to secure shoes or slippers of any sort, had wrapped his feet in a padding of excelsior and burlap, tying the shapeless mass about his ankles with heavy rope. The effect was not pretty, and the recollection of those clumsy substitutes which remained was not a comfortable one.

An Arctic Explorer

The supplementary dormitory on the 5th floor which was made a memorial in November is to have the following inscription placed over the door:

"In Memory of William F. C. Nindeman, Polar Explorer,

Born April 22, 1850—Died May 6, 1913

A Survivor of the *Jeanette* which sank among the Arctic ice-floes in 1879; a member of the party that rescued Lieut. Greely; and a survivor of the *Polaris* expedition. Congress awarded him a medal for bravery in 1890. His life was unselfish, courageous and self-sacrificing. Given by William A. Du Bois."

Senor Tuzzio Is Ordained

On Sunday, January 17th, at 9.30 A. M. were held the Ordination Services by which Vicente Angel Tuzzio, the Institute's Spanish missionary was advanced to the priesthood.

The Rt. Rev. Albion W. Knight D.D., Vice Chancellor to the University of the South officiated, and in the Chancel were the Reverend Messrs. Archibald R. Mansfield, Charles P. Deems, Charles B. Ackley, Chaplain W. G. Jones, Carl Ljunggren, M. Pinkert, H. G. Gibbons.

The address was made by the Rev. Charles B. Ackley who took for his text, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Mr. Ackley spoke of his having known Senor Tuzzio in Cuba, of the great pleasure which it gave him to welcome him thus; drawing the illustration from his text he reminded him that he was a witness to his Spanish people of the great powers for good. Mr. Ackley referred to the Chapel as the "house of tongues," mentioning the various languages which were uttered in that Chancel. At the conclusion of his address he saluted Senor Tuzzio in Spanish, congratulating him upon the privilege which was about to be conferred upon him.

When the very beautiful and impressive service, which concludes so significantly with the laying on of hands, was ended, the Spanish congregation sang the "Sweet Bye and Bye" in their native language. There were about sixty Spaniards present and the effect produced by the words:

"En tus términos grito jamás

Del guerrero se oirá, pues Salud
Tus murallas denominarás

Y por puertas pondras Gratiud...." sung to the old familiar strains of a hymn which the Salvation Army has made justly famous, was most interesting.

In spite of the inclement weather the little Chapel was crowded with visitors from up town, as well as many patrons of the Spanish boarding-houses along the water-front.

What Petersin Wanted

A tiny yellow slip fluttered anxiously on the green bulletin-board in the main corridor. Among the notices of entertainments, of Shipping Bureau needs, of unclaimed letters and the other bits of routine Institute business which crowd each other for space on the green board, the yellow slip thrust out an importunate corner. It caught the eye of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice and he read:

"Aellkereu Tocanre, I seomrrirr medd uo cuorre i toure zgird bre I racobre cerepa II emepcainr."

"Whatever...." muttered the Man-Who-Gives Advice and then sought the interpreter.

"What brand does this advertise?" he inquired, and in a few minutes this little message from one seamen to another was unravelled.

"Alexey Eoran, I would like to see you. I was here 9 P. M. last night. Petersin."

No Ships' Concerts

With so few passenger ships sailing, another result of the war, one source of the Institute's income is completely removed. It was the custom on many of the liners to divide the proceeds de-

rived from their concerts among several seamen societies. For the past six months there have been virtually no passengers, consequently no concerts and no contributions for the Institute.

The Fate of Jonassen

We rarely have a chance to trace the wanderings of one of our seamen guests, but now and then the opportunity is afforded us and, more often than not, the story has a sorrowful ending.

Jonassen came to the Institute last November, enrolling in the Nautical School to study for his officers' license. He passed his examinations at the Customs House with flying colors and one day, late in December, came into the Institute proudly exhibiting a second mate's ticket. The same day a berth was found for him as mate in the "Idler", and he sailed away on his first voyage as an officer.

"I shall never be able to show my gratitude to the Institute for helping me to work at their school," he told one of the staff the day before his vessel sailed. And he spoke more truly than he realized, for his ship, bound for the South Sea Islands, got no further from New York than Cape Hatteras. There she was lost the latter part of December, in a heavy gale. All hands were drowned and Jonassen's second mates' license, for which he had worked so hard, sank with him.

German Sailors

Through the efforts of the Rev. Maximilian Pinkert \$800 has been collected for German seamen within the last two months. So great has been his zeal that hundreds of Germans, who have never been near the sea since they landed in Ellis Island, have applied at the Insti-

tute for help. The little corridor outside the LOOKOUT office, filled with a jostling crowd of Teutons echoes with "Ach, du lieber Gott" and "Ich bin müde" "Ich bin kalt" "Ich bin hungrig."

There has been some difficulty about separating the seamen from the landsmen, and even greater trouble to restrain their use of pipes which should have been peacefully cremated years ago.

Tim Makes a Bad Bargain

Tim went up to the Baggage Department window and flung down two checks for luggage.

"A friend of mine at Fort Slocum wanted me to get his bags for him as he cannot get over here," he explained to the Baggage Man.

"Tim," responded the Baggage Man, who had met him before, "that story is not a very good one. You'll have to think up something else. Suppose you go up and see the assistant superintendent."

But Tim went up to the Lobby, found a stranger who was willing to earn ten cents, and sent him down-stairs with the two checks. He was also refused and the Man-Who-Gives-Advice insisted upon seeing Tim.

"Well," Tim confessed finally, "I bought those tickets from a man who picked them up on South Street. Ain't they any good?"

"They are not—to you," was the emphatic denial.

Indignation rapidly turned into a violent rage as Tim started for the stairs.

"That fellow swindled me," he exclaimed loudly, "I'm going out to look for him and get back my \$2.00."

Tim is still searching.

THE LOOKOUT

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Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer

Address all communications to
Archibald R. Mansfield,.....Superintendent
or Irene Katharine Lane, Editor

Rope Mats

Seamen Find Shore Work

In the administration of our relief work among destitute seamen this year, we have, as stated in the January LOOKOUT, revived an industry which all but vanished with the passing of the sailing ship some fifty years ago. We have employed more than three hundred sailors at this work.

Hand-sewed mats of square sennit, plaited from manila spun-yarn and made up in symmetrical open-work designs, are all but indestructible. Orders for these have been received from golf enthusiasts, to use both as "greens" and as back-grounds to drive into. They are extremely useful for offices, invaluable for protecting the house against the evils of snow and mud and dust. To use as verandah rugs at country places the 12x12 size are made especially.

Moreover, they are so distinctly a nautical product that when placed in the gangways of any vessel they add greatly to the seamanlike appearance of her quarter-deck. Unlike most of the gangway mats now furnished by the ship chandlers, they do not become water-logged and useless in foul weath-

er, when most needed to preserve the whiteness of the deck.

We are offering these mats at prices materially lower than the production costs in order to make our relief funds go further.

The prices are as follows:

12" by 12".....	\$0.50
15" by 24".....	1.25
18 $\frac{3}{4}$ " by 30".....	1.75
22 $\frac{3}{4}$ " by 36".....	2.25
26 $\frac{3}{4}$ " by 42".....	3.00
30" by 48".....	5.00
32" by 51".....	6.00

Chapel Chairs

The Misses Prigge.....	1
Miss Adelaide Von Bargaen.....	3
Miss Gertrude Duncan.....	1
Mrs. John De Laittre.....	1
Mrs. Sheldon Smith	1
George N. Reynolds	1
Mrs. William E. Bunee.....	1
Mrs. George F. Hills.....	1

54 Chapel Chairs (\$5.00)

There are now only 54 Chapel Chairs which can still be presented as separate gifts to the new Chapel.

Five dollars will pay for one of these chairs and a small bronze plate will be affixed to the back, reading "Presented by——."

Bed-Rooms as Gifts

Announcement was not made in the January issue of the donors of the staff bed-rooms. They are as follows:

Room 1201-02 Mr. James B. Ford, to be inscribed "The Explorers Club."

Room 1205 Mr. Marinus Willet Dominick.

Room 1206-07 Miss Evelyn Marshall, transferring from Seamen's room No. 802.

Room 1209 Rev. Olin S. Roche.

Room 1210 Miss Sallie Alethia Roche.

The two seamen's bed-rooms were given by:

Room 802, Mrs. Charles Strauss.

Room 1042, Mrs. George P. Blow.

The officer's room:

Room 1219, Mrs. Annie Klein Robertson.

There now remains only 1208, a staff room on the twelfth floor facing the southwest, with a view of the harbor. This may be presented as a memorial gift of \$250.00.

Gifts or Memorials

The following list contains suggestions for persons wishing to make gifts or to contribute certain amounts as memorials in this new building.

Baggage Department	\$2,000
Soda Fountain	\$1,500
Laundry	\$1,500
Class Room	\$1,500
Motion Picture Machine	\$700
Chapel Chairs	\$5.00
Ice Cream Maker	\$500
Incinerator	\$450
1 Staff Room	\$250
1 Fountain	\$200

One Fountain Left (\$200)

The Drinking Fountain of Tennessee marble in the Officers' Reading and Game Room is suggested as a gift or memorial. A small bronze tablet will be placed upon the fountain itself or directly above it.

Clothing and Shoes

Second-hand clothing, suits, overcoats, underwear and, more especially, shoes are greatly needed. A man stands a better chance of getting a job and

keeping out of the hospital if he is decently and warmly clothed. In the bad weather to come, there will be many appeals from men whose feet are literally on the ground. Any sort of boots and slippers can be used.

On Tuesday Noons

It was the story of the Bishop and the silver candle-sticks from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" which Alexander Irvine told to the seamen up in the Public Reading Room the other Tuesday. Before he began this incident in the pathetic life of Jean Valjean, two young women played piano and violin. They had interchangeable talents and the first to play violin, while her sister accompanied her, chose operatic selections.

"That's 'Rigoletto,'" several sailors whispered as she began the quartette and a few minutes later,

"That's 'Il Trovatore'."

They applauded with flattering violence and then Mr. Irvine told them the story in the simplest and most effective manner.

"You see," he said when he had described Jean's theft of the Bishop's silver spoons after having been his guest at dinner and for the night, "Jean could not be good all at once, after nineteen years in prison where no one had ever shown him the smallest kindness."

"Of course not," agreed several seamen comprehendingly, but they gasped when the gendarmes brought Jean back to the Bishop's house, charging him with the theft.

"He says you gave him these spoons," jeered the soldiers.

"Oh yes," replied the Bishop "I did give them to him," and after the sol-

diers are gone, he gets the candle-sticks, the only pieces of silver the little household has left.

"These are for you, Jean Valjean, and they are to turn you into a good man," says the little Bishop with simple faith.

The seamen applauded this too, not violently but with thoughtful admiration, and then the other Sister performed only feats of technique: she did double stops and harmonics and achieved an effect of bouncing bow and pizzicato which made a complete conquest of her audience. They shuffled their feet with joy when she had finished, thereby disproving the theory that the uncultivated prefer melody to technique.

"Why that girl could do anything she liked with a fiddle," a middle-aged Britisher told his neighbor, "And there wasn't a tune in what she played!"

Those noon day meetings have been of tremendous benefit to the Reading Room crowds: they have been made possible through the generosity of the man who made that room his gift and a memorial.

About The Time-Ball

In the Editor's Drawer of "Harper's Magazine" for February is a humorous little story of a woman guest who comes down early to breakfast with her host in order, so she tells him, to see what it would have been like if she had married him and had had to breakfast with him, often.

Perversely wishing to punish her for her curiosity he assumes an abstracted manner and begins to read his newspaper.

"Perhaps you'll give me a sheet of the paper to look over," she suggests.

He picks out the sheet containing the shipping news and passes it across the table. But she is not to be crushed. She reads excitedly:

"Oh, do listen to this, it's rather fascinating: 'Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street—through arrangement with the North Atlantic Cable Company. Dropped at exact noon today, twelve M., seventy-fifth meridian or five P. M., Greenwich time.' What do you suppose dropped and did it hit anything?"

There is more to the rather satirical sketch but it is not important. However, the paragraph which the lady is supposed to have read is headed "Time-Balls."

By Way of Faith

"May I speak to Fred?" It was a woman's voice on the telephone and it shrilled with excitement.

"Fred who?" inquired the Desk Man with pardonable curiosity.

"Just Fred," she said, "I don't know his other name. Please tell him to come and speak to me. I have a job for him."

"But you must give me more particulars than that. We have about fifty Freds here, you know."

"Well, I know awfully little about him, except that he is a sailor and he was at a wedding a month ago and did not get home until three in the morning," she volunteered helpfully.

The Desk Man looked with dismay at the telephone as if it could communicate his bewilderment to the woman at the other end.

"I am afraid that won't help me much, but give me your name and address and I will do my best for you."

Perfectly certain that her quest was

now successful, she hung up the receiver, adding as she did so. "Tell him to hurry."

And two hours later the Shipping Department sent word to the Desk Man that "Fred" had been identified and was already on his way to the telephone lady.

Zeal for the Fatherland

Ludwig was displaying a most commendable spirit of altruism. All the seamen thought so and to prove their admiration they gave him as much money as they could spare.

"I'm getting subscriptions to the German paper, 'The Fatherland,'" he explained to them, "You pay as much as you like, though the subscription is only a dollar. The rest goes to the widows and orphans of German soldiers."

Last week the interest in Ludwig's activities extended to the office of the paper itself and inquiries were made with the idea of tracing him. He was said to have collected over a thousand dollars, none of which ever reached the "Fatherland" office or the orphans.

He injudiciously appeared at the desk yesterday, asked for his mail and was promptly apprehended. His indignation and protestations of innocence just failed to be convincing; he at last confessed and was arrested.

How to Locate Wrecks

This remarkable device for recovering sunken ships was received from a tailor in an up-state town. He says:

"Reading of the ships that are sent to the bottom of the sea, I was thinking some day some smart fellow will invent a way to raise them or ocean them out, but he cannot tell where they are.

"Now if you place a buoy with a long

thin rope attached in the rigging somewhere, when the ship sinks the Buoy will float, and the smart fellow will know there is something at the bottom! If you fix your name and address on the buoy it will be so much the better."

Appended to the letter was a crude pen and ink sketch showing the Lusitania at the bottom of the sea with a long rope attached to one of her smoke stacks and a buoy floating blithely up on the crest of the waves.

"Elizabeth Palmer" Sinks

Thirteen members of the crew of the "Elizabeth Palmer" were at the Institute during the last week in January. It was difficult to get a connected story of the accident and resulting wreck but the steward and engineer, after talking at the same time for several minutes, finally produced something like this.

"It was four in the morning," began the steward. "Ten minutes of four," corrected the engineer.

"Never mind," interposed the editor gently, but they compromised on five minutes of four.

"I was sleeping in my cabin and the first thing I knew of the collision was the shock," said the steward.

"The steamer 'Washington' crossed our bows suddenly and she sunk ten minutes after we struck," supplied the engineer.

"But we had half an hour to take to the boats and get away. We couldn't save anything but we were all rescued two hours later by an Old Dominion boat."

"You never knew of better treatment than we had on that rescue ship," interrupted the steward hurriedly "From the captain to the dish washers, we received every possible attention, even to cigarettes."

Founders and Benefactors

Contributing the sum of \$5,000 or more entitles one to be known as a "Founder." Contributing the sum of \$1,000 or more (but less than \$5,000), entitles one to be known as a "Benefactor." The names of the Founders and Benefactors will be inscribed upon large bronze tablets to be placed in the main entrance hall of the new Institute.

LIST OF FOUNDERS

J. Pierpont Morgan.....	\$100,000.00
Ferris S. Thompson.....	100,000.00
Robert B. Minturn Foundation...	62,500.00
John D. Rockefeller.....	50,000.00
Henry C. Frick.....	30,000.00
Frederick W. Vanderbilt.....	20,000.00
William A. Du Bois.....	17,980.00
Miss Cornelia Prime.....	16,460.00
Mrs. William Douglas Sloane.....	15,000.00
William Douglas Sloane.....	15,000.00
Edward S. Harkness.....	15,000.00
Charles W. Harkness.....	15,000.00
Mrs. E. Henry Harriman.....	15,000.00
Miss Katharine Du Bois.....	12,630.00
Lispnard Stewart.....	11,000.00
Andrew Carnegie.....	10,000.00
James Stillman.....	10,000.00
William K. Vanderbilt.....	10,000.00
Alfred G. Vanderbilt.....	10,000.00
Edmund L. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Mrs. Nathalie E. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Mrs. Walter C. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Frederick G. Bourne.....	10,000.00
Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.....	10,000.00
Thomas Potts.....	6,860.00
Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty.....	6,750.00
Robert S. Brewster.....	6,000.00
Augustus D. Juilliard.....	6,000.00
Jacob H. Schiff.....	5,600.00
Harris C. Fahnestock.....	5,100.00
George F. Baker.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Edward N. Breitung.....	5,000.00
Cleveland H. Dodge.....	5,000.00
Mrs. William E. Dodge.....	5,000.00
D. Willis James.....	5,000.00
James N. Jarvie.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Morris K. Jesup.....	5,000.00
Ogden Mills.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Wm. Van Rensselaer Smith.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson.....	5,000.00
Mortimer L. Schiff.....	5,000.00
Robert E. Tod.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Joseph M. White.....	5,000.00
Mrs. E. Walpole Warren.....	5,000.00
Wheaton B. Kunhardt.....	5,000.00
Henry R. Kunhardt.....	5,000.00

LIST OF BENEFACTORS

Mrs. John E. Alexandre.....	\$3,500.00
William L. Harkness.....	3,500.00
Mrs. Samuel Lawrence.....	3,300.00
William G. Low.....	3,000.00
James May Duane.....	2,500.00
George J. Gould.....	2,500.00
M. Guggenheim's Sons.....	2,500.00
Francis Lynde Stetson.....	2,500.00
Allison V. Armour.....	2,000.00
Barber & Co., Inc.....	2,000.00
George S. Bowdoin.....	2,000.00
Funch, Edye & Co.....	2,000.00

Henry Lewis Morris.....	2,000.00
Percy R. Pyne.....	2,000.00
In Memory of Philip Ruprecht.....	2,000.00
Gerard Beekman.....	2,000.00
James A. Scrymser.....	2,000.00
Seamen's Benefit Society.....	2,000.00
Henry A. C. Taylor.....	2,000.00
Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer.....	2,000.00
John E. Berwind.....	1,500.00
James W. Cromwell.....	1,500.00
Miss Ethel Du Bois.....	1,500.00
Samuel Thorne.....	1,500.00
James Douglas.....	1,250.00
In memory of Stuart F. Randolph.....	1,250.00
F. Augustus Schermerhorn.....	1,100.00
Mrs. William Alanson Abbe.....	1,000.00
In memory of Mary D. Bacon.....	1,000.00
Walter C. Baylies.....	1,000.00
Edward J. Berwind.....	1,000.00
C. K. G. Billings.....	1,000.00
Matthew C. D. Borden.....	1,000.00
Bowring & Company.....	1,000.00
Frederick F. Brewster.....	1,000.00
Mrs. B. H. Buckingham.....	1,000.00
C. Ledyard Blair.....	1,000.00
William P. Clyde.....	1,000.00
Crossman & Sielcken.....	1,000.00
R. Fulton Cutting.....	1,000.00
W. Bayard Cutting.....	1,000.00
Marshall Field.....	1,000.00
Edward H. Harriman.....	1,000.00
Charles Hayden.....	1,000.00
George A. Hearn.....	1,000.00
Augustus Heckscher.....	1,000.00
Francis L. Hine.....	1,000.00
Johnson & Higgins.....	1,000.00
Henry L. Hobart.....	1,000.00
Anson W. Hard.....	1,000.00
Mrs. H. G. Julian.....	1,000.00
Otto H. Kahn.....	1,000.00
George Gordon King.....	1,000.00
Charles Lanier.....	1,000.00
Lazard Freres.....	1,000.00
Sir Thomas Lipton.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Francis C. Lowell.....	1,000.00
George G. Mason.....	1,000.00
Charles W. McCutcheon.....	1,000.00
John A. McKim.....	1,000.00
Levi P. Morton.....	1,000.00
Wilhelmus Mynderse.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Edwin Parsons.....	1,000.00
William Ross Proctor.....	1,000.00
William A. Read.....	1,000.00
John J. Riker.....	1,000.00
Henry Seligman.....	1,000.00
Simpson, Spence & Young.....	1,000.00
Isaac Seligman.....	1,000.00
Mortimer M. Singer.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Russell Sage.....	1,000.00
Ormond G. Smith.....	1,000.00
Samuel Thorne.....	1,000.00
Henry M. Tilford.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Vanderbilt.....	1,000.00
Col. Robert M. Thompson.....	1,000.00
Edward H. Van Ingen.....	1,000.00
Felix M. Warburg.....	1,000.00
George Peabody Wetmore.....	1,000.00
Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore.....	1,000.00
Mr. & Mrs. Francis M. Whitehouse.....	1,000.00

The Case of Richeza

"The old days when the sailor was always in danger of being robbed are past," a visitor to the Institute told his friend the other day. "Isn't that true?" he asked the staff member who was showing them through the building. The staff member shook his head reluctantly.

"That impression seems to be pretty general but, unfortunately, the seaman still deserves his reputation for being an easy victim."

Last week John Arnold, after booking his room in the Institute and being paid a month's wages in the British Consul's office down-stairs, started out to investigate the allurements of South Street. He didn't drink much, he says, but he acquired a certain air of detachment from material cares, quite failing to realize that two men were following him on his way back to the Institute. Just as he entered the storm door — and it was nearly two A. M. — he was seized and held by a negro while the other man went through John's pockets. It was all going splendidly for the thieves and in another instant they would have been on their unmolested way, but another seaman guest arrived home at this dramatic moment and he promptly made the outcry which John had been prevented from uttering.

The negro broke away but Thomas Richeza, the actual thief, was held by the night watchman until a policeman arrived. A large group of seamen gathered about and threatened Richeza with so many interesting forms of violence that the watchman had difficulty in protecting him.

At the police station it was found that Richeza's picture was in the Rogues' Gallery, that he was an old of-

fender and that he had been impersonating ship' cooks and carpenters, for many years, without ever having been to sea.

The Complete Linguist

When an Algerian came in from a British ship the other day it was immediately discovered that he spoke no word of English. He had gotten on very well on board ship by means of signs, but in the Institute he found communication very awkward. Finally he found a Turk living in the house to act as interpreter. The Turk spoke eight languages and he wrote them down as follows: Slavish, Albanian, Italian, Greek, Turkish, Spanish, English and Arabian.

Seamen's Benefit Society To Give Concert

On the evening of Thursday, the 25th, the Seamen's Benefit Society will give a vaudeville with music, for the seamen. The Institute's tender, "J. Hooker Hamersley" will meet members of the Society and their friends at a pier near West 59th Street to convey them to the Institute via the river route.

Shipping Department

Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Lyra	1	San Francisco, Cal.
S.S. Moorish Prince.	2	St. Nazaire, France
S.S. Dryden	7 Manchester, England
S.S. Alabama	6	Port Arthur, Texas
S.S. Norhilda	1	..London, England
S.S. Balgray	11	La Pallice, France
S.S. Radiant	1	Port Arthur, Texas
S.S. American	1	Progressa, Mexico
S.S. Vauban	61	La Pallice, France
S.S. Northwestern ..	1	Port Arthur, Texas
S.S. Denis	37Para, Brazil
S.S. Vulcain	10	La Pallice, France
S.S. Vasari	25Buenos Ayres, Argentina
S.S. Austrian Prince	12	St. Nazaire, France
S.S. Southerner	1 Rotterdam,
S.S. Earl of Elgin...	12	La Pallice, France

Vessel	Men	Destination	Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Strathcarron ...	10	La Pallice, France	Tug "Howard".....	2	New York Harbor
S.S. Highland Watch	15Havre, France	Tub "Superior".....	3	New York Harbor
S.S. Hollington	19	La Pallice, France	Tug "Garry".....	1	New York Harbor
S.S. Cavour	2 Manchester, England	Tug "McAllister"...	1	New York Harbor
S.S. Voltaire	19Buenos Ayres, Argentine	Sch. "Henrietta" ...	1New Rochelle, New York
S.S. Siamese Prince.	17	La Pallice, France	Cornfield Light		
S.S. Boniface	33Para, Brazil	Vessel	1	Light House Dep't.
S.S. Eastern Prince.	22	... Barbadoes and Brazil	Men given temporary employment.	127 In Port
Yacht Idler	5 Cruising			
Yacht Vanadis	6 Cruising	Total.....	473	

Donations Received During the Month of January 1915

Reading matter, comfort bags, knitted articles, clothing, entertainments, toys for Canal Boat Children, calendars, and pictures were received from the following persons:

Abbes, Mrs. D.	Larsen, Miss J.
American News Co., N. Y.	Low, Mrs. J. T.
Babcock, The Misses	McDermont, Mrs. F. P.
Baptist Ch., North Orange, N. J.	Manders, Mrs.
Barber, Mr. Herbert	Marine Review
Baylies, Mr. Edmund L.	Maxwell, Mrs. G. D.
Belcher, Mrs. Z.	McCulloh, Mrs. I. L.
Belitz, Mr. H.	Merrall, Mrs. F. R.
Blue Birds of Metlakahtla	Morewood, Mrs. A. P.
Camp Fire Girls.	Morford, Mrs. Theodore
Blauvelt, Mrs. R. D.	Nelson, Miss V.
Burleigh, Mr. Geo. W.	New York Bible & Common Prayer Book Society
Burrall, Miss Elizabeth M.	Pegram, Mrs. Mary M.
Card, Mr. James A.	Pepper, Mr. F.
C. P. C. Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y.	Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.
C. P. C. Christ Ch. Bayridge, B'klyn, N. Y.	Potts, Mrs. Thomas
C. P. C. Ch. of the Epiphany, N. Y.	Quinlan, Mr. W. J.
C. P. C. Grace Ch., Jamaica, N. Y.	Rusameyer, Mr. J.
C. P. C. St. Andrew's Memorial Ch. Yonkers, N. Y.	Schley, Mrs. W. T.
C. P. C. St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Seeman, Mrs. M. C.
C. P. C. St. George's Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Shaw, Miss Christine
C. P. C. St. John's Ch. Passaic, N. J.	Sheafe, Mrs. John H.
C. P. C. St. John's Ch. Huntington, L. I.	Sheldon, Mrs. R. T.
C. P. C. St. Luke's Ch., N. Y.	Sieber, Mr. A. J.
C. P. C. St. Michael's Ch., N. Y.	Staton, Mrs. J. G.
C. P. C. St. Paul's Ch. Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Strong, Miss
C. P. C. St. Thomas' Ch., N. Y.	Strong, Mrs. E. N.
Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Tailer, Mr. Edward N.
Coppell, Mr. Arthur	Thomson, Mr. W. A.
Comstock, Miss Edith C.	Van Ness, Miss Iola
Denison, Mrs. Chas. E.	Walden, Miss
Dominick, Mr. M. W.	Wallace, Miss E. M.
Fish, Mrs. Hamilton	Watson, Mrs. M. E.
Fooler, Mr. H. W.	Wells, Mrs. F. F.
Gibson, Mrs. F. W.	Woman's Missionary Association, St. James' Ch. Elmhurst, L. I.
Glenmore Ave Presbyterian Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Young, Mr. Leonard
Gordon Minstrels, New York	Young, Mrs. Richard
Hagan, Miss M.	
Hamilton, Master Frank & Winnie	CONTRIBUTIONS FOR RELIEF WORK
Hellyer, Miss Anna F.	For Destitute German Seamen
Hender, Mrs. S. J.\$385.25
Hitchcock, Mr. & Mrs. Ripley	Leavenworth, Miss E. S.....
Hospital Musical Association, N. Y. 1.00
Ives, Mrs. T. M.	Sheafe, Mrs. John H.....
Johnston, Miss Marion 5.00
Julien, Mr.	Spanish Congregation
Kippenberg, Mr. 8.60
Kirby, Mr. A.	MISCELLANEOUS
	Carew, Mrs. Edward B.
	(Oak arm chair for Chapel)
	Sargent, Mr. Chas. C.
	(Phonograph and Records)
	ANONYMOUS DONATIONS
	8

General Summary of Work

JANUARY 1915

Savings Department.

January 1st. Cash on hand.....	\$31,698.90
Deposits	16,015.47
	\$47,714.37
Withdrawals (\$3,925.90 transmitted).....	14,293.09
February 1st. Cash Balance.....	\$33,421.28
(Includes 26 Savings Bank Deposits in Trust \$9,022.81)	

Shipping Department.

Vessels supplied with men by Seamen's Church Institute	32
Men shipped	346
Men given temporary employment in Port	127
Total (number of men)....	473

Hotel Department.

Rooms and beds occupied.....	15,119
Lodgers employed through Shipping Department	256

Post Office and Baggage Departments.

Letters received for seamen.....	2,704
Aggregate pieces of dunnage checked.....	1,255

Relief Department.

Number assisted	1,334
Men sent to Hospital.....	40
Visits to Hospitals.....	25
Visits to Patients.....	835
Visits to Vessels in Port.....	492
Men sent to Legal Aid Society.....	3

Religious Department.

	Services	Attendance	Seamen
English	16	1,630	1,323
Scandinavian { Swedish	12	442	442
{ Danish			
Spanish	13	378	236
Spanish services held in Boarding Houses... ..	11	449	402
German	4	316	312
Lettish	1	51	30
Total....	57	3,266	2,745

Communion Services	3
Funeral Service	1
Gerard Beekman Noon Day Talks.....	5
Attendance	913
St. Andrew's Brotherhood Bible Class Meetings	4
Attendance	101

Social Department.

Entertainments	10
Attendance (Seamen 2,013).....	2,667
"Sing Songs"	9
Attendance (Seamen 890).....	937
Packages reading matter given.....	309
Bibles, Gospels and Testaments given.....	330
Knitted articles and comfort bags given.....	185
Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley." Trips made	36
Visits to vessels	122
Men transported	348
Pieces of dunnage transported.....	528

BUILDING COMMITTEE

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, *Chairman*
54 Wall Street

HERBERT BARBER
CHARLES W. BOWRING
HENRY L. HOBART
BENJAMIN R. C. LOW
HENRY LEWIS MORRIS
JOHN S. ROGERS
J. FREDERIC TAMS
JOHN SEELY WARD

IRENE K. LANE, *Secretary*

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

ROBERT S. BREWSTER
CLEVELAND H. DODGE
FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON
WM. DOUGLAS SLOANE

Contributions to the Building Fund should be sent to Mr. EDMUND L. BAYLIES, 54 Wall St.