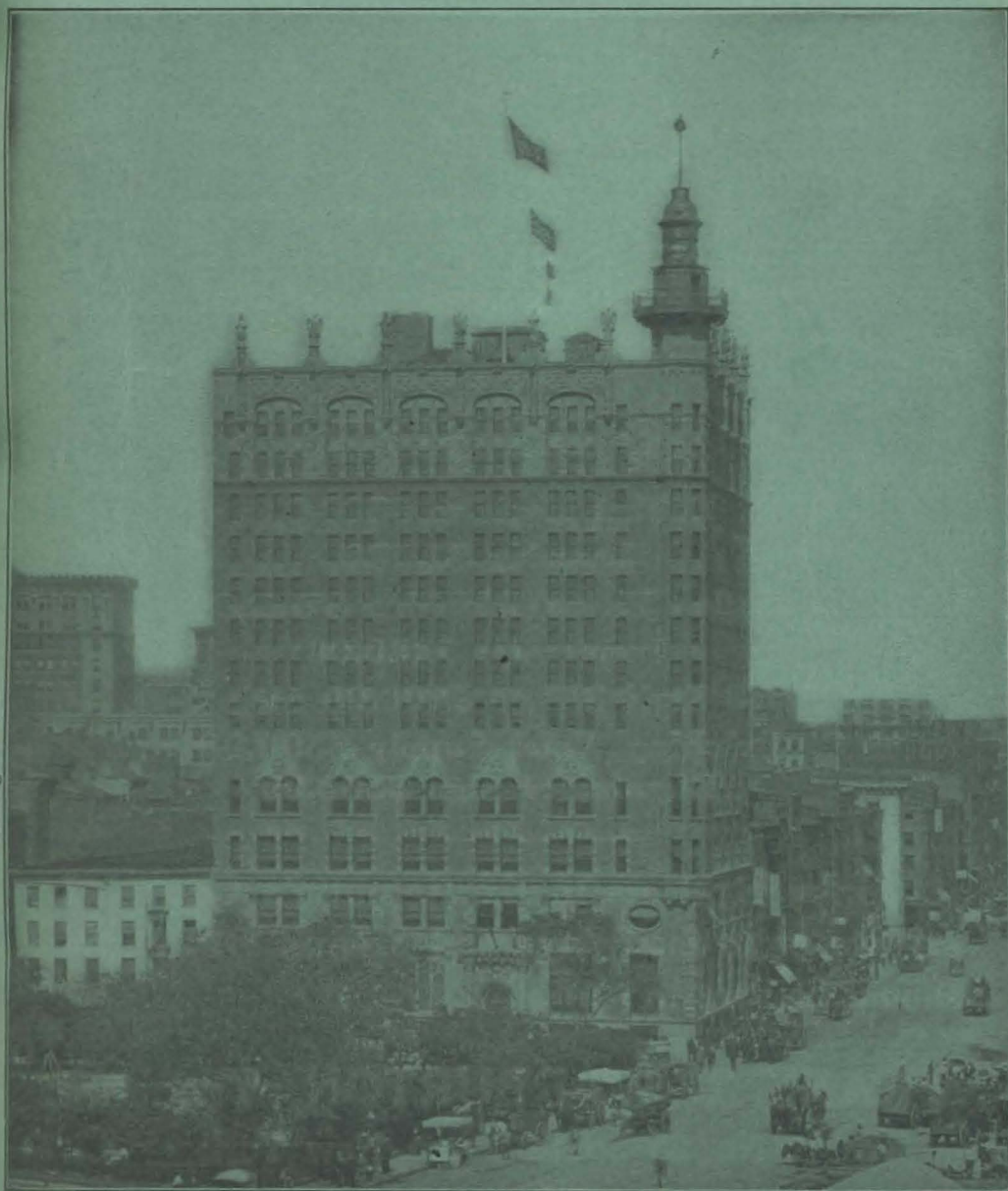


The Lookout



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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

Baking Machine \$300.00

Laundry \$1,500

Motion Picture Machine \$700.00

Incinerator \$450.00

3 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

Drinking Water Supply \$500.00

Illuminated Sign \$500.00

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

THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 7

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 2

Published Monthly by the
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.

The Peruvian Canary

"I am looking for the lady that I've talked to several times," Jim told the Inquiry Man. "Mrs. Roper, she is and I have a present for her."

He was carrying a large square package, which seemed to be a box covered with a large bandana handkerchief. He put it carefully upon the table, unwrapped it and as he did so a brisk chirp issued from the box.

"It's a canary from Peru," he explained. "He's just beginning to sing finely and I thought she'd like him."

The little bird, whose yellow feathers are mixed with black, was transferred to a proper cage where he hops about all day in the office of the Inquiry Man. His curious song attracted the attention of seamen passing through the corridor and they came in to see him.

"He don't sing like no canary I ever heard," commented one. "His voice is too low—more like a sparrow."

"Oh, he's got canary blood in him all right," declared the other, "the fact is, I think, that he's a baritone, not a tenor."

Monthly Luncheon

Beginning with Thursday, January 13th, the Board of Managers are meeting at Luncheon in the Institute once a month at which time Institute affairs are discussed informally and at the conclusion of which the head of one of the various departments gives a brief resumé of his work.

At the first luncheon Mrs. Janet Roper spoke of her impressions of the Institute when she first came here to work among the men, contrasting the methods here with those prevailing twenty years ago.

The Social and Religious Department was discussed by the Rev. Charles P. Deems, Ass't Supt. at the luncheon on Thursday, February 10th. In speaking of the reorganization of this department, he outlined it as follows:

- a. **Religious** services in Danish, Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian and English, Bible Classes, Welfare Meeting and Sing Songs.
- b. **Social**: Informal gatherings of all nationalities, public lectures, regular concerts, apprentice work ship visiting, hospital visiting.
- c. **Answers to Inquiries**,

- d. **Relief:** Board, lodging, clothing, doctor's treatment, references to hospitals and Legal Aid Society, Convalescent Homes, etc.
- e. **Educational:** Noonday talks, Nautical School, First Aid to the Injured Lecturers.
- f. **Distribution of Literature.**

He said that there were more than 20 various activities, during a week, with an attendance aggregating thousands of seamen.

"I feel," said Mr. Deems, with an earnestness which was strongly convincing, "that this is the department of the Institute. Through the religious and social activities we reach the men themselves, the individual inner life which is so difficult to touch, so impossible to divert into wider, cleaner channels unless just the right measures are adopted."

He spoke regretfully of the difficulty of permanent influence, the uncertainty of holding a man to the new ideals, the new conceptions of morals when he leaves the Institute. As an example of what we have been able to accomplish in the life of one boy, he read a letter from Earl Thomas which follows, with his story.

The Forward Step

Earl came to the Institute first two years ago. He was young and he had made a great many undesirable acquaintances. These facts, combined with temptation and the weariness of being hard up, led him ultimately to jail, upon a conviction for petty larceny.

Upon his release, he came to see the Man Who Gives Advice and asked for help. He said he wanted to go straight

and he thought he could if anyone cared.

"Someone does care, Earl," the Man Who Gives Advice told him. "I do and this Institute does. I am going to get you a place on shore for a while, working on a farm."

And this is what Earl wrote, a month later:

"Now I want you please to send a letter to my mother and tell her that I am trying to do better and I think she will listen much better if you explain because I have wrote several letters and have not had an answer.

I will remember that my start began in the chapel in your Institute.

I like my work very much although it is very hard. We have twenty-two cows that Mr. T— and myself have to milk and feed before breakfast and somehow we have been working so hard that we have not had time to go to church yet, but these people are Christians. And I guess that makes quite a lot of difference although I didn't use to think so."

Are We Downhearted?

Eight o'clock on Thursday morning, the 10th, and the crew of the "Farrington" sat in the Lobby, swinging their feet and looking forward joyfully to the voyage back to England on the "Baltic." Most of them had lost every bit of clothing and luggage they possessed; they had no money, no jobs, no specially cheerful prospects. But they sat and sang,

"Are we down-hearted? No! No! No!

PIANOS are still needed very much.

The Institute Entertains "S. S. Appam" and six Other Crews

It was late on Thursday afternoon, February 3rd, that we first received word from the British Consul's office that we would be expected to take care of the crews from the S. S. Appam, Trader, Author, Ariadne, Corbridge, Farringford and Drummonby, about to come to New York from Norfolk, Virginia. The word came in the nature of a request but the Institute felt that its big doors must open a little bit wider than usual to take in these stranded mariners, the victims of the policies of a great war.

For several days the newspapers had published picturesque accounts of the German cruiser Möwe (or Ponga) which sunk five of the vessels named above, and captured the S. S. Appam as a prize ship. The S. S. Corbridge was secured without injury and is at this moment in the high seas, serving the German Admiralty. The account of the seizure of the Appam sounds like a best seller of the adventure-thrilling type. Flying the British flag, the German cruiser signalled that she was in distress and needed a Marconi operator. The Appam approached and at once, the Möwe, or the Ponga, let down the plates which concealed her guns and ordered the Appam to surrender. It was a pretty little war strategy and its ethics are unquestioned in the popular acceptance of the maxim that "all's fair in war." Certainly the crew of the captured vessel did not whine. They acknowledged the brilliance of the manoeuvre even while they devised hopeless schemes for escape.

Arrived at Norfolk, plans were at once made to send the crews of the

seven lost ships to New York, from which port they would sail for England as soon as possible. And this was where the Institute played its part in assisting these seamen over the days from Friday the 4th until Thursday, the 10th.

Dr. Mansfield was notified that about 134 men would arrive on the Old Dominion liner, S. S. Jefferson late Friday night, and the balance on the S. S. Hamilton on Saturday.

The Institute was filled to its capacity. With the exception of a possible 20 beds in the officers' quarters there was not an available cot in the building. It looked for a few moments as if we could not comply with the request from the British Consul's office; and then the machinery began to move.

Mr. W. L. Tisdale, secretary of the Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn was telephoned and the promptness of his response did much to smooth out the difficulties which confronted the Institute staff. Mr. Tisdale said that he would lend us 225 cots and blankets, and 300 pillows. 75 more were purchased. The cots were brought here and stored up in the Class Room and Apprentice Room.

There was a big concert on Friday night and this meant that the Auditorium which was to serve as dormitory could not be converted into sleeping quarters until the concert was over. The House Steward summoned his staff and made plans which could be put into execution with rapidity and without any disorder.

Then the J. Hooker Hamersley, carrying a representative from the British Consul's office and two members of the Institute staff, went over to the S. S. Jefferson and in two trips brought back 134 officers and men with their dunnage.

In most cases they had been allowed to save some of their belongings and the little launch was littered with odd shaped parcels and the beginning of a young menagerie. For they had all managed to save their pets and cats mingled with canaries, parrots with monkeys, all striving to assert their right to publicity in strange circumstances.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the men filed into the British Vice Consul's office. There were officers whose blue coats and gold braid showed signs of the long days without tailors or a cabin boy's kindly services. There were Africans from the West Coast, chattering together in an odd, incoherent language made more unreal by their alien surroundings. There were sturdy British seamen tattooed with purple snakes and patriotic emblems. They all stood together, glad of shelter and glad to be among friends.

Dr. Mansfield welcomed them to the Institute. He told them that in this midwinter season New York's hotels and lodging houses were full and that the Institute itself was taking care of 518 men nightly, but that he had most earnestly desired to comply with the request of the British Consul's office that the Institute stretch a little here and there and take in extra guests. He asked them to be a little patient and he assumed their good natured acquiescence.

With a systematic order which was peculiarly striking the men, officers first, and then the crew, received tickets from the Consul's office, walked over to our Banking Department where Mr. Bell, the Hotel Manager, and his clerks gave them tickets for meals and lodging for the first day. The officers were taken to their rooms and then to the

dining room, while the seamen waited to find their places among the cots which were soon to be placed in the Auditorium.

What the crew most wanted, after all, was food. And they got it. They went to the Lunch Counter ninety strong and ate everything they wanted. Perhaps it was their comfortable sense of being well fed which helped to make them all so patient and good natured.

After everyone had left the dining room many of them drifted upstairs to the concert which was over at a quarter of eleven.

As soon as the last man had left the big Concert Hall, House Steward Barlow and his men cleared away the seats, cleaned the room, set up cots and before 11:45, 93 men were in bed with the fresh salt breeze from the Harbor in their faces.

With an almost touching desire to show whatever kindness and courtesy in their power to these involuntary guests, the regular patrons of the dormitory on the 5th floor arose early on Saturday morning so that the men on the Auditorium (4th floor) might have access to the shower baths and lavatories. A temporary partition was erected, making the 3rd, 4th and 5th floors open dormitories, using the fire escape (inside) stairs instead of the elevators as is customary with ordinary crowds.

At five o'clock on Saturday the second group arrived. There were 142 men who came ashore from the J. Hooker Hamersley and filed through the British Consul's office into the Banking Department of the Institute and thence to their rooms and cots.

They were a picturesque procession. With a parrot perched upon his shoulder like Long John Silver in "Treasure

Island," one seaman limped a little. He had hurt his leg when he jumped from the Farringford into the life boat, but he was smiling. A cat in a little wooden cage mewed plaintively; another cat clung to her master's arm and darted frightened glances at the friendly faces about her. A small black monkey nestled inside his owner's coat, shivering a little at the penetrating air of a February night in New York. They carried blankets, hastily tied up to hold whatever there had been time to save; they carried small tin trunks, dented and showing little dots of red paint where once had been a glistening newness. Here and there a suit case showed impossibly correct and civilized beside a dingy pillow case from which protruded sea boots and bits of varicolored underwear.

Brass bowls and incense pots, even small brass gods caught the light as their red-faced owners tried to carry them in with strained looks of unconcern. These were the trophies from the West African coast. These were things Peter and Steve had promised to bring home to Alice and Clara and they had saved them. They held their worldly goods in their arms but they all smiled.

And mostly they did smile. They entered into the Institute life with hearty good nature. They laughed at small inconvenience and crowding. When they had to wait their turn at the Lunch Counter they whiled away the time telling each other yarns which may have been true.

"Sorry we are so crowded," apologized one of the Institute workers to a group of seamen in the Reading Room.

"Oh, Lord love ye, man. It ain't nothing like what we just come from

or that German cruiser. That was crowded if ye like, although I'll say for them that they was as pleasant about it as they could be."

All departments of the Institute life claimed them. On Sunday they thronged the little Chapel to its doors. Everyone of the 58 colored seamen attended service, their clear, beautiful tenor voices ringing through the small church until it seemed like one large chant of praise. They knew the service well and they were so spontaneous in their responses, so eagerly attentive that they inspired everyone else to a little additional fervor. Twenty-six West Africans afterward attended the Swedish service. They were told that they would not understand, but they went just the same. When the hymns were sung, they sang, too; and if they used their own words, they caught the music with that swift instinct for musical sounds which is so much a part of the negro race.

Sunday was a day of hurried readjustments. The men from the seven ships fitted themselves pliantly into the routine. They co-operated with the regular Institute guests to make things run as smoothly as possible. With cots in the Game Room on the 3rd floor, with the Apprentice Room converted into a temporary hospital for the men who had received injuries and bad colds from exposure, the usually spacious building was a hive of swiftly moving humans. But nobody grumbled.

At the little song service in the Lobby, preceding the 7.30 evening service the men assembled until no inch of marble floor showed. They called for their favorite hymns and they sang

(Continued on page 8)

THE LOOKOUT

Published monthly by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York at
25 South Street
New York, N. Y.

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

Edmund L. Baylles,.....President
Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer

Address all communications to

Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., Superintendent

or

Irene Katharine Lane, Editor

The Proof of the Pudding

"The trouble with most of the big philanthropies is that they are run without any proper system. Emergencies always find them utterly confused."

This statement was made to the editor recently and it was promptly, if politely, contradicted. Since then the Institute has proved beyond the chance of doubt, that it has a system, a working plan so complete in every detail that it could achieve the almost impossible.

The LOOKOUT should not boast about the Institute's virtues. It assumes that everyone who reads this magazine believes in the big building and its heart and brain, but perhaps it may be forgiven for reminding them at this particular time when the Institute has so signally distinguished itself.

During the five days when the elastic departments were all made to distend just the least bit more, when 794 men occupied the space designed for 518, every single feature of the work continued uninterrupted. The First Aid to the Injured Lectures took place each day, the services in the Chapel, the Noon Day talks and music. Everyone went on as usual. No one thought of saying, "Well, we might let things slide

a little with all these extra guests." Nothing did slide. Everything moved along promptly and smoothly and that in itself was a tremendous achievement.

Quite apart from the fact that the Institute proved its super-efficiency when the contingency arose, there is another aspect of the situation which has already occurred to thoughtful persons.

Try to imagine the predicament of these crews, thrust upon New York suddenly on a late February evening, in the old days when there was no welcoming building here at the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip. Try to think what would have become of these seamen, hunting for places in boarding houses, in lodging houses, in the incredibly dirty and evil haunts which flourished to catch the sailor. The Institute has justified its existence a hundred times a day from the time it began to grow and to meet the seaman more than half way. But here was a supreme chance, a superlative opportunity, and the Institute was there.

"The fortunes of war" said one of the Captains who had lost his vessel to the guns of the German cruiser, only three days out from Liverpool, his home port. Yes, the fortunes of war and the war is not yet over. That the Institute should play its part in the greatest tragedy of the world was inevitable and that it may be called upon again for a vital role in assisting those who suffer through their allegiance to warring nations is not impossible.

The greatest thing which emanated from those five days of stress and strain and extra work, and extra courage and vitality, was the realization that the Institute could be depended upon to make good in virtually any situation which might arise. Somehow it is difficult not to be a little proud and a good deal

elated. Everyone who cares about it has the highest hopes for the Institute, for everything it tries to do and for everything it means to do in the future; and whenever it is signally successful it is not an occasion for pleased surprise so much as for congratulation. There is no danger that the Institute will ever become smug and complacent or content to rest upon its past accomplishments. It will always grow.

Concert by Children

On Thursday, January 28th, the children from the Home for the Destitute Children of Seamen on Staten Island gave a concert in the Auditorium. This concert which has come to be a yearly event is one of the most successful concerts of the season. It is arranged by Mrs. Charles Marshall who looks after the children during the trips to and from the Institute and helps with the programme.

Their dancing and singing include not only sailors' hornpipes and reels and typical sea ballads but other folk tunes and dances. Ranging in age from ten to sixteen they give a performance which is unique in character and thoroughly finished in every detail. Children are not always interesting, though they are generally supposed to be. But these boys and girls from Staten Island are worth seeing and hearing and the seamen especially show great delight at their appearance.

Chocolate and cakes were served to them while returning home on the Staten Island ferry.

Exhibit at Motor Boat Show

From January 29th to February 5th, the Institute Exhibit was displayed at

the Motor Show at the Grand Central Palace.

As over 100,000 persons attended this Show and as no one went away without stopping before the Ship and Fore-castle of the Institute Exhibit, it was an unusual opportunity to illustrate exactly what the Institute is and does. As the poster said,

“Headquarters for the World’s Mer-
chant Seaman
The Indispensable Man.”

Monday Club at Dinner

On Monday, January 24th, 130 members of the Monday Club had dinner at the Institute. This organization is composed of social workers who meet once a week for dinner at the various headquarters where social work is being carried on.

Immediately upon their arrival at the Institute they were shown over the building, given details about its many departments, receiving comprehensive glimpses of the great work as a whole.

Brief after-dinner addresses were made by Mr. Hart, President, Dr. Mansfield, Rev. Edward M. Deems D. D., and Mr. Silas B. Axtell.

Princeton Concert by Undergraduates

On the evening of Saturday, March 11th, members of the Princeton Glee Club, the Triangle Club and other musical organizations from Princeton University will give a concert in the Institute auditorium. At the end of the programme Princeton alumni will sing college songs. LOOKOUT readers who have strong affiliations with the university are invited to come down to No. 25 South Street on that evening. March 11th at 8.15 P. M.

**Institute Entertains S. S. Appam's and
Six other Crews**

(Continued)

whether they knew how or not. At the evening service 176 seamen were in the Chapel.

And all day on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the big Institute entertained its guests. The Misses Beasey, who play violin, piano and both of whom are singers of unusual charm, went from room to room with their music. Joe Lorraine told them stories and imitated everything which any human ever did imitate. Mr. Pellican played piano and the seamen themselves played. To stop for an instant in any of the corridors was to have your ear assailed with strange harmonies and amiable melodies. Some of them went forth to the moving pictures and the Hippodrome, but for the most part they stayed in the Institute and amused themselves or were amused.

Much talent was displayed by the men who have learned to destroy monotonous days at sea by dancing and singing and acting. Monday and Tuesday nights they gave impromptu vaudeville. They did clog dances and sang long sentimental ballads and longer comic songs to which they added verses on the spot. One old sailor, who had been at sea for thirty years, was so enamoured of his own peculiar step dance that it was only after the use of the greatest tact that he could be prevailed upon to stop.

A little group would sit together. Perhaps they had lost all their clothes and all the little trinkets which a sailor values. But suddenly you would hear them burst into a little chant,

"Are we down hearted?" "No-o-o-o!"

And they were not. They adapted

themselves to fresh conditions with the pliability of children. They did not worry about to-morrow too much because they were having such a good time to-day. And they knew they were going back to England on the "Baltic" on Thursday; that helped a good deal, no doubt.

On Wednesday night the crew of the Appam entertained the men of the other six ships by a big concert-vaudeville, an account of which appears elsewhere; and Thursday morning saw every one except 17 officers of the Appam on board the S. S. Baltic.

With its rows of deserted cots, the Institute looked a lonesome place when they had gone. The big influx of visitors had taxed the strength and efficiency of every member of the House and Hotel staff but they never failed. They managed to be everywhere at once; they secured the comfort and well being of nearly 300 unexpected guests and they said goodbye to them with sincere expressions of regret.

—o—

The House Mother

All the old terms like Big Brother and Little Sister and House Mother have grown pretty hackneyed and perhaps they fail to convey just what we mean. But after all, Mother is a word which cannot be misunderstood however much it may be used. And House Mother describes best the work of Mrs. Janet Roper in the Institute.

Mrs. Roper began to work with seamen when she was a very young girl. She says that her first Sunday School class down at the Boston Seamen's Friend Society consisted of men from twenty-five to seventy, while she herself was still in her teens. After her marriage she was two years at Gloucester,

going about among the fisherman, and two more intensely interesting years in St. John's, New Brunswick. She then worked with the seaman on the West Coast, at Portland Oregon.

During this time Mrs. Roper has learned how to talk to the seaman. She knows that he is a man, just a human person, and she has learned that none of the conventional attitudes are effective. One day she was passing through the corridor when she saw a young boy sitting on a bench outside the door of the Superintendent's office. He looked rather dejected and she stopped.

"What do you want?" she asked so kindly that he lifted his head.

"I want to see the Superintendent but he is too busy," he answered, a note of injury in his voice.

The House Mother smiled sympathetically.

"I know it," she said, "Isn't that just the way? I have been wanting to see him myself all day and I haven't done it yet."

The boy straightened up and looked more cheerful. It made him realize that people really were busy and not just careless of him.

That is the secret of Mrs. Roper's success with seamen. She knows how to advise, how to listen to their worries and real troubles. She has office hours when the men come to her. On Sunday afternoon she has a Bible class. On February 6th 98 men attended and paid her the sincere compliment of close attention. She visits the hospitals, carries magazines and books to the seamen who are convalescing, writes letters for them and executes any little commissions which their illness has made impossible for them to attend to themselves.

In fact, she is House Mother to 518

children. Her ready sympathy, her quick intuition, her real understanding, her kindly humor make every seaman who sees her want to be her friend.

—o—

Dinah Investigates

He said that he had named her Dinah because he thought a cat should have a name you could call loudly and Dinah offered endless opportunity for a sustained tone. Dinah herself showed every catlike tendency for sustained life.

She came ashore in a little cage when her owner reached New York with the crews of the Appam, Author, Trader, etc. He had saved some of his clothing when his ship was sunk by the German cruiser, but he had managed to save all of Dinah and she adapted herself to the Institute life with amiable ease. In fact, she allowed herself too great informality for a short acquaintance and it got her into trouble, as it frequently does.

On the morning her master was to sail on the Baltic, Dinah scampered about the hall watching one of the cleaners who was using ammonia and a scrubbing brush with good effect. Dinah examined the ammonia bottle from a safe distance and then, finding its simple outlines alluring, she went close to it and thrust an inquisitive nose inside the bottle.

Reserves from the House Clinic had to be called out to revive her, but she finally recovered sufficiently to sail at noon.

—o—

"Turned Sixteen"

"Didn't you save any clothes at all?" someone asked the smallest cabin boy from the crew of the Farringford. He shook his head a trifle ruefully and

looked down his diminutive person a little sadly.

He was not over four feet, ten inches tall and he was wearing a pair of man's size dungarees rolled over and over at the belt and secured by pins and a bit of twine: the rest of his clothing consisted of a shirt with one sleeve missing and a blue coat whose tarnished gilt braid was its only claim to distinction.

"We haven't any boys' clothes as small as your size," the Big Brother told him, "but we will give you the smallest mens' sizes. There will be about a foot to spare each way. How old are you, anyhow?"

"Well, I'm turned sixteen and I've done a lot of work," he answered proudly. "After I left school two years ago I didn't go to sea at once. I had a good job in a beer factory."

"What did you do?" inquired the Big Brother, stopping his search for a shirt that would not reach to the boy's knees.

"Oh, I was porter," replied the boy. And, somehow, no one smiled.

Phonograph for Boys North River Station

For use in the new Boys Club at the North River Station, a full account of which will appear in the March issue, we need a phonograph and records. The address is 341 West Street. Any good second hand phonograph or graphophone or Victor machine will render invaluable service.

Legacy of \$2,000

We have been the grateful recipients of a legacy from the estate of Mrs. Mary F. Rogers, widow of the late Henry Rogers who was for many years a member of the Board of Managers.

Stereopticon Lantern

This stereopticon lantern is exceedingly important in the entertainments and social work of any organization. The one desired equipped with a special nitrogen lamp, to be used at North River Station.

"They Built Piccadilly For Me."

That was the title of the song which made the most brilliant success of the evening and it was sung by Mr. Albert Wright of the S. S. Appam. When he made his entrance he made a brief but subtle reference to the fate of his ship.

"I must apologize for not having the proper costume for this song" he said pleasantly, "Lieut. Berg has it."

There was a delighted murmur of appreciation. In fact, there was more general appreciation and enthusiasm throughout the evening than is often inspired by theatricals of the utmost excellence and perfection. It was on Wednesday, Feb. 9th, the last night that the men from the seven ships were in New York.

At 7.30 the Lobby was packed with seamen, in all shades from the pallor of stewards to the West Africans. A temporary stage had been erected at one end because the Auditorium was filled with cots, and back from this stage the men stood closely, filling the stairs which go up to the Hotel Reading Room. The crew of the S. S. Appam were entertaining the men from the six other lost ships.

Besides his song which declared that Piccadilly was built for him, Mr. Wright sang three others, receiving violent applause. His rather remarkable baritone voice and clear diction made him enormously popular. Other members of the Appam sang in hastily devised costumes and much make-up.

There was also a concertina, no, an accordion, contest. Four men entered and Mr. Charles Nelson won it after rendering "The Maiden's Prayer" so that several people recognized it. For this musicianship Mr. Nelson received the accordion which bore the agreeable name "La Tosca." No one knew just why.

Dr. Mansfield spoke to his guests, bidding them God-speed and farewell, referring to the probable crowding they had endured and explaining that it had been unavoidable. He suggested that they give three cheers for Mr. Barlow, the House Steward and Mr. Bell the Hotel Manager to whose efforts they owned whatever comfort they had enjoyed. The big lobby echoed three times three with the volume of sincerity which greeted Dr. Mansfield's suggestion. They looked sheepishly embarrassed when he added that he felt that they were the best behaved group of seamen, coming together at any one time, that he had ever known.

After that, Mr. Barlow who combines histrionic ability with stewardship, sang "Ship Ahoy" in which everyone joined. The chorus has four opening lines which were sung with obvious relish.

"Every nice girl loves a sailor.
Every nice girl loves a tar.
For there's something about a sailor—
Well—you know what sailors are."

Mr. Barlow is not a stranger to seamen audiences and he never fails to amuse and entertain. The best tribute any performer ever wins is the desire of his audience to sing, too. Mr. Barlow always manages to secure this and it is no small gift.

At the end there was more music by the Misses Beasey and then everyone sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "God

Save the King." The concert was over and the crews from the seven ships sought their cots, laughing and shouting to each other that another night would see them safe aboard the "Baltic."

The Spendthrift

Dick received his meal checks for the day. They were in five cent tickets and he looked them over proudly, debating just how much he should spend for breakfast and how much for lunch and dinner. He was off the S. S. Trader and his many vicissitudes had not dampened his spirits a bit. He went whistling toward the barber shop.

An hour later the Desk Man saw Dick leaning against the soda fountain counter.

"What you taking, Dick?" he inquired looking at the tall glass of peach-colored froth. Dick laughed.

"Well, this is my last one. I've had a fit of spending this morning. I just went to the barber shop and spent all my meal tickets but three and I am finishing those at this soda fountain."

"But what will you do all day for your meals?" asked the Desk Man anxiously. Dick laughed again.

"Go without, but I won't mind. I had everything in the barber shop and I've drunk all the ice cream soda I'll ever want. So its been worth it."

Shipping Department

Month ending January 31, 1916

Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Russian Prince.	11	Trinidad, B. W. I.
S.S. Tudor Prince...	1	Buenos Ayres, Arg.
S.S. Brabant	10	..Tampico, Mexico
S.S. Murillo	6	..Marseilles, France
S.S. Illinois	2	Port Arthur, Texas
S.S. Vestris	39Bahia, Brazil
S.S. Keelung	7Singapore via Manila
S.S. Dochra	25 Montevideo, Uruguay
S.S. Denis	34	..Para via Norfolk
S.S. Euclid	3	..Manchester, Eng.
S.S. Clinchfield	3	...Matanzas, Cuba

S.S. Munamar	6Antilla, Cuba	Tug B. B. Odell	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. OmegaLa Pallice, France	Tug Resolute	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. Justin	29Liverpool via Galveston	Tug Anna W.	2	.New York Harbor
S.S. Henry Williams	2	..London, England	Tug Peerless	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. Naugatuck	2	..Bridgeport, Conn.	Tug I. J. Moran	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. H. F. Dimock	6Boston, Mass.	Tug Barrett	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. Exeter City	1	...Bristol, England	Tug Princess	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. Princess Anne	2 Norfolk, Va.	Tug J. G. Conway	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. El Alba	1	..Galveston, Texas	Tug Amanda Moore	3	.New York Harbor
S.S. Georgian	6Boston, Mass.	Bartlett Reef L. V.	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. Armonia	2	..Bordeaux, France	Lighter Massasauga	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. Atahualpa	25	..Para via Norfolk	Lighter Gordon	1	.New York Harbor
S.S. Voltaire	19 Bahia, Brazil	Barge Hopatcong	1 Norfolk, Va.
S.S. Alabama	5	Port Arthur, Texas	Yacht Diana	8 Cruising
S.S. Burmese Prince	27	..La Pallice, France	U. S. S. Mohawk	2 Coast Patrolling
S.S. Meissonier	18Santos, Brazil	Men given temporary employment	154On Shore
Tug Harold	1	Newport News, Va.			
Tug H. D. Moll	1	.New York Harbor			
			Total....	480	

Donations Received During the Month of January 1916

Reading matter, flowers, knitted articles, comfort bags, clothing, calendars, musical instruments, etc.

Adams, L. G.
 Almond, Mrs. L. R.
 Barber & Co., Inc.
 Barton, Mrs. Nora E.
 Berrien, Master Frank
 Berrien, Miss Mary E.
 Bissell, M. P. St. G. Jr.
 Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
 Burleigh, Geo. W.
 Cary, Mrs. Turnbull
 Chase, Miss A. G.

CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUB AND BRANCHES.

Ascension Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
 Ascension Memorial Church, New York
 Church of the Epiphany, New York
 St. George's Church, Flushing, N. Y.
 St. George's Church, Hempstead, N. Y.
 St. John's Church, Far Rockaway, N. Y.
 St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Peter's Church, Clifton, N. J.
 St. Peter's Church, Caldwell, N. J.
 St. Peter's Church, Morristown, N. J.
 St. Stephen's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Trinity Church, Whitehall, N. Y.
 Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.
 Cock, W. R.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert
 Davis, Mrs. J. L.
 Deems, Mrs. Edward M.
 Dows, Henry A.
 Duvall, Mrs. W. C.
 Fullerton, Mrs. J. B.
 Gaunt, James
 Greer, Mrs. J. A.
 Helpful Circle of Kings Daughters,
 Bayonne, N. J.
 Hermann, B. F.
 Heywood, Mrs. Frank E.
 Hope Club
 Kerr, Mrs. L. S.
 Lutcher, Dr. Calista V.

Maynard, Mrs. E. P.
 Medicott, Mrs. Arthur D.
 Miller, Capt. Thomas I.
 Morgan, William M.
 Morrell, Mrs. J. B.
 Mowe, Mrs. W. R.
 Pegram, Mrs. Mary M.
 Peters, Mrs. Charles G.
 Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.
 Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
 Rhoades, Miss H.
 Roberts, Mrs. J. J.
 Ropes, Mrs. A. G.
 Russell Low Adv. Agency
 St. George's Church, New York
 Shaw, Mrs. E. Barnier
 Simpson, Miss Helen, L. H.
 Smith, Mrs. J. B.
 Smith, Mrs. Mary Helen
 Smyth, Mrs. Herbert C.
 Stewart, Mrs. E. S.
 Tallor, Edward N.
 Tappan, Miss Ruth
 Taylor, Miss M. H.
 Tiffany, Miss E.
 Tiermann, Miss M. C.
 Titus, Miss Alice B.
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Valentine, Miss Myra
 Wilcox, Mrs. Asher H.
 Wilkes, Miss
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the Messiah,
 Rhinebeck, N. Y.
 Zerega, Miss Florence

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES.

Baylies, Edmund L., Christmas Fund \$25.00
 Smith, Miss Lillian, Religious and
 Social Music Fund 20.00
 Welcher, Mrs. M. P., Religious and
 Social Work 5.00
 "X", Religious and Social Work.... 10.00
 Anonymous donations 7

General Summary of Work

DECEMBER 1915

Savings Department.

Jan. 1st Cash on hand.....	\$41,327.52
Deposits	24,870.12
	\$66,197.64
Withdrawals (10,516.51 trans- mitted)	19,196.39
Feb. 1st. Cash Balance.....	\$47,001.25
(Includes 22 Savings Bank Deposits in Trust \$11,152.23)	

Shipping Department.

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I....	44
Men shipped	326
Men given temporary employment in Port	26
Men given temporary employment thru Missionaries	128
Total number of men given employment	480

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley."

Trips made	41
Visits to vessels	141
Men transported	130
Pieces dunnage transported	140

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments.

Lodgers registered	15,800
Letters received for seamen	3,307
Pieces of dunnage checked.....	2,149

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	{	Board and lodging.....	249
		Clothing	15
		Employment on shore thru Missionaries	128
		Treated by Doctor.....	166
		Referred to Hospitals.....	51
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies	45

Social Department.

		Attendance	
		Number Seamen	Total
Entertainments	4	1,224	1,273
First Aid Lectures.....	21	410	431
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	12	1,054	1,079
Hospital Visits			14
Patients Visited			273
Ships Visited			466
Packages reading matter given.....			349
Knitted articles and comfort bags given			58

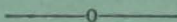
Religious Department.

		Attendance	
		Services Seamen	Total
English	23	1,290	1,525
Scandinavian	11	181	196
Special Services	6	73	90
Sing Songs	10	1,293	1,318
Bible Classes	5	345	349
			—
Total.....	55	3,182	3,478
Holy Communion Services			3

**OFFICERS OF THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK**

EDMUND LINCOLN BAYLIES, President

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Secretary and Treasurer



WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

HENRY L. HOBART, Chairman

FRANK T. WARBURTON

CHARLES A. CLARK

BAYARD C. HOPPIN

JOHN SEELY WARD

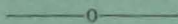
ROBERT L. HARRISON

JOHN S. ROGERS

ORME WILSON, Jr.

CHARLES S. BOWRING

GEORGE E. CUMMINGS



Subscriptions to the General Work of the Institute should be sent to No. 25 South Street. Checks should be payable to **FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer.**