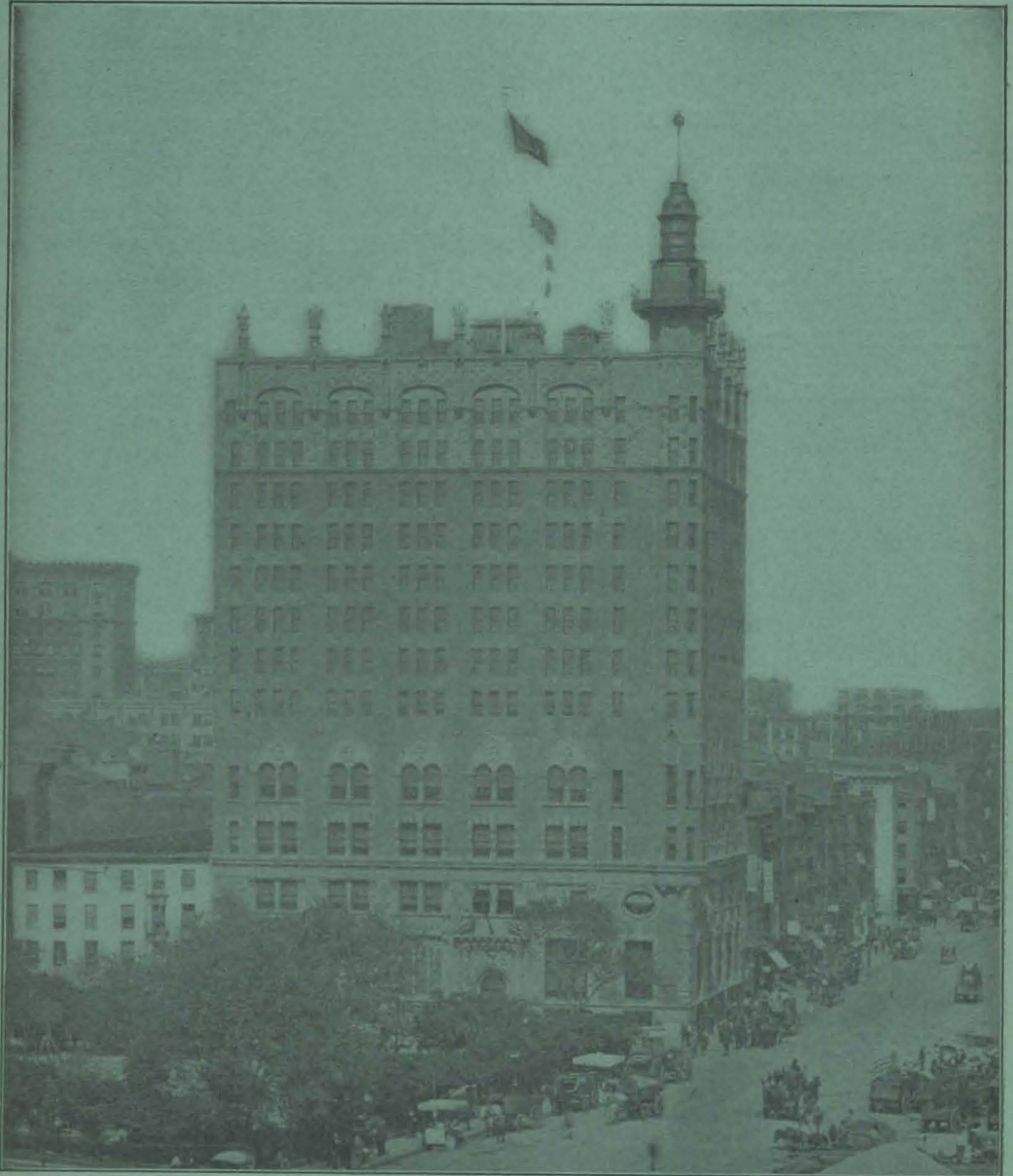


Vol. VII

JUNE, 1916

Number 6

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

Laundry \$1,500

Motion Picture Machine \$700.00

2 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

Drinking Water Supply \$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

JUNE, 1916

No. 6

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Seamen's Church Institute of New York

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Address all communications and make checks payable to
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

The Lookout Delay

The June number of the *LOOKOUT* is three weeks late in appearing owing to the severe illness of the Editor, who has been forced to spend five weeks in the hospital.

She therefore begs the indulgence of the *LOOKOUT* readers for this rather inadequate issue, assuring them that the July number will be of the usual size.

—o—

Uncle Lans

He came, after many rebuffs, to the Institute where everyone who met him fell a victim to the charm of his earnest friendliness and to the profound emotion with which he regarded the evidences of patriotism in the country he loved so well.

Two stories from the "New York Tribunes" of May 13 and 14th are reprinted because they were written by a reporter who understood and cared about the opinions of the old sailor.

In the July issue, we want to tell one more story of Uncle Lans.

It was told the editor by the old man that late May afternoon after he had been to the Navy Yard. He sat beside her, his voice steady with only a hint

of the weariness which must come to eighty-six at the end of a long day, and talked of his early life.

"I'd like to tell ye everything from the time I was a lad of fourteen and run away to sea," he began wistfully.

And his adventures were worth the telling. Few of us have the time or patience to listen to the story of another human's life: we are usually too eager to talk about our own.

But Uncle Lans had filled his years with romance, with the splash of much salt water, with the sound of guns and the sight of blood spilled in good causes. So his story has its place in the *LOOKOUT*.

Here are the newspaper accounts of his two days of glorious happiness.

—o—

Battle Scarred Tar Wins Way to Find Spirit of '54 in Navy

His Persistence Gets Him Aboard Dreadnought After Day of Disappointment—Sailor Who Fought with Farragut Ready to "Die Like a Man."

"Uncle" Alanson Hamner, eighty-six years old, who sailed with Perry to

Japan in 1854, who fought under Farragut in the Civil War and is scarred from battles with pirates in the China Sea, has come to New York to see for himself if our navy is prepared. Last Monday, with \$10 of his pension money, he left his home at Lake Placid, where, under the lee of Whiteface Mountain, he has lived since getting his honorable discharge from the navy in 1883.

"If I can feel the deck of the ship beneath my feet and see that the boys are the same old boys, with the same old American spirit that we had in '54 and '61, I can die like a man, and know my country's safe," he told his daughter who urged him not to leave home.

Wednesday morning the Albany boat brought the old man to the city. He thrilled with pride at the sight of the Florida and Utah, anchored in the Hudson off 110th Street. Two hours later he appeared at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Knew What Orders Were.

"The yard's closed to visitors," he was informed.

"I fought my fights in the old wooden navy," said Uncle Lans. "I've come 300 miles to stand on the deck of a warship."

But the old man had no open sesame to the hidden ships beyond.

Recalling those in the North River, he made his way to Riverside Drive. An officer told the veteran the ships were not open to visitors.

"I've come 300 miles," pleaded Uncle Lans.

"Those are our orders," said the officer.

The old man sorrowfully walked away. He knew what orders were. Later Uncle Lans sought out Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island. Though too proud to take a pension until 1912,

when necessity compelled him to apply, he learned that his pension barred him from admittance and that he had better go home. Uncle Lans lost his hope of getting on a ship. His money was almost gone. He received a letter, however, which served to open to him the Seamen's Church Institute.

Thursday was the old sailor's glorious day. His disappointed hopes were realized. Officers of the Institute arranged for him to be shown over the Wyoming. Commandant Upham told the boys to show him every courtesy—and the boys did.

Thoughts Back to '54

"My, but she's a beauty!" he commented.

When the deck of a warship of the United States Navy was once more beneath his feet the veteran sailor seemed to forget that he was aboard a mighty steel fighter of modern days. His thoughts raced back to the old brigs, sloops and frigates, with their thirty-two-pounders, which rolled with the ocean waves. As officers passed, the old man would stand at attention with sailor-like salute. He patted the great guns as if they were his children, as he marvelled at their size and control.

"If she fights head-on, not broadside," he said proudly, "she would knock seven bells out of any ship afloat."

"Ay, ay, me hearty," he asked a sailor who offered him some black coffee of the sea, "is it what it used to be?"

The Wyoming seamen cheered him as he said goodbye. Tears filled the old man's eyes. "My lads, you're a fine, brave lot." was his farewell.

"God bless my navy!" he murmured as he left the ship.

Aeroplane Another Wonder.

Just before the old sailor and Mrs. Jeannette Roper, who had been with him, got back to the Institute an aeroplane crossed the bay from the evening darkness of the Jersey shore.

"Do you see it?" asked Mrs. Roper. "Do you see it?"

"Ay, ay, me girl," was the quick answer; "there she sails, broad on to the moon. Who would have thought I'd live to see so many wonderful things in one day?"

At night the old man said: "The old sailors are gone. The boys are mechanics more than seamen now; but they're a fine lot, with the spirit of the old wooden navy. I can go home and die like a man, because that spirit will keep the country safe."

To-day Uncle Lans will watch the preparedness parade from the reviewing stand.

Old Sailor Sure His Land Is Safe

Paraders Blot Out Veteran's Fears That Patriotism Had Died.

As he saw his hopes for a well defended nation upheld by the host of marchers in the preparedness parade, Uncle Lans Hamner yesterday sat for a long time in silence, watching the ranks file by the reviewing stand. Then there came a wistful look to the old sailor's face. He was almost impatient because he was not in line. But four score and six years of a life filled with many of the best traditions of the United States navy told him that other "boys" had taken his place.

"It's splendid, just splendid," he said at last, "to see so many thousands showing their love for the country and the grand old flag. They would make

good soldiers and sailors. My, but it's fine."

"Isn't it grand, isn't it grand!" he would say from time to time. The number of bands particularly impressed him. "Marching Through Georgia" and "The Old Folks at Home" awakened memories of more than fifty years ago. He spoke of a band which played on the sloop-of-war Mississippi, one of Farragut's ships, just before the battle of Mobile Bay.

Occasionally the old sailor would stand silently and wave his hat above his head. He did so once as the Mayor approached the stand. The veteran often looked at the paraders with his hand held to his left eye, as though peering through a telescope at a distant ship at sea. The eye was permanently injured by years of such vigils.

Once he stood on the seat and looked down Fifth Avenue, wondering, perhaps, if the end must not be in sight. As far as eye could see the street was filled with marching men and the red, white and blue of waving flags. "Oh, my! Just look at them come," he said.

Uncle Lans was too tired to wait for the women's section of the parade. "They ought to march," he remarked, "but I guess they'll cut some capers. I never saw women march. I guess I'm like a doctor at home who never had a girl. I've missed a lot of fun."

As the old man started back to the Seamen's Church Institute he said goodbye to the policemen guarding the stand. "Goodbye, Captain," was his farewell to the police officers. To the patrolmen it was "Goodbye, my man."

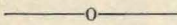
At the northwest corner of Madison Square is the statue of an American naval hero. The old sailor saw it as he limped by.

"Eh," he said eagerly. "Who's that?"

It was Admiral Farragut.

The veteran straightened up and brought his hand to his hat in salute. "It's just like he always was," was his slow comment. "I fought on his ship, the Hartford, at Mobile Bay."

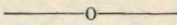
Monday the old man will go back to his home, facing the quiet mountains around Lake Placid. His fears have left him. He is convinced the country will be prepared.



Bob Leaves His Address

They were particularly busy that morning and Bob stood for several minutes, hesitating to approach the desk. A matter of great importance troubled his usually serene, wide face. He was expecting a telephone call from an old friend and although he wanted to hear the voice of his pal, the June sunshine outside called to him. At last he gathered together what slender stock of temerity he possessed and spoke to the Desk Man.

"I say," he said pleasantly, "I'm expecting a 'phone call and when it comes, you'll find me sitting out on the wood-pile across the street."



A Matter of Pride

It was late one afternoon when Antoni Leoni literally dropped into one of the chairs in the Missionaries General Office. He was exhausted, having walked all day in search of shore employment, calling on all the Free Employment Bureaus that the Missionaries' Office had given him references for that morning.

He was tired, hungry and discourag-

ed. Unable again to return to sea because of a fifty foot fall from the top mast of his last ship, dislocating and breaking his right shoulder, he was having a hard time finding anything for a one handed man to do ashore.

The S. S. Co. had offered him \$200.00 as a settlement and he had answered that he would wait a few weeks. If he regained the use of his arm, then he didn't want a penny. If his arm remained useless, then and then only must a compensation be made.

He had been a hard working sailor for twenty years, his hard earned savings had been sent periodically to his wife and child in Greece, his homeland. The case now in the hands of the Legal Aid Society was dragging slowly and his funds were exhausted. He asked for work.

"Well Antoni, don't get discouraged: after something to eat and a good night's sleep you'll likely find something tomorrow," said the Relief Man.

An order in the Hotel Department was made out and awaited the applicant's signature promising repayment. "You sign your name here, Antoni." But Antoni shook his head, having a hard time to keep the tears back.

"No, never yet have any body had to give me any thing. I always work and pay my way, as every other man who comes and lives here. Oh I don't know what to do. Can't you find some work for me to do?" And try as hard as he would the tears started to come.

"Oh I'm sorry, Antoni, it was my fault in not making it clear to you. We don't give this to you, you must pay it back again."

At that Antoni's face brightened. "Oh, you trust me?!" And Antoni Leoni took new hope and courage to face the morrow.

Not Medical Attention

"May I see the superintendent?" he asked politely of the young woman who answers inquiries and acts as intermediary between the busy office of Dr. Mansfield, and the never ending line of applicants, many of whom really need to see the head of some special Institute department.

She glanced at him with an appraising eye and then said, "I'll see if Dr. Mansfield is free just now."

The seaman looked at her with quick alarm.

"No doctor I need," he explained, "I'm fine and well. See, look at me. I'm all right. I just wanted to see the man who is at the head."

It took her ten minutes to explain the distinction between D.D. and M.D. and even then, her auditor remained puzzled.

Our New Telegraph Office

"I'll never take another man to the baggage room without first learning what he wants," declares the man, in charge of the dormitory.

"Last night a fellow with a little beer in his system and a little froth in his thoughts, asked to go to the baggage room. I took him down, turned on all the lights, opened the wicket and asked for his check."

"Check? Hic! I believe there's a telegram here for me."

Old Carpet

At the North River Station, 341 West Street, there is need for hand rags for the use of the firemen. They are best made from pieces of carpet and therefore, we shall be very grateful if LOOKOUT readers, having old carpets which they no longer use, will send

them to the North River Station. The manager is Mr. Allan S. Gookin, to whom packages can be addressed. The telephone is 1623 Spring if you wish to make any further inquiries.

The Preoccupied Andrew

In his interview with the Man Who Gives Advice, Andrew had shown some slight distaste for a life at sea. He had spoken rather disparagingly of the ocean, ships, captains, mates and the food aboard a vessel.

"Well," asked the Man Who Gives Advice, "do you want to go to work and learn a trade?"

"No, sir!" he answered hastily.

"I've got a little over a dollar, and my choice of four jobs, all of them 'sure things.' One on a schooner, the Ecuador to Frisco. Another on a liner to Havana. The third on a sulphur boat to Texas. And if I want to stay ashore I've got a friend outside ready to pay my way up to the Dynamite Works. No, I don't want a job."

Bergen in the Bronx

This is a story vouched for by a member of the Staff. As he has only the friendliest feelings towards his fellow worker, the malice is at once extracted.

One of the clerks at the hotel desk has been vainly searching for "S. Christiansen, Bergen" in the Bronx Telephone Directory.

Someone finally suggested that Bergen was in Norway.

Motion Picture Machine \$700.

This machine for entertaining seamen is still to be made a gift. Its benefits are incalculable: its power as a rival to water front attractions is boundless.

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.
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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.

Growing Pains

"You won't be likely to fill such a large place," an incredulous visitor said to one of the Institute's sponsors on the day the new building opened in May, 1913. It is probable that the sponsor answered with a discreet smile.

Three years have passed and the new building is still new: it has been kept shining and fresh by constant care and continual surveillance. It will be a long time before it ceases to be "new" in the hearts and minds of those who planned and longed for its construction. But it has been filled and re-filled a thousand times since that May afternoon in 1913. An average of 500 seamen have slept beneath its protecting, its mothering and fathering roof every night since September 15, of that same year. There has never been any question about using the great space. In the beginning days when 98 to 105 men first engaged bed rooms, there were always hundreds of others, a little shy at first, to crowd the great reading and game rooms. They came to look about and when no one preached to them or offered them tracts, they told their friends about it.

"May as well stay at the new hotel,"

they said, "you seem to get your money's worth and nobody bothers you if you behave yourself."

So they came and the big building had to put up "standing room only" signs at night. Day times they thronged the Lobby and Sitting room—they lounged against the Soda Fountain and crowded the Lunch Counter. They jostled each other in the wide corridors and waited their turns at the billiard tables. It began to be rapidly evident that there was but one great Institute where there were always innumerable seamen anxious to find their places in the huge plant. And that brings us to the growing pains.

In the April and May issues we talked of expansion, of the Enclosed Roof, of the new mezzanine to be constructed above the Lunch Counter. Already we are testing the elasticity of the new building — we are trying to make a little space here and to adapt an unexpectedly available spot there. In the early days, when the new building was a huge sheaf of white starred blue prints, it would have been almost impossible to prophesy this enormous growth. Or even if the far-sighted, clear-visioned ones foresaw, the blue prints couldn't be changed again. That after three years we are facing the need for tremendous expansion is a joy and a problem, a situation for pride and for perplexity.

Those who have followed the sequence of events, through these columns or through actual contact with the work, will understand the mixed emotions with which the growing pains are regarded by the Institute itself. What they will do is to wish us success as always: what they will desire will be a share in whatever progressive movement is planned and put into operation.

Gift of Mr. Dominick

The Inquiry Room has been made the gift of Mr. Marinus W. Dominick (a member of the Board of Managers) who thereby completes the row of three offices along the Administration Corridor.

The first is the Relief and General Missionary Office, the second the Look-out office and the third the Inquiry. Mr. Dominick has given all these, having watched their development with great interest.

Two Staff Offices \$200.00

There are remaining two offices to be made gifts or memorials. These are the special helpers' rooms—the office of Mr. Wood, the Big Brother to apprentices and Mrs. Roper, the house mother.

They represent so much more than wood-work and flat topped desks and swivel-chairs that their significance as a gift is difficult to describe in the ordinary phrases.

Here the seamen bring their intimate problems, their personal perplexities. Here the little apprentice boys come to tell about the last voyage, how homesick they are, how hard they mean to work to pass the examinations.

They will certainly appeal to someone who understands what a great part of the Institute plan such a gift immediately becomes.

A Correction

In the May issue we stated that the Player-Piano given by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker was repaired by the manufacturers. This, however was not the case.

The piano was repaired by direction of Mr. Wanamaker in the piano department of the Wanamaker store.

First Aid Lectures given at the Seamen's Church Institute

by

Dr. M. H. Foster

Surgeon United States Public Health
Service

November 1915—May 1916

| | |
|--|-------|
| Number of Courses..... | 25 |
| Number of Lectures | 118 |
| Total attendance | 2,722 |
| Average attendance | 23 |
| Average enrolled | 8 |
| Average passed per course | 5 |
| Average passed per course Officers | 9 |
| Average passed per course Seamen | 2 |
| Average seamen attending full course per course | 3 |
| Average officers attending full course per course | 10 |

The Contributors

The Editor wishes particularly to acknowledge with deep gratitude the contributions from members of the staff which have been sent to her, making it possible to get out this issue. Although they are unsigned, because it has never been the LOOKOUT custom to publish contributions, she wishes to assure the authors that her appreciation is not less sincere for that reason.

Their diligence in assembling material has been of enormous assistance to the editor, who is still unable to walk and consequently debarred from the inspiration which being in the Institute itself affords her.

Farewell to Rev. Charles P. Deems

On the afternoon of Sunday the 11th of June, the day before his departure for San Francisco, a gathering of all the heads of departments of the Institute was held on the fourth floor to bid God-speed to the Reverend Charles P. Deems and Mrs. Deems. The gathering, which took the form of a farewell tea, was held under the auspices of the Missionary Department of the Institute, the Rev. A. R. Mansfield, Superintendent, presiding.

After tea had been served, Dr. Mansfield arose and spoke. Very feelingly did he touch upon his long acquaintance with Mr. Deems, and especially of the relationship in which they stood to each other during the many years Mr. Deems was his Assistant Superintendent, and more particularly of the years of work and worry during the erection and equipment of the new building. Giving Mr. Deems a very high character as a Christian and a co-worker, and expressing deep regret at losing him, he still felt great satisfaction in the knowledge that he was going into that disorganized and over-organized field—San Francisco and the West Coast.

He declared his conviction that with his other qualifications added to that great and varied experience which he had acquired while at the Institute and in the Port of New York, he would be just the man to help Bishop Nichols solve the problems incidental to work among seamen under the conditions peculiar to the West Coast field. He also felicitated him upon the devotion and companionship of Mrs. Deems, who had proved willing to leave her family and friends in the East and follow him into that new and, to them both, un-

known field. In this connection Dr. Mansfield spoke of his own experience of a similar character and paid high tribute to Mrs. Mansfield for her self-sacrifice and the devotion shown in her willingness to share with him his work and life at Pike Street, on the East Side, for many years. He closed by wishing them both God-speed and every blessing.

In the long series of speeches that now followed, there was evident a unanimous feeling of love and goodwill towards Mr. Deems. Almost all the speakers referred to some little incident in their several relationships with Mr. Deems, either as a friend or as a superior, thus giving a bit of personal color to the occasion as well as furnishing protestations of regret at his going.

In closing, Mr. Deems expressed his deep regret at the termination of the pleasant relationship he had had with everyone. He referred with great gratitude to the loyalty shown him by his associates. Beginning with Dr. Mansfield and going all down the line he enumerated the particular characteristics that in each person had appealed to him, and stated, that in going out West to take up new and difficult work he wished everyone to understand that he did not want to go there simply as Mr. Deems, but as Mr. Deems imbued with all the fine characteristics he had thus noted in each of the friends and former co-workers in New York, to whom, at the point of departure, he therefore wished to express, on behalf of Mrs. Deems and himself, the deepest gratitude.

In the evening Mr. Deems held his farewell service and preached his farewell sermon, officiating as celebrant in the Holy Communion that followed, as-

sisted by Dr. Mansfield. A great many sailors and members of the shore congregation attended this service, as did also the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Deems, of Snug Harbor, Mr. Deems' parents.

The Pedestrian

"I want to go up to the Reading Room and talk to the men," he explained to the Desk Man. "I want to tell them how I have walked from San Francisco all the way to New York because I could not get a job on the Pacific Ocean."

The Desk Man regarded him intently. He was not five feet tall and his garments had that stiff look which comes to textures that have absorbed dust and rain for many weeks. His face was almost indistinguishable from his brown clothing, so seamed and browned and coarsened it was, so beaten by the weather.

"Think they'd be interested?" the Desk Man finally asked. The walker drew himself up haughtily.

"They certainly would. Seamen never walk a step if they can help it and when I just show myself to those fellows and tell them what I went through coming from coast to coast they'll want to pay for my board and lodging in this place."

Ten minutes later, the Desk Man overheard a group of seamen discussing the pedestrian as they came down the wide stair-case.

"Wot's he want coming up there when we was reading to tell us how well he can walk?" one of them grumbled.

"Walk!" snorted the tallest of the group, starting for the soda fountain. "why I've seen that fellow around the

docks every time I been in this port. He never walked further than from the end of a pier to a free lunch in his life."

The Year is Up

In the November Lookout a story appeared with regard to a young Russian who left a letter here for his mother, just before he went away to the war.

The letter was to be held for a year and if no word was heard from Strephon at the end of that time, it was to be posted to his mother in Petrograd.

Although the story was only published in November, the incident occurred a year ago and last week the time limit was exhausted and the Desk Man brought the letter upstairs to ask if he should post it. No word had been heard from Strephon in the twelve months which have elapsed since the farewell was written, and it is assumed that he is dead.

However, not wishing to worry the mother unnecessarily, the Man Who Gives Advice has consulted the British Consul who will look up Strephon's record and, if possible, discover exactly what has happened to him.

Meanwhile the letter waits. It was laboriously written by a man who knew he might never return to claim it. It is, quite probably, the last word for the mother who waits anxiously in triumphant Petrograd.

Remembering a Lecture

Although unfailingly courteous in their attention, the seamen seldom give the impression of strong excitement during one of the Board of Education lectures. But that they do take a profound interest in these illustrated lec-

tures is constantly shown by their conversation with members of the staff, and more significantly by letters like the following:

"Thank you for your very kind letter which I received last time in port at San Francisco and as we had a very short stay there, am writing from Oregon. It is a small place at the mouth of the Columbia River and the ship's company works in connection with the Great Northern & Pacific R. R.

I remember the lecture which was given at the Institute last winter about Oregon and I am glad I was present because now I have the chance to see for myself a very good portion of Oregon. I have been to Portland and from there to Mt. Hood and the other places of interest. I hope some more fellows had the opportunity to hear the lectures at the Institute and then visit some of the places. And I hope to hear some more lectures myself there this winter when I get back.

I wish I could help to have a similar Institute in San Francisco. I would gladly give the best in me toward it for I know very closely the life of the waterfront. It is very bad indeed and, with the expansion of the shipping in the near future, will be much worse.

Kindly forgive me for writing you all this but I just had to say it to someone.

Paul Kass."

A First Officer

"What I want is simply to borrow \$2.00. I can pay it back by ten o'clock to-morrow and if I don't get there, you telephone the purser of the 'Carpathia.' I'm her first officer."

He stood beside the chair of the Man Who Gives Advice and he spoke in the assured tones of one who is accustomed

to have his requests constructed as commands.

"But two dollars," repeated the Man Who Gives Advice in some astonishment. "We never give relief to that extent except in extreme cases of necessity."

"Well, you see," explained the first officer, "I have to go to Brooklyn and pick up two fellows from the crew and keep them overnight and feed them and—maybe \$1.50 would do."

The Man Who Gives Advice was greatly perplexed. It seemed a legitimate demand and yet something in the applicant's manner made him hesitate. He took up the telephone, asking the first officer to wait in the corridor.

"The 'Carpathia' isn't within a thousand miles of New York," the White Star Line told him, and when he sent for the first officer, he learned that he had gone, swiftly.

Using His Transfer

The other day a representative of the Baltic Provinces, black curly hair, red mustache, brown eyes, dark skin, wearing a bright tie, a rubber collar and a faded suit, dropped into the office of the man who gives relief. He was not a seaman and how he slipped by the watchman at the door still remains a mystery.

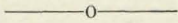
When his turn came for an interview he removed from his papers a street car transfer and carefully placed it on the desk.

"I want to return this as I am not going to use it. Will you please cash it for me?"

"But why do you come here?" the astonished Relief Man questioned.

"Why if that ticket is good anywhere, it sure must be good here. This

big building with its many flags, men from all nations coming and going, consul and other offices, is a Government Exchange, isn't it? And then too I wanted to ask you for a position in office or anything necessary to the Government. If any duty I got to do, why I feel as if I has to do it."



Vincent of the Vicissitudes

"You remember me, don't you? I was in this office only two years ago." he reminded the Man Who Gives Advice.

"Of course, but a good many seamen—," began the listener to seamen's woes.

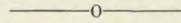
"Anyway," Vincent said, waving aside what he thought might be an apology for forgetting him, "I have had lots of things happen since. You know I was a chef on the Titanic when it sank four years ago. Well, when the war broke out I went to France and fought in two battles. I was wounded twice and when I came out of the hospital I was excused from further active service, in the army. So I went to Liverpool and signed on the Lusitania for a return trip. I was on board when she was sunk by a torpedo on May 7th."

"Why, Vincent," interrupted the Man Who Gives Advice, gasping, "you evidently have nine lives."

"No," remarked Vincent reflecting an instant. "I think all my escapes were due to my never losing my head. This watch was given to me by a passenger on the Lusitania whom I helped to fasten on his life belt and to cling to a bit of wreckage later."

"The funny thing is," he added as he rose to go, "that after coming safely through two terrible shipwrecks and

the war, I was nearly run over right here in New York by one of those little motors with one seat behind the other. Would hardly have seemed fair, would it?" he grinned.



SHIPPING DEPARTMENT
Month Ending May 31st, 1916

| Vessel | Men | Destination |
|--------------------------------|-----|-----------------------|
| S.S. Georgia | 9 | Tampico, Mexico |
| S.S. Texas | 5 | Port Artnaur, Texas |
| S.S. Moorish Prince | 30 | Brest, France |
| S.S. York Castle | 35 | Cape Town, So. Africa |
| S.S. Verdi | 19 | Liverpool, England |
| S.S. Port Hardy | 4 | Melbourne, Australia |
| S.S. Boniface | 32 | Para via Norfolk |
| S.S. Voltaire | 19 | Bahia, Brazil |
| S.S. Minot Wilcox | 3 | New York Harbor |
| S.S. Portuguese Prince | 28 | Brest, France |
| S.S. Oswald | 7 | Liverpool, England |
| S.S. Stephen | 30 | Para via Norfolk |
| S.S. Brabant | 9 | Tampico, Mexico |
| S.S. Bella | 1 | Havana, Cuba |
| S.S. Noya | 1 | Baltimore, Md. |
| S.S. Servian Prince | 26 | Brest, France |
| S.S. Meissonier | 13 | Genoa, Italy |
| S.S. Denis | 31 | Liverpool, England |
| S.S. Siamese Prince | 26 | Bordeaux, France |
| S.S. Atahualpa | 29 | Para via Norfolk |
| S.S. Hurunui | 9 | London, England |
| S.S. Chepstow Castle | 34 | Cape Town, So. Africa |
| S.S. Plutarch | 1 | Manchester, England |
| S.S. Paparoa | 4 | Brisbane, Australia |
| Yacht Aloha | 12 | Cruising |
| Yacht Priscilla | 1 | New Rochelle, N.Y. |
| Yacht Yankee Jack | 1 | Cruising |
| Yacht Kanawha | 1 | Cruising |
| Yacht Emerald | 3 | Cruising |
| Sch. Yacht Genesee | 4 | Cruising |
| Steamer Rowell | 1 | New London, Conn. |
| Barge Caddo | 1 | Providence, R. I. |
| Tug Ganoga | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Tug Tormentor | 2 | Tampico, Mexico |
| Tug Coleraine | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Men given temporary employment | 104 | On Shore |
| Total.... | | 537 |

Donations Received During the Month of May 1916

Knitted articles, clothing, shoes, towels, comfort bags, reading matter, flowers.

Action, Miss S. T.
Allen, Miss M.
Bailey, Mrs. J. S., Jr.
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Barnard, Mrs. Horace
Belcher, Mrs. Z.
Bernard, Mrs. Wm.
Bowden, Mrs. B. H.
Branders, Mrs. Edith D.
Brown, Miss Bergh
Braine, Mr. L. F.
Carlisle, Mrs. R. B.
Champion, Mrs. Henry
Chapin, Mrs. Barton

CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUB AND BRANCHES

Headquarters, 281 Fourth Ave., New York.
Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City,
Long Island

Christ Church, Belleville, N. J.
Church of the Atonement, Tenafly, N. J.
Church of the Epiphany, N. Y.
Church of the Messiah, N. Y.
Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, N. Y.
St. Agnes' Chapel, N. Y.
St. Andrew's Church, Beacon, N. Y.
St. George's Church, Passaic, N. J.
St. John's Church, Huntington, L. I.
St. John's Church, Elizabeth, N. J.
St. John's Church, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.
St. John's Church, Far Rockaway, L. I.
St. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Stephen's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Thomas' Church, N. Y.
Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.
Cole, Captain E. H.
Colonial Dames of America,
Cosmopolitan Sewing Circle
Davison, Mrs. G. W.
Dent, Mrs. F. J.
Dominick, Mr. M. W.
Eldridge, Mrs. M.
Fairbanks, Mr. Frederick
Fields, Mrs. L. C.
Fink, Miss M. M.
Fleckmann, Miss Lida L.
Flood, Mr. M. D. M.
Foot, Mr. Sanford
Fox, Mrs. H. F.
Green, Mr. G. S., Jr.
Greenleaf, The Misses
Hajek, Miss Emma A.
Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
Hasbrouck, Mrs. J.
Ivanhoe Tobacco Company
Ives, Mrs. T. M.
Janeway, Mr. G. H.
Jones, Mrs. Wm. E.
Kirby, Mr. A.
Merrall, Mrs. F. R.
Meyn, Mr. Henrick

More, Mrs. T. T.
Morse, Mr. F. R.
Mowe, Mrs. W. R.
Murphy, Miss Betty
Mutual Life Insurance Company
Newhaus, Mrs. M. C.
Parsons, Miss Bertha
Peabody, Mrs. F. D.
Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.
Purdon, Miss M. L.
Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
Rhoades, Miss H.
Richter, Mrs.
Robinson, Mr. E. S.
Roebbling, Mrs. J. A.
St. George's Society
Sanford, Mrs. Edmund C.
Sill, Rev. Frederick S.
Simmons, Mrs. J. F.
Slade, Miss A. P.
Smieton, Mrs. Frances O.
Smith, Mrs. John Jewell
Tailor, Mr. Edward N.
The Ridgway Company
Thompson, Mrs. H. M.
Thompson, Mr. L. M.
Usher, Miss Irene
Vanderbilt, Miss Jane
Ward, Mr. Frederick S.
Watson, Mrs. M. E.
Wendell, Mrs. Mary
Westcod, Mrs. C. L.
White, Mrs. G.
Williams, The Misses
Wilson, Mr. Albert J. M.
Women's Auxiliary All Saints' Church,
Winter Park, Florida
Women's Auxiliary St. Paul's Church,
Syracuse, N. Y.
Women's Chapter of the Church of the Holy
Spirit, Bensonhurst, N. Y.
Young, Mrs. Richard

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Anonymous, Social and Religious Fund | \$25.00 |
| Cox, Miss Isabella V., Social and Religious Fund | 1.81 |
| Cathedral School of St. Mary, Garden City, L. I. Social and Religious Fund | 25.00 |
| Church of the Holy Comforter, Eltingville, N. Y. Sailors' Day Collection | 7.21 |
| King, Mrs. Anna M. Social and Religious Fund | 1.00 |
| Women's Auxiliary St. Paul's Church, Syracuse, N. Y. Expressage on literature | .50 |
| St. Stephen's Church, B'klyn, N. Y. Sailors' Day Collection | 7.81 |
| Sunday School, Church of the Redeemer, Pelham, N. Y. Sailors' Day Collection | 2.20 |
| Anonymous donations | 11 |

General Summary of Work

MAY, 1916

Savings Department

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| May 1st Cash on hand..... | \$48,484.70 |
| Deposits | 34,731.08 |
| | <u>\$83,215.78</u> |
| Withdrawals (\$8,154.08 trans- mitted) | 30,598.98 |
| June 1st. Cash Balance..... | \$52,616.80 |
| (Includes 22 Savings Bank Deposits in Trust \$11,152.23) | |

Shipping Department.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Vessels supplied with men by the S. C. I. | 35 |
| Men shipped | 433 |
| Men given temporary employment in Port | 14 |
| Men given temporary employment through Missionaries | 90 |
| Total number of men given employment | 537 |
| Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley." | |
| Trips made | 29 |
| Visits to vessels | 120 |
| Men transported | 98 |
| Pieces of dunnage transported | 160 |
| Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments. | |
| Lodgings registered | 15,776 |
| Letters received for seamen | 3,501 |
| Pieces of dunnage checked | 2,701 |

Relief Department.

| | | | |
|-----------------|---|--|-----|
| Men Assisted | } | Board, Lodging and Clothing | 141 |
| | | Employment on shore through Missionaries | 90 |
| | | Treated by Doctor | 176 |
| | | Referred to Hospitals | 52 |
| | | Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies | 58 |

Social Department.

| | Attendance | | |
|--|------------|--------|-----------|
| | Number | Seamen | Total |
| Entertainments | 1 | 120 | 130 |
| First Aid Lectures..... | 10 | 161 | 161 |
| Gerard Beekman Educa- tional Noonday Talk.... | 1 | 56 | 56 |
| Hospital Visits | | | <u>21</u> |
| Patients visited | | | 121 |
| Ships visited | | | 321 |
| Packages of reading matter distributed. | | | 390 |
| Knitted articles distributed | | | 2 |

Religious Department.

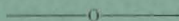
| | Attendance | | |
|------------------------|------------|--------------|--------------|
| | Services | Seamen | Total |
| English | 21 | 1,132 | 1,236 |
| Scandinavian | 8 | 94 | 105 |
| Special Services | 5 | 44 | 44 |
| Holy Week Services in | | | |
| April | 11 | 899 | 989 |
| Sing Songs | 8 | 900 | 926 |
| | <u>53</u> | <u>3,069</u> | <u>3,300</u> |
| Total..... | | | |

| | |
|------------------------------|---|
| Holy Communion Service | 1 |
| Funeral Services | 2 |
| Baptismal Service | 1 |
| Wedding Service | 0 |

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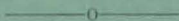
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