



The LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S
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The LOOKOUT

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Volume XVI
Number XII

December
1925

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The Lookout
wishes all its friends
A Merrie Christmas

H

M

Men Who Live By Stars

Since the dawn of Time, stars have been to man a source of wonderment, of mystery—speaking to him of the immensity of the universe. By the majesty of their rhythmic march through the heavens, they have taught him the order that lies behind the Things that Be. They gave man the gift of Wonder.

To the mariner they are even more, for the men of the sea have been said to live by the stars. By them they take their bearing and govern their courses. They are guide posts, silent friends across the vast stretches of the oceans.

Centuries ago in this month of the year, a new Star rose in the East, and by its brilliant light guided Wise Men laden with gifts to the Child who was to be the Greatest Giver the world has known, and by whose counsels mankind has been taught the lesson of giving—the way of life.

Early in life He took among His friends those who lived the simple life of seafolk—men whose earnestness and simplicity He loved, and whose lives were passed midst the ageless, unchanging elements of sea and sky.

To them He taught the lesson of giving and of receiving. Throughout the centuries has persisted the simplicity of these seafaring men—their appreciation of the elements, of their part in life, their knowledge of the eternal pageantry of sky and sea. They read the open book of nature.

And at this time of year as we celebrate the Birthday of the Great Giver, and recall the story of the celestial light that led the Magi in the paths of miracle, the hearts and thoughts of modern men should all be nearer Those Who Live by Stars.

The Building Committee at Work

Since the laying of the cornerstone, the Building Committee has formed the following Committees for the active work of securing new subscriptions to the Building Fund:

Church Organizations Committee, under Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, Chairman, comprises the following members: Reverend William Tufts Crocker, Reverend Frank Warfield Crowder, D. D., Reverend Harry Darlington, D. D., Robert L. Harrison, and Henry L. Hobart. It was the churches in the Diocese that built the chapel in the original building. The Church Organizations Committee will be responsible for the work among the churches of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, and New Jersey.

The Shipping Companies Committee, composed of Stanley Dollar, J. H. Gardner, Robert L. Hague, Clifford Mallory, Louis B. McCagg, Jr., Frank C. Munson, and Oakley Wood, is headed by Thomas A. Scott. They will be responsible for solicitation among steamship, shipping companies, and allied marine interests.

The Committee on New York Exchanges consists of Harry C. Cushing, 3rd, Oliver Iselin, Clarence G. Michalis, John A. Morris, and Ber- non S. Prentice, and is headed by Charles E. Dunlap. This Committee will work through the various exchanges in downtown New York—Stock, Cotton, Produce, Coffee and Sugar, Consolidated Stock, et cetera.

The Women's Committee, of which Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies is the Honorary Chairman, will work in interesting prospective givers. In addition to the Women's Committee, there are the Seamen's Church Institute Associations who are already assisting with the Building Fund.

The Downtown New York Committee, of which Bayard C. Hoppin is Chairman, is composed of the following members: F. Kingsbury Curtis, Harry Forsyth, Aymar Johnson, Franklin P. Remington, Thomas Roberts, Jr., John Jay Schieffelin, and Ernest E. Wheeler. They will work among the bankers, lawyers, and business men of lower Manhattan.

There will be an Uptown New York Committee group; and also an Out-of-Town Committee which will work throughout Brooklyn, Long Island, New Jersey, and Staten Island. Edwin A. S. Brown is the Chairman of the New Jersey Committee; Benjamin T. Van Nostrand is on the Brooklyn Committee.

Since the Committee has been actively organized, November 13th, among the larger subscriptions received are the following:

Winthrop W. Aldrich	\$100
Frank B. Bemis	100
Albert N. Cleaver	100
Mrs. Albert N. Cleaver	100
Stephen D. Crocheron	100
Mrs. H. Holbrook Curtis	100
Mrs. Thomas J. Emery	100
G. G. Frelinghuysen	100
Mrs. James J. Goodwin	100
Mrs. F. Gray Griswold	100
Francis N. Howland	100
C. Sherman Hoyt	100
E. C. Jameson	100
Mrs. Arthur R. Kimball	100
Mrs. G. E. Kissel	100
Mrs. James McLean	100
Mrs. A. Hennen Morris	100
Stanley Grafton Mortimer	100
Mrs. James T. Mount	100
Miss Laura Nelson	100
Mrs. George L. Nichols	100
Mrs. L. E. Opdyke	100

Henry Parish	100
Mrs. Harrison Parker	100
Charles Pfizer & Co., Inc.	100
Miss Elizabeth W. Roberts	100
Miss Marion S. Rodie	100
Mrs. E. Barnier Shaw	100
William W. Smith, 2nd	100
Mrs. L. Sperry	100
William S. Stearns	100
Mrs. George W. Steele	100
Miss Susan M. Sturges	100
Mrs. Charles H. Thomas	100
Benjamin D. Traitel	100
Ernest E. Wheeler	100
Miss Frances E. White	100
Blair S. Williams	100
John D. Wing, 2nd	100
George Zabriskie	100
Mrs. F. J. Warren	150
Charles E. Dunlap (Additional) ..	200
Mrs. Homer Gage	200
Miss Alice R. Peters	200
The Porto Rico Coal Co. (Additional) ..	200
A. Van Renselaer	200
Miss Elizabeth H. Wisner	200
Mrs. Charles D. Dickey	250
Charles S. Haight	250
E. S. Pettigrew	250
Arthur Ryle	250
Mrs. J. Kearny Warren	250
Charles C. Burlingham	350
Gerrish H. Milliken	500
Robert L. Pierrepont	500
Mrs. C. B. Alexander	1,000
Mrs. B. H. Buckingham (Additional) ..	1,000
William Halls, Jr.	1,000
Mrs. William T. Hildrup, Jr.	1,000
Miss Mary L. Jackson	1,000
Hiram W. Sibley (Additional)	1,000
Francis M. White	1,000
Mrs. Prescott Lawrence	2,000
Wilmore Steamship Co., Inc. (Additional) .	2,000
John E. Berwind (Additional)	2,500
Mrs. James A. Scrymser (Additional)	5,000

Pals

He was waiting in the lobby to see the House Mother when she came in. Something he had for her, he said.

"He has been waiting half an hour," he explained, "but he'll be all right till we get upstairs. I told him to sit in the reading room 'till you came. I'd like you to have him while I'm away. He'll look after you."

Her curiosity grew as she mounted the steps. She thought it was an inexperienced seaman whom the man wanted her to look after.

Bolt upright he sat as they came in the room, and only when he was told by his master did he get down from the chair wriggling with content and wagging a large tail. He was of a curious breed, a composite type, which defies classification but which seems to possess the ingratiating qualities of many breeds with none of their physical characteristics. His yellowish brown body fairly vibrated with content at seeing his master. His brown eyes had that look of devotion that spells nobility even in the commonplace.

"I thought you might like to have him while I'm away. He likes you already, you see"—as the dog thumped his tail against the chairs in the House Mother's diminutive office—"and I can't take him to sea with me." Here was a problem. The House Mother thought of the size of most New York apartments—explained how uncomfortable city life was to canines, how appreciative she was of his thought of her, how lonesome the dog would be without his master.

"Well, I can't go to sea without him. He's all I've got."

"Why not try to take him anyway," suggested the House Mother, little thinking it would work.

A few days later he was back again. . . . "Couldn't get a ship," said he, "so I took a barge, 'cause they'll take the dog too."

Reconciliation

A sailor's life at best is lonely. He rarely knows the joys of family life that the landsman through usage looks on sometimes casually. And if anything happens to disturb the tranquillity of his home life, it spells tragedy. Such a one unfolded itself one day not long ago in the little office of the House Mother. Silence had weighed on the wife and she had communicated her fears and worries to the House Mother, who promptly wrote the husband to come to see her. When he did, she knew at once that there must be some misunderstanding, some secret thing that hurt the pride and prevented his writing home. And as usual she was right.

She persuaded him to ship next time on a vessel going home. He did, and the result is chronicled in a note to her from a Canadian port.

"I do hope you do not think that I have forgotten you or your goodness. I wish to let you know that I have been to England and I had my wife and little girl at ————, where we became quite reconciled and spent a very happy eleven days.

"We came to a clear understanding and found out the cause of all our trouble and mistake. My wife never ceased to bless you for bringing us together and only hopes that she will be able to come and see you. . . .

"Please give everybody by very best wishes and luck. I expect to be sailing about Friday and I don't know where for yet. So will write you again, when I get back. . . .

'Your most grateful friend,

X
A Fish Story

So many tributes, so many tokens of thoughtfulness of the enormous seagoing family of the House Mother gravitate to her office that she is not surprised at their variety.

But it is not every day that a man appears at the Institute with a great fifteen-pound fish and starts toward her door. It was one he had caught on his way up from South America—could it be cooked at the Institute so that she might eat it and he might be there too?

It was arranged; the House Mother invited two or three others to share it with her; and during the course of dinner the story of the modern Walton came out.

From Bohemia he was, though he had lived most of his life in America. When his wife died, he went to sea, the son and daughter going to live in Europe with their grandparents.

Beginning as an ordinary seaman, he had gone up in the scale. Probably because he was steadier on his feet than the others, he said modestly. His son was being educated in Prague as a Civil Engineer; his daughter in Switzerland. He hoped to have them back in America in a year and they would settle down in California where he would go back to bee farming.

"It was after my wife died that I went to sea," he explained. "Nothing else seemed to satisfy me—so restless, so unanchored, I was—but when the family come back, I want them to have a place to come that they will call home. I don't want them to feel as unattached as I did when I first shipped.

"And if you'll help me eat the next fish I catch, I'll tell you more about them when next I'm in port."

Now the House Mother has her just share of curiosity. She is fond of children; she is interested in hearing further about the two whose interesting father she knows; she is devoted to her thousands of seafarers; but she is really worried for fear the next fish might be a thirty-pounder, and she says her appetite is limited at best.

Appreciation

The world of the seafarer is many-faceted. A friendship begun in sailing ship days may be resumed on a Diesel-engined craft. Sooner or later New York enters into the mariner's life and often as not it is about the Institute lunch counter that the sea world rubs elbows. So the Employment Officer found it the other day. A man beside him looked vaguely familiar, but despite his quickness at remembering names, the preoccupations of the moment dull the edge of recollection, and until the man spoke he could not place him.

"You don't remember me, do you?" the man queried. "I'm Jim of the A . . . used to be kind of small like—looked after you when you was Captain aboard—I ain't forgot your being good to me neither." The Employment Officer searched his memory. Somewhere out of the mists of eleven years emerged a picture of a small mess boy, a wee shaver. A decade brings changes in a youth . . . here he was an experienced man of the sea.

"You may not remember it, but I want to tell you what you did for me—when you started me saving my money—I put some in the Institute bank—kept adding a little—you see I am assistant steward now. How much do you think I have?" and he leaned over and whispered in the officer's ear a sum of four figures.

"It's thanks to you I done that, and I always wanted to tell you about it. It's thanks to your goodness to me. You steered me right when I was a little shaver, you see."

Christmas Dinners

This is the time of the year when even the roving heart of the seaman turns toward home, family, hearthstone; when lonely weeks at sea are made doubly lonely by the fact that he cannot be with his own family Christmas Day.

That is where the Institute steps in and where your contributions to the Christmas Fund give to the hundreds who keep the sea lanes open something of holiday cheer, and the real spirit of brotherly love.

We know that this year we have asked our friends for a great deal in the way of building help, in order to house the hundreds who come to 25 South Street for shelter, but we are hoping that everyone will find it in their hearts to stretch a point this holiday time and help provide the Christmas celebration for those who man our ships.

When to the landsmen the chill of winter's here the days are even more severe at sea, and whenever a sleet-covered ship comes into port these days, old South Street sees an eager line of seamen coming along the waterfront to where seamen coming along the waterfront toward the Institute which stands to them a symbol of stability in their roving lives.

Crowded as we are from top to bottom, we do not want to crowd out the spirit of Christmas. For a long time we have not had room for all who come for accommodations, but we always have room for the cheques that come to provide

Christmas cheer for the hundreds of mariners in port at Yuletide.

Many remembrances to brighten Christmas Day for the men have come in from friends of the seafarer, but we are anxious to have contributions to the Christmas Dinner Fund, in order to make them feel more than ever at home on the Day which the world commemorates in joyous giving.

Sailors' Day

The Tenth Annual Sailors' Day Service, under the auspices of the Joint Conference of the Allied Societies for Seamen in the Port of New York of which Mr. Edmund L. Baylies is President, was held in the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn on Sunday evening, November eighth.

The pastor, the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., gave the address of welcome. The Reverend Karl Reiland, D.D., Rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, gave an address on "The Challenge of Christianity." Dr. Mansfield read the impressive memorial prayers, followed by the sounding of roll call and taps.

The service was attended by a great many seamen from the Institute, for whom buses were provided, as well as many seamen from ships in the harbor and the various seamen's institutions interested in the organization which comprises the Joint Conference.

It brings together the seamen, those working for their welfare, and interested friends of the mariners in a way that is most beneficial in understanding, and providing for the thousands of seafolk who come to the Port of New York each year.

Memorials

The following memorials or designated gifts to the Building Fund have been received since the list published in the October *Lookout*.

In that list mention was not made of the fact that Mrs. Cortlandt Irving's memorial room is given in memory of her brother, Fanning C. T. Beck.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Miss A. P. Benjamin, 67
Park Avenue, New York
City— | Drinking fountain. |
| Mrs. Josiah H. Fithian,
Hotel Bossert, Brook-
lyn, N. Y.— | A seaman's room. |
| Mrs. William Thomas Hil-
drup, Jr., St. Regis Hotel,
New York City— | A seaman's room,
"Given by Florence N. Hil-
drup in memory of her
husband, William Thomas
Hildrup, Jr." |
| Mrs. Bradish Johnson, New
York City— | A room,
In memory of Bradish
Johnson. |
| Mrs. Aymar H. Johnson,
Islip, L. I.— | A room,
"Given by Marian Johnson
in loving memory of her
father, Charles Frederick
Hoffman." |
| Miss Mary P. Mulligan,
Huntington, L. I.— | Chapel chair,
"In loving memory of a
dear sailor brother—1855-
1894." |
| Mr. William Prall, 70 East
77th Street, New York
City— | Chapel chair,
"In memory of Arendt Jan-
sen Prall van Naarden,
who died on Staten Island
A. D. 1725." |
| Mrs. J. Kearney Warren,
135 E. 36th Street, New
York City— | Drinking Fountain,
"Presented by Mrs. J.
Kearny Warren in loving
memory of her nephew,
John Warren Dubois
Gould." |
| Mrs. M. B. Whittlesey,
Pontiac, Mich.— | Chapel chair,
"In loving memory of
David Whittlesey, January
19, 1919." |

Loti

He had left home and school for the sea some three years back, and had found the school of life more rigorous than he had reckoned for. From the Pacific coast he had come this trip and landed in New York with very little more than enough to pay for his room a day or two. That was soon gone, when a message came for him saying that he must come home at once, his father was ill, his mother had forgiven him for going off to sea. But France is a long, long journey—he didn't know what to do.

The House Mother understood the mother's anxiety, knew that the lad needed help at once. He was worn and thin, pale, sensitive. He talked to her about literature. He wrote a good deal himself, he was a student of Hugo, Lamartine, Pierre Loti was his idol. His longing for the sea was natural . . . his father was an officer in the Navy . . . a friend of Loti. He knew now he must get home—his father had never forgiven him for leaving school, he realized now how much he wanted the mental discipline he would acquire there. If he could get home he knew that his father would pardon him and he would continue his studies . . . he would yet write like Loti . . . and his gestures became eloquent as his enthusiasm grew.

The House Mother called the man who gives employment. There was a conference . . . what was decided no one learned, but we did see a post card with a French stamp a day or two ago saying that he had arrived and all was well. So we may yet read the story of it if he follow's Loti's inspiring example.

Loyalty

Nothing is more indicative of the current trend of seamen's thought than the dwindling pile of Christmas cards on the House Mother's desk.

Toward the roots of their origin their feeling turns like the needle to the pole. And usually there is some reference made to the recipient when cards are requested.

Accustomed to command he was, thought the lady in question, when a tall, well set up man in the thirties came into her office, his request for a card being made in the unassuming manner of those who are used to giving orders and giving them with consideration.

Naturally the conversation turned to the receiver. "For my old nurse, now in Finland," he said. "She it was who really mothered me when I was small. She is now ninety-six, and I have never missed sending her some message at Christmas time."

And then bit by bit some of the other details of his life came out—a Russian family of degree, whose whole tradition was for the army, for which he had no liking; his break from them to follow the wandering life of the sea; his success; the loyalty of his men; his captaincy; his ability; his devotion to those he admired; his generosity; his pride—all helped to register the calibre of the man in the sympathetic eyes of the House Mother, as he talked and she judged.

"Loyalty is the first of all qualities, I think," he said. "That is what I feel for my old nurse. Comprehension is the second. That is her gift to me, you see."

Gifts

It may be a bit premature, but we know of one instance where Christmas has already arrived in the Institute.

We saw him coming up the stairs, a large box in hand, and knew he had just been to the post office. Into the reading room he went to undo the package and he burst into the House Mother's office a few moments later radiating such happiness as we have not seen for many days.

A tall, fair-haired lad, he was, from the Northland, where men love the out-of-doors and take kindly to the sea. He forgot everything, even the fact that he had not seen us before in the joy of displaying the remembrances from home.

A Christmas book, warm woolens, some small cakes, sox, a tie, were all drawn from the magic box, and everyone who looked on felt as though they had been transported to the joyful foyer of the far away Scandinavian home from which so much happiness had issued.

Nearest of Kin

It was a summons from a hospital that took the House Mother scurrying toward the man who was ill. He has named you as nearest of kin—read the message; but with a family of thousands she sometimes finds it difficult to remember all those who come to look on her in that light.

Arriving at the hospital, still struggling to remember the looks of the man who had sent for her, trying vainly to conjure up some clue to his identity, she was shown into the ward.

Many beds, many men, but still no one she recognized as having seen before. "That is the man down there," the attendant indicated, and from the whiteness of the bed half rose a dark head, a glistening smile on its dusky face.

"Ah just hoped you wouldn't mind," he said, as she came near. "You all am de closes' pusson what I knew in New York, an' I just put yo' all down as my sure enough kin when they asked me who I wanted to see most."

Bewitched

A large black spider hung in the doorway; witches danced across the walls, while arched-back cats sat on the window ledge; pumpkins grinned; and a ruddy light from the great lamps in the little reading room announced that the spirits were abroad, that it was a night when flying things were about in the dark. And everyone swore that something flew off with some of the hours of the evening—so short it seemed.

Even the shyest entered into the spirit of the occasion, for costume and masks lend assurance to the most tongue-tied and heavy footed. One big sailor man, fearless at sea, is usually panicky at ordinary Fellowship parties when it is suggested he dance, or if one of the hostesses engages him in conversation. He came whenever he could to the parties; he enjoyed it all; but he did not rid himself of a certain bashfulness. And the worst of it was he wanted to and couldn't.

Then came Hallowe'en—the costume party. Disguise does more than alter appearance. It sometimes changes character. Under the protection of mask and costume, he was another being. He danced; he talked; he entered into the play of the evening with unabated zest. He was completely changed.

And no one knew until masks were doffed who was the fun-loving seaman. Perhaps the witches of Hallowe'en did ride off with his timidity.

A Stranger's Strange Story

(Continued from the September Issue)

"With men who live by the laws of the sea, know its rules of fellowship, sharing; with such there is safety.

"You know the old saying about everything of the sea going back to the sea—she keeps her ships, and her men. There is some strong hold that you can't get away from. "Well, 'tis the same thing here—things that belong to the sea—these old ships are being found by those who do for the seaman. Treasure's the same. I have always felt that is what Captain Kidd wanted. He would like someone to be helped by it who knew the same life he did.

"There may be some of it right here," he said, turning of a sudden to me. I thought then he had gone queer in the head for sure. But I decided to hear out what he had to say.

When we were coming away he said he had heard that Captain Kidd used to be in this part of town, and that he would not be surprised to know that he had actually left some of his spoils hereabout.

He said that he once sailed with an old captain who told him that there was a well founded rumor that Kidd vowed that his greatest treasure should go to those who did something for men of the sea.

I began to think of what he said when he left me that night, stumping down the street.

It was the next day I heard the workmen had struck a large iron box. I thought again of the old man. Perhaps there was some truth to his statement after all. Was it part of the famous treasure?

I said nothing about it to anyone, for I knew few of the people here at this place realized that

Captain Kidd lived so near, and, of course, I had said nothing about my impressions of him. They would have thought it queer.

I decided to make some explorations of my own, so I went out where they were working. One sort of chief, a young man, was looking on, too, so I spoke to him to find out what he thought was in it.

"The irony of Fate," he said. "No one can ever know what was there, for one of the caissons was put down right beside it; the door was on the other side; it will have to remain forever a secret."

Strange coincidence it seemed, for there it was near Cuyler's Alley. The thought of the dream came back to me. Perhaps Kidd had meant that as a special sign.

It was night again when I went back to the Park and sat under the same old tree. . . .

"Man of Grennock, you have misunderstood my message. You will and must right me as I told you before. You have not found what you thought my treasure; but you have found my thought; you have given some light on my history; you have made some people see me clearly—more will understand. But what you shall say from me is that Kidd's greatest treasure is his love for the sea and for the men who follow it.

"For years now I have been watching with interest, suggesting when I could, the work that is going on here. There are men now who are looking after you—men who, like myself, have known a ship called 'Adventure.'

"Many people are helping you seamen; many more will. New York has always been proud of her shipping. Here in the heart of Sailor Town is where I shall stay when in port; here I shall look after my treasure, that it be used for you.

"No one knows what my treasure really is. People have been hunting it for years. It will be turned to the account of those who come and go, like you, from the Port of New York. To have them know hospitality in the shadow of my present haunts is my real desire.

"Tell seafarers that I am still on the 'Adventure'; and tell the people of New York that you have seen me; that I expect them to stand by the mariner. It was the sea and ships that brought New York her commerce and her treasure. She will be willing to give to those who man them.

"The old spirits of the sea are ever active in America. The captains of all the old ships that used to be known are whispering into the ears of young America the former glories of our maritime history.

"Even old ships do not pass from our memory. Models of them are reproduced everywhere. It is gratifying to us of the sea, for it should be in the nature of a man to love a ship; and it should be even more in the nature of a nation to love those who man them.

"If you would see the 'Adventure,' we can board her now. Only in the moonlight is it possible. Come, man, follow in the shadow of the dock. They are putting out to sea." . . .

I felt cold and numb from being so long in one position.

I hurried to the water's edge to see the late full moon. A shed stood in the way. I walked around to the other side, and in the path of the moon, far down where there was light shining on the water, I am sure I saw sails and a ship, and heard a strange voice echoing back over the water—like someone saying good-bye. . . .

The End.

Letters

To the House Mother's desk came this note from a seaman in the South:

"Please will you be so good and do for me this little job. Please you will forgive me that little trouble. You done in your life for so many seamen of all nacionality all kinds of help that my hope is very strong that you never say no. This is what I will ask you. I have some letters from my family from London, Eng. I think so many times that letters for a man from his wife and children is more dear than everything of this world . . . Please help me. Will you see in the post office is there any letters for J. B. from ——. Please take these letters and send to me for which I will remember your good heart and love to all seamen. Thank you very much. Yours, . . ."

Building Benefit Rummage Sale

For the benefit of the Building Fund, a successful Rummage Sale was conducted under the auspices of the Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute Associations at 343 West Houston Street, November 10th, 11th, and 12th.

The following Associations took an active part in the actual classifying and selling of articles; Robert Rogers Group, Brooklyn Association, Grace Church Association, Riverside Association, Seamen's Benefit Society, the South Shore and Staten Island Associations.

Since the sale, the Executive Committee, with helpers, have been classifying articles unsold and fresh articles that have come in. A continuation sale in another location will be held after the holidays.

The Committee wishes to thank all those who sent contributions, and especially to acknowledge those left without any indication of the sender.

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Incorporated 1844

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