

The Lookout



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

OUR ONE HANDICAP !!

\$180,000 STILL TO RAISE

Over half the bedrooms in this building are filled every night.

Every one of the 64 beds in the Dormitories is occupied.

The Reading and Game Rooms, the Shipping Bureau, Savings and Baggage Departments are in use.

There are more customers than the Barber Shop can handle.

The "Slop Chest," our department store, is always busy.

BUT we cannot open the Lunch Counter, the Dining Room and Kitchen until we secure the \$180,000 balance on the Building Fund.

OUR ONE HANDICAP is that we cannot serve meals to the 600 men who come daily to the Institute.

Won't you help us to open the **Restaurant**?

By giving \$5,000 or more and becoming a "Founder"?

By giving \$1,000 or more and becoming a "Benefactor"?

By giving \$2,500 for the Kitchen?

By giving \$2,000 for the Baggage Department?

By giving \$1,500 for the Soda Fountain?

By giving \$300 for the Barber Shop?

By giving \$300 for the Parcel Room?

By giving \$250 for an Officer's Room? Only 6 left.

By giving **Any amount** from \$1.00 upwards?

SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, Chairman Building Committee,

54 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE LOOKOUT

Published by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

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Edmund L. Baylies, President

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Secretary-Treasurer
OFFICE, 25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK

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No. 8

What They Ask "Following" the Sea

He was such a thin, little, old man that it wasn't surprising to hear a high-pitched tremulous voice answer the greeting of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

He had been in before to secure assistance in entering Sailors' Snug Harbor where he could spend the rest of his days.

"I hope you aren't angry with me for making you wait," said the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, smiling.

"Angry? Me, sir?" shrilled the old, little voice in great surprise, "Oh, no, sir. Why, I'm—I'm awful glad to see you, sir!" he finished, and then he dabbed each eye with a big blue and white handkerchief which looked like the Union Jack.

"I've all my papers now and if you can get the rest of the information I might be able to go over to Sailors' Snug Harbor in ten days. I've been a cook for 38 years but I'm giving out. You hear about men 'following the sea.' Well, sir, I thing the sea 'followed' me. I tried to leave it. I knew I'd never be much beyond a ship's cook, but every time the sea would follow me and I'd find myself back, sailing off on another voyage."

"Well, it can't follow me this time," he said a little sadly, wiping his eyes again with the handkerchief that looked like the Union Jack.

The Cheeriness of Michael

"Would you like a job?" asked the Man-Who-Gives-Advice of the man who came next. He must have been over sixty but there was that in his humorous blue eyes which never grows old.

"Sure, an' would I? Would I jump at it? I'd go on the minute, sir! I would do anything from Captain to Scullery Boy. I bet you I could peel a sack of potatoes in three quarters of an hour; its the right knife that does it and I always carry mine with me."

"I thought I might get you a job for the winter looking after a small yacht club, seeing to the boats and that sort of thing," suggested the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"Well, sir, I'm not much to row a boat. I can splice rope and I've been on 8 wind-jammers and I know a deal about sails. Still, I'm a pretty tough old nut and maybe I could do it. Michael Monahan is niver too old to learn anything."

"You'd better not say anything about it to the men around here—anyhow until you know for certain," advised the Institute worker, with wise caution.

"Say anything—me, sir? Sure, an' I niver let my right hand know what my left hand does—niver. Sure my mouth closes as tight as a steel trap."

And just to prove that it did, he

merely beamed upon the Man-Who-Gives-Advice with the young blue eyes, suppressing his customary cheerful grin as he closed the office door behind him.

A Scorn for Science

"You're next," said the Man-Who-Gives-Advice to the seaman in the grey sweater. The man entered the office with a slow step and once inside clutched at the back of a chair for support; his face was grey, too, but there was a spark of animation in his dark eyes.

"You are just out of the hospital, I believe," began the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, "why did you leave? I have a note from them saying you are leaving under protest."

"Well," said the man "they wouldn't give me nothing but milk—not a drop of medicine did they give me and I don't hold with no hospitals that don't give you medicine."

"Perhaps milk was all you needed," volunteered the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, "how were you hurt?"

"I was working on a boat about 14 miles out in the Harbor and on Tuesday (about three weeks ago) we was shifting one of the little tenders and there was a heavy sea running. Well, suddenly we gave an unexpected lurch to starboard and the tender struck me in the chest and stomach. I had what they call a hem-ridge, sir. I guess the Captain thought I was going to die. Anyhow I was from Tuesday to Saturday without a doctor because it was too rough to go ashore; then they brought me to the hospital."

"We'll take care of you to-night but you will have to go back to the hos-

pital until you are well," decided the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"Not that one, please sir, I couldn't live on just milk. I ought to have a good strong medicine; that's what I need. These hospitals don't always understand your case as you do yourself."

And he went out, weak and ill, but obstinate with that obstinacy which ignorance breeds.

Faience Panel Over Chapel Entrance (\$500)

Above the door which admits one directly into the Chapel from South Street has been placed a panel of unusual beauty both in coloring and workmanship.

The design, done in faience, is that of the figure of the Christ walking upon the waves. With arms outstretched and the outline of a cross faintly suggested as a part of the halo, the figure seems to approach the small, tempest tossed boat whose billowing sail and boatmen are cleverly executed. The face of the Christ, modelled with reverence and sincerity is serenely radiant and just below are the words, "It is I. Be not Afraid."

Piano for Auditorium

We have received, for use in the Auditorium, a Steinway Grand piano, the gift of Miss Lilian Smith who is also the donor of one of the seamen's bedrooms. This makes possible concerts and entertainments which are so important a part of this work for seamen.

As the LOOKOUT goes to press it announces the receipt of an Aeolian pianola, also the gift of Miss Smith.

President Elected

Edmund Lincoln Baylies

At the meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York held on Wednesday, December 3rd, the new Constitution and By-Laws of the Society, revised and brought up to date, were adopted. The date of the last revision was in 1904, nine years ago.

At this meeting Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, Chairman of the Building Committee, was elected President of the Institute, the Right Reverend David H. Greer, D.D., LL. D., becoming Honorary President.

Mr. Baylies has been a member of the Board of Managers for 28 years and as Chairman of the Executive Committee has been largely responsible for the expansion and development of the work along progressive lines. Mr. Baylies' policy has been one of liberal conservatism, a paradox which embraces the wisest restraint and the most thoughtful advancement. His fearless undertaking of the new building project with the stupendous task of raising over \$1,000,000 has not only placed him high in the ranks of philanthropists but has proved him to be the best sort of friend a seaman can have—the friend who seeks always to help and never to exploit him.

Date Changed

It was decided, at the Meeting of the Board of Managers, to change the time of the monthly meetings from the 1st Wednesday in every month to the 3rd Wednesday. It was also decided to have the Annual Meeting take place in January rather than December as has been the custom.

Seamen's Bedrooms All Taken

All the bedrooms for seamen have been dedicated in the new Institute as gifts or memorials. About 28 were given anonymously, \$100 paying the cost of building and furnishing a room, while 362 have bronze tablets inscribed with the name of the person in whose memory the room was given or the name of the donor. Many of the rooms bear the names of famous naval heroes, well-known Admirals, Captains, Lieutenants, midshipmen, surgeons and men and women who have loved the sea and those who man its ships.

The LOOKOUT wrote about these bedrooms when the land had not even been broken for the foundations of this new Institute. To-day the building stands, the bedrooms are nearly all occupied each night; its the sort of story that demands a sequel, but the LOOKOUT would like to end this installment with the paraphrase that "They all slept happily ever after!"

Suggested Gifts for Chapel

Pulpit and Stair-Rail	\$250.00
Chancel Rail	250.00
Small Chancel Rail	150.00
One Stall with Prie Dieu....	100.00
Lecturn (wood)	100.00
Credence Table (wood)	20.00
Arm Chair for Small Chapel..	60.00
Chancel Prayer Books and hymnals	60.00

Chapel Chairs \$1,000

The chairs in the New Chapel, of simple, dignified and harmonious design are suggested as a gift. There are about 300 seats with book racks and kneeling benches.

Battle between the "Hornet" and "Penguin"

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF
Captain William Skiddy

The LOOKOUT is very fortunate in being able to publish an account of a naval battle taken from the diary of Captain William Skiddy (in whose memory an officer's room is taken) who was then a midshipman on the U. S. Sloop of War "Hornet." This battle took place on March 15, 1815, just off the island of Tristian d'Acuna, southwest of the Cape of Good Hope; the diary was written on board the ship and is a highly dramatic as well as an intensely human document.

A STRANGE SAIL

"Nothing material took place until the 15th of March, when we arrived off the Island of Tristan d'Acuna in Lat. 37 south and Long. 11 west. Our 1st Lieut. had just landed, when the signal was made to return, there being a strange sail in sight standing down for us. We hove to and were getting dinner (it was 'duff' day) while she was running down. The 'duff' was hardly swallowed, when the drum beat to quarters; this required but a few minutes, and all was ready for action, and every eye watching the stranger. She soon luffed to on our weather quarter, about pistol shot off, hoisted the British flag, and gave us a gun; this we did not notice, waiting for her to shoot-a-head more. She now gave us the first broad-side, and as soon as the guns flashed, ours were in operation and in five minutes I perceived the blood running from her scuppers a stream and as she almost stopped firing, our little Captain ordered us to cease.

EXCHANGING HOSTILITIES

The enemy, thinking we were disabled, renewed his fire, and of course

we soon convinced him of his mistake. He then, as a last alternative, ran his bowsprit between our main and miz masts with the intention to carry us by boarding. I was stationed with the 1st Lieut. in the 3rd division on the quarter deck (three after guns each side) and was now commanding this division, the 1st Lieut. having been severely wounded at the commencement and carried below. The jib hal-yards being shot away, the fore tack was hauled down, to veer the ship. The enemy was now port of us, and all hands called to repel boarders. We were then hand-to-hand and the enemy soon driven back. We were now on the enemy's bows, and it required all the exertions of our captain and officers to prevent our men from boarding them. Had they gone, the enemy would have suffered very much; their men were now (hearing the cry from us to board) running below and they left their 1st Lieut. (McDonald) alone on the forecastle.

Many muskets were leveled at him, but were prevented by our officer from firing on so brave a man. He then asked our leader (the 2nd Lieut Newton) the name of the ship and was answered,—"The U. S. Sloop Hornet," when he waved his sword and walked aft.

VICTORY FOR THE "HORNET"

Our ship in shooting ahead carried away his bowsprit, tore away all our mizzen rigging, and the enemy lay across our stern. Our captain was standing on the arms chest after speaking to them, when their fore-mast fell along the sea-waist. The marines in the fore top clung with their muskets to the rigging as the mast fell, and as soon as down, jumped forward, fired and wounded our captain, the ball

passing through his neck. They undertook to rake with their bow guns, then opposite our stern. I was standing in one of the stern-ports (being open) looking directly at them, and only about twelve feet off. We were then all hands aft to prevent their boarding, and I certainly expected to see many of us fall at this fire; had those guns been well directed many of us must have been killed, but fortunately, at that very moment, the sea lifted our ship's stern and the balls went under the counter in the water.

"H.B.M. SLOOP OF WAR PENGUIN"

Our ship now came round on the other tack (larboard) and I played my division of guns into them raking them for and aft. They again cried quarter and our captain ordered us to cease. She proved to be H. B. M. Sloop of War Penguin, Captain Dickenson in command, who was killed during the action by a ball through the heart. She mounted 19 guns, 16 32-lb., 2 long nines, and one 12-lb. on the forecastle. They reported 15 men killed and 28 wounded. They had a number of men on board from the Medway 74, and were sent expressly to cruise for the "Young Wasp" privateer. We made out by the rolls on board of her 25 killed and several of those wounded died.

"HORNET" LOSES BUT ONE MAN

The Hornet was the same length, one foot less beam, the size and number of guns except the 12-lb. on her forecastle. We had one man killed and 11 wounded and all in the after division (my division). The poor fellow that was killed was a 6-foot marine that was firing over my head, and the first I perceived was his brains on

my shoes, and in turning I observed the top of his skull taken off by a ball. As he was much in the way, I shoved him through one of the ports overboard. The 1st Lieut. was also wounded, standing by me. I carried him out of the way of the guns, and had him sent below.

THE GREWSOME AFTERMATH

We were now employed getting the prisoners on board, unbending and bending sails, repairing rigging and replacing as soon as possible all damages. This called us from the dying groans of the wounded. The surgeons were all employed amputating limbs and dressing wounds. The Penguin was taken in tow and night veiled the dismal scene. Several died during the night and were committed to the deep without any ceremony. The captain (Dickenson) was buried the day after with the honors of war, his own officers and marines officiating.

BRAVE "LITTLE" CAPTAIN

I must here relate some few anecdotes. When our little captain was wounded a man from one of my guns pulled off his old check shirt, tore it in strips, took hold of Capt. Biddle and wound this around his neck. He then, holding the bandage himself, was asked by one of our officers if he thought himself much hurt, when he replied, "No, no, give it to them again!" This shot was fired, recollect, after they had once given up. After the action was all over, the doctor (Kissam) came to the captain (who was still at his post, holding on to his neck) and asked him if he would go down and have his wound dressed. The captain answered that if he had got through with the rest, he believed he would go; and then we heard that the

ball had passed through his neck and out his coat collar behind!"

The Romantic Career of Gerald

Gerald admitted to the Man-Who-Gives-Advice that his real name was Gordon Harry Barrett-Wells, but he'd decided to call himself Gerald Smith. That was because of the people at home, he said.

An apprentice boy at 17 is very much like any other school boy of that age and when Gordon H. B-W. felt that he could not endure the ship on which his parents had placed him he left it. After that there were odd berths as mess boy and steward on boats going to Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro and what is known as "the Plate." He didn't write home to England because he was afraid his mother would be distressed at his deserting his ship and losing his chance for promotion in the British Merchant Marine.

About ten days ago he and his chum landed in New York with about \$50.00 in the common purse. They bought some clothes and went to vaudeville twice and after the second time Gerald, who carried the funds, discovered that his pocket had been picked. All he had left was a \$10.00 bill in his waistcoat pocket.

"Well," he said, looking at the editor as if he hoped for sympathetic understanding, "of course that did not worry us so much. We kept trying to get berths and we thought we'd go to sea again any day. But on Saturday we ran into four other fellows whom we knew and they told us they had forgotten the bank would be closed Saturday afternoon and they wanted to borrow. They swore they'd pay us back Monday morning. So we

divided the \$10.00. And that was the last I saw of those chaps."

"Did you come directly to the Institute on Monday?" asked the editor, with a flattering display of interest.

"We did not know of the Institute. We had no money and no place to sleep. We tried the Salvation Army and the Municipal Lodging House but were told we were too young to be trying to get free lodgings or that our clothes were too good. So we had to stay out all night. And we had to walk. The police won't let you loiter about, you know. We walked across the Brooklyn Bridge 32 times and across the Williamsburgh and the Queensboro Bridges. From 10 P. M to 5 A. M. you have to keep walking if you do not wish to be arrested."

"Can't you even sit down somewhere, or sleep in a door-way?"

"No," replied Gerald with a grim little smile that made his boyish face with its frank brown eyes look suddenly mature, "you have to keep moving; that is a rule of the streets. We spent five nights out of doors and all day we'd be looking for a ship. They won't let you on the piers and the shipping masters all want \$5.00 for giving you a chance. Now I am at the Institute my chum and I take turns about hunting. I stay here and watch for a chance in the Shipping Bureau and he goes outside along the water-front. I'd be willing to take almost anything; winter time is an awfully hard season for seamen, you know."

"Don't you think you'd like to go home? Wouldn't your people help you if you wrote?"

"I have to get on by myself. When I have saved a little money, then I'll go home, perhaps."

Gerald and his chum are still trying to ship as stewards or mess boys or in any capacity where there is a vacancy.

"I don't want to give up going to sea if I can possibly get anything," Gerald explained to the LOOKOUT editor.

"Not even after those 32 trips across the Brooklyn Bridge?"

"I'll soon forget those when I'm once abroad a ship again. A boy has to expect a little hardship," he said with a quiet pride in his voice.

Notice of Time Ball

Under the Shipping News in the "New York Herald" there appears daily the following item under the heading "Dropping of Time Balls":

"Seamen's Church Institute Building, 25 South Street (through arrangements with the Postal Telegraph Cable Co.) Dropped at exact noon to-day, i.e., 12 M 75th Meridian, or 5 P. M. Greenwich time."

Repairs

At the North River Station, 341 West Street, which adjoins the Institute's Church of the Holy Comforter, extensive repairs are being made; it is being thoroughly cleaned, painted and generally done over. Mr. Trevor Barlow, who has been promoted to House Steward at the new Institute, has been succeeded by Mr. Allan S. Gookin who is now at the head of the North River Station work.

Luncheon at Institute

The Junior Clergy Missionary Association held their regular monthly meeting and luncheon in the Auditorium of the new Institute on Tuesday, December 2nd. About 40 members were present and a complete inspection of the building followed.

The Good Intentions of Dick

"Do you think the seamen appreciate what you do for them?" asked a capable lady tourist from the Middle West one day last week.

"Yes, they do, but we do not always have concrete expressions of gratitude," replied the Institute worker who was showing her the building.

And he might have added that the Institute does not wish to put any burden of gratitude on the men. Occasionally one of them feels impelled to prove his appreciation.

Dick occupied an outside room on the tenth floor for three days and he seemed very contented. He told some of his companions in the Reading Room that he'd like to show the Institute people how much he had enjoyed staying here.

"You could send in a note to the Superintendent," suggested someone, but Dick shook his head; that seemed to him to lack originality somehow. Finally he decided upon a simple device which would not only demonstrate unmistakably his pleasure in the new building but would have a good influence over future occupants of his room up on the tenth floor.

And after he had left and the Man-Who-Watches was making his inspection of the vacated rooms, he found, written upon the wall with black crayon:

"This is the Seamen's Mission. Try to help them as they have helped you."

Dick's gratitude made necessary the scrubbing of the entire wall, but, like a great many people who are not seamen, he doubtless had what are known as "the best intentions in the world."

THE LOOKOUT

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NOTE—Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent
of IRENE KATHARINE LANE, Editor

What Seamen Say

"What do the seamen say about the new Institute?" a visitor asked one of the assistants who comes in close contact with the seamen in the Hotel Lobby.

"Well, they have a lot of different reasons for liking it but there is one sentence of almost universal praise," he replied. "Every man that expresses any opinion is sure to end with, 'Its the first real home I've had since I went to sea; its fine to have clean sheets.' He is pretty sure to add, however, 'But I wish I could get my meals in the building.'"

And if there is any word of complaint or criticism it is confined chiefly to regret that the Institute cannot serve meals. The men see the splendidly equipped Lunch Room, the attractive white and green tiled Dining Room and shining Kitchen; they cannot understand why these are not opened.

"The food we get in the restaurants along the water-front ought to be against the law," one of the men told the editor.

"As soon as the \$180,000 needed to complete the Building Fund is raised we can open the Institute Restaurant," was the prompt answer.

And that, of course, is the answer. We have come so far along the road it

seems almost absurd that this final \$180,000 should prevent our progress. The Building Committee does not enjoy asking for money, but it must finish the Building Fund and it must open the Restaurant and keep the men from the saloon Free Lunch and the unspeakable eating-places in this neighborhood.

Subscribers Inspect New Building

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th of November, a reception to the Subscribers to the Building Fund was held at the new Institute, for the purpose of allowing everyone who had contributed to see that the new building was actually an accomplished fact.

Contrary to its custom in the matter of Institute functions, the weather was clear and a pale November sun did its best to seem warm and colorful. The Auditorium was decorated with orange-hued chrysanthemums and here the Building Committee received its guests before taking them on the tour of inspection. Here also tea and chocolate were served by the Seamen's Benefit Society. Miss Catherine Hamersley, whose brother recently gave the new boat, and Mrs. Edward Delafield were at the tea tables.

Although the Contributors to the new building number over 1,000 only about three hundred persons attended the reception. The Building Committee renews its invitation to everyone interested in sailors and this work, to come down to South Street and Coenties Slip and see the Institute in operation.

With the department store wares displayed in its show window in the basement, the cheerful atmosphere of the Barber Shop just opposite and the

Baggage Room of curious bundles, there is color and mystery and romance from the cellar to the top of the "Titanic" tower. It's worth coming down to the edge of the water front to see.

The Ghost

With that airy nonchalance which has always been an interesting, though rather irritating, attribute of the average sailorman, a great many of the Institute's lodgers leave their bedrooms and disappear, forgetting to take with them over-coats, suit-cases and packages of all sorts. There are at least ten rooms every morning which contain belongings of the recent occupant and this has made necessary an early inspection of all bedrooms.

The other morning the Man-Who-Watches went about the 9th floor collecting and labelling the things he found. He was nearly finished when he observed that 950 had been occupied, though the door was closed. As he turned his key in the lock he heard a low cry and when he swung back the door and entered, a shrill shriek greeted him. A swift glance showed that the room was empty.

"I'm not a nervous man and I'm not superstitious," he defended himself when telling of it later, "but my first inclination was to leave 950 as fast as I could. You don't usually find a new building haunted, but I remembered that this stands on old ground where people lived nearly a century ago. Then I heard another cry—a yell, followed by a kind of chuckle. I'll admit that I felt uncomfortable. I looked about the room, but I could not see anything (I wasn't surprised because I

know ghosts are invisible daytimes), then I looked under the bed. A louder chuckle saluted me and I pulled out the cage containing a large green and scarlet parrot."

Its owner had absent mindedly gone away and left his pet. The Man-Who-Watches took care of the bird for two days when, quite unexpectedly, the owner returned. He brought some bananas for the parrot who seemed glad to see him; at least, the Man-Who-Watches said the parrot was glad. Even parrots who pretend to be ghosts may have fine feelings.

Other Pianos Needed

An upright piano in our Hotel Reading Room would assist greatly in creating that atmosphere of joy to which the LOOKOUT referred last month. A good deal has been written about music and its soothing properties and a good deal has appeared in this magazine about the musical talents of seamen. Many of them play very well indeed and the sound of a piano has often held a sailor when his inclinations wavered toward the "swinging doors."

New York prides itself upon being a musical center; it feels that there is truly music in its alleged soul. Surely someone will wish to share that music with the sailor.

Christmas Greens

Ropes of ground pine are needed to decorate the Church of the Holy Comforter, North River Station, the New Chapel of our Saviour and the Institute. Little pine trees and other Christmas greens are also wanted.

Gifts or Memorials

The following list contains suggestions for gifts or memorials in the new building.

Pianos—Four

Upright for Hotel Reading Room	\$350
Upright for Officer's Reading and Game Room	350
Upright for Apprentice Room.....	300
Small Upright for Staff Sitting Room	250
Total	\$1,250

Baggage Department \$2,000

Where 5,000 pieces of dunnage can be checked; where seamen entrust everything they own.

Soda Fountain, \$1,500

Soft drinks bar to give thirsty seamen a chance to be sociable without becoming intoxicated.

Kitchen or "Galley" \$2,500

Equipped with most modern and sanitary methods for preparing food. Gleaming with copper, brass and spotless agate.

Laundry \$1,500

To take care of all the linen of the Institute, about 3,000 pieces a day.

Parcel Room \$300

On Lobby floor to store packages and clothing left in bedrooms by careless lodgers.

Barber Shop \$300

To encourage a seaman to improve his appearance; increased self respect always follows.

Stereoptican Outfit \$700

Equipment for moving pictures, illustrated lectures, etc. Approved by Board of Education. Details in January LOOKOUT.

George Arnold Hearn

At a stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, held Dec. 3rd, 1913, the following action was taken:

Whereas, Mr. George Arnold Hearn, President of The Seamen's Christian Association of the City of New York, an organization closely affiliated with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, has passed to the higher life, and

Whereas, he was much concerned with all that pertained to the welfare of seamen and was a generous subscriber to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and deeply interested in its work, therefore be it

Resolved: That the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York desires to place on record its sense of loss to work among seamen and extends to the Board of Managers of The Seamen's Christian Association of the City of New York and to the immediate family and relatives profound feelings of respect and sympathy.

An extract from the minutes.

Frank T. Warburton,
Secretary.

Six Officer's Rooms \$250.00 Each

Six large, outside bed-rooms are still to be taken as gifts or memorials to the new Institute.

These are the rooms intended for the use of officers, stewards, expert engineers, boatswains and better class of seamen.

A bronze plate bearing the name of the doner, or an inscription containing the name of the person memorialized, will be placed over the door, if desired.

Soda Fountain—\$1,500

"Arthur ate 15 dishes of ice cream the night before we sailed from New York last June!" announced one of the apprentice boys the other evening. He patted the shoulder of his embarrassed comrade with obvious pride.

"Yes, sir," acknowledged Arthur. "I did. I spend \$1.50 on ice cream because I did not know when I should get any more. America is the only country where its any good, really."

British boys may not appreciate pumpkin pie but they are enthusiastic supporters of the ice cream parlors and soda fountains. When they come to the Thursday night parties at the Institute they always stop on their way to and from their ships to buy sundaes and soda water at some of the poor, little shops on the water front. This is one of the strongest arguments for the opening of the Soda Fountain, in the Institute hotel lobby.

If this Fountain were in operation, not only would more apprentice boys come to the Institute to patronize it, but many seamen, who now drift through swinging doors, would perch themselves amiably upon the high stools or lean against the bar with their feet on the brass rail.

There must be someone who would like to give the Soda Fountain. It makes such a strong appeal to one's belief in what is known as "human nature."

Plants for the Public Rooms

Ferns, palms, rubber plants and any sort of hardy growing thing will do much to make the Institute's public rooms cheerful and what decorators call "effective."

Gifts to New Chapel

Brass Lectern

Bible for Lectern

Chaplain's Prayer Book

Mrs. Francis Lowell.

Altar in Large Chapel

In Memory of Stuart Randolph.

Altar (small chapel), Mrs. Lucie B. Carew

Reredos

In Memoriam, James Earl Hall, Priest,
Given by his daughter, Mary Russell Hall.

Cross for Large Altar

Mrs. William Rhineland.

Altar Vases

Altar Chapter of Zion & St. Timothy's Church, New York.

Organ

In Memory of Mrs. Nathalie E. Baylies.

Communion Silver

In Memory of Augusta McEvers Morris de Peyster.

Given by her daughter, Frances G. de Peyster.

Alms Boxes

Hope Club of the Institute Chapel of our Saviour.

Rector's Chair and Sedilia

Orme Wilson, Jr.

Pulpit Desk (brass) Book Rest (Small Altar.)

Mr. George Molleson.

Altar Bible and Book (Small Chapel)

In Memoriam William and Elizabeth Christ.

One Stall with Prie Dieu

In Memory of Mrs. Nathalie E. Baylies.

Given by Miss Sophie Huguenin.

A Straying Diamond

Edgar went up the main stair-case with a rapidity which would have surprised any one of his former Captains. He made a sort of sprinting record and somehow managed to enter the office of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice without being announced.

"Oh," he began at once, "I'm in such awful trouble, sir. I do hope you can do something."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice changed his mind about making Edgar go outside and await his turn; the man's distress was so intense that it was impossible to brush it aside by a reference to one of the office rules.

"I've lost a diamond ring here. It was one my mother gave me and I always wear it. Someone must have come in my room in the night and taken it from my finger. What can be done?"

"We'll go up and search your room first, anyhow," he said, "because I hardly think anyone could have gotten in. I suppose your door was locked."

"Oh, yes, sir! But the ring is gone and my mother gave it to me and its very valuable," wailed Edgar as they started up stairs.

They investigated every inch of Edgar's room, carefully examined his suit case's contents and the lining of his overcoat. Then the Man-Who-Gives-Advice suggested, with a sudden inspiration.

"Perhaps you took it off when you took your bath this morning."

Edgar looked as indignant as he thought suitable in the circumstances.

"I never have taken it off, sir," he answered, but the Man-Who-Gives-Advice had already gone into one of

the shower bath compartments. Edgar looked on rather listlessly: at the fourth compartment he stopped.

"Its no use, sir, really its not. I never did take it off. I always—"

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice stretched out a beckoning hand. Edgar bent over and on the floor, still wet from a recent bather's ablutions, gleamed the diamond. It lay in a little puddle of water with that irritating unconcern which inanimate objects invariably wear. Edgar pounced upon it, rubbed the small stone against his coat sleeve and turned a radiant face to the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"Well, I'd never have thought of looking here for it, sir, but—" Edgar flushed with sudden embarrassment, "I believe I did take it off this morning."

You're probably absent-minded," said the Man-Who-Gives-Advice with no trace of sarcasm, "Many sailors are, you know."

Committees

A Committee has been appointed which is known as the Committee on the South Street Institute. Other Committees are Hotel, Education and Library, Religious, Social Work and Entertainment, Shipping and Seamen's Savings, North River Station, Boat & Harbor, Legislation, and the Ways and Means Committee.

The High Cost of Walking

Most people agree that one of the sailor's privileges is the spinning of "yarns." Some of us never expect absolute accuracy and by the aid of a few grains of that invaluable domestic commodity, salt, we are able to listen to sailors tales with unalloyed joy. But here is a letter which would re-

quire more than salt to render it plausible.

"Having shipped from New York to work on a mud digger along the Florida Keys I was sent to work in the mud and water up to my waist in a place called Bigcoffitt Camp. Not on board the mud digger (as I expected, being a sailor) but with a shovel. After six weeks I broke down with fever and my leg and foot were badly cut. The doctor there gave me very little aid, so I asked the railroad officials to send me to Miami. They laughed and said I would be all right in a few days. But my fever got worse as did the cuts on my leg and foot. I made up my mind to walk to the hospital. I walked from the Camp to Miami, a distance of 142 miles; it is a walk I shall never forget. They even refused me a drink of water. I reached the hospital and received some treatment, but as I had no funds they did not keep me long, so I was forced to walk to Jacksonville, a distance of 400 miles. I have been trying hard to get a ship but there is no chance and I have not had a meal in the last 48 hours. I was forced to pawn by medals which I received from the Navy Dept. in the Spanish-American war.

I appeal to you because you save me before and I always repay you. I am very sorry indeed that I am down here as I always like to be with you at your meetings. The fare is \$12.50 steerage, so I trust in the Almighty God and you and your good office to help me in this hour of need. I thank you from the bottom of my heart and soul for past and present favors. Hoping to hear from you as soon as you possibly can as my condition is very weak, I am your old and true-hearted friend."

Class Room \$1,500

On the fourth floor, back of the Auditorium and at the left of the Apprentice Room is the Class Room.

Up here will be held lectures on First Aid to the Injured. Seamen are constantly receiving minor injuries which if treated properly at the time will heal rapidly. But in so many cases which have come to us, the seaman without any knowledge of antiseptics or the most simple medical treatment, has permitted a slight accident to grow into a serious injury. It is most important that all seamen should carry Red Cross cases and be able to use them in emergencies.

Shipping Department

Month ending Nov. 30th, 1913.

Vessel.	Men.	Destination
S. S. Vasari.....	22	Brazil
S. S. Aros Castle..	13	South Africa
S. S. Portuguese Pr.	23	Brazil
S. S. Stephen.....	5	Brazil
S. S. Canning.....	4	Manchester
S. S. Texas	5	Port Arthur
S. S. Voltaire.....	18	Brazil
S. S. J. O. Ellison.	2	Atlantic Coast P'ts
S. S. Nellie Follette	1	Atlantic Coast P'ts
S. S. Gen. J. E. Johnson	1	New York Harbor
S. S. Gibraltar.....	1	Manchester
S. S. Hubert.....	3	Brazil
S.S.Crown of Galicia	1	Rotterdam
S. S. Scottish Prince	24	Brazil
S. S. Saxon Prince.	3	Brazil
S. S. Canova.....	2	Brazil
S. S. J. G. Ord....	1	Savannah
S. S. Vestris.....	55	Brazil
L. V. Cornfield Pt.	1	Light House Dept.
L. V. Cornfield Pt.	1	Light House Dept.
L. V. Relief No. 69	1	Light House Dept.
Barge Caddo	2	Providence
Barge Caddo	2	Port Arthur
S. O. Barge No. 85	3	Gulf Ports
S. O. Tug Standard	1	New York Harbor
Tug Underwriter ..	2	New York Harbor
Scow Hudson Stone Co.	1	New York Harbor
Dredge Packard ..	5	New York Harbor
Dredge Ewing T...	2	New York Harbor
Total	205	

FOUNDERS AND BENEFACTORS

Contributing the sum of \$5,000 or more entitles one to be known as a "Founder." The names of the "Founders" will be inscribed upon a large bronze tablet to be placed just inside the main entrance to the new Institute, corner South Street and Coenties Slip.

List of Founders

J. Pierpont Morgan.....	\$100,000.00
John D. Rockefeller.....	50,000.00
Henry C. Frick.....	25,000.00
Henry Dexter (Legacy).....	25,000.00
Frederick W. Vanderbilt.....	20,000.00
Mrs. William Douglas Sloane...	15,000.00
William Douglas Sloane.....	15,000.00
Edward S. Harkness.....	15,000.00
Charles W. Harkness.....	15,000.00
Mrs. E. Henry Harriman.....	15,000.00
Lispenard Stewart.....	11,000.00
Andrew Carnegie.....	10,000.00
James Stillman.....	10,000.00
William K. Vanderbilt.....	10,000.00
Alfred G. Vanderbilt.....	10,000.00
Edmund L. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Mrs. Nathalie E. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Mrs. Walter C. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.....	10,000.00
Miss Cornelia Prime.....	5,210.00
Harris C. Fahnestock.....	5,100.00
Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty.....	5,000.00
George F. Baker.....	5,000.00
Frederick G. Bourne.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Edward N. Breitung.....	5,000.00
Robert S. Brewster.....	5,000.00
Cleveland H. Dodge.....	5,000.00
Mrs. William E. Dodge.....	5,000.00
William A. Du Bois.....	5,000.00
D. Willis James.....	5,000.00
James N. Jarvie.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Morris K. Jesup.....	5,000.00
Augustus D. Juilliard.....	5,000.00
Ogden Mills.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson...	5,000.00
Jacob H. Schiff.....	5,000.00
Mertimer L. Schiff.....	5,000.00
Robert E. Tod.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Joseph M. White.....	5,000.00

To become a "Benefactor" it is necessary to contribute the sum of \$1,000 or more (but less than \$5,000) to the new building.

The names of the "Benefactors," added to the following list, will be inscribed upon another bronze tablet similar to that provided for the "Founders."

List of Benefactors

Mrs. Samuel Lawrence.....	\$3,300.00
William G. Low.....	3,000.00
James May Duane.....	2,500.00
George J. Gould.....	2,500.00
M. Guggenheim's Sons.....	2,500.00
Archer M. Huntington.....	2,500.00
Francis Lynde Stetson.....	2,500.00
Allison V. Armour.....	2,000.00
Barber & Co., Inc.....	2,000.00
George S. Bowdoin.....	2,000.00
Funch, Edye & Co.....	2,000.00
Henry Lewis Morris.....	2,000.00
Percy R. Pyne.....	2,000.00
James A. Scrymser.....	2,000.00
Henry A. C. Taylor.....	2,000.00
Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer.....	2,000.00
John E. Berwind.....	1,500.00
James W. Cromwell.....	1,500.00
Miss Katharine Du Bois.....	1,500.00
Mrs. William Alanson Abbe.....	1,000.00
Walter C. Baylies.....	1,000.00
Edward J. Berwind.....	1,000.00
Matthew C. D. Borden.....	1,000.00
Bowring & Company.....	1,000.00
Frederick F. Brewster.....	1,000.00
C. Ledyard Blair.....	1,000.00
Crossman & Sielcken.....	1,000.00
R. Fulton Cutting.....	1,000.00
W. Bayard Cutting.....	1,000.00
James Douglas.....	1,000.00
W. L. Harkness.....	1,000.00
Edward H. Harriman.....	1,000.00
George A. Hearn.....	1,000.00
Augustus Heckscher.....	1,000.00
Francis L. Hine.....	1,000.00
Johnson & Higgins.....	1,000.00
Henry L. Hobart.....	1,000.00
Anson W. Hard.....	1,000.00
Otto H. Kahn.....	1,000.00
George Gordon King.....	1,000.00
Charles Lanier.....	1,000.00
Lazard Freres.....	1,000.00
Sir Thomas Lipton.....	1,000.00
Charles W. McCutcheon.....	1,000.00
John A. McKim.....	1,000.00
Levi P. Morton.....	1,000.00
Wilhelmus Mynderse.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Edwin Parsons.....	1,000.00
William A. Read.....	1,000.00
John J. Riker.....	1,000.00
Henry Seligman.....	1,000.00
Simpson, Spence & Young.....	1,000.00
Isaac Seligman.....	1,000.00
Mortimer M. Singer.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Russell Sage.....	1,000.00
Ormond G. Smith.....	1,000.00
Samuel Thorne.....	1,000.00
Henry M. Tilford.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Vanderbilt.....	1,000.00
Edward H. Van Ingen.....	1,000.00
Felix M. Warburg.....	1,000.00

DONATIONS RECEIVED DURING THE MONTH NOVEMBER 1913.

Bennett, Mrs. Jane.....	\$1.00.
Brooks, Mrs. C. H.....	Knitted articles.
Browning, Miss Edith M.....	Knitted articles.
Bunce, Mrs. William	Magazines.
Bunce, Sylvia	Magazines.
Carew, Mrs. Lucie B.....	Eleven pictures & \$17.85 cost of framing.
Crentzborg, Mrs. Samuel	Knitted articles.
Cruz, Mrs.	Magazines.

Church Periodical Clubs:

All Angels Branch, New York.....	Magazines.
Ascension Memorial Church, New York.....	Magazines.
Chapel of the Intercession, New York....	Magazines.
Christ Church, Sag Harbor, L. I.....	Magazines.
Christ Church Bayridge, B'klyn, N. Y....	Magazines.
Christ Church, New Brighton, S. I.....	Magazines.
Church of the Holy Comforter, Pough- keepsie, N. Y.....	Magazines.
Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y..	Magazines.
Holy Trinity Church, New York.....	Magazines.
St. Agnes' Church, New York.....	Magazines.
St. George's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y....	Magazines.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Magazines.
St. Thomas' Church, New York.....	Magazines.

Women's Auxiliary: St. Bartholomew's

Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Knitted articles.
Dickey, Mrs. Chas. D.....	Magazines.

Fink, Mrs. M. M.....	Magazines.
Freeborn, Mrs. Thomas	Magazines.

Granfield, Mrs. H.	Magazines.
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Hayes, Mrs. B. A.	Magazines.
Heath, Miss H.	Magazines.
Heckman, Mrs. E. S.	Magazines.
Higginson, Mrs. Jas. J.....	Large framed picture.
Hosmer, Mrs. G. W.	Magazines.
Hosmer, Mrs. Edward deP.....	Knitted articles.

Irvin, Miss F.	Magazines.
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Kitching, Mrs. George	Magazines.
Krauter, Mrs. A.	Magazines.

Lord, Mrs. F. B.	Magazines.
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Marsh, Miss A. B.....	Magazines.
Martin, Miss J. W.	Magazines.
McCredie, Mr. T.	Clothing.
Moehring, Mrs. Wm. G.	Magazines.
Morrison, Mr. John H.....	Magazines.
Myers, Mrs. Oscar	Magazines.

New York City Branch of the Needlework

Guild of America	Clothing.
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Potts, Mr. Thomas	Magazines.
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Rianhard, Mrs. Dane Ellingwood	Magazines.
Rolph, Miss E. A.	Magazines.

Schalcha, Mrs. M.	Magazines.
Stevens, Mr. Shepherd	Bound books.
Smith, Mrs. John Jewell	Flowers.
Stearns, Mrs. L.	Bound books.
Stryker, Miss M. B. "W. C. T. U. of Rhinebeck, N. Y."	Filled comfort bags.
Thompson, Dr. & Mrs. J. H.	Bound books.
Tracy, Mrs. E. F.	Magazines and cards.
Van Winkle, Miss Mary	Magazines.
Wagenseil, Mr. A. H.	Magazines.
Wendell, Mrs. Gordon	Magazines.
Wiggins, Miss M. E.	Bound books.
Wilson, Mrs. Orme	Vases for Altar.
Woodward, Mrs. M. P.	Clothing and magazines.
Wyman, Mr. Frank H.	Magazines.
"W. C. T. U. of Rhinebeck, N. Y."	Filled comfort bags.
Young, Mrs. Wm.	Puzzles.
Anonymous:—	Magazines Adams Express Sent to 19 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn
	Magazines 464 Herkimer St., B'klyn, N. Y.



REPORT FOR NOVEMBER 1913

DEPARTMENT REPORTS FOR NOV.

The following synopsis of the work done in the various departments during the month of Nov. gives a fair idea of the working of the Institute.

NOVEMBER, 1913

Savings Department.

Nov. 1st, cash on hand	\$19,545.99
Deposits	15,512.06
Payments (\$7,100.10) transmitted...	15,197.22
Dec. 1st, cash balance	\$19,860.83

Shipping Department.

No. of vessels shipped by Seamen's Church Institute.....	12
No. of men shipped.....	205
No. of men provided with employment in port.....	20
Total (number of men).....	225

Hotel Department and Reading Rooms

Rooms and beds rented	10,024
Lodgers employed thru Shipping Dept	102
Pieces of dunnage checked.....	1,075
Letters written and received.....	1,752
Attendance	16,150

Relief Department.

Assisted (Board, lodging, clothes)	372
Sent to Legal Aid.....	3
Visits to ships in port.....	148
Visits to hospitals	6
Sick seamen visited	31

Religious and Social Departments.

Number of services.....	25
Total attendance.....	1613
Attendance seamen	1315
Communion services.. ..	2
Packages reading matter given.....	716
Funerals	3
Weddings	1

Institute Boat "Sentinel."

Trips made.....	25
Visits to vessels.....	118
Men transported.. ..	168
Pieces of dunnage transported.....	239

BUILDING COMMITTEE

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, *Chairman*
54 Wall Street

HERBERT BARBER

CHARLES W. BOWRING

HENRY L. HOBART

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

A. T. MAHAN

HENRY LEWIS MORRIS

J. FREDERIC TAMS

JOHN SEELY WARD

IRENE K. LANE, *Secretary*

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

ROBERT S. BREWSTER

CLEVELAND H. DODGE

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON

WM. DOUGLAS SLOANE

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