

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. VIII.

JANUARY 1917

Number 1

# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

## 25 SOUTH STREET

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# THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 8

JANUARY, 1917

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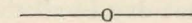
## 1917 Bows!

It ought to be a particularly interesting year for the Institute because it will see the working out and completion of several important projects which will increase and intensify the Institute efficiency. The most significant is, of course, the enclosure of the roof. There is one word which comprehensively describes the tremendous need for this constructive development: it is "expansion." It has been used at least every other month in these pages, a fact which points more clearly than the readers may have realized to the astonishing growth of every department of the new building since it opened on May 28, 1913. The wide spaces of the great structure seemed so adequate then, not quite four years ago; and it can now be said that they are already crowded

to the point of absolute discomfort.

But when over 15,000 lodgings are registered in a single month, when all these men (or nearly all) make use of the Baggage Department, the Game Rooms, the Reading Rooms—all the various spokes in the great wheel—it is easy to understand why not only all the available inches of space are pressed into service but why it is necessary to requisition the roof.

1917 is going to produce an evidence of the Institute's power to adapt itself to the demands which shall distinguish it from all preceding years.



## The Best Part

Very likely we should say the "better part," but it doesn't matter. What matters is that what literally was the best part of Christmas at

the Institute was the glorious feeling of absolute rejoicing and the unmistakable atmosphere of Christmas which pervaded the entire building not only on the day itself but during the entire week up to the New Year.

Perhaps the Tree of Light, flashing into brilliance each early twilight, helped throughout the week, but there certainly was a tonic in the air, an excitement, an exaltation, which carried conviction. This, everyone felt, was the true spirit of Christmas about which so much is said, but which is so rarely apparent.

A very modern poet, who might be supposed to disparage the ancient sentimentalities, has said what The Lookout feels about the Institute holiday-time.

#### THE WHOLE YEAR CHRISTMAS

"O, could we keep the Christmas thrill,

The goad of gladness and good-will,  
The lift of laughter and the touch  
Of kindled hands that utter much,  
Not once a year, but all the time,  
The melody of hearts in chime,  
The impulse beautiful and kind,  
Of soul to soul and mind to mind  
That swings the world  
And brings the world  
On one great day of all the year,  
Close to God's treasure house of cheer.

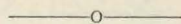
O, could we keep the Christmas feast  
Even when goods and gold are least,  
Here, 'mid our common, daily scenes  
Could we but live what Christmas means,

Not one day, but every day,  
The miracles of wholesome play,  
The spirit sweet, gift-giving, young,  
From deepest wells of feeling sprung.

What a different world this world  
would be!

For we would see as children see,  
If only a magic way were found  
To make us children the whole year  
round!

*Angela Morgan*



#### Hendrik and the Gift

Hendrik came up in the dormitory elevator with only a careless word as a return for the "Merry Christmas" which greeted him. It was almost midnight of Christmas Eve and Hendrik looked more depressed than the hour warranted. He went to the locker corresponding to the key number he carried and fitted the key into the lock rather noisily. Hendrik was not in a mood for considering his sleeping fellows particularly.

But as the door swung back he saw a small package with an outer garment of white and red which reminded him of something; then he drew it out and looked at it hard.

"This ain't mine. I suppose it got in here by mistake," he told the Dormitory Man.

"Yes, it is yours, from the Institute for a Merry Christmas," he was assured.



He walked slowly over to his bed and sat down upon it while he carefully untied his gift. It proved to be a woolen scarf in a warm dark green. Hendrik held it against his face for a minute and then began very quietly to cry.

"It is the first present I have had in five years. It is the only one I will have this year and it makes me feel as if somebody cared whether I was happy or not," he explained to the Dormitory Man.

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### Buying Amusement

There used to be a phrase greatly overworked by dramatic critics and book reviewers. A comedy or farce or humorous book did or did not add anything to the "gaiety of nations." Possibly because of the tragedy in which nearly every nation is now engaged for a leading role, no one uses the expression any more. But it is still pertinent when applied to the Institute social work.

When an audience fills the big concert hall to listen to and see a musical - vaudeville - moving - picture entertainment, practically every nation is represented. Serbians (who couldn't get home to the war) sit placidly beside Arabs, who in turn push their elbows into unprotesting Hollanders. And why not? They have all come to increase their store of gaiety, and laughter is as great a

common bond as tears.

They come, of course, to be diverted and a programme is always so arranged as to give the greatest possible variety. The cost of one of the **weekly entertainments** averages \$30.00 through the season of October to May. A fund of \$1,020 is needed for this branch of the social work.

More interesting than the suggestion of a lump sum covering all the Friday evenings would be individual gifts of \$30.00 or \$35.00. It would be rather a unique idea to buy amusement for five hundred seamen for an evening. Such an entertainment includes the services of a monologue artist, or a magician or a singer of comic and pathetic ballads, a motion picture operator, the picture reels themselves. The piano and violin music is often volunteered or procured for a very nominal sum.

This is suggested also to church guilds and societies who might like to make themselves responsible for a single entertainment. The Institute could arrange the details and engage the performers, if this were desired. It would be distinctly worth the while of any guild to do this thing for the recreation of seamen; the members would be repaid a thousand times for the possible exertion of a trip to South Street to see how thoroughly the men enjoy these Friday evenings.

Anyhow, what better things do any of us have a chance to do than this increasing of happiness for a good many other people?

## Turkey For Dinner

Perhaps the greatest surprise of all came to the men when they went to the hotel desk for their keys on Christmas Eve.

As each man received his key he was handed a Christmas card which wished him the best and merriest Day and further said that the Board of Managers invited him to be the Institute's guest at dinner on Christmas between the hours of 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. Attached to each card was a small coupon which served as a ticket for the dinner itself.

"I never thought of their doing this for such a lot of us," they said, unable to express their pleased surprise; but it was plainly apparent that they were greatly touched by this fresh evidence of the Institute's thought of them.

And when the Day and the dinner hour came! The hungry ones were ready to fill the Lunch Counter on the stroke of eleven while some of the more recently nourished waited until five o'clock. As the Lunch Counter seats only fifty at a time it was filled and emptied at least nine times, but nobody was hurried and every man who wished had a second helping.

Roast turkey with cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, baked macaroni, mince pie, plum pudding and coffee were served. They are a combination of unusual attraction and they met with excessive applause.

The officers had their dinners in the Officers' Dining Room which was decorated with Christmas greens.

## Reflectoscope

It is now possible to secure a projecting apparatus called a reflectoscope, which will project opaque illustrations direct to the screen without the use of transparent slides. By its aid one can show on the screen, in various enlarged dimensions up to 10 by 15 feet or over, post cards, magazine illustrations, printed matter—in fact anything presenting a flat surface, in the minutest detail of color and form.

Apart from its very practical use in illustrating lectures, Bible talks, humorous talks, etc., it would serve as a decided stimulus to the interest in contests of all sorts, the solving of riddles, rebuses and puzzles.

But the best thing about such a machine would be its ability to show upon a large screen any photographs, kodak prints or favorite pictures which the seamen possess. They would enjoy enormously the chance to see some treasured small bit of their home country reproduced and enlarged so that it seemed nearer and more intimate.

A **Reflectoscope** commends itself as tremendously valuable for many phases of the Institute work. It is suggested as a gift at \$150.00.

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## Early Candle Gleams

They shimmered softly from every part of the Chapel and they were lighted before nine o'clock on the morning of Christmas, over four hundred little candles to celebrate the birth of the Christ-child in the true Swedish fashion. Their golden



flames outlined the windows, the chancel rail, the pulpit, the great organ—they shone upon a congregation of seventy-six Scandinavian seamen who had pulled themselves from warm beds in the chill before-dawn to do homage to the greatest Birthday in the world.

The service was in Swedish, conducted by the Rev. Carl J. Ljunggren (the Swedish missionary), but there clung to it that spirit of worshipping ardor which knows no country, but which is universal.

After the service Swedish coffee-bread and coffee were a pleasant early morning surprise.

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### The Musical Ear of Max

Down in the Hotel Lobby the piano player transforms many monotonous (to the seaman waiting to sign on for another voyage) hours into cheerful ones, and it is the custom for certain members of the staff to play the records at various periods of the day. There have been no objectors until Max came.

Max sat in his corner the other afternoon and growled over the top of his newspaper.

"Why do you have to work that piano?" he inquired. "Can't a fellow have a quiet corner and read in peace without music going on?"

The maker of music smiled good-naturedly. "You could sit upstairs," she suggested, but Max did not move.

Two days later the House Mother approached the piano bench and be-

gan to adjust a roll in the small slots. Max went over to her side.

"Where have you been? We didn't get any piano playing yesterday," he complained.

"Why, I thought you didn't like to hear it," she said, pretending a surprise she did not feel.

"Well, I don't!" contended Max, gruffly. And then he drew his chair up beside the bench and began to spell out "Traeumeri" with great preoccupation.

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### Hospital Christmas

It is all in the point of view, as we are apparently very fond of saying, but all the same Christmas can be exceedingly like itself even when regarded from a bed in a hospital ward. A good deal depends upon the spirit of the person who is making bed his temporary home, but this willingness to feel the Christmas merriness was greatly aided in the Marine Hospital, on Staten Island, by the fact that the Institute remembered.

Carrying a portable organ and assisted by two entertainers who play violin and organ interchangeably, Mr. Ljunggren began the rounds of the eight wards at two o'clock Christmas afternoon. Most of the seamen were either convalescent or not desperately ill and they sang the carols as lustily as they could, reading the words from the printed slips given each man.

Following the carols and violin music, Mr. Ljunggren gave a short

and very cheerful Christmas talk in each ward and then everyone received a package of tobacco and a gay card.

Over one hundred patients also received oranges and grapes, gifts of the Institute, as a most welcome addition to the hospital Christmas dinner.

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### Apprentice Holidays

Not, of course, that being ashore at all is not a tremendous holiday for the apprentice lads who come hurriedly up the Institute's wide staircase, a little worried lest they be missing something; but the holiday of Christmas is a different matter. It is full of glorious possibilities, and the boys know, either from past experience or from what the other boys have told them, that the Institute never fails to take advantage of the opportunity to create special gaiety.

"Been here before?" Harry asks Cecil, coming along the corridor. "Do they let you have any fun, really?"

"Oh, I'm a veteran," answers Cecil (who is fully seventeen) "and fun? Well, rather! It isn't like a mission at all."

Ten minutes after this Harry and Cecil are finding pictures for Sir Roger de Coverley, or offering to run the pianola, or suggesting Christmas games which nobody knows how to play, and inquiring of the Big Brother whether there are to be extra refreshments.

The big Christmas party came on Dec. 28th, the Thursday after the great Day itself, and about sixty

people were present, including the young women who were there to act as dancing partners for the boys who could dance, and for many who danced anyhow. They danced and played games out in the big auditorium, cleared of its seats, but the tree and special decorations were in their own room.

In the Apprentice Room were little tables decked with tiny trees and candles, and here the boys were served turkey sandwiches and ices, cakes, fruit, nuts and hot chocolate. Even the high cost of living has not affected the whipped cream supply.

After supper the big Christmas tree delivered its gifts. Each boy was given a number which corresponded to a numbered parcel on the tree, and as the number was called by the Big Brother, the boy went up to receive his present. Then, naturally, everyone clapped his hands vigorously, the boy blushed, tried not to look pleased by his brief sojourn in the limelight, and returned to his place, bearing an engagingly wrapped box of stationery, or a many bladed knife, or a scarf, or pocketbook which no one expected him to keep filled.

They do not always do it, because nerves have to be spared a little bit, but at the Christmas party three cheers are shouted for the Institute, for Dr. Mansfield, for the Big Brother, and for all the feminine aids. They mean them, too.

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### Anson the Ambitious

For several weeks Anson had stayed on at the Institute, apparently making



no very serious efforts to sign on for another voyage. He attended all the entertainments with an air of studious concentration rather than one of careless enjoyment. He went to all the Noon-Day meetings and whenever there were songs by a tenor or baritone he moved down close to the little platform and listened with flattering intensity. He seemed equally moved by the Carmen "Toreador" song and "A Perfect Day." Obviously he was not seeking merely to improve his musical taste. Several of his old shipmates, observing his preoccupation, tried to make him explain it, with little success; and then one night his secret was rudely discovered.

The seaman occupying the room next to Anson complained of strange sounds.

"He must be keeping an animal in there, maybe a cat or a very young puppy," he told the House Steward.

"We can't permit that," exclaimed that harrassed official, and knocked upon Anson's door.

Anson stood before the small mirror, his hand upon his throat, from which issued curious noises.

"Oh-h-h—Aw-w-w!" he sung before he turned toward his visitors.

"Why, that's it!" cried his neighbor. "You do it yourself! I thought it was an animal."

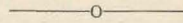
Anton flushed a dull red that tried to lose itself in the roots of his brown hair. Anger struggled with chagrin, and then he decided to laugh.

"I am practising to be one of those singers. I read a piece in a magazine where they told about singers making thousands of pounds in a year, and I made up my mind it paid better than a

seafaring life."

Anson's neighbor did not exactly gasp, but he certainly gave a long, low whistle.

"Matey," he advised solemnly, "stick to sailor work. I don't know much about music but I've heard enough through the wall to know that you must have spoiled your voice swallowing too much salt air. Don't you go back on the sea; it's your best friend."



### The Boon of Cleanliness

Cleanliness has always borne an exceedingly good reputation. From the time it was declared to be next to godliness until the Clean-up Days cities are inaugurating have placed it beyond civic righteousness, cleanliness has been spoken of with vast approval. If one has always taken it for granted, one is not likely to realize how expensive it can be. Personal cleanliness can be achieved by people who live in places where the porcelain tub and nickel shower are unknown, by using perseverance and patient energy. Clean sheets, pillow slips, towels and napkins are more difficult to obtain. One reason for the Institute's popularity is the fact that the bed linen is invariably fresh and attractive.

This ideal of strict, of almost rigid wholesomeness has not been maintained without effort and expense, and that is why the LOOKOUT is once more calling attention to the Laundry, which has not yet been made a gift. All the linen used in the building is carefully washed in this splendidly equipped department, about 2,000 pieces a day.

Its cost, \$1,500, would be a sort of contribution of cleanliness.



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Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent  
or  
Irene Katharine Lane,.....Editor

### Those Best Wishes

In the editorial for the January, 1912, issue *The Lookout* declared that although the phrase "Happy New Year" was exceedingly hackneyed, it wished its readers a most felicitous twelve months quite as sincerely as if the idea were an original one. There is a growing fear of being commonplace, a sort of epidemic of self-consciousness even about good wishes.

Many of us are afraid of sounding mechanical in our expression of sentiment when we use the same old combination of words in the same age worn manner. And very likely a little examination into the depth of feeling behind a quickly spoken "Merry Christmas" or a parrot-like repetition of "Happy New Year" may be a salutary experiment. But it need not be carried to the point of worrying, and therefore *The Lookout* is wishing everyone who reads its columns (as well as many people who do not) a completely happy 1917!

A newspaper humorist, in writing about college dramatics the other day, said, "The scene from the front is too well known to require detailed descrip-

tion. I will therefore proceed to give a detailed description." This is precisely the editorial state of mind.

The reasons for appreciative good wishes are too obvious to require analysis: we shall therefore examine them with grateful emphasis. No one who isn't a hypocrite ever pretends that the glow of good feeling fails to grow warmer when fanned by evidences of genuine friendship and sympathetic interest. So it is only natural that *The Lookout*, as the *Institute's* voice, should respond with an added note of warmth to the thousands of wishes which have been made into substantial support during the year that is now gone.

**Friends**, and we might say **relatives**, of the *Institute* have not merely hoped that 1916 would be successful and cheerful; they have shown that they really cared by following its activities, making possible the improvements and elaborations of the great scheme, by an unflinching belief in the aims and ideals of the Society. For all their tangible support, their practical interest, the *Institute* expresses once more its profound gratitude.

And for all the best wishes and optimistic hopes for this beginning year, it says, "**Thank you**," happily confident that everything can come true where there is the reality of caring.

### Carols About the Tree

The Tree of Light touched the ceiling of the Hotel Lobby and was quite the largest Christmas tree many of the seamen had ever watched blossom into

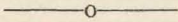


radiant flowers and stars.

It was lighted first on Christmas Eve and, after the Evening Service in the Chapel, everyone who could get near it, stood about the tree and sang carols. Those who couldn't stand in the lobby filled the stair cases and Hotel Sitting Room. Printed cards bearing the words of the carols were distributed, and the voices which had not been used for years suddenly became articulate.

Somehow, there was a feeling of real Christmas in the air and when the organ, piano and violin poured out the simple melodies, the men sang whether they could read the words or not. They were glad, they were surprisingly uplifted, they wanted to be a part of the music.

"Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing.  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing."



### A Gift To Each Man

On the afternoon before Christmas the Institute workers went from room to room placing on each bed a daintily wrapped parcel; in the dormitories a package was placed in every locker. No partiality was displayed, officers and men receiving presents which had not been previously examined by the busy people who distributed them, and this added greatly to the general gaiety.

Try to imagine yourself at least three thousand miles from home, and from any of the people who have known you a long time, and to whom

you are an individual with tastes and prejudices, enthusiasms and dislikes which they think worth considering. Try to fancy yourself living in a place called "Institute" (even if you knew from experience it was not institutional in the coldly impersonal sense) just at Christmas time. Think of its being the day before Christmas—the eve of the great festival! Would it make any difference to your homesick depression if you opened your bedroom door, switched on the electric light and saw a white tissue paper package tied with red ribbon, a sprig of holly slipped into the crisp bow?

"The best part is the surprise," an engineer told the man next him who had come out into the corridor to show someone (he didn't care much who it was) his new tie.

"Surprise!" echoed the other, giving the new tie a little twist, "I should say so. I never expected a thing, although I was wishing this morning that there was someone to send me a little present, if it only cost a nickel."

But these comments represented a restraint which did not obtain in the dormitories. It was there that a near pandemonium of excitement reigned, for these guests are the men who have often great difficulty in achieving the fifteen cents which buys for them sleep in a clean bed and the chance to have a shower bath with the really hot water they prefer. These men, coming in from the streets without any preparatory Christmas thrills, greeted their gifts with loud exclamations of joy. They ran about like children, calling to each other with noisy delight.

"See what I got, 47," the man in bed 45 would cry, and No. 47 would answer:

"Yes, look at mine, a shaving set that nobody could need more than I do!"

It took several hours to get them into bed and to bring about a semblance of the usual quiet of the dormitories. Every little while some late comer would approach his locker, smother an exclamation of pleased surprise and begin the gentle rustling of tissue paper.

"What'd you get?" would come whispers from the nearby beds. "Want to exchange it for a pair of fur-lined gloves?"

When at last something resembling peace brooded over the rows of sleeping men, there were bits of red ribbon clinging to the counterpanes and here and there a gleam of tinsel cord. Perhaps the Christmas Angel looked into the faces from which the marks of discouragement and bitterness had been miraculously erased, and smiled.

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### A Public Duty

Transportation, whether on land or sea, is a vital matter; it touches every human interest. Under normal conditions the money invested in transportation may not be expected to earn more than a fair profit. In view of all the conditions which surround this necessity in our economic life it becomes a public duty to give every proper safeguard to the men who today invest their money in ships.—*Marine Journal*.

## Looking Out for the Apprentice

By a Volunteer.

If any Lookout reader has been searching New York for a spot where the true social spirit grows without coaxing, where the warmth of friendliness glows with a true and natural spontaneity, where a gathering of strangers find the Open Sesame of common interests by a curious magic, where there is always laughter, joy, heartiness and enthusiasm, we would direct him to the fourth floor of the Seamen's Church Institute any Thursday or Sunday evening.

Those are the times when the Youngsters of the Seven Seas and their loyal shore friends meet in the apprentice room. Just how the splendid spirit of this department has developed would be difficult to explain. So many factors and circumstances enter into the development of such a spirit that one hesitates to analyze it. But that spirit is felt by all,—the boys and the shore visitors, and is a source of joy and consequently of strength. The shore visitors go at first with the virtuous intention of entertaining the 'sailor boy,' and soon find they are gaining as much and more than they are giving.

The purpose of this article, however, is not to discuss the ethics of social work, nor to analyze the social spirit, but to give an account of the development and growth of this department.

There is a constant change of personnel with the coming and going of ships. Also, the gradual change of conditions on ships and waterfronts



has, of course, effected a slow but real change in the personality of the apprentices. Those who know the apprentices of the present day as well as those who visited our port ten years ago, agree that they represent distinctly different types.

Fourteen years ago, when the Institute was housed in the old Pike Street building, and was spoken of as "The Mission," the apprentices used to gather in two odd little basement rooms, to tell their yarns, play their games, attack the punching bag, quarrel, fight, and make lifelong friendships. There were battles royal between sailingship apprentices and steamship apprentices. A rivalry only a degree less keen existed between the ships of the various companies. Given an idle evening, an equal number of Prince Line and Bucknell Line apprentices, and a jolly fine scrap would ensue. The Big Brother had many disputes to settle, many wet bun fights to quell, and many other excitements never heard of in these days of fumed oak furniture, dance cards, and pianolas.

It is all a matter of difference in conditions which changes the surface of things. The boys then were as fine a set of lads as the present ones, and the ones who come here now as fine a set as the ones who perhaps brought a little more of the flavor and salt of the sea ashore.

The Institute, whether located at Pike Street, State Street, or in its present splendid building, has been to all a second home, and a refuge from the only other available entertainments.

But I promise J a little sketch of the life of this department in its three phases, Pike Street, State Street, and South Street, and digressions are not in order.

Pike Street was dirty, of course. It took strength of purpose and skillful piloting to weave one's way through its teeming population to Number 34. Of that building this article is only concerned with one large room on the first floor and the two aforementioned small basement rooms, not forgetting the kitchen, which has always figured prominently in the apprentice department.

The large upstairs room was used for the farfamed Sunday night suppers which are such a delightful feature of the department. There were several long tables presided at by the shore people who could guess with closed eyes the familiar menu of tea, bread and butter, jam, cake, and more tea.

Here was always an occasion for interchange between the boys, of news of Shanghai, comparison between the Melbourne and Sidney girls, tales of the 'old man,' of the 'rotten grub aboard our packet,' of the luck that sent them to Rio instead of home last trip, of the 'dirty weather in the Western Ocean,' of how 'our old windjammer is fit for the scrap heap,' etc.

The yarns told the shore visitors at these suppers were more brilliantly picturesque then than now. They increased in wonder with the gullibility of the listener. One visitor from an inland New England town exhibited a questioning desire for information.

Among other things that puzzled her was how ships were steered at night. "Oh," said her ready informant, "when dusk comes, we just drop anchor until morning."

Another novel bit of information was that "white coal burns better than black." "And how do you get white coal?" asked the surprised listener. "We have to whitewash it,—everybody who has any spare time has to take a whack at that job."

Any weekday evening the boys with shore leave would gather in the two basement rooms. They were absurdly small compared to the present quarters. The first room had a piano, chairs, and space enough for twelve or fifteen people provided they were not too active. About the walls of this room as well as the other was a continuous row of pictures contributed by the boys, of ships, or crews, or groups of apprentices. These pictures afforded never ending interest to newcomers who wanted to hunt up a brother here nine months ago, or "an old chap I knew on the Conway." The second room was at a lower level and a bit larger. It had a long table with just space on either side for benches. Specially memorable at this table were games of Pit, where, in the tremendous excitement of the 'change,' the more enterprising bidders would be found walking along the backs of the benches. A pandemonium of shouting meanwhile would echo and reecho from its low ceiling and smoky walls.

The ceiling may have been injured by these battling sound waves, for one rainy evening it leaked more than us-

ual, so much so, that a sizable pond was formed on the floor. A circle of chairs was made around this pond, one or two umbrellas fastened up for the protection of the two ladies present, and it was found that with a small amount of agility, the 'Flesh, fish and fowl game' could be played even with the handicaps of pond below and drip from above.

These rooms had a coziness and homeliness still remembered by many with affection. Boys at that time coming back from a four months' sailing trip from Australia, would clatter down the narrow stairs, burst in with a shout,—“Mr. Wood, we're back at last!—My word, but it's jolly good to be here again—Where's Miss P—?—Are there any letters for me? Did you know that Bob was sent home from Melbourne with fever? When are you going to have the next party? Did you get the silver leaves I sent from Cape Town?” On these evenings, there was too much welcoming excitement for any games.

Another part of the Pike Street routine the boys enjoyed was the walk down to the Floating Church. Many a boy found this a chance for intimate confidences to the understanding friend with whom he walked. There was the girl at home to tell about, and perhaps a chance under some lamp-post to show her picture, which is always within easy reach. There were many homesick tales, and sorrows little and big, which they saved to tell the ladies whose responsive sympathy must have been a comfort at these times.

The services in the old Floating Church were conducted to the accom-



paniment of river whistles, and gentle lapping of waves, and with an occasional lifting and rolling of the whole structure. Many stragglers from the waterfront strolled in and it was not unusual to have these visitors contribute diversions which were more or less irrelevant to the service. But in spite of unique conditions and varied interruptions, the boys found there a real Church home. Their appreciation was perhaps best expressed by the heartiness of the hymn singing which visitors always referred to in tones of wonder.

It would be easy to write indefinitely of these days, but the reader's interest and patience may not be as indefinite.

After Pike Street came a transition period at No. One State Street. There was a bit more spaciousness in the apprentice quarters there, but in very small degree the adequacy of the present equipment. There was gradually a little less of the roughhouse spirit, and there, too, were held occasional dances, but never with the form and circumstances of the present ones. It was during this period that the sailing ships with surprising suddenness gave place almost entirely to steamships.

(To be concluded in February.)

M. L. K.

### Christmas, The Merry

It began with the Friday entertainment on the night of December 22nd, for while this was not arranged as a special Yuletide concert-vaudeville, there was the glamour of holiday time

and festivity about the performance. Every number received an additional round of applause and the men who habitually maintained sober faces, whether they were enjoying themselves or not, were seen to smile and finally to burst into audible laughter.

For everything about the Institute reminded them that it was the season of the year when one finds out about being merry all over again, if one has forgotten.

Saturday, the 23rd, was marked chiefly by the extra busy hours of the staff, who were supplementing the Christmas gifts sent in response to The Lookout appeal. Very nearly enough packages were received from individuals who had taken time to select and tie up, in Christmas colors, gifts which seamen would like.

### Naval Vessels Building

While nine battleships are contracted for for our navy at present, only five are under construction, namely, the New Mexico, Mississippi, Idaho, Tennessee and California. The latter two, although authorized more than two years ago, have only just been begun, due to being contracted for with navy yards unprepared to undertake their construction immediately. On the 9th of December there were building nine destroyers for our navy, two fuel ships, one supply ship, a navy transport. A gunboat and a hospital ship are contracted for with the Charleston, S. C., and Philadelphia navy yards but have not yet been begun. There are also 29 submarines under construction, all but one in private yards, and two are con-

tracted for with the Portsmouth, N. H., and Puget Sound navy yards but no work has as yet been started on them.—*Marine Journal*.

**Shipping Department**

**MONTH ENDING DEC. 31st, 1916**

Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Servian		
Prince	27	La Pallice, France
S.S. Satsuma	17	Marseilles, France
S.S. Alabama	3	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Camoens	3	Manchester, Eng.
S.S. Dominic	8	Para via Norfolk, Va.
S.S. Eastern		
Prince	19	Pernambuco, Brazil
S.S. New York	1	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Minneapolis	3	Boston, Mass.
S.S. Burmese		
Prince	27	La Pallice, France
S.S. Russian		
Prince	6	Tampico, Mex.
S.S. Murillo	7	Rio de Janeiro, Brzl.
S.S. Chinese		
Prince	31	Vladivostock, Rus.
S.S. Portuguese		
Prince	31	La Pallice, France
S.S. Florida	5	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Port Stephen	4	Adelaide, Aust.
S.S. Republic	2	Valparaiso, Chile
S.S. Francis	30	Para via Norfolk, Va.
S.S. Corfe Castle	30	Cape Town, So. Af.
S.S. Verdi	12	Liverpool, Eng.
S.S. Northwestern	1	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Texas	2	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Olinda	1	Nuevitas, Cuba
S.S. Amazonian	1	Liverpool, Eng.
S.S. Mongolia	1	London, Eng.
S.S. Royalite	1	Tuxpam, Mex.
Barge Caddo	3	Portland, Me.
Barge Dallas	3	Port Arthur, Tex.
Lighter Marion	1	Norwalk, Conn.
Tender Gardenia	1	Light House Dept.
Tender Tulip	3	Light House Dept.
Tender Greene	2	New London, Conn.
Tender Gen. T.		
Pickering	2	New London, Conn.
Tug Britannia	1	New York Harbor
Tug J. G. Chanler	1	Providence, R. I.
Tug Jas. D. Conway	2	New York Harbor
Tug Rescue	1	New York Harbor
Tug Garibaldi	9	Salvage Duty
Tug McGirr	1	New York Harbor
Tug Gypsum King	1	Spencer's Is., N. S.
Tug Mercury	1	Boston, Mass.
Men given temporary employment	143	In Port
Total	448	

**The Grateful Acknowledgment**

That there would be a response to its appeals for Christmas celebrations, The Lookout was entirely certain when it described the holiday plans and needs, but the exceedingly generous manner in which so many Institute subscribers showed their eagerness to co-operate should receive some special words of appreciation.

The Institute takes this opportunity to thank with the greatest heartiness (and that means "from the heart") everyone who helped to make the Christmas of 1916 the most splendid festival of all.

**Persons Who Have Contributed Toward the Christmas Celebration**

- Anonymous, F. F.
- Addison, Mrs. Murray
- Alexander, Miss Jane M.
- Allman, Mrs.
- Apgar, Mrs. Allen S.
- Arthur, L. L.
- Barber, Miss Gertrude
- Bartling, Mrs.
- Battin, Mrs. A.
- Benjamin, Miss A. P.
- Bozinet, Mons.
- Brinkerhoff, Mrs. M. V. B.
- Broune, Mrs. Benj. C.
- Bunce, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E.
- Burkham, Miss Caroline T.
- Burleigh, Mr. and Mrs. George W.
- Butler, Miss Virginia
- Chapman, Mrs. M. S. and the Misses Helen and Mary Chapman
- Coil, J. F.
- Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
- Cotheal, Miss F.
- Craig, Mrs.
- Davenport, Mrs. C. J.
- DePeyster, Miss Augusta M.
- Diersen, Mrs. John H.
- Duane, Mrs. James May
- Duffield, Mrs. Warren L.
- Edmiston, Mrs. H. C.
- Fairbanks, Mrs. Frederick



Farrand, Mrs. Wilson  
 Fleming, Mrs. H. L.  
 Fuller, Mrs. F. A.  
 Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.  
 Gowdey, Mrs. F.  
 Greer, Mrs. J. A.  
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.  
 Heywood, Mrs. Frank E.  
 Hunter, Miss Mary  
 Huttemeyer, Miss Grace  
 Irving, Mrs. Cortlandt  
 Ives, Mrs. T. M.  
 Knigge, Mrs. Anna  
 Lawrence, Miss Isabella  
 Leverich, Miss Margaret L.  
 Long, Mrs. C. L.  
 Loughman, E. J.  
 MacDonald, Miss Helen M.  
 Mann, Mrs. V. A.  
 March, Miss V. A.  
 Marsh, Miss Ruth  
 Mathews, Miss E. J.  
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert  
 Mattern, Mrs. Jacob  
 McKim, John A.  
 Merrill, Mrs. A. W.  
 Merritt, Mrs. John  
 Mersereau, Mrs. Jacob  
 Morewood, Mrs. Alfred P.  
 Morgan, J. S., Jr.  
 Mount, J. T.  
 Mount, R. I.  
 Mulligan, Mrs. Thomas J.  
 Munger, Mrs. H. R.  
 Nelson, Miss V.  
 Nichols, Mrs. George  
 Nones, Mrs. H. B.  
 Notman, George  
 Parker, Miss L. A.  
 Pease, Mrs.  
 Peters, Mrs. Chas. S.  
 Peters, Mrs. L.  
 Pfizenmayer, Mrs. Chas. F.  
 Powell, Mrs. George  
 Price, Miss Gertrude A.  
 Prigge, Miss Frances  
 Probasco, Mr. and Mrs. S. K.  
 Purdy, Miss Annie A.  
 Raymond, Mrs. B.  
 Rodenstein, Mrs. Louis A.  
 Rotherwel, John J.  
 St. Andrew's Church, Orange, N. J.  
 St. Faith's Guild of Holy Trinity  
 Church, N. Y.  
 St. Martha's Guild, Church of the Epiphany,  
 N. Y.  
 Schmelzel, Miss Jane E.  
 Sellow, Mrs. R. E.  
 Smith, The Misses  
 Smith, Mrs. Everett P.  
 Smith, Mrs. F. K.  
 Spring, Mrs. F.  
 Stone, Mrs. R.  
 Taylor, S. F.

Tisdale, Mrs. R. B.  
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong  
 Van Winkle, Miss Katherine  
 Von Bargaen, Miss A. A.  
 Williamson, Mrs. S. M.  
 Wilson, Mrs. G. F.  
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the  
 Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.  
 Wood, Mrs. Howard O.

## Donations Received During the Month of December, 1916

Flowers, literature, clothing, shoes, pieces  
 of carpet for use in the engine rooms,  
 white sand, fruit, calendars, Christmas  
 gifts, couch.  
 Anonymous donations—5.  
 Anonymous, F. F.  
 Addison, Mrs. Murray  
 Anderson, Mrs. J.  
 Apgar, Mrs. Allen S.  
 Arthur, L. L.  
 Baile, J. A.  
 Barber, Miss Gertrude  
 Bartling, Mrs.  
 Battin, Mrs. A.  
 Benedict, Mr.  
 Bonnett, Chas. P.  
 Bozinet, Mons.  
 Brady, Rev. Cyrus Townsend, D. D.  
 Breitung, Mr. & Mrs. E. N.  
 Brinckerhoff, Mrs. M. V. B.  
 British War Relief Ass'n, Inc.  
 Bush, Mrs. D. F.  
 Butler, Miss Virginia  
 Chapman, Mrs. M. S. and the Misses Helen  
 and Mary Chapman

## Church Periodical Club and Branches

All Saints' Guild, Bayside, N. Y.  
 Ascension Memorial Church, N. Y.  
 Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeep-  
 sie, N. Y.  
 Church of the Resurrection, Richmond Hill,  
 L. I.  
 St. Agnes' Chapel, N. Y.  
 St. Andrew's Church, Orange, N. J.  
 St. Andrew's Memorial Church, Yonkers,  
 N. Y.  
 St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I.  
 St. John's Church, Huntington, L. I.  
 St. John's Church, Far Rockaway, L. I.  
 St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 St. Paul's Church, Syracuse, N. Y.  
 St. Thomas' Church, New Haven, Conn.  
 Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry-  
 on-Hudson, N. Y.  
 Coil, J. F.

Colt, Francis S.  
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.  
 Craig, Mrs.  
 Davenport, Mrs. C. J.  
 Davis, Mrs. John A.  
 DePeyster, Miss Augusta M.  
 Diersen, Mrs. John H.  
 Doorly, N. W.  
 Duffield, Mrs. Warren L.  
 Edmiston, Mrs. H. C.  
 Edwards, Mrs. A.  
 Fairbanks, Mrs. Frederick  
 Farrand, Mrs. Wilson  
 Fink, Miss M. M.  
 Fleming, Mrs. H. L.  
 Franklin, Mrs. L. B.  
 Fuller, Mrs. F. A.  
 Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.  
 Gowdey, Mrs. F.  
 Greer, Mrs. J. A.  
 Hall, Mrs. C. G.  
 Harriman, P.  
 Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.  
 Hutchinson, Mrs. L. J.  
 Ives, Mrs. T. M.  
 Kinkead, C. D.  
 Kirby, A.  
 Lawrence, E. T.  
 Lawrence, Miss Isabella  
 Leverich, Miss Margaret L.  
 Long, Mrs. C. L.  
 Ludlow, Edwin  
 McClusky, Mrs. F.  
 MacDonald, Miss Helen M.  
 McLaren, Mrs. S. A.  
 Mann, Mrs. S. V.  
 Mapes, Mrs. E. L.  
 March, Miss V. A.  
 Marsh, Miss Ruth  
 Mathews, Miss E. J.  
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert  
 Merrill, Mrs. A. W.  
 Merritt, Mrs. John  
 Mersereau, Mrs. Jacob  
 Morewood, Mrs. Alfred P.  
 Morgan, Mrs. C. V.  
 Morgan, Mrs. J. L.  
 Mount, J. T.  
 Mount, R. I.  
 Mouret, Miss C. M.  
 Munger, Mrs. H. R.  
 Nichols, Mrs. George  
 Nones, Mrs. H. B.  
 Parker, Miss L. A.  
 Pease, Mrs.  
 Peters, Mrs. Chas. S.  
 Peters, Mrs. L.  
 Phillips, L. M.  
 Powers, Mrs. P. H.  
 Pratt, Mrs. Dallas B.  
 Purdy, Miss Annie A.  
 Raymond, Mrs. B.  
 Reick, Mrs. James G.  
 Rodenstein, Mrs. Louis A.

St. Faith's Guild, Holy Trinity Church  
 St. Martha's Guild, Epiphany Church  
 Safe, Kenneth S.  
 Sanford, Mrs. Edmund C.  
 Sanger, Mrs. R. M.  
 Satterlee, Col. Herbert L.  
 Schmelzel, Miss Jane E.  
 Sellew, Mrs. R. E.  
 Simon, Mrs. James P.  
 Smith, The Misses  
 Smith, Mrs. Everett P.  
 Smith, Mrs. F. K.  
 Smyth, Mrs. Herbert C.  
 Spring, Mrs. F.  
 Stone, Mrs. R.  
 Stuart, Malcolm  
 Tiffany, Miss E.  
 Tisdale, Mrs. R. B.  
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong  
 Underhill, Mrs. H. L.  
 United Charities Bldg.  
 Usher, Miss Irene  
 Van Winkle, Miss Katherine  
 Way, Mrs. F. H.  
 Whitman, Mrs. Wm., Jr.  
 Williams, The Misses M. L. & J.  
 Williamson, Mrs. S. M.  
 Wilson, Mrs. G. F.  
 Woman's Club of Ridgewood, N. J.  
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the  
 Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.,  
 Wood, Miss F. E.  
 Wood, Mrs. Howard B.

### Contributions for Special Purposes

Anonymous, F. F.....Christmas Fund  
 Alexander, Miss Jane M...Christmas Fund  
 Barber, Miss Gertrude.....Christmas Fund  
 Benjamin, Miss A. P.....Christmas Fund  
 Burkham, Miss Caroline T.Christmas Gifts  
 Burleigh, Mr. & Mrs. George W...  
 .....Christmas Dinners  
 Duane, Mrs. James May..Christmas Fund  
 Hunter, Miss Mary, Christmas "Tree  
 of Light."  
 Johnson, Mrs. J. Augustus....Social Work  
 Loughman, E. J.....Christmas Fund  
 McKim, John A.....Christmas Fund  
 Morgan, J. S., Jr.....Christmas Fund  
 Notman, George, .....Christmas Fund  
 Toward Dinners  
 Pfizenmayer, Mrs. Chas. F..Christmas Fund  
 Price, Miss Gertrude A....Christmas Fund  
 Probasco, Mr. & Mrs. S. K.,  
 Christmas Dinners  
 Rotherwel, John J.....Christmas Fund  
 Schmelzel, Miss Jane E....Christmas Fund  
 Shepherd, Gerald .....Discretionary Fund  
 Taylor, G. F.....Christmas Fund  
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the  
 Messiah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.....  
 Christmas Fund



# General Summary of Work

## DECEMBER 1916

### Savings Department.

Dec. 1st Cash on hand .....	\$67,451.95
Deposits .....	43,023.12
	\$110,475.07
Withdrawals (\$ 11,107.97 trans- mitted) .....	43,232.08
	\$67,242.99

(Includes 40 Savings Bank Deposits  
in Trust \$16,553.89)

### Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	40
Men Shipped .....	305
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	143
Total number of men given employment	448

### Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made .....	32
Visits to vessels .....	72
Men transported .....	147
Pieces of dunnage transported .....	249

### Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered .....	16,002
Letters received for seamen .....	4,017
Pieces of dunnage checked .....	2,844

### Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and Clothing	242
		Referred to Hospitals.....	53
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.....	7

### Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	5	1,728 2,118
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	9	1,118 1,153
Public School Lectures	3	386 419
First Aid Lectures	5	124 126
Hospital Visits .....		8
Patients Visited .....		297
Ships Visited .....		268
Packages reading matter distributed....		79

### Religious Department.

	Attendance	
	Services	Seamen Total
English.....	27	1,131 1,655
Scandinavian.....	10	262 281
Special Services.....	4	103 103
Sing Songs.....	4	475 475
Bible Classes .....	5	388 388
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>50</b>	<b>2,359 2,902</b>
Holy Communion Services .....		8
Wedding Service .....		0
Funeral Services .....		0

# Suggestions and Reminders

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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

2 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

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**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

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## WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

HENRY L. HOBART, Chairman

FRANK T. WARBURTON      GEORGE E. CUMMINGS

ROBERT L. HARRISON      CHARLES W. BOWRING

JOHN SEELY WARD      ORME WILSON, Jr.

CHARLES A. CLARK      BAYARD C. HOPPIN

JOHN S. ROGERS