

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Vol. X.

JANUARY 1919

No. 1

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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Published Monthly by the

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

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

Address all communications and make checks payable to

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

TELEPHONE, BROAD 297

The Best Christmas

Perhaps it was because the armistice has been signed, or perhaps it was because everyone's heart is growing larger and warmer and people have more room in their thoughts these days, but whatever the reason, the Christmas of 1918 was the greatest Christmas which the Institute has had in all its seventy-four years.

For days before the 25th, the offices on the second floor were piled so high with packages that nobody could find a typewriter: it looked like an extremely flourishing express company. Many people, unwilling to trust the parcels post, brought their Christmas gifts for seamen to the building personally, unwrapping brown paper to produce sometimes a dozen dainty packages, all crisp in white tissue and gorgeous with scarlet ribbon.

"Remember the merchant mariner on the Day of Days," we had asked, as early as last August, and

the remembering developed into over 1500 gifts, money for Christmas dinners, Christmas trees and Christmas greens, all sent with such a splendid spirit of generous eagerness to give happiness!

On Christmas Eve the voices of the choir from St. John's Church, Staten Island, pealed forth the first of the joyous announcing hymns. They began to sing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," followed by "O Little Town of Bethlehem", starting on the fourth floor and walking down the wide stair-case, with the lilting melody carrying them to the Chapel. It was a year when seamen wanted to sing carols and a congregation that filled the Chapel opened their throats and sang as if they had never known a day or night of cold and hunger and lurking danger.

And later in the evening, when these seamen and all the 668 men who slept a peaceful, comforted, before Christmas in the building, went to their rooms they found on each

bed a surprising parcel.

"Someone has left a package on my bed by mistake," an old fireman called out to the passing House Steward. The smile he received in reply made him examine it more closely, and then he saw a little card which he read over twice and suddenly seemed to have a slight difficulty with his eyes.

"I don't know why that card made me feel like crying," he said to the House Mother the next day, "but it was so friendly and I often have been so lonesome."

He did not need to explain. There were other lonely men who opened the first real Christmas packages they had received in many years on that Christmas Eve. And they all kept the little card. On one side it read:

"This gift is from a friend of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York who desires to help make your Christmas Day as happy as possible." On the reverse side was a verse by Lurana Sheldon, "Christmas Is Here."

The play-day of the world is here;
The one glad day of all the year
When kindly thoughts their comforts bring

And every heart inclines to sing
Of friendship, brother-love, and all
That should the human bosom thrall!

The day of cheer for all mankind!
We leave our cares, our griefs, behind,

And living only in the light
Of one fair space 'twixt night and night,

Return to youth and childhood's
glee;

Forgetting all life's misery!

The precious day, when rays of
love,

Shine here below, shine there
above!

Again, we'll try with tenderness,
Friends, strangers, foes, alike to
bless

With that good-will which shall
for aye

Endear to all the Christmas Day!

If all of us who read the LOOKOUT and probably receive each year more gifts, telegrams, cards and words of affectionate greeting than we ever bother to count, should find ourselves suddenly quite alone in a strange city on Christmas Eve, how abysmally forlorn we should be! This happens year after year to the seaman, and that may be the reason his Christmas present is so important a part of the Institute's celebrating.

"I didn't expect a pipe and tobacco and a neck-tie," exclaimed a man who had just discovered that his package was made up of smaller ones, each surrounded by that mysterious excitement which always gathers about a ribbon-tied gift.

There were all the things for which the Lookout asked, and hundreds of other articles that could only have come from thoughtful considering of a seaman's needs and wishes. Gloves, scarfs, leather bill-folds, leather purses, knives, stationery, calendars, candy, tobacco, pipes, handkerchiefs and pocket

mirrors!

Not only all the 668 seamen in the building received gifts, but 300 men at the North River Station and about 400 more in the hospitals had their share of gay intimacy. There is something psychological about the effect of a present that is bought and wrapped by friendly hands: a man felt cheerfulness creep into his blood the moment he touched the jaunty bow of crimson.

Christmas Day

It began very early with the beautiful candle service for Scandinavian seamen in the Chapel. Five o'clock of a December morning is an hour when the seamen on shore usually moves his pillow a bit more comfortably and lets his dreams have their way: he knows he does not have to report for duty and that no icy deck demands him. But on Christmas morning some sixty Norwegian, Swedish and Finnish seamen went noiselessly down the silent corridors and sought the rejoicing of a Chapel which beckoned with welcoming flowers of flame. On every window ledge, on the pulpit, the Altar and the Chancel-rail, candles glowed: they were spirited little candles, shining in memory of the birth of the Christ-child.

Those men who sang their national hymns and carols and took part in the service wore contented faces that shone with something which was not all candle-light.

At eight o'clock there was a cele-

bration of the Holy Communion, and at ten o'clock a service in English in the Chapel, at which Dr. Mansfield made the brief address.

He spoke with profound feeling of the joy that glorified this first Christmas after the war, of the deep gratitude which made every prayer of thanks-giving express something of the emotion in each man's full heart. He said that this was probably the most significant Christmas in the history of the world, and the responsive appreciation on the faces of his listeners, their eager participation in the service proved how thoroughly each one of them had caught the spirit of his words.

And all day it was a Christmas of laughter and delight. Dinner was ready to be served at 11:30 in the morning and the Institute's Christmas guests, having caught the scent of roast turkey, were very punctual. For the next four hours the Lunch Counter and the Officers' Dining Room were filled and emptied of seamen who felt as if they had actually gone home for Christmas dinner. They ate, not simply as hungry men, but as guests who had the cheer of a cordial welcome to bring smiles to their holiday faces.

Violin music and songs by the Misses Beasey and Mrs. Warrington, the always dependable makers of cheerful melodies, drew over three hundred men to the afternoon concert. They called out requests for their favorite selections.

"I'd like to hear something from 'Rigoletto' on the violin, if you know anything," a boy suggested

shyly, and when he had listened to some of the quartette music and "La Donna e Mobile," another boy asked for MacDowell's "Wild Rose."

"It's Christmas and we will play or sing anything you want, if we know it," the musicians declared graciously, and they never showed the slightest surprise at the wide catholicity of tastes. Seamen have curious memories for music. Mixed in with a collection of modern ballads and rag-time is always a certain classical favorite, an operatic aria or an overture.

"Did you know that 'A Perfect Day' sounds just as if it were going to be Raff's 'Cavatina'?" a British engineer asked the House Mother. She admitted it and later in the afternoon, she heard him playing the piano in the Lobby, leaping lightly from Paderewski's "Minuet" to Handel's "Largo", and from that to "Madame Butterfly."

Nobody seemed to need a great deal of supper, and by half past seven the concert hall was filled again, with seats arranged like an amphitheatre, so that games could be played in the open space. This was the Christmas Party, and a rousing, roaring merry night they made it, with five hundred men eager to do anything that offered.

There were pillow fights, and musical chairs and peanut races, interspersed with old songs. You wouldn't expect a British and a Danish and a French seaman to know "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party", but they do. If they cannot sing the words, they know the

quaint old-fashioned tune, and they know "Juanita" and "Soft and Low". Those old melodies have become universal and for all time, just as many typically American songs like "Swanee River", "Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Black Joe" have been taken to the hearts of our cosmopolitan audiences.

About ten o'clock the lights were turned off, and the electric candles on the Tree of Light shimmered into gorgeous rainbows. Santa Claus appeared, distributed pipes and tobacco, made a little speech about the happiest Christmas the world has known for decades, and whistles shook the big Auditorium. They shouted "Hip, Hip, Hooray" for Dr. Mansfield, for the House Mother, for the Institute, and for everybody who had brought particular delight into their holiday.

"I remember saying last week that I wished I could sleep right through from the day before Christmas until the day after," an old sailor told the Man Who Gives Advice. "I always get so lonely for my family and for the days that used to be, but this year I didn't have time to feel blue; and I forgot all about sleeping after I saw that Christmas present on my bed."

Carols for the Fleet

A lighted Christmas tree, a tree of silver tinsel and shining stars stood in the stern of the J. Hooker Hamersley on the Friday evening after the battleships returned to their home waters. Gay festoons of colored lights were strung from

the masts and a big sign "Welcome Home" surmounted the cabin's roof.

For the Institute's launch was making a trip up the Hudson with a chorus of nearly fifty people to sing carols to the returned sailors. There were the four young women trumpeters of the White Quartette and Mr. Frederick Weld, baritone, and song leader of the Y. M. C. A. to lead the singing, and make the music of the familiar carols vividly alive across the Hudson's blackly cold waves.

When the first ship was reached, Song Leader Weld called through his megaphone "What ship are you?" "Florida," the sailors answered and then everyone on board the Hamersley took an extra breath into his lungs and watching the leaders' beat, shouted, "Hip, Hip Hooray, Welcome Home, Florida!" The boys on the ship got together and sent over a huge "Merry Christmas!" and the trumpets sounded the first bars of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

On the Arkansas they turned the giant searchlight upon the Christmas launch and gave three cheers for the J. Hooker Hamersley. And on the Arizona some of the sailor boys joined their voices to the singing of "O, Little Town of Bethlehem."

From boat to boat, the launch steamed, beginning "The First Noel" or "Come All Ye Faithful" or "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" just before the singers reached the battleship. On the

shores, which seemed very far away in the velvet blackness, the lights of New York and the Jersey side twinkled rather coldly.

"I say, let's give three rousing cheers for the pals of the British Navy," an apprentice boy shouted, perching himself insecurely upon the railing which encloses the upper deck. Whenever a carol ceased, there would be an exchange of conversation between the apprentices on board the Hamersley and the boys of whatever boat was being serenaded.

"Sing, 'Smiles'," a sailor called, with his head through a port-hole, and Mr. Weld and the obliging trumpet players started the popular cheer-up song.

At every one of the big ships, the cargo of carols was unloaded for a few minutes—the Florida, Texas, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, Nevada, Missouri, Wyoming, New Mexico, and all the gallant fleet which has been working these weary months, carrying soldiers, conveying other transports.

"Thanks for singing," an officer cried through his megaphone. "It's great to be back home."

And the launch took its crimson and green and orange lights and its "Welcome Home" sign, and the ringing voices of its carol singers on to the very last ship, anchored off 158th Street.

All the happiness of Christmas went into those carols. "We like your song and dance," a boy on the Wyoming said, and that little sen-

tence made the whole trip worth taking.

They were just boys who had been in danger, suffered cruelly from the war's hardships, and at last they were safely home, with the carols of Christmas sounding familiar and comfortable and like all the glory and pretty ceremony which always makes of the Christmas festival something mysteriously fascinating.

The Fervent "Yes"

A day or two after Christmas, Mrs. Alfred T. Mahan, whose husband, Admiral Mahan, was for many years a member of the Board of Managers, came down to the Institute, bringing with her a number of knitted helmets for seamen who might have missed the distribution of Christmas gifts.

The House Mother was delighted to have more comfort giving articles, and seeing one of the older seamen, who had just arrived that morning, standing in a corner of the Lobby she called him over. He came quite simply, removing his hat and making a dignified little bow when he was presented to the visitors. They talked a minute and he made courteous, rather carefully worded replies, until the the House Mother said,

"Would you like to have one of these helmets as a Christmas gift." He forgot his painstaking dignity and made one significant answer, full of fervor and conviction,

"My God! I guess I would!"

A Few Days Late

Henry and Paul arrived at the Institute three days after Christmas. The holly and pine were still crisp and the crimson festoons still made the Lobby gay, but the two boys looked a little down-cast.

"Last year we were here for Christmas and there were presents in our rooms," Paul told the Desk Woman. "I don't suppose anybody knew we would be here late, but I was hoping all the time that perhaps something might have come for us this Christmas."

The Desk Woman looked at Paul's wind-roughened hand where it rested upon the edge of the counter: it was cut and bruised by the heavy work of seamanship on a vessel in December waters, and she thought hopefully of warm gloves.

"You go up and see the House Mother," she advised, "I know that she had some gifts left over that she was saving in case some of her old boys came in here a few days late."

They took the stairs, three at a time, but when they reached the House Mother's office, they were too embarrassed to tell her why they had come. However, she is the most human, and most understanding House Mother in the world and she knew.

"I saved comfort kits for you boys, and I think these fleece-lined gloves might fit you," she began, stopping when she saw that tears had unexpectedly blurred Henry's eyes.

"Oh, we might have known you wouldn't forget us," he said, "only it is more than we thought."

In those comfort bags a marvelously kind woman had placed cigarettes, candy, handkerchiefs, sewing materials, shoe-strings, shaving soap, talcum powder, a pocket mirror, matches, a writing tablet and packages of envelopes, each tied with red ribbon.

And when other boys are delayed, there are still gifts in the House Mother's office to make their Institute home-coming delightful.

Those Who Remembered

From Ohio, California, Wyoming, Illinois—from almost every state North, East, West or South, came Christmas gifts for the seamen for this 1918 Christmas.

People who lived in inland cities, with hundreds of other demands upon their time, their thoughts and their money, remembered the merchant mariners in the port of New York.

Everyone who received the gifts was enormously touched by this expression of good-will, especially by the men and women in distant states.

Several other Christmas givers asked that their gifts be placed in

the rooms which they had taken in memory, when the building was being erected. All the officers and seamen's bedrooms were given by men and women who had associations with the sea and with sailors. And of course whenever the donor of a room asks that any book or picture or comfort bag be placed in this particular room, it is always done. It certainly gives the seamen in that room a more personal feeling of friendship for the kindly man or woman whose face he has never seen.

One young woman wrote a little verse for each of her gifts, just a funny bit of nonsense to make a man laugh and feel as if he actually were a part of the great family.

An Accident to Mail

Accidents occasionally happen by which mail is destroyed enroute. We have reason to believe that a few letters, not exceeding twenty, were accidentally destroyed before reaching the Ways and Means Department.

If any LOOKOUT reader contributing to the Ways and Means Department (this does not of course refer to the Christmas Fund letters) during the week beginning Dec. 20th, failed to receive an acknowledgment, please let us know. We shall be glad to learn the amount of the remittance and whether in cash or by check.

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Published monthly by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York
at 25 South Street
Telephone, Broad 297
New York, N. Y.

*Subscription One Dollar Annually, postpaid.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.*

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Frank T. Warburton,..... Sec'y and Treasurer
Address all communications to
Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,... Superintendent
or
Katharine Lane Spaeth,..... Editor

Thanks—for Christmas

To all of you who gave Christmas presents, Christmas dinners, Christmas greens and the tree! **THE LOOKOUT** expresses the Institute's deep gratitude and profound appreciation, but that is not the important thing.

Those men who received your gifts did not think of them as coming from benevolent strangers, from good people with charitable instincts at Christmas time. They thought of you, of each of you, as a real human being, with a warm heart, a great heart, and with the love for other humans which made you care enough to take a little extra trouble on the most wonderful day for thoughts that the calendar holds.

Each of you may not receive a letter or a card from the happy seaman who uses your gifts and thinks of you with something like affection, because many of our men cannot write English without making efforts that are positively painful. But each of you has at this minute a little aura of good luck and good wishes surrounding you.

A New Year Enters

After the New Year's Eve entertainment in the concert-hall, all the seamen which the little Chapel of Our Saviour would hold, went to the mid-night service to watch a New Year come creeping into a world that is eager to erase a black and troubled past with a hopeful future.

They sang the hymns that most men know, not hymns especially arranged for the welcoming of a New Year, because unfortunately those are not the familiar ones; but seamen all know and like "Nearer My God to Thee," and, rather curiously, "Throw Out the Life-line". At the end of the watch-hour service, they sang "Our Father's God to Thee" which succeeds so admirably in its double purpose of being patriotic and sacred music.

The Mother Wish

When the mother of one of the British boys who died in New York during the influenza epidemic, learned of her son's death, she wrote a letter to the **Evening Post** asking that someone in this city would find her boy's grave and place a wreath upon it.

Hundreds of people seem to have read that letter, and their inquiries, coming to the British Consul's office, were immediately referred to the Institute. The boy had been given a burial with full Naval honors, after the funeral services in our Chapel, and his grave is with that of so many of his fellow seamen in the Institute's burial plot.

So much interest has been taken in carrying out the mother's request that not only a wreath was placed upon the grave, but one man has offered to make it his special duty to see that the boy's resting-place shall have perpetual care. That mother's letter went out from the little English town, searching for friendly eyes and friendly hands, and her trust was rewarded.

The Verse Courteous

He wrote it on a New Year's card and sent it to one of the Institute workers: it was just a little verse of his own invention, signed "From a silent admirer of your services."

"Trinity, Grace Church, and the rest,

People say they are the best.

My opinion, without a lie

They cannot beat the S. C. I."

A Hospital Thought

"Will that dear House Mother take time to buy a Christmas present for two sick seamen?" was the message which came with a check the week before Christmas. And the House Mother took the time. Two men, lying in the U. S. Marine Hospital forgot their pain and the worry that always come to a man who has too much time to think, in the pleasure of opening their gifts.

Since the Institute was able to send over 400 gifts to sick seamen this Christmas, the hospitals were tremendously appreciative. Dr. Lav-

ender, of the U. S. Public Health Service, wrote.

"You have been very generous with us and I want you to know all of us have appreciated your help. I do not think there is any doubt that we had a Christmas such as this place never dreamed of before. It was simply a gorgeous success all around."

Our Chaplain who looks out for Scandinavian seamen went about the wards making little Christmas talks, with cheerful messages that made the sick men understand that they had friends to make the convalescent future more hopeful.

Mr. Baylies Recovering

After an illness of nearly two months, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, President of the Institute, is rapidly recovering and hopes soon to be able to resume his important activities in this work for seamen which has always been so close to his heart. During the long time that he was in a very critical condition, with pneumonia, he was anxious to keep in touch with the developments at the Institute.

Ferry Duty

If the Institute's faithful little launch, the J. Hooker Hamersley had not been in active service, seven members of the staff, including the Superintendent would have been marooned on Staten Island during the days of the marine workers' strike.

The launch brought over, and carried back, not only the members of the staff who live on the Island but several other very grateful commuters who found the sudden stopping of ferry service distressingly inopportune.

Send us Magazines

When a man goes to his vessel, knowing that he is going to spend long days of work, and long hours of wishing he had something interesting to do, he always fortifies himself against the monotony with books and magazines which the Institute supplies.

Our launch, the J. Hooker Hamersley, is now going out morning and afternoon four or five days a week, to visit ships in the harbor, and it always takes along a large bundle of illustrated periodicals, short story magazines, and whenever the supply holds out, books of all sorts.

Sometimes the launch visits twenty ships in a day, and this means giving two or three magazines to each of the 30 to 50 men on board. Even the most crowded store-room is soon depleted when such a demand is made upon it, and the Institute Literature Room is practically empty.

Please send us magazines, novels, books of history or biography—in fact, anything that a seaman would

like to read. We need literally thousands of these important helpers for the man who needs diversion at sea, if he is to keep cheerful and keep his mind from stagnating.

If any of the LOOKOUT readers know of societies, or organizations possibly connected with their churches, who collect magazines, the Institute and the seamen will appreciate their assistance enormously. And if the names of the senders are enclosed with the package, or marked upon its wrappings, we shall be glad to acknowledge them.

Our Store-Room has been stripped, so this is an urgent appeal.

For Every Year

With her check for \$70.00, Miss Eugenia Tiffany asks that Altar Flowers be made a memorial to her nephew Lieut. Eugene Dodd on the Sunday after Christmas each year.

Chapel Flowers

For the Memorial Service on the Sunday of November 3rd, there was a very beautiful wreath of autumn leaves sent by Miss Hughes, a member of the Chapel choir, flowers sent by Miss Mary S. Udall, and flowers "In Memory of Two Lovers of the Sea," which Mrs. H. T. Shriver sends for two Sundays of the year. These were not published in the December LOOKOUT.

On Sunday, December 22nd, the Altar was beautifully decorated in memory of John Merritt, M. D., whose birthday it was. These were sent by Mrs. G. Trowbridge, whose aunt gave the Chapel bell.

But there are still Sundays which have not been chosen as memorials and the Flower Fund needs contributions. We want to raise \$3,000, so that each of the fifty-two Sundays may find the Altar vases filled. The income from this Fund would provide about \$2.50 a week, and this amount is enough to buy the fragile graces that seamen love.

What Laughter Did

Jim met a water-front thug on a dark night when Jim was unarmed and the other man carried a knife, with the result that Jim came out of the encounter with his face so badly slashed that he was obliged to spend three weeks in the hospital.

The day before Christmas Jim came to the Institute, his distorted face still bandaged, and his slow movements showing that he was still very weak. On the morning after Christmas the Man Who Gives Advice passed him on the stairs.

"Why, Jim, your face looks more swollen this morning," he said anxiously. "You'd better see the doctor."

"Oh, no, it will be all right. I laughed so much at the Christmas party last night that I got my old face all out of shape again!"

For Roller Skates

Someone once asked the editor how she had the courage to make so many appeals in the LOOKOUT and there was one very obvious answer.

"There is always someone among the LOOKOUT readers who appreciates the Institute psychology and realizes the importance of some particular thing which we need."

For instance, we asked for \$150. to pay for the Roller Skates which we needed to entertain the energetic seamen on evenings when there are no movies or concerts in the big Concert Hall. And last week a check for \$75. came, paying for half the skates, and showing a practical understanding of the part that so simple a factor as roller-skating can play in this great scheme.

Certainly, if one wants to do something for merchant seaman, why isn't it much more satisfactory to do something definite, something that the merchant seaman will really enjoy, or by which he will benefit in a specific way?

A Practical Interest

"I have been greatly interested in the work done by the Institute during the past year, and take pleasure in increasing my contribution in order to show my appreciation." This letter which came to the Ways and Means department is merely a specimen. In every mail there are messages accompanying the contributions which prove that

the Institute's friends all over the country actually follow its work and give it not only their approval, but their heartiest co-operation.

The Spokesman

"You write it for us and we will sign it," they urged one of the seamen who has distinct literary tastes.

There was a group of men in the Reading Room, anxious to send a letter to the Institute that should adequately express their gratitude for the Christmas celebrations. Finally, the man with the most flowery pen, wrote this message which is intended not only for the Institute but for everyone who had anything to do with its Christmas.

"To all the good-hearted souls who sent a ray of sunshine to us!

"With our hearts so joyful on receiving your kind Christmas gifts, so bountifully showered upon us, we are stranded at the very outset in conveying our thanks. Never have we felt our lack of suitable words more keenly. But we beg to be permitted to express our heart-felt desire, just as we are, and just as we can."

Tom wants us to write this in the sincere hope of finding you in the "pink", as he is pleased to say it leaves us all at present.

Tim will not be satisfied unless it is coached in terms, "To all whom it may concern," because he is a bit of a foc's'le lawyer.

Archie, Scotchlike, is prone to statistics, quite willing to concede

his failure at the numberless gifts, but wishes to tabulate the correct pulsation of his heart. We must leave him to it for he is sure to keep on wrangling with his figures, perhaps forever.

Sam states: the "occasion really calls for an illuminated address," but on realizing our shortage of vellum, he suggested the use of red and blue ink in alternate lines, assuring you of our patriotic devotion.

But when Jack considered our letter hopelessly incomplete without two or more dozens of crosses thrown under our signature, to represent as many honestly meant kisses, we had to consult Mother Roper as to propriety.

She smilingly said, "Oh, go on, put as many as you like, all jokes are free in Yuletide, but if you really wish to write to those ladies, why don't you appoint one amongst you to do it?"

And so with an honest apology for our lack of vividly presenting our gratitude, we merely say, fervently, "Thank You", with best wishes in the world.

I beg to remain one of the many gladdened seamen at this wonderful Institute." A. L.

Diary (Cont.) by Chaplain to Scandinavian Seamen

Went to an office for information regarding another deceased seaman for benefit of surviving relations.

Wrote letter to a relative of the latter, asking for certain needed information.

Made out an affidavit for a sailor in need of evidence of nationality and sent him to our Notary to swear to it.

Made out nationality certificate to another seaman to help him obtain papers enabling him to ship.

Visited seven more places in interest of Government Public Health Service work done here under Dr. Wilson, and distributed printed information for benefit of seamen.

Held Scandinavian mid-week service together with Paster Andersen at 5. 30.

Made inquiry at Police Station regarding mentally deranged seaman.

Referred to Red Cross a discharged soldier applying for aid.

December 6.—Visited Marine Hospital and 140 patients. Found among them one, a son of a Baptist minister out West, who is down with typhoid fever. Promised to write his father and his young wife at Seattle. Found also a young Norwegian just developing tuberculosis. Will confer with Norwegian pastor in Brooklyn to have him sent home for treatment.

Had prayers with five seriously ill seamen. Asked Dr. Lavinder to collect some money from the Government for a tuberculosis patient at St. Vincent's Hospital.

Came across a Japanese Buddhist who refused to have a Buddhist priest called to his bedside because he did not wish to be saddened by

his ceremonies. Being able to read English, he accepted with gratitude a New Testament, which he will read. An old shellback with an infected leg, probably necessitating an operation, was given religious consolation and was further cheered by the hope held out to him of a berth in Sailors' Snug Harbor.

A Swede who had just been robbed of all his papers was given a nationality certificate to enable him to obtain new ones.

Sent a tubercular sufferer to the baggage room for a warm overcoat.

Furnished another Scandinavian a certificate of nationality.

Yet another Scandinavian who had been robbed was referred to the Municipal Lodging House.

Held a Welfare Meeting with phonograph music and discussion of the Subject, "Why do so many Scandinavian seamen live in Brooklyn during their stay ashore"?

Attended the Friday night concert and announced and ushered.

Wrote letters to Seattle, Wash., to the father and wife of the typhoid patient referred to above.

Dec. 7.—Went in the "Hamersley" to visit vessels at anchor in the roadstead. Arranged with the Captain of a Norwegian barque to have service aboard tomorrow, Sunday.

Returned, gave assistance to the old Snug Harbor applicant.

Sent two destitute men to Jersey City for jobs.

Dec. 8.—At 9.30 held Service for the Scandinavians at the Institute.

Ushered for the English Service at 11 and attended same.

Bishop Courtney

The death of the Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney, D. D., on December 29th, took away one of the Institute's oldest and most actively interested friends. He was a clerical vice-president, and a man whose kindly wisdom and keen perceptions always made his advice upon all the phases of this complex work for seamen of the greatest value to us. He could always be relied upon to take part in the services, dedications and ceremonies to which his gentle dignity and a vitality that was undimmed by years, added a delightful charm.

In Mr. Baylies' absence, Bishop Courtney frequently presided, counting no effort too great if he could render a needed service to the Institute whose growth and expansion gave him so much pleasure. He was a man of many duties, but he never failed to respond to any Institute demand within his strength.

Guests at Dinner

On Christmas Day the Institute was host at dinner to over 700 guests, serving the fascinating food of holiday-time. But the Institute was not alone the host: the generous men and women who contributed the money for Christmas dinners were the invisible dispensers of the feast. The seamen knew about them and felt their cordial welcome.

Apprentices Celebrate

Boys from fourteen to eighteen away from home possibly for the first

Christmas, could easily become very homesick, but the Big Brother at the Institute took care of that for the apprentice lads of the Merchant Marine. There was a Christmas party, dancing, games, gifts from the Tree of Light, and a supper served on little tables in the Apprentice Room. That room, with shaded lamps, with little candles and walls covered with holly and scarlet festoons, had the gracious warmth of a room in a real home.

"Do you know," exclaimed a boy, coming in breathless from a Sir Roger de Coverly in the Auditorium, "I meant to stay on my ship and have a jolly old gloom because I was with strangers at Christmas, but I haven't thought of England once tonight."

In All His Travels

"Now I am safely home in old England," wrote a seaman to Mrs. S. Vernon Mann, Jr., "I must thank you for your very kind and practical sympathy and help in taking me to St. Luke's Hospital in your car.

"I was treated with the greatest care and kindness at the hospital and I am now feeling very well. My wife, to whom I related the circumstances, thinks you are just splendid and wishes me to convey her deepest gratitude.

"In all my travels abroad I have not met with such a number of people eager to help one, as I did in connection with the Seamen's Institute in New York."

Being Able to Laugh

At the Christmas afternoon concert, the House Mother read a letter from one of her seamen friends, who was writing from Genoa, and whose Irish sense of humor made his letter one of the most interesting and amusing documents that has come to us for a long time.

"Well, here we are in the land of garlic and macaroni and everybody seems to be crazy over the peace news. Nobody has worked here for the past week and by the look of things, they won't work for another week. At night the town is one continual uproar, everybody kissing and embracing each other—wop fashion. The other night I had gangway watch from six to twelve but got sore at seeing all the other fellows going ashore so I took leave, a la Francais, and beat it with the rest. I would have got away with it but for the fact that the Skipper saw me climbing the statue of some famous, or infamous, king of Italy who is on horseback in the square, and sticking my cap on his head, and an American flag in his hand. The next morning I was up before the Skipper who told me that he would not "log" me this time but hoped it wouldn't occur again. He said he quite enjoyed my almost impossible acrobatic stunt of climbing up the Italian king's back. I had no excuse to offer save that I was just as excited as everybody else. I don't know how I got down but I think I must have jumped on the crowd underneath. My cap is

still on the King's head and he has the good old Yankee flag in his hand.

"It certainly is wonderful here just now. The town at night reminds me of New York on New Year's eve and it looks as if, like Tennyson's brook, it will go on forever. I don't know what the peace terms are but I feel that they must be favorable for the Allies. I am hoping that we shall soon be able to settle down to our pre-war conditions aboard ship. Those good old days seem hundreds of years away and when I think of the many fine fellows with whom I have been shipmate, who are sleeping at the bottom of the ocean, I feel that God has been very good to me, and far better than I deserve, in bringing me safely through all the dangers of the past four years. I do feel sure that all your prayers have helped to preserve many of us, and we owe you a big debt of gratitude, but you know that even if we do not speak of it, it is not because we are ungrateful, but just something that I cannot explain, prevents us.

"If they continue celebrating here, we shall probably reach New York by Easter, but anyhow I don't think we shall be home by Christmas and I have not spent a Christmas ashore for donkeys' years, with the exception of last year, and then I felt pretty miserable because Christmas time brings back many bitter-sweet memories of days before we left the home folks, and then, too, I come from

the land where Christmas is the feast of the year—dear old Ireland, the country of saints and scholars and judges of good whiskey!

I guess we shall have salt horse for dinner Christmas Day but you can bet we'll enjoy it. I remember last year at the Institute, Mrs. Warrington sang a song. I don't know the name of it, but it had words something like this:

"Let us not forget the sailor on the ocean far away." I hope she will sing it this year. Of course I know that you won't forget the sailors anyhow.

"Well, after this I guess I shall retire from letter-writing for a year: letter-writing to me is as bad as a dose of medicine."

Any boy who writes as entertaining a letter as that should never find life entirely dull. The House Mother saved a Christmas present for him, as a reward for blithe spirits, and for making her audience laugh at the picture of the Italian king wearing a sailor cap.

Donations Received December, 1918

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola and victrola records, knitted articles, shoes, ties, clothing, comfort bags, pictures, playing cards, waste paper:

Allen, Miss Ruth
Anonymous 8
American Library Association
Baldwin, Mrs. Hall F.
Barnard, Frederic
Barnes & Noble
Boyd, Miss R.
Burton, Mrs. F. H.
Colton, Thomas J.
Comstock, Miss Ethel C.
Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
Esselstyn, Mrs. George

Janeway, S. H.
Lemmon, Mrs. William
Macdonald, Miss Helen M.
Mahan, Mrs.
Middleton, Clifford L.
Morgan, William M.
Moulton, Miss Mary T.
National Plant, Fruit and Flower Guild
Nelson, E. H.
Pedersen, Prof. F. M.
Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
Rieck, Mrs. James G.
Robinson, Henry J.
Rohse, Miss Jenny H.
St. Faith's Guild, Holy Trinity Church, N. Y.
Shriver, Mrs. Harry T.
United States Shipping Board
Usher, Miss Irene
Warde, Eisen, Mrs. A. W.

Church Periodical Club and Branches

Church Periodical Club, N. Y.
Girl's Friendly Society, St. George's Church, N. Y.
All Angel's Church, N. Y.
Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. John's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Thomas' Church, N. Y.
St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Contribution for Special Purposes

Anonymous "Cash," Holiday Fund.
Anonymous "Cash," Holiday Fund.
Anonymous "Cash," Holiday Fund.
Anonymous "E. S. F.," Holiday Fund.
Allen, Miss Cynthia S., Discretionary Fund
Anderson, Miss Sophie, Holiday Fund
Andrews, Miss Maria, Holiday Fund
Armour, Allison V., Holiday Fund
Anonymously, Holiday Fund
Bailey, Mrs. J. T., Holiday Fund
Baker, Mrs. Richard, Holiday Fund
Baldwin, Frederick W., Holiday Fund
Barry, Edward, Discretionary Fund
Borne, Mrs. John E., Holiday Fund
Brady, Rev. Cyrus Townsend, Holiday Fund
Breslin, Miss E. M., Holiday Fund
Brewster, Mrs. Benjamin, Holiday Fund
Bridgman, Mrs. Chas. DeWitt, Holiday Fund
Brown, Mrs. S. W., Holiday Fund

- Brown, Mrs. Wm. Reynolds, Holiday Fund
 Burkham, Miss Caroline T., Holiday Fund
 Burnham, Mrs. Ella F., Holiday Fund
 Cabaniss, Mrs. O. W., "In Memorium," Discretionary Fund
 Chafee, Mrs. Z., Discretionary Fund
 Clark, Miss E. V., Holiday Fund
 Cochran, Mrs. J. H., Holiday Fund
 Coles, Mrs. John H., Holiday Fund
 Cornell, Miss A. F., Holiday Fund
 Cox, The Misses, Holiday Fund
 Craig, Miss D. M., Holiday Fund
 Dart, M. S. and The Misses Hyde, Holiday Fund
 DePeyster, Miss Augusta, Social Work
 Dodge, P. T., Discretionary Fund
 Dominick, George F., Discretionary Fund
 Doole, James J., Discretionary Fund
 "Dorcas," Holiday Fund
 Duane, Mrs. James May, Holiday Fund
 Emmons, Lieut. G., Holiday Fund
 Faxon, Miss H., Holiday Fund
 Fithian, Mrs. Josiah H., Cemetery Fund
 Fuller, Mrs. G. A., Holiday Fund
 Fulton, Louis M., Holiday Fund
 Gerrish, Mrs. Frank S., Holiday Fund
 Glenn, Mrs. Hugh, Holiday Fund
 Greenleaf, Miss Ida, Holiday Fund
 Griffin, Mrs. May, Holiday Fund
 Hall, Mrs. V. G., Holiday Fund
 Halsted, Miss Leonora B., Holiday Fund
 Hambrecht, A. J., Holiday Fund
 Hamersley, Lieut. Louis Gordon, Holiday Fund
 Hamersley, Miss Alice E., Holiday Fund
 Hance, Mrs. John A., "In Loving Memory of Her Daughter, Holiday Fund
 Hancock, Mrs. R. G., Holiday Fund
 Haste, William, Discretionary Fund
 Hatch, Miss C. J., Holiday Fund
 Hewitt, Morgan E., Holiday Fund
 Hicks, Miss M. H., Holiday Fund
 Higbie, James L., Holiday Fund
 Holt, Robert S., Holiday Fund
 Hope Club, Holiday Fund
 Innes, Mr. and Mrs. William T., Holiday Fund
 Ives, Mrs. T. M., Holiday Fund
 Jackson, Mrs. Edwin E., Jr., Holiday Fund
 Johnson, Benjamin, R., Holiday Fund
 Kingsland, Mrs. W. M., Holiday Fund
 Kingsland, Mrs. W. M., Discretionary Fund
 Kingsland, Mrs. W. M., Cemetery Fund
 Larsen, L. P., Relief Fund
 Livingston, Miss Julia, Holiday Fund
 Lockwood, C. A., Discretionary Fund
 Lodge, Mrs. E. H., Discretionary Fund
 Long, Mrs. C. L., Holiday Fund
 Low, Mrs. W. G., Holiday Fund
 Lyons, Mrs. M. W., Holiday Fund
 McDowell, Mrs. D. C., Holiday Fund
 McKim, John A., Holiday Fund
 March, Miss V. A., Holiday Fund
 Mathews, Mrs. Robert, Holiday Fund
 Mead, Miss Jenny L., Holiday Fund
 Meehan, Mrs. C. L., Holiday Fund
 Merrnod, Mrs. A. S., Holiday Fund
 Mook, Thomas, Holiday Fund
 More, Miss Anna L., Holiday Fund
 Morris, John B., Holiday Fund
 Moses, Mrs. James, Holiday Fund
 Newberry, Mrs. Wolcott E., Holiday Fund
 Nichols, Faxon E., Holiday Fund
 Nixon, Mrs. Flora J., Holiday Fund
 Notman, George, Holiday Fund
 Osborn, Newton, Discretionary Fund
 Outerbridge, Mrs. Alexander, E., Jr., Holiday Fund
 Paul, Mrs. H. M., Holiday Fund
 Peter, Mrs. Armistead, Jr., Holiday Fund
 Pipe, Mrs. Charles C., Holiday Fund
 Polhemus, Miss R. A., Holiday Fund
 Pope, Charles F., Skating Fund
 Poslethwaite, J. H., Holiday Fund
 Powers, Mrs. W. H., Holiday Fund
 Quincy, Mrs. Henry Parker, Holiday Fund
 Riker, Mrs. John J., Holiday Fund
 Robb, Mrs. John T., Holiday Fund
 Robertson, Mrs. Annie K., Holiday Fund
 Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A., Holiday Fund
 Robinson, Mrs. E. S., Holiday Fund
 Ross, Mrs. C. A., Holiday Fund
 Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W., Holiday Fund
 Sackett, Charles C., Holiday Fund
 Schuringhammer, Mrs. M., Holiday Fund
 Seymour, E. W., Holiday Fund
 Sheldon, Mrs. Edwin B., Holiday Fund
 Sherman, Mrs. A. E., Holiday Fund
 Shoosmith, Miss Christiana, Holiday Fund
 Sibley, Hiram W., Holiday Fund
 Silva, Miss Caroline S., Holiday Fund
 Slater, Mrs. John, Holiday Fund
 Smalling, Mrs. Andrew T., Cemetery Fund
 Squire, Mrs. Ida Remington, Chapel Flower Fund
 Squire, Mrs. Ida Remington, Religious and Social Fund
 Squire, Mrs. Ida Remington, Holiday Fund
 Stanford, Mrs. M. E., Cemetery Fund
 Sullivan, Mrs. Emily S., Holiday Fund
 Tatum, Mrs. Albert H., Holiday Fund

- Thomas, Miss M. E., Holiday Fund
 Tiffany, Miss Eugenia, "In Memoriam"
 Lieut. Eugene Dodd, Chapel Flower
 Fund
 Traitel Marble Company, Holiday Fund
 Turle, Miss Penelope, Discretionary
 Fund
 Underhill, Mrs. Walter M., Holiday
 Fund
 Van Wagenen, F. W., Holiday Fund
 Victory Chapter of the Imperial Order
 of the Daughters of the British Em-
 pire, Holiday Fund
 Wetmore, Hon. George P., Chapel
 Flower Fund
 Zabriskie, Miss Ethel, Holiday Fund
 Zehden, Martin, Discretionary Fund

Christmas Gifts Received for 1918

- Anonymous—12
 Acton, Miss S. T.
 Adams, Miss
 Alexander, The Misses
 Alexander, Miss Jane M.
 Allan, Mrs. G. S.
 Aldred, Mrs. John
 Andrews, Miss Cordelia
 Aquidneck Cottage Industries
 Armstrong, Miss H. M.
 Arthur, Miss L. L.
 Baldwin, Mrs. H. F.
 Barley, B.
 Baker, Mrs. Richard
 Ball, Mrs. Frank C.
 Bate, Miss Leslie M.
 Battin, Mrs. A.
 Beall, Mrs. T. A.
 Beidleman, Miss J. C.
 Bell, Mrs. Fielding
 Belloni, Mrs. L. J.
 Belloni, Miss Sadie H.
 Bennett, Mrs. Henry Lester
 Bentow, Mrs. W. B.
 Betz, Mrs. B. R.
 Blakeslee, Miss Fanny
 Blakeslee, Mrs. Wm. E.
 Bliss, Miss E. B.
 Bliss, Mrs. W. G.
 Blue, Miss Marjorie G.
 Blue, Miss Virginia H.
 Bogert, Miss A.
 Bond, Miss A. S.
 Bonnell, Miss C.
 Borden, Mrs. E. L.
 Bowling, Miss Maude
 Braine, Clinton E.
 Brewer, Miss Matilda
 British American War Relief
 Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
 Brown, Miss Abbie McC.
 Brown, Mrs Harold
 Burkart, Fred L.
 Burnham, Mrs. Ella F.
 Burton, Mrs.
 Busk, Miss M. H.
 General Byng, Chapter of the Imperial
 Order of the Daughters of the British
 Empire.
 Cain, Mrs. J. E.
 Campbell, Miss Harriet S.
 Canfried, Mrs. Hobart
 Carew, Mrs. Edward L.
 Carpenter, Mrs. J. E.
 Casles, Mrs. H. W.
 Casselberry, Mrs. William E.
 Catlin, Mrs. L. E.
 Chapman, Mrs. M. S.
 Chase, Mrs. A. C.
 Cheeseman, Mrs. T. M.
 Clark, Miss E. V.
 Clarke, Miss Lucretia
 Clinch, Mrs. G. O.
 Clinton, Mrs. Chas.
 Clinton, The Misses Clara I. and E. B.
 Clinton, L. J.
 Cochran, Mrs. J. H.
 Codwise, Miss L. S.
 Coe, Miss Ella S.
 Colson, Mrs. P. R.
 Comstock, Miss Ethel C.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Condit, Miss G.
 Convers, The Misses
 Cornell, Miss A. F.
 Cornell, Miss Mary A.
 Cox, The Misses
 Coykendall, Mrs. W. E.
 Craig, Miss A. B.
 Craig, Miss D. M.
 Crans, Miss
 Crofut, Miss Mignonne F.
 Daughters of the Revolution
 Davis, Mrs. A. D.
 Davol, George S.
 Dawson, Miss M.
 Denny, Mrs. Henry S.
 DeWitt, Miss L. B.
 Dickey, Mrs. Charles D.
 Dierson, Miss A. K.
 Dolman, Miss Victoria
 Douglas, Mrs. F. S.
 Downing, Mrs. H. F.
 Drummond, Miss M.
 Durand, Mrs. F. F.
 Dyett, Mrs. J. S.
 Elliott, Miss Lucy
 Esselstyn, Mrs. George
 Fairbanks, F. P.
 Farrand, Mrs. Wilson
 Faxon, Miss H.
 Fertig, Mrs. John
 Fillebrown, Mrs. J. P.
 Fithian, Mrs. Josiah H.
 Fleischmann, Mrs. Charles

- Fleming, Mrs. H. L.
 Frear, Mrs. E. A.
 Fuller, Mrs. G. A.
 Gammell, Mrs. Robert I.
 Gates, Mrs. John
 Gates, Mrs. M. F.
 Gaynor, Miss M. F.
 Gemit, Mrs. Frank Scott
 George, Miss M. J.
 Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.
 Gilson, Miss
 Gladding, Mrs. John R.
 Glenn, Mrs. Hugh
 Goetchius, Mrs. J. M.
 Gold, Miss Louise E.
 Goodfellow, Mrs. W. S.
 Gordon, Mrs. W. W.
 Gray, Miss A.
 Greenleaf, Miss Ida
 Griefenstein, Miss Lillian
 Grimkes, Mrs.
 Guernsey, Mrs. H. W.
 Haile, Mrs. William H.
 Hall, Mrs. E. W.
 Hall, Mrs. J. B.
 Hall, Miss L. H.
 Hammer, Mrs. V. T. & Miss Eleanor
 Harder, George
 Harriman, Mrs. J. A.
 Harris, Mrs. D. M.
 Hatch, Miss C. J.
 Hatch, Miss Julia
 Hendee, Miss Sarah J.
 Hester, Mrs. William V.
 Hills, Mrs. J. M.
 Hillyer, Mrs. Frances S.
 Hilton, Miss Eloise
 Hindee, Miss S. J.
 Hoffman, Mrs. S. V.
 Holbrook, Miss Eleanor B.
 Holt, Mrs. Robert S.
 Hooke, Mrs. and Friends
 Hope Club
 Hoppin, Mrs. F. S.
 Horne, The Misses
 Hornsby, Miss M. H.
 Horstman, Miss Ida E.
 Houston, Miss Agnes
 Howard, Mrs. E. P.
 Howe, Mrs. L. V.
 Humphreys, Mrs. C. F.
 Hunter, Miss Mary
 Hyde, Miss
 Hyde, Miss Isabel C.
 Inniss, Mrs. and Friend
 Irving, Mrs. Cortlandt
 Ives, Mrs. T. M.
 Jacobs, C. A.
 Jay, Miss Alice
 Jenkins, Edward E.
 Jenkins, Mrs. E. E.
 Jennings, Mrs. F. C.
 Johnson, Mrs. Bradish
 Johnson, Miss H. B.
 Joseph, Mrs. Louis
 Judson, Mrs. D. A.
 Kassler, Mrs. George W.
 Kilbourne, Mrs. J. W.
 King Edward VII. Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire
 King, Mrs. Charles A.
 King, Mrs. M. L.
 Knapp, Mrs. H. P.
 Knapp, Mrs. Philip W.
 Lapsley, Miss A. W.
 Leavenworth, Mrs. Woodward
 Leonard, Miss
 Lewis, Miss E.
 Locke, Mrs. Robert W.
 Long, Mrs. C. L.
 Lord Kitchener Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire
 Low, Miss L. C.
 Low, Mrs. Seth
 Low, Mrs. W. G.
 Lownder, Mrs. R. T.
 McDonough, Mrs. Thomas
 McDowell, Mrs. D. C.
 Macdonald, Mrs. A. B.
 Macdonald, Miss Helen M.
 Malin, Miss Clarissa E.
 Mann, Mrs. S. Vernon, Jr.
 Mansfield, Mrs. A. R.
 Margaret Circle of the Kings Daughters, N. Y.
 Marie, Miss Ruth
 Marsh, Miss M. T.
 Martin, Mrs. George Henry
 Martin, Miss Julia T.
 Mason, Mrs. H. Lee
 Masters, Mrs. F.
 Mayer, Miss E.
 Mayer, Miss Katherine
 Mead, Mrs. George
 Mead, Miss Jenny L.
 Mears, Miss E. L.
 Melzinah Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution
 Merrill, Miss D. E.
 Merritt, Mrs. John
 Mersereau, Mrs. Jacob
 Mersereau, Mrs. W. H.
 Morehouse, Miss C.
 Morewood, Mrs. Alfred P.
 Morgan, Miss Caroline L.
 Morris, Mrs. F. P.
 Morris, Mrs. Wade Hampton
 Morrison, John H.
 Moses, Mrs. Annie A.
 Mosley, Mrs. H. P.
 Mount, Mrs. J. F.
 Myers, Mrs. J.
 Navy League, Comforts Committee

- Neilson, Mrs. Alfred
 Newberry, Mrs. Wolcott E.
 N. Y. Exchange for Woman's Work
 O'Grady, Miss Elizabeth
 Page, Mrs. A. E.
 Parsons, Mrs. William H.
 Patterson, Mrs. S. C.
 Pease, Mrs. F. A.
 Perry, Miss Bertha
 Peterkin, Mrs. C. L.
 Peterkin, Mrs. George W.
 Peters, Mrs. E. H.
 Peters, Mrs. Edw. McC.
 Peters, Miss L.
 Peters, Mrs. W. R.
 Peters, Miss N. H.
 Phelps, Mrs. Herbert W.
 Pine, George D.
 Poor, Mrs. C. L.
 Pope, Mrs. Charles C.
 Porter, Miss Mary E.
 Post, Mrs. A. S.
 Powers, Mrs. W. H.
 Price, Mrs. Clarence
 Prime, Miss Cornelia
 Princess Royal Chapter of the Imperial
 Order of the Daughters of the British
 Empire
 Probasco, Mr. and Mrs. S. K.
 Quackenbush, Miss Jane
 Rhoades, Miss H.
 Richards, Mrs. J. T.
 Richardson, Mrs. C. S.
 Riley, Miss Katharine P.
 Robbins, Mrs. J. W.
 Roberts, Miss Amy L.
 Robinson, Mrs. E. S.
 Rodewald, Mrs. F. L.
 Rochling, Mrs. J. A.
 Roosevelt, Mrs. W. E.
 Rosedale, Mrs. S. E.
 Rossiter, Mrs. Edward V. W.
 Rudolph, Mrs. B. H.
 Saunders, The Misses
 Schmitt, Mrs. David
 Scott, Mrs. Frank
 Sellew, Mrs. Ralph H.
 William Shakespeare Chapter of the Im-
 perial Order of the Daughters of the
 British Empire.
 Sharswood, Miss A. M.
 Shaw, Mrs. E. E.
 Sherlock, Mrs. John C.
 Shoosmith, Miss Christiana
 Shriver, Mrs. Harry T.
 Sinclair, Mrs. H. R.
 Skillin, Mrs. J. Harper
 Smith, Mrs. Everett P.
 Soules, Miss M.
 Southworth, Miss M. A.
 Spring, Mrs. Frederick
 Stone, Com. and Mrs. Raymond
 Storey, Miss E.
 Strong, Miss E. K.
 Strong, Mrs. E. M.
 Sullivan, Mrs. Emily S.
 Sulzer, Mrs. A. F.
 Tayre, Mrs. M. H.
 Thomas, Miss M. E.
 Throop, The Misses
 Tiemann, Miss Ella A.
 Tiemann, The Misses Julia A. and M. C.
 Tompkins, Mrs. W. W.
 Trowbridge, Mrs. G. W.
 Turle, Miss Penelope
 Turner, Miss Helen G.
 Udall, Miss Mary Strong
 Van Ingen, Mrs. E. H.
 Viall, Mrs. W. A.
 Wadhams, Mrs. A. J.
 Walker, Mrs. J. M.
 Waltz, Mrs. Newton
 Warren, Mrs. E. Walpole
 Warren, Mrs. J. K.
 Wasson, Miss
 Watchful Circle of the Maravian Union
 of Kings Daughters
 Waterloo Chapter of the Imperial Order
 of the Daughters of the British Empire
 Way, Mrs. Frederick H.
 Webber, R. L.
 Webster, Mrs. H. F.
 Weeks, Mrs. Kate P.
 Weible, Mrs.
 Wendell, Mrs. Gordon and Miss F. E.
 Wetmore, Miss Edith
 Wheeler, Miss Julia D.
 White, Mrs. M. M.
 Wilkins, Mrs. E. Anna
 Wilkins, Mrs. M. G.
 Williams, Mrs. J. N.
 Williamson, Mrs. S. M.
 Wilson, Miss Frances E.
 Wolcott, Mrs. Emily J.
 Women's Club, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Wood, Mrs. H. C.
 Wood, Mrs. W. D.
 Woolsey, Miss C. B.
 Girls Friendly Society of Memorial
 Church of the Holy Cross, Utica, N. Y.
 St. Martha's Guild of the Church of the
 Epiphany, N. Y.
 St. Faith's Guild, Church of the Holy
 Trinity, N. Y.
 Woman's Auxiliary, Church of the Mes-
 siah, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
 Church Periodical Club
 All Angel's Church, N. Y.
 Church of Epiphany, N. Y.
 St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, Brooklyn,
 N. Y.
 St. Thomas' Church, N. Y.

General Summary of Work

DECEMBER 1918

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	26	1475	1741
Scandinavian.....	10	93	128
Tuesday Evening Gospel Services	3	150	154
Bible Classes	4	323	327
Lettish	2	26	42
Special Services	3	196	234
Holy Communion Services			1
Wedding Services			0
Baptismals			0
Funeral Services			3

Relief Department.

Board, lodging and clothing.....	547
Clinic Cases.....	176
Referred to Hospitals.....	89
Referred to other Societies.....	46
Hospital Visits	89
Patients Visited	994

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	32
Men transported	19
Pieces of dunnage transported	48

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	20	4253	4555
Home Hour	5	400	433
Public Lectures.....	3	514	522
Ships Visited			133
Packages reading matter distributed....			598
Comfort bags and knitted articles distributed.....			148
Christmas Gifts			1450

Hotel, Post Office and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered.....	20,676
Letters received for seamen.....	5,324
Pieces of dunnage checked	4,624

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I. 31	
Men Shipped.....	166
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	80
Total number of men given employment	246

Seamen's Wages Department

Deposits.....	\$ 67,171.48
Withdrawals.....	54,195.00
Transmitted.....	7,187.50
Savings Bank Deposits in Trust.....	45,674.90

PLEASE REMEMBER

That new equipment and additional aids to Efficiency are constantly needed.

Enlarged Soda Fountain \$3,500

The New Tailor Shop \$1,000

Roller Skates, \$75.00

The RELIEF Fund and the special DISCRETIONARY Fund always need to be replenished.

WHO RECEIVES THE LOOKOUT?

There are four ways in which one may be a subscriber to the **Lookout**.

- 1 **Founders** or **Benefactors** of the Institute automatically become subscribers.
- 2 All who subscribe annually **five dollars** or more to the Society through the Ways and Means Department.
- 3 Those who contribute a sum **under five dollars** or make any **gift**, receive one **complimentary** copy at the time the contribution or gift is acknowledged.
- 4 Every one who subscribes **one dollar** a year to the **Lookout Department**.

If you have not already done so, please **renew** your subscription; or if you have received complimentary copies in the past, **subscribe** now by sending one dollar.

The increased cost of paper, printing and postage makes it impossible to send the **Lookout** except under the above conditions.