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# The Lookout

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

# A LAST PULL!!

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Our Institute is completed. It is fully furnished.

Three weeks ago, without public notice, it opened its bedrooms.

Already these are more than half full every night.

But our Lunch Room, Dining Room and Kitchen STAND IDLE !!

We cannot use them until the building is paid for.

We must still raise \$195,000.

Without the help of HUNDREDS of subscriptions—SMALL as well as LARGE—this Institute could never have been built.

Let us all give a LAST PULL and the fight will be won!

Let every reader of this magazine do what he can for the men of the sea.

Give \$5,000 or more and become a "Founder"

Give 1,000 or more and become a "Benefactor"

Give 2,500 for the Kitchen

Give 2,000 for the Baggage Department

Give 1,500 for the Soda Fountains

Give 1,000 for the Hotel Desk and Post Office

Give 300 for the Barber Shop

Give 250 for an Officer's Bedroom

Subscriptions should be sent to

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, Chairman Building Committee,

54 Wall Street, City.

# THE LOOKOUT

Published by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

RT. REV. DAVID H. GREER, D. D., LL. D., President

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Secretary-Treasurer

OFFICE, 25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK

VOL. IV.

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No. 6

## The Light in the Tower

Lo, the heavy combers with their crested  
frontlets breaking

Roar and thunder on the beach like  
batteries at play,

Through the black horizon line, their  
thunder sheaths forsaking

Livid lightnings flash and dance, that  
turn the night to day.

With the gulls before the wind a fright-  
ened barque is fleeing

Running like the soul of man before  
the hounds of hell;

Not a star to set her course, the night  
too thick for seeing

Channel buoys; the gale too loud to  
hear the channel bell.

Lo, the heavy combers with their crested  
frontlets breaking

Surge and shatter on the shoals like  
demons in their joy;

Fierce to sweep from off their breasts  
each atom of man's making,

Pealing high above the storm their cry,  
"Destroy! Destroy!"

With the gulls before the wind a fright-  
ened barque is fleeing,

Running toward a sudden light that  
pierces through the dark.

Clear it shines, triumphant that man jus-  
tifies his being,

Justifies and glorifies. The combers  
answer—Hark!

—Edward Hale Bierstadt.

## The Man-Who-Gives-Advice

They come up the Marble Staircase,  
studies in expression. Sometimes they  
walk with heads erect and a brisk plac-  
ing of each heavy boot on the white  
stairs, which shows confidence and a  
knowledge that they have a right to  
the quality. Sometimes they drag  
themselves up listlessly with that  
sheepish, shame-faced look which is pec-  
uliar to naughty children and erring  
sailors. And sometimes they run up  
the steps with that jauntiness of de-  
meanor which degenerates into the  
swagger of forced bravado when they  
reach the top.

They all want to see the Man-Who-  
Gives-Advice.

## When Frankness Failed

He had entered the office with the  
cheerful smile of one who does not ex-  
pect to be refused. He said he just  
wanted a night's lodging.

"Are you a sailor?" asked the Man-  
Who-Gives-Advice.

"Oh, yes, of course I am," was the  
answer.

"Let me see your discharge book."

He did not have it with him and  
after several evasions he summoned an  
air of engaging frankness and said:

"Well, I'll tell you. I had my things  
put on my ship and then I just went  
ashore to get a pint of beer. That's all  
I meant, sir, I'd swear to that."

The Institute worker waived the necessity for perjury.

"I did just mean a pint, sir," insisted he of the candid expression, "but the first thing I knew I'd taken too much and my boat sailed without me."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice looked stern.

"See here," he said, "we can't take you in. We have too much of this. You can't go ashore for a pint of beer and lose your ship, expecting us to take care of you afterward."

The disciple of candor was hurt and astonished.

"But," he said, "I told you the truth. I didn't lie to you. I told you the truth."

"Does that make what you did any better?" asked the Institute worker.

The man rose to go. There was firmness in the eye and voice of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice. He turned, as he reached the door.

"I didn't think as you'd refuse me when I told the truth," he said, reproachfully. He felt vaguely injured. He had made a virtue of necessity and it had failed to reward him, after the fashion of virtue.

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### The Retort Truthful

His clothing was just a little more thickly dotted with spots of grease and paint and mud than that of the men sitting near him on the bench near the office door. He had regarded one dusty boot for such a long time that it seemed as if he were emulating a Buddhistic calm, contemplating the Nothingness of Life. Suddenly he was aroused by the voice of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"You're next. What do you want to

see me about?"

Buddha's recent neophyte started.

"Oh, I just want a bed in the dormitory, sir," he said gently.

The Institute worker looked him over thoughtfully. His instinct, trained by careful observation, made him suspect that the man was not a sailor. With a swift decision, he turned to the applicant for a place in the dormitory and said quickly:

"Are you an A. B. (able seaman)?"

And he of the late calm made instant denial.

"Oh, no sir, I'm a Swede!"

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### That "Pint'o Beer"

It is, of course, much easier to be weakly good-natured and unreasoningly sympathetic than to be even very mercifully just. Justice is a hard thing to mete out to the most culpable offenders: it is particularly difficult to make sailors understand it. The Man-Who-Gives-Advice was explaining to one of them.

"You say you went ashore, got drunk and let your boat go without you? Don't you see that I can't give you a room here? It wouldn't be fair to the men who do play fair. We want men whom we can send to a ship and know they will stay on board and sail in a sober condition."

"I won't do it again, sir. I only wanted a pint of beer."

"A pint 'o beer!" Four men in the last hour had used those words in excusing their shortcomings. The Man-Who-Gives-Advice decided to drive the point home.

"Have you any children?" he asked.

The man's face brightened and then quickly assumed an expression of ex-

treme pathos. He saw his chance.

"Oh, yes, sir. I've a wife and four of the nicest little children you'd want to see. I'm always sending home my pay to them. There ain't nothing I won't do for them children."

"Well, don't you have to punish them sometimes for their own good?"

"Yes, they have to learn to do what is right," he agreed, looking slightly puzzled.

"Of course. And you're simply like one of those children. You'll have to learn to avoid that 'pint 'o beer' just before your ship sails. You're being punished when we refuse to take you in here."

The fond parent looked plainly discomfited. He hadn't thought the interview would turn out that way, but a glimmer of understanding had penetrated his neglected intelligence.

"I suppose you must be right," he said, his hand on the door-knob. Then he grinned.

"It's a good joke on me, sir—that about the children!"

### The Man Who Came Next.

He walked right up to the desk and began his story with the assurance of one who expects it to be well received. It hadn't a trace of originality, that story. It was the same one about the "pint o' beer" and the lost ship. When he had finished and asked to be given a room at the Institute, pending his getting a new berth, he was surprised to see the Institute worker shake his head and smile rather sadly.

"I can't take you in, you know," and he repeated what he'd been saying all the morning to the men whose taste for foaming beverages had brought them to grief.

Then he thought of the success of his drawing a parallel from children, with the man who'd just gone. So he said, slowly, in order to make the example clear.

"You've children, I suppose?"

"Yes, your riverance—the loveliest children—!"

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice interrupted him gently.

"And you have to punish them sometimes when they have done wrong?"

The man protested with swift indignation.

"No, your riverance, s'help me God, I niver have touched them!"

And the Man-Who-Gives-Advice laughed a little ruefully. Parables shouldn't turn on one that way: they are supposed to be infallible.

### Four Seamen's Bedrooms

Owing to the fact that three persons have recently transferred their gifts from seamen's to officer's rooms (by the additional contribution of \$150), it still leaves four seamen's bedrooms to be reserved. These are on the tenth and eleventh floors.

One Hundred Dollars pays the cost of building and furnishing a seamen's bedroom in the new Institute, 25 South Street.

There are 390 of these rooms.

386 have been taken.

4 remain to be reserved.

One Hundred Dollars gives 100 sailors in a year a clean bed in the right surroundings.

Over the door may be placed a bronze plate bearing the name of the donor or the form:

"In Memory of....."

Given by ....."

## Dressing Rooms—\$500

### The Newspaper Bed

Every morning from twenty to thirty men come into the wash-rooms down in the basement to bathe, shave and change their clothes. These are the men who cannot afford to pay for a bed. They are seamen who have not succeeded in getting berths, who have spent all their earnings but who are anxious to be clean and presentable when searching for work.

Some of them have stored their bags in the Baggage Department and they gain access to these and change their clothes in the dressing rooms. Almost any time during the morning you can hear the sound of rubbing and rinsing as they wash their clothes and shake them out with professional skill. If a man is reduced to the simple garments he is wearing, he washes them and waits while they are quickly dried in the steam room.

A good many seamen take bundles of newspapers and make themselves beds on the tugboats tied up to the docks near the Institute, and then in the morning they come over to the dressing rooms, take shower baths and do their laundry.

It is interesting, this desire to be clean, to be increasingly self respecting when it would seem so easy to be careless after arising from a newspaper bed.

There are three compartments in the dressing room, each containing chairs and mirrors in addition to the lavatory and laundry tubs.

Five hundred dollars is the estimated cost and it makes an original gift.

## Being Friends

They were such nice looking boys, and even though shy and embarrassed they looked you straight in the eye with a clear, frank gaze that would have convinced a district attorney.

One of them spoke English, but the other, his best friend, was still struggling to be articulate in Swedish. He succeeded badly and his chum put a protecting hand on his arm, as he spoke to the man at the hotel desk.

"How much for a bed in the dormitory?" he inquired.

"Fifteen cents apiece," was the answer.

The boy searched his pockets carefully and finally held out the only coin he had. It was a quarter. He knew that there wasn't another cent in his pockets before he looked, but he'd heard of treacherous linings and of unexpected dimes and nickels that one sometimes finds hidden away in a fold.

"Could you please let us have two beds for a quarter? I can't leave my friend and he doesn't speak English. We must have somewhere to sleep."

"Very sorry, but I'm afraid it would not be fair to make an exception," answered the clerk. He saw the Man-Who-Gives-Advice approaching and he stated the case.

The possessor of the solitary quarter looked depressed and discouraged but he kept his hand on the arm of his best friend. Then he turned to see the Man-Who-Gives-Advice hold out a nickel—five cents to make up the thirty.

It is seldom that five cents buys such a look of relief and happiness as the one which spread over the boy's face. He and his best friend climbed the

stairs to the dormitory, smiling at each other in the way youth smiles.

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### Barber Shop \$300

Once ashore after a week or a month as a guest of the fo'castle, the self-respecting sailor is intensely conscious of his appearance. He has not had much chance to be immaculately well-groomed during the voyage and it is probably not his desire to effect so thorough a change in mind and body as "well-groomed" implies. But he always wants to be properly shaved—the truly self-respecting sailor—and he is usually willing to have his hair cut. Further tonsorial administrations depend largely upon the persuasions of the barber and the vanity of the individual.

To provide for the fulfillment of the desires of the normal seaman, the Institute is installing a complete barber shop. It will be thoroughly sanitary, attractive and in the charge of efficient barbers. The equipment will cost about \$300. Will not some person who believes in promoting ideals of personal cleanliness make the barber shop his or her gift to the new Institute?

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### Large Gifts

#### Soda Fountain, \$1,500

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

#### Baggage Department \$2,000

Two large rooms for seamen's dunnage. Will accommodate nearly 5,000 pieces of luggage at a time.

#### Magneta Clocks \$1,250

A Master clock, controlling thirty dials. Self winding. A splendid system and a unique gift.

### Game Tables \$770

Two billiard and one shuffle-board table. To use in Officers' and Apprentice's rooms.

### Staff Sitting Room \$500

Where the Institute staff can meet to discuss seamen affairs.

### Study of Ass't Supt. \$500

Where men can bring their personal problems and be sure of sane, kindly advice.

### Laundry \$1,500

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

### Pianos—Five \$1,750

Upright Pianos for the Hotel Reading Room, the Apprentice Room, Officers' Reading and Game Room, Staff Sitting Room.

One concert piano (Steinway baby grand, preferably) for the Auditorium.

### Kitchen or "Galley" \$2,500

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

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### Always a Drink

"I haven't had anything to eat for over forty-eight hours," he said to the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"You seem to have had a drink or two, though," replied the Institute worker, whose olfactory nerve has been trained to detect these things.

The man laughed with more than a trace of bitterness.

"Yes, sir, I have. I can walk along South Street and be invited to have a drink ten times within an hour, but there isn't a person who is willing to give me anything to eat."

## THE LOOKOUT

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Church Institute of New York at  
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NOTE—Address all communications to  
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent  
of IRENE KATHARINE LANE, Editor

### Seamen at Home in New Institute

Ten days after the new Institute threw open its 500 beds for the use of seamen, there were 232 men living in the hotel—almost half the capacity.

This is a remarkable showing because the men are a little slow to patronize anything new. Of course those who went to the Breakwater came here at once; 90 men slept in the house the first night (September 15), but the most sanguine Institute worker expected the rooms to be filled slowly as the seamen gathered confidence. That the contrary is true is highly encouraging and as the Lookout goes to press it can announce that 257 men were registered last night.

A walk through the public rooms on one of the stormiest days this week revealed a state of quiet satisfaction. In the big Hotel Reading Room a thick fog of smoke softened the outlines of the new walls and the new tables. Sailors were rocking contentedly and reading everything from the "Atlantic Monthly" to the "Green Book." One or two dozed in their chairs and a few wrote letters. Through the long row of rain-splashed windows showed the smoke-stacks and masts of the Harbor traffic. Shrill whistles and fog-horns sounded outside but the men rocked and smoked and—who can deny it?—

dreamed a little.

Down stairs in the hotel lobby other sailors sat reading. They would look up at the click of the turn-stile, admitting a new comer, but when a casual glance had convinced them he was in no way unusual they would sink back into the pleasant absorption afforded by the "Saturday Evening Post" or yesterday's "Herald."

There is something rather splendid about the new Institute and its seamen guests. It is not just that the building is large, beautifully designed, artistic and useful. It is the impression one gets of its being right—just exactly the right thing at the right time.

### Service in New Chapel

On Sunday afternoon, October twelfth, at three o'clock will be held the service for the Opening and Blessing of the New Chapel of Our Saviour. The Right Reverend David H. Greer, D. D., will be the Officiant. The sermon will be preached by the Right Reverend William F. Nichols, D. D., Bishop of California. Bishop Nichols is Chairman of the General Convention Commission for work among seamen, and takes a most active interest in all that pertains to the welfare of seamen. His presence from the Pacific at this first service in a Chapel built almost upon the very shore of the Atlantic strikes just the right note of unity in a work which cares for seamen of all the seven seas.

Invitations to this service are limited, owing to the restricted seating capacity. They are being confined to contributors to the Chapel Fund, to members of the General Convention Seamen's Commission and the Board

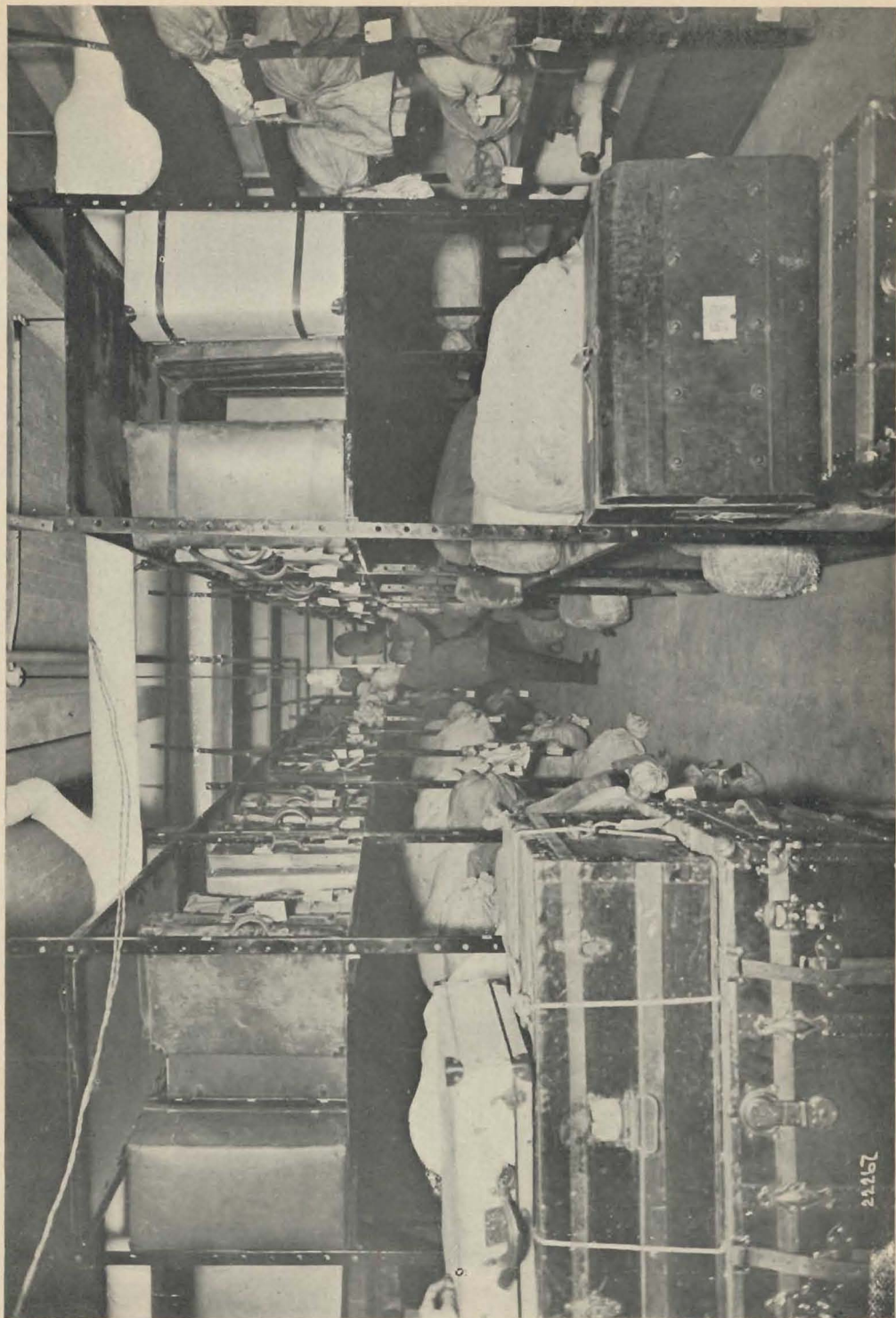




BEDROOM No. 1000  
Given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt



THE CENTER DORMITORY  
Given by Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Whitehouse



24467

BAGGAGE DEPARTMENT



TITANIC MEMORIAL LIGHTHOUSE  
Given by 357 Subscribers



28251

LAUNDRY  
Not yet given



22265

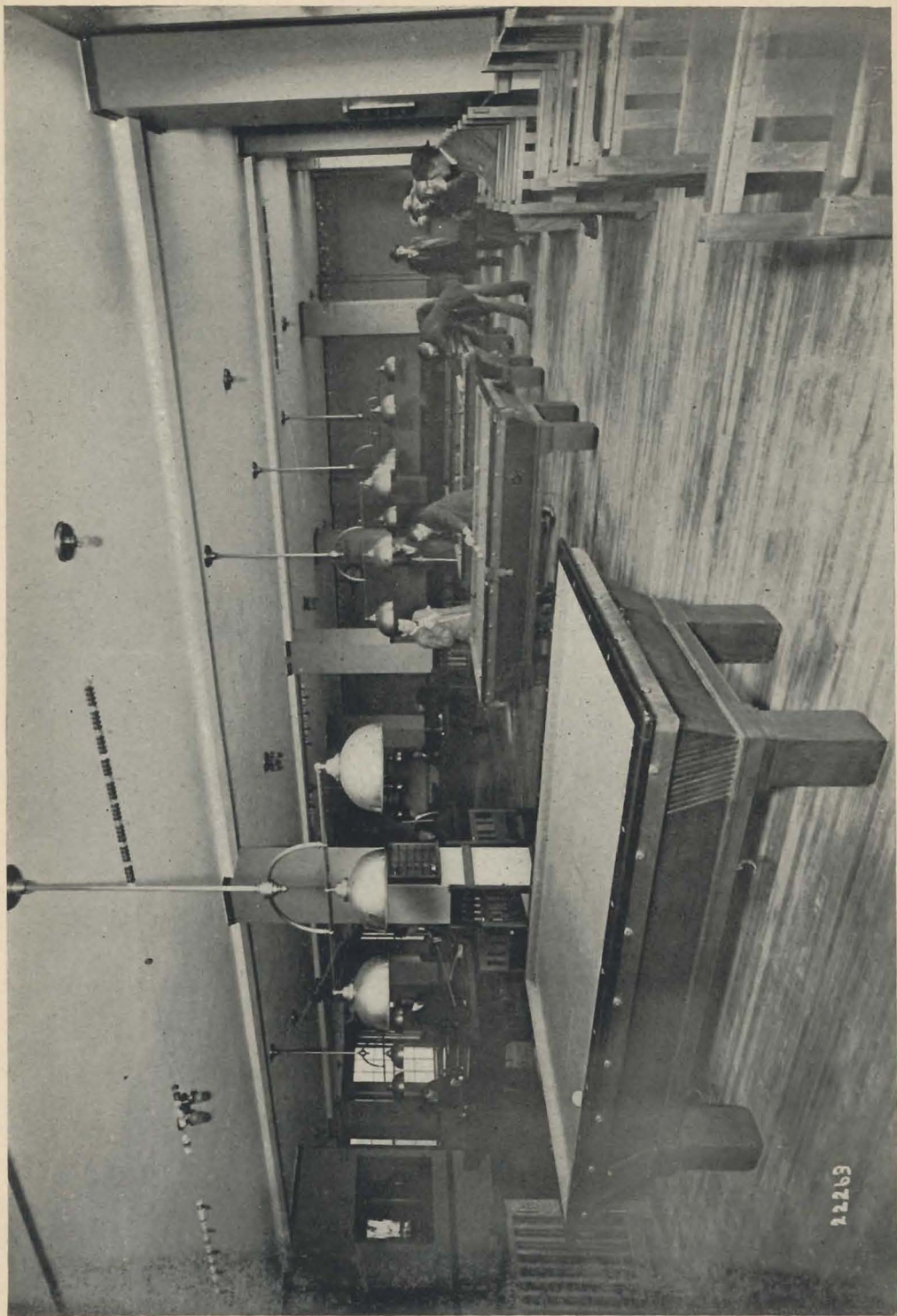
### HOTEL READING ROOM

Given by Wheaton B. and Henry R. Kunhardt and Mrs. E. Walpole Warren



HOTEL DESK, POST OFFICE AND SODA FOUNTAIN

Compass: Given by Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty. Hotel Desk and Post Office, not given. Soda Fountain not given



GAME ROOM  
Given by Thomas Potts



of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute.

After October the twelfth, services will be held in the Chapel regularly and all Lookout readers are asked to attend them. An invitation is extended to everyone to come down and inspect the new Chapel which was not open on May twenty-eighth.

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### Parrot Visitors

Two young parrots from South America were brought to the Institute the other day and registered in the Baggage Department. They seemed perfectly contented with the cheerful atmosphere created by the long rows of sailors' bags and variegated trunks and suit cases. Perhaps they were conscious of contributing to the general color scheme themselves. Certainly their green and scarlet plumage stood out from the grey canvas background with a kind of post impressionistic fervor.

"No, they don't talk much yet," said their owner, "but they are beginning to say things. It don't do to encourage them too much. The assistant down here tried to get the youngest one to say 'Pretty Polly' and she leaned over and bit his finger vicious-like."

Seamen who had been hovering about the birds rather closely were seen to back away hastily.

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### Gift of Sewing Machine

The Singer Sewing Machine Co., through one of its officials, has presented the Institute with one of their best machines. This is to be used by the seamstress who has charge of mending all the linen used in the building.

### Sandy Looks for Reform

Among a plethora of Scandinavians and West Indians, the Scotch sailor always stands out refreshingly original. You grow to look for occasional flashes of dry humor and there's a twinkle in the eye of the most taciturn.

The other afternoon one of them approached the hotel desk and asked for a forty cent room. There was no trace of shyness in his manner and he knew what he wanted: his Scotch accent contained a strong note of authority.

"Give me a room that looks over the Harbor," he said blandly. "I'd like one that will let me see all the Harbor. I'd like one of those corner rooms, if you can be so kind."

The clerk looked over this list and found that No. 900 was vacant. That's the octagonal room on the ninth floor.

"You can have this," he said as he made out the slip and handed the man the key, "but why did you want to see all the Harbor?"

That Scotch twinkle referred to before asserted itself.

"Oh, I couldna say rightly. Maybe its because I think the sight of so much water will turn me into a blue ribbon-er."

The turn-stile clicked behind him before the clerk got his breath.

"If looking out of these windows at the Harbor could do it—," he began, but just then another applicant for a room claimed him.

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### Officers' Room

Room 1216 In Memory of Admiral Samuel Livingston Breese, 1794, 1870. Given by his niece, Eloise Lawrence Breese.

### James, The Suspicious.

James came in about nine o'clock one evening and asked for a night's lodging. He had his fifteen cents and that entitled him to a bed and locker in the dormitory. As he climbed the stairs in the rear of the lobby a look of weary content spread over his weather-worn features. He was sure of a clean bed in a safe place and he was very tired.

Up in the dormitory half the beds were already occupied. They looked very peaceful in the dim light and a fresh breeze from the sea swept through the long compartment. James could feel that sense of quiet satisfaction swelling into exultation. This was a find! He must tell about it to some of the sailors he knew who were down on their luck.

He arranged his clothing with careful neatness on the chair at the foot of his bed, and was just giving his pillow a final comfortable punch when the attendant came up to put James' garments in the locker.

James sat up suddenly.

"See, here," he expostulated, "you leave my clothes alone. I know your tricks. Don't you touch my things."

The attendant explained.

"We have to put your things in the locker at night. Men come in here at all hours and you might have them stolen. It's much the safest way."

James arose. He gave one poignantly regretful look at the bed and then began to dress. He refused to listen to further explanations.

"No, sir," he said as he started for the stairs, "I've lived in this world too long to take any chances. You may be all right but I can't afford to lose sight of my clothes. I'm going."

And he went—a pitiful victim of the crafty suspicion bred in him by long experience with sailors' lodging houses.

### Dinner of Cambridge Club

A dinner to the Cambridge Bishops and to representative members of the Faculty and the Board of Trustees will be given in the Assembly Hall of the Institute on Thursday, October the 16th. This is the first function of this sort to be held in the new Auditorium.

The invitations state that the inspection of the new Institute will take place at 6:00 p. m., and that the dinner will be served promptly at 7 o'clock.

Among the guests of honor are:

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts.

Bishop Roots of Hankow, China.

Bishop Perry, Rhode Island.

Bishop Atwood, Arizona.

Bishop Thurston, Eastern Oklahoma.

Bishop Sanford, San Joaquin, California.

Bishop Rhinelander, Pennsylvania.

Also Very Rev. George Hodges, D. D., Dean of the Cambridge Theological Seminary.

Dr. Drown, Dr. Fosbroke, and Rev. Mr. Lake of the Faculty.

The President of the Cambridge Club is George Daniel Hadley, and Mr. Charles P. Deems, Assistant Superintendent of the Institute, is the Secretary and Treasurer.

Bishop Greer, President of the Seamen's Church Institute, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, Chairman of the Building Committee, together with other members of the Committee, and the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent, have been asked to act as hosts of the Institute.

**Hotel Desk and Post Office**

**\$1,000**

"The most interesting thing in this building," said a particularly enthusiastic man the other day, "is the system you have for checking up your guests, and next to that is the way you handle the mail."

When a seaman comes to the Institute for the first time he goes up to the clerk and asks for a room. If he can pay 25 or 35 cents a night he is given a key and a ticket. The ticket is stamped with the number of days for which he has paid. Sometimes he takes his room by the week and sometimes for only a single night, but no man is allowed through the turn-stile or in the elevator without his ticket. Every man who goes up to his room or leaves it, passes through one of the turn-stiles. This is one of the protections the Institute affords against the water front beasts of prey.

And curiously enough most of the men who come in go up to the Post Office window and ask for letters. In those little boxes are envelopes of every shape and size. They are blue and pale pink and green and grey. They have stamps from Australia and Ceylon, from Cairo and Canton. They are fresh with recent dates and they are old, torn, crumpled, with fading ink. They are the letters, very often, that never reached him. Women have written them with the hurrying pen of good news or the lagging pen of sorrow. Brothers and fathers and comrades have written.

Quite frequently a man receives a letter which has been waiting for him two years, or one which has been directed and forwarded so many times that not another inch of space remains.

Uncle Sam put a post-box down stairs just at the right of the main entrance and there is ample equipment for the men to write letters and post them in the building.

There is the distinct flavor of romance about the Post Office and there is the interest of practical expedient, wisely applied, about the Hotel Desk.

They are offered as a suggestion for someone who wishes to give \$1,000 to help reduce that \$195,000 balance on the Building Fund.

**Chapel Gifts**

The following list of Chapel accessories will commend itself to those who would like to make contributions to the new Institute, having their gifts applied to specific uses:

1 Pulpit .....	\$480
1 Lecturn (Brass) .....	300
Chancel Rail .....	250
2 Chancel Chairs and 2 Priedieux...	200
Pulpit Stair-Rail .....	125
1 Sedilia .....	100
1 Brass Altar Desk .....	15
2 Hymn Tablets .....	each 10

**SMALL CHAPEL**

1 Altar (wood) .....	\$250
1 Chancel Rail .....	225
Books .....	150
1 Lecturn (wood) .....	75
1 Rector's Chair .....	50
1 Credence Table .....	25
1 Hymn Tablet .....	10
1 Altar Desk (wood) .....	10

**Pictures Received**

Already several large pictures have been sent to the Institute in response to the appeal in the September Lookout. We are printing this again for the benefit of subscribers who may wish to give pictures and have not seen the first request for "Good Pictures."

### What They Fear

It isn't strange that seamen are afraid of being robbed. Many of them have lost money, papers, clothing and trinkets so often that they have become dully resigned to being victimized in this way. They come to the Institute feeling a reasonable measure of security, but the fear is never totally absent.

The other day a man who had been staying in the Institute for several nights came rushing up to the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"Oh, I've been robbed. I just started out for a walk and when I reached South Ferry I found that \$20.00 I had in my pocket was missing. Someone has taken it from me in the night."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice was reassuring.

"I don't think so. If you had your door locked last night it isn't likely that any of the men sleeping on the same floor could have robbed you. And no outside persons could get up there. We will go and search your room."

They went up to his room and there, under the bed, lay the little roll of bills. It had slipped out of the man's pocket when he was dressing.

"I'm ashamed to have bothered you, sir," he said, but you know—"

"Yes," agreed the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, "I know."

### The Ancient Hiding-Place

And the very next day another man went to the Hotel Desk in great distress and reported that his money and his discharge book had been stolen, together with some letters.

"I want the letters more than I do my money, though it's all I have and

I don't know when I can get another berth without my discharge book."

"I'll send someone up with you so you can look again. Maybe they are in your room after all," said the Institute worker.

The man shook his head, hopelessly. He was sure he had put the things in his suit case and now they were gone. But he went up to his room again with one of the assistants. The first thing the Institute worker did was to look under the pillow: he did this mechanically without much expectation of having his search rewarded. Surely, under one's pillow was the first place to look. But there lay the pocket-book and the letters and the discharge book.

The seaman looked exceedingly mortified.

"I guess we're all too ready to think we've been robbed," he said with an embarrassed smile.

"You are," assented the Institute worker. "You will get over it, though, when you begin to see that we are doing everything possible to protect you."

### Gifts Already Made to Chapel

Altar in Large Chapel, in memory of Stuart Randolph.

Altar Vases, given by Altar Chapter of Zion and St. Timothy.

Cross, given by Mrs. William Rhineland.

Communion Silver, in memory of Augusta McEvers Morris de Peyster by her daughter, Frances G. de Peyster.  
500 Bibles for Bedrooms, given by New York Bible Society.

Reredos, given by Miss Mary R. Hall.  
Rector's Chair, (Large Chapel), Orme Wilson, Jr.

## Good Pictures Wanted

There is wall space in the new Institute for about three hundred pictures. We shall be glad to receive good prints, reproductions from well known paintings and subjects of the sort likely to stimulate the sailor imagination.

Probably one of the most significant things about the interior decoration of Hull House in Chicago is the remarkably good taste shown in the pictures. It is one of Jane Addams' theories that a good picture has a tremendous influence upon the sub-conscious mind. Certainly a really good print must carry a message of far greater value than that of a motto, or one of those tabloid essays that so insistently thrust themselves upon us from the window of every art store.

And that is why the spirit of the Institute walls must be particularly inspiring. We should have some good portraits of men who have done great things—Robert Louis Stevenson and Ralph Waldo Emerson, Grover Cleveland and Robert E. Lee, William Gladstone, Lord Nelson and Disraeli. The faces of the men of America and Great Britain (or of any land) who had a voice in the thought of the country, in its laws, its supremacy, should have their places in this new building.

Prints of subjects like Millet's "The Gleaners," "The Sower," "The Angelus" will be greatly appreciated. The committee has thought it best not to hang too many marine pictures and it has decided not to put up any picture which does not seem to be in keeping with the standard which it has set.

This simply means that little girls holding kittens, and large eyed puppies all trying to eat from the same bowl will not commend themselves as appropriate subjects.

## To Help A Boy

After eighteen months in the hospital, recovering from injuries to his leg, an erstwhile cabin-boy was discharged as cured. He was well enough to do work on shore but would never be strong enough to do the heavy work at sea again.

He had a "pal" and this comrade looked out for him when he came from the hospital. \$25.00 is slender pay for one, but stretched to provide necessities for two, it discloses serious discrepancies. The distance between proper nourishment and absolute starvation grows greater all the time.

So the comrade brought his friend to the Institute.

"I'd like to go to sea again," the boy said wistfully, "but the doctors say I couldn't stand it and you know that on board ship is no place for you to break down."

He has been doing odd tasks at the new building, can run an elevator and act as interpreter when necessary. He speaks Danish, Finnish, Swedish and English and would be useful in a hotel as a restaurant boy or among foreign servants. He is qualified to run an elevator and operate a switchboard.

If any of the Lookout readers know of a place for this boy, the Institute will recommend him highly. He is twenty years old.

## An Ingenuous Request

A pupil in one of the little Southern high schools wrote to the Lookout the other day:

"I am on the affirmative side of a debate: Resolved, that the Navy Should Be Increased. Will you please send me all the information you have on this subject?"

### Time-Ball in Operation

At twelve o'clock, noon, on a day late in October, the time-ball surmounting the Lighthouse Tower will drop, for the first time indicating to watchers on the Harbor craft that it is officially mid-day. (The exact date has been fixed.)

Schooners creeping along the coast will set their chronometers by it. The great four-masted ships loaded with oil for the Far East will also set their time pieces by it, as will the tramp steamer setting out for South Africa and the passengers and cargo boats sailing for the West Indies and South America.

The new Institute stands out conspicuously on the water's edge. Immediately surrounding it are the little low buildings of half a century ago. The Time-Ball is therefore destined to become one of the famous land-marks of Manhattan.

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### Additional Bedrooms

Room 1132 In Memory of Laura Armstrong Milligan.

Room 1155 In Memory of Joseph Lawrence Gaillard, given by his daughter, Aimee Gaillard Johnson.

Room 1129 In Memory of Schuyler Livingston.

Room 1159 St. Paul's School.

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### Only 8 Left

#### Officers' Rooms at \$250

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

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

A chiffonier or chest of drawers and furniture of a less severe type of simplicity than that in the seamen's rooms will make these large rooms more attractive to the men for whom they are designed.

A brass plate bearing the name of the donor, or an inscription containing the name of the person memorialized, will be placed over the door, if desired. The form suggested is

"In Memory of.....

Given by .....

but it is possible to add a few words, a condensed biography or a simple verse to make this form more gracious.

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### Anglicized Norwegian

It takes courage to attempt the writing of English, at any time. The greatest scholars and professional writers will confess, in moments of extreme candor, that they are still aghast at their temerity in having adopted the fine art of writing as a vocation.

Which all goes to prove that Adras Hamlen is a brave man, for here is a letter he sent to us last week, applying for position as cook in the new Institute.

"I sand jer mi applekessen. Ett as no good to mi no mor. Ples latt me no how motsh thi (they) pay, as for post as second cook.

"if ju kan find aut, I gas I wodient get it no how. Ett es so many loking for it.

"I am work in a place har, but I don no how long ett will las.

"Andras F. Hamlen."

# THE LOOKOUT

## Founders and Benefactors

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

### List of Founders

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

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

The names of the "Benefactors," added to the following list, will be in-

scribed upon another bronze tablet similar to that provided for the "Founders."

### List of Benefactors

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

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