

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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DECEMBER 1916

Number 12

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 7

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Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Captains Adventurous

Captains adventurous, from your ports of quiet,
From the ghostly harbors, where you sea-beat galleons lie,
Say, do your dreams go back across the sea-line
Where cliffs of England rise gray against the sky?

Say, do you dream of the pleasant ports of old-time—
Orchards of old Devon, all afoam with snowy bloom?
Or have the mists that veil the Sea of Shadows
Closed from your eyes all the memories of home?

Feet of the Captains hurry through the stillness,
Ghostly sails of galleons are drifting to and fro,
Voices of mariners sound across the shadows,
Waiting the word that shall bid them up and go.

"Lo, now," they say, "for the gray old Mother calls us"
(Listening to the thunder of the guns about her shore).
"Death shall not hold us, nor years that lie between us,
Sail we to England to strike for her once more."

Captains adventurous, rest ye in your havens,
Pipe your ghostly mariners to keep their watch below,
Sons of our sons are here to strike for England,
Heirs of your glory—Beatty, Jellico.

Yet shall your names ring on in Eng- "Beneath the bed you will see," he
land's story, murmured as his friend glanced about
You who were the prophets of the smilingly. The House Steward knelt
mighty years to be, and then gave a long whistle of
Drake, Blake and Nelson, thundering amazement. What seemed to be the
down the ages, ghastly upper half of a man's body
Captains adventurous, the Masters of lay close against the wall.
the Sea.

NORAH M. HOLLAND

(*The University Magazine, Montreal.*)

Antonio Sees a Ghost

Antonio, as it will at once be seen by a glance at his name, comes from a race which maintains a strong belief in the supernatural. His religious faith is such that he feels no miracle too great to be accorded a superstitious credence, and that is why he came hurrying down the corridor the other evening, his face as nearly white as its sheathing of bronzed tan would permit.

"Oh, Signor," he cried as soon as he found the House Steward. "There is a ghost in my room. I have seen it with my own eyes. I cannot sleep there."

The House Steward laughed as people always do laugh when anyone announces that he has actually seen a ghost. But Antonio did not find that very reassuring for he still trembled slightly and his face was very grave.

"You will come with me, Signor, and see I have said the truth," he urged and the House Steward followed him back to his room.

At the door Antonio drew back, making a fine gesture of courtesy in order that the Institute man could precede him.

He hesitated only a second to remind himself that nothing so thoroughly gruesome was possible and then he grasped Antonio's walking stick and pulled out the ghost. His whistle turned into a gasp of astonishment, for on the floor, fully exposed to the electric glare lay a plaster cast such as is used to hold broken ribs in place when the fractures are serious.

"What chap could have left that here?" the amazed House Steward asked the now greatly reassured Antonio.

"Me I do not guess," responded Antonio, "but there is more strangeness. How did the one who wore it get it off and leave it so together, so not broken?"

The House Steward picked up the now useless plaster cast and walked away, bewildered by a new problem. He turned back and called out to Antonio, "You see now that there are no such things as ghosts!"

But Antonio only bowed politely. This time, perhaps, no.

An Appeal to Vanity

Although a great many people will deny that vanity has anything to do with having one's photograph taken, and a great many more would add that photography and dentistry are

kindred professions, designed alike to torture the nerves of reluctant sitters, it is certainly true that vanity is the attribute upon which the tin-type artists count when they set up their tripods near the Institute.

Sometimes there are as many as four photographers doing a thriving business along South Street.

"Have your picture taken in that new red tie," one calls out to a young mariner who is trying to appear unconscious of fresh shore clothing.

"Send your girl your photo with that hat showing," the next man is advised, and after a cautious glance about he usually says, "Well how much is it?"

The other day a group of Lascars were gathered about one of the tin-type men. He posed them happily one after the other, pocketed their ten-cent pieces, peered anxiously into the tin cup where the quickly developing prints were drying, and exchanged bits of persiflage with sidewalk on-lookers.

When the pictures were ready each man received his eagerly, his friends crowding round and taking it from his hand before he had done more than glance at it.

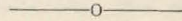
"Who's this? This you, Dick? Looks more like a horse. Oh, I've got it upside down!"

Then everyone laughed and Dick blushing thrust the little tin-type into his pocket while the merry jesters went on to their next victim.

"Hold it sideways," they suggested to the original, "makes you look more natural."

The buyers of art detached them-

selves from their joking tormentors and went indoors. From time to time during the afternoon one of them would be seen surreptitiously withdrawing from his pocket a small square of thin cardboard and after gazing at it intently for a few moments, he would replace it, a gleam of satisfaction in his dark eyes.



Hands Across the Sea

Arnold believes that a mere difference of language and nationality is no bar to wedded happiness. He came home from a recent voyage to Cuba, deeply in love with a beautiful Spanish girl whom he had met there.

Since his arrival Arnold has carried on a feverish correspondence with the aid of an Institute worker possessing some knowledge of Spanish. The climax came one day when Arnold brought his interpreter a slip of paper with the admonition: "Please write this as good as you can in Spanish. It's very important."

The letter ran as follows:

MARIE:—

I am sending you fifty dollars to come to New York.

You say in your letter that I have another girl, that aint true if you believe it your mistaken and also if I had I would not have sent you any money because I aint a millionaire yet

Marie I love you and you know it that I can support two.

I would like to have my sister meet you and learn you how to speak English in about a month.

Marie I love you and you know it so come to me.

ARNOLD

If directness and sincerity can accomplish anything, Arnold will not remain much longer a bachelor.

Christmas Presents

Last month the editor of THE LOOKOUT wrote an appeal for personal Christmas gifts for the seamen, bringing out the fact that it is the easiest thing in the world to select some little present for a man who lacks most of the luxuries which people in general take as a matter of course.

We want every seaman in the Institute to have his own Christmas gift this year. Therefore it seems advisable to reprint the most important part of the editor's suggestion of last month:

(a) Select gift for seaman, choosing what any man might like.

(b) Clothe it in gay ribbon and tissue paper (or any paper not the color of the useful manila).

(c) Send it to the Superintendent at No. 25 South Street, marked "Christmas Gift for Seaman."

This sounds rather a lot of work in a group of busy days which are all too short as they are now arranged, but it is worth doing. The personal element, the sense that *he* has been made the centre of someone's kindly thought will mean more to the sailor who receives a gift than if a Santa Claus were to pass through the building and press a dollar bill into the hands of every occupant. He can earn money and he can buy with it a degree of comfort and a portion of entertainment, but he cannot purchase

anywhere the atmosphere of genuine good will toward men which will surround him when he holds in his hands a little parcel specially prepared for him. It will be that cheerful message from another human who cared that he should find joy in the holiday away from home which will warm his heart. And, after all, what greater thing does anyone want to do at Christmas, than to put warmth and courage into a fellow soul?

About 200 gifts have so far been received for 518 men. Some may prefer to send a contribution to a "gift" fund.

Yankee Seamen Command New "Fore-and-Afters"

"It is the fashion to mourn for Yankee ships as vanished from the blue water on which they won and held supremacy through the greater part of a century," writes Ralph D. Paine in the November "Scribners."

"Gone are the noble square-rigged fleets whose topsails lifted in roadsteads exotic and remote, while the few survivors of the intrepid race of mariners that manned them linger in old age as relics of another era.

"These obsolete figures are to be sought for in the ancient coastwise towns of New England, where the ships were built and the young men went in them until the call of the West led the spirit of adventurous enterprise inland. You may still hear brave yarns of thrashing close-reefed around the Horn or spreading clouds of canvas to the breath of the Indian ocean.

"But of late these venerable narrators have been moved into the back-

ground or totally eclipsed, by the fabulous prosperity of another kind of American sailing vessel which they affected to despise.

"This is the fore-and-after, the shapely coasting schooner which seldom ventured into the offshore trade and, laden with coal or lumber, was to be seen in many harbors from Portland to Pensacola.

"Originally a plodding little two-master handled by three or four men, her dimensions boldly increased until the shipyards of Maine and Boston were launching the five and six-masted schooners whose capacity far exceeded that of the clipper of romance and which challenged them for speed and stanchness. With native ingenuity the donkey engine was employed to hoist the mighty area of sail, and a dozen foremast hands were able to do the work of thirty.

"Almost with the regularity of steamer schedules these huge coasters plied between Norfolk and the northern Atlantic ports, freighting 4,000 and 5,000 tons of coal at a voyage. They were commanded by splendidly efficient seamen of the old American stock."

Christmas Dinners

People used to have an idea that by giving a man a big dinner on Thanksgiving Day and another on Christmas Day you could keep him alive all the rest of the year. But this delusion has gone rather out of fashion of late.

Wasn't it O. Henry who wrote the story of the man who made a point of always buying someone a Christmas

dinner and who kept up the practice even when he had no money left for his own necessary food? The patron and his last beneficiary eventually found themselves in adjoining beds of a hospital, the first suffering from starvation and the second from over-eating.

Such dramatic irony, however, is not really characteristic of Christmas dinners. They still remain a most important feature of that day of unlimited generosity.

It is only natural that we should want to provide a special Christmas dinner for every seaman who is a guest of the Institute through the holiday season. There will be over 500 men with Christmas appetites on the 25th. They can be supplied with the traditional turkey, cranberry sauce and other delicacies at the average rate of 30 cents apiece. Who will send a contribution toward this special Christmas dinner fund, which will help materially to make Christmas a day of joyful feasting?

A Memory for Places

Oscar had come all the way from Gotenburg to see his uncle, who had once been an employe of the Institute. He sauntered into the building one morning, found someone who could speak Swedish and in a short time procured his uncle's address.

"But how did you manage to find the Institute so easily?" he was asked.

"Oh," said Oscar, "I have a fine memory for places. My uncle once sent me a picture postcard with a

view of the Institute tower, so I just walked along the docks till I saw it."

—o—

"There Ain't No News"

"Cap, what's the news of the Nancy Ann?"

Tell me the news, mister, if you can."

"We are just in from around Biscay, But there ain't no news for you today. Our ship was blowed on the rocks by squalls,

And the crew was et by cannibals.

But there ain't no news."

"Oh, mister, can your ship go some? Was she built to go, or built to come?"

"This ship, me lad, is so full of speed That she goes so fast the crew can't feed.

When we left Biscay the other day, We went so fast that we boiled the bay.

But there ain't no news."

"Oh, mister, have you seen any storms, Any U-boats, serpents or fearsome forms?"

"No U-boat, lad, have we seen, by heck,

Or else we'd beat 'em across by a neck.

A lad's aboard with a wild harpoon, And playin' U-boats is his favorite tune.

But there ain't no news."

"Oh, Cap, is your wife aboard the ship?"

Did you bring your children on this trip?"

"My wife's at home—where she ought to be—

For women, y' know, don't like the sea.

Besides, me lad, 'tis a pleasure trip, And I've a flask in my starboard hip.

But there ain't no news."

FRANCIS KEY.

—o—

Getting Information

Sometimes a questioner becomes so involved in his own complicated thoughts that it is impossible to find out exactly what he wants. With Daniel it evidently had to do with religion or language or geography, but which of the three was by no means certain.

The perplexed dispenser of information finally had a brilliant idea. He placed Daniel at the entrance to "Missionary Alley" and told him to speak to any one of the Missionaries that might come out.

Daniel leaned a little heavily upon his new-found friend, and, in a voice whose huskiness may have been entirely due to affection, inquired: "And what do *they* look like?"

—o—

A Matter of Identity

"He left a note," so often concludes the newspaper account of a suicide, "saying he was tired of living."

To a great many persons this may not seem a sufficient reason for withdrawing from an overcrowded world, but it is all in the point of view. There seem to be a large number of very tired citizens of the world who do not bother even to leave the explanation.

One of these was Charles Town-

send, who was found in a Brooklyn rooming house with his throat cut in such a way that there was no cause to doubt his having meant to do it quite definitely. Aside from the blade he had used, there was nothing whatever in the nature of possessions. A careful search, however, at last revealed a small card upon which was printed the name of the Institute, a number, and other data which caused the police to telephone the Baggage Department.

Yes, there was a large hand bag in the rack which corresponded to the number and half an hour later, check in hand, the Baggage Man opened Charles Townsend's only piece of luggage.

It was a remarkably good looking leather bag, made in London and bearing that intangible stamp of being exactly right which clings to the most battered article if it once possesses it. Inside was a small packet of photographs.

"Any of these look like the man you found?" the policeman was asked and after a careful scrutiny, he selected one.

"Sure, that's the fellow. Wonder how he came to do for himself. Couldn't have been money and he wasn't drunk."

The Baggage Man looked at the open bag soberly.

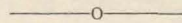
"Seems hard you never know what's going on in a fellow's mind. I remember his coming in here only two or three days ago to check this bag. I little thought when I made out this check it would be used next to identify

him. He was cheerful and told me a joke about a Ford car."

The officer of the law went away to attend to impersonal duties which precluded speculation as to the mental processes of the late Charles Townsend and an Institute worker made a list of the few possessions which might be claimed by a relative at some future date, when the exact manner of dying would be graciously softened by time. There were packages of letters and some books bound surprisingly in limp leather; there were several passports, a large picture of a tug caught in a heavy sea, another of a Mexican bull fight. The toilet articles and underclothing were in expensive good taste, and as he finished his task the Institute worker said to the Baggage Man:

"What do you suppose made him want to clear out that way? He must have had intelligence and refinement and the capacity for enjoying all kinds of life."

"Well, maybe that was it," remarked the Baggage Man, sagely. "It's these chaps that get to thinking too hard that grow discontented."



A Gift for the Game Room

A pool table, the property of the late Mr. J. Augustus Johnson, who was a lay vice-president of the Institute at the time of his death, has been presented to the Society by Mrs. Johnson for use in the Game Room. This gift is very much appreciated and will furnish entertainment to many seamen.

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Edmund L. Baylies,.....President

Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer

Address all communications to

Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent

or

Irene Katharine Lane,.....Editor

The Consecration of the Chapel

The Chapel of Our Saviour, which occupies an important place in the first floor in our splendid building on South Street, was consecrated with most interesting, simple but impressive ceremonies on Saturday morning, December ninth. The service was attended by the Rectors and Vicars of many of the Churches and Chapels in the Dioceses of New York, Long Island and Newark, contributing to the Chapel Fund, by many other friends of the Institute and by a number of seamen.

When the head of the procession reached the entrance of the Chapel, the ranks divided, and the Bishop of New York, escorted by the Superintendent of the Institute, proceeded between the lines to the door. The Bishop knocked as though demanding admittance, and the doors were thrown open by representatives of the Institute and so began a service which will always be memorable in the annals of the Society.

Meantime, in the absence of the usual parochial organization, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, president of the In-

stitute, Mr. Frank T. Warburton, secretary, Commodore J. W. Miller, representing the lay vice-presidents of the Institute, and Mr. Henry L. Hobart, chairman of the Committee on Religious Work, who were inside the Chapel, received the Bishop and preceded him up the aisle to the Chancel, while, led by the Bishop, the Clergy and people recited responsively the 24th Psalm.

When the clergy and laity had reached their places, the Bishop, sitting in his chair, received the Instrument of Donation, presented to him by Mr. Edmund L. Baylies. After the Consecration Prayer had been said by the Bishop, the Sentence of Consecration was read by the Rev. C. F. J. Wrigley, D.D., representing the Diocese of Long Island, and the clerical vice-presidents of the Institute, and then laid upon the altar by the Bishop. Morning Prayer was then said by the Rev. Dr. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Institute, the Rev. W. T. Crocker, a clerical vice-president of the Institute and Canon Nelson of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, reading the lessons.

After the Introit Hymn 196 was sung, Bishop Greer celebrated the Holy Communion, assisted by Archdeacon Pott and the late Dean Grosvenor. It was from this service that the Dean went to the gymnasium where he was stricken and died. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Ernest M. Stires, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas' Church, a clerical vice-president of the Institute, who chose a most felicitous text from the Book of Ezekiel XI: 16 "I will be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where

they shall come."

Dr. Stires' address was a profoundly impressive one, remarkable for its directness, and simplicity, its unique form and its complete harmony with the spirit of the occasion. Before entering upon his subject, he paid a tribute to the seamen to whom the Chapel belonged.

He spoke first of the dangers of travelling far from home, of the "do as you please" feeling which comes so easily and insidiously when familiar ties are temporarily forgotten. "The disciplines and dangers of exile," he said, "are constantly experienced by the seaman."

Having thus emphasized the seamen's particular need of a sanctuary, Dr. Stires proceeded to a happy analysis of the term. His first definition of sanctuary was "safety" and this, he added, applied to the entire Institute building as well as to the Chapel. "Safety is the foremost need of the seaman in port, for body, mind and spirit."

But "Sanctuary," continued Dr. Stires, also meant "comfort," the comfort of an understanding friend, than which there is nothing greater. "Complete forgiveness comes with complete understanding."

For his third definition of "sanctuary" Dr. Stires used the word "inspiration." He pointed out the difference between the stoical performance of a duty and the same duty with the light of inspiration shed upon it. With the inspiration of this sanctuary every duty connected with the Institute shines anew.

It was in summing up this analysis

that Dr. Stires remarked upon a curious coincidence, stating that it was after the preparation of the address that he discovered that the initial letters of the three words, Safety, Comfort and Inspiration, stood for "Seamen's Church Institute."

"This entire building is great," said Dr. Stires, "but the Chapel is the greatest place in it. It is its soul." He illustrated this by pointing out the importance of the District of Columbia to the United States, for while its area is small it is the seat of the Government and therefore the soul of the whole country.

"The Chapel," he continued, "has already been consecrated. This is only the outward and visible act of what has already been deeply and spiritually accomplished. Thousands have already claimed sanctuary here. Prayers, penitential tears, and the vows of redeemed men have already consecrated it. Sailors have already found in it the presence of that great Captain who walked upon the sea."

Then, after another illustration showing the power of the little acorn, with the help of God, to grow into a powerful oak, Dr. Stires closed with the words, "Men see in this Institute the power of Him who is their Safety, their Comfort, their Inspiration."

Following the offertory anthem, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," and the final prayers, the organist modulated into the stirring strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" in which everyone joined with the hearty conviction that seamen must be included in that martial sentiment.

Dr. T. Tertius Noble, organist of St. Thomas' Church, assisted by a number of his choir men and boys who most generously donated their services, led the music. A luncheon was served in the auditorium immediately after the service and later a number of the visitors made a tour of the building.

This is the third Chapel of Our Saviour to be consecrated for the work among seamen. The first one in 1843, and the second in 1847, were Floating Chapels. With the imposing new Institute Building, teeming as it is with seafaring men, the new Chapel of Our Saviour will greatly exceed in usefulness anything that could have been expected of its predecessors.

Three Timely Gifts

The appeal for gymnasium equipment, published in the last issue of the LOOKOUT brought an immediate and practical response. Mrs. Henry W. Scovill, who has already contributed to the Institute the Motion Picture Machine and a gift to be applied to the fund for purchasing another and larger cemetery plot, has added to these gifts the sum of \$250 for the newest feature in the amusement of the seamen.

At the same time Mr. J. J. Riker also contributed \$250 which will be used for the purchase of additional gymnasium apparatus.

These gifts will be applied at once for the purchase of the necessary gymnasium equipment such as a punching bag, horizontal and parallel bars, chest weights, wrestling mats, a side horse, etc.

A third gift of \$250 has also been received, but as the money is not needed at present for the gymnasium, it will be reserved for a useful purpose to be announced later when the name of the generous donor will be made public.

The High Cost of Art

He was an old "Yacht Captain," and he had a grievance. His son had sung at one of the Institute concerts and had "never got a cent out of it."

It was explained that people who could make music were generally glad to volunteer their services for the various entertainments in the building, but what would he consider a proper recompense? "Well," said the captain, with a slight movement which looked suspiciously like the recovering of his balance, "suppose you give me a quarter, and we'll call it square."

Monthly Luncheon

The first monthly luncheon of the Board of Managers was held in the Apprentice Room of the Institute at noon of December 13th. The president, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies presided and twenty-six Board and Staff members were present. These luncheons are held once a month during the winter and bring together informally the members of the Board to listen to a talk by the head of a Department about the work which is under his charge.

An exception was made at this luncheon and a talk upon "Efficiency" was given by Mr. Homer S. Pace under whose able direction was in-

stalled the system of accounting which records with accuracy and a minimum of energy all the detail of the various departments of the Institute. Mr. Pace spoke in general of the purpose of accounting and the necessity of having as simple a system as possible with easy access at all times to the results. He explained at some length some of the difficulties met in attaining the kind of records desired, and summed up his talk by saying that he always referred to the Seamen's Church Institute in his lectures on efficiency and business management as "one of the snuggest systems in the United States."

A Newspaper Story

It is not often that a newspaper reporter completely succeeds in putting himself in the place of those about whom he writes. The following story of the wreck of the *Pio IX* recently appeared on the front page of the *New York Tribune*. We can think of no better way of reminding our readers of the very real perils of the deep than by reprinting this graphic account of a deep-sea tragedy, whose type, alas, is all too common:

Sailors of the Spanish liner *Buenos Aires*, which arrived here yesterday from Cadiz, tell how two electric pocket flashlights saved eleven of the crew of the *Pio IX*.

They tell the tale with much gesticulation and many crossings of themselves, for they watched the *Pio IX* roll in her last fight with a mighty sea until a black night shut off their view. They saw the two tiny flashes of light

held aloft on a black sea by men who clung to wreckage, come like fireflies across the waves, and they heard the death cry of the doomed freighter before the last wave rolled her under.

"Water above our decks," came the whisper of the wireless. "We are sinking. Goodby."

When the stormy morning broke, the sailormen of the *Buenos Aires* looked out across the tossing ranges of waves and knew that the wireless man had told the truth. Somewhere far beneath where the few bits of flotsam were whirled about was the *Pio IX*, her captain and forty of her crew.

The men who worked the *Buenos Aires* from Cadiz to New York believe that it was not the pocket flashlights but a miracle that saved the eleven members of the freighter's crew. No man could have lived by mortal aid alone, they say, in the waves that snatched away and crushed the boats which the *Pio IX* had tried to lower.

French Crusier Goes To Rescue

Had they not tried all day to save the men of the drowning ship, and failed? Had not the great gray French battle-cruiser which had wallowed down out of the north, to the *Pio IX*'s "S O S" call also tried, with no better result? No boat, much less a man, could have lived five minutes in that sea.

Yet eleven men drifted across the turmoil of wind and form, with tiny electric lights flashing, and under the lee of their own ship the sailors were able to launch a boat and pick them up.

This they attribute to the intervention of saints unknown to the man who has no Spanish. Antonio Oliver, an engineer's apprentice on the Pio, smiles shyly and confirms their statement.

He and Domingo Ereno had been swept overboard, and out of the dark sea the saints had sent them a bit of wreckage on which they crawled. Antonio had then held up his flashlight. He was still holding it above his head when they took him aboard the Buenos Aires, insensible and beaten almost to death by the seas.

The Buenos Aires was seven hundred miles off the coast of Spain, and making heavy weather through a tremendous blow, when on the morning of December 5 her wireless caught the whimper of an "S O S." Bit by bit through the storm the message came to her.

Battered By Hurricane

The Pio IX, two hundred miles to the south, was sinking. Outward bound from New Orleans, and heavily laden with cotton, a hurricane had caught her, broken her engines, opened her seams and was rolling her to pieces.

There was only one thing to do. The liner turned and went staggering over the tremendous seas toward the stricken ship. Ranging still further to the north, a French battle-cruiser had also caught the appeal and had abandoned war to go to her aid.

Toward the middle of the next afternoon the Buenos Aires caught sight of the Pio, a black, helpless hulk, ringed in white by the leaping sea. The wind was still terrific. The

seas were too high for the vessels to risk close approach, so the liner circled the sinking ship. Twice she ran in as near as she dared and fired her Lyle gun. Each time the line fell short.

A third time, the gun was fired, and the line dropped across the Pio's forward deck and snapped in half.

There was nothing more to do but wait for the end. The liner tried to launch her boats and failed, for her rail rolled under with each wave. Night drew near as the great French fighter came down from the north and also hung about the sinking vessel, unable to do anything.

Boats Smashed By Seas.

In the gray twilight they watched the freighter try to launch her own boats. Several were swallowed as soon as they touched the sea. Others were cracked like eggs as they hung in the davits. And then night came on, and the liner watched the lights die out one by one on the deck of the Pio.

It was toward midnight that she was able to launch a boat and save the men whose presence the tiny dots of the flashlights proclaimed. Oliver and his mate were saved first. The other nine clung to a life raft, with their light fastened to a spar.

The Pio's wireless had been sputtering more weakly each hour. It was at 1 o'clock in the morning that it spoke the vessel's word of farewell. A few minutes later the man who had sent it died with Captain Orrinaga and forty of the crew. The battle-cruiser sig-

nalled in the morning that she had picked up eleven men.

The Revival of American Shipping

The Revival of American Shipping

The completed commercial output of the shipbuilding yards of the United States now is about equal to that of the yards of Great Britain for the first time in perhaps more than half a century. According to the bureau of navigation in the Washington Department of Commerce steel merchant vessels building or to be built in United States shipyards on October 1 number 417 of 1,454,000 gross tons. On June 30 Lloyd's Register reported 439 steel merchant-vessels of 1,540,000 gross tons under construction in British shipyards. The British, however, have not been able to equip their hulls with engines and other machinery with the rapidity possible in America. In September United States shipyards delivered nineteen completed merchant vessels and took contracts for forty-seven more, about half of which were for Norwegian owners. In order to meet the extraordinary demands for ocean carrying bottoms, ships from the Great Lakes have been taken to the ocean, and all over the world salvage crews are restoring to the sea hulks of wrecked steam and sail ships which had been abandoned. Freight rates are many times what they were before the war, and some authorities believe the rates will not decrease much at the end of the conflict despite the hundreds of German, Austrian and

Turkish ships which suddenly will be released from internment in neutral ports. Teutonic submarines have destroyed several hundred ships, and there probably will be an even larger demand in Europe for construction material from beyond the seas.

—*Sailors' Magazine.*

Life on a Submarine

Speaking of life on a submarine, one of Uncle Sam's naval officers, stationed on one of these under-sea terrors, says:

"Every minute the men are in the submarine means the risk of pneumonia and tuberculosis.

"The entire inside of the boat sweats like a pitcher of ice water on a hot day. Before we are on it three hours our clothes are soaked, and they stay that way. We have absolutely no heat, which means that the boat is the temperature of the outside air. Sometimes we nearly freeze. The doctors say that the men on a submarine never sleep; they merely become unconscious for brief intervals. The air, the odors from the machinery, the constant vibration and the intense strain under which you labor makes sleep an impossibility.

"In a storm, when we have to seal up, the air gets worse than anything you can imagine.

"There are eighteen men and two officers in one of our boats, and at any moment any one of the twenty may cause the death of all the rest.

"There is no room for mistakes.

"The space in which the men live

is fifty feet long and about ten feet wide. I can stand upright if I pick my place, but most of the time my shoulders are bent. There are no bunks; we all spread our mattresses on an iron deck. The dining room consists of four electric hot plates. Nothing in the nature of a spark is allowed below decks, but we can heat up coffee on the hot plates and occasionally fry things. We can't smoke, and the vibration of the engines makes it impossible to read or even play cards, so when we are out of work there's nothing for us to do but to sit on the floor and look at each other."

—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

A Change of Dress

The Seafarer, published by The Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco, appeared last month in an entirely new garb, with a different cover, different paper throughout and a different set of types. The effect is distinctly good and the changes have added much to the artistic value of the magazine.

On the November cover is the picture of a burning ship from which, "through the faithful attention to duty of the crew of one hundred and sixty-five men, two hundred and eighty-five passengers were saved."

The issue contains an important article by the Right Reverend William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California, with regard to organizing, on a national scale, a "Seamen's Church Institute of America," through the co-operation of the centres already existing in San Francisco and New York.

AMONG THE DEEP SEA FISHERS

Life on the North Sea

The North Sea, which was formerly so peaceful, has now been transformed into one big graveyard. Indeed, if all those sailors who have perished there during the last eighteen months could have turned into albatrosses to make a wide detour, many of them would be still alive. All those who travel over the North Sea meet a wreck here and a mine there. Sailors reach land with keel upward, minus an arm and a leg, with a wind "bound for nowhere." This is such a common sight that nobody pays any attention to it. However, if a ship arrives over one or the other route without accident, both the public and the press are highly interested in such wonder. This is something out of the ordinary and makes people think. If everything has been made ship-shape on board and there resounds suddenly at night a dismal voice within hailing distance and asks "where do you go and who are you," this may either be merely a neutral who wants to have a little fun, or it may be the craft of some of the warring nations which cannot be discerned one from another.

Some have a flag on the side of their ship but no heed is given to nationalities, and not much confidence placed in the neutral flag, although some ships were seen with the latter.

Down in Java and during our trip to Australia we met big German steamers in many places. Some had full complements; the crews of others, which had to be disinfected, were reduced by fever. There are no chances

of returning home. Here one gets a realistic impression of what the war with England means to those Germans who are far away from their country. They do not fight for their Fatherland, but they have to struggle with the elements of nature which are more powerful than even the British. These and other privations have left their mark on them. They look like human wrecks, hollow cheeked, pale and thin. They do not receive the food needed by men. Some shipmasters have combined and have rented a piece of land up in the mountains where the air is better. There they will work for wages to hold the crumbling life together.—*Coast Seamen's Journal.*

Valuable Products of the Sea

One of the most valuable assets of the sea owned by the United States is the seal herds that inhabit the eastern side of the North Pacific Ocean. These herds which were at one time in danger of extermination have now, through wise protection, been allowed to recuperate so that with this year's addition of young seals the total strength is estimated at 400,000, and the fur seals are now approximately as numerous as when the herds came into our possession in 1867 by the purchase of Alaska. The fact that the only land to which these animals ever resort for breeding purposes consists of two islets in Bering Sea belonging to the United States gives our government a claim to possession such as is exercised over no other wild creatures of water, land or air.—*The Marine Journal.*

Shipping Department

MONTH ENDING NOV. 30th, 1916

Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Holbein	4	Manchester, Eng.
S.S. Byron	15	Montevideo, Urug.
S.S. Portuguese Prince	31	Bordeaux, France
S.S. Hesperides	1	Buenos Ayres, Arg.
S.S. Louisiana	10	Tampica, Mexico
S.S. Doehra	24	Buenos Ayres, Arg.
S.S. Ruapehu	2	London, Eng.
S.S. Gettysburg	5	Norfolk, Va.
S.S. Port Campbell	3	Melbourne, Aus.
S.S. Chepstow Castle	38	Cape Town, S. A.
S.S. Cuthbert	30	Para, Brazil, via Norfolk
S.S. Gregory	1	At Para, Brazil
S.S. Alabama	5	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Vauban	14	Liverpool, Eng.
S.S. Minneapolis	4	Boston, Mass.
S.S. Russian Prince	5	Tampico, Mexico
S.S. Aros Castle	28	Cape Town, S. A.
S.S. Stephen	33	Liverpool, Eng.
S.S. Atahualpa	25	Maranhm via Norfolk
S.S. Florida	5	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Larne	9	London, Eng.
S.S. Texas	1	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Siamese Prince	27	La Pallice, France
S.S. Louisiana	3	Port Arthur, Tex.
S.S. Mganda	1	France via Baltimore
S.S. Hubert	2	Para via Norfolk
S.S. Cavour	9	Manchester, Eng.
S.S. French Prince	5	Rio de Janeiro, Brzl.
Steam Lighter T. F. Timmons	1	New York Harbor
Sailing Ship "Alcides"	5	Denmark
Sailing Ship "Edward Sewall"	2	Galveston via Philadelphia
Barge Dallas	1	Port Arthur, Tex.
Barge Caddo	2	Portland, Me.
Tender Greene	1	New London, Conn.
Tug Transfer No. 2	1	New York Harbor
Tug Gypsum Queen	1	New York Harbor
Tug K. Jones	2	New York Harbor
Tug O. J. McWilliams	1	New York Harbor
Tug Rescue	1	New York Harbor
Tug Mercury	1	Boston, Mass.

Men given temporary employment 356 In Port
 Total415

Donations Received During the Month of November, 1916.

Flowers, literature, clothing, shoes, pieces of carpet for use in the engine rooms, white sand, fruit, calendars, Xmas Gifts, pool table.

Anonymous donations—10.

Allmann, Mrs.

Battin, Mrs. A.

Brooks, Mrs. C. H.

Burr, A. T.

Calmon, Mrs.

Church Periodical Club and Branches.

Ascension Memorial Church, N. Y.

Christ Church, Bloomfield, N. J.

Church of the Atonement, Tenafly, N. Y.

Church of the Epiphany, N. Y.

St. Agnes' Chapel, N. Y.

St. Bartholomew's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. John's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Luke's Church, Montclair, N. J.

St. Thomas' Church, N. Y.

Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Colgate, N.

Comstock, Mrs. Robert

Cotheal, Miss F.

Crane, Miss M. E.

Dale, Mrs.

Davidson, Mrs. J. C.

Dominick, M. W.

Duffield, Dr. Warren L.

Durand, Mrs. Frederic F.

Eyre, Mrs. M. E.

Foote, Mrs. A. E.

Forget Not Circle of King's Daughters, through Miss L. J. Kendig, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Foster, E. S.

Geddes, Mrs.

Gonzalez, Mrs. A. C.

Gravey, Mrs. W. S.

Hathaway, Mrs. Charles F.

Helme, Mrs. George A.

Hermann, B. F.

Hesse, Louis

Heywood, Mrs. Frank E.

Hindee, Miss S. J.

Johnson, Mrs. J. Augustus

Lawrence, Miss Isabella

McCredie, I.

McDermott, Mrs. F. P.

Mapes, Mrs. E. L.

Marsh, Frank B.

Martin, Mrs. John N.

Massmann, K.

Merritt, Mrs. John

Miller, Mrs. Thos.

Mitchell, Mrs. Ernest

Murray, Mrs. S. D.

New York City Branch of the Needlework

Guild of America

Nelson, Miss V.

Parsons, Mrs.

Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.

Purdy, Miss A. A.

Putnam, Mrs. A. E.

Pyne, Mrs. Percy R.

Quogue Library, through Abram S. Post

Righter, Miss Jessie H.

Robinson, Ed. S.

Rossiter, Mrs. N. K.

Stone, Mrs. R.

Sullivan, Mrs. A. B.

Taylor, Mrs. Stevenson

Thomas, Mrs. J.

Townsend, Mrs. Robert

Udall, Miss Mary Strong

Vail, Miss M. C.

Van Nostrand, Mrs. L.

Welles, A.

Woman's Auxiliary, St. Paul's Church,

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Wolf, Mrs.

Contributions for Special Purposes.

Brown, Capt. H. C., Relief Fund...	\$ 1.50
Browne, Mrs. Benjamin C., Christmas Gifts	3.00
De Peyster, Miss Augusta, Thanksgiving Concert	50.00
Durand, Mrs. Frederic F., New clothing valued at	42.75
Mulligan, Mrs. Thomas J., Christmas Fund	10.00
Nash, Miss Minnie R., Cartage for magazines	2.00
Schonler, Mrs. John, Warm Clothing	10.00
Smallwood, Mrs. J. S., Religious and Social	2.00
Smith, Mrs. Everett P., Christmas Tree Lighting	1.00
Spencer, Mr. J. Clinton, Thanksgiving	10.00
Udall, Miss Mary Strong, Litany Desk	90.00

Contributions to the Christmas Fund up to December 12th received from Mrs. Benjamin C. Browne, Mrs. Everett P. Smith, Mrs. Thomas J. Mulligan, Miss May Hunter, Miss Caroline T. Burkham.

Christmas gifts for the Seamen made by Miss Katherine Van Winkle, Mrs. R. Stone, Miss A. A. Purdy, Mrs. George Nichols, Mrs. Allman, Mrs. Murray Addison, Mrs. Frank E. Heywood, Mrs. S. H. Hartshorn, Mr. R. I. Mount, Mrs. M. S. and the Misses Helen and Mary Chapman, Mrs. H. R. Munger, the Misses Smith, Miss V. Nelson, Miss Virginia Butler, Mrs. Cortlandt Irving and several anonymous donors.

General Summary of Work

NOVEMBER 1916

Savings Department.

Nov. 1st Cash on hand.....	\$66,384.99
Deposits	38,149.35
	\$104,534.34
Withdrawals (\$7,626.94 trans- mitted)	37,082.39
Dec. 1st Cash Balance.....	\$67,451.95

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

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I. 39
Men Shipped..... 359
Men given temporary empl. in Port.... 56
Total number of men given employment 415

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	34
Visits to vessels	134
Men transported	159
Pieces of dunnage transported	250

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	15,554
Letters received for seamen.....	3,646
Pieces of dunnage checked	2,577

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and Clothing 202
		Employment on shore thru
		Missionaries 40
		Referred to Hospitals. 28
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies. 25

Social Department.

	Attendance	
	Number	Seamen Total
Entertainments	4	1,202 1,473
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational		
Noonday Talks	8	747 777
Public School Lectures	5	603 658
Hospital Visits		10
Patients Visited		283
Ships Visited		364
Packages reading matter distributed....		587

Religious Department.

	Attendance	
	Services	Seamen Total
English.....	23	952 1,239
Scandinavian.....	8	121 130
Special Services	4	55 55
Sing Songs.....	8	745 765
Bible Classes	4	223 223
Total.....	47	2,096 2,412

Holy Communion Services	2
Wedding Service.....	0
Funeral Services	0

Suggestions and Reminders

Although the **Building Debt** has been paid, the Institute is **constantly expanding and improving** its various departments.

As a suggestion to Lookout readers who desire the Institute's growth, we publish a list of the **various departments** and **equipment** still available as **gifts** or **memorials**.

TO BE GIVEN

Laundry \$1,500

2 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

Subscriptions to the **Seamen's Church Institute** or to the **Ways and Means Department** should be sent to

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer

No. 25 South Street, New York

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

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