

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

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JUNE 1917

Number 6

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH STREET

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Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Ships, Officers, Men!

At the luncheon of the Board of Managers held in the Auditorium on Thursday, May 24th, there was a most stimulating and spirited discussion of the needs of both the Navy and Merchant Marine.

The long tables were decorated with purple iris and in the place of honor stood a large vase of roses, iris and white carnations, the colors of our flag. There were a great many members present and addresses were made by Capt. E. T. Weatherspoon, U. S. Navy, Retired, and Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood.

Captain Weatherspoon spoke of the Institute's use to the Navy, conveying once more Admiral Usher's appreciation of the opportunity given the Examining Board in the commodious quarters turned over to it early in May. He said that the Navy Yard had rather outgrown itself (over in

Brooklyn) before the war, but that after the war the tremendous development, the great mass of detail relating to the Naval Coast Defense and other adjuncts, the Examining Board literally found itself without a home. One met the head of the committee roaming about the building unable to assemble his assistants. And the Institute came to the front with true American decision. There are not only a great many officers to be examined for promotion but many sailors who will be eligible for commissions as petty officers as soon as they can be examined.

"You have not only given splendid equipment to our Board," Capt. Weatherspoon said, "but you have made us realize what a wonderful building and what superior facilities you have here. I have served on every continent and in most countries of the earth and I have never seen an Institute, or Mission, or Sailors' Club

that compares with this one. It helps the men as they should be helped and better than that, there is a good spirit among the men themselves."

He added that the Institute might help the Navy later in aiding, through Captain Huntington, the establishment of a correspondence school giving men and petty officers a chance to study for commissions in the merchant service. Naval men have an opportunity to study if they wish to do so, but for the most part they are groping in the dark and they need to be shown what to study and how not to waste their time. If such a course could have its base at this Institute, it would be intensely valuable.

This suggestion of Captain Weatherspoon deserves the serious consideration of every person who knows the Institute and its possibilities for effective service.

In introducing Mr. Wood, President Baylies said that he was a pupil of Captain Huntington. Readers who are familiar with Mr. Wood's articles in the newspaper and current magazines must have been struck by his forcible style, his clear utterances of truths which many less fearless minds put forth hesitatingly. Mr. Wood said that the problem right now was how soon we can get a decent merchant marine under way and how to maintain it. We need ships and men, but perhaps we need men more than ships at the present time. He declared that there were four vessels in a nearby port waiting for navigators. There are 1,000 wooden ships authorized by the Shipping Board but if they were completed within the next three or four months (an impossibility) we

should not have officers for them. He felt the need for action so strongly that he urged the plan of going along the water-front, picking up American seamen, bringing them to the Institute and teaching them here in the Navigation and Marine Engineering School.

He read a letter from France in which the terrible need for men was emphasized with tragic intensity. We must be prepared to lose 500,000 men, the letter said. France needs 500,000 mechanics; there are not enough workmen to repair the automobiles, the ambulances, the aeroplanes. They need 10,000 air pilots because, out of ten men only one has the nerve to undertake the work. The aviator in the war zone knows he will be killed; it is only a question of time; he has no real fighting chance as the man in the trenches is bound to have. And they ask for college men, sportsmen, men with more than the ordinary kind of courage to join the aeroplane corps.

"France is nearly exhausted and we all know what that means to us. We must have men and ships to send them at once," he concluded.

Colonel Herbert L. Satterlee, a member of the Board, spoke briefly of the feasibility of turning seamen into navigators. He said that we needed officers first for the great cargo carriers because men sent to the fighting front would be useless if gigantic shipments of supplies were not made at the same time.

"One thousand ships need six thousand officers," he added significantly, "and there is not much use in building merchant ships unless you have officers to command them."

He referred to the work Commodore Jacob Miller (a Board member) is doing in Washington at this time relating to the opening of training ships where seamen can learn the duties of petty officers. Every energy must be expended in training ordinary seamen for boatswains, quartermasters, gunners, etc. There is a nautical school in Massachusetts and Colonel Satterlee is anxious that the Pennsylvania school and training ship should be revived and the schools along the Pacific Coast stimulated.

Officers of coastwise lines should be induced to go into the transatlantic cargo and these men can train understudies to serve on the coast-wise lines. He did not suggest merely apprentices, pathetic groups of homesick, seasick boys, but men.

Mr. Baylies then announced that the Seamen's Christian Association and the Institute have been asked by the government to supply men for the ships belonging formerly to Germany and now tied up to the Hoboken piers. Mr. Stafford Wright of the S. C. A. and Dr. Mansfield (Superintendent of the Institute) have been considering the problem from every angle, trying to decide how to serve the government most wisely and efficiently. The two organizations feel not only the great compliment implied in the request but also the weight of tremendous responsibility.

We can succeed. We need only cooperation and the continued interest of every person who cares for the Institute and desires to see it fulfill its high duties with honor.

Captain Huntington then asked permission to suggest something which had been in the background of his mind for a long time. He said that we could find the right men in the Navy for the Merchant Marine, that a great number of officers can be drawn from Navy seamen. Almost any sailor who has had three years' experience in the Navy could be approached and asked,

"How would you like to have a license and act as officer in the Merchant Marine service?"

They could go on shore and qualify for licenses. The boatswains could qualify for first officers, the yeomen for second officers and the seamen for third officers. He believed that many of them would be glad to transfer to the merchant marine if they were given the chance to become officers.

He spoke further of his classes in Navigation, Gunnery and Ordnance, Infantry Drill, Seamanship, Knotting and Splicing, Steam Engineering and Signalling. There are at present between eighty and ninety pupils in the Navigation and Marine Engineering School with classes from nine to four every day except Saturday and Sunday and from 5 P. M. to 10 P. M. for men who cannot attend during the day. Many lawyers, bankers, stockbrokers, young business men, eager to show their patriotic interest, are taking courses in navigation, signalling, etc., which will fit them for the Coast Patrol.

The Institute has registered; it has enlisted; it is a recruit in the service of its country. It can do more than

a bit in the great war. It is willing to give itself for the splendid causes for which this country is fighting.

A Lack of Enterprise

Tony waited in his place until long after the congregation had drifted out of the little Chapel. The organist, seeing his interested face, continued his postlude, improvising amiable melodies purely for Tony's benefit. Finally he stopped and Tony left his seat and came up close to the organ.

"Why she not go on with the so lofely music?" he inquired.

"Because I have to go now. I am sorry I cannot play any more," explained the organist kindly.

"You play! You play that theeng with your hands? A great beeg place like this one and the organ not play itself!" Tony exclaimed, his voice filled with amazed disgust.

"It is better to play an organ with one's hands," began the organist.

"I nevaire theenk in so fine a place you would not have one of those machine that make the music," Tony said, shaking his head sadly as he walked away.

No Empty Beds

"It is a full house every single night," the Desk Man told the editor. "By twelve o'clock every bed is taken and men are being turned away."

"Aren't there as many men going to sea?" was the natural query.

"It isn't that," he explained, "but many chaps that stuck to the dirty old boarding houses are now coming

to the Institute for a clean bed in a fresh room, with a door that has a Yale lock. It makes a lot of difference once they understand it."

May Moving

Where the Barber Shop and the Shipping Bureau were formerly located the British Consulate office has expanded, taking in the entire section of the basement with the exception of the Savings Department. The war has naturally increased the volume of detail in the British Consulate and it has been necessary for the Institute to rearrange its own domestic interior.

As there were two corners of the Public Reading Room which could be utilized in an emergency, the Barber Shop moved into one of them and the Shipping Bureau into another. This is on the second floor and really a much more advantageous location for these industries. Men desiring to sign on for voyages can find the Shipping Department more easily than when it was in the basement, and the Barber Shop is a more insidious temptation when a man sits about idly reading and smells the alluring scent of encouraging hair tonics, Lilac Vegetal, fresh, warm towels. Moreover, this barber is not the ordinary loquacious sort. He does not dare to say,

"Think you need a course of treatment here, sir," because most seamen have remarkably thick hair, strong and vigorous enough to stand the neglect which it usually receives.

Hopeful

Sitting just outside the door of the Barber Shop in the Public Reading

Room the other afternoon, Simon was reminded of a story.

"I used to go to a barber in my little village in Surrey," he told his companion, "and he had a little Scotch terrier he was very fond of. The dog was always around the place and us steady customers got used to him looking up at us while we were being shaved. One day a stranger from another town came in and the dog seemed to make him nervous.

"Why does he look at me so hard every minute?" he asked the barber at last, sounding as mad as he could be.

"Oh," the barber said, and he winked at me where I was sitting waiting for my turn, 'you see one day last week I happened to nip a little piece off a fellow's ear, so of course he's always hoping for a little something now!'"

Signal Flags \$50.00

A set of 27 signal flags used in the International Code is needed for the Institute flag-staff. We have had an odd collection which the four winds have shredded into ravelling ribbons. And now that the flag-staff is forming a part of the splendid ship's bridge upon the roof, it should have fresh flags and a complete set.

Such a set costs \$50 and is suggested as a gift.

Gift of Towels

During their Spring Sewing classes the Seamen's Benefit Society made over 600 hand towels and crash dish towels which they presented to the

Institute. They selected material which would absorb moisture, not shed lint and have lasting qualities, a combination which is rare in Institutional linen.

Lines by an Amateur Naval Reserve Seaman and Poet

First off I make the boilers fast,
Haul up the portholes, lower the mast,
Next scour the scuppers, splice the rail,
And neatly fold the bargain sail.
I tie the bowsprit to the deck,
Then run and wring the skipper's neck.

When that is done I wash the keel
And hoist the hold and lash the wheel,
And calk the flags and coil the forward hatch,
And finally, I wind the starboard watch.

J. D. McM.

S. V. "Corsair," U. S. N. R. F.
New York Tribune.

Active Service

They write as often as they can find time, to let the Big Brother know what is happening to his apprentices. And they can write more easily because of the arrangement of a thoughtful Government. Their letters need not be stamped with postage; they merely have to write "On Active Service" across the envelope and mail it at the Field Post Office. The postage is collected from the recipient.

The Imperfect Subway

Subway jokes will soon be placed in the same class with jokes about the Ford car, but this happens to be a true story.

It was at an apprentice's Thursday evening party and a young boy of eighteen who had never been in New York before was dancing with one of the volunteer workers.

"You were rather late getting here," she remarked by way of making conversation. "How did you come?"

"Well, you see," he said, "I rode up-town on a 'bus and then I was so delayed I took your tube coming down. I had never been in it before."

"Was it very crowded?" she asked, with an animated recollection of her own recent trip wherein her feet had scarcely touched the floor.

"Oh, I should say it was. Why, there were people standing!" he told her with the air of one who bears strange tidings.

Mother's Day

Sunday, May 13th, was Mothers' Day, and in response to the Lookout's appeal in the April issue, nearly enough money was received to purchase white carnations for everyone in the building. During the day the House Mother went about the Lobby, pinning a flower to the coat of seamen who had never worn one before in their lives. But this was a boutonniere with a difference. It was a symbol which every man recognized and was glad to display, not only by way of remembering his own mother,

but as a signal mark of respect and devotion to the mothers of the world.

At the 7:30 evening service Dr. Mansfield, the Rev. Dr. Milo H. Gates and the Rev. Mr. Thomas of All Angels Church, all wore white carnations. In fact, everyone, the elevator boys, the Desk Man, every seaman, every shore guest who entered the Chapel, proudly celebrated a day set aside for the glory that belongs peculiarly to mothers, by wearing a white flower.

There was a sweet, spicy fragrance in the little Chapel and many seamen who had not been thinking very much about their homes, found memories had crept into their hearts while they sat there and took part in the simple service.

Dr. Gates made the address, treating his subject with an entire absence of over-sentimentality. It is so easy to be gushingly oratorical upon such a text as Motherhood and Dr. Gates did not make this mistake.

Institute Men Enlist

Already nine of the Institute staff have left their work here to serve in the war. Mr. M. E. Hopkins of the Accounting Department who returned from Mexico only a few months ago, is now at the Madison Barracks. Mr. Burt Ridberg is a Chief Yeoman in the Navy. Others have joined the Canadian Red Cross, the Home Defense and the Naval Reserve.

Dr. Mansfield and the Administration Department have found themselves severely taxed by the loss of these men. While they have been

glad to make the sacrifices for the national need, it has put a serious strain upon the over-burdened shoulders of the superintendent and his assistants.

In an Institute of this sort where the activities are so widely varied, where there is so much detail of vital importance, the loss of nine (it will soon be eleven) men who understand the work is no slender calamity. It is, however, the adjusting period which is most difficult and the depleted staff will ultimately be reinforced, with the gigantic machinery running as smoothly as always.

Ben, the Belligerent

"Ben," described one of his ship-mates, "is the sort of chap that always has a long suffering smile. You know the kind I mean. If you was to tell him to go and sit in a certain chair and stay there, he'd be there four hours later because he wouldn't have the ambition to disobey you."

A little later Ben joined the group who had been discussing his mild amiability.

"Thought you was going to stay on your ship this trip," someone said.

"I was, but I insulted the steward and left."

"You? Insulted the steward?" his ship-mate asked incredulously.

"Yes, I did. He came up to me and he says, 'What do you —— mean by doing this —— way? You're a fool! And then I insulted him. I just turned and said, 'You can do the work yourself,' and I left.'"

Roof Nearly Finished

After a strike which lasted three weeks and greatly delayed the work, the Enclosure of the Roof is nearing completion. The plastering is finished, the beautifully tinted, grey tiling lines the walls, the glass sky-lights have been affixed. There is still the red-tiled floor to do, but if nothing unexpectedly disastrous occurs, we should be able to move a part of the Navigation School into its new quarters on June 20th.

And every bit of space is badly needed. Everywhere you go on the upper floors you meet a man wig-wagging or learning to use a rifle, or trying to operate a sextant. The Sunday "World" of June 3rd published a cartoon showing pupils of the Navigation School receiving instruction upon the top of the Lighthouse Tower. The artist had caught the expression of the birds which guard the parapet so faithfully that it could be truthfully referred to as a speaking likeness.

The Chart Room, from which observations are to be made, is soon to be erected and the stairs which will lead from the Tower balcony to the top of the Roof (the roof's roof) are being built. About the flag-staff will be the ship's bridge and if the budding navigators do not qualify for any office which the sea offers, it will certainly not be for lack of equipment, nautical surroundings and an atmosphere filled with salt winds, the whistles of harbor craft, the sight of masts and sea-going smoke stacks.

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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
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Think of Christmas

Christmas! But this is June, you probably are thinking, and besides, there are so many things which have to do with the war which crowd one's thoughts.

Merchant seamen have to do with the war. They have everything to do with it. They carry precious cargoes through treacherous waters. They work hard, exposed to rain and bone-biting wind and sleet. They do not talk about bravery and giving their lives to their countries, but they sign on vessels bound for the war zone; they sail the path of the torpedo and if they arrive safely with supplies, with food, clothing, ammunition, they receive their pay (yes, extra pay, of course); if their ships are lost and they are cast adrift in open life-boats, most people say,

"Dear me, how sad it is for the poor sailor!"

It is more than sad. And just now the merchant seaman is a factor in this great war whose importance cannot be too strongly emphasized. He should be talked about, thought about, looked after.

That is why we are asking you to think of Christmas six months ahead of the date. You will be busy this Christmas of 1917, busier and more troubled than other years. Think now of the seamen who will be in this port on December 25th, and get your package ready or arrange for it.

Last year we gave every seaman in this building a personal gift of some sort, tied in crisp white paper and holly-colored ribbon. Some of the parcels had sprigs of holly or mistletoe caught in the ribbon, and others were gay with Santa Claus seals. There were scarfs, neck-ties, gloves, handkerchiefs, pipes, safety razors, comfort bags, stationery, flannel shirts, belts, suspenders, sweets, all sorts of things. No single thing cost very much but the thoughtful care which wrapped these packages in holiday garments and enclosed a Christmas card, said, "Merry, merry Christmas," with warmth and heartiness and a splendid convincing sincerity.

Please think of it now even if it is summer-time. Anticipate Christmas so that when the Day comes, the five hundred and forty men in this building will feel as if you had come down and shaken their hands and wished them something the sailor believes in more than he believes in happiness—luck.

Seamen's Benefit Society Gives \$450.00

The apprentice lads needed a new player piano for their own special Apprentice Room and as the Seamen's Benefit Society have always considered the apprentices their particular

charges they decided that the boys should have the music-maker.

"We should love one that we could run. We'd be careful of it," they told the Big Brother.

So the Society gave \$450.00 and with that amount a very good instrument was procured. It is a Linderman player and has about two dozen rolls. It is an 88-note player and the boys would be glad of new rolls. Money for the rolls should be sent in order that duplications may not occur.

\$500 Toward Laundry

Mrs. Edward N. Strong, who has already given a bedroom in memory of her husband, Edward N. Strong, has sent her check for \$500 toward the Laundry, the estimated cost of which is \$1,500. This makes the Laundry now available as a special gift of \$1,000.

Mrs. Strong writes a letter which must make a poignant appeal to the hearts of everyone who understands the fine gentleness of spirit, the subtle delicacy which underlies the genuinely generous act. She says that she had planned for some time to leave \$500.00 as a bequest to the Institute.

"But now," she says, "it occurs to me to give it while living, in memory of my husband, Edward N. Strong, and I enclose that amount (\$500) for the Laundry, hoping the remainder, being less this sum, will be completed sooner.

"The Institute is doing a wonderful work, and God's blessing rests upon it."

Mrs. Strong's gift is not only a convincing proof that she follows the fortunes of the Institute with that kind of friendly interest which is only seeking a chance to help, but it is an evidence of her recognition of the reasonable, the judicious way to do it.

Music for Chapel

Seamen, more than any other class of men, are peculiarly sensitive to the influence of music. They respond to the gaudy strains of the ragtime phonograph as they pass the swinging doors along the water-front, but they are touched and deeply stirred by the superb chords of real music which they can hear in our Chapel.

And in order to provide a properly trained choir we need an endowment fund for Chapel music which will give us an annual income of \$1,200.00. It is impossible to get a good quartette and the additional instrumental music, which is necessary upon certain occasions, without paying an amount for which there is at present no provision.

Music is not a luxury, an extravagance, in this work. It is an imperative necessity. The seaman needs the stimulus of a well directed choir; he needs that definite inspiration to make his part of the service an active, eager, absorbing one.

At present it is impossible to render the music of the various communions, the services in the different languages and denominations which our Chapel embraces. Hymn singing by the congregation can be encouraged, crystalized into harmonious worship if a choir under expert leadership can be procured.

We shall be glad, either to have contributions to the Music Endowment, or to have individuals give \$1,200 to pay for a year's music. This might be done as a memorial.

This is the seaman's hour, remember. He is a part of the war, and a part of the responsibility of every single one of us. What helps him helps not only this nation but a world at war.

And music, the best, the impressive, the appealing, reaches the soul of the seaman where no other human agency can penetrate.

The Kind Heart

Bearing a little letter of introduction, the thin-faced woman, dressed in an oddly assembled collection of black clothes, found her way into the office of the House Mother. She had tucked her very clean black-bordered handkerchief inside her frayed velvet belt and she glanced down anxiously from time to time to see that what she felt to be an appropriate symbol of inward grief was still in place.

"A fellow that goes to sea and knows you, give me this," she began timidly. The House Mother read:

"This lady has lost her husband on board one of the _____ Line coal boats and she don't know what to do. As she is strange to our customs, will you kindly assist her in gaining the necessary information as to her legal rights? It seems her husband fell down the hold on the fourth of April and died the same day and she don't know how to go about getting her rights.

"I know your kind heart and I feel that I am not imposing on it in asking this favor of you."

The House Mother was able to put the woman in touch with those who will effectively help her.

Chapel Services

During the months of June, July, August and possibly September, the morning service in English will be discontinued. On the warm, brilliant Sunday mornings the attendance at these services is so slender that it seems ill-advised to hold them when the necessary expenditure, small as it is, can be so valuably applied in another direction.

Scandinavian services will be held at 9.30 A. M. on Sundays. The evening services in English will be held at 7.30 P. M. At this hour the seaman is glad to go into the quiet little Chapel and find himself in sympathy with words and music and a spirit especially fitted to his turbulent life. The shore congregation, also, is better able to attend the evening service, so that the arrangement is most satisfactory during the warm weather.

Comfort Bags, Knitting

Please make comfort bags for the seamen. We can send you the recipe if you do not know what goes into a comfort bag. We can also send directions for sailors' helmets, scarfs, Uhlan caps and wristlets.

Flowers as Memorials

Remembering is often a sorrowful mental exercise when it is not bitter, but it can be made beautiful too. One of the most gracious ways of showing remembrance is flower giving, and it has been suggested that people would like to give flowers to the Chapel on certain Sundays as memorials to those they have cared for greatly.

Flowers make a lot of difference to the sun-filled Chapel, and they mean more to the seamen who sit near them for a quiet hour than they may seem to do. Why not send flowers, or the money to buy flowers, on anniversaries, birthdays, special days connected with people you love to remember?

Adam, the Intrepid

"I should very much like a few lines from the ladies," begins Adam's letter, written to the manager of the North River Station, and referring to some young women volunteer workers whom he had met at an entertainment at the Institute.

"I feel I must write and thank you for the kind way in which you treated us when we were at your city, but before I go any further perhaps I had better make myself known.

"I am one of the two sea scouts off the S. S. Fetria. I think the ladies would remember me because I was asked by one if I was Scotch, because of my colour. If you cannot call me to mind, I will send my photograph.

"I am sorry to say that I have very bad news! While coming across to Bristol we were torpedoed by a sub-

marine. I will not say much about it because it brings back such terrible thoughts, but I think it will be sufficient to say that we were in the water 13 hours from 7 at night to 8 A. M., and that only 28 out of 74 were saved. My friend, the other sea scout, was amongst the lost. Well, I feel too ill to write any more now but hope to write more next time."

At the risk of seeming unfeeling in our attitude toward Adam's submarine experience, we make one frivolous inquiry. Perhaps someone can answer it. What colour is Scotch?

Taking Care of Things

Matthew wrote to the Institute to ask about several things which he knew would be carefully attended to and taken care of for him. He opened his letter by saying:

"I was in New York Christmas week and received your gift and enjoyed your Christmas dinner very much. I believe your Institute to be the finest in the world but am not writing this letter to praise it, as praise from a poor humble like myself counts for nothing.

"I am expecting three letters and a discharge book which must be in your Post Office. I also have a suit case there and I believe there is something due on it. Would it be too much trouble to let me know the cost and how it could be sent with the letters?"

Matthew was a humble person, no doubt, but he had the greatest asset of the truly humble, trust. He depended upon the Institute and it did not fail him.

The Joys of Ship-Wreck ...

They straggled up the front stairs, a depressed little group of men carrying the hastily collected bits of wardrobe which people seize when there is a fire, only to find afterward that the things they desire most have been left behind.

"We sailed on the S. S. Sebastian," a British fireman explained wearily. "You get lots of shipwrecked chaps in this place, don't you?" he asked parenthetically.

"Quite a few," acknowledged the Desk Man, "but we haven't forgotten to be sorry for a chap that has had bad luck."

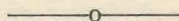
"Our ship caught fire," went on the fireman, "and we had to put out in the life-boats twenty miles from this port, but one of your American torpedo destroyers picked us up. I hear they are going to tow the Sebastian into port, but she ain't good for much."

There were thirty-two men, eleven of whom were officers and they remained for two pleasant weeks at the Institute before they could be sent home.

"I hate to leave this place," sighed one of the men as he adjusted a scarlet tie before the tiny mirror of a penny in the slot machine. "I shall miss the music and sleeping so comfortable and, I'm blowed if I won't miss this silly gum you have in these things."

He pressed a nickel rod with a thoughtful finger, inserting a cent at the same time, and dexterously catching the little square of fragrant smelling pepsin as it shot out of its glass and wooden case,

"Seems kind of hard to go out to sea again and be hit by a torpedo, more than likely, and get all upset," he reflected. "I liked it here fine. Made up for being burned out."



Last Entertainment

Friday, June 1st, saw the close of the concert season. From now until October there will be a few entertainments with music, and probably moving pictures, but the regular once a week vaudeville is discontinued during what the country newspapers call the heated term.

A very good orchestra played everything a seaman likes last Friday evening and a six-reel moving picture called "The Last Man," was a war-time thriller, showing life and discord and sudden death in the Philippines. As Mary Garden also appeared in this picture, the audience which crowded the auditorium hurled an extra volume of enthusiasm into its singing of "America" which closed the performance.

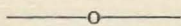
They always sing the "Star Spangled Banner" first, and many British merchant mariners are learning to strain naturally good voices. F. P. A. of the Conning Tower says that only a boy whose voice is changing can sing our national anthem effectively, and nobody wants to hear him do it.

A film called "A Nation's Peril," one of the countless celluloid appeals for preparedness, displayed some remarkable photography. It showed the only picture ever taken of our American fleet in action at night, giving Americans and aliens in the audi-

ence a chance to think about the peril and the defenders of this particular nation.

The season which has just closed has been very successful. The entertainments have been wisely arranged, the artists carefully selected, the blending of instruction and amusement judiciously administered. We have spoken, in several issues, of having individuals give \$35 to pay for a single Friday evening and there have been responses, but not enough to pay for the forty Fridays of next season.

Thirty-five dollars makes an evening of wholesome amusement your gift to the seamen. And this is the time when the mariners who are risking their lives on every voyage need to be diverted when ashore. Theirs is a grim business just now, and for months to come, unless the great ones of the earth decide otherwise; you might feel more comfortable about them if you knew you were responsible for three hours of laughter and singing and forgetting.



A Search For Yarns

There were seventeen of them, boys from twelve to sixteen, and they had come with the leader of their Boys' Club to see the Institute. They climbed about the roof and up into the Lighthouse Tower with zestful enthusiasm, but they were a little bored by the great public rooms until they came to the Lobby.

"Some of the men from the crew of the 'Japanese Prince' are here," the Institute worker told them.

They were electrified once more into exuberant interest.

"Oh, the boat that was torpedoed! Oh, where is one of the men?"

A few seconds later they were interviewing a member of the crew of the fated vessel, one of the boys making copious notes.

"I can get this into our paper," he proudly asserted, thinking of the pleasant excitement he could cause in the small New Jersey town from which he came.

"My uncle was Captain on an Anchor Line boat that was in a collision with a British man of war," another boy boasted, a little surprised at himself for being so anxious to show his relation to the sea and to one who had met disaster in its service.

"Was your Uncle's name S——?" asked a Scotch sailor who had left his chair in the sunshine to join the group of chattering boys.

"It was! Well, I knew your uncle. That boat was built in Brown's shipyard at Garvan on the Clyde. Yes, sir, and I sailed on her on her maiden voyage. A British man-o'-war was manoeuvring in the dark and collided with her. Your uncle was a brave man; he stayed by his ship. You go home and tell your father that you met an old Scotchman who knew your uncle and who says he was a fine Captain. God bless ye, boy!"



Books, Magazines

Please do not forget that the merchant seaman is working all the time at a tiresome task and that he is very glad to turn in his spare time to the recreation afforded by books, maga-

zines, illustrated papers, comic weeklies and foreign periodicals.

\$60.00 in Gold

The Hope Club cleared sixty dollars from their April dance, fortune telling, refreshments. They transformed the dimes and nickels and quarters into gold and gave it to Dr. Mansfield to apply to whatever fund needed it most.

Edgar Changes His Mind

It all happened because Edgar went into the Lunch Counter one busy morning when he had awakened with a bad headache and a beginning cold, and was obliged to wait five minutes before his coffee could be served. Ordinarily good tempered and reasonable, Edgar was seized with one of those inexplicable fits of peevish irritability which sometimes transforms the quite angelic natures into the most ridiculously unpleasant ones.

"See here," he cried, rising from his seat, "I don't feel like waiting. I am going to move somewhere else."

Half an hour later he stalked wrathfully forth, carrying his suitcase and headed in the general direction of Brooklyn. Three days later he returned.

"Why did I leave the Institute?" he asked the Desk Man who merely smiled as he suggested tactfully that he guessed Edgar had been suffering from a slight grouch.

Edgar shuddered, or at least he came as near to that expression of emotion as a man can when he is six feet three and weighs over two hundred pounds.

"Well," he said, "I was a fool and that is plain; I got a room when I left here in what I thought was a respectable, decent, clean lodging-house for seamen. There isn't any such thing. The first night I awoke after an hour's sleep gradually realizing that my bed had already been occupied when I rented it. I had to sit in a chair the rest of the night. That is a thing that never happened to me in this place. I want to tell you now that fellows don't half appreciate how clean and comfortable the Institute is. They take it too much for granted.

Edgar counted his money thoughtfully.

"Give me a ticket for a thirty-five cent room for a week," he ordered magnificently.

The Lure of Pictures

No Swede should be named Ambrose because it isn't natural and it puts ideas into his head. Or, perhaps it wasn't his name either. Anyhow, Ambrose had been reading the papers pretty assiduously, and in a Christiania paper he found an article which gave luscious salaries earned by moving picture actors in America. That decided Ambrose. He signed on for a voyage to New York and went to stay at the Institute.

"Why should I be working for \$30 a month when I could earn \$20 a day in the movies?" he asked the Inquiry Man. We do not reproduce his dialect because aside from saying "Ay ban" for "I have been" the Swedish American sounds very much like German dialect.

Of course, Ambrose was told that

he might as well try for the job, for he is a big blonde creature with a naive faith in his good looks and charm. He returned two days later to talk to the Inquiry Man.

"I find they want me to go to a school for moving picture actors and it costs \$30 a week to learn, so I think (he may have said "Ay tank") I will work at the sea a little longer. The man say I have no trouble to be a star but today I go in the mob and I should have the five dollars for that and they not pay me. So I don't know. When I come back from this voyage I shall sign on, maybe I go to your West to be a cow-boy (he pronounced it "coo") I read about him too in the papers at home."

Music and Seamen

In the March issue of "The Con-sole," the journal of the National Association of Organists, Thomas Talbot writes:

"The writer has had the privilege of being in a position to study the influence of music upon the men that go down to the sea in ships. At the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, both the Main Building and the North River Branch, the Social Department is a strong factor for the enjoyment of the many seamen who partake of its privileges. Weekly concerts and religious services are arranged for their benefit and probably the greatest feature is the singing of the popular songs of the day, in which the majority join with all the sincerity they possess, forgetting their misfortunes and living for the time in a melodious heaven of their own.

They are amusingly serious when

singing songs about mother, sweetheart, or the old homestead, stirringly patriotic when national songs are sung, the hall reverberating with their lusty voices. You contrast the indifference of some of the men when anything worth while musically is played or sung with the disgust of others who have good musical instincts when cheap, flashily popular airs are played.

Their passion for portable instruments such as mandolin, banjo, accordion, guitar is very marked and there is scarcely a ship of any tonnage worth mentioning where among the crew there is not some sort of musical instrument, and many otherwise lonely hours are made happy by performances upon these meager musical implements.

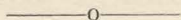
On one occasion a man came into the building with a homemade, one-stringed violin. It was concocted from a broom handle, a cigar box and a length of iron wire and, although the man had no musical education whatever he could play this crude instrument in a very commendable way, introducing almost enough vibrato to move his listening friends to tears.

The gift of a pianola to the Institute has proved a great boon to the seamen and it is surprising how untiringly they listen to the different selections. One particular man operated the pianola for five hours each evening for nearly two weeks. He had not a cent to his name, but so great was his interest in the instrument that during all that time he refused to sign on a ship, borrowing money from all his friends in order to obtain a room and meals."

Donations Received May, 1917

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies,
pianola records, knitted articles, shoes,
clothing, player piano.

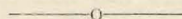
Alexander, Mrs. J. J.
Allen, Miss May
Anonymous—13
Battin, Mrs. A.
Beeman, Dr.
Brewster, Mrs. B.
Chapin, Mrs. Barton



Church Periodical Club and Branches

Beloved Disciple, New York
Christ Church, Bloomfield, N. J.
Christ Church, Norwich, Conn.
Church of the Holy Comforter, Pough-
keepsie, N. Y.
Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn,
N. Y.
Holy Rood Church, New York
St. Agnes' Chapel, New York
St. James' Church, Montclair, N. J.
St. Thomas' Church, New York
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Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
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Doorly, N. W.
Dunbaugh, C. C.
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Edgar, Rev. G. E.
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Simms, Miss Agnes
Skillin, Mrs. J. Harper
Stillman, Charles
Taft, F. K.
Thompson, Mrs. H. M.
Union League Club
Usher, Miss Irene
Watson, Mrs. James W.
Wheeler, Miss H. M.
Whitwell, Miss Elsie
Wild, Mrs. R. D.



Contributions for Special Pur- poses

Anonymous (A Memorial).....	\$ 5.00
Blakeslee, Miss Fanny, Discre- tionary Fund	2.00
Mrs. Ingersol's Sunday School Boys, St. Stephen's Church, Ridgefield, Conn., Flowers for Mother's Day	1.50
Livingston, Miss Mary K., Flow- ers for Mother's Day.....	3.00
Midgley, Mr. W., "Relief".....	1.00
Smith, Dr. C. O., Religious and Social	1.00
Marsh, Miss Ruth, Burial Fund....	5.00
Seamen's Benefit Society for player piano	450.00

General Summary of Work

MAY 1917

Seamen's Wages Department.

May 1st Cash on hand.....	\$77,745.07
Deposits	32,649.58
	\$110,394.65
Withdrawals (\$ 4,773.19 trans- mitted).....	28,910.93
June 1st Cash Balance.....	\$81,483.72

(Includes 39 Savings Bank Deposits
in Trust \$20,412.24)

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	24
Men Shipped.....	249
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	127
Total number of men given employment	376

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made	34
Visits to vessels	87
Men transported	189
Pieces of dunnage transported	356

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	16,082
Letters received for seamen.....	3,111
Pieces of dunnage checked	3,125

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and clothing	212
		Referred to Hospitals.....	36
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.	6

Social Department.

	Attendance		
	Number	Seamen	Total
Entertainments	4	1061	1,391
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	}	Discon- tinued for the Summer	
Public School Lectures			
First Aid Lectures			
Hospital Visits			23
Patients Visited			152
Ships Visited			195
Packages reading matter distributed....			426

Religious Department.

	Attendance		
	Services	Seamen	Total
English.....	20	756	1,139
Scandinavian.....	9	78	87
Special Services	3	35	35
Sing Songs.....	8	820	850
Bible Classes	4	147	147
Holy Communion Services			3
Baptismals			0
Funeral Services			0

TO REMIND YOU

Constant Expansion and Improvement are being made in the Institute's various departments.

New Equipment, Additional Aids to Efficiency are continually demanded.

There remains only the Laundry (\$1,000) out of the long list of special gifts.

Will someone make the Laundry his or her gift to the Institute?

Will you remember that the Relief Fund, the special Discretionary Fund always need to be replenished?

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

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer

No. 25 South Street, New York

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