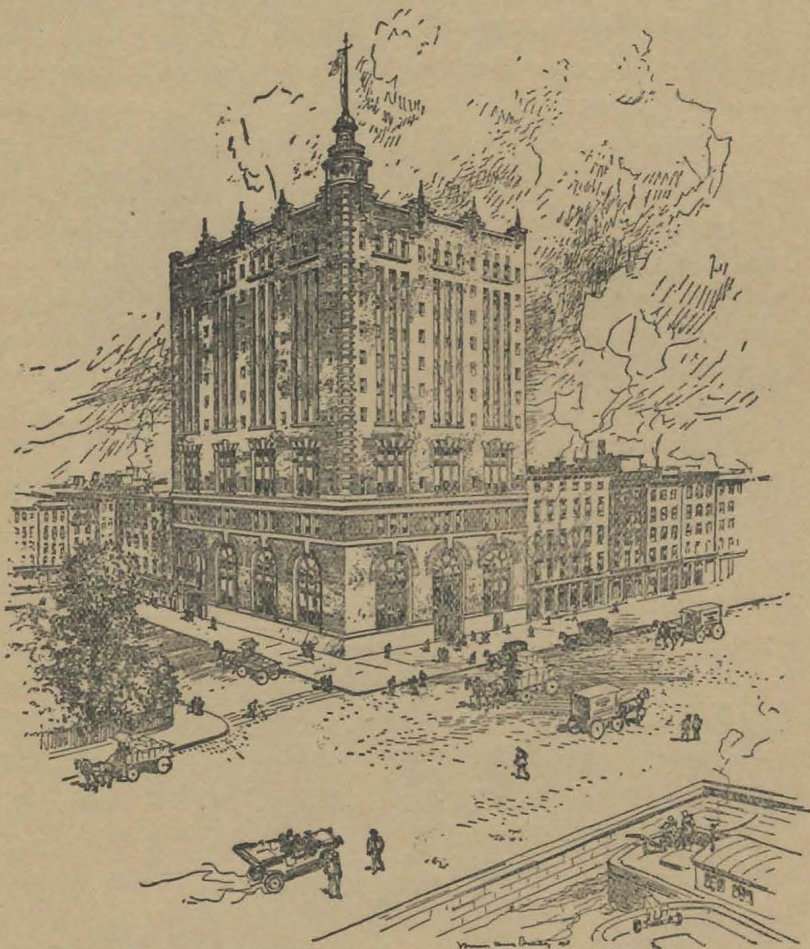


THE LOOKOUT



Proposed New Building

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
ONE STATE STREET

AN APPEAL

WE HAVE begun to build our new home—a twelve-story, fireproof structure that will be a model of its kind for all the world.

We have begun to build, although a portion of the money required has not yet been subscribed. The success of our work demands it. We believe it to be our duty to our subscribers.

To gather up the residue of a large fund like this would be an arduous task were the circumstances less favorable. Subscriptions to this fund have been accompanied almost invariably by a very genuine interest in the success of the undertaking and a pride in its future. A very pleasant and confidential relation seems to exist, and where the supporters of a society have its welfare so genuinely at heart, it is incredible that the work of gathering up the remnant should be unduly difficult.

We appeal, therefore, to the supporters of the Institute to continue their activities and generousities until the entire fund is completed. We appeal to those who have not contributed to join us in making this great work an unprecedented success.

Will you not aid us by bringing this work to the notice of your friends—personal contact is always helpful—in order that we may proceed with the building, assured that the money will be on hand to pay for it when it is finished?

A description of our specific needs will be found in the June issue.

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, ONE STATE STREET, NEW YORK

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1911

No. 5

Thirty Thousand Letters

Last year 30,000 letters were written and received by the seamen who patronized this Institute.

To you this may seem insignificant or it may not suggest anything very much worth while; but to those who understand, it means a great deal.

It means that the Institute is the Saviour of Homes.

Thirty thousand letters passing between the men who drive the ships from port to port and their friends and relatives, make a very strong bond to preserve home ties and there are plenty of current influences at work to destroy the last vestiges of the home.

It is only one of many indications that the Institute stands as the intermediary between the seamen and their homes. Where else will this stranger in a strange city receive his mail or find a place—and the suggestion—to write home. The Institute cares about his home and his wife and children and parents as it cares about the seaman.

Another indication of this is the constant correspondence between the Institute's social department and the men and their relatives. They lose track of one another, especially when the men are laid up, sick or disabled. Itineraries are destroyed. Letters go astray. Estrangements follow. Inquiries come to the Institute and the social department brings the seamen and their relatives together again.

Then there is the practical savings department, always at work inducing the men to save their money and send it home to the wife and children. The deposits run up to more than \$120,000 a year and 60 per cent. of this is transmitted to the dependents. Thus their homes are kept together and the wives and the children are kept from suffering. And the seaman's self-respect is saved as he realizes that he is supporting his family. When he goes home at last he is welcomed.

But these are incidental to the Home that we offer lonely, friendless, homeless Jack. We have begun to build a new building with 500 single bedrooms for his exclusive use, with reading, writing and recreation rooms; with a chapel, an employment bureau, a restaurant and all the essentials of a complete institute. It is to be the most complete institution of its kind in the world, set in the heart of this great port, and every seaman's wife or mother or child may know that when Jack reaches New York he will find a friend and a welcome.

The cost of building and furnishing one of these rooms is only \$100. A hundred different seamen will enjoy its hospitality each year—only a dollar apiece. Can you invest your charity where it will do more to save the home? How many letters, brimful of gratitude to you, do you think will be written and received in this new building?

Some Other Letters

During the past week two letters have been received by the Institute, which are not in any way unusual, but which illustrate a usefulness that has been indicated above:

The Breakwater,
19 Atlantic Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—Can you give me any information concerning one _____, who was at your building on May 19th, as we have not heard anything from him since, and are awfully anxious about him. He is a cousin of mine and I will be humbly obliged to you for any information you can give me concerning him.

Trusting to hear from you soon, I am
Yours obedient,

The very next day after this letter was received, another letter came to the Breakwater from another address. It was an inquiry from one of the boy's more immediate relatives. As good luck would have it, the whereabouts of the person inquired for were known at the Institute. He had been desperately ill for a long time, at a hospital; so ill that he had been unable to write home. His itinerary was broken and hence his family were out of touch with him. We were able to bring these relatives together again and this is merely one of the Institute's almost daily experiences.

Other letters of another sort come to encourage us and we take pleasure in passing them on to those who are interested in the prosperity of the work. Such, for instance, is one received very

recently in response to one of our many necessary appeals for financial aid:

Frank T. Warburton, Treasurer.

DEAR SIR:—I received your earnest appeal of the 17th inst. with enclosures and have been considering it ever since. At this time I might be justified in declining in view of the condition of my own resources and the many claims upon me; but recognizing the sincerity of your purpose, the splendid work the association has accomplished and what it has determined to do, I am moved to enclose my mite and also as a recognition of an answer to prayer. Being a sailor's son I recognize the peril of the men and the boys and sincerely wish you well in safeguarding them. In His Name,

Very truly yours,

Yet another letter, one coming from the interior of Wyoming, shows how far and wide the Institute is known:

Sailors' Institute,
New York City, N. Y.

TO ANY ONE OF AUTHORITY:

Could you please tell me where the steamboat _____ is? I am trying to locate my brother who is a sailor on that boat. And as I have not heard from him in the past year I am anxious about him.

Any information you could give me I would be very thankful for.

Yours truly,

There are only two boats known with this name—one of them a schooner, and the other a steamship which is now engaged in the coast trade, sailing out of

San Francisco. We were able to supply the inquiring brother with this information and other practical details by which he will be able to locate the missing sailor.

Of still another sort are the unexpected letters that come to us, reaching the office sometimes when the building fund lags and giving to us new faith in the generosity of our friends. These, unhappily, do not come so often, yet the one we publish is far from being unique in its character:

Mr. F. T. Warburton.

DEAR SIR:—I saw in THE LOOKOUT that one hundred dollars is asked for to furnish a room. If they are not all provided for, I will give that amount for a room.

Very truly,

And now to turn from letters to that personal contact which always spells pleasure. During recent months the present writer was called upon by a lady who had come down to this end of the city, despite the heat, to bring her check for a memorial bedroom. She had made the personal visit because her interest was genuine, and she wished to know more about the work the Institute was doing—not that her mind was at all disturbed about it, but in order to establish a closer personal relation between herself and the work. She also wished to secure some of our literature in order that she might persuade others to follow her example and to have a part in the erection of the new building. A most delightful feature of this visit—and we have received other calls of the same sort—was the pleasure she was finding

in memorializing one for whom she had great respect and regard, and who could be memorialized more fittingly in this way than in any other. Such experiences always assure us that our appeals are not always considered importunities, and we have faith that there are many more who will always feel that it is a privilege to have had a part in building the home of this great philanthropy.

Benefit of Clergy

Of the obscure activities of the Institute, none brings us into more intimate contact with the families and friends of the seamen than the extension of the benefit of clergy to the dead. The clerical members of the Institute's staff are constantly called upon for this service. Within the past month two such occasions have arisen.

One of the popular old captains of the Ward Line, Captain Thomas L. Rogers, was laid away to rest in the Moravian Cemetery at New Dorp. Sixty or more of those who had known him traveled to Staten Island through the rain to pay their last respects. That there were no relatives in the company emphasizes the loneliness of the seaman's life, a loneliness that the Institute attempts to attenuate through its Home. The burial service was read by Superintendent Mansfield.

It was a little apprentice boy from the Sandon Hall, Edward Conalty, just out of his time and on the way home to take his examinations, in the other instance. And what could be more natural than that he should have the ceremony conducted by the superintendent of the Institute that has become known the world over as the friend of "the youngsters of the Seven Seas?"

THE LOOKOUT

Published every month by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York at
One State Street

Subscription Price - - One Dollar a Year

NOTE—Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent

Laying the Foundations

Little patches of fresh cement on the cellar floors of the old buildings that, for long, were landmarks on South street and Coenties slip and now have been razed and removed, might easily arrest the attention of such a close observer as Sherlock Holmes. Ordinary mortals pass them by unnoticed. But to those who have waited and hoped to see the new Institute begun, they are not unimportant; for these are the marks of the vanguard and seal the holes through which they drove their test pipes down toward the solid rock.

Now and then they stopped when some hard substance was struck. Then they investigated. Was it rock? The 'longshoremen, fixtures on South street before the borers were born, maybe, shook their heads. It was only a timber, part of the cribs and docks that lined Coenties slip when the slip was a slip and not a street. How long ago was that? Oh, forty years, perhaps, and perhaps it was longer; but, anyway, it was long after Pearl street had ceased to be known as De Perel.

When September came the borers had finished their work. They had reported to their companies which had sent in their bids for the foundation of this new building. The bid of The Foundation Company was accepted and during the first few days of the month the wise truck driver rejoiced that there were

two sides to little Jeanette Park whose trees and lawn will be a refreshing sight beneath the windows of this twelve-story Institute we may now say that we are building.

And The Foundation Company, fresh from the work of laying the foundation of the tallest building in the world, exactly where all lower New York focuses, said it was glad, too, that there was room enough about our site to work without being crowded. That the sailors, coming to the Institute from their hot stokeholds and cramped ship quarters, will have reason to be grateful for this ample breathing space, we will take for granted; and the best of it all is that this open space will always remain open.

Traffic along Broadway would have been disorganized by the trucks that backed up to the Coenties slip curb during those first few days. Derricks, booms, boilers, windlasses, engines, cement buckets, scoops, great squares of pig iron, sand hogs' tools, casings—the list reads like an inventory of a junk yard. There they lay in the shallow old cellars of the old buildings—the sign and seal of an activity that may bring the foundations up to the street level before the New Year comes in.

But who can promise when it will be done? There are the vestiges of cribs and docks to be reckoned with and the East river must be kept out. Experts say it is one of the most difficult foundations ever undertaken in this city. Around the whole plot a coffer-dam must be built with solid concrete walls nearly six feet thick that will go down into the ground for thirty-five feet, perhaps, before the solid rock is reached.

All of this adds to the difficulty of construction, but when it is finished there will be two full sub-basements be-

neath the building, giving abundant room for the boilers and machinery requisite for its administration besides the storage room that is so essential in a hotel accommodating 500 guests, not to mention all the features of practical institutional work that the Institute has developed within the past few aggressive years.

Yes, its a big undertaking. A big, experienced company has the contract. A big purpose lies behind it all. And a big city will get the benefit of it. Bigness being the characteristic of the whole project, it is reasonable to hope that its support will be correspondingly generous.

The Need for Protection

We have often said that the seaman's first need is for protection. The proof is found in experiences so familiar to us that they seem commonplace and yet which may not have come within the range of others' knowledge.

Such an experience is that of ten men who, believing that they had a claim against the owners of a vessel they had just quit, made the mistake of employing a lawyer who can best be judged after reading this narrative.

The men claimed that they had the right to be paid off when the vessel reached this port and made application accordingly at the British Consul's office. The vice-consul refused to pay them until he had read their shipping articles which he promised to do immediately. In taking this position the vice-consul was following the only course open to him and the seamen should have known that their case would receive prompt attention and be brought to a fair settlement.

While the vice-consul was looking up

the shipping articles from which he learned that the men had a right to be paid off here, the ten anxious ones employed a lawyer who rendered them the insignificant service of writing one solitary letter to the captain. Probably it was because he feared he might not get his fee that he requested the vice-consul to deduct seven dollars from each of the men's wages as his compensation. The vice-consul refused, of course, and when the request was repeated the lawyer was dismissed from the consul's office.

Meanwhile, having learned that the men were entitled to their money, the vice-consul paid them off. He warned them against the exorbitance of the lawyer's compensation. But, notwithstanding this warning, the lawyer waited for them when they came out with their wages and received from their hands seven dollars apiece—seventy dollars for the meager service of writing a simple letter, which the seamen charged up to experience.

Now the Institute cannot act as a special policeman for every foolish seaman, but its readiness to secure legal protection and assistance for the seamen is proclaimed as widely as its facilities permit. It displays this sign in conspicuous places throughout its stations:

THE LEGAL AID SOCIETY

BRANCH FOR SEAMEN

1 Broadway

11th Floor

Room 285

Protects the rights of seamen who are unable to employ other attorneys, in all *legal* matters involving wages, bad food, discharge, maintenance and cure, or personal injuries received on board ship.

SILAS B. AXTELL

Attorney-in-Charge.

LEONARD MCGEE,

Attorney and Counsel.

This same sign is conspicuously displayed in the office of the British Consul, also. If it is not plain enough for the seaman to understand it, his need of protection is all the more apparent; and his need of all the other assistance offered by the Institute is very evident.

When the Slip Was a Slip

A forest of tall masts interwoven with spars, halliards and rigging like the naked limbs and branches of the trees is the bleak yet picturesque and impressive feature of an old photograph some lover of the early days in New York brought to the Institute a little while ago. It pictures the water-front on the East Side as it was known to New Yorkers two generations or more ago, when the wind-jammer still carried the bulk of the nation's commerce, and before the sailor had been replaced by the seaman.

Slender bows of schooners, barques and brigantines poke their noses over the South street curb and dangle their figure-heads before the eyes of the passing stranger, or thrust their bow-sprits well over the roadway itself. If such sights were still to be found perhaps some etcher's needle would trace them as Whistler etched the water-front of Chelsea, for they were as locally characteristic of our grandfather's day as are the skyscrapers of our contemporary life, which Joseph Pennell has etched so well.

In the foreground of this picture lies Coenties slip, its broad and placid bosom broken by a long sort of landing stage extending through the center of Front street to the East river. The water is full of boats—canal boats, lighters and barges, receiving and discharging their cargoes on the wharves, which are dotted with wagons and trucks. Here rise huge derricks like the masts of the vessels in the river beyond

for the loading and unloading of freight.

The only buildings in sight are those which were razed so recently to make way for the new Institute and the Erie Railway freight station and its covered dock. All the rest is boats and water, clear to the vague Long Island shore in the distance. The little bit of South street which shows in the picture terminates abruptly at the Slip and imagination fancies the truckman driving south along the river, turning the corner where the new building will stand to Front street, and thus encircling the Slip as he continues his journey to the Battery.

Those narrow streets were widened long ago; the Slip was filled in and made into a park, planted with trees and grass. And this is why there will always be an open space for the new Institute to front, whether you look upon its South street or its Coenties slip face as the main facade. It is at the Slip that lower South street bends westward, giving to the new building an uninterrupted view down the harbor almost to the Narrows and making the lantern that will be placed in its tower a beacon of welcome to the incoming seamen.

Philip Ruprecht Memorial

It is with genuine gratification that we report the generosity of the friends of the late Mr. Philip Ruprecht who have contributed \$2,000 to reserve one of the large rooms in the new building as a memorial to him. The room has not yet been selected. A committee has it under consideration and will decide in the very near future which of the remaining large rooms shall be set aside for this purpose.

A contribution of \$15.00 toward the construction of the Chapel has been received from All Souls Parish.

With these contributions, the total received for the large rooms, including

contributions toward the Chapel, amount to\$27,825.00

Memorial Bed Rooms

Number of memorial bedrooms previously reported	128
Additional subscriptions:	
Mrs. C. L. Westcott (and sister).....	3
(a) In Memory Joseph Dunbar	
(b) Commodore Samuel Lockwood, U. S. N.	
(c) A brother	
Mrs. Clarence M. Hyde "In Memory of Clarence Melville Hyde".....	1
Edward T. Holmes.....	1
Bertram H. Borden.....	1
Miss A. E. Denny, "S. M. D.".....	1
The Misses Underhill "In Memory of Captain John Williams of Whitehaven, England and New York, who lost his life, with his ship, the Albion, off the Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland, on the 21st of April, 1822.....	1
Mrs. J. Hull Browning.....	1
Aymar Johnson	2
(a) In memory of Elizabeth Aymar	
(b) In memory of Henry D. Babcock, Jr.	
Total	139
These rooms represent cash subscriptions amounting to\$13,900	

Contributions to the general fund previously reported	\$516,285.98
Additional subscriptions:	
William Harris	20.00
Joseph Wittman	100.00
Virginia H. Meyer.....	1.00
Franklin Remington	250.00
Alfred D. Flinn.....	5.00
William Trantham	1.00
Total	\$516,662.98

Coenties Slip and Its Environs in the Early Days

While looking over some of the early records of the city with the Institute and its new building ever in mind, of course, we came upon a few facts of the very early days that may be of interest to those of our readers whose ancestry runs back to that period.

We found mention in the first place of Everardus Bogardus—he was probably a Bogert—the first clergyman in New Amsterdam. He came over with Van Twiller and with the first school master. The record shows him to have been a man of forceful character who interfered with public events and called Governor Van Twiller "a child of Satan", from his pulpit. It is not strange that the governor never entered his church again. His was the first Reformed Church in this country and was located on De Perel street, now Pearl, between Whitehall and Broad, on the shore of the East river; although the language is slightly inexact it was near enough to the river to be said to be on its shore, and between the Battery station and the new building. From the window of the room in which this is written we look down upon that site, and if the courageous Bogardus were preaching there now, his voice would be distinctly audible here.

The parsonage was nearby, with its stables and the graveyard was not far distant, on Broadway near Morris street. Dominie Bogardus married Aneke Jans, who inherited a huge farm on the West Side, which afterward became the Trinity property. He sailed back to Europe with Governor Kieft in 1647 and was wrecked on the coast of Wales.

On the corner of Whitehall street, perhaps in the very building occupied by the Battery station, lived John Hone, of the dry goods establishment of Philip and John Hone. At No. 6 State street Mrs. Howland lived, and next door to her the son of Bishop Moore. This was in 1830.

Washington Irving lived at the corner of State and Bridge, General Jacob Morton was nearby at 13 State, with

James K. Paulding living just behind him at 28 Whitehall.

Stephen Whitney, wholesale grocer, who at his death left an estate worth several millions, occupied the house fronting Bowling Green on the corner of State street.

Below Park place only three retail stores are mentioned in this particular record, those of Clark & Saxton, of Tryon, Wheeler & Derby, and of Kimball & Rogers. Whether these were the most important ones or there is some other reason for their exclusive mention, we do not know.

But these slight records picture this old section of New York two hundred years after the days of Dominie Bogardus and the center of the town had probably moved as such centers are always changing. For we read here of Governor Van Twiller's successor, William Kieft, "a little fiery, fussy and avaricious" person, who built a stone tavern near Coenties slip, some time previous to 1650. The exact location of this tavern is probably known to those who are familiar with early New York lore, but when we think of Coenties slip we like to think of Kieft's old tavern dispensing hospitality to the Dutch burghers, and fancy the new Institute with its hotel and home and hospitality for the man of the sea, rising above the roofs of the early governor's private enterprise.

Books Pertaining to the Sea

If THE LOOKOUT readers would like a brief pen picture of the life in port of a stranded young man representing just such flootsam and jetsam as the Institutes pick up every day, they would do well to read a brief little sketch called "Wanderlust" in the latest number of Mr. Charles

Macomb Flandrau's Essays, "Prejudices." This tells quite briefly and with no comment the story of two young men, perfectly decent, perfectly sober, and legitimately out of work who took passage as seamen on a fruit boat going South. By some misfortune they were stranded in Vera Cruz and their efforts to work out a return passage being useless their following disasters became tragic.

One of them escaped as a stowaway but the other was the victim of a condition from which he was powerless to escape. If he had been stranded in a port where any social work for seamen existed his troubles might have been of short duration, and at worst could not have been fatal. As it was he went to the Consul, the tourists and the Mexicans, but another case of the ubiquitous tramp who always pretends that he desires "work and not money" and so he got neither work nor money but a pauper's grave in a lonely land.

Mr. Flandrau makes no sentimental appeal that this was somebody's son; he states his facts and they are very real and not at all unlikely.

Report of the Shipping Department

AUGUST, 1911

<i>Name of Vessel</i>	<i>Men Shipped</i>	<i>Destination</i>
S. S. Texas	6	Port Arthur
S. S. Janeta	7	River Plate
S. S. Tennyson	11	Brazil
S. S. Eastern Prince	12	River Plate
S. S. Brika	2	Europe
S. S. Cavour	1	Manchester
S. S. Denis	4	Brazil
S. S. Charlton Hall	26	Chile
S. S. Afghan Prince	19	China and Japan
S. S. Vasari	14	River Plate
S. S. Boniface	4	Brazil
S. S. Indian Prince	12	Brazil
S. S. Calderon	1	Manchester
Miscellaneous	19	Coast

REPORT FOR JULY

Report for July

DEPARTMENT REPORTS FOR JULY.

The following synopsis of the work done in the various departments during the month of July gives a fair idea of the workings of the Institute:

JULY, 1911.

Savings Department.

July 1, cash on hand.....	\$12,790.93
Deposits	9,928.65
	<hr/>
	\$22,719.58
Payments (\$4,320.23 transmitted)...	9,267.73
	<hr/>
August 1, balance.....	\$13,451.85

Shipping Department.

Number of vessels shipped entire by the Institute	18
Number of men provided with employment in port	65
Number of men shipped.....	196
	<hr/>
Total	261

Reading Room.

Total attendance	8,291
Letters written and received.....	2,532
Packages reading given.....	279
Number pieces baggage checked.....	738

Relief Department

(Supt. report not included.)

Assisted	76
Sent to Legal Aid Society.....	15
Hospitals visited	6
Visits to ships in port.....	85

Religious and Social Departments.

Number of services.....	10
Attendance total	250
Communion services	1
Funerals	1
Baptisms	1

Institute Boat "Sentinel".

(In dry-dock for repairs most of the month.)

Trips made	4
Visits to vessels.....	3
Men transported	14
Pieces baggage transported.....	38