

The Lookout



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

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

BUT \$125,000 TO RAISE YET

"All Beds Taken" reads the sign on the Hotel Desk almost every night.

Sometimes 50 men are turned away from the Dormitories in an evening.

In the Game Rooms, Reading Rooms, Sitting Rooms adjoining the Lobby every inch of space is utilized.

Lunch Counter stools are occupied from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M.

600 men eat in the Lunch Room every day.

The entire Institute hums like the successful department store.

BUT we are still handicapped by the Building Fund balance.

5% interest is being paid on this \$125,000.

Do YOU want to help in removing this HANDICAP?

By giving \$5,000 or more and becoming a "Founder"?

By giving \$1,000 or more and becoming a "Benefactor"?

By giving \$2,500 for the Kitchen?

By giving \$2,000 for the Baggage Department?

By giving \$1,500 for the Soda Fountain?

By giving \$500 for the Vestry Room

By giving \$300 for the Barber Shop?

By giving \$250 for a Staff Bedroom? Only 6 left.

By giving **Any amount** from \$1.00 upwards?

SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, Chairman Building Committee,

54 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE LOOKOUT

Vol. V.

MAY, 1914

No. 1

The Friendly Argument

Downstairs in the lobby, inlaid in the white floor, is a large compass made of colored marble with brass lettering and hands showing the true north and the magnetic north. A picture of this appeared in the LOOKOUT about a year ago and it was promptly made the gift of one of the Institute's old friends.

One day last week George Graham and Ernest Sands, two seamen lodgers, were lounging against the soda fountain and looking over toward the compass, began to discuss it amiably.

"Of course," said George, finally, "that compass is wrong. I suppose they mean it as an ornament. It should point just the other way."

"Whaddye mean the other way?" inquired Ernest in rather shrill surprise. "That is set in the floor so the hand points due north."

"I'd hate to tell you what I think of you as a seaman," retorted George, hotly, as they moved swiftly over to the cause of the dispute.

"I don't mind telling you," Ernest said, with even more heat. And after an exchange of scientific facts regarding all compasses and all norths and souths, and an excited transfer of personal opinions, they rolled upon the innocent source of trouble, waging fierce battle.

It was after "liar" had emerged from their rather muffled conversation that one of them broke a pane of glass in the lunch counter partition, in his pugilistic zeal, and then the house detective approached.

"You're arrested for being disorderly, disturbing the peace and damaging the property," he pronounced. "What were you quarrelling about, anyhow? That glass will cost you each \$5, you know."

"Aw, he ——," began Ernest, and then he looked sheepishly at George and they both grinned.

Existence Closes an Account

"Think not that Existence, closing my Account and yours,

Shall know the like no more,
The Eternal Saki has poured millions of bubbles like us,

And will pour."

Joseph was simply one of these bubbles. He came to us from the French Consul because he was too ill with tuberculosis to do anything but light work. We could find out nothing about him but the fact that he was an Algerian, and when he went to the hospital he was entered as "Joseph Are." After that he returned to us from time to time, and because he was young and spoke so little English, and was so obviously unfitted to fend for himself we helped him. Perhaps the tragic look in his brown eyes influenced the kindly spirit of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

But the singular thing about Joseph was his surname. He appeared on various hospital records as "Are," "Ari," "Harie," "Harry," and when the news of his death reached us he was listed as "Arey."

He was a significant example of the detached sailor, foreign, lonely, and—yes, glad when Existence mercifully closed his account.

"Winter's Traces"

"I've nearly destroyed my reason puzzling over these names in this registry book," complained the desk man, wearily. "I wish you'd look and see what has become of this man who is entered as 'Sprigg.'"

"'Sprigg?'" repeated his assistant. "I don't know him. There is a man named 'Spring.'"

"No, it's Sprigg, right enough. I remember writing it."

Two days later Pat Spring approached the desk to make an inquiry and the assistant had an inspiration.

"When did you come here? Was it this date?" and he pointed to the ticket marked 'Sprigg.'"

"Sure," grinned Pat. "You see I had such a cold then I couldn't say the 'n' in my name. I went around for a month saying, 'By nabe id Sprigg.' Ever have a cold like that? Now that the winter is gone and it is really spring, I'm cured and my name has come back."

"Well, it certainly mixed me up some; why didn't you say you had a cold when you registered?" growled the desk man, struggling with a laugh.

"Dunno, guess I thought you could understand any dialect," answered Pat, the note of insidious flattery in his voice.

Supplementary Dormitory Gift

Mrs. J. Augustus Johnson has made the supplementary dormitory on the fifth floor a memorial to her husband, J. Augustus Johnson. This is the room containing three beds, adjoining the long dormitory which was given by Mrs. Buckingham.

In The Enemy's Camp

Thousands of copies of the circular reprinted below were issued on large, yellow sheets and distributed in every place that seamen are found. This agitation arose largely from the success of our soda fountain and lunch counter and from the reports arising from the number of seamen who had signed the pledge:

GRAND OPENING!

this Monday, April 27th.

Take notice that the
WINE, LIQUOR & BEER SALOON,
situated at the premises,
70 South Street,
is now under new management of
S— B—

This place has been remodeled and a special Lunch Counter has been arranged where a very good HOT LUNCH will be served from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M., daily,

FREE OF CHARGE.

I have made arrangements with a well known brewery to supply beer for this place whereby I will give a large schooner of beer, including HOT LUNCH,

FOR 5 CENTS.

I will give with each 5-cent drink a ticket, and when 20 of such tickets are saved by you, I will give away a Flask of Fine Whiskey

FREE OF CHARGE.

Just call and give me a single trial to be convinced that this is the only place where you can get a full value for your money.

Respectfully yours,
Your old friend, S— B—.

His Comrade

"I say, man," expostulated James, backing away nervously from the door of an engineer who had been his shipmate on their last voyage, "you ought not to have such a thing lying on your bed; it gave me an awful start, just now when I opened your door."

"Oh, he goes everywhere with me. He's as much company as if he were alive," replied the engineer, defensively. And James approached the bed for a closer examination of the comrade.

It was a long, brown alligator—a stuffed one—very finely marked and apparently preserved in the most life-like manner. His head, with its open jaws, reposed comfortably upon the pillow and his slender body extended almost to the foot of the bed.

"Yes," continued the engineer, disregarding James' utter disgust, "I have had him for about ten years, and when I pack my bag to go ashore or to go on board he always goes too. You can't think how attached I am to him."

"No," murmured James, "I can't think." And he walked briskly down the corridor, leaving the engineer to dust his pet in friendly solitude.

Entertaining Boys

Twenty-five apprentices, lads from ships lying in the harbor, went to the theatre the other night as guests of the Seamen's Benefit Society, or, rather, of the Lenten Sewing Class, which was largely composed of members of that society.

Being of that uncertain age which is any year from 14 to 22, they chose to see musical comedy, "The Beauty Shop." They were accompanied by

several of the Institute staff, who said that the boys laughed continuously—at first, because their British sense of humor appreciated the lanky American comedian, and, later—just for the sheer joy of laughing. Most people agree that laughing for laughter's sake is a special prerogative of youth.

"Well, of course, we sat in the—what do you call it over here?—oh, yes—family circle. But we never had such a good time in our lives," reported one of them to the editor, enthusiastically, destroying the belief that English lads are coldly reserved. "You were jolly nice to take us," he added, shyly, to the Big Cousin who looks after apprentice lads. Then he went off, humming the words of the Yankee star's best song:

"When You're All Dressed Up and No Place to Go."

Sending a Picture Home

On one of the Thursday nights when the apprentice boys come from their ships to play games in their special room at the Institute, a little group of them were discovered in one corner reading copies of the LOOKOUT.

"Not a bad little sheet," commented one of them, with boyish patronage, as he rose to join a game of billiards. He stopped long enough to tear off the cover and put the picture of the Institute in an envelope.

"I may as well show my mother what this building is like," he said with elaborate unconcern. The rest of the little group immediately followed his example. "Though that picture isn't half so fine as the Institute looks," they complained to the Big Cousin.

Ginger Ale the Prentender

Michael steered a pretty straight course toward the soda fountain bar and rested one brogan on the brass foot rail with a sigh of contented achievement.

"It's beer Oi'm wanting," he suggested gently to the assistant, and the blur in his rippling Irish voice spoke of many previous stimulants.

"Shure," said the assistant, who has dialects to meet all demands, and he drew a tall glass of ginger-ale, which foamed as disturbingly as Michael could expect.

He propped himself cautiously against the marble counter and drank four ginger-ales in succession. Then he drew himself up with a visible effort.

"Not another wan, sir," he declared, manfully. "Faith an Oi wouldn't dare; its drunk Oi'd be in no time," and he walked with growing unsteadiness toward the elevator.

When the roars of laughter about the soda fountain had subsided one of the seamen turned to his pal and said:

"I say, do you suppose he did think that was beer?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered the pal. "You can never tell about the Irish. There's many a one of them deceived by a bit of foam."

At Parting

When Robert went back to England, after a long stay at the Institute, all the gratitude that had been accumulating in his responsive soul resolved itself into an overwhelming desire to do something for two of the staff who had been particularly kind to him.

Robert is about eighteen; has been a cabin boy for two years, and was one of the pair who walked thirty-seven times across the Brooklyn Bridge last fall when they had no place to sleep.

The day he sailed for home he said his good-byes to his two especial friends with just a little break in his British accent.

"I say, you chaps have been awfully decent to me and I wanted to give you something to show you that I am no end grateful, so I bought you each a ring. They aren't much, but they are solid, anyhow."

And after Robert was gone and the little boxes were opened they were found to contain two gold wedding rings.

"Ples, Mister!"

"If somebody want me, 1006 room. American Hawaiian office, he want see me about 11 P. M. And ples you call me. I be here in the sitting room."

A little Japanese sailor shyly pushed this missive under the desk railing and went off to sit quietly awaiting his summons, happily secure in his belief that he would be understood and looked after.

Maps of the World

A dozen large wall maps showing the entire surface of the globe are very greatly needed at the Institute. One of their chief services will be to settle the many disputes between yarning sailor men and their incredulous audiences. The tale of many a remarkable voyage will be greatly modified when confronted by scientific denial.

Animation

"The house was sold by 8 P. M.," reads the night clerk's report for a recent date.

"Number occupied Longboat 3."

"Closing time was rather animated."

"At 2 A. M. police arrested in building a certain T. B. Sargent. Charge, assault."

"Good order prevailed throughout the building during the entire night."

Just what is meant by the last sentence, in view of the preceding ones is a little doubtful, but we received an explanation of the "animated closing time."

Twelve water-front firemen, all of whom had been drinking somewhat, but who, with the possible exception of three, were not intoxicated, started what is called a free-for-all bout.

While the night watchman was turning out about thirty non-hotel men lurking in the corners of the hotel lobby and reading room, the firemen got into a dispute which developed violently, but, as the night clerk says, "the situation was cleared after about five minutes."

An amusing incident in connection with the T. B. Sargent referred to above, is the fact that James Brown, A. B., of the S. S. "Vigilant," arose to find that the only article of clothing he possessed was a pair of trousers. Mr. Brown, being somewhat hampered by his sense of conventional attire, could not complain to the desk, but persuaded the elevator man to investigate.

The missing garments were found in Sargent's room, to which he had removed them, he insists, purely as a practical joke.

The Figures That Prove

When someone asks an Institute worker about the new building he is pretty apt to reply: "Oh, its getting along splendidly. Its having almost phenomenal success." And that this is literally true and not excessive enthusiasm, is proved by a glance at the figures in the monthly reports. For instance, one item reads:

Number of men accommodated for month (April), including hotel, baggage, mail, relief and shipping departments	2,589
Total number pieces of baggage received	1,669
Total number pieces of mail received	1,327

This means that the Institute is almost playing to capacity houses every night, that the men have not come once or twice out of curiosity and gone away, but that they come to stay whenever they are in port, bringing their friends, storing their dunnage, ordering their mail sent here as a permanent address.

Palm Tree from Cuba

"I want you to see this," the desk man told the editor, bearing in his arms a tall plant in a glaring white and red pot. "I want you to see how much the sailors think of the Institute."

The palm, about two feet high, was brought from Cuba by one of the Institute's seamen friends who believes in growing things for the Lobby. Tied with crimson ribbon to a gay green and white ladder, the little Cuban palm catches the Southern sunshine and strikes a freshly cheerful note against its marble background.

THE LOOKOUT

Published every month by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York at
25 South Street
New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year, post paid
Single Copy, 10 Cents

CIRCULATION - - - - 7,000
EDMUND L. BAYLIES, - - - President
FRANK T. WARBURTON, Sec'y and Treasurer
Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent
OF IRENE KATHARINE LANE, Editor

With Benefit of Clergy

When the service for the burial of the dead is read in the little Chapel of Our Saviour there is always a large attendance. Seamen have no morbid interest in death, because they live too near it all the time, but they are more grateful than men of other trades, for the knowledge that one of their comrades is receiving final respect at the hands of strangers.

Nearly a hundred seamen gathered in the Chapel at 11 o'clock on the morning of Easter Saturday when services were held for a young man of 29 years, who died of tuberculosis after but a week's illness.

He attended the Nautical College, lived in the building and was very popular. A few minutes before the hour for the service one of his friends went into the Chapel and took a photograph of the simple casket.

"I want to send this to Howard's family in England," he told the Man-Who-Gives-Advice. "Then they will know that he had prayers said over him in a real church. It will mean a lot to them."

Some of the sailors in the little Chapel that morning understood English imperfectly, but they all listened with grave concentration to the clear young voice of the assistant Chaplain. He read:

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

And the men who understood, nodded solemnly. Who should know that better than they?

At the conclusion the seamen formed a double line from the Chapel to the hearse, standing with bared heads while the white robed Chaplain followed the casket out of doors into the April sunshine, repeating again and again, for the benefit of the curious groups of saloon habitues on the sidewalk, the exquisitely poignant and pregnant words which open the Burial Service: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord!"

Chapel Chairs

The following persons or societies have reserved chairs in the Chapel since the April LOOKOUT was published.

Ladies' Aid St. Stephen's Church, Brooklyn	1
In Memory of Father.....	1
In Memory of Mother.....	1
Church Periodical Club of the Chapel of the Intercession.....	1
The Misses Cox.....	2
Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Sheldon.....	1
Miss Evelyn Breslin.....	3
Miss Helen M. Macdonald.....	1

Vestry Room \$500.00

Possibly the most thoroughly charming and distinctive little room in the Institute is the Vestry Room leading into the Chancel by a short flight of stairs.

In this room, which is attractively furnished in the dull Flemish oak which makes the Chapel so beautiful, are the lockers for the vestments—the cassocks, surplices and stoles—a special lavatory for washing the sacred vessel and a lavatory for the use of the clergy. There are also rows of wide shallow drawers filled with the alter linens and embroidered sets of heavy silk and satin. Other drawers hold the prayer books and hymnals in various languages and high above the lockers are the cupboards which hold the sacred vessels, the communion wine and bread.

This room, so splendidly equipped, so carefully arranged without ostentatious elaboration, makes an unusual gift. Five hundred dollars is the estimated cost.

A Choice of Flavors

Tim had found time hanging very heavily upon his hands all the afternoon. He had amused himself by going through one turnstile and into the other until the attendant had remonstrated and at last he slouched over to the soda fountain.

"Glass of soda," he ordered negligently, and presently, without looking at it, he raised the glass of plain carbonated water to his lips.

He put it down with a grimace of intense disgust.

"See here," he shouted angrily, "you gave me sulphur flavor. I wanted dark

brown flavor. Didn't I ask for it? Well, I meant to."

Without the vestige of a smile the soda fountain man mixed a glass of chocolate soda and pushed it across the counter. And Tim, instantly mollified, paid for the sulphur flavor, too.

"You have it," he urged the attendant, hospitably. "I've heard it's good for you."

Music, Drama and Art

April 8—"The Making of a Newspaper." How news is gathered, edited, printed; how newspapers are distributed and sold. Public school lecture.

April 10—"The Passion Play." Illustrated lecture by Mr. Deems.

April 15—"Yellowstone National Park." Illustrated Public School lecture.

April 16—Elephant Hunt in Africa, by Mr. Carl E. Aceley. Illustrated.

April 18—The Messina Earthquake, by Weston B. Flint of Boston.

April 22—"Under the Roof of the World (India)." Mr. Samuel A. Perrine.

April 23 and 24—Red Cross Lecture. Dr. Davis. Held in Public Reading Room.

April 25—"Nathan Hale." Presented by children of DeWitt Clinton High School, under the auspices of the Educational Dramatic League, Mrs. August Belmont, president. Six hundred and fifty four present.

April 28—One-act play, "Murder Will Out." Given by Hope Club. Refreshments served to seamen.

April 29—"California Under Four Flags." Illustrated lecture.

The Coming Home of Mark

She wrote to us about her husband, a fireman, thanking us for money forwarded her through our Savings Department, and inquiring news of him.

Downstairs at the hotel desk it was found that Mark Cavany had registered here for three days and gone away. No trace of him could be found and we had to report this to his anxious wife. She replied at once, enclosing this letter to be delivered to her husband when we should find him:

"Dear Husband: Just a line to ask if you are coming home any more. I think it is about time. Eleven months since you went and eight weeks since you was paid off. I do not think you care much for your bairns and me. I never thought you would have done it. The money is all gone, now. I hope you will not be long before you write and let me know what you are going to do. George is always asking when his daddy is coming home. You can't say I have never wrote to you. I think you might have wrote to me when you sent the money. I have done nothing to deserve this; so no more from your loving wife. Kisses from George and baby."

And last week when three bodies were recovered from the East River, one of them was identified through his discharge book and through Institute tickets. It was Mark Cavany. As his book did not contain any home address his wife might never have been notified if he had not carried the little yellow room-tickets of the Institute.

In our letter to the waiting wife, giving the meagre details of Mark's death, we had to enclose her last note, which her husband never read.

Work Among German Sailors

At one of the recent informal temperance talks, at which Rev. Mr. Pinkert, our German missionary, presided, there was an attendance of 265 seamen, two-thirds of them German. This fell on the date of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the conversion of Capt. Otto Schroeder who was present and gave Mr. Pinkert money to supply the seamen with luncheon.

The Rev. Mr. Pinkert, who has not been back to Germany to see his father for seventeen years, is sailing on June 1st to take a two months leave of absence. Mrs. Pinkert, who has been singing at the Institute services, accompanies him, together with their three children.

On the Canal Boats

Among the varied duties of the Scandinavian rector, Mr. Ljunggren, is that of visiting the occupants of the canal boats and barges tied up to the South Street piers. In one month he made 137 visits to these people, finding many of them in the most desperate straits.

One family consisting of husband, wife, three children and an old grandfather, totally blind, was absolutely destitute. Two children of 9 and 12 years had had practically no education at all; money was still owing for the canal boat and when Mr. Ljunggren discovered them they were submerged by utter hopelessness.

We were able to send the children to the home for destitute seamen's children on Staten Island and the Association for the Blind is caring for the old grandfather.

Shipping Department

Month ending April 30th, 1914.

Vessel.	Men.	Destination
S.S. Henrietta	1	N. Y. Harbor
S.S. Carolina	2	Porto Rico
S.S. Vestris	53	Brazil
S.S. Vasari	38	Belfast
S.S. Middletown	3	Hartford
S.S. Dochra	24	Cuba
S.S. High'd Heather	10	Brazil
S.S. Illinois	8	Antwerp, via Port Arthur
S.S. Vesta	1	Port Arthur
S.S. Socony	2	Baton Rouge
S.S. Plutarch	1	Havre
S.S. Mexico	1	Cuba
S.S. Currier	2	Cuba
S.S. Corozal	2	New Orleans
S.S. Aros Castle	19	South Africa
S.S. Amolco	5	Cuba
S.S. Pancras	6	Brazil
S.S. Madison	1	Norfolk, Va.
S.S. Romney	4	Manchester
S.S. Hung'r'n Prince	24	Brazil
S.S. Highland Laird	8	Brazil
S.S. Royal Prince	3	China
S.S. Texas	3	Port Arthur
S.S. Ossabaw	2	Texas
S.S. Francis	2	Brazil
S.S. Ogeechee	5	Porto Rico
S.S. Asiatic Prince	20	Brazil via Norfolk
S.S. Santurce	5	Porto Rico
Dge. No. 7, Coast- wise Dredging Co	2	N. Y. Harbor
Dge. Packard	1	Long Isl. Sound
Dge. Toledo	1	N. Y. Harbor
Dge. A, Standard Engine Co.	3	N. Y. Harbor
Dge. St'd Eng Co.	4	N. Y. Harbor
Dge. Seymour	2	N. Y. Harbor
Dge. No. 12, P. San- ford Ross	1	Seabright
Dge. Irving T.	2	Mamaroneck
Dge. No. 11, P. San- ford Ross	2	Newark Bay
Tug I. J. Merritt	1	Norfolk
Tug Anna W.	1	N. Y. Harbor
Tug Standard	2	N. Y. Harbor
Tug I. J. Merritt	1	Salvage
Tug Gypsum King	1	Nova Scotia
Tug Rescue	8	West Indies
Tug Concord	1	N. Y. Harbor
Tug W. B. Keene	1	N. Y. Harbor
Tug Emma K. Ross	4	N. Y. Harbor
Sch. Superior	1	Norfolk
Sch. E. A. Scribner	1	Halifax
Sch. Yacht Kataura	18	Cruising
Yacht Corsair	2	Mediterranean
Yacht Genesee	9	Europe
Bge. No. 6, L. & W. B.-C. Co.	3	Boston
Bge. Lottie	1	N. Y. Harbor
Bge. Hatteras	1	Norfolk, Va.
Bge. Dallas	6	Port Arthur
Bge. Caddo	2	Port Arthur

Bge. No. 9, Lehigh Valley Coal Co.	1	N. Y. Harbor
Bge. No. 86, Stand- ard Oil Co.	1	Boston
Bartlett Reef L. V. No. 23	1	Light House Dpt.

Total	340	
Men given tempor- ary employment.	44	In Port
Total	388	

In Loco Parentis

It is extremely difficult to imagine one's self without friends, without money—without money to buy food and without money to pay one's fare on a trolley car or in the subway. And yet plenty of sailors find themselves in this situation frequently. One of them wrote the other day, from an address in Brooklyn:

"I am a seafaring man, following my occupation as second steward or second cook. I am anxious to get over to see you as soon as possible, for, though I am sleeping at the above address, I can get no food, as I have no means whatever. I left an English ship out here two weeks ago, without money and without clothes, as it was the worst ship I had ever been on, both for food and work. I must get away, as I don't know what my dear sisters will think at home about me. I am very sorry to post this letter without a stamp."

We sent him ten cents and after an interview were able to get him a berth.

Gifts or Memorials

The following list contains suggestions for gifts or memorials in the new building:

Baggage Department \$2,000

Where 5,000 pieces of dunnage can be checked; where seamen entrust everything they own.

Kitchen or "Galley" \$2,500

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

Laundry, \$1,500

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

Stereoptican Outfit \$700

Equipment for moving pictures, illustrated lectures, etc. Approved by Board of Education.

Soda Fountain \$1,500

A Huyler's fountain is now in operation in the lobby and the brass foot-rail.

The Delusions of Karl

"I'll give you \$5.00 on Monday if you will lend me ten cents to-day," begger Karl, smiling persuasively into the face of the Institute worker who is known to have the most tender heart.

"I call that a very bad bargain for you," remarked he of the reputed benevolence.

"You see, I have \$1,000 in the Bank and this is Saturday noon and I cannot get it out. I just want ten cents now to go to the movies," Karl informed him blandly.

Incredulity was written so large upon the features of the staff member that Karl backed away.

A few minutes later he was heard engaging all the men on the 11th floor as stewards, offering them each \$50.00 a month.

"You see, I own this floor," he boasted to the ambulance doctor who was called to examine into the state of Karl's mind.

Two or three nights at Bellevue were sufficient to dispel his hallucina-

tions and he sailed away last week, leaving several unclaimed, \$50.00 a month stewards without engagements.

A Fine Distinction

Harry moved about the Lobby with painful accuracy. He seemed to deliberate thoughtfully before putting either foot forward for a fresh step.

"Harry has new shoes," whispered one of the seamen, settling himself more comfortably in an arm chair and extending a pair of enormous sea boots.

And the next day Harry was seen wearing some apologetic, drab house slippers, while a pair of shining new shoes were tucked snugly under his arm. He went about among the men, trying to make a sale at a significant reduction. Finally someone approached him and examined the boots. They were scarcely worn and still retained the gleam of new leather.

"What's the matter with them, Harry? Are they too small for you?" inquired the near-purchaser.

"Small?" asked Harry, indignantly. "You think I'm a girl to buy myself boots too small for me? No, they are not too small, but they are a little too tight."

**Six Rooms on 12th Floor
\$250.00**

So many requests for the opportunity to give officers' rooms have been received that it has been decided to have the six rooms on the twelfth floor, now being used by members of the Institute staff, reserved as gifts or memorials. These rooms are large, very light and furnished in the beautiful but simple craftsman style.

DONATIONS RECEIVED DURING THE MONTH, APRIL 1914.

Baldwin, Mrs. W. M.	Phonograph records.
Baylies, Mr. Edmund L.	Flowers for Easter Services
Bible House of Los Angeles	Spanish literature.
Colonial Dames of America	138 comfort bags, material for filling bags, 177 towels, 4 helmets, 1 scarf.
Conover, Miss Alida L.	Magazines.
Curtis Publishing Co.	Magazines.
Dominick, Mr. M. W.	Reference books for office.
Dominick, Mrs. M. W.	Knitted articles.
Fonda, Mrs. J. A.	Knitted articles.
Hope Club, Chapel of Our Saviour	Fl'wrs for Easter Services.
Hospital Book & Newspaper Society	Magazines and books.
Howard, Mr. Grenville	Magazines.
Hunt, Mr. H. B.	Magazines.
Husted, Mrs. S. L., Jr.	Bound books.
Hyde, Dr. F. E., Westover, Lawrence, L. I.	Magazines.
Kurz, Mr. L. J.	Magazines.
Livingston, Mrs. James L.	Magazines.
Merritt, Mrs. John	Spanish paper, one year's subscription.
Metcalf, Mrs. W. W.	Magazines.
Mount, Mr. R. T.	London Times.
New York Bible Society, N. Y.	24 Bibles, 12 Spanish and English Testaments.
Owen, Mrs.	Magazines.
Pancoast, Miss M. A.	Bound book.
Potts, Mrs. Charles E.	German magazines.
Public School No. 134, through Miss M. Carolan	Magazines.
Purdy, Miss C. E.	Magazines.
Rollow, Mrs.	Magazines.
Rowen, Mrs.	Easter cards.
Sayer, Mrs. E.	Knitted scarf.
Seamen's Benefit Society	30 dozen towels.
Scripture Gift Mission, London, England	Spanish portions.
Severe, Mr. W. E.	Bound book.
Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.	American Magazine.
Sims, Miss Agnes	Magazines.
Sloane, Mrs. W. D.	Playing cards.
Thompson, Mr. J. Walter	Magazines.
Townsend, presented by the children of Chas. E. and Louisa S.	Bookcase, framed pictures.
Udall, Miss Mary Strong	Fl'wrs for Easter Services.
Usher, Miss Irene F.	Youth's Companion.
Watson, Mrs. J. Henry.	Phonograph and records.
Wells, Mr. Kenneth	Magazines.
Werfelman, Mrs. D.	Magazines.
Williams, Miss E. W.	Magazines.

CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUBS:—

Headquarters, 281 Fourth Av., N. Y.	Magazines.
Ascension Memorial Church N. Y. Miss Marie B. Wade.	Magazines.
Calvary Church, Summit, N. J. Mrs. Batoe	Magazines.
Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y. Mrs. J. L. Hogeboom.	Magazines.
Christ Church, Newton, N. J. Mrs. M. Morford	13 Prs. wristers.
Church of the Epiphany, N. Y. Miss F. Cotheal	Magazines, post cards.
Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn. Miss C. L. Hopkins	Magazines.
Church of the Redeemer, Astoria, L. I. Miss Julia Fanning	Magazines.
Grace Church, Middletown, N. Y. Mrs. F. A. Clark	Magazines.
St. Agnes Church, N. Y. Miss Agnes Lathers	Magazines.
St. Bartholomew's Church, Brooklyn. Mrs. L. Pauly	Magazines.
St. George's Church, Astoria, L. I. Mrs. Robert Tisdale	Magazines.
St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I.	Magazines.
St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, through Mrs. R. W. Tyers	Magazines.
Trinity Parish, Geneva, N. Y. Miss Ella C. Langdon ..	Magazines.

Trinity Church, Moorestown, N. J. . . Mrs T. Wilson Stiles . . Magazines.
 Zion Church, Wappinger Falls, N. Y. Mrs. W. A. Brewster . . . Magazines.
 Boys' Club, Calvary Ch., Utica, N. Y. Miss M. C. Coley Magazines.
 Junior Auxiliary, through Periodical
 Club of St. Luke's Church, N. Y. . . Mrs. John Leshure 24 filled comfort bags.

ANONYMOUS DONATIONS:—

April 1—American Express, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Magazines.
 2—Express Magazines.
 2—Express Magazines.
 4—Spencer's Express, Brooklyn Magazines.
 5—Parcel Post Easter cards.
 6—Parcel Post—J. E. L., St. Thomas' Church, N. Y. Easter cards.
 6—Express Magazines.
 6—Express Magazines.
 7—Mail Easter cards.
 7—Through the Rev. Maximillian Pinkert Five dollars (\$5).
 10—Express Magazines.
 15—American Express, from Chelsea, Mass. Bound books.
 18—Express Magazines.
 18—Express Bound books and Mag.

When Ill Luck Pyramids.

"Finds American Land of Death, Not of Promise," headlined a Boston paper recently in writing about the case of William Chapman, a young Scot, one of the Institute's lodgers who died from a fracture of the skull inflicted by a thief who had black-jacked and robbed him.

Chapman was beaten and robbed in New York shortly after he landed, in November. His appeal to the Institute resulted in his being sent to the hospital, but when he was released he could not get work at once and he was often forced to go many days without food. Employment on shore was found for him by the Shipping Bureau, but he had to pay the greater part of his wages to the hospitals for treatment of the wound in his head, which did not heal.

Letters from Scotland began to reach the Man-Who-Gives-Advice inquiring about Chapman, and finally he received word that Mrs. Chapman had been cabled for by her sister, who lives in

Newton, Mass. The wife arrived with her two children, the eldest three years old and the youngest eleven months old, landing in Boston. Unknown to the Institute, Chapman had been walking the streets for several days, almost delirious from pain and starvation. When we got in touch with him, he was sent to Newton to join his wife.

In a letter to the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, the brother in Scotland had written:

"My sister-in-law is sailing, but her husband does not know she is coming and she would like him to get a surprise if she could."

William Chapman reached Newton on Tuesday morning and his wife wrote, with the reserve born of deep sorrow:

"He was completely exhausted and passed away on Thursday morning at 4:45 o'clock, so I did not get the chance of seeing him very long."

Her journey to America had ended in profound sadness, but she found what she sought.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF WORK

APRIL 1914

Savings Department.		Religious Department.		
April 1st, Cash on hand	\$25,918.64	Services	Attend- ance	Sea- men
Deposits	14,827.20	English	23	1,832
	\$40,745.84	Scandinavian	12	228
Withdrawals(\$ 5,090.60 transmitted)	14,307.67	Spanish	13	161
May 1st, Cash balance	\$26,438.17	German	4	132
		Lettish	3	83
		Totals	55	2,436
		Communion services		4
		Funeral services		1
		St. Andrew's Brotherhood Bible Class		
		Meetings	3	Attendance 103
		Temperance pledges signed		127
Shipping Department.		Social Department.		
Vessels shipped by Seamen's Church In- stitute	17	Entertainments		19
Men shipped	340	Attendance (Seamen 2,673)		3,342
Men given employment in port	44	"Sing Songs"		9
Total (number of men)	388	Attendance (Seamen 612)		730
		Packages reading matter given		584
		Bibles, Gospels and Testaments given		265
		Knitted articles and Comfort bags given		65
		Institute Boat "Sentinel."		
		Trips made		44
		Visits to vessels		146
		Men transported		277
		Pieces of dunnage transported		566
		Relief Department.		
Assisted (Board, lodging, clothes)	679			
Men sent to hospital	38			
Visits to hospitals	40			
Visits to patients	575			
Visits to vessels in port	450			
Men sent to Legal Aid Society	1			

Hotel Department.	
Rooms and beds rented	13,362
Lodgers employed thru Shipping Dept.	270
Post Office and Baggage Departments.	
Letters received for seamen	1,938
Aggregate pieces of dunnage checked	2,367

BUILDING COMMITTEE

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, *Chairman*
54 Wall Street

HERBERT BARBER

CHARLES W. BOWRING

HENRY L. HOBART

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

A. T. MAHAN

HENRY LEWIS MORRIS

J. FREDERIC TAMS

JOHN SEELY WARD

IRENE K. LANE, *Secretary*

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

ROBERT S. BREWSTER

CLEVELAND H. DODGE

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON

WM. DOUGLAS SLOANE

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