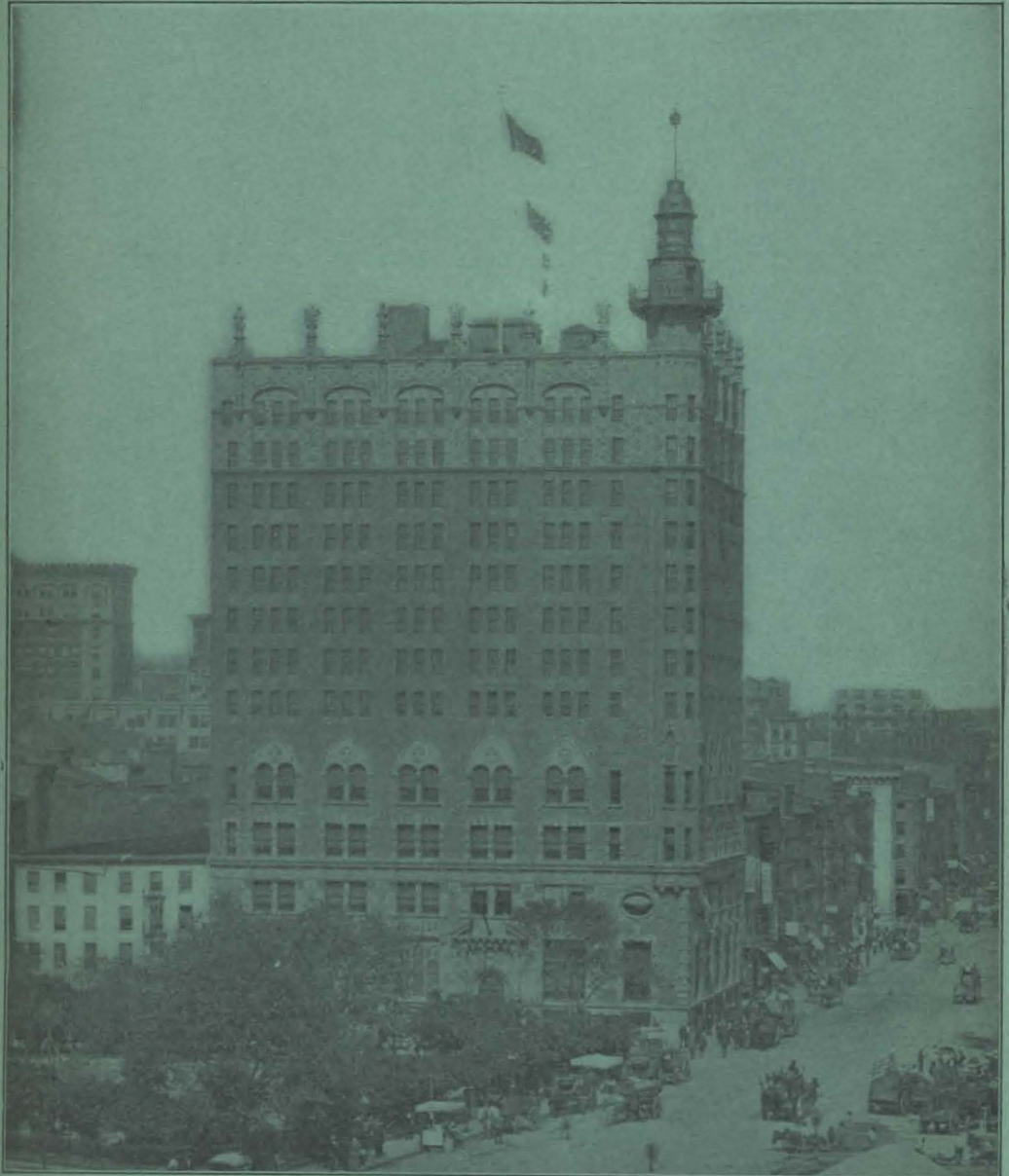


The Lookout



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET

Suggestions and Reminders

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

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

TO BE GIVEN

Baking Machine \$300.00

Laundry \$1,500

Motion Picture Machine \$700.00

Incinerator \$450.00

2 Staff Offices \$200.00 each

Drinking Water Supply \$500.00

Illuminated Sign \$500.00

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

THE LOOKOUT

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No. 3

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Address all communications and make checks payable to
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

A Little Spartan Treatment

Harry had worried his family a great deal ever since he ran away to sea, ten years ago, and when his brother heard that he came to the Institute, he sent some money to the Man Who Gives Advice.

"While Harry is on shore, I wish you'd give him this, a little at a time if he seems to be in need. I am afraid he drinks a good deal, so you will have to use your own judgment about dispensing it."

When the good news was broken to Harry, who was by way of being quite literally penniless, he made instant demands for money. He was given small amounts to keep him going but he always seemed to find his way to one of the South Street swinging doors.

The Man Who Gives Advice talked to him seriously about it. He told him that he would have to stop helping him unless he promised not to spend the money on alcohol. Of course Harry promised, but he always broke his word. Then one night he came up and asked for money for a bed.

"See here, Harry," the Man Who Gives Advice said, "You continually break your promises to me. Now, this

isn't a bad night and I am going to let you spend it outside. I believe if you think over you will find that you can keep your word to me."

"Walk the streets, tonight?" asked Harry in surprise, "Well, I never will. There's always the dock," he threatened.

"Harry," said the Man Who Gives Advice, "You won't do that: you haven't nerve enough to jump off the curbstone!"

And he knew his man, for the next morning Harry came up stairs without a trace of alcohol upon his breath. Five days later he had a job and went off to sea. Whether it was some subtle alchemy in the quiet streets that night that Harry had no bed, or whether getting his brain clear from the fogs of bewildering drink made him see life straight for almost the first time, no one can say.

Harry's brother gives the Institute the entire credit.

Staff Office Gift

Another one of the staff offices, one of the rooms used by the special helpers, has been made the gift of Mr. Charles

E. Peabody. Only two now remain and are available as gifts or memorials at \$200.00 each.

The Slumbers of Larry

It was four o'clock on one of those March afternoons when the dullness of the sky, combined with the dinginess of melting snow in the muddy streets, produced an effect of depression and gloom which sent every seaman with any right to be there into the cheerful warmth of the Institute's public rooms.

Larry had stood for a long time looking morosely out of the window into the harbor. The chairs in the lobby had been occupied when he entered and he had not been able to dislodge any of the readers or smokers.

"I'm tired," he sighed once or twice but no one paid any attention. The sitters decided, no doubt, that they were tired too, and anyhow they had happened to get there first. Larry leaned wearily against the window frame and then suddenly resolution stirred in him.

"I just gotta have a few minutes' sleep," he announced desperately, and seeking an open space upon the marble floor almost in the center of the room, he nestled his cheek comfortably against its cold, white hardness and slept. For fifteen minutes, amused and sympathetic seamen stepped over and about Larry's slumbering form; and it was only when his snores disturbed the readers of the evening papers that they woke him up.

Electric Massage

If you spent half the year in grimy quarters, with a dreary insistence that living at sea enforced dirt and disorder; if you seldom had a chance to shave or bathe in really hot water, you might

grow so accustomed to it that when you came ashore you wouldn't care to alter your habits of only near-cleanliness.

You might—but most of the seamen who come ashore and live at the Institute, do not feel that way about it. They seek a pampered, a sybaritic degree of luxurious attention as a contrast to the period when this is impossible.

The barber shop has recently had to hire extra assistants; not just ordinary barber's assistants, but men with a special knowledge of facial massage. An electric massage machine has had to be installed and it is almost constantly in use. The odor of Lilac Vegetal floats upward, penetrating the Hotel Lobby tobacco smoke, while fragrant hair tonics and face lotions divert the workers in the Shipping Department, reminding them that a lot of life is pleasant and sweet smelling.

Some one should give the electrical machine to the Institute; it represents civilization; it stands for self respect and that interest in personal charm which are better agents for progress than all the low living and high thinking in the world.

Special Lenten Services

During Lent the following special preachers have very kindly consented to occupy the pulpit.

Ash Wednesday.

March 8th 7:30 P. M. Rev. Tertius Van Dyke, Pastor the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, New York.

Sunday, March 12 7:30 P. M. Frank S. Cookman, Ph. D., New York.

Sunday, March 19 7:30 P. M. Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL. D.; Yonkers.

Sunday March, 26 11 A. M. Rev. I. Harding Hughes, Master at St. Mark's School Southboro, Mass.

7:30 P. M. Rev Henry Lubeck, LL. D., D. C. L. Rector, Church of Zion and St. Timothy, New York.

Sunday, April 2, 7:30 P.M. Rev. Howard Duffield, D. D. Pastor Old First Church, New York.

Sunday, April 9. Rev. George Sidney Webster D. D., Secretary American Seamen's Friend Society, New York.

Sunday April 16 and Sunday April 23rd, Palm Sunday and Easter Day have not had any special clergymen arranged for as yet.

Midweek services will be held on Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock, conducted by the Assistant Superintendent. There will be a special series of evangelical services during Holy Week, conducted by the Reverend Mr. G. H. Fithian.

These services will culminate with a special Good Friday evening service which will be accompanied by the best obtainable stereopticon pictures of Christ's Passion.

During the Lenten services it is hoped that many of the men who attend will desire to become members of the church and that a confirmation class may be formed, to be conducted the week immediately following Easter. The religious work would, therefore, reach its climax the first Sunday after Easter when confirmation service would be held. The details of this will appear in the April LOOKOUT.

A most cordial invitation is hereby extended to all LOOKOUT readers to attend at least one of these special Lenten services in the Institute.

The Approval of Antonio

Whenever the piano bench had an occupant, Antonio would be hovering about, humming the melodies under his breath or sometimes whistling in a clear, certain tone the scraps from "Il Trovatore" and "Cavalleria" which are apt to be in every sailor musician's repertoire.

One Tuesday night when popular airs were being played and sung up in the Game Room, the Man Who Gives Advice went in to sing, too. He could hear Antonio's soft accent rendering "Mother Machree" with an emotional catch in the sentimental refrain. There were about twenty seamen grouped about the piano singing ragtime and ballads and Antonio's gentle brown eyes were full of happiness.

"Let's sing 'Just a Song at Twilight,'" suggested the Man Who Gives Advice, "you will find it easy to learn the chorus of that anyhow."

They started and the Man Who Gives Advice, unconsciously persuaded by the familiar cadence of the old song, threw into it a volume of expression and sincerity to which Antonio's quick Southern temperament swiftly responded. When it was finished he crossed with rapid steps to the side of the singer and put a hand of affectionate approval upon his shoulder.

"You're all right, Boss," he said, "very mucha nize, that song. Ah lak heem. You seeng mos' as well as Italian!"

—o—

The Incinerator

For over a year the LOOKOUT has appeared each month for \$450.00 with which to pay for the Incinerator. It has not the sentimental association of a memorial bedroom or a Chapel chair

but its practical advantages are tremendous.

In this Incinerator is destroyed all the rubbish which accumulates in a day in this building. Not only all the waste paper, the carelessly discarded letters, the cigarettes boxes, the newspapers, but the orange and banana skins, the nut shells, the refuse from the kitchen. Everything which could make the Institute unsightly, disorderly, unclean, is quickly removed and as quickly demolished by the red jaws of the Incinerator. It suggests itself as a particularly significant gift in these days of intense efficiency.

He Looks for the East

They had just arrived, a teeth-chattering little group of Lascars and Malays, and they stood close together in the big Auditorium, waiting to be assigned to cots and food. Suddenly one of them emerged from the center of the massed formation and found the courage to speak to the House Steward.

"The East?" he asked timidly, "The East, where is she?"

The Steward is accustomed to strange questions, so he did not stop to wonder. "Right there," he pointed, indicating the general conception of where the sun rises.

From beneath his coat the Moham-
medan produced his tiny prayer mat
and, facing the East, he knelt and pray-
ed.

Entertainments

Thursday, March 23rd, Morris Troupe.

Thursday, March 30th, West Side Y. M.

C. A.

Friday, April 7th, Junior League of
New York.

Thursday, April 13th, Singers' Club.

Friday, April 28th, Social and Enter-

tainment Committee of Institute
will supply program.

Princeton Evening at the Seamen's Church Institute

Committee

John E. Steen, '03, Kenneth S. Clark,
'05, Louis D. Froelich, '06, Louis I.
Whitlock, '07, Timothy N. Pfeiffer, '08,
Richard B. Duane, '10, Charles D.
Baker, '13, Weir Stewart, '15, S. M.
Shoemaker, Jr., '16, Wilton Lloyd-
Smith, '16, Harold D. Harvey, '16.

Seamen's Church Institute

George W. Burleigh, '92, Member
Board of Managers, C. P. Deems, '07,
Asst. Supt.

It was a particularly good concert and the seamen approved of it to the point of whistling vigorous demands for encores. They are not supposed to whistle or pound upon the floor but they specially wanted Mr. Heyniger, the leader of the Glee Club, to sing one more song.

A brief address of welcome was made by Mr. George W. Burleigh who spoke in the dual capacity of a member of the Board of Managers and a Princeton man, class of 1892.

Mr. Deems led the opening number which was composed of three popular songs by the seamen; they probably showed most enthusiasm for "When Old Bill Bailey Plays the Ukalele." There is a growing interest in Hawaiian music and customs and her national instrument, the ukalele. After that the following programme was given:

Bedouin Love Song, Skippers of St.
Ives, Glee Club.

1916 March, Underneath the Stars
Banjo Quintet.

Baritone Solo, "Mother Machree,"
"My Little Grey Home in the
West," Mr. Christmas.

Club Swinging Exhibition, R. W. Thorington.

Quartette, "The Shoogy Shoo," "Christopher Columbus."

Violin Solo, "Meditation from Thais," "Valse Souvenir," O. Mandel.

"The Boatswain Bold," "Willie's Monkey," Chorus.

Chalk Talk, R. H. Bowers.

Chanty "Blow the Man Down," Mr. C. P. Deems and Seamen.

Medly, Banjo Quintet.

Bass Solo, "Chorus Gentleman," "Marrying Money," "The Rose," "Mother o' Mine," C. L. Heyniger.

Steps Song, Chorus.

Senior Singing, Landlubbers, Who Killed Cock Robin? Rumski O., Old Nassau.

The last numbers were sung by all the Princeton men in the audience. They came upon the platform, dimly illuminated by the Institute's idea of moonlight, and they sat upon the stage with a sophomoric disregard of evening clothes and dust. Kenneth S. Clark, '05 led the senior singing and everyone enjoyed it—the seamen quite as much as the singers themselves.

A cheerful air of that light-hearted festivity which is popularly supposed to enliven all college gatherings really did permeate the Institute from six thirty until eleven o'clock. About one hundred guests came down to dinner and inspected the building before the concert, while orange and black ribbons and big posters of tigers, wearing tiny nautical caps, identified Princeton with the seamen. It must be done again next year, for the big Auditorium was filled, even to the back rows of its balcony.

Fighting for a Principle

There were four of them on one of the fruit steamers and three were apprentices about sixteen years old. The fourth was eighteen. They had all been confirmed and when they came into port, the eldest announced that they must all go to church every Sunday.

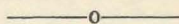
"I'm not so sure we shall, though, old dear," one of them answered, resenting the authoritative manner of the eldest.

"You will. I'll fight every one of you and if you're licked, you'll have to go to church," declared the eldest.

They laughingly agreed and he took them on, one at a time, and after two stubborn victories he finally subdued the third who went away to quiet a bleeding nose with ice.

"Now," said the eldest triumphantly, even while he gently examined a few of his own bruises. "We will all go to church every Sunday we are in port."

"Right you are, old Thing," cried the vanquished ones, "we meant to go all the time."



Illuminated Sign \$500

There is no single detail of the Institute facade which makes so strong an impression upon seaman and landsman alike as the rather remarkable illuminated sign above the Chapel entrance. This sign, its gold letters catching the light by day, and flooded with strong electricity at night, is constantly welcoming the mariner to the Institute, suggesting the idea of refuge, of home, of security and friends. The sign is beautifully designed, surmounted by a cross and it makes eloquent appeal to the men for whom it flashes the words

Chapel for Seamen, Boatmen and
Others.

THE LOOKOUT

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Edmund L. Baylles,.....President
Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer

Address all communications to

Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., Superintendent
or
Irene Katharine Lane, Editor

dual subscriptions, renewed yearly. Two or three hundred dollars each year would mean exactly the difference between being able to help some particular case of acute distress, take care of someone who suffers through no fault of his own, and being forced to refuse. That the Superintendent should have this in his charge, to dispense at his own discretion seems wise and just; his long experience naturally makes his judgment keen and his ready sympathies tempered by reason.

—o—

A Discretionary Fund

In almost every parish there exists a fund, to be drawn upon for special purposes, recognized as the Rector's Fund. This represents small disbursements which come solely within the rector's province and for which no other especially authorized arrangement has been made. It will readily be seen that in an institution of this sort such a fund, to be placed at the disposal of the Superintendent, is practically imperative.

There are several small relief funds to which there is recourse when cases can properly come under one of the designated heads. But there are countless contingencies for which nothing is provided. Emergencies constantly arise, for which there is no money. Some of these would be recognized in a large commercial house as a part of the legitimate expense account of the manager: they are important and yet they do not happen to come under any of the departments for which small relief funds exist.

We shall be glad to receive subscriptions to the "Superintendent's Fund." This Fund could be provided for by the interest on an endowment or by indivi-

Stereopticon Lamp Made Gift

By her check of \$30.00 Miss Jane Schmelzel has made the stereopticon lamp needed for use in the Boys Club at the North River Station her gift. This lantern with a special nitrogen lamp was asked for in the February LOOKOUT and Miss Schmelzel's prompt response will make it possible to purchase and use the lantern at once.

—o—

Sailor Day, May 7th

A great Sailor Day Service is now being planned. It will be held in "Old Trinity" on Sunday night, May seventh, at eight o'clock.

The congregation will be composed of Consul Generals, Consuls, Officials of Marine Societies, and all who are directly or indirectly interested in seamen and their welfare, that we can induce to attend the service. The larger portion of the congregation, however, will be composed of seamen of all nationalities.

The objects of this proposed service are to help the people of New York to realize their obligations to the seamen and the seamen to recognize the people's interest in and desire to be friends to them. The service should have more

or less of a memorial character to remember those lost at sea. At least once a year the people of the United States should think of the sailor who renders a social service of much significance. His importance is often underestimated; our great debt to him is largely overlooked.

Dr. Mansfield in writing to the preacher for that evening, says:

“We want you to come and to preach a man’s sermon to men. Will you come?”

This is our first attempt to imitate the wonderful Annual Seamen’s welfare service in St. Paul’s, London.”

Is it not right that the church should remember the sailors on one Sunday during the year, that this Sunday, the second after Easter, be known as Sailor’s Day? On that day, hymns and prayers and sermons should have special reference to those at sea.

A letter to Mr. Stanton H. King, Sailor’s Haven, is appended, showing the attitude of the Secretary of the Navy toward Sailor Day.

**Office of the Secretary of the Navy
Washington, D. C.**

My dear Mr. King:

The sailor has always been one of the most useful men in any country. While it is true that the United States have allowed their merchant marine service to decline, we have nevertheless come to a day in our national history when the whole American people have awakened to the conclusion that we must rebuild that marine. Already all the great ship yards of the country are crowded with new ships and are hastening the time of their launching. A great Navy and a great merchant marine must always go hand in hand, and this was one of the conclusions reached by Admiral Mahan in his remarkable

study of sea power. The very fact that we have built a great Navy and are increasing it today as never before, is an earnest of the fact that we must soon also have one of the greatest merchant marines in the world. The sailor, therefore, is the coming man if he is not already the man of the hour, and we live in a day when the Church cannot afford to neglect the spiritual welfare of this man. I heartily endorse the establishment of Sailor Day when prayer shall be offered for and gifts made in the interest of those courageous men who go down to the sea in ships.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) **Josephus Daniels**

From the Burning Ships

The worst fire, the most disastrous, that has visited this port since the spectacular blaze that destroyed the Hoboken piers in 1900, occurred on February 16th in the Atlantic Basin. The steamship Bolton Castle was burned almost to the inside of her iron shell, as was the S. S. Pacific. The Bellagio, on fire, was towed to an anchorage off the Statue of Liberty and the fires on her were put out.

From these ships many seamen escaped with only the meagre garments they were wearing when the fire broke out at two o’clock in the morning. When they were brought ashore, they were huddled into a saloon until the agents, Barber & Co., arranged to have them taken care of by the Institute. The majority of the men were Lascars and Malays, shivering in the raw February wind, eager to avail themselves of the warmth and hospitality of the big building on the corner.

They sat about, wrapped in blankets until clothing could be provided. From the Institute Store for Seamen, the

"Slop Chest," everything from socks to dungarees and caps was furnished; without having to wait to scour the little water-front shops for shoddy clothing of doubtful value, the Institute was able at once to outfit these destitute men.

Some of them refused the clothes at first—"Not Mohammedan," they protested, "no can wear." But when it came to a choice between wearing what the Institute offered and braving the elements insecurely covered by a cotton comforter, they decided to propitiate Mohamet in some other way.

"These Mohammendans are a shining example to some of the Christian heathens about this building," commented one of the staff. And it was true. They never forgot their prayers. They took off their shoes, leaving on their hats, when they entered the Chapel and one ardent disciple of the faith prayed to Allah all one long afternoon, never rising from his knees.

Again the Institute had a chance to demonstrate its ability to rise to any special demands upon its board and lodging. It took in these men, put up cots, fed and clothed them and saw that they were amused and interested until they got ships once more. That it was able to adapt them to the life in a building where everyone is already extremely busy with his own affairs, where a lot of dark skinned aliens arouse no particular sympathy from Caucasian seamen, is a significant tribute to the tact and diplomatic readjustments which characterize the Institute's relation to new and unusual problems.

Our North River Station

Perhaps because it is on West Street (No. 341, near Houston Street, to be exact), the North River Station has not

been as closely associated in the minds of LOOKOUT readers with the work of the Institute at South Street and Coenties Slip as it should have been. When this new building was erected, the North River Station was continued in a separate plant instead of being amalgamated with the work under this one roof.

That was necessary because there are many seamen who come into port and live on their ships over at the West St. piers; these men come ashore during the day and night and they go to the North River Station building to read, play games, get their mail, attend services and entertainments.

At the monthly luncheon of the Board of Managers, held on Thursday, March 9th, Mr. Allan S. Gookin, the resident manager of the Station, spoke of its activities. He said regretfully that the attendance had greatly decreased since the war and especially since the sinking of the Lusitania. Among her crew were some of the best friends of the Station. A small band of curious instruments, played by these Lusitania men used to come over and give entertainments whenever they were in port. They always came to the Sunday services and several of them had become members of the Church of the Holy Comforter which adjoins the Institute building on Houston Street.

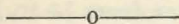
At present there is in operation the reading, game room, saving's department and baggage department and of course, the post office.

In the rectory the boys, the young deck boys, have their Boys' Club. Several rooms have been attractively refurnished, a piano and billiard tables put in, and the boys come to their club house, have little concerts, pop corn, pull candy and forget that New York

is a large and lonesome town.

On Wednesday evenings there is always a special song service, preceded by an organ solo and at this time Mr. Gookin gives a short talk on one of the many problems which confront the sailor.

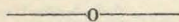
Sunday evenings there is also a brief organ recital and the vespers service. Upon the last Sunday of each month the Rev. Charles P. Deems makes the address, at which time there is also held the communion service. Usually about eighteen or twenty seamen take communion and they are a picturesque group of communicants who kneel reverently at the chancel rail. They are men whose humble occupations on ship board have reduced their clothing to the roughest state of grimy necessity; they bow their unkempt heads over hands blackened and distorted by the most demanding sort of toil. But they are devout; they come to the communion table with the most earnest devotion in their hearts.



New York State Nautical School

At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers the following resolution was adopted:

“Resolved: That the Board of Managers of the Seamen’s Church Institute of New York unanimously deprecates the recommendation of Governor Whitman to abolish the State Nautical School and very earnestly hopes that the Legislature will retain the School and thus help train officers for the growing American Merchant Marine.”



The 20th Century Martyr

They sat side by side on stools at the Lunch Counter and one of them was a seaman and the other a member of the

Institute staff. They had discussed the comparative merits of Hungarian Goulash and Hamburger Steak; they had passed each other the mustard and Worcestershire sauce and their conversation gradually became more intimate.

“I go to Chapel when I am ashore and when I am living here I try my best to lead what they call a Christian life. I dunno as I make much success of it,” admitted the seaman, meditatively.

“Your trying isn’t wasted, anyhow,” encouraged the Institute man, cheerfully.

“No,” the seaman answered, “but let me tell you one thing. If a man tried to lead a genuinely Christian life in the fo’castle with conditions as they are to-day, he’d be crucified in a week.”

He did not wait for the Institute man’s expression of horrified surprise. He went on.

“There wouldn’t be a man from the mate to the cabin boy who wouldn’t try to persecute him in some way. They’d accuse him of being a blooming hypocrite, a boot-licker, of trying to get in with the goody goodies. He’d be knocked about without being able to complain; all the worst jobs would be his; there wouldn’t be a steward that would ever give him a hand-out. If anyone caught him reading his Bible, or if he were suspected of being the least bit pious, his life would be a constant misery.

“It’s a terrible problem,” he sighed as he slipped off the stool. “They—most of you people—don’t know what a martyr is, except from reading. Well, I do and so does any seaman who tries to stand up for the Christian doctrine, and practise it in the fo’castle. The Time hasn’t come,” he added, shaking his head sadly, “the time isn’t here yet.”

Underwear for Seamen

We specially need underwear for seamen who come from hospitals, who come ashore ill, for men who have had bad luck of various sorts and have neither shirts nor socks to protect themselves from the colds and minor ailments which can so speedily develop when a man is poorly nourished and weak.

When many of our seamen come from the hospital we send them to the Burke Foundation, a convalescent home, for a week or two. It is necessary that they should have decent, clean, underwear as well as shoes, coats, even hats.

It seems a lot of trouble to assemble a package of old clothing and send it down to 25 South Street; we have no collection wagon but if you have a big parcel and no way of sending it, call up the Institute and we will send a man for it.

Tim Shortens His Pipe

He was smoking a long clay pipe and there was something about the way in which he constantly removed it to glance worriedly at the bowl which caught the attention of the Desk Man.

"I say, Tim," he called out, "why don't you break that off about half way down? You don't look happy with it that way."

Tim's face brightened until it was lighted by a wide smile. He hurried over until he could talk close to the ear of the Desk Man.

"Do you think they'd mind?" he asked anxiously.

"Mind? Who? What's to prevent your breaking your own pipe stem?" queried the Desk Man, puzzled.

"Well, you see, the Institute gave me this for Christmas and I'd not like them to think I took no care of it."

Apprentices Play

Sixty-one boys from the ships is a large number. At the party on Saturday night, sixty-one boys from ships at anchor in the harbor came to the Institute and played games, danced, sang and did magical tricks to the accompaniment of much laughter and many made-on-the-minute jokes. Besides the boys there were girls who came to dance and play the games too, making a total of one hundred and ten people on one of the most successful evenings in the apprentice boy work.

"Let me play the Pianola, Ted," one of them would say, playfully shoving one of his ship-mates off the bench onto the floor, "No, let me, Hal, you haven't got the proper expression to that Sonata," someone else would insist. And then they all laughed. It wasn't exuberatingly funny, but it was young and high-spirited and it was wholesome without making the boys feel it.

No youngster from 14 to 19 wants to come to a conventional, purely institutional place to be amused. If it is a place where he has to sit about and look appropriately grateful for lemonade and nabiscos, he will only come once. They come here as to their own Club house. The Big Brother arranges things and they help. They beg to have whipped cream in their cocoa, because whipped cream is so awfully jolly and one never has it at sea; they try very hard to dance properly with the girls who come down to their parties and if they tread upon a thin slipper with a heavy sea boot, they are frightfully chagrined. But not down-hearted.

"I told you I wasn't much good at this," one of them told his partner in the Sir Roger de Coverly as he swung

her off her feet with more abandon than grace.

"You spoke the truth," she retorted, gaily and the other boys applauded. It is always fun and they look forward to their stay in this port with particular pleasure. They know that here they will be amused and diverted and that they can be as natural as they please so long as they know where the fine line is drawn. And, be it said to their everlasting credit, they always know.

One of the Chances

Jim's ship was anchored out in the Bay and late Tuesday afternoon he rowed over to the Institute to get his wages from the British Consulate office. The ice in the harbor was so thick that he only made the dock after the most heroic struggle, and then arrived to find the office closed. To row back to the ship through the ice floes was impossible. He sat down-stairs in the lobby and thought it over and then came up to see the Man Who Gives Advice.

"You can't be giving relief to everybody, I suppose," he said after telling his story, "but of course if I can stay here over night, I can draw my pay when the office opens in the morning and then pay for my lodging and breakfast."

The Man Who Gives Advice looked at him. Jim's simple, honest face was flushed with embarrassment; he didn't enjoy asking favors when he knew he had money due him which would be available within fifteen hours.

"Jim, you can stay here and I know you'll pay after you draw your wages tomorrow. We have to refuse chaps sometimes when we can't believe their stories, because it wouldn't be fair to all the hard working seamen who live here and pay their way and never ask

for relief, if we were to help every man that comes in with a hard luck story."

And ten minutes after the British Vice Consul's office opened in the morning, Jim was back at the Hotel Desk settling his account. Jim was one of the Institute's chances to help the individual which justified itself.

Shipping Department Month ending February 29, 1916

| Vessel | Men | Destination |
|--------------------------------|------------|-------------------------|
| S.S. Boniface | 7 | Para via Norfolk |
| S.S. Servian Prince | 28 | Brest, France |
| S.S. Vauban | 78 | Bahia, Brazil |
| S.S. Brabant | 1 | Tampico, Mexico |
| S.S. Porto Rica | 3 | Baltimore, Md. |
| S.S. Moorish Prince | 29 | Brest, France |
| S.S. Royal Prince | 1 | Manila, P. I. |
| S.S. Gordon Castle | 25 | United Kingdom |
| S.S. Francis | 31 | Para via Norfolk |
| S.S. Asiatic Prince | 22 | Buenos Ayres, Arg. |
| S.S. Iroquois | 1 | Santo Domingo, W. I. |
| S.S. Corfe Castle | 30 | Cape Town, So. Africa |
| S.S. Portuguese Prince | 26 | La Pallice, France |
| S.S. Memling | 26 | Marseilles, France |
| S.S. Vasari | 25 | Bahia, Brazil |
| S.S. Indralema | 13 | Australia via Cape Town |
| S.S. Russian Prince | 5 | Trinidad, B. W. I. |
| S.S. Hubert | 19 | Liverpool via Brazil |
| S.S. Ogeechee | 2 | Galveston, Texas |
| S.S. Hernani | 5 | Havre, France |
| S.S. Ben Nevis | 1 | Bordeaux, France |
| S.S. Siamese Prince | 22 | Brest, France |
| S.S. Dryden | 8 | Manchester, England |
| S.S. Murilla | 43 | Genoa, Italy |
| S.S. Louisiana | 8 | Port Arthur, Texas |
| S.S. Westmount | 15 | Cuba via Norfolk |
| Lightship No. 51 | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Light Vessel, Fire Island | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Steamer Maine | 1 | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| Steamer Tasco | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Tender General Ayres | 1 | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Tender General Johnston | 3 | New York Harbor |
| Tug Dauntless | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Tug C. N. Kempland | 3 | New York Harbor |
| Tug North America | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Tug Petrel | 2 | Boston, Mass. |
| Tug Packard | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Tug May | 1 | Norfolk, Va. |
| Dredge No. 2 | 1 | New York Harbor |
| Men given temporary employment | 171 | On Shore |
| Total | 679 | |

Donations Received During the Month of February 1916

Donations of knitted articles, comfort bags, clothing, shoes, flowers, literature, toys, etc., received during the month of February 1916 from:

Allen, Miss M.
Anderson, Mrs.
Archer, Mrs. Geo. A.
Baptist Church, North Orange, N. J.
Barber & Company, Inc.
Barnard, Mrs. Horace.
Bason, Miss M. M.
Bissell, P. St. G., Jr.
Bostwick, Mrs. W. A.
Brown, Miss Bergh
Camman, Mrs. Henry I.
Carpenter, Mrs. James E.
Chapin, Mrs. Barton

CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUB AND BRANCHES

Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City.
Christ Church, Bayridge, B'klyn, N. Y.
Church of the Epiphany, New York.
Church of the Incarnation, B'klyn, N. Y.
Church of the Messiah, B'klyn, N. Y.
Grace Church, Orange, N. J.
St. Agnes' Chapel, New York.
St. Agnes' Church, East Orange, N. J.
St. Andrews' Church, New York.
St. Andrews' Church, Meriden, Conn.
St. John's Church, Far Rockaway, L. I.
St. John's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Mark's Church, West Orange, N. J.
St. Paul's Church, Englewood, N. J.
Trinity Church, Hoboken, N. J.
Zion Church, Dobbs-Ferry, On Hudson, N. Y.
Clark, Mrs. Bruce.
Clark, Miss E. V.
Cox, Miss Isabella V.
Curtis, Mrs. R. P.
Curtis Publishing Co., N. Y.
Davis, Mrs. J. L.
Davis, Mrs. S. D.
Dominick, Mrs. M. W.
Dressendorfer, F. J. C.
"Forget-Not Circle" of Kings Daughter,
Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hall, Miss Isabella S.
Halstead, Mrs. M.
Hamblen, Mrs. E. A.
Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H.
Helpful Circle of King Daughter,
Bayonne, N. J.
Hows, Mrs. E.
Ingersoll, Mrs. Grace King.
Ives, Mrs. T. M.
Jones, Charles H.
Junior Auxiliary, St. George's Chapel,
Flushing, L. I.
Kerr, Mrs. L. L.
Kirby, Absalom.
Lane, Miss C. R.
Levie, Miss E. C.
Lutcher, Dr. Calista V.
Luther, Miss Edith M.
McDermont, Mrs. F. P.

Macdonald, Miss H. M.
Marks, Mrs. C. P.
Maskell, Mrs. M.
Moehring, Mrs. Wm. G.
Moore, Mrs. John N.
Nelson, Miss V.
Paulson, Mrs. F. P.
Peck, Miss C. A.
Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.
Powell, Stephen A.
Putnam, Mrs. A. E.
Reynolds, Mrs. Ben.
Ridgway The Company, N. Y.
Ryberg, Mrs. Lena.
Saunders, Mrs. E. M.
Schmelzel, Miss Jane E.
Shaw, Mrs. E. Barnier.
Sims, Miss Agnes.
Sister Emma.
Slade, Miss A. P.
Southern Molasses Co., N. Y.
Staton, Mrs. J. G.
Talbot, Thomas.
Thurston, Miss Ella.
Tuxedo Library, Tuxedo, N. Y.
Weed, Mrs. Geo. E.
Wiggin, Miss M. E.
Woffindin, Mrs. R. V.
Woman's Auxiliary, St. John's Church,
Cape Vincent, N. Y.
Woman's Auxiliary, Calvary Church,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Woman's Chapter of the Church of the
Holy Spirit, Bensonhurst, N. Y.
Woman's Club of Ridgwood, N. J.
Women's Guild, St. Philip's Church, Dyker
Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Woodward, Mrs. Mary P.
Zerega, Miss Florence.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES.

| | |
|--|---------------|
| Aplin, Mrs. Mary D., Religious and and Social work | \$4.86 |
| Brown, Edwin A. S., Discretionary Fund | .60 |
| C. P. C. Trinity Church, Hoboken, N. J. Relief Fund | 10.00 |
| Dominick, M. W., Discretionary Fund | 100.00 |
| Kearny, Miss Adela Livingston, Lodgings for destitute Seamen.... | 5.00 |
| Schmelzel, Miss Jane E., Stereopticon Machine | 30.00 |
| Smallwood, Mrs. J. S., Religious and Social Work | 2.00 |
| Anonymous thru Capt. David A. Kerr, Religious and Social work..... | 4.00 |
| Anonymous thru Capt. R. Campion, S. S. Morra Castle for Relief Fund | 27.00 |
| Anonymous donations | 12 |
| From a Friend | Knitted scarf |

General Summary of Work

FEBRUARY 1916

Savings Department.

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Feb. 1st Cash on hand..... | \$47,001.25 |
| Deposits | 28,059.90 |
| | \$75,061.15 |
| Withdrawals (\$9,695.08 trans- mitted) | 27,645.53 |
| | \$47,415.62 |
| (Includes 22 Savings Bank Deposits in Trust \$11,152.23) | |

Shipping Department.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I. | 40 |
| Men shipped | 520 |
| Men given temporary employment in Port | 75 |
| Men given temporary employment thru Missionaries | 84 |
| Total number of men given employment | 679 |
| Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley." | |
| Trips made | 41 |
| Visits to vessels | 88 |
| Men transported | 185 |
| Pieces of dunnage transported..... | 254 |
| Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments | |
| Lodgers registered | 16,651 |
| Letters received for Seamen..... | 3,083 |
| Pieces of dunnage checked..... | 1,943 |

Relief Department.

| | | | |
|-----------------|---|--|-----|
| Men Assisted | { | Board, Lodging and | |
| | | Clothing | 273 |
| | | Employment on shore thru Missionaries | 84 |
| | | Treated by Doctor | 255 |
| | | Referred to Hospitals | 67 |
| | | Referred to Legal Aid and Other Societies | 46 |

Social Department.

| | Attendance | | |
|--|---------------|-------|-------|
| | Number Seamen | Total | |
| Entertainments | 5 | 1,562 | 1,742 |
| First Aid Lectures..... | 21 | 624 | 624 |
| Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks | 13 | 1,358 | 1,378 |
| Hospital Visits | | | 12 |
| Patients Visited | | | 275 |
| Ships Visited | | | 310 |
| Packages reading matter given..... | | | 468 |
| Knitted articles and comfort bags given | | | 39 |

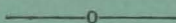
Religious Department.

| | Attendance | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------|-------|-------|
| | Services Seamen | Total | |
| English | 20 | 1,163 | 1,276 |
| Scandinavian | 8 | 167 | 195 |
| Special Services | 6 | 108 | 108 |
| Sing Songs | 8 | 1,066 | 1,086 |
| Bible Classes | 4 | 322 | 322 |
| | 45 | 2,826 | 2,987 |
| Holy Communion Service | | | 3 |
| Funeral Services | | | 2 |

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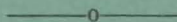
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