

The Lookout



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

A LAST PULL!!

Our Institute is completed. It is fully furnished.

Two months ago, without public notice, it opened its bedrooms.

Already these are more than half full every night.

But our Lunch Room, Dining Room and Kitchen STAND IDLE !!

We cannot use them until the building is paid for.

We must still raise \$180,000.

Without the help of HUNDREDS of subscriptions—SMALL as well as LARGE—this Institute could never have been built.

Let us all give a LAST PULL and the fight will be won!

Let every reader of this magazine do what he can for the men of the sea.

Give \$5,000 or more and become a "Founder"

Give 1,000 or more and become a "Benefactor"

Give 2,500 for the Kitchen

Give 2,000 for the Baggage Department

Give 1,500 for the Soda Fountains

Give 300 for Parcel Room

Give 300 for the Barber Shop

Give 250 for an Officer's Bedroom

Subscriptions should be sent to

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, Chairman Building Committee,

54 Wall Street, City.

THE LOOKOUT

Published by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

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No. 7

Our New Boat

The J. Hooker Hamersley

One of the things which the LOOKOUT does most amiably is to announce good news. It is the duty of this small magazine to state what the new building and the seamen need most urgently; but it is not pleasant to sound an insistent note of appeal. Therefore, it is with peculiar pleasure that it announces that the new boat has been given by Mr. Louis Gordon Hamersley.

Probably no one who is not intimately associated with this work for sailors realizes how important a part a service-tug plays in our battle against the "fleet of crimps." Mr. Hamersley's thoughtful, generous act has made it possible for the Boat Committee to proceed at once, to arrange for the construction of a boat which shall be exactly what the Institute needs in size; in construction; in equipment and, above all, a boat specially adapted for its purpose.

The new boat, given in memory of Mr. Hamersley's father, is to be christened "The J. Hooker Hamersley" and it will be ready for service in the early Spring.

New Founder

Mrs. Walter C. Baylies' gift of \$10,000 to the Building Fund has added her name to the list of Founders.

A Bed for a Night

Eight seamen came in, one at a time, and somehow each one bore a faint resemblance to his predecessor—a kind of family likeness.

It was six o'clock. Through the window of the office of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice the Harbor seemed to shine, all its craft dotted with tiny red and yellow lights. Away over behind the calmly poised Liberty, was the faintest red rim of an afterglow.

And into the office came the men who hadn't even enough money to pay for a 15 cent bed.

TO THE LEEWARD

"I'd like a bed, sir," said the first man, giving his trousers a careful brush with his cap just where the knees bagged most deeply.

"How long have you been ashore?" he was asked.

"Monday, I came ashore sir."

"And this is Thursday. Have you spent all your wages in that time?"

The man looked slightly abashed and then he laughed apologetically.

"I'm afraid I went to the leeward pretty fast sir. I spent it all from Monday to Thursday—yes, that's what I did. I was always a fool about money. I just went to the leeward."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice looked grim, as he shook his head in refusal. He of the leeward tendency shuffled out, making audible resolutions for the future.

YOUTH AND 15 CENTS

If his clothes had not been quite so obviously designed for a man three times his size, perhaps his slender little figure wouldn't have seemed so pitifully young and forlorn. He wanted a bed and he thought he'd have a job in the morning.

"You already owe us for three nights," he was reminded gently.

"I know that," he said, "but I'll pay you back as soon as I get a job and come back here. I'm a mess boy and I only get 50 cents a day. When I was paid off last week, I had to spend my \$2.50 on these clothes."

"Well," said the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, slowly—"I suppose—"

"Oh, just a 15 cent bed," said the boy, eagerly. "I'll surely pay you back. Why, 15 cents is nothing to me—I don't care nothing for it—when I have money," he finished parenthetically.

"Caring a bit more for 15 cents might be a useful habit," suggested the Man-Who-Gives-Advice quietly. But he gave the boy a bed.

THE MEDICINE BOTTLE

"I've just been discharged from the hospital. I expect a job in the morning," began the next man without any preliminary.

"Have you any proof that you were in the hospital?"

He explored the sagging pockets of a ragged tweed coat and produced proudly—a medicine bottle filled with an ominous black liquid.

"There you see!" and there was the note of triumph of one who has justified his request for assistance.

PURSUING JOY

Somehow a very red face, in conjunction with a jovial expression, is a poor asset to a gentleman who desires gratuitous hospitality. And the next man had a complexion of even brilliancy.

There was also a thick note in his utterance. One felt instinctively that he would not be convincing.

"When were you paid off?"

"Five days ago."

"What did you receive then?"

"Thirty-five dollars."

"And you spent seven dollars a day!"

"Well, you see I was trying to have a good time; it don't matter what you spend if you can buy that."

"And now you come to us for a night's lodging. Do you think that's a square deal? We don't."

Perhaps the man had read something about being free for the pursuit of happiness. He looked with reproachful amazement at the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, and then he went out, thoughtfully.

Parcel Room \$300

So many seamen have given up their rooms and disappeared, leaving overcoats, hand bags and packages of all sorts which cannot be identified, that the necessity has arisen for a Parcel Room. Here the things can be checked and stored until they are claimed.

This Room has been constructed at the end of the Lunch Room on the main floor, just off the Hotel Lobby. It is equipped with hooks for clothing, drawers and racks for luggage and is costing \$300. It makes a useful and very interesting gift.

New Chapel Dedicated

On Sunday, October the 12th, the new Chapel of our Saviour was formally opened for services.

A mid-Autumn sun filled the entire Chapel, gilding the warm brown of the Chancel furniture and lighting every minute pane in the stained glass windows. White cosmos, Easter lilies and roses decorated the altar while a large sheaf of American Beauty roses on the brass Lecturn removed any suggestion of cold, sombre, aloofness.

In the Chancel with Bishop David H. Greer, the President of the Institute, were seated The Rev. William Ford Nichols, the Rev. Romayne Mansfield, the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, the Rev. Charles P. Deems, Pastor Anderson, Rev. C. J. Ljunggren, Dr. Wm. T. Manning and Rev. Carl Podin.

A brief history of the two Floating Churches which preceded this new Chapel of Our Saviour was given by the Rev. Mr. Mansfield. The first one, opened in 1846, was succeeded by the Floating Church of which many persons in the congregation had been members. This church, moored at the foot of Pike Street, was dedicated Sunday, January 9, 1870 and was in active use 41 years; the last service was held in it on Christmas Day, 1910. It was then towed to Mariner's Harbor, Kill van Kull, where it now lies. Mr. Mansfield announced that the Chapel Fund has been subscribed by churches in the three dioceses of New York, Long Island and Newark, adding the list of gifts which are published elsewhere in the Lookout.

The Dedication was pronounced by Bishop Greer and after the hymn which followed he introduced Bishop

Nichols of California. Bishop Nichols said in part:

"Thine heart shall be enlarged by the sparkle of the sea."

The theme is taken from Isaiah 60:5, rather as a paraphrase of a sentiment in the verse gathered from Dr. George Adam Smith than from the express word of any version.

It is a fact that by the Hebrews of old the sea was regarded as a horizon merely—a barrier and not as a thoroughfare. The sea meant the west; it was a fixed, a rigid line. The silhouette of mountain peaks against the sunset has been suggested as the first lure; it was this lure which men followed when they began to explore, to search for the possible something beyond the horizon line.

There is enlargement of the heart of any port by its proximity to the sea. There is, first, the sparkle of gain. No diamond on prince or bride exceeds the brilliancy of this lure to young manhood. Then there is the twinkling smile of brotherhood. The old Latin poet used the term "dissociable ocean." It has become, with the aid of wireless, a sociable ocean, flecked with boats. It has been estimated that it would take 300 of the little galleys which dotted the sea in the early centuries to carry the cargo of one of our big liners to-day. And with that wonderful medium of intercourse on the deep—the wireless telegraph—there has grown the modern sparkle of fraternity and philanthropy.

Over our heads, on the roof of this very building in which we are gathered this afternoon, stands the Lighthouse Tower, erected in memory of all those who lost their lives when the "Titanic" sank, a year and a half ago.

The "Titanic"! Men built the greatest ship of them all, so great that they called it a Titan. You will remember that the Titans were the children of the sea and sky and that Oceanus was the first of the Titans.

But men built this great ship and sent it forth on her maiden voyage and the winds rose and the iceberg out of the north stopped the "Titanic" in her course. Oceanus took the challenge of man's superiority in the name and proved to be stronger than the works of man's skill.

And yesterday we received the news of the burning of the "Volturno" which brings us face to face with another danger which we had begun to believe had been eliminated—fire.

The sea is His, sings the psalmist. And that brings us to the sparkle of religion on the sea.

This great building interprets and incorporates the ideal of the heart grown large, this great metropolitan heart; and not only in this building but all over the city. We, and I mean this particularly for those of us who have come here at this time from other cities, we do not always duly accredit New York with its largeness of heart. There are so many channels through which the gifts flow and we do not hear of half of them. Yesterday I attended a service in a \$1,000,000 building consecrated to the worship of the Lord and to-day we are in another \$1,000,000 house for the work of the Lord. That house of worship has its work just as this big house of work has its worship. Truly the heart of the metropolis is large and generous.

And one thing which everyone should remember is that there is diligent, religious work to be done on water as well as land, and through our

new National Church organization, "The Seamen's Church Institute of America," we hope to promote and unify this work as the Church of England has already so nobly done on many national waters.

The general flag proposed has the figure of an angel upon it. But we also need an "angel"—Promoter—to come forward and give the \$5,000 which will carry on this work for three years. If there were someone here today who could do this thing, that angel's face would sparkle with the sparkle of the sea.

You remember that the hymn "Lead Kindly Light" was written by Newman on the waters of the Mediterranean; the familiar music came as an inspiration to Dr. Dykes as he was walking along the London Strand with the roar of the traffic and the ceaseless tread of the city all about him, and it came suddenly out of that ganglion of nerves. What a message it would be if those words, "Lead, Kindly Light" could sometime in electric letters encircle by night the high "Titanic" Memorial Tower!

The sailorman is apt to be either superstitious or religious and the step between the two is very short. A little incident in the Spanish American war will illustrate:

In the fleet off Cuba there was made a call for a boat load of volunteers to undertake some especially hazardous duty. They started off well enough until one of the sailors said moodily, "Oh, we can't do anything. No good can come of this."

"Why?" his comrades asked, anxiously.

"Because there are thirteen men in this boat and that makes a 'hoodoo'!" It obviously affected the spirits of

the men until one of them spoke,

"You think 13 is a 'hoodoo'. Look at that flag flying over us. There are thirteen stripes on that flag. Is that flag a 'hoodoo'? Is there any 'hoodoo' about our United States?"

The transition from superstition to patriotism was swift and the men instantly began to bend over their oars with new courage and enthusiasm.

May all who are in any especial way associated with the waters as voyagers, as shippers or by ties of kinship or friendship with seafaring men; may all who realize that, as the mission of Christ was to walk on the water as well as on land, so must it be our distinct Christian mission, and may all who recognize in this munificent building a symbol of true largeness of heart—and I most heartily thank God for it and congratulate the Authorities, the Chaplain, the workers and contributors upon its achievement—try to catch some of that same radiant joy from the "sparkle of the sea."

At the conclusion of Bishop Nichols' address Bishop Greer said:

"This ceremony of the Opening and Blessing of this new Chapel would be incomplete without some expression from the man who, more than any other individual, has made possible this splendid building and this beautiful little place of worship. His energy has seemed to be inexhaustible; his faith has been that belief which never ceases or wavers. His patience, his unselfishness, his acceptance of a gigantic responsibility have been inspiring. The burden of detail has been stupendous and he has carried it with rare courage. I refer, as you all know, to Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, the Chairman of the Building Committee who will now speak to us."

Mr. Baylies made a short address, in part as follows:

"When I arranged for the purchase of the first lot of the plot on which this building stands, not a cent of money had been raised. That was eight years ago and the cost of this first lot was \$85,000.

But I felt so strongly the imperative need for expansion, that I believed we could convince the friends of the sailor of this great necessity. And with the opening of this Chapel, thereby practically completing our task, I see that my belief was amply justified.

This little Chapel symbolizes the soul of the Institute, and I hope that every sailor, every apprentice boy, every young man who comes here will appreciate—even if dimly—the tremendous, vital truth that if you have a big thought, a great ideal and will pursue it steadfastly, you cannot fail. To put his entire heart and soul into one great purpose is, even without the satisfaction of achievement, worth the while of any man.

It is distinctly an odd coincidence that each of the two ceremonies held in this new building should have been associated with big events, full of world interest. I refer to the loss of the "Titanic" and the first anniversary of that loss. And, now again; this morning when I opened my newspaper I read of the discovery of a new continent, thus completing our knowledge of the whole surface of the globe. I think we may all interpret it as a good omen.

With the dedication of this Chapel, the entire Institute is now thrown open for the use of seamen, with the exception of the Dining Room, Kitchen and Lunch Counter which cannot be put in operation until the balance of the Building Fund (\$180,000) is raised. Over half the bedrooms are occupied, and all departments are running smoothly. I feel sure that those of you who have followed the progress of the new Institute with close interest must share in our sincere rejoicing."

An Alleged Invalid

He had been sitting on the long bench by the door of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice's office for a long time. When it came his turn for an interview he had held back unaccountably, and with an embarrassed air of one unaccustomed to consider his fellows, had told the man next him to "G'wan in and see him; I ain't in no hurry."

Finally, however, he summoned what he believed to be an appearance of excessive physical weakness and entered the office.

"I'm askin' you, sir, to put me up here for a few days until I'm stronger," he began, "You see I'm just out of the hospital."

"Have you your discharge?" asked the Man-Who-Gives-Advice briskly.

"No, sir, they didn't give me one: they don't always, sir."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice raised a mental eye-brow at this information. He looked closely at the applicant.

"How can I be sure you are just out of the hospital?" he said, not unkindly.

"Well, can't you take a man's word for it? Don't I look like a sick man?"

"You don't look very well, certainly, but I'm afraid your word isn't sufficient—down here on the water front," he added regretfully. "What hospital was it?"

"The Marine," came the prompt reply.

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice put his hand on the telephone receiver.

"What's your name, please? I'll just call up the hospital—merely as a matter of form."

As he lifted the receiver the late invalid seemed to drift almost imperceptibly nearer to the door.

"Name, please?" said the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

But the swift rebound of the office door was his only response. He of the unhealthy pallor had vanished. He was down the stairs and out upon South Street before anyone could stop him.

There was a little surprise in the smile of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, but no impatience.

"Who is next?" he asked of the row on the long bench.

Large Gifts

Soda Fountain, \$1,500

Soft drinks bar to give thirsty seamen a chance to be sociable without becoming intoxicated.

Study of Ass't Supt. \$500

Where men can bring their personal problems and be sure of sane, kindly advice.

Laundry \$1,500

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

Game Tables \$770

Two billiard and one shuffle-board table. To use in Officers' and Apprentice's rooms.

Pianos—Five

Concert Grand (Steinway preferred)	\$ 500
Upright for Hotel Reading Room	350
Upright for Officer's Reading and Game Room	350
Upright for Apprentice Room.....	300
Small Upright for Staff Sitting Room	250

Total\$1,750

We Need at Once

A Piano, A Pianola, A Victrola

You may not believe in the power of music over morals. You may find it difficult to realize that a great many sailors will forego the pleasure of "having something" over a sociable bar for the sake of hearing "Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes" drawn from the soul of a Victrola. It is not always easy to believe that "Brown October Ale" rousingly sung or played, will satisfy the average sailor as well as the actual fluid which inspired the song.

But it is an incontrovertible fact that the sailor who knows he can find real entertainment and pleasure in the rooms of the Institute is so much the more inclined to stay away from the resorts which are constantly tempting him.

And the Institute needs at least one piano, a piano player and a Victrola immediately.

There must be an atmosphere of excessive cheerfulness: that is what seamen want when they come ashore. Lots of light, lots of noise, excitement, a feeling that everyone is happy and that Life is more or less a pleasant iridescent bubble.

And music supplies this atmosphere. If we are to attract sailors to our Reading and Games Rooms and keep them, we must see that they are entertained. They drift through swinging doors in search of joy. Surely, Joy is to be found here in this new Institute.

Memorial Window

Designs are being considered for the central window in the Chapel which is being presented as a memorial by Mr. John I. Downey.

Barber Shop \$300

"Where you bound for, matey?" asked the seaman whose crisply curling brown hair seemed trying to push back his tight grey cap.

"Oh, just down-stairs to the Barber Shop," answered his companion. "I'm thinking I'll try some of that scarlet hair tonic; most like 'twill grow curls for me—like yours," he added and ducked swiftly down the stair-way to avoid a friendly blow.

There is the gleam of nickel and the sheen of bright mirrors down in the Barber Shop. The bottles of bay rum and eau de quinine, with glistening glass stoppers, give the little room an intimate, cosy appearance; there is the sense of hygienic efficiency, of freshness, of sanitary service.

So far no one has given the Barber Shop. The estimated cost of building and equipping it is \$300: it will commend itself to someone who wishes to help in promoting ideals of personal cleanliness.

Rubber Plants, Palms, Ferns

So many stupid jokes have been written about rubber plants and their tendency to seek the suburbs, that one suggests them almost fearing to be taken humourously.

But the new Institute would like to receive plants for its large, sunny rooms. Two big Boston ferns down in the Lobby make instant appeal by their fresh, vivid, green against the white marble. The seamen like to see growing things; many of them have expressed their pleasure with evident sincerity.

And with this superb Southern, Western and Eastern exposure the Institute is an ideal conservatory.

THE LOOKOUT

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NOTE—Address all communications to
ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent
of IRENE KATHARINE LANE, Editor

Reception to Subscribers

Cards of invitation have been issued to all who have subscribed to the new Institute (and their friends), asking them to attend a Reception to Subscribers on the afternoon of Wednesday, November the nineteenth, between the hours of three and five o'clock. Tea will be served at four o'clock by the members of the Seamen's Benefit Society.

It is the desire of the Building Committee that all subscribers, and their friends, shall come and see the new building, now fully completed.

If any LOOKOUT reader — who is a subscriber—has failed to receive a card of invitation, the Committee will appreciate it extremely if the Secretary at No. 25 South Street is notified at once, and urges that if there is not time to do this, such subscriber come, without further invitation, to the new building on the afternoon of the nineteenth.

The building is at the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip—three blocks from South Ferry.

Hotel Desk and Post Office Given

Mrs. Samuel Lawrence has sent a check for \$1,000, making the Hotel Desk and Post Office among her gifts to the new Institute.

Time-Ball in Operation

At noon on November the 1st the Time-Ball surmounting the Titanic Memorial Lighthouse Tower on the new Seamen's Church Institute dropped from the top of the rod to the base, indicating to the watchers in the Harbor, on the side-walk, in the nearby office buildings that it was officially noon-day.

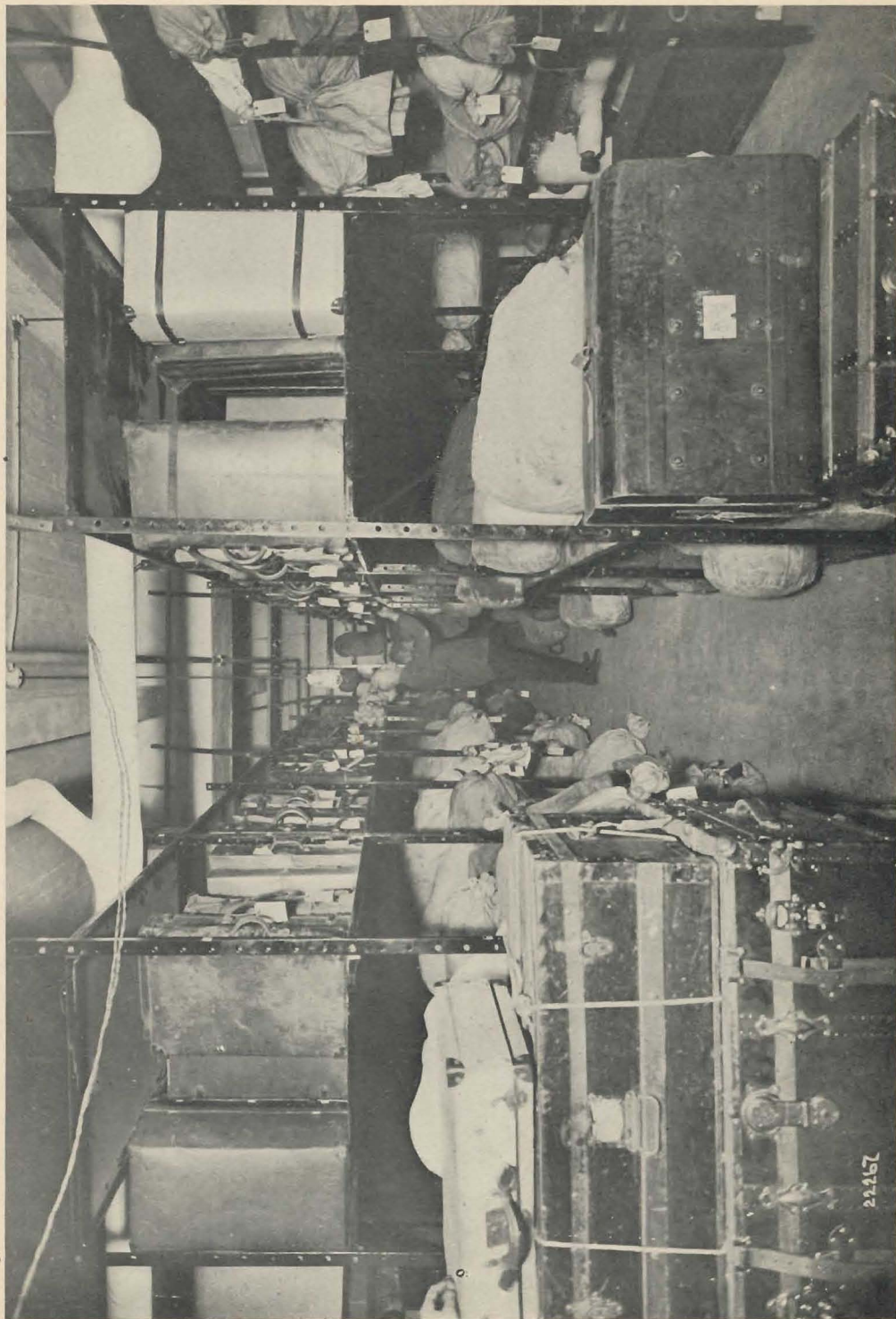
The Time-Ball is now in operation and it will register twelve o'clock, noon, every day as long as the building and the Tower stand.

Already a number of visitors have come down to the Institute and gone up to the roof especially to see the Time-Ball at close range. With all the flags waving from the flag staff, all the polar bears and eagles guarding the parapet, the roof is at once picturesque and distinctive. On clear days the sun turns the red tiles to a rich crimson and the dull bronze of the time ball glistens: it seems to hang poised in the air for an instant like a toy balloon ready for flight and then it slips swiftly down the steel rod and is seen no more—until the next noon.

Magneto Clocks Given

The system of clocks, consisting of one Master Clock and thirty dials, with automatic winding arrangement, has been presented to the new Institute by Miss. Cornelia Prime. These clocks have been referred to in the LOOKOUT as being particularly interesting; they have the charm of being an intensely practical gift as well as a unique one. The inscription is to read:

"In Memory of Mrs. Robert Ray (Cornelia Prime).



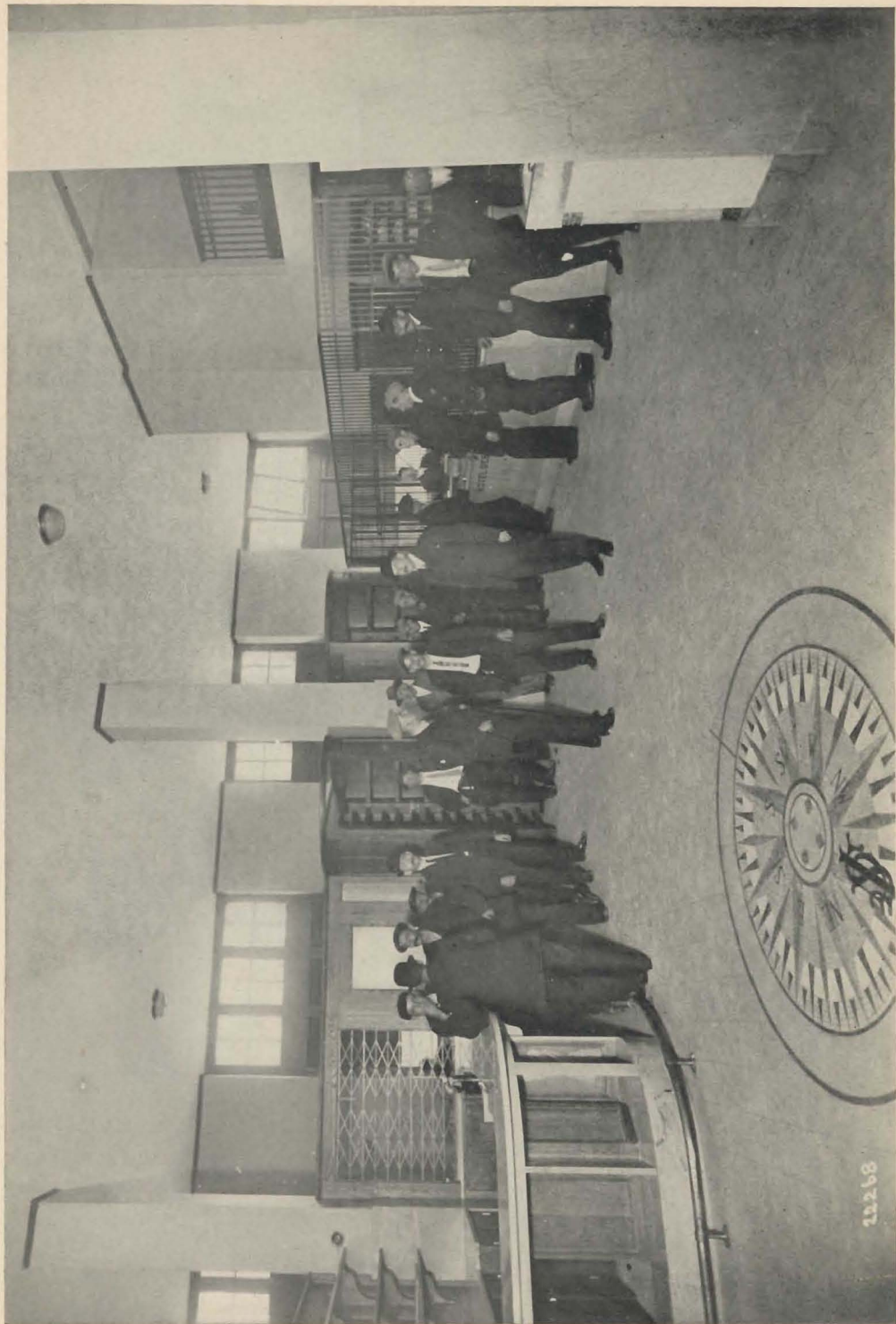
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BAGGAGE DEPARTMENT



LAUNDRY
Not yet given

242b1



HOTEL DESK, POST OFFICE AND SODA FOUNTAIN

Compass: Given by Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty. Hotel Desk and Post Office: Given by Mrs. Samuel Lawrence.



FAIANCÉ PANEL
Over Chapel Entrance
Not yet given

Born January 4, 1800

Died May 21, 1874

Given by her niece, Cornelia Prime."

The Ill Fortune of Jesse

If the moral of this tale be placed at the beginning, contrary to literary custom, it should be:

"Put not your trust in Wild West Shows if you're really a ship's cook!"

Jesse came up stairs to see the Man-Who-Gives-Advice. He was enveloped in a mantle of complete dejection but hope crept into his face when he felt the competent kindness of the atmosphere which surrounds the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"Of course," he said, "Jesse James is just a name I took when I joined the Wild West Show out in San Francisco. I'm a ship's cook or a pantry man by trade, but I was out there and they offered to bring me East and to take me to South America. I've always had a leaning toward the show business, somehow; I thought I'd be riding horse-back a good deal and shooting pistols and learning to use a lasso."

"Well," asked the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, "didn't you?"

"I did not. We hadn't any money and the show didn't draw the crowds. For six weeks I never got a cent of wages and when we reached New York, two hundred of us, the manager gave us only a dollar or two and then told us at what time the ship sailed for South America. We got down to the pier half an hour ahead of time, and the boat was just pulling out. Two hundred men, stranded, with no money, left on the dock by that Wild

West Show manager!"

He produced a little brown bag and displayed its contents—a white coat and a cook's apron.

"There! he announced grimly, "here's my equipment. Can you send me to sea?"

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice looked at the erstwhile Jesse James. It wasn't a weak, adventure loving face: it had the steady, honest expression of a man who does his own work with a conventional faithfulness.

"We'll put you up here a day or two until we can get you a berth," he said at last.

Jesse picked up the little brown bag and dropped his mantle of total dejection.

"I'll never—" he began—but, as we said, the moral is at the beginning of this tale.

Faience Panel Over Chapel Entrance (\$500)

Above the door which admits one directly into the Chapel from South Street has been placed a panel of unusual beauty both in coloring and workmanship.

The design, done in faience, is that of the figure of the Christ walking upon the waves. With arms out-stretched and the outline of a cross faintly suggested as a part of the halo, the figure seems to approach the small, tempest tossed boat whose billowing sail and boatmen are cleverly executed. The face of the Christ, modelled with reverence and sincerity is serenely radiant and just below are the words, "It is I. Be not Afraid."

Crew from the "Volturno"†

Forty-two firemen, sailors, stewards, two engineers, two Marconi operators and the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Officers of the ill-fated "Volturno" staid at the Institute from Wednesday, October 15th until Saturday the 18th when the "Oceanic" sailed.

One entire floor was turned over to them for their use and they were given the Auditorium in which to be measured for clothing. The Uranium line arranged for their outfits and their meals. Each man was given a new suit of clothes, shoes, underclothing, collars, ties, a safety razor—in short, all the necessary equipment.

When the Institute worker met the men at the pier and brought them over to the building they were dressed in a unique array of nondescript garments. A stoker was attired grandly in the officer's uniform given him on the Grosser Kurfuerst; one man wore only a suit of dungarees; several were clad solely in thin undershirts and trousers, while a few had good-looking sack suits contributed by passengers on the Kroonland. They seemed glad to come ashore and were anxious to talk of the disaster. One of the men said:

"We staid 48 hours on the "Volturno" while she was burning and then we jumped. I'd never jump again. That was worse than knowing of the fire. I could not swim and when I plunged from the "Volturno's" deck into the water I seemed to sink 20 fathoms. Then when I came up I found I could only keep my head above water an instant; I went down again, a long, cold journey through icy water that pounded into

my ears. I tried to hold my breath but I guess I got too excited. When someone caught me and pulled me into a small boat, I was nearly unconscious."

One of the Marconi operators said that he had a small electric torch in his vest pocket and that when he came up the first time a man near him who could swim saw the little torch alight and helped the despairing wireless operator get over to a boat.

"I'd never have been saved without that little torch," he said solemnly. Perhaps he was right.

The crew enjoyed the Institute hugely, sampling all its amusements, writing letters home and reading about themselves in the newspapers. They were enthusiastic about their rooms and one of the firemen said:

"After I was pulled out of the water that night I thought I'd never look at any again—in any form. But I certainly like these shower baths: we don't get them at sea, you know."

Two men who could not find the "Oceanic" pier Saturday morning were taken out by the Institute launch and put aboard the ship in the Harbor. They climbed up the rope ladder, tumbled onto the "Oceanic" deck, breathless but grateful, and stood with wide smiles of contentment while they waved their farewells to the Institute worker.

"Well," said the Captain of the launch as he headed his boat for the shore, they talk a lot of the monotony of the seaman's life, but it seems to me he has a pretty exciting time."

"He does," assented the Institute worker laconically, "these 'Volturno' chaps discovered that."

Hallowe'en

Apprentice Lads Celebrate

"Oh, I say," said the youngest boy in the eager voice of one who really knows he is right, "You have to whirl the apple peeling three times above your head and then let it fall over your left shoulder. Then if it forms a letter, you can jolly well count on marrying a girl with that initial."

The boys at the Hallowe'en party up in the Apprentice Room followed instructions faithfully; some of the older ones examined the curling red letter with apparent anxiety.

"S?" murmured one, intending to query only his conscience. "Which one can that be?" Sometimes there was a shriek of delight.

"E!" a boy would exclaim. "That must be the girl in Melbourne!"

After the apple peeling tests the boys had peanut races, string and raisin contests. They bobbed for apples in a tub of water and cut the flour cake to find the ring. They played games which they invented on the spot, and games which have been played on Hallowe'en since the witches set the day apart for their holiday.

There were twenty-four boys from 14 to 20, all from boats at anchor in the Harbor. Some of them had been to the Institute many times and a few were attending their first "party." The new boys giggled rather shyly at first, uncertain as to the wisdom of unrestrained laughter. But toward the end of the evening every apprentice in the room was suggesting a new game and offering a new joke.

Nuts, raisins, doughnuts, and all the harvest-time fruit were served. There should have been pumpkin pie but British boys have not learned

properly to appreciate the great American delicacy.

Just before they went home, they played Blind Man's Buff. Some of the officers came up-stairs from the Reading Room and joined the youngsters.

"It will seem frightfully dull back on the ship," lamented one of the boys as they went slowly down the stairs.

"Of course," assented the eldest of the group, "Hallowe'en is such a ripping sort of holiday." He hopped down two steps at a time. Then he added, half aloud:

"I wonder what that S did stand for!"

He Inquires for a Velise

"Dear sir, I left a velica there about a twelfth month ago. I would like to know if that are there. If that are there I would send the check for it. If Jame Rilloy is there, tell him to write and let me know and I will pay the price if he will send it."

Dressing Rooms Given

The Dressing Rooms in the basement where the seamen, who cannot afford to live in the Institute, come in to wash, shave and change their clothes, have been given by Mrs. John E. Parsons.

Portrait of Admiral Erben

Just above the bronze tablet on the wall behind the Lunch Counter is hung a large portrait of Admiral Erben in whose memory the Lunch Room is given. The portrait is splendidly executed, the Admiral being represented in his uniform with the plumed hat and gold lace distinguishing his rank.

Suggested Gifts for Chapel

Pulpit and Stair-Rail.....	\$250.00
Chancel Rail	250.00
Small Chancel Rail	150.00
One Stall with Prie Dieu....	100.00
One Stall with Prie Dieu....	100.00
Lecturn (wood)	100.00
Credence Table (wood)	20.00
Arm Chair for Small Chapel..	60.00
Chancel Prayer Books and hymnals	60.00

Chapel Chairs \$1,000

The chairs in the new Chapel, of simple, dignified and harmonious design are suggested as a gift. There are about 300 seats with book racks and kneeling benches.

Scandinavian Services

On Tuesday evenings services are held in the Chapel for Scandinavian sailors. At the first service about 40 men were present. Rev. Mr. Ljunggren, who speaks both Swedish and Norwegian, conducts the service and the men take part with an evidence of enjoyment and lack of constraint which they do not always exhibit while attending services in English.

He Asks for His Money

"Will you please be so kind as to send me the \$5.00 I have paid you the 9th of August, having left New York and I am now in Phila."

This request was from a man who started a savings account with us in the summer, meaning to hoard his money against a possible hard winter. Somehow he never added to the first five dollars, and now even that is withdrawn; it was rather a pitiful little effort, weak but significant.

Gifts to New Chapel

Brass Lecturn	
Bible for Lecturn	
Chaplain's prayer book	
Mrs. Francis Lowell.	
Altar in Large Chapel.....	
In Memory of Stuart Randolph.	
Altar (small chapel), Mrs. Lucie B. Carew	
Reredos	
In Memoriam, James Earl Hall, Priest Given by his daughter, Mary Rus- sell Hall.	
Cross for Large Altar	
Mrs. William Rhinelanders.	
Altar Vases	
Altar Chapter of Zion & St. Timothy's Church, New York.	
Organ	
In Memory of Mrs. Nathalie E. Bay- lies.	
Communion Silver	
In Memory of Augusta McEvers Mor- ris de Peyster.	
Given by her daughter, Frances G. de Peyster.	
Alms Boxes	
Hope Club of the Institute Chapel of our Saviour.	
Rector's Chair and Sedilia	
Orme Wilson, Jr.	
Pulpit desk (brass)	
Mr. George Molleson.	
Book rest (Small Altar)	
Mr. George Molleson.	
Anonymous Gift (\$35.00)	
Flowers for Opening Service	
Mrs. Edward Leverich.	
Miss. Cornelia Prime.	
Mrs. Francis Lowell.	
Miss. Mary Strong Udall.	
Flowers for Memorial Service for S. S. "Volturno" held October 19th....	
Altar Chapter, Zion & St. Timothy's Church (Mrs. Henry Lubeck).	

Cambridge Club Dinner

The first dinner to be held in the Auditorium of the new Institute was given on Thursday, October 16th by the Cambridge Club of New York. The catering was done by Fraunces' Tavern, proving conclusively that it will be possible to serve luncheons and dinners successfully when desired by clubs or similar associations.

The Very Rev. George Hodges was Toast-Master and addresses were made by the Bishop of New York, Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, Bishop Roots of Hankow, Mr. Francis C. Huntington, the Rev. Kirsopp Lake and the Rev. Hughell C. W. Fosbroke. There were 160 guests including the Cambridge Bishops, representative members of the Faculty and Board of Trustees.

Baggage Department \$2,000

"I'm enclosing you my check for the tin trunk I left with you last year, writes the man from Vancouver. "Please send it to me here."

That's all. He sent us his trunk when he was in Canada and we posted him the check for it. When he receives it, he will pay the charges and the transaction will be closed. But the knowledge that he can depend upon the Institute and its Baggage Department will not leave that seaman.

There are long rows of iron racks filled with dunnage. The canvas bags, bulging into strange distortions, or lean with a pitiful emptiness, seem to protrude from every available space. A hand-bag from London looks with arrogance upon the drab telescope with the gaping side. Carpenter's tool

chests and enormous wooden trunks stand on the lowest racks, while just over their heads are newspaper parcels or odd bundles of clothing tied up in a huge overcoat.

5,000 pieces of luggage at a time can be taken care of in the two rooms of the Baggage Department.

It is a suggestion for someone who wishes to give \$2,000 to help reduce that \$180,000 balance on the Building Fund.

Shipping Department

Months Ending Sept. & Oct., 1913.

Name of Vessel.	Men Shipped.	Destination.
Bartlett Reef	2	Light House Dept.
Cornfield Point	1	Light House Dept.
Dredge Iroquois	4	Light House Dept.
S. S. John Rodgers	1	New York Harbor
Tug Underwriter	1	Light House Dept.
S. S. General Frank	4	New York Harbor
S. S. Javary	21	Brazil
S. S. Huguenot	1	New York Harbor
Dredge A.	4	New York Harbor
S. S. Clemont	42	Brazil
S. S. Vestris	32	Brazil
S. S. African Prince	21	Brazil
S. S. Petroleum	1	Scotland
Scow No. 68	2	New York Harbor
S. S. Canning	3	Manchester
S. S. Texas	4	Port Arthur
S. S. Socony	2	Baton Rouge
Barge No. 85	1	Baton Rouge
S. S. Northtown	5	Baltimore
S. S. Packard	2	New York Harbor
Dredge Hackensack	1	New York Harbor
Light Vessel No. 79	1	Light House Dept.
S. S. Princess Anne	2	Atlantic Coast P'ts.
D'ge M.P.Rodeman	6	New York Harbor
S. S. Stephen	3	Brazil
Cornfield Point	1	Light House Dept.
S. S. Camoens	8	New Orleans
S. S. Byron	15	Brazil
S. S. Florida	5	Port Arthur
S. S. Russian Prince	17	Tampico
S. S. Thespis	2	Manchester
Dredge A.	2	New York Harbor
Scow No. 68	1	New York Harbor
Tug Commissioner.	2	New York Harbor
S. S. Asiatic Prince	22	Brazil
S. S. East Hampton	4	Atlantic Coast P'ts.
S. S. Justin	2	Brazil
S. S. Solace	4	Nav.Aux.Hosp. Sh.
S. S. Royal Prince.	8	South Africa
Total	262	

S. S. Joseph Henry.	1	Cable Ship
S. S. Illinois.....	4	Antwerp
Cornfield Point ...	1	Light House Dept.
S. S. Vandyck ...	30	Brazil
Dredøe Packard ...	2	New York Harbor
Barge Dallas	2	Port Arthur
S. S. Texas	7	Port Arthur
Tug Underwriter ..	1	New York Harbor
S. S. General Sco-			
field	1	New York Harbor
S. S. Siamese Prince	17	Brazil
S. S. Christopher...	26	Brazil
Tug Champion	2	New York Harbor
S. S. Tennyson.....	12	Brazil
S. S. Japanese Prince	1	River Plate
S. S. General Sco-			
field	1	New York Harbor
Tug Bouker No. 2	1	New York Harbor
S. S. Tintoretto....	2	Manchester
Dredge Warren ...	2	New York Harbor
S. S. East Hampton	1	Atlantic Coast P'ts.
S. S. Gregory	24	Brazil
S. S. Verdi	19	Brazil
S. S. Eastern Prince	20	Brazil
S. S. Relief	1	New York Harbor
Barge Caddo	2	Portland, Maine
S. S. Packard.....	6	New York Harbor
S. S. Clement	39	Savannah via L'p'l
S. S. Gardenia	2	Light House Dept.

Total227

Class Room \$1,500

On the fourth floor, back of the Auditorium and at the left of the Apprentice Room is the Class Room.

Up here will be held lectures on First Aid to the Injured. Seamen are constantly receiving minor injuries which if treated properly at the time will heal rapidly. But in so many cases which have come to us, the seaman without any knowledge of antiseptics or the most simple medical treatment, has permitted a slight accident to grow into a serious injury. It is most important that all seamen should carry Red Cross cases and be able to use them in emergencies.

In the Class Room it is hoped also to have lectures on Navigation and general Nautical Instruction.

This Room gives the Institute the needed opportunity to help the men who want to learn, who are ambitious and eager to become more efficient seamen.

Order of Service for Opening and Blessing of the New Chapel of Our Saviour

Order of Service etc.

Hymn No. 491. "The Church's One Foundation."

Psalm 122. Laetatus Sum.

The Lesson. II Chronicles, 6:12-21.

The Apostles' Creed.

Hymn No. 490. "Glorious Things."

Prayers.

Dedication: Forasmuch as Almighty God accepted the purpose of His servants David and Solomon to build His Temple at Jerusalem, and nothing doubting but that He favorably alloweth this charitable work of ours in having built this House of Prayer, which we now set apart to His Glory: We, therefore, on behalf of His Church and people, dedicate this Chapel to bear henceforth the name of The Chapel of Our Saviour. To the honor and glory of the Holy and Eternal Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Prayers.

Hymn No. 412. "The King of love my Shepherd is."

The Sermon. The Right Rev. William F. Nichols, D. D., Bishop of California.

The Offertory. (For the Chapel Fund).

Prayers.

Hymn No. 383. "Holy, Holy, Holy!"

Only 7 Left

Officer's Rooms at \$250

Seven large, outside bed-rooms are still to be taken as gifts or memorials to the new Institute.

These are the rooms intended for the use of officers, stewards, expert engineers, boatswains and better class of seamen.

A bronze plate bearing the name of the donor, or an inscription containing the name of the person memorialized, will be placed over the door, if desired.

DONATIONS RECEIVED DURING THE MONTH OF SEPT. AND OCT. 1913.

Battin, Mrs. A.	Knitted articles.
Bernard, Mrs.	Magazines.
Blair, Mr. C. H.	5 Framed pictures.
Bogart, Mrs.	Magazines.
Boyd, Mr. C. M.	Magazines.
Brown, Mr. C. E.	Clothing.
Chubb, Mr. C. H.	Magazines.
Clarkson, Miss E.	Knitted articles.
Coggill, Miss Anna	100 Bibles.
Church Periodical Clubs:	
All Angels Branch, New York.	Magazines.
Ascension Memorial Church, New York..	Magazines.
Baptist Church, North Orange, N. J....	Magazines.
Christ Church, Suffern, N. Y.	Magazines.
Chapel of the Intercession, New York...	Magazines.
Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y...	Magazines.
Church of St. John the Evangelist, New Brunswick, N. J.	Magazines.
St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Magazines.
St. Agnes Chapel, New York	Magazines.
St. George's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y....	Magazines.
St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Magazines.
St. Paul's Church, Englewood, N. J.	Magazines.
Girls Friendly Society, Concord Branch, Tompkinsville, S. I.	Magazines.
Girls Friendly Society, of St. George's Church, N. Y.	Magazines.
The Gleaners, Church of the Ascension, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.....	Magazines.
St. Faith's Guild, Holy Trinity Chapel, N. Y..	Knitted articles.
St. Ann's Church, New York. For the relief of the survivors on the S. S. "Volturno"....	\$31.00
Women's Auxiliary, St. Bartholomew's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Clothing and shoes.
Women's Auxiliary, Trinity Church, White- hall, N. Y.....	Magazines.
Depew, Mr. E. D.....	Magazines.
Egan, Miss Louise	German bible and books.
Gibb, Mrs. John	Magazines.
Greene, Mr. G. S.....	Magazines.
Greenleaf, Miss Ida L.....	Framed picture and \$1.00 for expenses.
Hagan, Miss M.....	Magazines.
Hall, Miss Isabella.....	Knitted article.
Hand, Mrs. Augustus N.....	Knitted helmets.
Ives, Mrs. T. M.....	Knitted articles.
Judge, Mr. J. H.....	Framed picture.
Kassler, Mrs. George W.....	Knitted articles.
King, Mrs. A.....	Magazines.
Laight, Mrs. A. H.....	Magazines.
Leland, Miss	Knitted article.
Lung, Mrs. George A.....	Knitted articles.
Moehring, Mrs. Wm. G.....	Magazines.
Morford, Mrs. Theodore.....	Knitted articles.
Morse, Mr. F. R.....	Clothing and phonograph records.

Moyle, Mr. Seth.....	Magazines.
National Electric Light Assoc.	Magazines.
New York Bible Society	500 bibles.
Palmer, Mrs. H.	Magazines.
Prall, Mrs. John H.	Knitted articles.
Purdy, Miss C. E.	Magazines.
Quogue Library, Quogue, N. Y.....	Books.
Righter, Miss Jessie	\$25 for games.
Russell, Mrs. H.	Knitted article.
Scott, Mr. Wm.	Two plaster cast busts.
Sherman, Mr. Augustus F.	Pictures.
Singer Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.....	Sewing machine.
Stott, Miss S. F.	Knitted article.
Summons, Mrs. W.	Magazines.
Thomas, Mr. H. B.	Framed pictures.
Thomas, Mr. H. W.	Magazines.
Towne, Mr. Henry R.	Oil painting.
Tuckerman, Miss Margaret	Framed picture.
Van Amringe, Miss E. B.	Magazines.
Watson, Mrs. M. E.	Knitted article.
Wilste, Mrs. G. C.	Magazines.
Young, Mrs. Mason	Books.
Sept. 8, Portfolio of engravings	Express.
Sept. 20, Large bible	Robert McLean.
Oct. 5, Magazines	Adams Express Co.
Oct. 5, Magazines	464 Herkimer St., Brooklyn.
Oct. 14th, Knitted articles	Parcel post.
Oct. 21, Magazines	149 Joralemon St., Brooklyn.

REPORT FOR OCTOBER 1913

DEPARTMENT REPORTS FOR OCT.

The following synopsis of the work done in the various departments during the month of Oct. gives a fair idea of the working of the Institute.

OCTOBER, 1913

Savings Department.

Oct. 1st, cash on hand ..	\$18,012.33	
Deposits	9,347.36	
Transmissions.....	3,943.36	\$31,303.55
Payments.....	8,516.20	
Withdrawals.....	3,943.36	
Transmissions	\$12,459.56	
		\$18,843.99

Shipping Department.

No. of vessels shipped by Seamen's Church Institute.....	9
No. of men provided with employment in port.....	27
No. of men shipped.....	227
Total (number of men).....	254

Hotel Department

Rooms and Beds rented	8,106
Lodgers employed thru Shipping Dept	98
Letters received.....	763
Pieces of dnnnage checked.....	1,118

Relief Department.

Assisted (Board, lodging or clothes)	314
Hospital visits.....	5
No. of patients visited	29
Visits to ships in port.....	94

Religious and Social Departments.

Number of services.....	7
Attendance total.....	462
Attendance seamen	191
Communion services.. ..	1
Packages reading matter given.....	289

Institute Boat "Sentinel."

Trips made.....	28
Visits to vessels.....	107
Men transported.. ..	269
Pieces baggage transported.....	248

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