

The LOOKOUT



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The Well Known Prodigal

Joe had a system of disguise all his own when he decided to follow what he may have supposed to be the primrose path. He was only seventeen and he still possessed a pair of short trousers which fitted his thin little figure, transforming him at once into a boy of twelve. So he ran away from home and High School one February morning and came to New York to ship as a seaman or cabin boy. Whenever he thought his chances would be better as a youngster he wore the short trousers, but when maturity seemed to be demanded, he sought the Institute Dressing Room and hastily added several years to his appearance. It was, truly, an ingenious scheme and would have worked but for two things.

Unwilling to let his grandmother and aunts at home know of his plans, he could not obtain his birth certificate to show the Shipping Bureau, and for the same reason he could not get a passport. And the lack of those

important papers prevented him from signing on any ship, even if he could have persuaded anyone to employ him. He grew paler and thinner; he slept in cellars; he tried desperately to get work and then one day he went upstairs and spoke to the House Mother.

"Joe," she said at last, "I think you will like to go back home to Brooklyn. I will go with you and I know they will be glad to see you."

He looked a bit doubtful.

"My aunts are pretty strict and they will be mad at me," he said mournfully.

But the House Mother thought she knew human nature better than that, so she pinned on her hat and took Joe's arm and they started for the subway.

When the House Mother rang the bell which connected with the flat where Joe's family lived, he turned as if to run away.

"Come on, Joe," she encouraged. "They will be so delighted to have

you home again; don't disappoint them."

The door clicked and they ascended two flights of stairs which smelled strongly of dusty carpet and escaping gas from the burners on each landing.

It was Joe's grandmother who opened the door of the flat.

"Oh, Joe," she cried, "How could you do such a thing? Wasn't I always kind to you?"

Just then his aunt entered.

"Joe!" she exclaimed, "What a disgrace to bring upon us, and we have taken such good care of you. Joe, you look dazed. Have you been smoking cigarettes?"

Poor Joe did indeed look confused, and before he could recover himself, the other aunt came in.

"What dirty clothes, Joe!" she said in a tone of deep disgust. "As soon as you have had a bath we must go to confession. Have you seen a priest since you went away?"

"I told you!" Joe turned to the House Mother. "This is how glad they are!"

The House Mother looked hard at the three women with whom the forlorn, despondent boy was to live.

"It isn't much like the way his father treated the prodigal son, is it?" she remarked grimly. "Before I go I want to tell you a few things about young boys and understanding and love. Then perhaps Joe will want to stay at home, go to school and grow into a useful man."

And she told them.

Survivors From Sunken Ships

Seven men from the S. S. "Alnwick Castle" and four men from the Collier "Trevose" were cared for at the Institute in April and five of them had undergone the experience of being torpedoed twice in one day. All of them had been from four to five days and nights in the life-boats, exposed to wind and sea with no protection and barely any provisions. Seven men died from exposure in the life-boats.

Officers and men were so weak from their sufferings in the boats that they were scarcely able to walk past the Health Officer at the Quarantine Station. One boy, only seventeen years old, was so weazened with the exposure to the waves that he looked like an old man.

Five of the crew of the "Trevose" torpedoed on March 18th, were picked up by the "Alnwick Castle" which was on its way from London to Cape Town with a crew of 100 men and 24 passengers. She was 200 miles out at sea when she, too, was torpedoed on the morning of March 19th and the men from the "Trevose" were driven back to life-boats again before their clothing had been dried in the ship's galley.

"The life-boats from the "Alnwick Castle" kept together the first day," the Captain said, "but during the night we were separated. Next morning we found ourselves alone on the sea with less than one week's supply of hardtack, one can of condensed milk and two small breakers of fresh water. The constant exposure caused the hands and feet of the men to swell to twice normal size by the time

they were rescued by the "Venezia" in the afternoon of March 23rd."

Fresh clothing was secured for the men at the Institute and the British Consul arranged for their comfort in every possible way while they remained in New York. They were all ready to sign on for new voyages, accepting their harrowing experiences as part of the day's work in war-time.

American Flag Slide

A unique and exceedingly timely gift was made by Mr. Frank A. Harley, an Institute worker. It is a slide for the stereopticon machine showing an American flag which covers the screen. When the words of "America" are thrown upon the canvas the flag is also shown, rather dimly at first so as not to obscure the words. As the last verse is finished the entire flag in its full brilliancy of coloring appears, making a most effective conclusion for the concerts.

Easter Gift Concert

Mrs. James Herman Aldrich chose a distinctive Easter gift when she gave a special concert to the seamen on the evening of Friday, April 13th. Her first plan was to give them an Easter treat similar to the Christmas one, but it was finally decided that additional music with better artists would help to stimulate a spring-time gaiety which most of the men are far from feeling. An entertaining monologue, some really funny comic songs are medicine for depressed spirits; and everything can be borne if there is laughter not too far behind sober thoughts.

A Gentle Message

Fred has just returned after having been three times on ships which were torpedoed by submarines.

"It is getting to be a habit with me," he said cheerfully. "I don't carry anything I value, and when we are struck I get into a boat, get back to port and sign on again. But this time with the last ship, the 'Illinois,' I had a funny experience.

"When the ship was struck and we rushed for the life-boats, I happened to get into the same one as the Captain. The submarine came up alongside and the Commander, who spoke such English that you'd never think he was a German, called out,

"Where you fellows going now?"

"Oh, back to New York," the Captain says.

"Ever been to Hoboken?" the German asked, and I forgot my place and spoke right up.

"Sure, I have," I said.

Then he wanted to know if I knew a hotel over there, a place where I had often stopped. When I said I did, he said,

"When you get back, go over to Hoboken and ask for the owner of that hotel. He is my uncle. You tell him that you met his nephew in the British Channel and he was raising hell!"

The Laundry

Doesn't some Lookout reader want to make the Laundry his or her gift to the seamen and the Institute by a subscription of \$1,500.00?

Gold Braid and Buttons

In a letter to Rear Admiral Usher, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Dr. Mansfield said:

"Our President, Edmund L. Baylies and especially Mr. J. Frederic Tams, a member of our Board of Managers and Captain Robert Huntington, the instructor in charge of the Institute Navigation School, together with myself are earnestly desirous that this splendid building of the Society shall in some way effectively serve in connection with the preparation for war. I wish to assure you, as Superintendent of this building and work, that all of our conveniences will be placed at the disposal of the Navy, should you find it advantageous to avail yourself of them."

Supplementing this suggestion, Mr. Tams wrote:

"I understand that there is at present at the Navy Yard a class in navigation, consisting of members of the Naval Reserve who desire to qualify as officers in command of yachts owned by them which have been enlisted in the Patrol Fleet, or in some capacity; and others under instruction by one of your Naval Officers; and presuming that all officers will be required for other duties, I suggest that the aforesaid class in navigation be transferred to the Institute Building and continued by Captain Huntington.

Further, I think it might be of distinct advantage if those who have enlisted in the Naval Reserve could also be trained in the serving of the type of guns which will be mounted

in these Patrol Boats and in Signalling, Boat Routine, etc. If you could lend the Institute a gun and seaman gunner (as I take it you could not spare an officer) and a signal man, with the necessary semaphore, ardois and other apparatus for signalling, it would go far toward obtaining the desired results."

A cut of the building and an outline of the facilities was enclosed.

Admiral Usher replied: "I am now pleased to avail myself to the fullest extent practicable of room spaces and accommodations for the continuing daily sessions of a Board for the Examination of candidates for commissions in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, and such other persons as may be sent before the Board."

Dr. Mansfield then arranged that the Board should have the use of the Auditorium, the Navigation School, the Apprentice Room (with kitchen), the Staff Sitting room on the twelfth floor and two bedrooms, in order to accommodate the Examining Board and forty or fifty men taking examinations for Commissions. The Board is composed of Commodore Wood, Captain Kellogg and Commander Burdick.

Applicants must have served in the Regular Navy or the Organized Naval Militia of any state or territory. Engineers are particularly eligible.

The physical examinations are very strict and many applicants who have every reason to believe they have passed, are surprised to find themselves refused. Obscure heart trouble and color blindness are the two chief handicaps. Many men who have never realized it before are found to

be color blind. Asked to match skeins of yarn, a man will match brilliant red with vivid green, absolutely convinced that the two colors are identical.

A certain number of years sea experience is required before the examination for the commission can be taken, as it is important that an officer should be immune to seasickness, sea headache and other disturbances.

Tommy, the Cheerful

Tommy was very glad to see the House Mother enter the long ward on Visiting Day. He had awakened very early because there was a fresh operative in the bed next to his who had groaned nearly all night. The white screens had not kept the sounds of suffering from Tommy's sympathetic ears. But he had diverted himself by thinking about the already dawning day when visitors would be allowed in the afternoon. It wasn't exactly lonesome in the big ward with twenty-four other men; there was always some excitement during the day, but it was much nicer on Visitors' Day because Tommy liked to see these people come in from the out-of-doors with a little heightened color in their cheeks.

"They step along so well and healthy," he confided to the nurse, "just as you do when you first come on duty."

It seemed a long wait until three o'clock but at last the House Mother came. She was carrying magazines and Tommy's face gleamed. It had been shining with pleasure anyhow.

"How are you, Tommy?" she inquired, as she took his unnaturally clean hand in hers.

"Fine!" he beamed. "I have had pneumonia and now I have to have an operation on my leg, but I am all right in myself."

"Tommy, you are!" the House Mother assured him enthusiastically, trying not to let him see that her voice wanted to tremble slightly. "You are all right in yourself!"

Sextant Gift

The recent gift of a Sextant by Mrs. Annie Richards to the Navigation School suggests the very practical idea of a Sextant for each student. There are already several Sextants in use and Mrs. Richards' gift makes a very valuable addition to the collection.

The Navigation School will be extremely grateful for old Sextants which will give the students a chance to become familiar with the different makes, the slight variations in form, style and operation which they might find in the Sextants on various ships.

A Prisoner

A letter finally got through to the Big Brother from an apprentice in a German prison. It had been thoroughly censored.

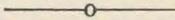
Another boy, interned in Holland in a camp, regularly sends the camp magazine of which he is the editor and for which he also makes the drawings. He was in the Naval Brigade.

You Can't be Too Careful

"You might sing something for us, Jim," someone called out to the largest seaman in the lobby one very dark, rainy afternoon when the interest in newspapers had worn itself thin.

"I'll try," Jim complied willingly. He was very proud of his huge voice and he could sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" in a most affecting manner. He hummed to himself a minute and then he started to sing. Three rather raucous notes issued from his full throat. He stopped.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I am hoarse. I have been drinking too much out of damp glasses lately."



In Two Years

He left the Institute an apprentice boy who had just finished his time, and one of the happiest young persons in the world on that day in early May when he sailed for England. He was in a great hurry to get home to see his mother so he took the Lusitania.

When the torpedo struck the great liner, our apprentice boy jumped into the water and began to help his fellow passengers. *He saved seventeen lives* by swimming about and helping people into the life boats. His bravery reached the ears of the King who gave him a decoration. This embarrassed him a great deal because, of course, he had only done what he supposed hundreds of chaps did all the time, and anyway, he was in a great hurry to get home to see his mother.

All the way down in the train from London he tried to picture the look on his mother's face when he should leap out of his carriage and rush into her arms. She was probably the best mother any boy ever saw and he was certainly glad he had learned how to swim when he was young. In fact, it was she who had taught him.

At last the train pulled into the familiar station. The boy saw a larger crowd gathered about the train than he thought his little village contained. He saw his mother's face which looked curiously as if she were smiling and crying at the same time. When he got the door of his carriage open, the crowd shouted. They called his name. He was a hero. It was very disconcerting and it was even more awkward for him when the town presented him with an illuminated address. But his mother had it framed, and managed to smile a few weeks later when she said good-bye again to the boy who was now to be an officer in the Great War.

The other day he came back to the Institute, after nearly two years' absence, an officer, who had left it an apprentice.

"We heard about you," said the Big Brother.

"All that nonsense?" he asked, flushing. "One thing about it all I did like, though," he confessed. "A man I kept up in the water for quite a while sent me a gold watch."

"For saving his life!" commented the Big Brother, cryptically.

"He said so, but any way, it is the best watch I ever saw. My own got pretty badly soaked, you see."

A Scotch Viewpoint

If Tommy's head could have been easily turned he would have been spoiled before he had been a week at the Institute, for everyone who met him was immediately conquered by his charming, insouciant manner and twinkling smile. He was only fourteen and very small and very pink and white and shining.

"My father is dead and my two brothers were killed in the war," he told the House Mother.

"Oh," she cried, in ready sympathy, "your poor mother! How badly she must feel."

"Well, the British Government gave her 150 pounds for each boy," he remarked philosophically. Then he added, frowning,

"And then what do you suppose she did? She married a widower with four children!"

In Spite of Years

Captain H—— is over seventy years old. He has been staying in one of the large officer's rooms at the Institute for nearly a month while his ship is being repaired in dry dock.

"You don't get lonesome around here, do you?" a friend nearly as old as the captain, asked him the other night, casting a sly glance at the well fitting patent leather dancing pumps and embroidered white-clocked stockings which ornamented his feet.

"Lonesome? I should say not. I go uptown every night and dance. It is the only thing in the world to keep you young. You try it. Get some pumps that don't hurt your feet and come along with me. I go where

there is a good band and a good floor and I can introduce you to some partners."

The captain's friend hesitated.

"Well," he began, "I didn't never wear silk stockings. It hardly seems proper for an old chap like me."

"Don't you let that worry you," encouraged the Captain. "These happened to be embroidered for me by a certain party. You won't need them to dance right lively."

A Gentleman Thief

Probably the most popular moving picture film which has been shown at the Institute this season is "Arsene Lupin." Theatre-goers will remember this as a spoken drama idealizing a particularly attractive young Frenchman who posed as a nobleman and was in reality the cleverest thief France ever produced. The seamen enjoyed the five-part story hugely, possibly because of the strong contrast between the velvet methods of Arsene Lupin and the lead-pipe tactics of the thieves with which they have frequently come into contact.

As a rule, detective films are not favorites, the average seaman preferring rural comedies, Western melodramas, filled with trick riding and shooting cowboys; and—need we say it?—Charlie Chaplin!

Cosmopolitan Sewing Class

Mufflers were made by the Cosmopolitan Sewing Class and presented to the Institute for the use of seamen exposed to cold wind and water.

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Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer
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Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,...Superintendent
OR
Katharine Lane Spaeth,.....Editor

Seamen and Landsmen Celebrate Sailors' Day

Twilight of a flawless Spring day, and exactly the right hour in which to assemble the seamen who wished to attend the great Union service in their own honor, held at the Old First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue, between Twelfth and Eleventh Streets.

Groups of men from the Institute, from the Norwegian Seamen's Church and Sailors' Snug Harbor were transported from South Ferry in special Sixth Avenue trolley cars, reserved for that purpose. Many other seamen attended independently, of course.

As they filed into the church there were several white-haired veterans hopping cheerfully along on crutches, while many of their companions limped or walked with faltering steps.

"Those are the real sailors," a young seaman of twenty said to his neighbor.

"Sure they are," agreed the other. "You and I don't belong with them; we are just seamen," he added modestly.

Flags waved above the heads of

every group as the men entered the church, and behind the pulpit large starred and striped banners were draped. It was the note of patriotism never inappropriate, but on this April 22nd it meant something. There was an accumulating excitement underneath all the orderly demeanor of the crowded pews. It was Sailors' Day with a difference, and everybody felt it.

By eight o'clock the balconies and body of the church were completely filled with seamen and guests. There were lines of clean, pink-cheeked young men from twenty to thirty whose bright eyes and intelligent absorption in the service made some of the landsmen seem anemic and listless by contrast.

"The flowering youth of the country!" the orators say when they speak of the young men most eligible for enlistment. It never struck us as an impressive phrase before, but on this April evening with the first warm breezes coming through the open windows, it took on a peculiar poignancy. So many of the seamen were in the lilac-time of youth. And they were facing big issues.

The service opened with the hymn, "Ancient of Days," and in the procession walked:

Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney, D. D.,
Clerical Vice-President Seamen's Church
Institute.

Rev. Howard Duffield, D. D., Pastor of
Old First Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D. D., Pastor,
Clinton Ave. Congregational Church,
Brooklyn.

Rev. John B. Calvert, D. D., President
American Seamen's Friend Society.

Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard, Former Presi-
dent, American Seamen's Friend Society.

Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D.,
Superintendent Seamen's Church Institute.

Rev. George S. Webster, D. D., Secretary American Seamen's Friend Society.

Rev. Edward M. Deems, D. D., Chaplain Sailors Snug Harbor.

Rev. John Ekeland, Superintendent Norwegian Seamen's Church.

Chaplain W. G. Jones, Representing N. Y. Bible Society.

Pastor R. Anderson, Pastor Danish Lutheran Church for Seamen.

Rev. James Empringham, Ph. D., General Sup't., Superintendent Church Temperance Society.

Rev. James Healy, Chaplain American Seamen's Friend Society.

Rev. Carl Podin, Pastor of the Glenmore Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

Rev. J. C. Jaquith, Assistant Pastor of Old First Church.

Rev. John J. MacDonald, D. D., General Secretary, New York Port Society.

Rev. Carl J. Ljunggren, Rev. A. P. Knell, Allen S. Gookin, of the staff of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Edmund L. Baylies, President Seamen's Church Institute.

Henry L. Hobart and George W. Burleigh, members of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Stafford Wright, Superintendent Seamen's Christian Association

Mr. James Henry, Comptroller Sailors Snug Harbor.

Leonard McGee, Attorney for the Legal Aid Society.

Dr. Duffield, pastor of the church, and Dr. Webster, Secretary, American Seamen's Friend Society, and Dr. Deems, Chaplain of Sailors' Snug Harbor, conducted the opening services, and after the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," Dr. Mansfield, Superintendent of Seamen's Church Institute, read the prayers. They included, after the Apostles Creed had been said, prayers

For the Peace of the World.

For Seamen of All Nations.

For the Soldiers and Sailors at War.

That Seamen May Witness for Christ by their Lives.

For All who Affect the Lives of Seamen.

For All who Work for the Welfare of Seamen.

For our Country.

He also read the four messages which are here repeated because they succeed in saying precisely what so many of us feel.

The first from the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

"Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., Chairman Publicity Committee Joint Conference—

Success to Sailors' Day! For generations seamen under the stars and stripes, and under the flags of other civilized nations, in their daily lives, have shown courage, self reliance, devotion and self sacrifice, and by united acts of heroism have upheld modestly, but unflinchingly, standards of advancing civilization and ideals of Christianity now being ruthlessly assailed.

Today the summons to seamen is to maintain fearlessly the noblest traditions of their calling, even to the extent enjoined by St. John, "Greater Love hath no Man than this, that a Man lay down his Life for his Friend."—E. T. Chamberlain, United States Shipping Commissioner.

Department of Commerce, Washington.

"At this hour of national crisis, the seaman holds a place of peculiar honor and responsibility, whether it be his fine privilege to serve in the first line of defense in the Navy or be among those who guard our coast in the defense patrol, or whether he serves upon a merchant vessel in the

necessary duty of feeding the nations, or of keeping our industries supplied with materials, needed for their operation.

His service is one that is unselfish, honorable, productive; in particular the merchant seaman is coming to a recognition of the value of his work to the nation. The country needs men and it needs them nowhere more than upon the sea at this time."—William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce.

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Navy Department, Washington.

"The spirit of America has ever found its finest expression in our seamen from John Paul Jones to George Dewey.

The traditions of the Navy constitute the proudest heritage of a free people, and the record of courage and patriotism has never been stained by a mean, cowardly or ignoble act.

Today when honor and humanity have put the sword of justice in our hands we may rest assured that the Navy of 1917 will not be less faithful to every trust, less a source of strength and safety, than the navies of a glorious past.

You do well to honor these men. You do well to gather in the house of God for their praise and encouragement. It is truth and freedom and liberty and justice that they stand for, that they are ready to die for, and these form the keystone in the arch of democracy."—Josephus Daniels, Secretary.

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British Embassy, Washington.

"Admiral Beatty, Commander in Chief of the British fleet, has tele-

graphed to Admiral Mayo, Commander in Chief of the United States Atlantic fleet, as follows:

"The British fleet rejoices that the Atlantic fleet will now share the task of preserving the liberties of the world, and maintaining the chivalry of the sea."

The message which the Admiral in the name of the war fleet has sent to his brother Admiral, the merchant seamen of Britain, France, Italy and Russia would gladly and heartily send to their brothers across the sea with whom they share the duties of bringing strength and succour to those who are fighting, that the liberties of mankind should not perish from the earth.

May their common services to humanity continue for all time, and help to bind the world together when these troubles are past."—Cecil Spring Rice, British Ambassador.

After the anthem "I will set His dominion in the sea, and His right hand in the floods," the Reverend Doctor Howard Duffield made the address of welcome.

He said that there was no building where mariners could find a more sympathetic welcome than in the Old First Church. One hundred years ago when Sailors' Snug Harbor was founded it was made a sort of annex to Old Trinity, and the Old First, and their association made his welcoming a most congenial task. He declared that he himself was a merchant mariner by virtue of the Marine Society and Master Mariners which had elected him a member.

Dr. Duffield then congratulated the men upon having a big task at this

time. "Big demands make big men," he said. "You are now to lift burdens for the world. Your lives are to count for the saving of the earth."

"Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me" was then sung after which the Reverend Doctor Nehemiah Boynton, minister of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, made the address. Dr. Boynton spoke with the utmost simplicity, in a language which every man who knew even rudimentary English could understand. He did not preach a sermon after the conventional style; there was no text, but he talked to the men as a comrade whose life has brought him wisdom and intuition and a knowledge of seamen difficulties.

"I am one of you," he said with a smile which somehow shook hands with every seaman in his audience. "My forefathers were regular old State of Maine seamen who could reef, splice and steer and handle anything in the shape of a boat that ever carried a sailor. And my father was for years in the ship chandlery business. And I know what it means to say,

"I must down to the seas again, to
the vagrant gypsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way
where the wind's like a whetted
knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a
laughing fellow-rover,

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream
when the long trick's over."

He explained that he did not want to use unintelligible technicalities, that he wanted to speak exactly as the men themselves talked. At a

service for seamen some years ago a very learned divine preached a most eloquent doctrinal sermon during which most of the sailors went to sleep, lulled by the long words and the musical voice. When he had finished somebody rose and said,

"Boys, the reverend gentleman is a fine gentleman but there is something the matter with his education."

This, quite naturally, was received with the sort of smiles which would have been applause if the church had not restrained them. And Dr. Boynton made good his promise; he talked as man to man about the sailor's place in the life of the world.

"Now, the sailor is a very good-natured and a very generous man," he contended. "You can't make a sailor out of a stingy man any more than you can make a watermelon out of a nutmeg."

And the sailor is a wide-eyed man, for the very calling of the sailor gives him a broad horizon and he knows a little about a great many things. Not so very long ago, as centuries are reckoned in the great total of years, the sailor was the newspaper, the wireless, the telephone. He brought the news of the great world outside to his own particular port. His visits to different nations with strange customs, curious rites, divers languages gave him a point of view undreamed of by some of the narrow stay-at-homes. And he had the intelligence to absorb a little bit of every place.

That the seaman is a man of courage is almost too patent to need restating. You rarely see a seaman who is a coward. If he is a coward when he goes to sea, he has it drilled

out of him speedily. It is a brave man who sees the great green-eyed waves rolling up mountain high and, sticking sturdily to his task, waits until the storm lifts. That is a part of the sailors' honor, the sailors' business, the sailors' trick; that is the sailors' courage.

But the seaman's many good qualities must be brought into the right relation to other things and that is one of the big things the Institutes do for him. He needs, more than other people, to be helped into a right sense of proportion because he has peculiar temptations; his virtues must be so related that they will be assets and not pirates.

For instance, his good nature tricks him in his leisure hours on shore. He needs the encouragement of wise, sane people who understand and can divert his generous tendencies into the channel of sending money home to his family, of saving something for his possible illness or hard luck. And then his wide-eyed keen vision.

"Whenever I cross the ocean," Dr. Boynton illustrated, "I like so much to come out on deck when the other passengers are sleeping and walk around to where I can hear the sailor in the crow's nest call out,

"Lights brightly burning. All's well!"

Someone is on the lookout in the night. He is thinking of the safety of hundreds of people; he feels responsible for their lives.

And on shore the seaman must be careful that his keen eyes see only the best things. If we look at meanness we are already in the toils of

the mean, the petty-minded, the malicious. But if we look only at the high and worthy things, we cannot help becoming better and more worth while ourselves.

With that agile grace which characterizes Dr. Boynton's mental processes, he deftly made an opportunity to tell the story of Masefield's "New Bedford Whaler."

"I hope you all love poetry," he said, "because a sailor ought always to love verse."

"There was a 'Bedford Whaler' put out to hunt for oil,

With a try-works in amidships where chunks of whale could boil,

And a fo'c'sle, wet and frowsy, where whalers' crews could gam,

And her captain came from Bedford and did not give a cent,

So over the bar from Bedford to hunt the whale she went.

"But never a whale she sighted for eight and forty moons

She never lowered her boats in chase nor redded her harpoons,

So home she went to Bedford, where her owners came to ask,

'How many tons of whalebone, cap, and how much oil in cask?'

"The captain turned his tobacco inside his weather cheek,

And he said, 'At least the Bible says, blessed are they who seek,

We've been at sea four years and more and never seen a whale,

We haven't a lick of oil on board but we've had a darned good sail."

This, in Dr. Boynton's opinion proved the sea a great trainer of men

in expectancy and the loyalty which will dare anything and which will not desert.

And these are the turbulent days when the seaman needs all his courage and all his loyalty and all his indifference to danger. Those seamen sitting in the pews of the peaceful church were going out to sign on for voyages that might have no end. Many of them would soon enlist in the Navy of their own country, ready to fight for right and justice as primitive man has fought since the beginning.

"You men who have the great qualities can put them in the highest real relationships of loyalty to your country, can make them work in days like these as no others can work."

At the conclusion of Dr. Boynton's address "Eternal Father, Strong to Save" was sung, after which the memorial prayers were said by Bishop Courtney who also pronounced the benediction.

"How Firm a Foundation" was the recessional and the Second Annual Sailors' Day service was over, closing an evening which will be memorable in a year of startling events, eloquent appeals to patriotic emotions. In an interview given out the day before the service, Dr. Boynton said:

"The plough and the ship are the two fundamental factors in society. We little realize what would happen to the world if the sailor were to strike or his ships were to be tied up in port. When we rise in the morning the sailor places in our hand a sponge from the Pacific Islands, a

cake of soap from France and a rough towel from Turkey. When we dress the sailor hands us merino underwear that he brought from Spain, linen that a Belfast merchant made, shoes that came from the Brazilian grazier. Our coffee the sailor carried from Java and Arabia, and our tea from China and India.

"The sailor is the one great cosmopolitan and channel of international intelligence. Behind his generosity, his international character, his bravery, is a religious background that sets his face always to the future. All honor and glory to the brave men who go down to the sea in ships."

Officials from the consulates of all nations, members of the Produce and Maritime Exchanges, the Chamber of Commerce, organizations and societies of all sorts responded to the invitations to attend the service, as well as over a hundred friends and subscribers of the Institute.

There was a certain solemnity in the bearing of everyone as if he were already feeling the weight of high responsibility which is now to be shared by every citizen of this country. These people who came to pay a definite respect to the seaman recognized in him a tremendous power for justice; many of them looked at the seaman for the first time with clarified vision. The very flags so many of the men carried invested them with a sombre significance. It was, although nobody voiced the sentiment, a service of consecration, and it carried with convincing force the certain promise of self sacrifice, high purpose and impregnable loyalty.

Wig Wagging

Captain Huntington has moved his Navigation School out into a part of the Auditorium in order to make room for the Naval Examining Board and already a large class in signalling is enrolled.

Young men with faces intensely serious stand before the director with white signal flags, with red and yellow flags, learning the alphabet of wig wagging.

Hope Club Dance

Many of the Hope Club members are women who were members of the old Floating Church who have followed its varied activities with increasing interest for over a decade. They meet every Tuesday at the Institute, do the mending, hem napkins and table-cloths, sheets and towels, with the assistance of a sewing machine. They are always vitally concerned with whatever benefits the Institute. And once a year they give a dance.

On April 24th over one hundred members and guests met in the Auditorium which had been specially decorated to look like a Japanese garden. Every man was given a neck-tie which matched the apron given to some young woman. When the partners found each other, after a good many mistakes, the entente cordiale had been well established and there was no restraint nor any sense of not knowing everyone else.

Fortune tellers who read the palm and tea leaves could be consulted by the payment of ten cents. Their prophecies were taken very seriously by young persons with curiosity about the future.

"I seem to see a man driving a horse," said the Tea Cup Seer.

"That must be me," exclaimed the seeker after fortune. "See if you can see our assistant superintendent because if I get my wish, it must come through him."

"Does it seem to be a man with a dark mustache?" a girl asked carelessly. "Not that it really matters, but——"

"Very likely," assured the Tea Cup Seer, obligingly.

After they had danced until nearly midnight, refreshments of ice cream, cake and lemonade were served. One paid ten cents for these, to be sure, but the money all went into the Hope Club fund to be spent upon the Institute, so nobody minded. And they were out of the building by half past twelve, happily certain that it was the most successful dance they had ever given.

Dick in the City

In the days before the moving picture houses peppered the town, one to every block, melodrama flourished. Thrilling productions with startling titles lithographed the bill-boards but the one which returned most frequently to the theatres of Harlem, the Bronx and Brooklyn was a throbbing piece entitled, "Alone in a Great City."

Dick is only sixteen and too young to remember the melodramatic days, but he played a leading role in a little drama of New York's staging which could certainly be called by his famous title. Unlike his predecessors, however, Dick was a most unwilling actor.

He came to New York on a boat trading from France. Before that he came from Alabama, much Southern sunshine, much inertia, and much trust in humanity. And that explains everything about Dick.

As soon as he got off the tender at a South Street dock, an expressman grabbed his suitcase.

"Where do you want to go?" he shouted at the confused boy.

"Old Dominion Pier," Dick managed to mumble and was urged to hurry up and hop into the expressman's wagon.

The ride to the pier took about ten minutes and Dick was just beginning to realize that he could easily have walked the short distance when the expressman told him his fare.

"You owe me \$4.50, boy," he remarked, forcefully. "And be quick about it. I ain't got all day."

"But that is too much for this short distance," Dick objected, rather frightened.

The expressman grabbed his cap, and tightened his hold upon Dick's suit-case.

"You pay up or you don't get these."

Dick paid and an hour later arrived at the Institute hunting for someone who would get his money back. A passerby on West Street had directed Dick to the building and he told his story in his lazy Southern drawl to sympathetic ears.

"I reckon I must have been dazed by the city," he explained to the Man Who Gives Advice, in reply to a natural query as to why he had not called a policeman. "You suppose that expressman could tell I was from

the South?" he asked, startled by a new idea.

The Man Who Gives Advice nodded, "I am afraid he could, Dick."

"I don't believe I'll ever learn these city ways. I better stay on the sea all I can," he added, sorrowfully, as he looked once more into his depleted pocketbook.

Back Home

He was the typical well-dressed prosperous business man and he came into the Lobby with the air of one who is pursued by anxiety. He looked about and then told the watchman that he wanted to see if by any chance his son were there. The boy had left home to go to sea and his family had lost all trace of him.

"Have you looked upstairs?" asked the House Mother who happened to be going through the Lobby. "Come with me and we will look again."

They mounted the stairs rather slowly, for the father was experiencing a sense of enormous discouragement, but when they got to the door of the Public Reading Room a boy sitting at a table raised his head. An expression of fear mixed with delight came into his eyes and he stood up.

"Boy," his father cried, and the boy rushed into the man's arms.

"Pop!" he said, "I am so glad to see you!"

"Will you be glad to go home?"

"You bet I will!" he answered almost fiercely. "I'd have gone long ago only I wanted the fellows to see that I had made money and had a wonderful job. I didn't want them to know I was more shabby than when I left home."

"If it weren't for that boyish pride, lots of boys would go back home," remarked the House Mother rather sadly.

A little later father and son were seen carrying the luggage from the Baggage Room to a waiting cab.

Memorial Concert

On Friday, April 20th a special concert was given by one of the Institute's friends, "In Memoriam, F. M. D.". This was one of the entertainments for which additional artists, more varied music and a more general air of festivity can be procured by individual gifts of \$35.00 for any specified Friday evening.

Donations Received April 1917

Reading matter, flowers, fruit, jellies, pianola records, knitted articles, shoes, furniture, clock, calendars, towels, napkins, flowers, filled comfort bags.

Allen, Miss May A.
 Archer, Mrs. George A.
 Armour, Mr. Allison
 Anonymous—5
 Arnold, Mrs. E. B.
 Beekman, Miss C. A.
 Boeden, Mrs. B. H.
 Bostwick, Mrs. W. A.
 Bowring, Mr. Charles W.
 Bracket, Mrs.
 Brooks, Mrs. C. H.
 Caldwell, Mrs. Arthur P.
 Chastney, Mr. E. A.

Church Periodical Club and Branch

Headquarters, 281 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.
 All Angel's Church, N. Y.
 All Saints' Church, Orange, N. J.
 All Saints' Guild, Bayside, N. Y.
 Ascension Memorial Church, New York.
 Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, N. Y.
 Christ Church, East Orange, N. J.
 Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Church of the Resurrection, Staten Island, N. Y.
 Grace Church, Orange, N. J.
 St. Agnes' Chapel, New York.
 St. Andrews' Church, South Orange, N. J.
 St. George's Church, Flushing, N. Y.
 St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Michael's Church, New York.
 St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 St. Peter's Church, Morristown, N. J.
 Zion Church, Dobbs Ferry on Hudson, N. Y.
 Comstock, Mrs. Robert H.
 Cosmopolitan Sewing Class. Mrs. F. C. Barlow, President.
 Dall, Mrs. H. H.
 de Peyster, Miss Augusta M.
 Girls Friendly Society of St. George's Church, New York.
 Hall, Miss Isabella S.
 Higgins, Mrs.
 Hospital Book & Newspaper Society
 Ingersoll, Mrs. Grace K.
 Lawrence, Miss Margaret
 Lehman, Mr. John
 Low, Mr. Benjamin R. C.
 Moehring, Mrs. Wm. G.
 Nickerson, Mrs. L.
 Oakley, Mrs.
 Pegram, Mrs. M.
 Potts, Mrs. Charles E.
 Prime, Miss Cornelia
 Purdon, Miss M. L.
 Purdy, Miss A. A.
 Ralph, Miss Esther A.
 Ruese, Miss E. L.
 St. Mary's Society of Zion and St. Timothy's Church, New York.
 Seamen's Benefit Society
 Seaman, Mr.
 Shaw, Mrs. E. Barnier
 Smithon, Mr. J.
 Stillman, Mr. Charles
 Tiffany, Miss Eugenia
 Tisdale, Mrs. R. B.
 Usher, Miss Irene
 Ward, Miss Marion DeC.
 Whitman, Mrs.
 Wolfe, Mr. Russell
 Woman's Aux. Calvary Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Women's Guild, St. Philip's Church, Dyker Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Contributions for Special Purposes

Aldrich, Mrs. James Herman, Concert	\$35.00
In Memoriam F. M. D., Concert	35.00
Greenleaf, Miss Ida For Mothers' Day Carnations	10.00
Heist, Miss S. D., For Mothers' Day Carnations	10.00
Heywood, Mrs. Frank E., Discretionary Fund	5.00
Jackson, Mrs. T. D., Social and Religious Work	4.00
Johnson, Mrs. E. P., towards expense of repairing ceiling at the North River Station	5.00
Junior Chapter of the St. Andrews' Brotherhood of the Beloved Disciple Parish, N. Y., Religious Work	2.50
Marsh, Miss Ruth, For Mothers' Day Carnations	2.00

General Summary of Work

APRIL 1917

Seamen's Wages Department.

Apr. 1st Cash on hand.....	\$76,286.59
Deposits	45,801.39
	\$122,087.98
Withdrawals (\$ 9,647.11 trans- mitted)	44,342.91
May 1st Cash Balance.....	\$77,745.07

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

Shipping Department

Vessels supplied with men by S. C. I.	30
Men Shipped.....	419
Men given temporary empl. in Port....	99
Total number of men given employment	518

Institute Tender "J. Hooker Hamersley"

Trips made.....	38
Visits to vessels	83
Men transported	266
Pieces of dunnage transported	462

Hotel, Post Office, and Dunnage Departments

Lodgings registered	15,477
Letters received for seamen.....	3,038
Pieces of dunnage checked	2,971

Relief Department.

Men Assisted	}	Board, lodging and clothing	252
		Referred to Hospitals.....	59
		Referred to Legal Aid and other Societies.	18

Social Department.

	Number	Attendance	
		Seamen	Total
Entertainments	3	857	1,064
Gerard Beekman Educa- tional and Inspirational Noonday Talks	6	600	634
Public School Lectures	4	377	377
First Aid Lectures	5	82	116
Hospital Visits			15
Patients Visited			377
Ships Visited			340
Packages reading matter distributed....			333

Religious Department.

	Services	Attendance	
		Seamen	Total
English.....	23	748	1,090
Scandinavian.....	6	83	93
Special Services	4	42	42
Sing Songs.....	9	812	865
Bible Classes	5	157	158
Holy Communion Services			4
Baptismals			1
Funeral Services			3

TO REMIND YOU

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

New Equipment, Additional Aids to Efficiency are continually demanded.

There remains only the Laundry (\$1500) out of the long list of special gifts.

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

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

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

FRANK T. WARBURTON, Treasurer

No. 25 South Street, New York

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

HENRY L. HOBART, Chairman

ORME WILSON, Jr. Vice Chairman

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