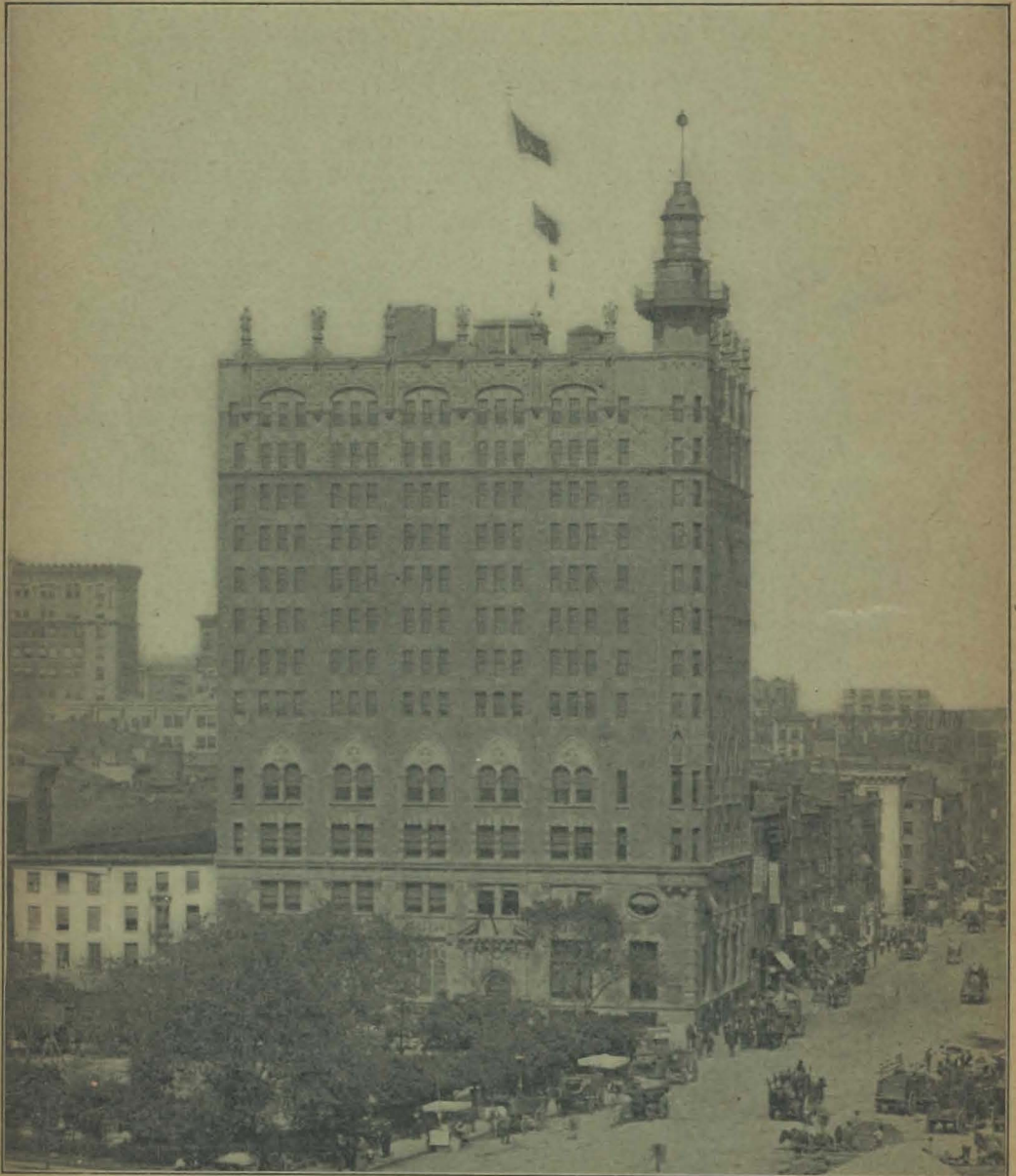

The Lookout



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

THE WAR WILL HURT THE SAILOR

His chances for getting employment
will be greatly lessened.

Destitution such as this water-front has
never known is sure to result.

THEREFORE it is absolutely imperative that the
Building Fund Balance should be removed **TO GIVE**
the Institute every opportunity to help the sailor.

\$121,000 Will Clear Away This Debt.

We are paying 5 % interest on this \$121,000 Balance
YOU can help the sailor when he needs it most

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

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

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

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

By giving \$350 for Small Dormitory.

By giving \$250 for a Staff Bedroom. Only 5 left.

By giving **Any Amount** from \$1.00 upwards.

SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO
EDMUND L. BAYLIES, Chairman Building Committee
54 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE LOOKOUT

Vol. 5

SEPTEMBER, 1914

No. 5

Seagoing Samaritans

As they made rather slow progress three abreast it suddenly became apparent that the man in the middle was being gently propelled forward by his companions. They succeeded in achieving the Institute doorway and ultimately reached the Hotel Desk.

"I wish you'd look after this man. He's got a lot of money from just being paid off after a long voyage and there's a bunch of fellows after him."

"What's his name?" inquired the Desk Man, glancing curiously at the silent object of kindly attentions.

"We don't know, but he's a sailor and we can't stand around and see him robbed. He's had a bit too much: he wouldn't know what you took away from him. We heard you had a place for such fellows here."

"We have," assented the Desk Man and as he of the enviable wealth was conducted to the Longboat, his recent benefactors disappeared through the big door.

The next morning the Longboat's guest awoke in his narrow cot and sitting up with a start began to count his money. Downstairs a little later he tried to thank the Desk Man.

"You saved me over fifty dollars by locking me up in that Longboat. I'd have lost it, sure. I'm going out to find those two chaps that took all that trouble for me yesterday."

"Be careful," warned the Desk Man, "or you may lose your money to-day."

"I can't. It's down in the Savings Department," came the answer over a hurriedly departing shoulder.

Those North Sea Mines

It was raining too hard for the usual meeting of the Curb Club and a particularly large group of seamen were gathered around the Institute soda fountain, drinking English ginger ale or French vichy according to their patriotic tendencies.

They were discussing with animation the daring of the English fishermen, who, according to the highly colored reports, have been hauling up German mines and selling them to the British Government at two sovereigns each.

"Pretty easy money I call it, when fishin's bad," said one — a Britisher himself.

They nodded assent — all but one thoughtful consumer of sarsaparilla at the end of the counter. He examined the end of his straw earnestly for a moment and then spoke.

"I wouldn't take much stock in them North Sea Mines," he said. He was that type of American sailor always referred to as a Yankee by his mates, and there was a wise twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Why wouldn't you take much stock in them?" was the innocent rejoinder.

"I'll bet it's all watered," he affirmed solemnly.

Slowly and silently, without so much as an imprecation, the group set down their empty glasses and faded away.

One Officer's Room

Owing to the change of the donor of 1219 to 1207, a staff room, one officer's room can now be made a gift or memorial. (\$250).

The Green Cucumber

Before they climbed the main entrance steps she straightened their hats and examined their tiny shoe-laces. Then she gave an anxious tug at her own black sash. She wasn't more than twelve and the twins who clung to her short skirts were five. At the desk she paused shyly.

"My father," she began and then stopped, frightened by the staring groups of seamen.

"You want to find him?" encouraged the Desk Man, whose quick eye had caught the black hats and sombre ribbons on the twins.

"Mother died and we're in mourning and we have no money and father might be here. They said you found lots of sailors."

The Desk Man took down the name and all she knew to identify him. She turned to go, after receiving his assurances that every effort would be made to find her father and send him to her. Suddenly she remembered something and ran back to the Desk. She was pulling at a small pin which fastened a black crêpe bow to the neck of her white frock.

"Here," she said, "if you find him show him this. It's the only present he ever gave me and he'll know I've kept it."

In the hand of the Desk Man she put a little green cucumber, the sort given away by a Preserving King to advertise pickles.

Soda Fountain \$1,500

A Huyler's fountain is now in operation in the lobby and the brass foot-rail which was placed at the "soft drinks bar" to lend it an air of innocuous gaiety is seldom without a row of sturdy sea-boots.

Albert the Perplexed

Or else we could have headed it: "The Educational Value of War." Because in figuring up the possible benefits of what the newspapers call "the conflict now raging on European battle-fields," we must not forget the impetus it has given to the study of geography.

Albert was sitting in the Reading Room, his head bent low over a map of Europe and his whole figure tense with intellectual concentration. From time to time he murmured to himself with a worried expression on his bronzed forehead.

"What's bothering you, Al?" asked one of his recent shipmates. "You look as if you were a German general figuring out a new entrance into Paris."

"Well," explained Albert, measuring a spot on the map with a finger whereon dirt and tan struggled together for supremacy, "I never knew before what a little bit of a place that Germany really is. Think of all Europe bein' scared to death of a country that is only an inch and a half across!"

—o—

The Retort Caustic

As he propped himself negligently against the wire grating of the Hotel Desk he surveyed the little friendly knots of seamen with a scowl of bitter animosity.

"What do I get out of living?" he muttered. "Always a fireman, once you start, and no chance—"

He was interrupted by the voice of the Desk Man.

"You wish a room? Name, please. Are you a steward?"

"A steward!" exclaimed the scowling one. And then he added in the voice of a man goaded beyond endurance. "Me? Ja, mit ein shovel."

S. S. Red Cross

With all her nurses and doctors, hospital supplies and provisions aboard, the S. S. Red Cross was ready to sail. The demand for help in caring for the wounded soldiers, pathetic victims of the great war, had aroused the sympathy of every tender-hearted American.

Within a few hours of sailing time the Captain was notified that his vessel must be equipped with a neutral crew. "Americans, of course!" was the public exclamation, but those who knew the water-front were filled with dismay and consternation.

"You can't get enough American citizens for that ship," they said, and efforts were made at once to provide the Deck and Engine Department with Spaniards. The scheme failed.

In this extremity the Seamen's Christian Association and the Seamen's Church Institute were appealed to. This was on Friday and the previous day the Superintendent of the S. C. A. had with great difficulty equipped the "Philadelphia" of the American Line. He was very dubious as to the possibility of finding any more American sailors. Every man was required to prove that his birthplace was the United States (or present full naturalization papers) in addition to valid evidence that he was experienced as a seaman, fireman, trimmer or oiler.

However, within 24 hours from the time the Institute was informed that men were needed, the two societies were able to present to the chief officer and first assistant engineer of the S. S. Red Cross 185 men, from which a crew was chosen which complied with every requirement of the unique situation.

In the face of a long established reputation as a predominantly British

Institute, or at least, one patronized almost entirely by foreigners, the gathering of this large body of American Merchant Seamen upon such short notice is extremely significant.

Of even greater significance is the fact that the S. S. Red Cross was provided a crew through the joint effort of the free shipping bureaus of two philanthropic societies. The first German crew was furnished by a notorious shipping master in Hoboken who charged the Red Cross Society an exorbitant sum for his services: his attempt failed, and when the Spanish boarding-houses tried to ship a crew, with a similar purpose, they also met with failure.

Standing on the curb before the Institute an old-time shipping master, his hands in his pockets, gazed dejectedly at the crowd of men clamoring for entrance, eager to be chosen for this crew. He recognized, sadly, that he and his fellows were rapidly losing their power to control New York's sailor-men by graft.

The Institute wishes to express its satisfaction that the services rendered to the Red Cross Society were accomplished by co-operation with the Seamen's Christian Association, and here extends to its sister society its appreciation of the opportunity given it to share in this achievement. It has always been keenly interested in the activities of the Red Cross Society and eager to contribute in some way to its splendid work. Therefore, the Institute is particularly glad to have been able to help at this time in so practical a way.

Laundry \$1,500

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

War and Baseball

At least one seaman has been found whose interests are centered in other matters than those of the war. Seated in the sunniest corner of the Hotel Lobby, he is surrounded by sporting editions of the evening papers while all about him battles are won and lost.

In midst of the fiercest turmoil the other afternoon an insistent debater turned to him: he was then partially submerged by brilliantly inked newspapers.

"The Allies are bound to win," shouted the aggressive war-talker.

"Ah, g'wan," he answered contemptuously, "as soon as Rube Marquard gets goin' again the Giants will have the pennant cinched!"

The Whole World Kin

While the doctor from the Volunteer Hospital was putting some stitches in the head of a wounded British sailor at the Institute the other morning, another seaman approached and held out a small package.

"Some bandages I haff brought to you to tie his head," he explained simply, but with an unmistakable German accent.

"Thanks, old chap," acknowledged the patient, "the doctor has used his own, but I'm obliged to you."

"You would have accepted help from a German, if you had needed it?" asked the surgeon, slipping his instruments back into their case.

"Of course," answered the Englishman. "Sailors always help each other. Anyhow, at sea we are all pretty much alike. We're all just men."

The surgeon nodded and hurried out, stopping to buy a war extra just outside the door.

Victor Records

We need records for Victor and Victrola machines.

Three New Fountains

For the **Hotel Lobby** a drinking fountain, equipped with a sanitary foot-pedal, is being installed. Built of grey Tennessee marble, exquisitely simple in design, this fountain will occupy a conspicuous place in the Lobby and will be surrounded constantly by an enthusiastic line of teetotalers. Owing to the intricacy of the plumbing for this fountain the cost is \$250.00. A bronze tablet will be placed directly above it, giving the name of the donor or the memorial inscription.

For the **Officers' Reading and Game Room** a fountain is to be erected which will be similar in design to that of the Hotel Lobby. It also will have a bronze tablet placed above it and can be made a gift or memorial. The cost will be \$200.00.

For the **Hotel Reading Room** a fountain is very badly needed. We shall be glad to receive \$200.00 to install this.

Five Rooms on Twelfth Floor \$250 Each

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

Bronze tablets will be placed upon the doors bearing the inscription: In Memory of
Given by

Cedric Pays His Debt

Last winter when the employment famine was at its height Cedric appealed to the Man-Who-Gives-Advice for aid.

"I'm fourteen and I can't get a cabin-boy's job and I have no overcoat—well," he broke off with a rueful laugh, "I suppose you hear these hard luck tales all the time."

Touched by his very evident need and some quality of honesty and dignity in his young brown eyes, the Man-Who-Gives-Advice put Cedric up until he got a berth.

Yesterday he sat on the long bench outside the office door and swung his feet a bit impatiently. When he was finally admitted he walked swiftly to the desk and put down a rather dingy little object. The Man-Who-Gives-Advice glanced up in surprise and then examined Cedric's offering. It consisted of five tightly folded one dollar bills and thirty-five cents all in nickels.

"Yes," smiled Cedric, happily, "that's what I owe you for last winter. I've been saving it until I could give it right to you, sir. I've been doing pretty well since you put me on my feet: I feel I ought to be able to go pretty high as a sailor now."

The-Man-Who-Gives-Advice held out his hand, impulsively.

"Cedric," he said, "I always hated to be preached at when I was your age and so I'm not going to talk to you about something you have already learned—the value of paying one's debts. All the same, I'm especially glad you did pay back this money and I'll do all I can to help you. You ought to grow to be the master of a ship," he added, smiling.

It was a boy with very flushed cheeks and shining eyes who hurried

down the stairs and out into the early September sunshine, to look with particular favor upon a world which seemed to him all at once to be chiefly rose color.

—o—

From an Apprentice's Mother

"London"

"In all the letters I have from my son, who is an apprentice on board the Colonial Empire, he speaks of the kindness that they all receive at the Institute. I wish to thank you for all the interest you take in him. I am so thankful to think he has the opportunity of going to Church on Sunday and that on week days he has somewhere to spend his time off duty. On his last two voyages he had neither.

We are in great trouble here with this dreadful war and things look very black. Everything is so peaceful and quiet in London it is difficult to believe that fighting is going on so near.

It comforts me to know that my son has such friends as you to go to in New York."

—o—

Small Dormitory \$350

In room No. 515, seven dormitory beds have been installed to make room for the men whose purses will permit the expenditure of but 15 cents a night for sleeping luxuries. "All beds taken," reads the sign, very often as early as 9 o'clock in the evening, and disappointed seamen have to go outside. This little dormitory, opening off the large ones, offers the chance of a gift to the new building, \$350 being the estimated cost of building and furnishing.

—o—

Read Carefully the inside of the first cover. It is important.

THE LOOKOUT

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

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Single Copy, 10 Cents*

Circulation7,000
Edmund L. Bayliss,.....President
Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer

Address all communications to
Archibald R. Mansfield,.....Superintendent
or Irene Katharine Lane, Editor

The First Year

One year ago September 15th the new building of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York opened its hotel department to the seamen and boatmen of the world—to any decent, self-respecting sailor who wished to avail himself of the chance to sleep in a clean bedroom with fresh linen, to share the privileges of shower baths, fully equipped reading and game rooms, to have a safe place to store his dunnage, deposit his earnings, receive his mail, to feel himself among people who cared about him as an individual.

On the first night the bedrooms were put in use, ninety seamen slept in the building. Some of the sailors were a little doubtful at first. They were a bit overwhelmed by the size of the building, the immaculate floors. They feared they might be preached to, lectured about cleanliness, told to keep their hats off and not to smoke. But this apprehension gradually wore away. Each night saw the number of applicants for rooms and dormitory beds increasing. Within six weeks the dormitories had to be rearranged so as to include ten extra beds and a little later

two supplementary dormitories were devised by using two rooms which had been intended for the staff. By the middle of January the Institute was playing to capacity houses, with the exception of the officers' rooms. Night after night the 25 and 35 cent rooms would all be taken by nine o'clock and frequently the dormitory beds would be sold out by two o'clock in the afternoon.

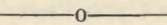
The sailors came, they saw and—they were conquered by a desire for cleanly comfort. After years of the sordid pretense of sailors' lodging-houses where the sheets and blankets turned from white to grey and from grey to brown before anyone thought of washing them, the rigid wholesomeness of the Institute appealed to them as something essentially right and delightful.

Each room is provided with a Yale lock and a special key, protecting its occupant against the petty (and grand, for that matter) larceny which they had almost grown to accept resignedly as a necessary feature of the old boarding-houses on the water-front. This fact alone has drawn many a sailor who had an ingrained horror of what he conceived to be institutional life.

But the Institute, despite its rather ambiguous title, is not professional and impersonal. From the minute a seaman enters the big front door and asks for his mail at the Post Office he is made to feel that he is welcome. The Desk Man nods and smiles at him; the clerk assigns him a room with a cheerful word of greeting; the Baggage Department Man takes in his dunnage and hands him a check with an air of being glad to see an old acquaintance. And in the shortest possible time, if he is the right sort, he is an old friend and

when he comes back after another voyage, he hears someone call out his name and someone else ask, with sincere interest, how things have gone.

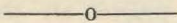
This year has truly been a successful one from the standpoint of seamen patronage. It has exceeded the high hopes of the most optimistic. The Institute begins its second year with the courageous belief that it will have the generous support it has earned the right to expect.



Two Gifts

Just when the Institute was starting its new year and in the mood for congratulation and substantial encouragement, it received two gifts of \$2,500 and \$900, respectively, to help reduce that Building Fund which seems always to be obnoxiously with us.

Mr. William A. Du Bois, who, as the list of Founders shows, has already proved his interest very generously, has made the Kitchen or "Galley" his gift and Miss Katharine Du Bois, who gave the Store for Seamen or "Slop Chest," has given the Supplemental Slop Chest now nearing completion on the main floor. This makes the entire Institute department store the gift of Miss Du Bois.



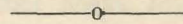
Damocles' Sword

Everyone who reads the Lookout must have grown heartily tired of the Building Fund. It has been served up to them in a variety of alluring forms without ever quite disguising the fact that it is literally the Institute's *bête noir*.

This Fund hangs over us like the sword of Damocles and the simile is

better than it sounds. No thin hair is likely to snap and precipitate the sword upon our unwilling heads, but it is unpleasant to a degree to live with the consciousness that the sword is there, destroying our peace, making it impossible to work with a free mind.

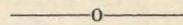
Interest at 5% is being paid on that Fund, now \$121,000. This ought to be eliminated and it can be. War in Europe affects some sources of American revenue but it cannot prevent a response to this appeal if the friends of the Institute and of the seamen really believe in the work and want to help.



Chapel Chairs \$5.00

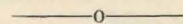
There are 230 chapel chairs which can still be presented as separate gifts to the new chapel.

Five dollars will pay for one of these chairs and a small bronze plate will be affixed to the back, reading "Presented by _____."



Folding Portable Organ

The efficiency of Mr. Tuzzio, our Spanish Missionary, can be greatly increased by the use of a folding portable organ. Such an instrument would enable him to hold services wherever his duties take him, along the water front. It has been demonstrated that songs and music are more potent than oratory in reaching the heart of the sailor.



Chancel Rail

Mrs. Lucie B. Carew has contributed \$225.00 to make the Chancel Rail in the small Chapel her gift.

Her Summer Toys

A very small girl writes a note to accompany her box of toys for the canal-boat youngsters. She says:

"The Lookout for August asked for some toys for the little children on the canal-boats, and so I am sending a box that I played with this summer while in the country. Now I am going home to Washington.

Elizabeth."

There was a welcoming smile on the face of the smallest doll who was tucked in carefully between a Noah's Ark and a diminutive high chair. Perhaps the right cheek looked a trifle pale, as if Elizabeth's farewells had been too ardent for very pink paint. But the little girl on the canal-boat opened her arms wide to mother the smallest doll; she beamed inarticulate gratitude upon the Swedish missionary who brought Elizabeth's gifts.

And the best thing in the box—the thing which did not show at all, but which all the little kiddies knew belonged especially to them—was the loving thought of a very small girl when she helped to pack her summer toys.

Gifts or Memorials

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

Baggage Department \$2,000

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

Barber Shop \$300

To encourage a seaman to improve his appearance; increased self-respect always follows.

A Flight of the Imagination

Being Irish and hence a humorist, Aloysius seized the opportunity of reviving the old joke about the Swiss navy. He went about with serious and patriotic mien, signing up seamen as volunteers for the defense of Switzerland's coast-line. After a surprisingly large number of victims had been enrolled, Aloysius was called to account by a member of the Institute staff.

"See here, my man," came the stern rebuke, "don't you know that Switzerland has no navy and doesn't need one?"

"Sure," was the unblushing response of the practical joker. "But I hear as how they do be raisin' a fleet of airships to protect thim high mountains o' theirs."

Indulging a Preference

If it had been one of the sultry summer nights of mid-August, Douglas's action would have seemed less strange and therefore less amusing to his companions. But a prematurely cold wind swept the Bay and breezed freshly along the Institute corridors.

Douglas went up to his room at the conservative hour of eleven. He undressed and then, with painstaking movements, pulled all the coverings from his bed and, spreading them carefully on the floor, disposed himself there for the night.

At intervals the occupants of rooms near Douglas's came to bed and through his wide-open door beheld their sometime pal. Their mirth disturbed a nearby sleeper, who came out to expostulate.

"Aw, let him alone," he urged drowsily. "Can't a man sleep on the floor

if he likes? It's something he's trying to quiet his nerves, pore chap!"

And with this new view of Douglas's vagary, the laughing spectators dispersed.

The Versatile Ralph

"You see, I've got to take care of my mother and sister," Ralph told the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, "so I thought if you'd get me a job right now as mess boy I could save up enough money to learn to be a piano tuner."

"A piano tuner!" echoed Ralph's bewildered listener. "What sort of ships do you expect to sail on?"

Ralph laughed. He was nearly seventeen but he looked much younger.

"It does sound funny sir, but I was in the New York Institution for the Blind a year and half and I learned piano polishing. When I was discharged from there I shipped to Panama as a mess boy and got a job on shore in the Y. M. C. A. as a waiter and piano player. I'd rather stay at sea but I can't make enough money."

After calling up one of his friends in the Sohmer Piano Co., the Man-Who-Gives-Advice got Ralph a position as apprentice from which he will graduate into a lower grade of turners where an advance is very probable.

Window in Chapel

There remains one window which has not yet been given to the Chapel. Three designs indicating exquisite coloring and workmanship have been submitted and can be seen at the Institute upon application.

Probably no memorial has quite the impressive significance of a beautifully executed window, and with the southern and western sunshine to illuminate,

a memorial window in the new Chapel takes on a particular glory and radiance.

**Shipping Department Report
Month Ending August 31st, 1914**

Vessel	Men	Destination
S.S. Spenser	2	Glasgow via Rotterdam
S.S. Portuguese Prince	28	Brazil via Norfolk
S.S. Star of Scotland	9	Australia
S.S. Herman Frasch	2	Portland
S.S. Stephen	1	Liverpool via Brazil
S.S. Canning	26	Manchester
S.S. Tennyson	18	Brazil
S.S. Palma	1	Cuba
S.S. Highland Harris	34	Brazil
S.S. Atlantic City	3	Atlantic City
S.S. Bunker Hill	4	Boston
S.S. York	1	New Haven
S.S. Plutarch	2	Manchester
S.S. Gregory	26	Iquitos via Norfolk
S.S. Louisiana	1	Port Arthur
S.S. Palma	2	Nuevitas
S.S. Gordon	3	Long Island Sound
S.S. Afghan Prince	21	Brazil
S.S. Tuscan Prince	10	South Africa
S.S. Francis	7	Liverpool via Brazil
Dredge Eastern	3	Pt. Jefferson, L. I.
Dredge R. G. Packard	1	New York Harbor
Barge No. 85, Standard Oil Co.	1	Port Arthur
Barge No. 89, Standard Oil Co.	3	Port Arthur
Barge No. 90, Standard Oil Co.	1	Port Arthur
Barge Caddo	2	Port Arthur
Tug Hollenback	1	New York Harbor
Red Star Co.	14	Through Seamen's Christian Assoc.
Tug Keeler	1	New York Harbor
Tug Anna W.	1	New York Harbor
Tug H. H. Baxter	1	New York Harbor
Tug E. L. Arnot	2	Whitestone, L. I.
Tug Resolute	1	Whitestone, L. I.
Tug Laycliff	1	New York Harbor
Bartlett Reef Light Vessel	2	Light House Dep't.
Yacht Vanadis	5	Cruising
Yacht Noma	2	Cruising
Yacht Kilkare	1	Cruising
Sch. Yacht Katoura	1	Cruising
Cable Ship "Relay"	3	Mexico
Men given temporary employment	29	In Port
Total	277	

The New Boat Grows

It is safe to prophecy that the Institute's new service-tug, the "J. Hooker Hamersley," will be ready to christen and launch on November 1st or immediately after.

The committee who recently went to the ship-yards to report on its progress have expressed great delight and satisfaction. The completion of this new boat will permit us to carry one hundred seamen and their dunnage at one time: it will give us speed, safety and an expansion of our activities. The little ship is being well built with the proper balance between a handsome appearance and utility.

Winter Is Coming

And the destitution among sailors is bound to be great. In spite of the efforts being made to restore shipping to something like regular schedules it is undeniable that vessels will not sail from this port or from any other, in the large numbers of other winters.

And the seaman out of work on shore is particularly helpless. The LOOKOUT has said this before but many of its readers do not appreciate the seriousness of the position an unemployed sailor occupies. The situation is certain to become acute and the Institute can only offer clothing and food to a very limited number. Now, more than ever, the Institute's Ways and Means Department needs that strength for which it must rely upon its subscribers old and new.

Owing to the illness of the editor, September LOOKOUT is six days late in appearing. The October number will be issued on the 15th.

That Taste for Puns

They were being recommended for the Alcoholic Ward at Bellevue and so far from protesting, as is the custom among sailors, one of them was in a distinctly jovial mood.

"Did you notice the joke our names made when that fellow wrote them down for Bellevue?" he asked his rather gloomy comrade.

The despondent one shook his head.

"I did, and the clerk had to laugh, mad as he was. My name is Ward and yours is Paine!"

"Ward and Paine," he repeated chuckling, as they went out to the ambulance.

Among the Spanish Seamen

All along New York's three-sided water-front the Spanish boarding-houses flourish in irregular patches. They are tucked away in a jumble of shabby old buildings or they blossom forth unexpectedly with a flare of red paint.

To seek out these boarding-houses and talk to the seamen who are their patrons (and victims very often) is the work of Signor Vincent Tuzzio, the Institute's Spanish missionary. He is not a missionary in the ordinary sense any more than the Institute is an Institute in the commonplace way. His is the Latin enthusiasm which springs from loving one's fellows and that he has succeeded so well in bringing Spanish sailors to the Institute is largely due to his spirit of eager friendliness.

At first it was his custom to hold his services in the small Chapel, where only half the seats were filled; but at his last service the attendance was so large that the large Chapel had to be used. The response to Signor Tuzzio's advances to the seamen of his own nation has been so sincere, so spontaneous that the growth of his work has surprised and delighted both the Institute and himself.

Founders and Benefactors

Contributing the sum of \$5,000 or more entitles one to be known as a "Founder." Contributing the sum of \$1,000 or more (but less than \$5,000), entitles one to be known as a "Benefactor." The names of the Founders and Benefactors will be inscribed upon large bronze tablets to be placed in the main entrance hall of the new Institute.

LIST OF FOUNDERS

J. Pierpont Morgan.....	\$100,000.00
Ferris S. Thompson.....	100,000.00
Robert B. Minturn Foundation...	62,500.00
John D. Rockefeller.....	50,000.00
Henry C. Frick.....	30,000.00
Frederick W. Vanderbilt.....	20,000.00
William A. Du Bois.....	17,980.00
Miss Cornelia Prime.....	16,460.00
Mrs. William Douglas Sloane....	15,000.00
William Douglas Sloane.....	15,000.00
Edward S. Harkness.....	15,000.00
Charles W. Harkness.....	15,000.00
Mrs. E. Henry Harriman.....	15,000.00
Miss Katharine Du Bois.....	12,630.00
Lispensard Stewart.....	11,000.00
Andrew Carnegie.....	10,000.00
James Stillman.....	10,000.00
William K. Vanderbilt.....	10,000.00
Alfred G. Vanderbilt.....	10,000.00
Edmund L. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Mrs. Nathalie E. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Mrs. Walter C. Baylies.....	10,000.00
Frederick G. Bourne.....	10,000.00
Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.....	10,000.00
Thomas Potts.....	6,860.00
Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty.....	6,750.00
Robert S. Brewster.....	6,000.00
Augustus D. Juilliard.....	6,000.00
Jacob H. Schiff.....	5,600.00
Harris C. Fahnstock.....	5,100.00
George F. Baker.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Edward N. Breitung.....	5,000.00
Cleveland H. Dodge.....	5,000.00
Mrs. William E. Dodge.....	5,000.00
D. Willis James.....	5,000.00
James N. Jarvie.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Morris K. Jesup.....	5,000.00
Ogden Mills.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Wm. Van Rensselaer Smith....	5,000.00
Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson.....	5,000.00
Mortimer L. Schiff.....	5,000.00
Robert E. Tod.....	5,000.00
Mrs. Joseph M. White.....	5,000.00
Mrs. E. Walpole Warren.....	
Wheaton B. Kunhardt.....	5,000.00
Henry R. Kunhardt.....	

LIST OF BENEFACTORS

Mrs. John E. Alexandre.....	\$3,500.00
William L. Harkness.....	3,500.00
Mrs. Samuel Lawrence.....	3,300.00
William G. Low.....	3,000.00
James May Duane.....	2,500.00
George J. Gould.....	2,500.00
M. Guggenheim's Sons.....	2,500.00
Francis Lynde Stetson.....	2,500.00
Allison V. Armour.....	2,000.00
Barber & Co., Inc.....	2,000.00
George S. Bowdoin.....	2,000.00

Funch, Edye & Co.....	2,000.00
Henry Lewis Morris.....	2,000.00
Percy R. Pyne.....	2,000.00
In Memory of Philip Ruprecht....	2,000.00
Gerard Beekman.....	2,000.00
James A. Scrymser.....	2,000.00
Seamen's Benefit Society.....	2,000.00
Henry A. C. Taylor.....	2,000.00
Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer.....	2,000.00
John E. Berwind.....	1,500.00
James W. Cromwell.....	1,500.00
Miss Ethel Du Bois.....	1,500.00
Samuel Thorne.....	1,500.00
James Douglas.....	1,250.00
In memory of Stuart F. Randolph..	1,250.00
F. Augustus Schermerhorn.....	1,100.00
Mrs. William Alanson Abbe.....	1,000.00
Walter C. Baylies.....	1,000.00
Edward J. Berwind.....	1,000.00
C. K. G. Billings.....	1,000.00
Matthew C. D. Borden.....	1,000.00
Bowring & Company.....	1,000.00
Frederick F. Brewster.....	1,000.00
Mrs. B. H. Buckingham.....	1,000.00
C. Ledyard Blair.....	1,000.00
William P. Clyde.....	1,000.00
Crossman & Sielcken.....	1,000.00
R. Fulton Cutting.....	1,000.00
W. Bayard Cutting.....	1,000.00
Edward H. Harriman.....	1,000.00
Charles Hayden.....	1,000.00
George A. Hearn.....	1,000.00
Augustus Heckscher.....	1,000.00
Francis L. Hine.....	1,000.00
Johnson & Higgins.....	1,000.00
Henry L. Hobart.....	1,000.00
Anson W. Hard.....	1,000.00
Mrs. H. G. Julian.....	1,000.00
Otto H. Kahn.....	1,000.00
George Gordon King.....	1,000.00
Charles Lanier.....	1,000.00
Lazard Freres.....	1,000.00
Sir Thomas Lipton.....	1,000.00
George G. Mason.....	1,000.00
Charles W. McCutcheon.....	1,000.00
John A. McKim.....	1,000.00
Levi P. Morton.....	1,000.00
Wilhelmus Mynderse.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Edwin Parsons.....	1,000.00
William Ross Proctor.....	1,000.00
William A. Read.....	1,000.00
John J. Riker.....	1,000.00
Henry Seligman.....	1,000.00
Simpson, Spence & Young.....	1,000.00
Isaac Seligman.....	1,000.00
Mortimer M. Singer.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Russell Sage.....	1,000.00
Ormond G. Smith.....	1,000.00
Samuel Thorne.....	1,000.00
Henry M. Tilford.....	1,000.00
Mrs. Vanderbilt.....	1,000.00
Col. Robert M. Thompson.....	1,000.00
Edward H. Van Ingen.....	1,000.00
Felix M. Warburg.....	1,000.00
George Peabody Wetmore.....	1,000.00
Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore....	1,000.00
Mr. & Mrs. Francis M. Whitehouse	1,000.00

Donations Received During the Month of August 1914

Beekman, Miss Josephine	Knitted scarfs.
Benjamin, Miss A. P.....	\$50 for Boat Fund.
Bussi, Miss M.....	Magazines.
Caldwell, Mrs. Arthur P.....	Magazines.
Endres, Mr. W. C.....	\$1.00.
Faber, Mrs. Laura	Clothing.
Fink, Miss Mary M.....	Magazines.
Fox, Mr. R. E.....	Magazines.
Fuller, Mrs. G. A.....	Magazines.
Garlick, Dr. William E.....	\$3.60 for social work.
Hagan, Miss M.....	Magazines.
Hall, Mrs. V. G.....	Magazines.
Hudson, Mrs. D. S.....	Magazines.
Hunt, Miss N. E.....	Knitted scarfs
Irving, Miss C. C.....	Knitted scarf.
Jahn, Mrs. T. A.....	Magazines.
Knapp, Mr. Geo. C.....	Magazines.
Mangum, Mr. L. K.....	Magazines.
Potts, Mrs. Chas. E.....	Magazines.
Satterlee, Mrs. Herbert L.....	Magazines.
Scripture Gift Mission, London, England.....	Gospels in various languages.

SEEING NEW YORK FUND.

Loomis, Miss M. E.....	\$1.00
Sandford, Miss Alice.....	\$2.00
Spencer, Mrs. H. E.....	\$1.00
Skidmore, Mr. George W.....	Magazines.
Usher, Miss Irene F.....	Magazines.
Watson, Mrs. M. E.....	Knitted scarf
Wells, Mr. Kenneth	Magazines.
Woodward, Mrs. M. P.....	Magazines.
Young, Miss B. L.....	Magazines.
Young, Mrs. Richard.....	Magazines.

CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUBS:—

Librarian

Christ Church, Suffern, N. Y.....	Miss M. Mansfield	Magazines.
Christ Church, Bayridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Mrs. O. Heinigke.....	Magazines.
St. Andrew's Church, Orange, N. J.....	Mrs. N. B. Briehculeff	Magazines.
St. Paul's Church, Bantam, Conn.....	Rev. R. V. K. Harris.....	Magazines.

ANONYMOUS DONATIONS:—

August 1st—Express from 9 W. 42nd St., N. Y.....	Magazines.
“ 3rd—Adams Express, Jamaica, N. Y.....	Magazines.
“ 14th—Express	Magazines.
“ 17th—Express	Bound Books.
“ 21st—Wells Fargo Express	Magazines.

The Fruit of Arbitration

As Jean was French and Adolph German, their war argument quickly reached a heated stage. It was suggested that they adjourn to the side-walk, and a large crowd followed them out in the hope of witnessing a miniature Sedan. At the psychological moment, however,

a diplomatic seaman spied the cart of an Italian fruit-peddler.

“Let the Dago settle the scrap,” he suggested. “He’s neutral.”

When last seen, Jean and Adolph were peaceably munching apples of concord, while Giuseppe smilingly jingled some loose change in his disinterested pockets.

General Summary of Work

AUGUST 1914

Savings Department.

August 1st. Cash on hand.....	\$25,685.04
Deposits	11,759.45
	\$37,444.49
Withdrawals (\$723.35 transmitted)	9,019.07
Sept. 1st. Cash Balance.....	\$28,425.42

Shipping Department.

Vessels supplied with men by Seamen's Church Institute	39
Men shipped	248
Men given employment in Port.....	29
Total (number of men).....	277

Hotel Department.

Rooms and beds rented.....	12,623
Lodgers employed through Shipping Department	195

Post Office and Baggage Departments

Letters received for seamen.....	1,801
Aggregate pieces of dunnage checked	1,710

Relief Department.

Assisted (lodgings, meals and clothes) ..	34
Men sent to hospital.....	28
Visits to hospitals.....	23
Visits to patients.....	565
Visits to vessels in Port.....	392
Men sent to Legal Aid Society.....	1

Religious Department.

	Services	Attendance	Seamen
English	15	770	512
Scandinavian	13	244	237
Spanish	13	311	267
German	2	40	40
Lettish	Chaplain absent on vacation		
Total....	43	1,365	1,056

Communion Service	1
St. Andrew's Brotherhood Bible Class Meetings discontinued for summer.	
Temperance pledges signed.....	23

Social Department.

Entertainments	5
Attendance (Seamen 350).....	355
Packages reading matter given.....	522
Bibles, Gospels and Testaments given.	580
Comfort Bags given..	5
Muffler given	14

Institute Boat "Sentinel."

Visits to vessels.....	125
Trips made	32
Men transported	104
Pieces of Dunnage transported.....	250

BUILDING COMMITTEE

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, *Chairman*
54 Wall Street

HERBERT BARBER

CHARLES W. BOWRING

HENRY L. HOBART

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

A. T. MAHAN

HENRY LEWIS MORRIS

J. FREDERIC TAMS

JOHN SEELY WARD

IRENE K. LANE, *Secretary*

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

ROBERT S. BREWSTER

CLEVELAND H. DODGE

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON

WM. DOUGLAS SLOANE

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