

The Lookout



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

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

BUT \$128,000 TO RAISE YET

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

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

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

\$25,502.02 of seamen's savings were deposited during March. This was nearly \$8,000 more than we have ever received in one month before.

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

600 men eat in the Lunch Room every day.

The entire Institute hums like the successful department store.

BUT we are still handicapped by the Building Fund balance.

5% interest is being paid on this \$128,000.

Do YOU want to help in removing this HANDICAP?

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

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

By giving \$2,500 for the Kitchen?

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

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

By giving \$500 for the Vestry Room

By giving \$300 for the Barber Shop?

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

By giving Any amount from \$1.00 upwards?

SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, Chairman Building Committee,

54 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE LOOKOUT

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No. 11

Grains of Salt

His particular assortment of sandy hair and mustache, combined with his very short stature, and a suspiciously uneven walk, just failed to be impressive. But quite unaware of this defect in his exterior, he sallied pompously up to one of the staff and asked for the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

"He will be in later. What do you wish?"

"I wish to see the financial secretary," he returned with dignity. I am a deep water sailor. My credit is good anywhere."

Finding that no one bothered to argue the point he went away, returning late in the afternoon to occupy the long bench outside the office. He started up when his name was called and approached the Man-Who-Gives-Advice with a wrathful glare, augmented by recent libations.

"So," he said, "you see me at last. Where," and he paused, ominously, "have you been all day?"

He received a suitable reply.

"What's this? Had a fire?" asked the visitor, breathlessly recovering himself after stumbling over hose pipe lying on the roof to dry.

"No," explained his guide, who was pointing out the new building glories, "the seamen enjoy turning on the water where the hose is coiled in the public rooms, just to see it swell up. Then we have to take it all up here and dry it out. We must devise some way to stop their innocent fun, I'm afraid."

The visitor gasped his astonishment. "I'd heard that the sailor was just like a child, but I never believed it before."

"Adams, 4900," he insisted, with his voice buried in the telephone's mouthpiece. "Adams, 4,900." Then he waited a long time. At last he let the receiver swing on its cord and sought the switch-board.

"The girl she will not geeve me the number. I mus' speak to the Adams Express Company about my bag. She reply to me mos' fretful."

"Well, I don't wonder," sympathized the Institute operator. "Rector, 4900," she murmured, snapping a plug into place.

He went back and meekly rescued the swinging green cord.

Other Pianos Needed

An upright piano in our hotel reading room would assist greatly in creating that atmosphere of joy to which the LOOKOUT has often referred. A good deal has been written about music and its soothing properties, and a good deal has appeared in this magazine about the musical talents of seamen. Many of them play very well indeed and the sound of a piano has often held a sailor when his inclinations wavered toward the "swinging doors."

New York prides itself upon being a musical center; it feels that there is truly music in its alleged soul. Surely someone will wish to share that music with the sailor.

On the Way to the "Lakes"

Spring, responsible for so much sentimental disaster, brings particular joy to the seaman, out of a job; it means the opening of the "Lakes" and the prospect of over six months' steady labor, with good pay, under what some of the men describe as ideal conditions.

Therefore, seized by the spring wanderlust, Bill and Joe fared forth from the Institute about a week ago, light heartedly, determined to walk and jump freights in order to reach the "Lakes." They had no money for their carfare, but they had heard of the delights of stealing rides on freight trains. No one warned them of its dangers. The news that they came to grief reached the Institute on a post card addressed to the game room assistant.

"Hello," it said. "Say, we arrived in Hudson County jail, Bill and I. We got thirty days each and we get out the 14th of April. We are in bad shape now. Bill is near dead; he's so sore because we got pinched. It was bad, all right, but it's only thirty days. Say, if there is some of the fellows there that we know, send them over and don't forget we smoke.—Joe."

Joe's spirits seemed less crushed by his surroundings than Bill's, but Joe has the instinct of all true knights of the open road. He expresses it tersely when he says: "It is pretty bad, but it's only thirty days."

When those days are over there will still be berths on lake steamers, even for two seamen just out of jail.

Anonymous Gift of \$2,000

An anonymous gift of \$2,000 reduces the building fund to \$128,000.

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 are 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 are held the lectures of the New York Nautical College.

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.

Lenten Sewing Class

Fifteen members of the Seamen's Benefit Society met in the Apprentice Room on Monday, Mar. 30, at 3 P. M. to sew for the Institute. In accordance with the weather custom for Institute functions, it rained, thus limiting the attendance at the class. Tea and chocolate were served, following a complete tour of the building. It will be recalled that the Seamen's Benefit Society was chiefly responsible for raising the money for the Titanic Memorial Lighthouse Tower. It also gave two bedrooms and the Apprentice Room, used by the young seamen of the British Merchant Marine.

A Belief in Gardens

She may have been five, though she looked a little past three, and she was tugging at the hand of her seven-year-old sister. They had come from the public school at the head of Coenties Slip, and they carried magazines for the seamen. The teacher had told them about the sea and the poor sailor on shore and they had been deeply touched.

"We want to give this to the seamen," said the smallest girl, as she presented her book. The assistant took it and examined it gravely. It was a large seed catalogue, showing overgrown tomatoes, precocious peas, and rather belligerent stalks of celery on its cover.

"You want the sailor to buy seeds?" he asked, smiling. But the smallest person did not smile.

"You plant gardens from that book—those things on the cover and these flowers," and she pointed out the exaggerated pansies and roses which inflamed the inside pages. "I want the seamen to have it to see how pretty is flowers."

And then, astonished at her own temerity, she turned suddenly and started for the front steps, her sister's hand still tightly clutched in her own.

"Wait a minute," called the assistant. "Won't you tell me your name?"

She came back rather breathlessly, her red tam 'o shanter attaching itself insecurely to the dingy pink bow on her minute braids.

"Lily," she said, proudly. "There's some in that book I brought for the sailors' gardens."

Be sure to read
The Long Arm of the Law
 Page 4

Sailing in the "Longboat"

"Longboat?" almost invariably repeats the seeker for signs of uplift work among seamen. "What an odd name for a room; what is it for?"

And when the door is opened six little cubicles are disclosed, with just room in each for a low cot. Here the seamen are retired when totally submerged by alcohol, thus receiving a chance to recover in solitude without being injured by falls from their beds.

The other night four devotees of Bacchus slept in the "Longboat," wrapped in peaceable stupor; that is, three of them were thus serene, but the fourth disciple dreamed energetically about 3 A. M. and battered violently upon his door. In the report of the dormitory assistant the next day appeared the following entry.

"One of the 'Longboat' occupants disturbed dormitory guests so that I was obliged to wake him up impressively before the noise ceased. Besides this intermezzo, good order prevailed through the building during the entire night."

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.

The Long Arm of the Law

"But we haven't broken the law," insists the ingenue in the melodrama which enthralled discriminating New York for over a year. And then, catching the wrathful gleam in the eye of the questioning detective, she adds, whimsically:

"Well, maybe we bent it."

If the attitude of the near-sailor and the half-sailor could be properly analyzed it would be covered by that sentence; they do not, for the most part, make malicious assaults upon recognized standards—they simply bend the law a little.

But it is from these law-benders that the Institute has to protect its thousands of honest, quiet, peaceable guests. Only by prompt punishment can offenders be made to respect law and order as vital necessities and to this end is the Institute's detective service maintained.

In the daily reports appear at intervals the following entries:

"Martin Johnson, dormitory bed No. 13, was bodily punished and thereafter sent to the police station for attempting to run No. 1 elevator."

Martin's desire for vertical travel does not seem a criminal instinct, but Martin was also filled with bad whiskey and a hearty antagonism toward his fellows. He turned a deaf ear to all requests that he leave the elevator, finally involving himself in a five-minute battle with car No. 1 as the field. He was locked up, charged with disorderly conduct.

"Alexander Williams, arrested for entering lunch room and refusing to pay check of 20 cents."

It is possible that Alexander had no money, but his method of obtaining food is severely frowned upon by all the decent, truly law-abiding patrons of the lunch room. It is difficult to repress a certain sympathy with Alexander's point of view; he must have argued that one meal was worth the subsequent pain and inconvenience.

"Meyer Greenberg, Russian laborer, arrested, charged with impersonating a seaman and being disorderly. Fined \$2."

Pretending to be a seaman is one of the most common forms of dishonesty with which the Institute has to contend. Unable to procure further assistance at their regular haunts, they decide to specialize and the sailor masquerade suggests itself at once as simple and effective. Meyer's deception might have worked if he had not become noisy, abusive and what the desk man reports as a "common disturber."

"John Carter, convicted and sentenced to five months in the penitentiary for trying to steal Seaman George Edwards' bag."

This was the most serious case of the month, for it is hard to imagine a more contemptible form of larceny than this effort to secure the bag, containing all the possessions of another man. Carter, being a negro, impersonated Edwards with ease, offering to describe the contents of the bag, but when his signature was demanded, as is the invariable rule of the baggage department, it did not correspond in the slightest to the one on the check. He explained that he had made the original when he was drunk and insisted that he be allowed to describe the articles in the bag. He mentioned

the usual dungarees, boots, tobacco can, etc., but failed to name the letters, papers, small books; in fact, the real things that linked George Edwards to the bag as its owner. Carter was arrested, convicted and sentenced, as the report shows.

"You must have to keep a very strict watch to maintain order down here in this neighborhood," commented a recent visitor whose walk along South Street had jostled him against little groups of idlers whose faces bore the mark of incipient vice or criminal weakness.

"Well," retorted the Institute worker, thoughtfully, "in one month we only made five arrests. And during that time over 2,000 men slept in the building, and an average of 800 a day visited its public rooms every day. That's not such a bad record," he added, smiling at the incredulous face of the visitor.

The Enterprise of Max

Max registered at the hotel desk as a ship's cook and then made his way upstairs to the reading room, where about 300 sailors were gathered in the pursuit of knowledge. He chose a bronzed Briton, whose amiable features gave promise of easy intimacy, and produced a gold watch from his pocket.

"I want to sell this. Its worth \$100, but I will let you have it for \$30, because we are both sailors," he volunteered.

Fisher, the easy going, looked at the watch carelessly.

"I will give you \$5 for it," he responded, producing a bill book. After some little demur, Max accepted the

money and put the watch in Fisher's hand.

As he arose to go he looked closely at the money and then fiercely upon Fisher.

"This is Argentine money. I want regular money—such as they use on South Street."

"The money's just as good as the watch," retorted Fisher, who had been examining the purchase and finding it had no works.

Max and his recent customer disputed loudly until the outraged readers arose to go to Fisher's assistance. They were advancing in a body upon the seller of the watch when the house detective entered and protected him.

When a policeman was called, fifteen more watches were found on Max's person and a bill of sale showing that he had paid \$7.50 for the lot, and Max was taken to the police court, where he was sentenced to six months in the work house. It must certainly have been his unlucky day, for as he waited for the ferry to Blackwell's Island, the keepers searched him again and found a loaded revolver, together with two more watches, carefully wrapped in newspaper and hidden in his inside coat pocket.

Upon his release he will be re-arrested for violation of the Sullivan law.

Kneeling Benches \$200.00

Kneeling benches, or small cushions, for the new Chapel of our Saviour, adjoining the main floor of the Institute, are very greatly needed, not only for the use of the seamen, but to render the formal observances more comfortable for the visitors who make the long trip down to the water-front to attend these services.

The Rewards of Ingenuity

A popular magazine writer has made famous a hero whose chief distinction is his talent for swindle, but it seems likely that even while applauding the cleverness of his invention, the reader has a subconscious conviction that the successful swindler would be a most unpleasant acquaintance.

Down here on this corner of the water-front, ingenious devices for getting something for nothing are being planned and executed every hour, but among the Institute's experiences the case of Otto emerges as a unique example of crafty scheming.

Otto sought the Man-Who-Gives-Advice late one afternoon. He composed his features to create an impression of quiet sadness before he made his appeal.

"My brother has just died in the hospital. He was one of your seamen, and I think the funeral may be held here in this Chapel. I have no money, no job; but I want to stay here until after the services."

It seemed a natural request and after questioning him further he was given a bed for the night. The next morning he approached one of the staff, explained his case again and added that if he had 30 cents he could go to a remote part of Brooklyn and get a job of which he had just learned. His grief, when referring to his dead brother, was so sincere that the Institute worker's sympathies were deeply stirred. He produced the money and Otto went away.

That afternoon the wife of the dead man came to make the final arrangements.

"Your brother-in-law, Otto, is staying with us. He is away looking for

a job now, but he will be back this evening," the Man-Who-Gives-Advice told her.

"Otto?" she repeated in surprise. "Why, my husband had no brother."

And this proved to be the case. For a night's lodging and 30 cents Otto had concocted this story, at once so plausible and so pitiful as to stifle suspicion. He had placed one more stumbling-block in the path of honest seamen in real distress.

Otto's return is regarded as extremely indefinite.

The Chocolate Soda

Some well intentioned reformers used to circulate a little booklet called "How to say 'No.'" It proved that a man of character could refuse the insidious offers of too cheerful beverages. In these more sincere days when everyone is fearful of using professional phrases it is interesting, even fascinating, to ponder upon the efficacy of that good old recipe for resisting temptation.

Tom met the Man-Who-Gives-Advice down in the main lobby the other evening. He had never had occasion to seek him in his office so that his acquaintance with him had not lasted over ten minutes when he began to address him in affectionate terms.

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice, realizing that Tom was in the stage of intense good nature which is not drunken though induced by alcohol, urged him to go to bed. Tom refused and followed him about, his admiration seeming to grow more profound each minute. Finally he announced that he would go out and have a drink before going to bed and the Man-Who-Gives-Advice stopped him.

"Don't go, Tom, because you'll get drunk and then we can't let you sleep here. If you are thirsty go over to the soda fountain and have a drink that can't hurt you."

"Well, I will, sir," agreed Tom, after deliberating a second, "but you come, too. I want to show my appreciation for all you do for the seamen. You come with me and have a chocolate ice cream soda."

"Thanks, but I'm not thirsty," declined the Man-Who-Gives-Advice. Tom persisted. He used a coaxing tone—"just for friendship's sake," he urged, trotting insistently at the heels of his "friend."

Suddenly the Man-Who-Gives-Advice turned.

"Tom," he said, "here's something you ought to learn; and all of you seamen," he added to the group which stood about, "its how to say 'no' when a man asks you to have a drink. NO!" he concluded in a strong baritone and Tom gasped his surprise.

"My, but you're severe," he murmured, while the seamen chuckled. Then he went over to the soda fountain and said with careful emphasis:

"One chocolate ice cream soda."

The Pretense of Paul

Paul made his first appearance one rainy afternoon six weeks ago. He sat on the bench waiting to see the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, and as he waited he held his bandaged head in his hands and occasionally moaned—not noisily but with a note of controlled anguish.

When at last his turn came for an interview he made his way to the office door with uncertain steps and still

clasping his head in both hands.

"I was comin' along here peaceable last night when three men stepped out from a doorway, knocked a hole in my head and took my money. I'll go to sea again as soon as I'm able, sir."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice looked thoughtfully at Paul's crafty eyes which blinked from the edge of the white bandage. There was one faint pink streak where the blood seemed slowly to saturate the gauze and perhaps it was this which decided him.

"Well, I can put you up for a few days, since you aren't ill enough to go to the hospital, but you must be looking for work just as soon as you can," he said as he wrote the ticket for a bed.

Paul went away, voluably grateful. But the long bench outside saw him many times in the next three weeks. He always held his neatly bandaged head while he moaned softly as if to himself, but always audibly.

"My head was almost well, sir, when one of the fellows come up to me playful like and give me a tap right on the wound," he would say—or

"I was goin' down the marble stairs and I missed my footing on account the bandage being too far over my eyes; its just my luck that I struck on my head."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice stifled his suspicions and gave Paul a bed for another day, urging him to find some light work that he could do temporarily.

And then one of the sailors from whom Paul borrowed not wisely but too well, went up to see the Man-Who-Gives-Advice.

THE LOOKOUT

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Spring and Optimism

"Spring?" asked the shivering Arab sailor, clutching his blue burnouse more tightly about him and injecting a plaintive note in his voice.

"What is theese theeng you call Spreeng?" He was standing on the corner just outside the Institute and the cold April sunshine did not mitigate the piercing April breeze.

"Well, it is spring all right. They're playing baseball over there in the park," said the newsboy who had been vainly trying to interest the Arab in yellow journalism. And he felt he had proved his content¹on.

With robins hopping about the stray spears of hardy grass in little Jeanette Park just across the street from the Institute, and with the Marine Nine playing the Yard-Arm Dodgers, who can dispute the fact that spring is really arrived?

Sailors make the most ardent sort of baseball fans, for what they lack in skill they easily supply in exuberant enthusiasm, and if a rolling gait sometimes makes a home-run less speedy than the National League standard, that merely increases the suspense.

And suspense, like all other restless, hopeful things, is a quality of the spring.

Last April the LOOKOUT wrote (over in No. 1 State Street) about the hopes and fears, and high ambitions which were crowding the new building, not yet quite completed. This April it writes with a view of the sun-flecked harbor and the nearly budding trees of the park. The reasons for optimism are many time greater than they were a year ago, for the new building, with every department open and patronized almost to the limit of its capacity, has accomplished the unexpected.

"All beds taken" is the sign which has to be put up every night and there may be times when "All stools taken" will have to appear in the lunch room.

When that \$128,000 balance on the building fund is raised, the last handicap to thorough and complete success will have been removed. It seems a small amount by contrast, but it is none the less a very definite drawback, which even the optimistic spring does not palliate.

Six Rooms on 12th Floor \$250.00

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

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

Vestry Room \$500.00

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

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

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

Chapel Chairs

Chairs reserved as gifts during March make the total number 50.

Miss Charlotte Lane	2
The Misses Cotheal	2
Mrs. Henry L. Hobart.....	2
Howard P Buck	1
Willard Rice Platt.....	1
Mrs. William Robert Mowe	1
Rev. Edward M. Jeffreys.....	1
Jay C. Spencer.....	1
Adolph Stahl	2

Lookout Subscriptions

For the past four years the LOOKOUT has been published primarily, as

a magazine devoted to the activities of the Building Committee, relating to the new building. Now, however, that the building is finished and the Building Fund within \$128,000 of completion, the LOOKOUT is gradually becoming representative of the entire work of the Institute. It is, in short, the official organ of the Society. In order to continue its publication it will be necessary to ask for subscriptions to pay for its cost and postage.

One dollar a year is not excessive and in the May issue will be enclosed small printed forms to enable LOOKOUT readers, who have not already done so, a chance to subscribe.

Chapel Chairs \$5.00

There are 250 chapel chairs which can still be presented as a separate gift 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 —."

Three More Beds.

Room 516 on the fifth floor has been made a supplementary dormitory with three extra beds. That makes the total number now 76. This room was originally suggested as an officer's room but the need for dormitory expansion proved so great that it was decided to convert it to that use. It is suggested as a gift or memorial, \$250.00 paying for the estimated cost

Ass't Supt. Sitting Room

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapin Sargent have given \$500.00 to make the Sitting Room on the 12th floor a memorial to their son, Charles Chapin Sargent, Jr.

That Rule of Three

"Maybe you will advise me," began the tall, raw-boned Finn, as he leaned across the hotel desk to speak to the assistant.

"It's about my wife," he continued. "She bane left home to go to Brooklyn and I want her to come back."

The Desk man repressed his swift desire to smile and looked sympathetic.

"If she really preferred Brooklyn, I don't know that you can persuade her to leave it," he said not very helpfully; but the Finn was not discouraged.

"I come to you because you bane have two seamen stopping here who bane visiting my house. One of them, Lindholm, came up nine weeks ago, saying he knew some of our people in Finland, so we rented him a room. Then he brought up another man, named Oscar, who seemed to find my wife var' interesting. Oscar bane stop in this Institute and my Christina, she write him letters. Lindholm also smile much at Christina. All las' week she var' cold to me; then she run away."

"You know where she is?" inquired the Desk man, unused to grappling with delicate problems of this nature.

"I hear either Lindholm or Oscar take her to a job in a laundry. He show that way how much he like her," he added with bitter sarcasm. "I love her var' much and I make \$3.50 a day and I want her to come back."

"But what can I do?" asked the Desk man, whose attitude of patient listening had turned into one of bewilderment.

"Help me to find this Oscar. My wife writes to him here and Lindholm calls for the mail."

"She seems to have a choice of

three," commented a listening seaman, drily, but the worried husband ignored the jibe.

"You will help me to see Lindholm and Oscar?" he urged.

The Desk man promised, reluctantly. It's a bit disturbing to have the role of Adjuster of Domestic Relations thrust upon one. But the Desk man has a kind heart.

Gifts or Memorials

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

Baggage Department \$2,000

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

Kitchen or "Galley" \$2,500

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

Laundry, \$1,500

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

Parcel Room \$300

On lobby floor to store packages and clothing left in bedrooms by careless lodgers.

Barber Shop \$300

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

Stereoptican Outfit \$700

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

Soda Fountain \$1,500

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

rail 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.

The show cases are filled with tobacco, picture post cards and the curious variety of sweets which seamen prefer. This soda fountain has not been given as yet; it has the value of being a unique gift as well as an intensely practical one.

Sketched Just in Passing

One of the staff, grown sensitive to the various phases of seamen character which constantly pass before him, and imbued with the Institute spirit which is ceaselessly seeking for the best, has written the following short sketch which we publish without editing:

"A certain sailor, with bleary eyes and bloated face, had been hanging around the Institute, drunk and garrulous for several days, and the efforts of various members of the staff to induce him to pull himself together had been unavailing.

"A certain lady, dignified, with sorrowful eyes and sad, careworn face, called at the Institute one evening, and in a tremulous voice, inquired at the registry office for her husband. The man was her husband.

"The lady was requested to wait for a few moments while one of the staff hastened to find the erring one. He was soon found, drunk and garrulous—as usual—and was told that his wife wished to see him.

"This is what happened and all in the space of a few brief moments, while not a word was spoken. Their eyes met. She rose weakly from her seat. Her eyes told plainly of tender

love, sorrow and pity. His told only of his conscious delinquency and shame. His head dropped forward on his chest, his knees sagged slightly and he gave vent to an audible sob. Then the metamorphosis came.

"He raised his head, threw back his shoulders, and taking off his hat, respectfully, penitently approached his wife. Their eyes met again. Hers were forgiving; his grateful. They kissed and embraced, both oblivious of the curious though sympathetic eyes that were watching them. Then, arm in arm, they left the Institute, he conscious of his responsibility and she proud of him and her influence over him."

When the "Tower" Sank

He pulled up the collar of his grey flannel shirt and straightened his greasy crimson tie before he began his story.

"These are the clothes I was wrecked in," he apologized to the editor, "so maybe they are some wrinkled, but I can tell you about the 'Charlماغne Tower,' because I was one of the crew, stopping here at the Institute.

"We carry coal between Boston and Norfolk, and we was just a little way from Norfolk when we sprung a leak, so we turned back, the ship was caulked and we started again. About 3:30 o'clock that morning she began to leak again and showed that she was sinking too rapidly for us to put back. It was snowing and blowing fiercely, so we anchored her about two miles from Barnegat. The captain put up flags, but it was too rough for the life savers on shore to come out. We got out the lifeboats and put all the clothes

adrift.

"The first officer and three of the crew went in another, and seventeen of us, with the captain, went in the third. The sea was so high that the first officer's boat immediately upset and they managed to swim ashore, helped a little by the life savers.

"After seeing them overturned we steered our boat toward the open sea, finally drifting and rowing six miles from the 'Tower.' We were then in the track of the big steamers, but several passed without seeing us. It snowed and was very cold. We had no food or water, but we had torches and when it grew dark we signalled with those."

"Were you afraid?" asked the editor.

The survivor looked hard at his heavy boots and then examined his cap, carefully.

"Well," he admitted reluctantly, "I suppose we were, being so crowded and hungry, and cold, and night coming on. But suddenly we saw that a ship was coming toward us. It proved to be the 'Bayport,' a collier like the 'Tower,' and she took us all to Norfolk. All the papers said we were lost. Here is the clipping."

He drew out his shapeless pocket-book and extracted a long strip of newspaper, splashed heavily with red ink.

"Captain and Seventeen of Crew Lost in Wreck of 'Charlsmagne Tower,' it shrieked, scarletly.

As he cautiously returned the clipping to his pocket a very wide, boyish grin replaced his look of proud importance. After all, he was only 20.

"As long as we were saved it does make a great story to tell the other chaps, doesn't it?"

Shipping Department

Month ending Mar. 31st, 1914.

Vessel.	Men.	Destination
S. S. J.L.Lukenbeck	1	Panama & Mexico
S. S. Etonia	1	Antwerp
S. S. Vandyck	32	Brazil
S. S. Canning	1	Manchester
S. S. Illinois	2	Port Arthur
S. S. Denis	40	Brazil
S. S. Whakarua	2	Australia
S. S. Vesta	1	Baton Rouge
S. S. P'tguese Prin.	23	Brazil
S. S. Carl Schurz	4	Cuba
S. S. Byron	33	Brazil
S. S. Condon	1	South America
S. S. Rayo	1	Port Arthur
S. S. Emil Boas	4	Port Limon
S. S. St. Cecelia	1	Havre
S. S. Morro Castle	1	Cuba
S. S. Commissioner	1	New York Harbor
S. S. Verdi	41	Manchester
S. S. Comet	1	Port Arthur
S. S. High'd Watch	1	Brazil
S. S. I. J. Merritt	2	New York Harbor
S. S. Kassanga	4	Wilmington, N. C.
S. S. Imataca	1	West Indies
S. S. Texas	6	Port Arthur
S. S. Cuthbert	5	Liverp'l via Brazil
S. S. Indian Prince	23	Brazil
S. S. Madison	1	Norfolk, Va.
Tug 14, N. Y. & H. R. R. Co.	1	New York Harbor
S. S. C. W. Morse	4	New Orleans
Tug M. J. Kennedy	1	New York Harbor
Tug O.L.Hallenbeck	4	New York Harbor
Tug Princess	3	New York Harbor
Tug T.M.McAllister	1	New York Harbor
Barge P. J. Hooper	2	New York Harbor
Barge 723, Lehigh Valley Co.	2	New York Harbor
Barge J. Rodley	1	Perth Amboy
L. V. Ram Isl. Reef	1	Light House Dept
Steam St. Rosebud	1	New York Harbor
Dredge Toledo	3	New York Harbor
Dredge Texas	3	Northport, L. I.
Dredge 12, P.S.Ross	5	Shrewsbury River
Scow Morris & Cummings Dredge Co.	3	New York Harbor
Total	269	
Men given temporary employment in Port	210	

"You don't want to help Paul any more, sir," he said, "his head has been well these three weeks but he goes out and buys that white stuff and gets one of the men to bandage it for him. He's got one disease, though, and I guess its incurable: its laziness."

A Record Month

During the month of March \$25,502.02 in seamen's wages were deposited in the savings department. This is nearly \$8,000 more than was ever received in one month in the history of the Institute. Of this \$11,148.14 was sent home to dependent relatives. As proof of the confidence which the sailor places in us these figures are supreme evidence. And that nearly one-half of the entire amount deposited should be transmitted by us (in most cases across the sea), does much to refute the old charge that the improvident sailor forgets his family when away from them.

Games Played

A sample week in the game room shows a report which reads:

	Number of men playing in week.
Bagatelle	52
Billiards	80
Cards	415
Checkers	260
Chess	42
Cribbage	140
Dominoes	138
Pool	732
Shuffle board	350
Total	2209

Turning the Leaf

Perhaps the most cheerful and significant thing about the Institute's attitude toward the sailor habit of intemperance is that it only wishes to help him overcome it if he honestly seeks that help.

That 243 pledges have voluntarily been signed by seamen who have, without being urged or coerced in any way, attended the simple informal talks upon temperance which have been held in the Concert Hall, proves how genuine is the desire of the ordinary, decent, ambitious sailor to grow out of his old ways into new ones which he recognizes as right.

A Gift from Mr. Curtain

A resplendent new canvas cover for use on the "Sentinel" (which is still being made to serve while the new boat is being built) has been made by Mr. John Curtain, a sail-maker, on South Street, and presented to the Institute. He became interested in doing this through his acquaintance with Captain Fils, the loyal commander of the little craft.

Recent Contribution

Anonymous	\$2,000
Charles Hayden	1,000
C. K. G. Billings	1,000
Mr. & Mrs. Charles C. Sargent	500
Hon. Addison Brown	500
Mrs. Williard D. Straight	250
W. H. Andrews	100
Mrs. W. W. Tompkins	50
Mrs. George de Forest Lord	25
Mrs. Francis H. Slade	5
Rev. E. B. Rice	1

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
Miss Cornelia Prime.....	16,460.00
William A. Du Bois.....	15,480.00
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.....	11,730.00
Lispenard 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. Fahnestock.....	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	} 5,000.00
Wheaton B. Kunhardt	
Henry R. Kunhardt	

List of Benefactors

Mrs. John E. Alexandre.....	\$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, Edge & 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
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
W. L. Harkness.....	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, MARCH 1914.

Alcott, Mrs. Arthur	Magazines.
Arvine, Mrs. F. B.	German Periodicals.
Ashmead, Mrs. C. A.	Magazines.
Battle, Mrs. Gordon G.	Clothing.
Bowfield, Mrs. D. J.	Magazines.
Brennan, Miss F. E.	Magazines.
Brett, Miss Ella E.	Magazines.
Carlson, Miss Julia	Magazines.
Casy, Mrs. Turnbull	Knitted Articles.
Catlin, Miss C. V. R.	Knitted Articles.
Cosm'p't'n Sew. Circle, Mrs. F. C. Barlow, Pres.	Mufflers.
Curtain, Mr. John	Boat Cover for Sentinel.
Dixon, Mrs. Hiram R.	Bound books and magazines.
Dominick, Mr. M. W.	\$25.00.
Dorfinger, Miss Nellie	Magazines.
Ely, Mrs. M.	Magazines.
Fooler, Mr. H. W.	Magazines.
Fowler, Mrs. R. H.	Magazines.
Galway, Mrs. Mary V.	Clothing.
Greenwood, Mr. Ira	Photographs.
Hagan, Miss M.	Magazines.
Hall, Miss Isabella	Knitted scarf.
Halsey, Miss E. A.	Magazines.
Halstead, Mrs. C.	Magazines.
Husted, Mrs. S. L. Jr.	Bound books and magazines.
Irving, Miss C. C.	Knitted scarf.
Johnson, Mrs. J. Augustus	Clothing.
Johnson, Wood & Rogers	Magazines.
Kelley, Mrs. A. P.	Magazines.
Kelly, Mr. F. E.	"Washington at Prayer at Valley Forge"
Kurz, Miss F. C.	Magazines.
Leland, Miss E.	Knitted scarf.
Leshure, Mrs. John	Swedish magazine
Leverich, Mrs. Edward	Knitted articles.
Lincoln, Mrs. F. W.	Magazines.
Lomia, Miss	Bound books.
MacDonough, Mr. Glen	Clothing.
Mangum, Mr. L. K.	Magazines.
Marsh, Miss A. B.	Magazines.
Merritt, Mrs. John	Spanish paper.
Mount, Mrs. J. T.	\$10.00.
Nash, Mrs. A. T.	Magazines.
Oneale, Mrs. J. F.	Magazines.
Palmer, Mrs. Harris	Magazines.
Pancoast, Miss M. A.	Magazines.
Pegram, Mrs. Mary M.	Scarf and calendars.
Phelps, Mr. H. W.	Magazines.
Pottes, Mrs. Chas. E.	Magazines.
Public School #134 through Miss M. Carolan.	Magazines.
Ramstram, Mr. Eric	\$1.00.
Satterlee, Mrs. Herbert L.	Magazines.
Sheldon, Mrs. R. T.	Clothing and shoes.
Sister Rebecca	Magazines.
Spooner, Mrs. John C.	Magazines.
Thomson, Mr. W. A.	Clothing.
Udall, Miss Mary Strong	Chancel furnishings.
Usher, Miss Irene	Magazines.
Wacker, Mr. J. F.	Magazines.
Walker, Mr.	Clothing.
Wellington, Miss Elizabeth R.	\$25.00.
Wescott, Mrs. C. L.	Magazines.
Woman's Club of R. W. N. J., Mrs. W. H.	
Hendrickson, Pres.	Magazines.

Woodward, Mrs. M. P. Clothing and magazines.
 Wyman, Mr. Frank H. Bound books and puzzles.
 Yates, Mr. J. A. Clothing.
 York, Miss Esther, L. Magazines.

Church Periodical Clubs:

All Angels Branch, N. Y. Miss K. L. Bailey, Libr. ... Magazines.
 Calvary Church, B'klyn, N. Y. Miss M. M. Dean, Libr. ... Magazines.
 Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y. Mrs. Hogeboom, Libr. Magazines.
 Christ Church, E. Orange, N. J. Miss H. L. Moore, Libr. Magazines.
 Christ Church, New Brighton, S. I. Miss May Bayne, Libr. Magazines.
 Church of the Heavenly Rest, N. Y. Mrs. D. Luckett, Libr. Easter cards.
 Church of the Holy Comforter,
 Poughkeepsie Mrs. J. Lumb, Libr. Magazines.
 Church of the Messiah, B'kl-n, N. Y. Miss J. Ithell, Libr. Magazines.
 Church of the Redeemer, Astoria, L. I. Miss J. Fanning, Libr. Magazines.
 Grace Church, B'klyn, N. Y. Miss Sterling, Libr. Books & Magazines
 Grace Church, Orange, N. J. Mrs. F. M. Patriarche, Libr. Magazines.
 St. Agnes Church, N. Y. Miss Agnes Lathers, Libr. .. Knitted helmets,
 magazines.
 St. Andrew's Memorial Church, Yonkers. Mrs. A. Irving Lattin, Libr. Magazines.
 St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Miss Helen Williams, Libr. ... Magazines.
 St. Bartholomew's Church, B'klyn Mrs. L. Pauly, Libr. Magazines.
 St. Mark's in the Bowrie, N. Y. Mrs. Mason Young, Libr. .. Magazines.
 St. Mathew's Church, N. Y. Miss Laura Heilner, Libr. .. Magazines.
 St. Paul's Church, Englewood, N. J. Miss J. Benson, Libr. Magazines.
 St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J. Miss Ida S. England, Libr. .. Magazines.
 St. Paul's Church, B'klyn, N. Y. Miss M. B. Pier, Libr. German papers.
 St. Philip's Church, B'klyn, N. Y. Mrs. Decker, Libr. Magazines.
 St. Thomas' Church, N. Y. Miss Isabel Hyde, Libr. Magazines, Easter
 cards.
 Zion Church Wappinger Falls, N. Y. ... Mrs. W. A. Brewster, Libr. ... Magazines.
 Girl's Friendly Society:
 St. George's Church, N. Y. Miss Alice Kurz, Libr. Magazines.
 Woman's Auxiliary:
 St. Stephen's Church, B'klyn, N. Y. Mrs. Thomas Miller, Libr. .. Clothing and mag.
 Miscellaneous Societies:
 All Souls Church, N. Y. Mrs. C. R. Wagen, Magazines.
 Junior Aux. Society, St. George's Chapel,
 Flushing, L. I. Miss E. D. Rodman Magazines.
 Church of the Transfiguration, N. Y. Magazines.
 P. E. Church Morristown, N. J. Magazines.
 St. Faith's Guild, Holy Trinity Church, N.Y
 Miss Katherine Cramer Magazines.

Anonymous Donations:—

March 9—By express Box magazines.
 March 10—By express Leslie's Peoples' Weekly.
 March 13—By express, Orange, N. J. Box and bundle magazines.
 March 14—By express Two bundles magazines.
 March 22—By express Two barrels magazines.
 March 22—Adams express One barrel magazines.
 March 23—By express, Ridgewood, N. J. Two boxes magazines.
 March 23—Left at the office Saturday Evening Posts.
 March 24—By express One barrel magazines.
 March 24—By mail, J. E. L. St. Thomas' Church, N. Y. ... Easter cards.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF WORK

MARCH 1914

Savings Department.
 Mar. 1st, Cash on hand\$24,693.55
 Deposits 25,502.02
\$50,195.57
 Withdrawals(\$11,148.14 transmitted) 24,276.93
 April 1st, cash balance.....\$25,918.64

Shipping Department.
 No. of vessels shipped by Seamen's Church
 Institute 10
 No. of men shipped 269
 No. of men given employment in port ... 210
 Total (number of men) 479

Hotel Department and Reading Rooms
 Rooms and beds rented 13,464
 Free Lodgings (on benches and floor) .. 147
 Lodgers employed thru Shipping Dept. 187
 Letters received for seamen 1,818
 Aggregate pieces of dunnage checked.. 1,354
 Aggregate number of parcels checked... 478

Relief Department.
 Assisted (Board, lodging, clothes) 622
 Men sent to hospital 43
 Hospital visits 40
 Number of patients visited 237
 Visits to ships in port 388
 Men sent to Legal Aid Society 4

Religious and Social Departments.

	No. of services	Attendance	Seamen	
Services	English	19	1,588	1,340
	Scandinavian	14	391	388
	Spanish	14	196	179
	German	4	234	231
Totals	51	2,409	2,138	

Communion services 2
 Baptism (infant) 1
 Funeral Services 3
 St. Andrew's Brotherhood Bible Class
 Meetings 4 Attendance 106
 No. of Temperance pledges signed 152
 Entertainments 21
 Seamen 3,574 Total Attendance ... 3,936
 "Sing Song" 13
 Seamen 1,156 Total Attendance ... 1,308
 Packages reading matter given 528
 Bibles, Gospels and Testaments given ... 165
 Knitted articles and Comfort bags given. 477

Institute Boat "Sentinel"
 Trips made 41
 Visits to vessels 154
 Men transported 180
 Pieces of dunnage transported 402

BUILDING COMMITTEE

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, *Chairman*
54 Wall Street

HERBERT BARBER

CHARLES W. BOWRING

HENRY L. HOBART

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

A. T. MAHAN

HENRY LEWIS MORRIS

J. FREDERIC TAMS

JOHN SEELY WARD

IRENE K. LANE, *Secretary*

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

ROBERT S. BREWSTER

CLEVELAND H. DODGE

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON

WM. DOUGLAS SLOANE

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