

# The Lookout



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

# **“STANDING ROOM ONLY” BUT \$125,000 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.

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

**600 Meals** are served 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 \$125,000.

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 \$500 for the Reredos?

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

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

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

# THE LOOKOUT

VOL. 5

JUNE, 1914

No. 2

## Whistling for Trouble

Bob's irresponsible, pleasure-loving nature led him at last to a cot in the "Longboat." Too many libations to the gods had made him unfit to occupy his room on the sixth floor and so he was helped to bed in the narrow cubicle designed to encourage a taste for sobriety.

About one o'clock (A. M.) he aroused himself stiffly and looked about him with the dazed stare of one who takes no joy in his surroundings.

"I don't like this place much," he muttered, "mus' find some way out."

Then Bob had an idea: it seemed to him that it was a very good idea indeed and he hastened to act upon it before his drowsy brain again relaxed. Going over to the window he thrust his head out as far as possible and blew loudly upon a police whistle which he carried in his waistcoat pocket.

Occupants of rooms for three floors above Bob awoke in great excitement.

"We're pinched, fellows. Better get dressed," someone shouted.

It was ten minutes before the whistle was traced to its source and calm restored to the perturbed sleepers. The restless Bob was asked to leave, and he took his departure with little protest.

"Well," he explained defensively, "I always carry a police whistle. Never know when I may need it."

## Ice Cream Money

Ice cream is needed this summer for sick seamen in hospitals, for stifling concert nights and for the apprentice boys! Checks or currency should be sent to the superintendent.

## Borrowing

"Peter," asked Hans, looking up from his book in the big reading room, "Isn't there something in some play about being neither a borrower nor a lender?"

"Sure," agreed Peter, "its good advice, too. Why?"

"Well, Peter, I was thinking that I wanted you to give me 10 cents so that I could go to the movies this afternoon. I can draw my five dollars out of the bank on Monday morning and pay you back."

"All right, Hans," smiled Peter, producing the dime, "only don't you pay me back. Then we won't go against that advice you was speaking of."

## In Search of Adventure

It was half past five, that magic hour when little blonde-haired telephone operators begin to pull out plugs with anxious glances toward the clock, and the Institute's switchboard guardian had already secured her hat and coat when she remembered a message to be delivered in the superintendent's office. As she rushed through the outer private office, where the big safe is kept, she caught a glimpse of a strange figure in the back of the vault.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, crisply.

The man came out slowly, carefully closing both the massive iron doors. "I was just looking for John Parsons," he explained soothingly.

Later, when the house detective was called, the vault explorer pretended not to know how he had gotten into the

private office. He announced that he believed he was a little insane, but that he was a seaman and had not stolen anything. He was arrested and taken to the Old Slip Station.

As the Magistrate began to examine him, however, he suddenly regained his reason..

"I'll waive examination and go to the higher court," he decided briskly, and was promptly held in \$1,000 bail, charged with unlawful entry.

Which all goes to prove that adventures come to persistent searchers and even to young persons who do not seek them, preferring to guard telephone switchboards.

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### Between New York and Brooklyn

If there be any research worker whose days seem to drag, let him occupy himself discovering the source of the ancient jokes about Brooklyn and its relation to New York. New witticisms are produced daily, many of them so obviously unintentional as to provoke mirth from the most sensible.

The other morning a note was received in the inquiry department. It asked information about a certain seaman, describing him briefly and then added:

"When last heard from he was mate on a small barge, sailing between New York and Brooklyn!"

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### Uniform for Institute Employees

Khaki jackets for the cleaning staff, white drill for the waiters; light grey for the elevator men; navy blue for the watchmen; these are the uniforms now being made for the Institute employees. The light grey costumes will have stars on the sleeves, with the monogram S. C. I. on the collar. These will do away with the necessity for getting out a small guide entitled "How to tell a sailor from a worker."

### Death and the Foreigner

#### A Burial Fund

Recently we published a story about a young man who took photographs of the funeral of his friend, held here in the Institute Chapel, in order that the family across the sea might be comforted by the knowledge of a Christian burial in a strange land.

Owing to the increasing demands made upon us, our small section in Evergreen Cemetery is becoming so over-crowded that it is necessary to purchase a new plot. Superintendents of institutions all over New York, steamship captains, hospital authorities, morgue officials all call up the Institute suggesting that it take charge of the burial of dead seamen.

Frequently sailors of well-to-do families have been kept from finding their final resting places in the Potter's Field only by the Institute's intervention. Of course in a few cases we have been reimbursed but in the majority of instances we have to bear the entire expense. For this reason, we wish to appeal for contributions to a Burial Fund. The cost of a single funeral is about \$65.00. A special fund for this purpose would enable us to purchase additional plots when necessary and to obviate the chance of having to send some sailor to an unmarked grave.

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### Brother Three

"I want to get information or trace of my three brothers, George, James and Thomas. The eldest, George, was last heard of in Buenos Ayres. I seek this information for our poor old mother way back in Ireland who is grieving for news of them. James and Thomas were known to have gone to sea but I don't know in what capacity.

Any news you can give me about them will be much valued."

There are many letters of a similar character coming into our Inquiry Dept. every day. It is to avoid so many futile searches of this sort that signs are placed about the reading and writing rooms, admonishing brothers and husbands and fathers to WRITE HOME.

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### About Shipping

In a recent realistic novel the hero, fired by the lure of the great ships, goes down to a free shipping bureau on West Street and asks to be allowed to get a berth. The author says that a long-faced elder replied,

"Are you a sailor? No? Well, I can do nothing for you, my friend. Are you saved?"

This must sound very convincing to the average reader who knows little or nothing about seamen and the people who are interested in them. But it is so complete a distortion of fact as to render it grotesquely ludicrous even in a work of fiction.

In the Institute's shipping bureau where over 400 men found employment last month such a question as the last one quoted is never asked, but the class of men applying for positions and receiving them has improved so much that within this past year discriminating yachtsmen, desiring the best possible type of man, have employed their crews through the Institute, in increasing numbers.

Down on the bulletin board there is always a notice reading something like this

Wanted for the S. S.———

Signs on to-morrow

1 Donkeyman	15 A. Bs.
4 Firemen	1 Cook

### Jacob Suggests

Jacob leaned lazily against the soda fountain counter and made languid efforts to attract the attention of the clerk. After about five minutes he pushed his way determinedly to a spot directly opposite the attendant and demanded a lemon phosphate in an imperious tone.

"Don't be peevish, Jacob," soothed the soft drinks bar-tender smiling. "You have to wait your turn, you know."

"Well, I don't mind that so much but I don't think this place is run right."

"No?"

"It's not, either. Why, in Paris at the Seamen's Institute, the drunker a man was, the more welcome he was. Yes, sir. I was always very welcome there. I'd like to make some suggestions to the administration."

The attendant looked thoughtful. Then he asked.

"Haven't you been treated pretty well here, when you think it over?"

"I have," responded Jacob with surprising promptness. "And why? Because I've kept to lemon phosphates: that's why."

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### Inventing a Language

When this note was handed to the Baggage Department man he sent it to the Institute's non-official translator, "I think it is German or Swedish," he added, by way of assistance.

It finally came back to be interpreted by one of the office force who pronounced it Sean-English. It read:

"Supertenders: Vandt ju kip mein Sut-kas tu ai kam down und negst month. No. 9727—name, Hilberg Olsen."

### David Changes His Mind

"No, I don't want to talk about it," David insisted stubbornly. "I just made up my mind to drink myself to death and I'm going to."

The Man-Who-Gives-Advice stood looking after him as he made his unsteady way toward the stairs. He had discovered that David, until five months ago, had been the owner of two large tow boats, carrying coal. Some domestic trouble had arisen and he had left his home, come to New York and worked on the water-front whenever he was sober. He seemed to disintegrate before the very eyes of the Man-Who-Gives-Advice and the other Institute workers who became interested in him. David possessed that curious charm of manner which is at once so disarming and so attractive.

One day he was seen crying at one of the song services in the Auditorium and after that the Man-Who-Gives-Advice wrote to his father who promised to come over in about a week and persuade his son to go home. Then David was summoned to the office.

"See here, David," began the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, "you've got to be sober enough to think. I believe you ought to go to Bellevue for a week. It would do you a lot of good."

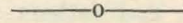
"No, sir," refused David, with drunken obstinacy.

"Well, then," decided his friend, "You'll have to go to the workhouse." And he took up the telephone receiver to summon a policeman.

"Wait!" shouted David, "let me think. Just let me think." Half an hour later he was on his way to the alcoholic ward in that hospital which has done more actual missionary work for drunkards than can ever be accurately estimated.

He returned a week later to meet his father, with pale cheeks but clear eyes.

"I guess you had it right, sir," he told the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, "I've changed my mind about drinking myself to death. And I'm going home because—well, because I've changed my mind."



### Care's Ravelled Sleeve

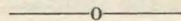
Across from the South Street windows of the Institute are two enormous heaps of sand which are to be used in rebuilding the pavement. During the long, warm, June days the homeless, workless men lie on these sand piles, sleeping.

"That's one thing we can do, anyhow," one of them said to his neighbor as he considerably moved a heavy sea boot from his companion's side. "We can sleep out here and forget our troubles."

All one rainy afternoon a young man lay at the edge of the heap, an expression of placid ease upon his relaxed features. From time to time well meaning loungers tried to pull him in out of the rain, but he only begged to be let alone—to sleep.

And at night they lie in tiers, four deep, arranging themselves comfortably with amicable regard for each others' elbows and knees.

"This sand is about as good as a hay stack," they tell each other, whenever their memories include the country.



### Chapel Chairs

Everett J. Brett .....	2
Miss Anna Schlesinger .....	1
Mrs. Cortlandt Irving .....	2
Mrs. George G. Moore .....	4
Benj. F. Calwell .....	1
Mrs. Philo Gilbert.....	1

**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.

**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.

**Music on the "Queen Bess"**

From England comes this letter to the Superintendent, from the mother of one of the apprentice lads:

"We have just received a letter from our son who tells me you have been kind enough to let them have a nice little organ to use on their ship. I know you could have thought of no kinder act and if you could read his letter you would say so. I felt so grateful to you for all the kindness that you and Mr. Wood (the apprentice boy's Big Brother at the Institute) have shown to my son, that I was obliged to sit down and thank you at once.

I know how fond he is of music and how it must have helped to pass the

monotony of many hours away! I think I can see the faces of those young fellows brightening up when they sing the good old hymns they learned at home.

My son tells me their two favorites are "Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep" and "Eternal Father Strong to Save." And I always choose those for Sunday night as a sort of prayer for all at sea and especially the 'Queen Bess'."

The organ referred to was a small cabinet instrument which the boys used to play upon when they came to Sunday night teas and Thursday evening parties over in the old building. Its presentation to one of the "Queen Bess" boys proves to have been another instance of giving even better than we knew.

**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 makes an unusual gift. Five hundred dollars is the estimated cost.

## THE LOOKOUT

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

*Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year, post paid*  
*Single Copy, 10 Cents*

Circulation .....7,000

Edmund L. Baylies,.....President

Frank T. Warburton,.....Sec'y and Treasurer

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Archibald R. Mansfield,.....Superintendent

or Irene Katharine Lane, Editor

### Boys That Go To Sea

There is no problem requiring more tact, or more sympathetic handling than that presented by the boys of sixteen to twenty years of age who run away to sea or are sent there as a last resort by baffled relatives. When the Institute is able to help one of these youngsters it means that someone has devoted patient hours in a genuine effort to understand and to act wisely.

Last week a captain of a South American vessel brought Ernest to us. Ernest was sixteen and had been sent to sea by his mother, a friend of the Captain. He seemed a quiet, good tempered boy with no vicious tendencies but in one of the Southern ports he became involved in a close intimacy with another boy who induced him to pilfer small articles from his ship. The Captain brought him back to New York and he was paid off—\$36.00. The same day Ernest, full of eagerness to be amused, went to Coney Island returning 24 hours later without his wages. His Captain was quite naturally reduced to a state of exasperated despair. He could not ship the boy aboard his boat again, because of his previous petty

dishonesty and he could not leave him to float about New York idle and penniless. Someone suggested the Institute and we promised to put Ernest up for a week, watch him and try to get him a berth.

Ernest spent a chastened week, reading magazines, playing games and writing to his mother, all under the vigilant eye of the interested staff. And at the end of that time we got him a berth on an oil boat to which he departed full of assurances that he would not betray our trust in him.

"All I want," he begged, as he was leaving to go on board, "is for you not to tell my mother how badly I turned out on my first boat. I mean to run straight and I know I can."

"All right," assented the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, "but perhaps some day you will tell her yourself."

Another boy came in with his uncle who wished us to find him a berth as mess boy. He was seventeen and his mother, a widow, had been strikingly unsuccessful in his upbringing. For several months he had devoted himself exclusively to gambling and to inventing excuses for not attending school.

"I'm sure there's a lot of good in the lad," his uncle said, "and I believe that life on the sea would teach him a lot about hardship and courage and playing fairly."

So the Man-Who-Gives-Advice did a lot of telephoning and finally secured one of the best berths that a boy can get in America where there is no Merchant Marine and no apprentice system. The sea outfit was purchased in the Slop Chest and the papers ready for the boy's signature.

"Does this mean I have to be an A. B. for four years?" he inquired anxiously, reading through one of the formal



clauses. It was explained to him but he still looked doubtful. And on the day his boat was to sail he disappeared.

Two days later he came in, talked things over with the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, and finally agreed to take any berth he could get. By a lucky chance one was secured for him.

"I wouldn't do this but my mother was so upset that I just felt ashamed. You've been awfully good to bother," he told him.

These are but two out of the scores of cases which come to us every week. Mistakes at this critical period in the life of a boy frequently mean the wreck of his whole future. The Institute stands as a sort of big-souled, stern but tender father to the youngsters who have sought its help. They write back awkward, shy, sincere letters of gratitude; they say they are working hard and won't disappoint the people who care about them. They are anxious to prove that they were worth the trouble and worry which they cost. And they do prove it, for given half a chance, life on the sea develops; it never destroys.

#### Recent Subscriptions

William L. Harkness.....	\$2,500.00
In memory of Stuart F. Randolph .....	500.00
Mrs. J. Augustus Johnson....	250.00
E. R. Bacon.....	150.00
Joseph S. Auerbach.....	100.00
Mrs. James Roosevelt.....	100.00
J. Ackerman Coles, M. D....	100.00
Prince Münster von Derneborg	100.00
Orme Wilson, Jr.....	100.00
Mrs. Mary A. Cornell.....	50.00
Naval Militia Fund.....	50.00
Andrew C. Zabriskie.....	50.00
George A. Zabriskie.....	50.00
Mrs. John L. Davis.....	2.00

#### Portable Organ Needed

To be used when little song services are held in the sailors' boarding houses, on board the canal boats and wherever meetings can be held along the waterfront, a small portable organ is greatly needed. Many seamen can be reached through music when no amount of verbal eloquence will effect them.

#### That Best Policy

Copy-books to the contrary, it has always seemed to us that the infant mind should not be led to believe in Honesty as the Best Policy. There was something shrewdly cynical about Mr. B. Franklin—or was it simply cynical shrewdness? At all events, the Institute's ideal is to make the sailor respect Honesty as a pleasant and admirable quality for which he may never be rewarded at all.

Last week we received in a letter from Graham Mann the sum of \$9.72. He explained that he had deserted his ship at Norfolk and that this amount was still due on his allotment note. Not having earned it, he therefore returned the money.

"This seldom happens," mused the Man-Who-Gives-Advice, reading the letter over again to increase his pleased surprise.

"No," agreed one of the staff, "the sailor seldom thinks of giving back any money paid for his services. I should think he would, too, for its certainly the best policy."

Which brings us back to the beginning of this little story, and to the belief that Graham Mann was actuated by no motive at all except the desire to be—just honest.

Magazines are needed at 341 West St., the North River Station.

### Pursuing \$8.00

Arthur drew his watch from under his pillow and discovered it to be but ten minutes of two. He had awakened with a startled sense of it being morning and therefore with distinct relief he turned on his side, prepared for another five hours' nap. His sleepy glance fell aimlessly upon the patch of light on his bedroom wall and then he started with swift alarm. His door stood open wide, when he had carefully closed it the night before and his clothes lay in a disordered heap upon the floor. Arthur ran for the elevator man.

"Someone has been in here and taken \$8.00 from my trousers' pocket," he cried and just then they both heard the gentle creak of a door down the corridor.

They found the occupant of this room fully dressed and unable to explain.

"You have my money," accused Arthur excitedly. "Its a five dollar bill a two and a one."

"I have only a one dollar bill to my name," denied the other, producing it and then starting to go thru his pockets by way of proof. He pulled the shabby linings wrong side out with the restrained air of one who will not lose his temper, however wrongfully accused. Then he turned to Arthur with a superior smile.

"You see," he began, triumphantly, but Arthur cut him short.

"I do," he answered, for on the floor lay a slender roll, composed of one five dollar bill and one two. A few moments later Arthur's nocturnal visitor was on his way to the Old Slip police station.

"You were lucky to recover your eight dollars," someone told Arthur the next day. Arthur grinned.

"Recover? Why, that money is being held by the magistrate as evidence. It'll be a long time before I see it again. I'm going down to the Lunch Room now to get a job as dish washer,"

—o—

### Buttermilk in 15 Languages

One of the signs which make the soda fountain unique and instructive.

Buttermilk  
Buttermileh  
Karnemelk  
Kaernemaelk  
Tjarnmjolk  
Maslanka  
Iro  
Kirnupuma  
Woi-Lem  
Kehrnes Peens  
IIaXTaHbe  
Babeurre  
Suero  
Soro De Leite  
Resto Del Butirro

—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—

### List of Benefactors

An addition to the List of Benefactors is

In Memory of Stuart F.

Randolph ..... \$1,250.00

### North River Station

#### The Institute's West Street Agent.

"Why, I didn't know there was such a building as this on South Street," gasped the British sailor whose ship-mate had just showed him over the new Institute. "You see, I always go to the North River Station because its so convenient — right on West Street."

A good many seamen find it very convenient and that is why it was kept open when the other Institute stations were consolidated in the new building. It is a complete plant in miniature and attracts to its reading and game rooms about 300 seamen a day.

Under the particularly efficient supervision of Mr. Allen S. Gookin concerts have been held on Wednesday evening and on Sunday, following the services in the Chapel. This Chapel is the Church of the Holy Comforter erected by Mr. William H. Vanderbilt in 1887.

A programme of one of the concerts which have drawn seamen in such numbers that they were forced sit on the stairs or lounge against the wall outside the tiny concert room, contains some of the following numbers:

- Organ Solo, . . . . . Concert Variations  
Mr. W. I. Nevins
- Baritone Solo, . . . . . Because  
Mr. John Adams
- Soprano Solo, . . . . . The Way of Peace  
Miss Olga Rudwall
- Basso Solo, . . . . . The Sands of Time  
Mr. Alex. Milne
- Short Talk, . . . . . "Signal Lights"  
Mr. Allen S. Gookin
- Duet, . . . . . Love Divine  
Mrs. Fine, Mr. Walsh

Little posters were placed about the piers announcing a song service and short talk for last Sunday evening. It

added. "Impromptu Concert. The concert program will be given over to "The Men From The Ships," assisted by North River Station workers. Seamen and Boatmen Cordially invited. Refreshments."

A glance at the reading tables shows at once that magazines, newspapers and illustrated weeklies of all sorts are greatly needed. Packages should be sent direct to 341 West Street. Sailors prefer stories and pictures to copies of the "Outlook" or "Good Housekeeping."

In the game room checkers, dominoes and cards are wanted; in fact, games of any sort which can be played at tables will be most useful.

Electricity is to be installed in the Chapel, and new cocoa mats put on the floor. The entire building has been repainted and the front must also be painted, bringing out more clearly the signs "Seamen's Church Institute" and "Welcome." The baggage department must be enlarged and several small, carefully planned improvements should be made.

To do all this will require about \$900 to \$1,000. The LOOKOUT appeals for this amount in order to increase the efficiency of the North River Station, for through this station we often reach sailors who never venture so far away from the Atlantic liner piers as to come to South Street. It is important that this West Street station be given every chance to do its best work: there is danger of its existence's being crowded out of the hearts and minds of the Institute's friends whose interests have been concentrated upon this new building. The North River Station stands at a crucial point at the corner of West Houston Street: it should not be hampered for lack of so small a sum as \$900.

## Shipping Department

Month ending May 31st, 1914

Vessel	Men	Destination
S. S. Roman Prince.	9	South Africa
S. S. Bellona	30	West Indies
S. S. Northwestern	5	Port Arthur
S. S. Illinois	8	Port Arthur
S. S. Hamilton	1	Norfolk, Va.
S. S. J. L. Luckenbeck	2	Port Tampa, Fla.
S. S. Boriques	4	Porto Rico
S. S. Mora	2	Havre via Florida
S. S. Haven	1	New Haven
S. S. Madison	1	Norfolk, Va.
S. S. Brabant	2	Port Arthur
S. S. Pascal	2	Manchester
S. S. Highland Harris	27	Brazil
S. S. Vauban	32	Brazil
S. S. Eastern Prince	22	Brazil
S. S. J. L. Luckenbeck	1	Porto Rico
S. S. Mohawk	2	Jacksonville
S. S. Panama	1	Philadelphia
S. S. City of Philadelphia	4	Norfolk, Va.
S. S. Denis	30	Brazil via Norfolk
S. S. Gordon	1	New York Harbor
S. S. Berwind Moor.	1	Havana
S. S. Middletown	2	Hartford
S. S. Canning	5	Manchester
S. S. Tennyson	15	Brazil
S. S. Aidan	1	Liverpool via Brazil
S. S. E. Luckenbeck	1	New York Harbor
S. S. Northwestern	6	Matanzas
S. S. Raymoux	1	Porto Rico
S. S. Hatteras	2	Stanford, Conn.
S. S. Scottish Prince	23	Brazil
S. S. Gregory	25	Brazil
S. S. Dunstan	5	Brazil via Norfolk
S. S. Vandyck	32	Brazil
Tug I. J. Merritt	1	New York Harbor
Tug B. F. Arnott	2	Whiteston, L. I.
Tug Resolute	2	New York Harbor
Tug Resolute	1	Norfolk, Va.
Tug Resolute	1	Long Island Sound
Tug No. 12 N. Y.		
N. H. & H. R. R.	1	New York Harbor
Tug Wilcox	2	New York Harbor
Tug W. B. Keene	1	New York Harbor
Tug G. E. Keeler	3	New York Harbor
Tug A. G. Stone	1	Boston
Tug Princess	1	New York Harbor
Tug Lester S.		
Forsyth	1	New York Harbor
Lt. Vessel Gardenia	2	Light House Dept.
Lt. Vessel No. 51.	1	Light House Dept.
Lt. House Tender Ramsey	1	Light House Dept.
Lt. House Tender Daisy	1	Light House Dept.
Lt. House Tender Mistletoe	2	Light House Dept.
Dredge E. S. Keeler	1	Whitestone, L. I.
Dredge Toledo	1	New York Harbor
Barge No. 84, Standard Oil Co.	2	Port Arthur

Barge No. 76, Standard Oil Co.	1	Baton Rouge
Coal Barge Lackawanna R. R. Co.	2	New York Harbor
Barge Caddo	2	Port Arthur
Schooner Barge No. 8, Lehigh Valley	2	Portland
Yacht Genesee	1	Cruising
Yacht May	5	Cruising
Yacht Vanadis	2	Cruising
Yacht Kataura	14	Cruising
Steam Yacht Clifton	2	New York Harbor
Steam St. Frank Dean	1	Newburgh
Schooner Superior	3	Cape Lookout
Men given temporary employment	49	In Port

Total 418

0

## A Protest from Sailors' Haven

Mr. Stanton H. King, the Superintendent of Sailors' Haven, Charlestown, Mass. writes:

"Ever since the news reached us that the missing boat of the steamship 'Columbian' was found, both sailors and landsfolk have asked me 'Why is it that boat was not found sooner?'"

Of course, captains of steamships were told to keep a bright lookout for the missing boat. Two or three deviated from their course for a few hours and that was all.

They were only sailors, so what difference did it make! For shame's sake a weak effort was made to find the boat. Oh! Had these been passengers on the Columbian, and that missing boat supposed to contain persons of prominence the boat would have been found within two days, and not two weeks. The steamship company with the help of cruisers and battleships of our government would have capsized heaven and hell to find it.

Yes, if half the effort that was put forth to find the dead bodies after the 'Titanic' disaster, had been used to find that missing boat, it would have been found, and all that misery and torture would have been spared those poor fellows."

## Donations Received During the Month of May 1914

American News Co., N. Y.....	Magazines.
Battle Mrs. ....	Magazines.
Boyd, J. F. O. ....	Magazines.
Breitung, Mrs. Edward N.....	Magazines.
Brenna, Miss F. E.....	Magazines.
Brooks, Mrs. F. W.....	Newspapers.
Brown, Miss, 174 Hicks St., Brooklyn.....	Magazines.
Butler, Chas. Stewart.....	Magazines.
Caldwell, Mrs. ....	Magazines.
Campbell, Mrs. A. E.....	Books.
Cornell, Mrs. C. W.....	Books and Magazines.
Cosmopolitan Sewing Circle, through Mrs. F. C. Barlow .....	Knitted scarfs.
Cox, Miss Isabel J.....	Magazines.
Crookshank, Dr. F. A.....	Magazines.
Dixon, Mrs. Hiram R.....	Magazines.
Eidlitz, Miss Elizabeth W.....	2nd hand Furniture, Magazines, etc.
"El Dia" Diario De La Mañana Habana.....	Spanish Daily paper.
Fink, Mrs. M. M.....	Magazines.
Messrs. { Fiddler { Fine { Goldsborough .....	Refreshments.
{ Vought	
Free Public Library, Englewood, N. J. through Miss Irene A. Hackett.....	Literature.
Fuller, Mrs. G. A.....	Magazines.
Gillet, Langdon .....	Clothing.
Greene, Carlton .....	Magazines.
Greenwood, Ira J.....	Photographs and Magazines.
Greenwood, Mrs. William.....	Knitted scarfs.
Hahn Mrs. J. F.....	Magazines.
Hall, Mrs. Geo. L.....	Magazines.
Hammaraskold, Rev. G.....	25 Swedish Prayer Books.
Harriman, Mrs. E. H.....	Magazines.
Harvey, Miss M. W., Sykesville, Pa.....	Magazines.
Hunt, H. B.....	Magazines.
Hyde, Dr. F. E.....	Magazines.
Iselin Oliver Esq.....	Clothing.
Jerran, Miss P.....	Magazines.
Jollie, Mrs. W. P.....	Books.
Jones, S. C.....	Books.
Kings Daughters of N. Y. Ave. M. E. Church, Brooklyn .....	Magazines.
Lighthipe, Rev. L. H.....	Calendar.
Lincoln, Mrs. F. W.....	Magazines.
Low, Mrs. J. T.....	"London News."
Moresoi, Gohskon (seaman).....	\$1.00.
New York Bible Society, Dr. Carter.....	Swedish Testaments.
New York Bible & Common Prayer Book Society, N. Y. ....	Spanish Prayer Books.
New York Port Society, Rev. S. Bolt.....	Spanish Literature.
Pancoast, Miss M. A.....	Book.
Parsons, Mrs. ....	Magazines.
Paulson, Mrs. F. P.....	Shoes.
Poor, Mrs. C. L.....	Shoes.
Prime, Miss Cornelia .....	English Magazines.
Public School No. 134, Miss M. Carolan.....	Magazines.
Puerto Rico Evangelico .....	Spanish Paper.
Quoin Club, New York.....	Magazines.
Robert Edmond E.....	Cards.
Robert Miss Edith, Miss Carpenter, Packer Institute .....	Magazines.
Robertson, Miss G. ....	Poster.
Satterlee, Mrs. Herbert L.....	Magazines.
Sayer, Mrs. E. through St. Luke's Church.....	Knitted scarf.
Scandinavian Alliance Mission, Rev. T. J. Bach...	Magazines.
Seamen's Benefit Society, through Mrs. E. Hosner.....	Towels.
Sheldon, Mrs. R. T.....	Clothing and shoes.

Shoenberger, Mrs. John H.	Books.
Simpson, Miss Helen L. H.	American Magazine.
Sims, Miss Agnes	Magazines.
Snyder, Chas. (seaman)	Flowers for altar.
Teets, Dr. Chas. E.	Clothing.
Terry, Mrs. I. V.	Magazines.
Van Cott, Wm. H. Jr.	Shoes.
Van Winkle, Miss Mary	Magazines.
Walden, Miss	German papers.
Warren, Mrs. E. Walpole	Books.
Wells, Kenneth	Magazines.
Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.	Magazines.
Woodward, Mrs. M. P.	Clothing and Magazines.

**CHURCH PERIODICAL CLUBS:—** Librarian

All Angels Church, N. Y.	Miss K. L. Bailey	Magazines.
Ascension Memorial Church, N. Y.	Miss Marie B. Wade	Magazines.
Calvary Church, Brooklyn	Miss M. M. Dean	Magazines.
Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y.	Mrs. J. L. Hogeboom	Magazines.
Christ Church, Staten Island	Miss Mary Bayne	Magazines.
Church of the Beloved Disciple, N. Y.	Miss E. M. Browning through Miss N. A. Moran	Helmet.
Church of the Epiphany, N. Y.	Miss F. Cotheal	Magazines.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Binghamton, N. Y.		Magazines.
Church of the Holy Comforter, Pough- keepsie	Mrs. J. Lumb	Magazines.
Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn	Miss C. L. Hopkins	Magazines.
Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn	Miss M. J. Ithell	Magazines.
Church of the Nativity, Brooklyn	Mrs. Walter Lehman	Magazines.
Church of the Redeemer, Astoria, L. I.	Miss J. Fanning	Magazines.
Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn		Magazines.
St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn	Miss L. J. Warren	Magazines.
St. Agnes Church, N. Y.	Miss Agnes Lathers	Magazines and 1 Helmet.
St. Ann's Church, N. Y.	Miss H. I. Williams	Magazines.
St. Bartholomew's Church, Brooklyn	Mrs. L. Pauly	Magazines.
St. George's Church Brooklyn	Miss L. Stafford	Magazines.
St. George's Church, Hempstead, N. Y.	Mrs. C. W. Kellogg	Magazines.
St. James Church, Montclair, N. J.	Miss G. K. Chamberlayne	Magazines.
St. John the Baptist, Brooklyn	Mrs. J. A. Winder	Magazines.
St. John's Church, New Brunswick, N. J.		Magazines.
St. John's Parish, Huntington, L. I.	Miss M. Mulligan	Magazines and \$1.00
St. Luke's Church, N. Y.	Mrs. John Leshure	Magazines.
St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.	Miss Laura Heilner	Magazines.
St. Paul's Church, New Rochelle	Mrs. S. C. Adams	Magazines.
St. Paul's Church, Englewood, N. J.	Miss J. Benson	Magazines.
St. Paul's Church, Patterson, N. J.	Miss Ida England	Magazines.
St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn	Miss M. B. Pier	Magazines.
St. Philips Church, Brooklyn	Mrs. Dexter	Magazines.
St. Thomas' Church, N. Y.	Miss Isabel Hyde	Magazines and Calendars.

**MISCEL. SOCIETIES:—**

Boy's Club Calvary Church, Utica, N. Y.	Miss M. C. Coley	Magazines.
St. Peter's Guild, Peekskill, N. Y.		Magazines.
St. Mary's Society of Zion and St. Timothy's Church, N. Y.	Miss Eva C. Putney	Filled comfort bags.

**ANONYMOUS DONATIONS:—**

May 5th—Express		2 Boxes Magazines.
" 6th—Express		Magazines.
" 7th—Adams Express, F. M. Jones		Magazines.
" 12th—Mrs. A. J. Miller		Magazines.
" 18th—Express		Magazines.
" 18th—Bags No. 1, 4, 7, 21, 23, 24 express		Magazines.
" 25th—Express		Magazines.
" 26th—Express		Magazines.
" 26th—Express		Comfort Bags.
" 27th—Express		Magazines.
" 28th—Express		Magazines.
" 29th—Express		Magazines.
" 30th—Express from Pier 22 East River		Magazines.

# General Summary of Work

## MAY 1914

### Savings Department.

May 1st Cash on hand.....	\$26,438.17
Deposits .....	20,469.21
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	\$46,907.38
Withdrawals (\$6,358.08 transmitted).....	19,509.08
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June 1st Cash balance.....	\$27,398.30

### Shipping Department.

Vessels shipped by Seamen's Church Institute .....	16
Men shipped .....	369
Men given employment in port.....	49
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Total (number of men).....	418

### Hotel Department.

Rooms and beds rented.....	13,554
Lodgers employed thru Shipping Dept.	313

### Post Office and Baggage Departments.

Letters received for seamen.....	1,633
Aggregate pieces of dunnage checked.	2,538

### Relief Department.

Assisted (board, lodging, clothes).....	214
Men sent to hospital.....	10
Visits to hospitals.....	41
Visits to patients.....	809
Visits to vessels in port.....	619
Men sent to Legal Aid Society.....	2

### Religious Department.

	Services	Attendance	Seamen
English .....	19	1,179	901
Scandinavian .....	13	182	177
Spanish .....	13	220	186
German .....	5	145	145
Lettish .....	4	77	51
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Total.....	54	1,803	1,460

Communion services .....	3
St. Andrew's Brotherhood Bible Class Meetings.....	3 Attendance.... 102
Temperance pledge signed.....	118

### Social Department.

Entertainments .....	13
Attendance (Seamen 1,259).....	1,443
"Sing Songs" .....	9
Attendance (Seamen 378) .....	383
Packages reading matter given .....	423
Bibles, Gospels and Testaments given..	410
Knitted articles and Comfort bags given	46

### Institute Boat "Sentinel."

Trips made .....	40
Visits to vessels .....	147
Men transported .....	248
Pieces of dunnage transported.....	457

## 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

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IRENE K. LANE, *Secretary*

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## 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.**