
The Lookout



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

\$195,000 STILL TO RAISE

This new building of the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street is ready for seamen.

The Reading and Game Rooms, the Apprentice Room, the Shipping Bureau and Savings Department can be put in use now.

BUT, until \$195,000 is added to complete the Building Fund, the Hotel portion, the Dining and Lunch Rooms, can NOT be used

The Institute MUST be opened free of debt. Otherwise, we shall lose \$100,000 subscribed conditionally.

Seamen need clean beds, good food, wholesome amusements, the influences of a home.

The Lighthouse Tower is finished. The Lantern is waiting.

Will YOU help us to light that Light?

Will you give \$5,000 or more and become a "Founder"?

Will you give 1,000 or more and become a "Benefactor"?

Will you give 1,000 for one of the three Elevators?

Will you give 2,000 for the Baggage Department and Equipment?

Will you give 2,500 for the Kitchen (or "Galley")?

Will you give 1,500 for the Soda Fountains?

Will you give 1,500 for the Class Room?

Will you give 250 for an Officer's room? Only 12 left.

Will you give 100 for a Seaman's bedroom? Only 9 left.

Subscriptions should be sent to

EDMUND L. BAYLIES, Chairman Building Committee,
54 Wall Street, City.

THE LOOKOUT

Published by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

RT. REV. DAVID H. GREER, D. D., LL. D., President

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OFFICE, 25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK

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No. 4

We Must Have a New Boat

Three times within the past six weeks the "Sentinel" has had to go into dry dock. She leaks badly and has shown all the symptoms of rapid disintegration.

It is absolutely imperative that the Institute should have a new boat. A service tug is even more important in this work for seamen than the Baggage Rooms or the Lunch Counter or the Reading and Game Rooms.

For eight years the "Sentinel" has served. She has rushed busily about the Harbor, carrying crews and their dunnage on board ships, calling for apprentices on Sunday afternoons when they could not otherwise have come ashore to the Institute teas and Sunday "Evensong."

But the "Sentinel" is worn out. She was built in 1875 and it is doubtful if she can be made to serve another month.

We need a larger boat. The "Sentinel" is only 61 line and 13 beam, carrying but 50 persons; the new boat must be at least 70 feet long and have more beam and more deck room, so as to carry at least 100 seamen at a time, with their dunnage.

With the old "Sentinel" it is often necessary to make two or three trips to a vessel where one should be enough. A larger and swifter boat will extend the radius of service through the Narrows to Sandy Hook when necessary.

To build the kind of boat which the

Institute requires will cost about \$10,000. And this will pay for itself repeatedly in the fight against waterfront evils.

A boat to call at a pier near the Institute and put a crew safe and sober and satisfied on board a ship, together with their bags and small tin trunks, does away with the "crimp's" chance to intercept the sailor and get him, drunken and irresponsible, into his power.

A boat to call at the vessels anchored in the Harbor and bring ashore young apprentice boys, some of them away from home for the first time, lessens the chances for unhappiness and discontent among youngsters eager to be entertained, to chat with boys from other ships, to laugh a great deal at nothing in particular.

A new boat will do away with the huge bills for the repairs which the old "Sentinel" constantly required.

\$10,000 will buy a new boat. It will buy increased power and service and security against the seamen's enemies.

Ice Cream for Apprentices

We shall be glad to receive small contributions for the purpose of buying ice cream and fruit for the apprentice boys who come to the Institute during the remainder of the summer and the hot Sundays of early September.

THE DAY OF DAYS

An August day in the man-made town is full of tragedy. But it is very rare that three intensely dramatic fragments of human life come under the roof, or beneath the windows, of the Institute all in a single day of heat and stifling humidity. Here are the three.

"Whom the Gods Destroy"

A man, whose credentials proved that he had formerly been a Captain in the Navy, came into the office of the Assistant Superintendent the other morning and asked for some help in looking up the addresses of his friends. He walked nervously up and down the room and seemed greatly distressed about something. After the directory had been consulted and the addresses given him, he finally went up to the desk and said, with a note of defiance in his voice:

"Do you know what is the matter with me?"

"Why, no, I don't. You seem to be perfectly well, physically. Is there something on your mind?"

"I'm insane," replied the ex-Captain, calmly. "Of course, they call it neurasthenia but I know that I'm really insane."

Recalling the various stories of fact and fiction dealing with people who have hallucinations, the Institute worker was careful not to contradict the man too vigorously, though he assured him that he did not give an impression of insanity.

"Well," explained the former naval officer, "I became mentally deranged in the Philippines; the tropics do horrible things to the mind of a white man unless he's careful. I've been to a sanitarium and now I have decided to live among sane people for a while and see if I don't

improve. That's why I asked for those addresses. They are my friends and I mean to discover what staying with them will do for me."

And after commenting with some slight show of pride upon his utterly confused brain, he went away.

This was the first curious incident.

A Question of Color

In the afternoon the seamen lounging about under the shady trees of the Park just opposite the Institute became increasingly bored as the long, hot hours dragged along, until finally some of them started to quarrel. There were several white men and one negro. With that consciousness of superiority, which even the most degraded white man always feels toward a man whose skin betrays his race, the Swedes and Scandinavians began to tease the negro.

It culminated in their adding injury to insult and one of them produced a boat hook from somewhere and ripped open the negro's brow. The negro retaliated immediately by cutting the man's throat with a razor. And the Institute took charge of the wounded men until ambulances and patrol wagons appeared. Both men are recovering and it is not known just what legal action will be taken.

This was the second unusual incident.

"Sans End"

On the evening of this remarkable day one of the seamen who used to frequent the Institute reading rooms, wandered out to the edge of the pier on South Street just across from the Lighthouse Tower. He sat there for a long time trying to unravel the riddles of the universe. He was very thirsty and very warm and completely miserable. He looked into the water of the East River

for some time; from it rose an unpleasant smell of oil and decaying fruit, dropped overboard from the cargo of South American steamers.

At last the process of unravelling proved too much for him and the water looked cool and secretive. He slipped gently off the end of the pier, making as little splash as possible. The next day his body was identified by letters in the pockets of his clothes.

And this was the third tragic incident.

Large Gifts

Soda Fountain, \$1,500

Soft drinks, bar to give thirsty seamen a chance to be sociable without becoming intoxicated. Brass foot-rail as well as stools.

Baggage Department \$2,000

Two large rooms for seamen's dunnage. Will accommodate nearly 5,000 pieces of luggage at a time.

Magneta Clocks \$1,250

A Master clock, controlling thirty dials. Self winding. A splendid system and a unique gift.

Game Tables \$770

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

Staff Sitting Room \$500

Where the Institute staff can meet to discuss seamen affairs.

Study of Ass't Supt. \$500

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

Laundry \$1,500

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

Pianos—Five \$1,750

Upright Pianos for the Hotel Reading Room, the Apprentice Room, Officers' Reading and Game Room, Staff Sitting Room.

One concert piano (Steinway baby grand, preferably) for the Auditorium.

Kitchen or "Galley" \$2,500

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

Elevators \$1,000

Three elevators, useful and important. Such a gift sounds the note of modern active progress.

Class Room \$1,500

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

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

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

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

Stories About "Dunnage"

Human interest! We all use the expression so much that it has become a little wearisome. When someone particularly urges us to read things because they are full of "human interest" we feel perversely tempted to avoid the very stories or articles suggested.

But down-stairs in the Baggage Department, which is completely finished now and working, things happen every day to renew your faith in the old theory that *all* human situations are interesting.

Here are a few of the stories.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF HARRY

Harry Watson was in the condition concisely summed up by "down and out." He'd been ill and had a long, slow convalescence which kept him both out of the hospital and out of work. And he had that form of pride, not so rare as skeptics suppose, which made him refuse to ask a night's lodging. So when the time came for him to sleep on the docks or in the park, he was a good deal worried about his bag of sea clothes, personal papers and in short, all that he owned. He sat on a bench all one afternoon trying to think how he could store his things where they would be readily accessible without asking for charity for himself. Then he remembered the Institute.

So he came over here, put his bag in the Baggage Department and went away. That night he got a five cent glass of beer and a piece of bread in one of the nearby lodging houses and was permitted to sleep upon a table.

In the morning he came over to the Institute and got a bath and change of clothing. This continued for several days, and sometimes there was neither bread nor beer.

It was not until he had secured a berth and taken his bag to the ship that the Institute worker learned of Harry's recent plight.

"We'd have helped you out," he told Harry.

"You did, with the Baggage Room, and I don't want charity from anyone," Harry replied simply.

\$50.00 WORTH OF EXPERIENCE

When the seaman, unusually well dressed in a suit of English tweeds, was handing in his bag and receiving the check with evident satisfaction, he explained why he always came to the Institute Baggage Department whether he stayed at the "Breakwater" or not.

"The first time I came to New York, about ten years ago, I did not know anything about the dangers on the land. I thought the sea had all the sharks there were but I found out my mistake. I'd been on a long voyage and I drew my wages the same day I landed—they came to \$50.00. So I took my bag and my money and went into a saloon on the water front for a drink. The bar-keeper was very friendly and I was pretty lonesome for a welcoming voice. When I started to go he asked me if I didn't want to leave my bag and money with him while I went to see the town. I must have been very green, for I handed them over and went off with a party of other seamen to find out what New York was like—underneath.

It was morning when I returned to the bar-keeper. I asked for my bag and my money. He looked at me blankly, said he'd never seen me before. And I couldn't prove that he had. But I'd worked hard for that \$50.00 and I didn't forget its loss. Since then, as soon as I land in New York my money goes into the Savings Department of the Institute and my dunnage into the Baggage Room."

TO HIM WHO WAITS

When Charles Lewis left his ship in New York over a year and a half ago, the Captain refused to give him his luggage. It went down to Baltimore and Charles took the matter up with the Legal Aid Society. The Legal Aid people were successful in having Charles' bag expressed back to the Institute, but by that time Charles had sailed somewhere after the careless manner of seamen, and left no word.

Last week he appeared at the office of the Legal Aid and asked for his clothing, blandly unconscious of his eighteen months' absence. He was told that it was quite likely his things had been thrown away, since he had not even written about them. However, he came over to the Institute, described his bag and its contents and it was given to him. He received it with no show of delight or surprise.

"You shouldn't wait a year and a half before inquiring about your things," said the assistant.

"Oh," Charles answered placidly, "I knew you'd save it for me. I'm no hand at letter writing."

Only 12 Left

Officers' Rooms at \$250

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

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

A chiffonier or chest of drawers and furniture of a less severe type of simplicity than that in the seamen's rooms will make these large rooms more attractive to the men for whom they are designed.

The following persons have already taken officers' bed rooms:

Three Anonymous, Francis R. Appleton, Miss Anna Bogert, Mrs. William Reynolds Brown, Willard Parker Butler (2), Mrs. William Allen Butler, Choir and Congregation St. Andrew's Church, Richmond; William Colgate (2), William Nelson Cromwell, George H. Coutts, Mrs. M. B. DuBois, Mrs. James Hamilton Gill, F. Gray Griswold, Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, M. Helen Hicks, Mrs. A. Delano Hitch, William G. Low (3), Miss Caroline Morgan, Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., Mrs. George F. Shrady, Howard Townsend, Rev. J. H. Watson.

A brass plate bearing the name of the donor, or an inscription containing the name of the person memorialized, will be placed over the door, if desired. The form suggested is

"In Memory of.....

Given by

but it is possible to add a few words, a condensed biography or a simple verse to make this form more gracious.

THE LOOKOUT

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

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

About Music and Money

This little editorial page has so few lines that it always seems rather a pity to devote any of them to questions of finance. There are so many phases of the seamen situation which need serious discussion on this page.

But the Institute ought to be completely opened and it is still hampered by \$195,000, which must be raised before the building can be entirely thrown open for the use of seamen.

And there are several things which the new building needs. Elsewhere in this issue we ask for five pianos, costing \$1,750. This includes four upright pianos for the Hotel Reading Room, the Apprentice Room, Officers' Reading and Game Room and the Staff Sitting Room. The fifth piano, costing about \$500, is the concert piano for the Auditorium. It has not been possible to purchase any of these instruments as yet, and they are peculiarly important in this work. Two of the upright pianos will cost \$350 apiece, one \$300 and the other but \$250. A gift of \$350 will buy long hours of recreation for men who are keenly responsive to music.

Over at No. 1 State Street the worn-out, thin-voiced pianos were never silent, and from under the fingers of the most brutally hard-featured seaman in the room would often creep snatches of

cradle songs, light opera and Strauss waltzes, recalled from some youthful period when life wasn't full of alcohol or rough weather.

Beside the pianos there is the gift of \$2,000 for the Baggage Department, certainly one of the most interesting departments in the Institute.

The Magneta Clocks (\$1,250), have not been given, nor the Soda Fountain (\$1,500), with which we expect to fight the evils of the water-front saloons.

That last \$195,000 should not be so difficult to raise. Will the LOOKOUT readers join in making a supreme effort to dispose of it within the next two months?

Then it will be possible to throw open to the seamen every part of the new building, absolutely free of debt.

Additional Bedrooms

- | Room | |
|------|---|
| 1136 | Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Bridg- ham. |
| 924 | Daniel F. Edgar. |
| 740 | In tender memory of Ensign Charles Emerson Hovey, 1885- 1911. Killed in action, Basilan Island, Philippines, September 24, 1911. Given by Mrs. William Henry Folsom. |
| 601 | In Memory of George L. Hall, Given by Mrs. George L. Hall. |
| 929 | Guy Richard McLane. |
| 936 | In Memory of Isabell R. McCord. |
| 952 | In Memory of Capt. Horatio Nel- son, 1913. |
| 1023 | Irving Smith. |
| 1050 | Benjamin Stern. |
| 927 | In Memory of John Wesley Cropp. Given by Mrs. Emily Sullivan. |

The Insouciance of Olsen

Nils Olsen sat balancing his derby hat deftly, first on one hand and then the other. He had told all his troubles to the Institute worker and he had implicit faith that his future was secure. While his recent auditor was thinking the matter over, Olsen, detecting the interested gleam in the eye of the LOOKOUT editor, told his story again, with gentle embellishments.

"I've been to sea ever since I was fourteen years old and now I'm forty-eight, and a good ship's carpenter," he said proudly as he eased the neck-band of an excessively soiled lavender and white striped shirt.

"This is the first time I ever went to a Mission for help. But I came ashore the last of June with a bag and a chest of tools. I drew about \$45.00 (wages), and after that was spent I pawned my bag and my tools so they would not be stolen. Oh, yes, sailors all do that. Pawn-shops is lots safer places than boarding houses for your things."

"But what did you do with your \$45.00," was the not unnatural question.

"Oh, well, I'd meet a few friends and we'd have a few drinks. I never was drunk—never, but I wasn't exactly sober, either. Anyhow, after I had spent my money and pawned all my things I went to the Scandinavian Home."

"Which one," asked the listener, with an uncomfortable taste for accurate details.

"Oh, I never bother with names," replied Olsen easily. "Well, after I was there a week I got a berth on the 'Trojan' and they advanced me a little money and I happened to meet a few friends the afternoon the boat sailed. When I got to the dock she had just gone. She had my other tool-chest on board, one

which I had gotten from Portland, Maine. And now I have no clothes and no money and no ship. So I came here to get help."

Accustomed as the editor was to the care-free, irresponsible attitude of sailors, Olsen's placid acceptance of the situation caused a gasp of astonishment. He rested, serenely certain that his fate was on the knees, so to speak, of the Institute. Just then the Institute worker who had been considering Olsen's predicament spoke.

"Look here," he said, "If you will ship as an ordinary A. B. and earn enough money to come back here and get your tool-chest, we will put you up at the 'Breakwater' (the Institute's present small hotel for seamen) for a few days and ship you as an A. B. Then you can earn some money, get your tools and we will ship you as a carpenter. Do you want to do that?"

Olsen reflected. It appeared that Institutes did not pour money into one's eager hands as readily as he had supposed. He rested his cleanly shaved chin upon the palm of a very grimy hand and meditated. Finally he decided.

"Yes, I will go as an A. B., though I am a good carpenter and on lots of boats I'm a sort of petty officer. If you could lend me 30 cents I could telegraph to Tampa, Florida, so that the 'Trojan' could send my bag and chest back to me when they arrive in port."

The Institute worker smiled and Olsen returned the smile with the ingratiating eagerness of a child.

"Well——," he said, hesitatingly.

"All right, Olsen. We'll see you through. All we want is your word of honor not to 'meet a few friends' before your boat sails this time."

Olsen promised,

Joseph, the Linguist

He had very dark, brown eyes and the kind of curling brown hair which boys always try to discourage by brushing it in wet, straight lines as close to their heads as possible. He said he was sixteen and he wanted us to ship him as mess-boy. Recently his life had been one of swift adventure.

"I have worked in hotels in Germany and France, and I speak six languages," he said, modestly. "I can act as an interpreter, you see. And sometimes I was mess-boy on boats between Hamburg and Buenos Aires. Once I went out to Egypt. But in July at Havre I could find no work, so I stowed away on a ship sailing for New York. They never noticed me; the stewards would think I was a passenger and I got over here all right, but when I came to land I had to go to Ellis Island. At first I thought they would understand and let me try to get a job in New York, but when they asked questions they discovered that I was a stowaway. They said that they would have to send me back to Germany. Then one of the Ship News reporters talked to me and he persuaded the authorities to let him help me. He sent me to you. That's all." And he settled back in his chair with the slightly bored air of one who has told his story many times.

"But maybe I could help you as an interpreter," he added hopefully.

The Institute worker shook his head. So far the need for the services of an interpreter has been slight. Joseph of the six languages was secured a berth as mess-boy and he went away, grateful and regretful all at once.

Barber Shop \$300

Once ashore after a week or a month as a guest of the fo'castle, the self-respecting sailor is intensely conscious of his appearance. He has not had much chance to be immaculately well-groomed during the voyage and it is probably not his desire to effect so thorough a change in mind and body as "well-groomed" implies. But he always wants to be properly shaved—the truly self-respecting sailor—and he is usually willing to have his hair cut. Further tonsorial administrations depend largely upon the persuasions of the barber and the vanity of the individual.

To provide for the fulfillment of the desires of the normal seaman, the Institute is installing a complete barber shop. It will be thoroughly sanitary, attractive and in the charge of efficient barbers. The equipment will cost about \$300. Will not some person who believes in promoting ideals of personal cleanliness make the barber shop his or her gift to the new Institute?

Rooms Already Reserved

Members of the Harbor Fire Department have already asked to have bed rooms reserved for them in the new building. When it opens its bed-rooms on Monday, September 15 (only four weeks away), it is expected that the rooms will be taken rapidly by the men who have waited so patiently.

A Correction

In the July LOOKOUT we gave the inscription for the room in memory of Capt. Charles Henry Marshall. The dates should have read: "Born April 8, 1792—Died September 23, 1865." These dates are accurate on the bronze tablet: it was simply an error in printing.

Merry-go-Round vs. Humidity.

Picnics for Apprentice Boys

During the past eight weeks when so many days have been too breathless to endure patiently, the Thursday evening parties of the apprentice boys have been given up in favor of Saturday picnics. Van Cortlandt Park, the Palisades, the beaches, and nearby playgrounds have pretended to be the real country for the lads from the ships.

Last Saturday eighteen boys, with the "Big Brother" of the apprentices, went to Pelham Bay Park. The boys were of every size between fourteen and twenty, all British, and all carelessly oblivious of the intense heat and humidity which for once the grass and trees of the Park did not relieve in the least degree. They carried the usual proportion of picnic sandwiches and in addition to this an enormous chocolate cake, really "home-made," and of the sort that no bakery ever approximates in its most Parisian achievements.

As soon as the boys reached the Park they ate lunch, supplemented by ice cream cones. Ice cream cones are supremely nourishing to youngsters who spend three-quarters of the year at sea, and the greater part of their time ashore in tropical ports where ice is not spoken of lightly. After the ice cream they all rode on the merry-go-round. Everyone rode because there is always a slight breeze stirring when the merry-go-round is in motion.

And after that they played football and cricket and tennis! It was nearly 94 degrees and the humidity was unspeakable, but the boys from the ships played "Rugby" and laughed and rolled on the grass and were altogether happy. Tennis under the tropical sun has no terrors for the lad who sails the southern

seas and does his work on the open deck.

After supper and more ice cream cones they helped pack the things and were back on their ships, at anchor in the Harbor, by 10:30 P. M. Which all goes to support the theory that Manhattan is, after all, a wonderful summer resort.

Good Pictures Wanted

There is wall space in the new Institute for about three hundred pictures. We shall be glad to receive good prints, reproductions from well known paintings and subjects of the sort likely to stimulate the sailor imagination.

Probably one of the most significant things about the interior decoration of Hull House in Chicago is the remarkably good taste shown in the pictures. It is one of Jane Addams' theories that a good picture has a tremendous influence upon the sub-conscious mind. Certainly a really good print must carry a message of far greater value than that of a motto, or one of those tabloid essays that so insistently thrust themselves upon us from the window of every art store.

And that is why the spirit of the Institute walls must be particularly inspiring. We should have some good portraits of men who have done great things—Robert Louis Stevenson and Ralph Waldo Emerson, Grover Cleveland and Robert E. Lee, William Gladstone, Lord Nelson and Disraeli. The faces of the men of America and Great Britain (or of any land) who had a voice in the thought of the country, in its laws, its supremacy, should have their places in this new building.

Prints of subjects like Millet's "The Gleaners," "The Sower," "The Angelus"

will be greatly appreciated. The committee has thought it best not to hang too many marine pictures and it has decided not to put up any picture which does not seem to be in keeping with the standard which it has set.

“What’s Bred in the Bone”

The longing for the open sea may be an exceedingly inconvenient desire if you happen to be a boy of fifteen working in a country grocery store, two hundred miles inland.

That was the condition of Ralph Nelson. His father had been a sailor and before his death he used to entertain the fascinated boy with long yarns of life on sailing vessels and the dangers of storm and tide, wind and weather. When Ralph was trying to measure the sugar conscientiously, or sort out the tins of corn and tomatoes, half of his mind was lost in a gigantic wave just about to wash over the ship’s side. At last he decided to follow the trade of his father and he asked the grocer for advice. He was told that he must have enough money to live in New York at least a week, and that he’d need enough more to buy his sea outfit.

After that he worked harder than ever and put his entire mind upon the task of weighing out starch and wrapping up parcels. And when he had saved enough to buy his clothes and a new satchel and his ticket, there was \$8.00 left for that week in New York. He arrived in the city late in the evening and went directly to a cheap boarding house, meaning to start out early in the morning in search of a ship.

When he awoke his new suit-case was gone and with it his \$8.00, and with those there seemed to have disappeared his chance to go to sea. Ralph went to

a policeman and stated his problem, and that sympathetic dispenser of law and justice (on a small scale) said there wasn’t much chance of recovering either bag or money, but that the Seamen’s Institute might help him to get a berth as cabin boy.

Ralph came to see us, looking a curious mixture of depression and hopefulness.

“I might work for you until I could buy another outfit,” he suggested when he was told that we could secure him a berth on one of the boats going to South America, “I just have to go to sea. My father was a sailor and I guess it must be in my blood. So I’ve got to go somehow.”

The Institute managed to get him an outfit and he sailed away, radiantly happy, a transfigured grocer’s boy going forth to work out his destiny—a youthful “Knight of the Ocean Sea!”

Nine Seamen’s Bedrooms

One Hundred Dollars pays the cost of building and furnishing a seaman’s bedroom in the new Institute, 25 South Street.

There are 390 of these rooms.

381 have been taken.

9 remain to be reserved.

One Hundred Dollars gives 100 sailors in a year a clean bed in the *right* surroundings.

Over the door may be placed a bronze plate bearing the name of the donor or the form

“In Memory of _____
Given by _____”

Officer’s Room

Room Number 1218

In Memory of Captain John Stoughton
Watson. Given by Mr. and Mrs.
J. H. Watson.

The Elusive Oilskins

The sound of a deep voice, with a slightly thickened enunciation, demanding loudly that a bag containing oilskins and sea boots be produced from the Baggage Room, drew the Man-Who-Listens-to-Complaints from his office the other morning.

"What's the matter down here?" he inquired.

A seaman, a little past middle age, from whose storm-bronzed face but one eye blinked fiercely, advanced upon him belligerently.

"They've lost my bag and it had a good suit of oil-skins and a pair of sea boots, and I have got a ship and need my outfit," he announced.

"The Institute will have to see that I get some new oilskins, anyhow," he added grimly.

A further search in the Baggage Department finally produced his "bag." He was plainly annoyed at its recovery and took it gingerly from the hands of the assistant. It was a remarkable bundle.

It consisted of a stout muslin pillow case bulging as if filled to the bursting point; it was tied at the top with a brilliant pink cord and fastened with a safety pin. Under the searching gaze of the Man-Who-Listens-to-Complaints, the one-eyed sailor opened the case and disclosed a pair of dungarees, two towels, a pair of slippers and some flannel shirts. There would not have been room for an additional handkerchief in the already over-crowded pillow-case.

"Well," he insisted, "The oilskins and boots were in here when I put this in storage."

One of the seamen commented audibly upon the uselessness of obvious lying, and then the seeker after oilskins was told that he'd better sign for his bag and go. He hesitated for some time. At last

he seemed to recall something about discretion as opposed to valor, and he started for the door with his luggage, the pink string dangling, and the safety pin padlock badly adjusted. He turned on the threshold.

"Maybe," he said, softly, "Maybe those oilskins was in my *other* bag."

Shipping Department

Month Ending July 31, 1913

| Name of Vessel. | Men Shipped. | Destination. |
|--|--------------|-------------------|
| S.S. Eastern Prince | 20 | Brazil |
| S.S. Vesta | 9 | Gulf Ports |
| S.S. Virgil | 8 | Brazil |
| S.S. Coroyal | 1 | Porto Rico |
| S.S. Saconey | 6 | Gulf Ports |
| S.S. Clement | 41 | Brazil |
| S.S. City of Everett | 2 | New Orleans |
| S.S. Vandyck | 55 | Brazil |
| S.S. Illinois | 3 | Port Arthur |
| S.S. Louisiana | 4 | Port Arthur |
| S.S. Welsh Prince | 21 | River Plate |
| S.S. Siddons | 2 | Manchester |
| S.S. Tennyson | 12 | Brazil |
| S.S. Verdi | 45 | Brazil |
| S.S. Northtown Tex- as S.S. Co. | 5 | Port Arthur |
| S.S. Scottish Prince | 20 | Brazil |
| SS. Dominion | 2 | Halifax |
| Light Vessel, Am- brose Channel | 2 | Local |
| Lighter Gypsum | 1 | Local |
| Barge S. O. No. 84 | 2 | East |
| Barge S. O. No. 81 | 2 | Gulf Ports |
| Barge S. O. No. 95 | 3 | Gulf Ports |
| Barge Dallas, Texas S. S. Co. | 4 | Port Arthur |
| Barge S. O. No. 88 | 4 | Gulf Ports |
| Barge No. 60, Texas S. S. Co. | 1 | East |
| Barge Caddo, Texas S. S. Co. | 3 | East |
| Barge Packard Dredging Co. | 3 | Local |
| Tug Standard Oil | 2 | Local |
| Tug Standard Oil Astral | 8 | Coast |
| Tug Standard Oil Security | 8 | Coast |
| Tug Keeler, Keeler Towing Co. | 3 | Local |
| Tug Commissioner, Chapman Wreck- ing Co. | 3 | Local |
| Tug Comet, Stand- ard Oil | 11 | Lakes |
| Men provided with work in port | 12 | Various positions |
| From 341 West St. | 32 | Various positions |
| Total | 360 | |

DONATIONS RECEIVED DURING THE MONTH OF JULY 1913.

| | | |
|---|---|--------------------|
| B | Belcher, Mrs. Z. | Books. |
| | Briggs, Mr. C. T. | Canned Vegetables. |
| C | Cromby, Mrs. | Clothing. |
| | Church Periodical Clubs. | |
| | C. P. C. Christ Church, Ridgewood, N. J. | Magazines. |
| | C. P. C. Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y. | Magazines. |
| | C. P. C. Church of the Messiah, B'klyn, N. Y. | Magazines. |
| | C. P. C. St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. | Magazines. |
| | C. P. C. St. Michael's Church, N. Y. | Magazines. |
| | All Saints Church, E. Orange, N. J. | Magazines. |
| | St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, N. Y. | Magazines. |
| | St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, B'klyn, N. Y. | Magazines. |
| F | Fanning, Mrs. Geo. W. | Magazines. |
| G | Green, Mr. C. | Magazines. |
| H | Hall, Mrs. Geo. L. | Playing Cards. |
| | Harvard Club, New York. | Magazines. |
| I | Irvin, Miss F. | Magazines. |
| N | National Plant, Flower & Fruit Guild, Glen Cove, L. I., through Mrs. P. Eastmant. | Flowers. |
| | Vice-Consul of the Netherlands. | Dutch Books. |
| | Norwood, Miss Kate. | Games. |
| P | Palmer, Mrs. H. | Magazines. |
| | Protestant Aged Women's Home of Pittsburg, Pa., through Mrs. J. F. Robinson. | Scarfs. |
| R | Rolph, Miss E. A. | Magazines. |
| | Rushmore, Mrs. E. C. | Magazines. |
| S | Sanson, Rev. J. R. | Magazines. |
| | Scribner's Magazine, N. Y. | Post-cards. |
| | Seaman, Miss Katherine. | Puzzles. |
| T | Taylor, Mrs. Stevenson. | Clothing. |
| W | Watson, Mrs. M. E. | Scarf. |
| | Woodward, Mrs. M. P. | Magazines. |

Anonymous Donations

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| July 1st. | Through Adams Express Co. | Magazines. |
| July 10th. | From White Plains, N. Y. | Magazines. |
| July 17th. | From 105 St. Felix St., Brooklyn, N. Y. | Magazines. |
| July 19th. | Through American Express Co. | Magazines. |
| July 25th. | Through Adams Express Co. | Magazines. |
| July 27th. | Through Local Express. | Clothing. |

REPORT FOR JUNE 1913

DEPARTMENT REPORTS FOR JUNE

Reading Rooms.

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

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Total attendance..... | 9,721 |
| Letters written and received..... | 2,194 |
| Packages reading given..... | 291 |

JUNE, 1913

Relief Department.

Savings Department.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| Assisted..... | 62 |
| Sent to Legal Aid Society..... | 23 |
| Hospital visits..... | 3 |
| Visits to ships in port..... | 132 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| June 1st, cash on hand..... | \$18,171.06 |
| Deposits..... | 9,778.80 |
| | \$27,949.86 |
| Payments (\$4,571.65 transmitted)... | 10,701.87 |
| June 30th, cash balance..... | \$17,248.26 |

Religious and Social Departments.

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Number of services..... | 9 |
| Attendance total..... | 302 |
| Communion services..... | 2 |

Shipping Department.

| | |
|---|-----|
| No. of vessels shipped by Seamen's Church Institute..... | 11 |
| No. of men provided with employment in port..... | 58 |
| No. of men shipped..... | 224 |
| Total (number of men)..... | 282 |

Institute Boat "Sentinel."

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Trips made..... | 36 |
| Visits to vessels..... | 122 |
| Men transported..... | 211 |
| Pieces baggage transported..... | 361 |

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.**