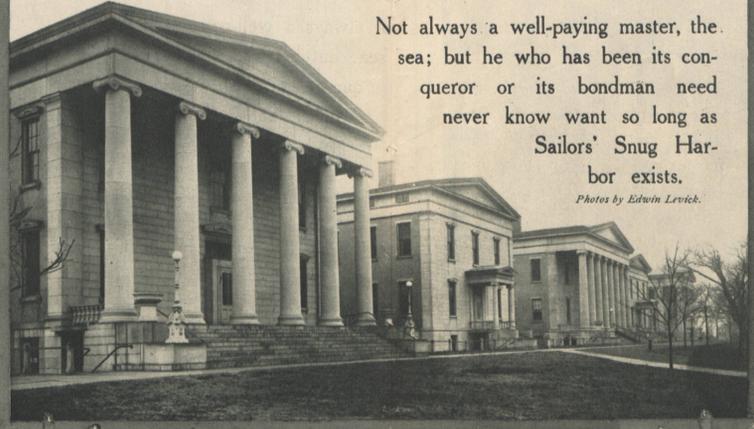


# When the Sailor Comes Home from the Sea.

Not always a well-paying master, the sea; but he who has been its conqueror or its bondman need never know want so long as Sailors' Snug Harbor exists.

*Photos by Edwin Levick.*



THE MAJESTICALLY MAGNIFICENT buildings which house these old salts are set on one of the most desirable pieces of land on Staten Island.



THE READING ROOM, where news of the day is assiduously studied, so that it may afterward be discussed with proper understanding and vigor.



ONE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED bedrooms. Mementoes of the sea are on the walls of every one of these tidy, light and spacious rooms.



AN OLD JACK CAPTAIN whose pleasure and pastime is useful work with the needle.



THE MAN with the gong summons his hungry mess-mates to dinner.



ALL HANDS ANSWER this call three times a day by the old ship's clock that hangs in the corridor.



WINTER UNIFORMS are neatly pressed and hung away until needed.



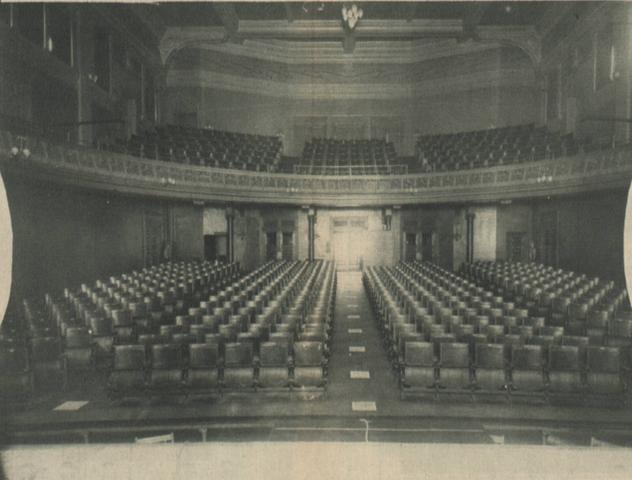
FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP—Residents of one house meet those of others in these connecting corridors.



ONCE A WEEK piles of snowy white clothing come from this modern laundry and are distributed to the rooms.



HE GAVE HIS SIGHT to the sea, but is able by touch to distinguish the colors of his net cord.



"Ships are but boards, sailors but men;" but when sailors tread the boards there is fun. A view of the Harbor theatre.



AMUSEMENT AND PROFIT are derived from knitting nets, which are sold to fishermen or disposed of as gifts.



EVEN THE SWELLING of the voiceful sea is excluded from this quiet room, where checkers and chess demand respectful silence.