

**THE LAND  
ACROSS THE SEA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649544615

The Land Across the Sea by Estelle Ryan Snyder

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**ESTELLE RYAN SNYDER**

**THE LAND  
ACROSS THE SEA**





THE SNYDER FAMILY ENJOYING THEIR FIRST DAY ON DECK

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# The Land Across the Sea

By

Estelle Ryan Snyder

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This little book is lovingly dedicated  
to my Mother

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Published by W. J. Snyder Publishing Co.

1305 Ashland Block

Chicago

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Chicago, Illinois  

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## CHAPTER I.

I WONDER how many of you from childhood, like the writer, have hoped to some day have the opportunity of visiting the lands across the sea. Come with me, in imagination, and we will board an ocean liner bound for Bremen, Germany, and cross the great Atlantic Ocean which separates the old from the new world.

Such a hustling and bustling preparing for the long journey. The hours fairly fly on wings. The days are woefully short in which to accomplish the "thousand and one" things which come up at the last moment. Friends and neighbors drop in to say "bon voyage"; a few tears are shed and we are finally on our way.

Upon our arrival in the great metropolis of New York we take careful inventory of what will be needed on a sea voyage. It being our first crossing we are obliged to purchase a steamer trunk and steamer caps. We spend a very pleasant morning in the shops making our purchases. In the afternoon we go to Hoboken to have a peep at the great ship that is to bear us across the water. We are like children in our eager anticipation, for remember it is our first view of a real ocean liner. Taking the subway to Hoboken we soon arrive at the pier where our vessel lies at anchor. Such a "hurley-burley" of noise and confusion of teams, teamsters and endless trucks of luggage. You would think the entire population of Greater New York was moving. Threading our way through an ever-changing throng we arrive at the gangway, where we ask if we may go on board. Consent is courteously given.

A friend familiar with foreign travel has given us some valuable information derived from his own personal experience in fourteen crossings. To quote his own words:—

"The first thing to do is to board the ship the day before sailing and secure your seats at table, steamer chairs, rugs,



time for daily salt-water bath, etc. If you do this the day before sailing you will avoid confusion and secure better places at table and on deck. As most of your time is spent in your steamer chair on deck it is important to secure a pleasant place.

"Now, you must make up your mind before starting that tipping is absolutely essential; it is expected and customary. You will be obliged to do as others do in this respect, and that is 'tip,' and tip fairly liberally. For instance, when you go on board the day before sailing you ask for the chief steward. I usually give him a dollar and he gives me as good a table place as he has unreserved. Then you see the bath steward who asks at what hour you prefer your morning bath and when a preference is stated he has that hour arranged for you if it is not already reserved. Almost every one bathes daily in the salt water as it is one of the most beneficial attractions on board. Next see the deck steward and secure steamer chairs, rugs and a place on deck. The chairs will cost you \$1 each, as will also each steamer rug. As the mornings and evenings are quite chilly and often very cold, you will need a rug to throw over you, especially when you take your afternoon siesta. The chairs and rugs are tagged with your name. You select either the south or north side of deck, whichever you prefer; your chair is placed in the space allotted to you and it remains there throughout the trip. The deck steward folds up your chair at night and stands it upright; he also folds your rugs and carries them indoors, returning them to place for use in the morning. He has charge of your comfort during the time you are on deck. You will tip this man a dollar or whatever more you feel inclined to give.

"Now, the next person to see is your room steward. For each male passenger there is a steward and for the women a stewardess. It is customary to tip both steward and stewardess if there are both men and women in your party. I always give my steward a dollar when we start on the trip and say, 'You will receive a like amount when we reach the other side.' This will ensure good service, for your steward takes care of

your room and, if you are sea-sick, he is indispensable. I follow this same rule with my table steward and it always brings good results.'"

We will follow our good friend Felix's advice and I am sure we will find it works excellently. At last we have made our rounds and seen the various stewards, checked our steamer trunk and several grips and seen them safely in our stateroom. At the conclusion we feel that we have spent quite a busy hour.

The next morning we rise early as this is the great day of sailing. We breakfast and hurry by way of the subway to Hoboken, for the great vessel leaves sharp at ten o'clock. We arrive at the pier at nine-thirty. There we find a happy, well-dressed, ever-increasing throng both on the pier and the ship. It is a beautiful scene. American flags wave gracefully in the crisp morning air. We drive past dozens of small stands where flowers and American flags are for sale. But we have already provided ourselves with small silk American flags, thanks to our good adviser, Felix. Taxis and autos of every description dash up to the curb and deposit their occupants. It is a busy and festive scene. Every one is happy and good natured. Messengers bearing huge boxes of flowers, baskets of fruits and bon bons hurry on board with last gifts for departing friends. To the left of the gangway on the pier stands a long line of stewards in attendance awaiting the arrival of the passengers. Upon our approach our room steward springs quickly forward and relieves us of our small luggage and conducts us to our stateroom where we remove our wraps. A moment later we are on deck anxious not to lose sight of the interesting scene above. A long blast of the ship's whistle warns visitors to go ashore. A last embrace and the visitors hurriedly file down the gangway and gather in a long line on the pier where they stand waving flags and handkerchiefs to those on board. Bright sallies of wit are exchanged between the pier and the ship. It is quite evident that a bride is on board for a group of young people gayly bombard a nearby couple who are suffused with blushes. Con-

fetti and rolls of gayly tinted paper-ribbon streamers are aimed with considerable accuracy and soon the embarrassed pair are surrounded by graceful festoons of bright ribbons. The sun shines brightly over all and not a ripple disturbs the serene placidity of the water. Truly an ideal day for sailing. Another short blast of the whistle and the gangplank is about to be pulled in when a man and woman are seen approaching in frantic haste. A moment's delay while they are being hustled, rather unceremoniously, on board and then the gangplank is withdrawn, the pulsating engines of the ship begin to beat steadily, with musical rhythm, and the great steamer, with music gayly playing and flags waving majestically, moves slowly from the wharf.

We view the great sea of uplifted faces, knowing not one will be the face of our own personal friend, for we are strangers in New York, embarking to a strange country. No one to say a last farewell or wish us God-speed. There is a little tightening of the throat as we recall a similar scene enacted but a few short months ago when the Titanic, laden with a precious cargo of human souls, sailed proudly from her dock to the gay music of the band, with flags waving. There had been the same long line of eager uplifted faces bidding affectionate farewell to those who never returned. The tears rush unbidden to our eyes and blur the sea of faces from view. What the future has in store for us all God only knows. Then the question comes unbidden, a haunting, terrorizing fear that perhaps we have erred in taking our loved ones away from home to face unknown danger. Dashing the tears hurriedly away we see the faces are now far behind, and the entire scene is bathed in glorious sunlight, an awe inspiring picture. Glancing towards the blue sky above we see a fleecy white cloud riding majestically like the plumed crest of a wave, and our hearts leap with gladness and renewed faith for "God is in his heaven and all is well." Ah, thou inscrutable fate, how useless for such an infinitesimal atom as self, in thy great universe, to seek to know the why and the wherefore! Suffice it to