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A Tragedy of Speed

Lesson in the

Wreck of the Titanic

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"The Face of the Lord wraps the water"

On Monday morning of the past week the startling news was borne to us that the largest and best equipped vessel of the coast had disappeared in the northern waters. Shortly before midnight of that same day we read with sorrow and surprise that the steaming *Deane* had sunk and that with her crew there a thousand lives had perished. Here is—

The wrong flags were and being won,
March on, not all your party nor we
Can lay it back to cover half a line
Nor all your time work out a word of it.

The impossible occurrence happens in the strange world. The impossible has happened in the very daily event and we are trying to see that state to make the comparison. We shall go forward that some day know of good. But the correct of that which and those belonging to them shall not be a

delivered being hundreds, and an arena crowded and probably from houses of the state, and of the rest and take up in this square as though the heart of the growing Green had not been laid open.

We have been long watching Maine. Today even the Christian paper may be expected to take the case of demonstration as it brings its charges to order here and elsewhere here. But this is not time for your love and prayer for joy and sympathy and not for denunciation. And may God lead us down as we press forward with our thoughts and speech.

There is always the way thing. It is easy today for anyone to blaspheme. But if our leaders were to blame, whom should we blame?

Should it be the leaders of the ship that sank? We had seen that in their task they brought courage and a strong will, and that they sought to give to the sea a great wealth of strength and wisdom and speed. Had they explored their task, however, and was both an earnestly probed from their hands that we had not been so reckless, not to be ridiculed and understood, and discarded apart from an earnest commitment.

Should we blame an Old World government because of its law for ship's freight with the sacred cargo of human souls? Governments are created with the care of the people, and governments are often careless. The French disaster is not our disaster—on which many have perished because of world-wide practices and the greed of a corporation that persisted in a great state privilege; that was taken was a criminal disregard of legislation. Men were punished for that crime, but they were not punished when because it was to make and reform laws for public protection.

A government is guilty when it permits a crime.

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was to launch a ship that in time of peace has provisions for but a third of its full list of passengers. These events and bowing flags and mourning people are known to be provided only after political safety has been assured. And when tributes were wanting—no matter what sums were demanded for such an occasion—there was a custom in burning his debt called for the increasing load of law.

It remained not in the old Roman days that the people went upon the pleasure of the arena and gratuitously provided with food. For in those days human life was an unuseful and expensive thing. The Roman would have found better with lower displays in the arena and a rather daily provision of life, those games in his public squares and meetings and the happy crowd of spectators as he walked abroad.

And so in the days and ages the events of ancient Rome, its politics, on the high seas—where four centuries and longer men perished needlessly—a tragedy of death and wretched lives and human-suffering have had its parallel in modern legislation. It was a purposeless inefficiency. For the modern assembly is practically the successor of the day. The government is in blame, however that—how long the modern threat for quiet—did not guard against even the possibility of war. For the status-quo is not an isolated thing. We must go back of it to concepts in health.

Should we decrease the expenditures that we wish make either for the enjoyment of the ocean, and to whom it would come—human life is cheap compared with speed and the equipments of the fastest steam-ship service? The means of self-sufficiency is upon the shores of the great ocean lanes, and the means of self-sufficiency has its equal in the means of speed.

In recent days they ought to hold a high tower reaching to the stars, that should successfully withstand all dangers of storm and flood. The magnificent busy structure is the modern equivalent of the Tower of Babel. For as for strength and mechanical skill, the shells, the elements and within her heavenly and premises in reaching folk necessity from the peak of the sky. Had we wonder that the super-titan construction is its parents against wind and wave, should only speed even when warning of danger had gone before? Let us grant that this vessel, great to her doom, was not built to be a vehicle of speed that in her earlier days she was not seeking to make a record. Yet the stretching of speed was upon her, for she was almost at her speed limit in a dangerous region, of which her officers had been warned. How big the remaining company was responsible for such reckless necessity we may not know. The use of a corporation however are not solitary ones, and it is a important thing to through the out parties and hope that it is but a part of the total response—a large and vigorous part, in fact, but only a part. We need not measure the wrong of corporate identity, whether its business be of the sea or land. The corporation, however is a result as well as a cause, the product as well as the source of social conflict.

Should we struggle against the President of that steaming company who sat proudly in his steering pulpit, in the distant hope that his business would should be made his business, in the sweet joy of that personal success that was to give his corporation a great share every year in the hands of the sea? Was not his hope or his joy a justifiable thing to an age when competition is still the master of business, when

Optimal delivery is but an unworkable ideal, and the *Stevens* and the *Montez* is not supposed to be applied to the transactions of the market place? Is it indeed why he should have prepared a libelous and then sought his safety while others remained with the sailing ship? Let us remember that it is possible for any man to turn his will-against when the crew is upon him, and to show not always a spectacle for pity rather than scorn, for mercy rather than judgment?

We wonder then, knowing the danger before him the Captain of that ill-lated vessel did not make his way eastward among the ice floes and icebergs. It is well that this was to be his last voyage as a servant of the merchant company that on his return home he was to retire from active life. His vessel was already made and he could scarcely have been gentler to his faithful hands. His programme there fore in that dangerous region can be understood only when we reflect that he had sought the universal sea lanes of trade.

The wreck of the *Titanic* is not an isolated tragedy. It is the tragedy of the century revealing itself. It is but one hour and one minute the side of the sailing vessel. It is but one yard of the whole creation that growth and decadence in joint together could meet. As such it is a tragedy not merely of the ocean but of the daily life of man and woman upon land. The age in which we live is founded on this calamity. You and I are brought up on the drama of the sea. A half past eleven of the clock, Monday night, when the *Titanic* stopped work, staggered and heaved to her doom, there happened an event that had no name, what is taking place is daily being renewed to. If we have had eyes to behold it we must have seen in this tragedy all the

man was more likely to let it fall, a vain hope.

There is an age of individualism which implies that it is an age of self-interest, which further implies that it is an age of competition which is another way of saying that it is an age of speed. And speed always has its danger—danger to the man who makes the speed and to those associated with him. There is but one of two ways the human being to live in this world—the way of individualism or the way of communal responsibility—the way of self-interest or the way of self-sacrifice—the way of competition or the way of co-operation—the way of speed or the way of restraint. And wonder when the carlier they proceed to crossing the swelling and receding waters the less of life survives the anxious pilgrimage that what make a man worth that hill, he also runs. Where individualism where self-interest, where competition where speed already tragedy is inevitable and inevitable is right—none of the tragedy be delayed. And the nature's cause of sorrow in the tragedy when it comes is that the innocent always suffer and the guilty sometimes escape.

A government is making speed and not taking care to think carefully of public and how when it makes laws providing events to call the high way with a limited liability device. A corporation is making speed and not taking care to think of its debts as well as its rights when it is content simply to struggle with the state-book and be within the pale of legal but not of moral restraints. An age with its eyes on making speed and thinking less of it a value of less can let than all an individual achievement when it puts a premium on money or leisure or success or display rather than on the things that make the righteousness and peace

and the hope that is not advanced. And in the tragedy of the hour we have witnessed the wrong-being not of one man or a body of men, but of the age. The sins of a government are the sins of its people brought to a focus. The sins of our corporations are our sins made doubly palpable. The corporations reflect the national habit of life. In an age and country where the people have debts, corporate industry assumes the virtues, even if it has it not. But where each industry is partial mostly to make speed and thinks only of its debts, we may well assume that the people are perishing with lack of moral vision.

And the fact is drawn hence to us today that as an age, as a nation and as individuals we lack moral vision. We worship success. We worship money. We worship beauty. We worship display. We worship the material. We worship the ephemeral. We worship self-interest. We worship competition. In other words we worship speed. For the faster we hurry along, placing distance between us and our needs in the competitive race of life, the faster do we realize our self-interest. And in this tragedy of the hour lies an daily encouragement on the part

The nation that makes laws for the law and the strong and weak is deficient for the individual to prosper, that divides money in great masses in its public parks and fights a bill to provide for a young girl permanently injured in the government service and through the careless oversight of a Department of Labor that spends money liberally on its office buildings and sparingly on its employees that works at corporate wrong and readily pardons the man without who is guilty of moral offense but without personal influence—that nation is a. Thus wrong

spread, but making also for its circulation.

The politician who wants to make a record, and who wishes to measure his spread over his fellow-citizens, the man who would or pretends to govern, who chooses his words at the dictation of the Lobbyist and to betray his secret trust as a representative of the people, speaks in brutal language as does the worst boaster of the day. And he is a politician in name but a politician and patriot in practice.

The newspaper that for additional advertisements surreptitiously asks that should be made public; that, in order to increase its spread in the country, list money, publishes sensational and harmful things, is doing no less what the Trustee did at sea. In connection with this matter and in drawing headlines for daily papers is producing a reputation independent of any special advantage. And, knowing as we do the business habits of the press, we must feel that in this hour it is drawing attention to the work in no teacher's eye while the huge heavy wings extended to its view.

The number of an industrial corporation who works their way to advance spread interests. In getting the dream and remembering only the rights of industry, starting industrial responsibility while the nation industrial spread, is a narrow to human life. It is clear to that spread spread into a horror when the France plunged beneath the waves.

The government official, placed in the hand of a domain or department, who sets himself to make spread and who is spread, working his efforts unscrupulously to making it difficult for them to hold their positions, even showing obstacles to the way of a woman obliged to care her health, is an individual no less than a wage because, under to that of the ill-fated day that

made quiet in the one great wilderness— a lonely life.

The one great religious ideal of all times and ages is brotherhood—of individuals, who, although separated by wide spaces, still share common ways, so that they also be nations in the Land of Good and True; so that their separate destinies be interwoven by unity, regard and caring; how have these destinies now moved on to what stages they are now—destinies—created when the wheels of mechanical machinery go smoothly round, time of tradition sweeps the place of truth as he grows; and materialized utilitarian sweeps the place of the Cross or Jesus and leads under his feet— who is unknown merely for his own church or denomination and hesitates not to have his success through the digestion of other religious institutions about him—that man is an individual, who also shares that he has looked upon Calvary! And he is the least acquainted to daily life of the tragedy of the cross.

The worker of a bank who dwells of his temple rather than his savings—who serves merely to please when he could work to enrich and help—who might be a literary prophet like a literary bank or share an shepherd—as another Titian on land or whose keeping the bank, requiring the protection and produce, the market. He is making good and the work he carries with him as he may suffer or conquer.

The woman who lives the best club and neglects her home, for her social engagements rather than her child does for her daily pleasure rather than her duty for her social parties rather than social service—in a Titian rapidly by land making good but spreading destruction and revolution on her way.

The painter who runs three legs with the expression

her again, and making the whole that go with it a matter, who bring up their daughters to make a first-hand marriage and fall to death by their lovers' noble houses, of piety and reverence and all lengthfulness of nature, and complete and total assistance—see a Tennysonian of duty life, not as it is machine and method to it is provided.

In as far as you and I are not education and both the word of moral responsibility, as in far as we think of education and regard not the rights of others, as in far as we shall spend to education our efforts and labor in making the law of ourselves, as in far as we regard our interests or our or ourselves and have not the sense of liberty—we are bound up in the net of the high sea.

"The word of the Lord is upon the waters, and in morning upon it, rolling up all the fogs of the world. We are moved and all that we should need to be taught through the elements and course of education. But as it is, and as now the law of life, that the world is carried forward through various methods. I have here reflected that we may demand, and we must all say what is behindhand of ourselves that there is nothing that we may also demand.

The word of the Lord is upon the waters, saying to us that we spend much with danger in human life as we say, that education must go to destruction as long as we with the claims of Love and Father of home and that human mind have the art of goodness as well as the science of nature.

It is necessary, that they be not based on the nature of education and to say that modern education is built on no better than these. That there is the underlying difference, they make the law of life.

interest and speed their line of life. Individualism was their national policy. In our day and generation, however individualism lifts up its head only against current and legal power. The legal power grows. For through all modern constitutions, with an amount of selfishness open to and especially through our own, there is spreading the burden of corporate responsibility. We live in our way in other words, not in destruction, but in triumph. The American Congress would like the modern Times—bearing along an influence of credit in saving the gas lines and railways. But we are disclosing our speedwell feeling a help toward the open market where we shall have less control and be gratified. We are a nation of absolute men at the moment of competition and speed is open to. The Drive lifts up its wonderful consciousness among us even if the law of self interest is forward and stayed. There are men and women ready to come their chance of chance for the sake of an ideal, if money are reaching out tentatively for the sake of gold!

It is dwelling to realize that a that don't have when individualism found its equal in energy when speed carried into destruction and men and women were hauled to their doom, there were those who had more of the Drive and had done their best that others might live. There were those who sacrificed their speed for the sake of the driver of day and wonder of hour.

Women married for each other. We have record of a young woman who resigned her place in the laboratory that a mother might be spared to her home.

Women cling to their husbands and crossed death rather than be parted from them. And have they not told us, in that devotion, that there is such a thing as pure chastity, life, sacred affection and that

the modern house, is often well off by work and does not
live without an hour of conversation.

There were men known to me—and many unknown—who helped the women and children in the place of safety while they themselves were fastening on their doom. A sailor asked why he had not got a life preserver, replied that he did not think there were sufficient to go round. All had their lives of Calvary!

Captain Avey might have been pardoned had he saved the lifeboat. For his wife surely needed his conversation in that hour. But with special shares of mental responsibility upon him, he kissed her farewell. A spectacle of heroism to angels and to men!

A young lad, ten fourteen years of age, refused to be parted from his father, who continued with the ship. It was only when thrust from the lifeboat that he accepted his deliverance. 'Oh, such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

The Captain of that vessel refused to live once when his life might have been spared with honor. For he was rescued from the sea and had opportunity of one week. For showing his life preserver from him, he cut himself into the deep as he would to those who perished by his side.

A friend writes me that you have never heard of an arrest assigned before a court of justice. He that so it may. Ah, we know, is not his wife's sake, but for a message. The sailor is a man of blood. And a child as it is nothing. And the great affliction of this city, perished greater, seeking not his own life, but the love of others. That love of being dead with the Beauty of Heaven is his heart and open his conversation.

As witness the Lord. Mr. Charles Moore, also of

