

from the second greatest city in the world. Whales that spouted near by kept well out of the course. Down below they may have heard the palpitation of the *Titanic*. Porpoises that gamboled and plopped and raced by the ship's side—

Oh, there are many things at sea to divert even those who care little for the social whirligig of land life on a big ship. And those who were tired went to bed. Few, if any, were asleep. It was early yet; dark, but calm; windless and keen with stars. The pulse of the great ship had scarcely so much as slackened in this heavy sea of ice, slushing her way grandly through the dark. Passengers on the way up to bed glanced again at the day's log foot of the staircase. In twenty-four hours—more than 500 miles! It was a record to be proud of.

And if the *Titanic* had kept up her log as the passengers said she might—in two days and nights more she would steam into New York to the acclamations of a great city.

In a smoking-room the President and General Manager of a great Canadian system of railways and steamships talked to another American about modern ocean travel. He knew the captain; knew the general manager, Ismay. He knew as well as Ismay what the *Titanic* cost, how she was built and equipped, what was her apportionment of crew, what she was expected to do in any sea or weather. What else remained to be done in conquering the sea, except the further perfection of wireless?

Some awful calamity—so he surmised.

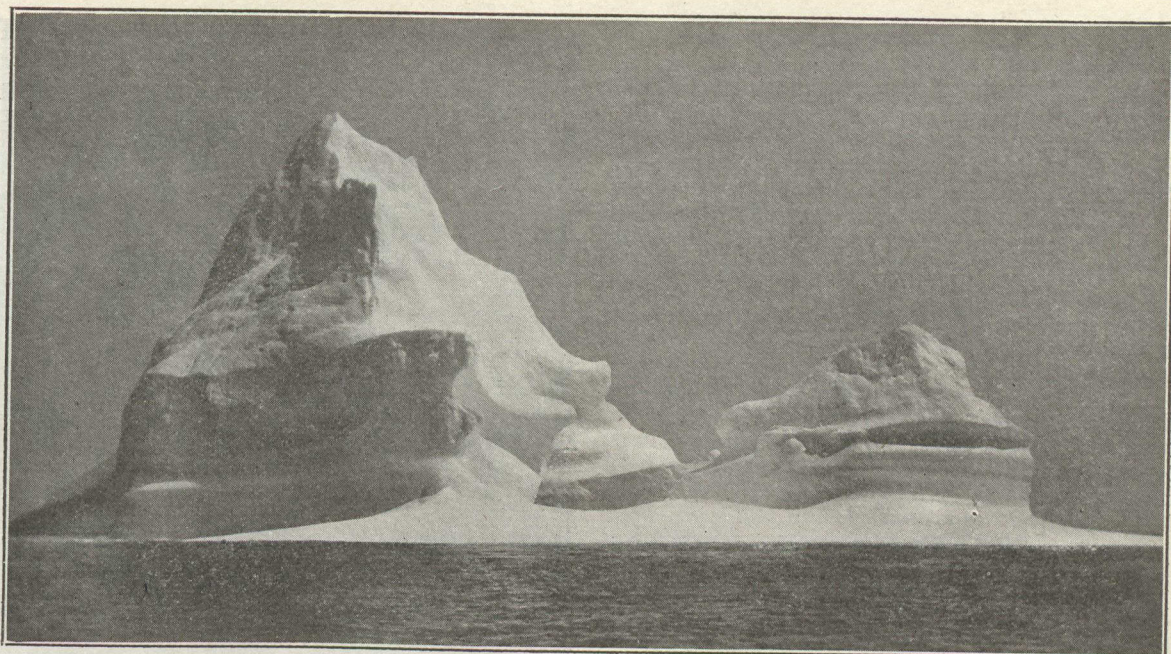
However, he said to himself that in two days more he would be in New York; third or fourth day back to his office in Montreal.

In the flare of the windows a thick-set, white-headed man went to and fro, somewhat alone. A wise man in the affairs of this world and perhaps some of the next, he had entertained many a group of passengers by his flow of talk, as for many a year he had startled and amused two continents by his writings. Some years ago, before Lord Beresford took to writing, this man had told "The Truth About the Navy" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Rather less than twenty years ago, after the first World's Fair, he had told in a book what he considered the truth about Chicago. He had a faculty for divining the unexpected. Now he was to talk to America again as he had done many a time before—on men and religion. His name went into here and there an autograph album. In recalling the chief features of this voyage many would say that among the distinguished passengers was W. T. Stead.

The great ship ploughed arrogantly along. In the quiet of the sea and the stars perhaps Stead was holding some seance with an unseen world. He had somewhat this faculty.

Sunday was almost done. Here and there a light popped away from a window.

But for every electric light bulb that quit as one by one sleepy passengers turned in, a hundred fresh stars blazed into the cold dark blue! The four huge funnels of the *Titanic* sent a long black trail of smoke over the vacant sea. Somebody won a game of cards in the smoking-room. Somewhere the band was faintly and gaily playing. Somewhere the captain dined in dress uniform. Best of a hundred feet below, the maws of the boilers opened



ONE OF THE SHIPS THAT HAVE THE RIGHT-OF-WAY.

The Foundations of This Mountain of Ice Would Ordinarily Reach Down Almost Ten Times the Height. The Base Might Be the Broad Shelf of a "Black" Iceberg, Such as is Said to Have Wrecked the *Titanic*.

in rows of flame as the Southampton stokers trotted with the barrows of coal out from the bunkers, down the lanes to the shovellers and back again. Maybe there was ice thirty feet above; but they knew nothing of that. They were in a floating coal mine.

The man in the crow's nest rang three bells to the bridge. He had sighted a casual berg to starboard. But nobody seemed to hear that. Officers were still smoking; chatting with ladies—perhaps. The wind was far colder. Ice was coming down—somewhere. But most of the passengers had not so much as seen an iceberg; nothing the size of the *Titanic*.

"Oh, dear! I wonder if we'll see one to-morrow?" said a young lady to a friend.

Somebody forward was just switching off his light to turn in; so used to the ship's vibration that he would have been unable to sleep if it ceased. Just rolling to sleep he felt some new vibration. It was like the rip of a taut chain across the floor—merely jarring the windows.

All over. But he snapped on the light.

Sitting up he noticed that the ship's throb was gone. The engines were stopped. He looked out. Astern yonder was an iceberg, glimpsed by the card-players in the smoking-room.

Pshaw! He yawned. Perhaps the engines started again: he was not quite sure—things seemed somehow to be different. Oh, well—in the morning the *Titanic* would be hundreds of miles from here.

He did not hear the splutter from wireless.

Boots went scurrying by. Rousing from a nap he wondered if he had slept for hours—and was it the holystones?

But no—it was still dark. He had a notion to dress and go on deck—psh! it was too cold. Just

in front of his window he heard a man say as he looked up at the mountain of ice—that the *Titanic* had probably made a bad gash in the iceberg somewhere; speaking of ice that had slapped on the decks.

The speaker turned in and went to his dreams.

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A baby somewhere was fast asleep, as a baby sometimes sleeps in its carriage on a noisy street. And there was nothing in the dreams of the child to answer the thrill of that wireless repeat.

The captain came down from the bridge. Officers went about to say: "There is no danger."

People remembered—this was the *Titanic*: and never as yet had she made a port.

The wireless operator in his spark-house aloft was now almost captain.

Somebody in a forward state-room felt his bunk getting an uneasy list. He sat up.

"Hmh! I wonder—?"

One rapped at his door.

"All passengers on deck with life belts on"—courteously requested; as though the steward was calling breakfast.

But somebody was shouting the order.

A mere precaution.

Most of the passengers were up now. The band was still playing. On the hurricane deck men were lifting covers from the boats, bobbing against the stars.

The *Titanic* was dead still.

Perhaps one above heard wireless splutter and snap again.

Some smoke was rising; wisped away by the wind.

Here and there a voice ripped out a stentorian command:



These Two Photographs, Taken by Miss Bertha Palmer, of Galt, Who Was a Passenger on the *Carpathia*, Give Some Idea of What the Decks of That Vessel Looked Like During Her Trip From the Scene of the Disaster to New York Harbour. The Rescued Passengers of the *Titanic* Were Given Every Attention by the Officers, Crew and Passengers of the Rescue Ship.