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foundland, stating that the Titanic had struck an iceberg and was in need of assistance at once. The operator at Cape Race at once sent out the warning signal over the ocean wastes and the first to pick it up was the Allan Liner Virginian bound for Liverpool from Halifax. The Virginian sent the news of the disaster to the mainland in the following message to the Allan Line in Montreal: "Titanic has struck an iceberg and asks for assistance, Virginian going to her rescue." The White Star Offices in New York were advised from Montreal of the fate of their great ship. No fear was entertained for the safety of the Titanic for every confidence was felt that the builders had succeeded in rendering the leviathan absolutely unsinkable, even though a later message advised that the wounded monster was "sinking at the

head," and that women were being put off in lifeboats. It was confidently believed that her thirty eight watertight compartments would keep her afloat under any circumstances. And so the public mind was reassured, and when late Monday afternoon a message was received from Canso, N.S., stating that the Virginian had the Titanic in tow and was proceeding with her to Halifax, anxiety was relieved, and prayers of thanks went out from grateful hearts that wireless had again triumphed over death and disaster at sea.

In the meantime, as was afterwards learned, the greatest marine disaster in the history of ocean traffic was being enacted in mid-ocean in the dead of night. Swinging from the westerly steamship lane at the south of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to run direct to New York, the

Titanic had hurled herself against a monster iceberg which rose from the immense ice field by which she was encircled. Running at great speed the shock crushed her bow and through the rent the waters rushed so swiftly that her captain, E. J. Smith, the Admiral of the White Star fleet knew there was no hope of saving her. That much was told by the wireless, but it left untold the story of the few hours that the doomed vessel spent in the midst of the ice floe.

Staggering in the ice field into which she had driven, the wireless operator on board the Titanic sent call after call to others of the ocean liners—the Cunarder Carpathia, the Virginian and Parisian of the Allan Line; the Baltic, which formerly rushed to the rescue of the Republic; and the Olympic, sister ship of the