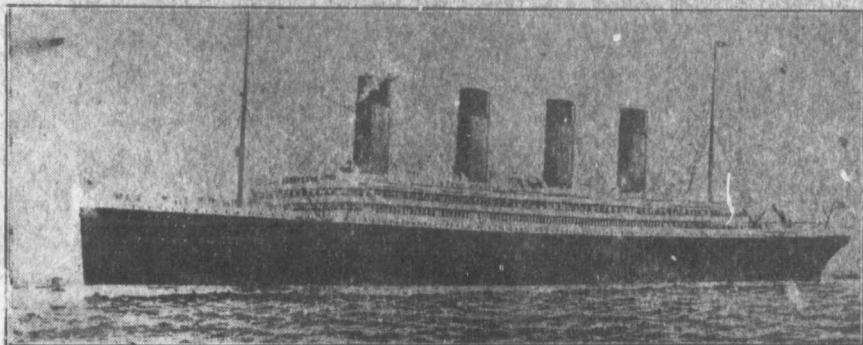


The Loss of the Titanic



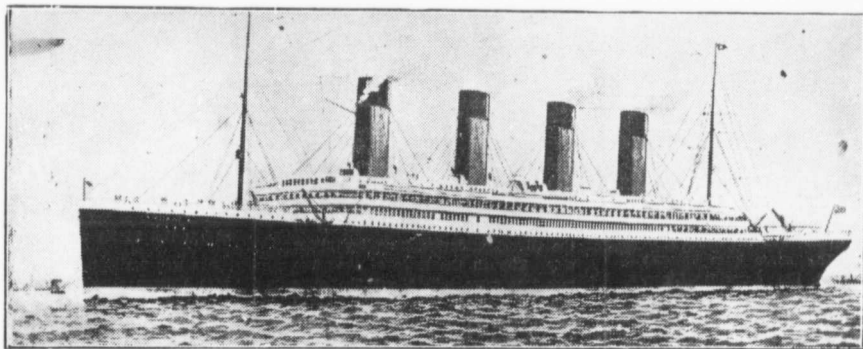
SUNDAY, APRIL 14th, 1912

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The Story of the Loss of the Titanic

The Story of the Loss of "The Titanic."



The World's Largest Steamship. Now at the bottom of the Atlantic

Facts about the Greatest Vessel ever built.

All that wealth and modern workmanship could produce was embodied in the ill-fated Titanic. The largest vessel ever built, a veritable floating palace, over four city blocks in length.

This 45,000 ton monster narrowly escaped serious mishap at the very start of her Maiden Trip. As she swept from her berth at Southampton there was a roar as from a broadside of big guns, caused by the suction created by the huge propellers. So great was the suction of water that the seven huge hawsers which moored the American Liner, New York, snapped like pipe stems, and the New York drifted helplessly stern first towards the Titanic.

Tugs rushed to the aid of the New York and the engines of the Titanic were reversed, thus a bad smash up

was averted.

It has been estimated that the cost of the Titanic was \$10,000,000 before she was finally put in commission. Though 882½ feet long, 92½ feet wide, and 94 feet deep, with accommodation for a crew of 860 and capable of carrying 3,500 passengers, she was built with as much care as is put into the finest chronometer.

The Titanic's tonnage when she finally took the water was nearly one thousand tons greater than that of the Olympic, designed as her sister ship. Though the keels of the two monsters were laid about the same time, work on the Titanic was delayed for a year, so that any imperfection in the appointments of the Olympic, however slight, might be corrected in the newest and latest ocean palace. She was longer and wider than the

older vessel. New names had to be coined to apply to the twelve decks of the vessel, nine of which were connected with electric elevators in addition to many wide stairways. More than 2,000 windows and port holes brought the light of day into the interior of the great boat.

Through any of the funnels two of the largest of modern passenger trains might have raced abreast.

Every link of the anchor chain added 175 lbs. to its weight.

She was really a city in miniature, with a gymnasium, tennis and squash courts, a theatre, ballroom, sports deck, Turkish and Electric baths, swimming pool, palm gardens, cards, music and smoking rooms. On top of the twelve decks was a golf course reduced somewhat in size.

The Titanic had more restaurants and dining rooms than any other vessel.

Her Hospital was fitted with an operation table and a sun room for passengers not in good health.

One of the many unusual features of the Titanic was the private promenade which adjoined the main restaurant on the starboard side. On to this deck opened a reception room where diners might congregate before going to their meals, and hosts might meet the guests whom they had invited to sit with them at dinner.

Banks of real flowers concealed the arbors in the Palm garden.

Two of the suites cost \$4,350 each for a single trip. These apartments consisted of sitting room, sleeping chambers, baths and wardrobes, with a garden in front, and a private

promenade extending the whole length of the suite—about fifty feet. It also had its own private sea rail.

The occupants of these suites could have the same privacy that the owner of a private yacht could command with his own deck and the added comforts that the leviathan afforded.

The sitting rooms connected with some of her private suites would be about fifteen feet square.

Each stateroom had its own private bathroom, supplying hot and cold water, fresh and sea water.

A servants' hall was provided for the valets and other servants of the passengers. These quarters were for the servants when not in attendance on their employers.

The Titanic had four funnels, from the top of the funnels to the keel measured 175 feet. Her average speed was 21 knots on her trial trip.

More than three million rivets were used in banding together the massive plates. The plates in the Titanic bottom weighed four and one quarter tons, and the length of each plate was 36 feet.

Her rudder weighed 100 tons and the boss arm 45 tons forward, and 73½ tons aft,

She had fifteen watertight compartments which could be closed simultaneously by the throwing of a lever on the bridge, and her builders had declared these would render the ship unsinkable.

The Titanic was launched on May 31st, 1911, and was considered an event of international importance. Among the prominent people who were present on that day were: J. Pierpont Morgan, Lord Pirrie, chairman of the International Mercantile Marine.



The construction of the vessel Titanic was supervised by Alexander M. Carlisle, General Manager of the Belfast Ship-building concern.

The Titanic, with a length of 882 feet six inches and a width of 92 feet six inches, was the largest steamship ever built. She was launched at Belfast, May 31, 1911, and this was her maiden trip. The Hamburg-American Company have in course of construction at Hamburg, Germany, the new "Imperator," which will be 900 feet in length.

The Titanic had a displacement of 66,000 tons and 45,000 tons register. Some idea of the immensity of this great leviathan can be gained when it is considered that if stood on end she would tower three times higher than the Toronto City Hall tower, which is 297 feet.

Her rudder alone weighed 100 tons. Each crank-shaft weighs 118 tons, each engine bed-plate, 195 tons; each engine column 21 tons, and the heaviest cylinder, 50 tons. The casting of her turbine cylinder weighed 167 tons. One of her solid bronze propellers weighed 22 tons and a single anchor, fifteen tons.

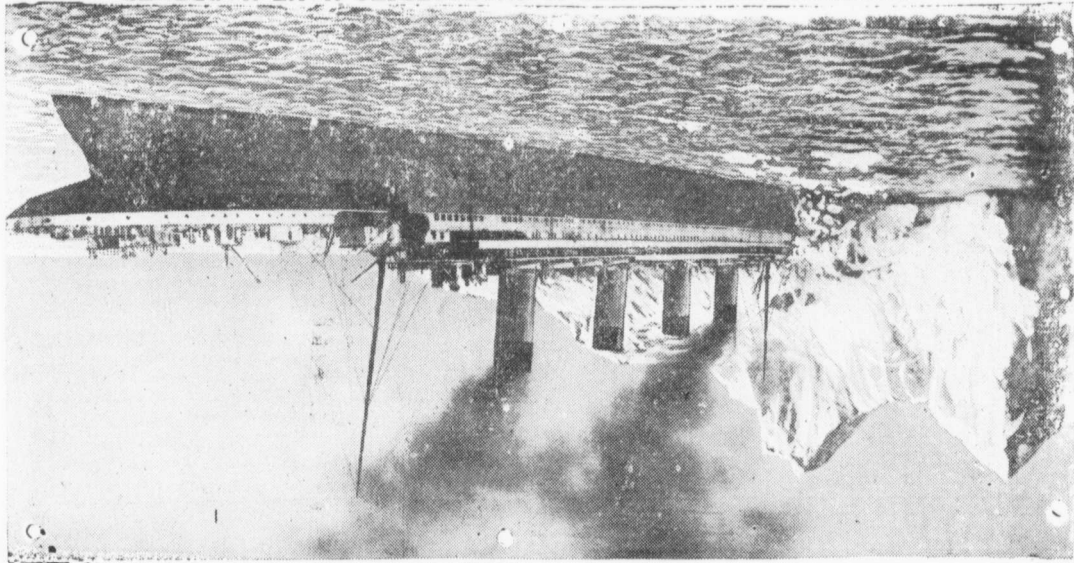
To build the vessel cost nearly \$10,000,000. She was a four-funnel, triple-screw steamer; had eleven decks; was provided with fifteen watertight bulkheads, and had accommodation for 3,500 passengers—600 saloon, 500 second-class, and 1900 steerage. She carried a crew of 860. In height she was 175 feet from the top of the funnels to keel. The height from the bottom of the keel to the top of the Captain's house was 105 feet seven inches.

THE COMPLETE STORY OF THE DISASTER.

The most appalling marine disaster of all time occurred on Sunday, April 14, 1912, when the White Star Liner, Titanic, the largest and greatest ocean going vessel ever constructed, equipped with every known device to insure the safety of her passengers, believed by her builders, owners and crew to be absolutely unsinkable, shattered herself against an iceberg in the dead of night and sank about four hours later in nearly two miles of water, taking with her to a watery grave over 1600 souls among whom were many men of prominence on two hemispheres.

The first intimation of the awful tragedy was given by the distress signal—"S.O.S."—received by the wireless operator at Cape Race, New-

SHOWING HOW DISASTER IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE HAPPENED



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

stricken monster.

In every direction J. G. Phillips, the Titanic's wireless operator, sent the call for help. By fits and starts, for the wireless was working blurringly and unevenly, Phillips sent the news of the Titanic's peril. A word or two, now and then a connected sentence made up the messages that sent a thrill of apprehension for a thousand miles, east, west and south of the doomed liner. Through the quivering air came the portentous words: "Sinking by the head." Then the great ship's wireless apparatus which had been working badly, failed completely and an ominous silence pervaded the deep.

However the wireless had accomplished the desired result and the distress signal had reached the Cunarder Carpathia, bound for the Mediterranean; the Allan Liner Virgin-

ian, outward bound from Halifax the previous Saturday and some 170 miles from the scene of the disaster. Other liners besides the Carpathia and the Virginian heard the signal and became on the instant more than carriers of freight and passenger greyhounds. The big Baltic 200 miles to the eastward and westward turned again to save life as she did when her sister ship, the Republic, was cut down in a fog in January, 1909. The sister ship of the Titanic, the Olympic, the next largest steamer to the Titanic herself, turned in her course. All along the Northern lane the miracle of the wireless worked for the distressed and sinking ship. The Hamburg-American Cincinnati, the Parisian from Glasgow, the North German Lloyd Prinz Frederich Wilhelm, the Hamburg American Liners Prinz Adelbert and Amerika, all

heard the S.O.S. and the rapid condensed explanation of what had occurred.

But the Carpathia was nearest. She was out from New York on Saturday, and the chill in the air told of the near presence of ice. So when the spluttering call for aid came through the night air she wheeled round and started westward to take a hand in saving life. A third steamship within short sailing of the Titanic was the Allan Liner Parisian away to the eastward, bound from Glasgow to Halifax. She also heard the call.

For seventeen hours after the silencing of the Titanic's wireless not one word of news was heard by the waiting world. Nothing was known save that she was drifting helpless and alone amidst a field of ice, until the following message which appalled

and overpowered humanity, was received from her sister ship, the Olympic: "Carpathia reached Titanic's position at daybreak. Found boats and wreckage only. Titanic sank about 2.20 a.m. 41:16 N 50:14 W. All her boats accounted for, containing about 675 souls saved, crew and passengers included. Nearly all saved, women and children. Leyland Liner California remained and searching exact position of disaster. Loss likely to total 1,800 souls."

The above message was given to the world on Tuesday morning. Following so abruptly after the optimistic messages of the previous evening, the blow was stunning in its effects. It was known that many distinguished persons were on the passenger list and great anxiety was felt for many well known Canadians. Among her 2,000 passengers were

Mr. Chas. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Davidson, his daughter and son-in-law. Other Canadians were Mr. Markland Molson, member of one of Montreal's oldest families, a financier and well known as a philanthropist, Mr. H. J. Allison, Mr. Quigley Baxter, with his mother, Mrs. James Baxter, and his sister, Mrs. Fred. C. Douglas; Mr. Vivian Payne, private secretary to Chas. M. Hays; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Levy, with their children; Mr. Paul Chevre, a French sculptor who has resided in Montreal for some years; Major Arthur Peuchen, of the Queen's Own Rifles, and head of the Standard Chemical Co., Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Fortune, Miss Lucille Fortune, and Miss Alice Fortune, of Winnipeg; Mr. G. E. Graham, buyer for T. Eaton Co.,

Winnipeg; Mr. Thos. McCaffrey, superintendent Union Bank, Vancouver; Mr. Thompson Beattie and Mr. Hugo Ross, Winnipeg; Dr. Alfred Paine, Hamilton; Mr. George Wright, Halifax; Mrs. Sarah Soufskey, Toronto; Mr. E. A. Sjosted, Sault Ste Marie; Mr. J. J. Borebank, formerly of Toronto. Of these the following were the only ones known to be saved. Mrs. C. M. Hayes—Mrs. C. M. Hays, Mrs. Thornton Davidson, Mrs. F. C. Douglas; a little girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Allison, and her nurse; Mr. Paul Chevre, Major Peuchen, Mrs. J. C. Hogaboom, Mrs. Mark Fortune, Miss Lucille Fortune, Mrs. Alice Fortune.

The overpowering sense of disaster was emphasized by the number of distinguished persons aboard the wrecked ship, most, if not all of whom were listed among the missing.



HAROLD McBRIDE AT THE INVESTIGATION

There were Col. John Jacob Astor and his wife, Miss Madeline Force, to whom he was so sensationally married last September; Isador Straus, of New York; Major Archibald W. Butt, aide to President Taft; George B. Widener, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Harper, William T. Stead, the London journalist; J. Bruce Ismay, president and managing director of the White Star Line; Benjamin Guggenheim, of copper mining fame; F. D. Millet, the artist, and many more whose names are known on both sides of the Atlantic. Of all these Mr. Ismay is the only one known to have been saved.

While the fate of the majority of the 2,180 persons on board the Titanic remained in doubt, and it was feared more than 1,200 persons were lost, a note of good cheer came

from the ocean ways, between one and two o'clock Tuesday morning.

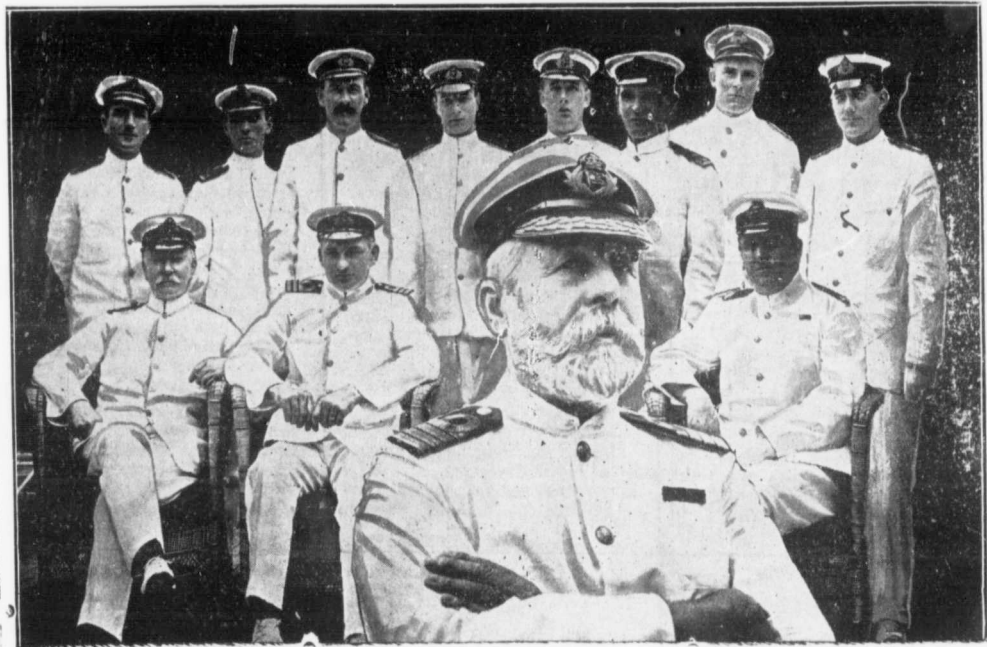
It was a wireless message from the White Star liner Olympic, one of the vessels hovering near the scene of the disaster, flashing the news that 868 of the Titanic's passengers, mostly women and children, were being brought to port by the Cunard liner Carpathia. Other messages later brought confirmatory tidings.

First reports were that the Carpathia had saved but 675 persons. The new figures reduced the list of those for whose fate fear was felt by more than 200. Final official figures made public after the arrival of the Carpathia in New York, show that the actual number saved was only 705.

After the first desperate calls of the Titanic for help had been sent flying through space and brought steamers for hundreds of miles around speed-

ing to the scene, what seems to have been an impenetrable wall of silence was raised between her and the anxious world. The giant liner went to her fate without so much as a whisper of what must have been the scenes of heart-rending tragedy being enacted on her decks. In the lack of even a line from a survivor, imagination paused. One cannot even attempt to conjecture what passed as the inevitable became known and it was seen that of the more than 2,000 human lives with which she was freighted there could be hope of saving far less than half.

Other than the early news that 868 persons, largely women and children, had been rescued from the liner's boats by the Cunarder Carpathia, more than six hours of the night passed without a word as to the fate of the remainder of those who were



CAPTAIN SMITH

on board her at the time of the fateful crash.

Along the entire Atlantic coast wireless apparatus was attuned to catch from any source the slightest whisper of hope that possibly on board one of the many steamships which rushed to the assistance of the stricken Titan of the seas were other survivors of the sunken vessel. But from none of the ships reported to be at or near the scene of what may be recorded as the world's greatest marine horror, came the faintest syllable of encouragement to the anxiously waiting world until news of the addition of more than 200 to the number of those saved by the Carpathia brought decided encouragement.

The steamer Virginian was finally heard from at 2.15 o'clock Tuesday morning, but hers was a message of

despair. She did not report the presence of any survivors on board, the message from her stating that she would bring to St. John's, Nfld., such survivors of the Titanic as she "may rescue." The fact that the Virginian was to go out of her course to put into St. John's on her voyage to Liverpool was taken as a favorable indication, arousing the hope that after she might have picked up some of the victims of the wreck and was bringing them to port. Later, however, these hopes were dispelled by the receipt of another wireless message from the Virginian, announcing that she had failed to pick up any survivors and was proceeding to Liverpool.

And then as if to add to the overpowering gloom and blot out every vestige of hope, followed on the heels of this announcement another message

from the Virginian by wireless via Sable Island and Halifax saying: "We are now in communication with the Parisian. No Titanic passengers on board."

The commander of the Parisian said he had searched the ocean in the vicinity of the disaster, but had been unable to find a soul. There was a great deal of wreckage, and all this was scanned carefully, in the hope that human beings might be found clinging to the debris, but none was found.

A marconigram from Captain Gamball, of the S.S. Virginian, received by Mr. Hannah, passenger traffic manager of the Allan Line, read as follows:

"Arrived at scene of disaster too late. Have proceeded on voyage to Liverpool."—Gamball.

Finally there came an added confirmatory message from Captain Maddock, of the Olympic, reading:—

“Please allay rumors that the Virginian has any of the Titanic’s passengers. Neither has the Parisian. I believe that the only survivors are on the Carpathia. The second, third, fourth and fifth officers and the second Marconi operator are the only officers reported saved.”

Nothing seemingly was left to hope for. The Titanic, pride of the ocean, the acme of the shipbuilders’ art, had disappeared in the ocean’s deeps. “Like the baseless fabric of a vision faded.”

Interest then veered to the saved. Who were among the rescued was the question anxiously canvassed on every hand. Slowly the list of names filtered through the air from the sea

wastes, but the news only served to accentuate the gloom as names eagerly sought among the living were by their very absence numbered among the dead. Only the number rescued seemed a matter of certainty.

Much confusion and needless anxiety was caused by the varying reports given out from New York of the number of survivors.

At eleven o’clock on Tuesday the White Star offices in New York, announced officially that they had received positive news that the number of survivors on board the liner Carpathia was just 868. This dispatch was sent to the White Star Line from the Olympic, which, it was understood was in wireless communication with the Carpathia, then proceeding to New York. Late Friday, however, final official figures were made public,

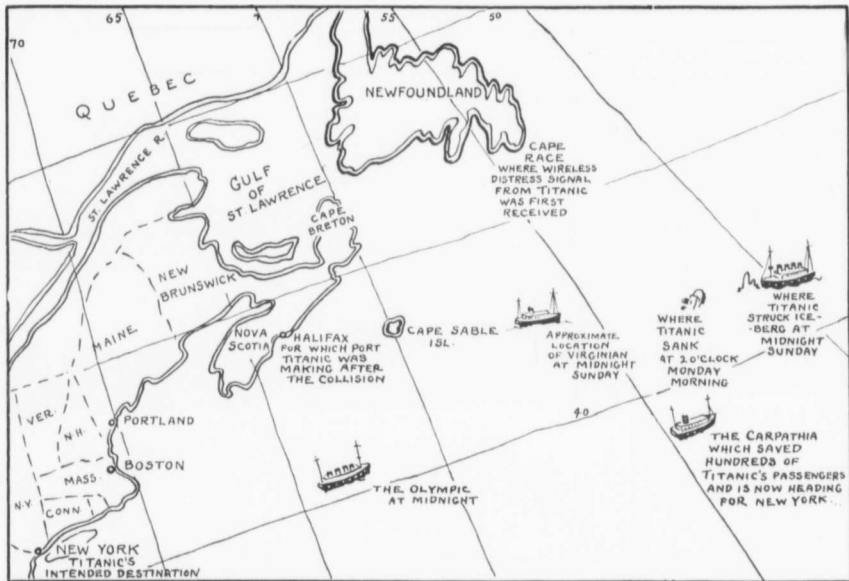
limiting the number of survivors to 705 and placing the number lost at 1635.

A wireless message sent by Captain Rostron, of the Carpathia, to the Cunard Line in New York, from latitude 41.45 north and longitude 50.20 west, read as follows:

“Am proceeding New York unless otherwise ordered with about 800. After having consulted with Mr. Ismay, and considering the circumstances, with so much ice about, considered New York best. Large number icebergs and twenty miles field ice with bergs amongst.”

Another message from Captain Rostron to the Cunard Line in New York said

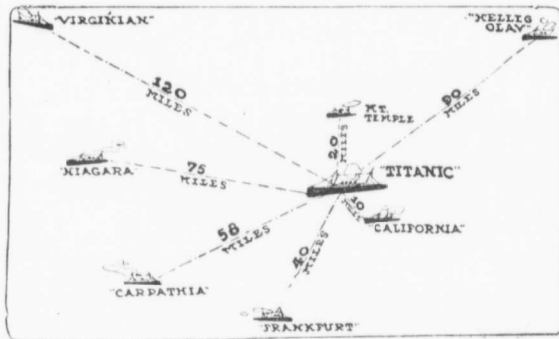
“Titanic struck iceberg, sunk Monday 3 a. m., 41.46 north latitude, 50.14



west longitude. Carpathia picked up many passengers in boats. Will wire further particulars later. Proceeding back to New York."

The place where the Titanic sank, according to an official of the Marine Department, is about 500 miles from Halifax and the water at that point about seventy miles south of the Grand Banks, is at least 12,000 feet deep. It is midway between Sable Island and Cape Race, and in a line with those dangerous sands which, however, might have been a place of safety had there been time to run the Titanic there and beach her on the northern side.

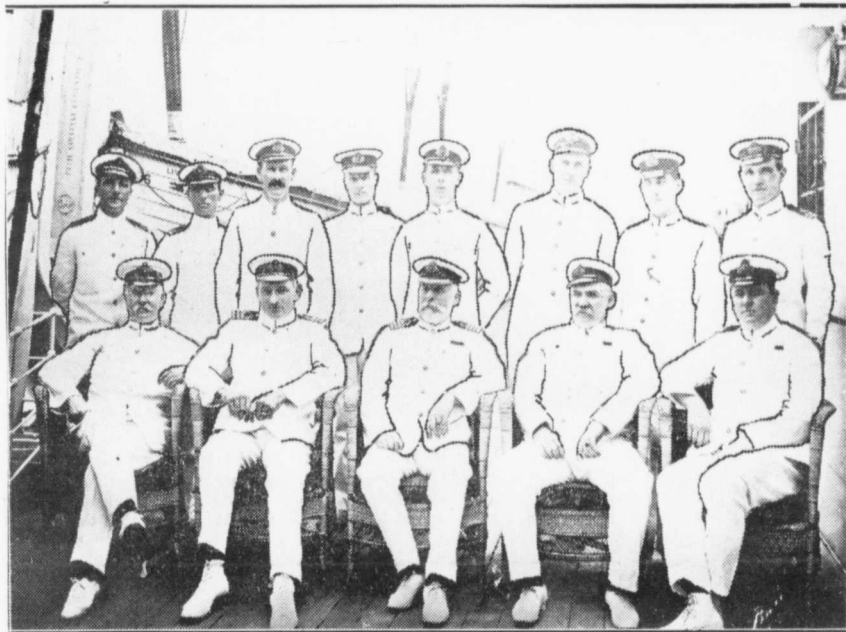
Halifax is particularly interested in the White Star Line, for it was at the entrance of this harbor that the Atlantic was wrecked in this same month of April thirty-nine years ago and some 560 lives lost. There was



one Halifax man on board the Titanic, George Wright, who was returning from a trip to the Mediterranean.

At the depth of which the Titanic lies the pressure of the water is about

two and one-half tons to the square inch. The conditions of pressure at this depth, as far below the surface as the average height of the Swiss Alps, are extraordinary.



CAPTAIN SMITH AND HIS OFFICERS

At 12,000 feet deep, a man would bear upon his body a weight equal to that of twenty locomotive engines, each with a long goods train loaded with pig iron.

Under this enormous pressure the luxurious fittings of the gigantic liner are probably crushed like so much tissue paper; the water-tight doors of the unflooded part of the vessel are smashed in like so much matchwood, and the very woodwork of the furniture is possibly compressed out of shape.

Strange tricks must have been played with the rich decorations and elaborate effects of the saloons and cabins.

In the absolute stillness of the depths of the ocean, where there is perpetual night, the Titanic must

remain. Any attempt at salvage is utterly out of the question.

At a depth of about 200 feet, divers suffer great hardships. At the depth at which the Titanic is resting, diving is absolutely impossible.

Only by some strange and mighty upheaval of nature can the lost liner ever be exposed again to the gaze of human beings.

The terrific and awful force with which the Titanic struck the iceberg travelling as she is reported to have been at full-speed, can possibly be imagined from the following illustrations, which have been furnished by a professor of engineering at McGill University.

A steamship of 46,000 tons, proceeding at a rate of 21 knots an hour, would have an energy of blow on impact on a solid mass of 1,600,000,000

foot pounds, or 870,000 foot tons, equivalent to the energy of 55 twelve-inch guns, firing simultaneously a projectile of 500 pounds.

The force of the blow of the Titanic on the iceberg would be sufficient to lift the whole ship thirty-five feet in the air.

Another instance is that 72 railway locomotives running at the speed of 60 miles an hour would have about the same striking energy.

To the wonderful wireless telegraphy, the 775 survivors of the ill-fated Titanic may attribute their safety after the terrible experience of Sunday night and in the early hours of Monday morning.

Had it not been for the "C. Q. D." signal of the Marconi operator on board the gigantic White Star liner, the women and children and other

survivors of the wreck would, in all probability have drifted to death by thirst and hunger, or swamped by the ice-bestrewn sea in their small craft, to share ultimately the fate of the rest of the passengers who remained on board the doomed ship and sank with her to her last resting place hundreds of fathoms below the surface of the Atlantic.

The fate of the ocean Titan and her human cargo, together with the treasures in her hold, would probably never be known, had science not perfected the sending of messages by wireless telegraphy and the disappearance of the monster ship would be but another of the long list of mysteries of the sea. What the average man on the street to-day regards as commonplace, was the impractical dream of but a few short years ago. Science has done some wonderful

things, but few of them are equal in importance to the "wireless."

It is a singular coincidence that the great value of wireless telegraphy was first forcibly impressed on the world by the rescue of another White Star liner, the ill-fated Republic. The accident occurred in January, 1909, when the Republic collided with an Italian steamer, the Florida, during a fog, about 170 miles east of New York. The Republic operator sent out the famous "C. Q. D." signal, and the Baltic rushed to the rescue, taking off all the passengers. The Republic sank as she was being towed into harbor.

An illustration of how boats have disappeared without leaving behind a trace of their fate is afforded in even inland navigation, in the case of the Montreal Transportation Company's

steel steamer Bannockburn a few years ago.

The Bannockburn, making her last trip of the season, left Duluth loaded for Kingston, Ont. She was last seen in Lake Superior, but never reached the Soo, disappearing in the depths of the great inland sea without leaving behind a trace of where she had sunk to her watery grave, carrying with her her entire crew. Not even a life raft, a spar, or an oar was ever found to tell her story.

Mr. John George Phillips, aged 25 years, of Godalming, Surrey, England, was the Marconi operator who sent the fateful "S. O. S." appeal for assistance from the Titanic's wireless cabin. The installation on the Titanic had a range of 500 miles under all conditions, and could usually, however, reach much further.

The Marconi Company officials explain how the Titanic's cry of distress would be dealt with when the first "S. O. S." signal came to thrill the night-shift man in the operating room of dreary Cape Race. They say that the old danger signal was "C. Q. D." and the operators used to speak of it as "Come quickly, danger!" Now they have got a new phrase for the new "S. O. S." message. They speak of it as "Save our souls."

The "C. Q. D." signal was abandoned because it was possible to confuse it with the other, and the Postmaster-General decided to substitute "S. O. S.," which in the code is three dots, three dashes, and three dots. There is nothing else like it in all the code, and the Cape Race operator would suspend all commercial business immediately the danger

signal spelled out its dots and dashes. He would immediately endeavor to get into touch with any possible rescuers.

The message sent out by the Titanic would probably travel about one thousand miles. The ship was fitted with the 5 N. K. W. sets, with a range of about five hundred miles, but at night the electric waves would travel twice this distance.

Other liners within the wireless radius would also pick up the Titanic's call for help and her latitude and longitude, and then send out their messages stating their positions and the probable time they would reach the crippled liner.

Speed madness and an express train schedule for ocean liners caused the Titanic tragedy. Dashing at a rate of twenty knots an hour through an

ice-filled ocean, an atmosphere as clear as polished glass, the great liner, the acme of luxuriousness and the last word in marine architecture, hurled herself against an immovable mountain of ice, and two hours and twenty-five minutes later had disappeared from sight forever.

Every survivor who landed from the rescue ship Carpathia agreed that the speed had not been reduced. All said that the night was perfect, wonderfully so, the clearness of the night bringing out with startling distinctness great mountains of ice that dotted the edge of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the catastrophe took place.

The band of the great vessel was playing soft music in the great saloon. Many of the passengers had retired. Others were on deck watching the majestic ocean. Still others

sat carelessly in various cabins, some smoking, others quietly talking.

Then came a grinding crash. The floating hotel had staggered, seemed to recover, and plunged forward again. A shower of ice masses fell on her forward part, crushing to death steerage passengers and members of the crew stationed there. For a moment or two things were quiet; then came shouts of alarm. From their cabins rushed men and women in the flimsiest of night attire. Some were panic stricken; but the alarm did not last. The Titanic was "unsinkable," all had been assured of this fact. Most of the men and women aboard believed this statement made by the line officials and owners. A few of the stronger minded went back to bed.

But within five minutes Captain Smith realized that his great charge

was wounded unto death.

"Man the lifeboats," came the order from the bridge. The great steel plates of the hull had been started. Rivets and bolts had been sheared off as a grocer's knife passes through cheese, and the water-tight bulkhead doors were useless.

The water was rushing into the hull from many wounds as Wireless Operator Jack Phillips, on orders from Captain Smith, pressed down his great key and by wireless far aloft sent this frantic appeal

"Come quickly! We have struck an iceberg and are sin'ing." The message went flashing through the air. The deck stewards rushed through the corridors rapping frantically on the doors of occupied cabins. All were told that danger was imminent; some heeded, and,

grasping the first clothing they could find, they rushed on deck. Others refused to come out. They would not believe there was danger.

On deck, boats' crews were at their posts; big lifeboats had been shoved around ready to be put over the side. Women and children were picked up bodily and thrown into them. The rule of the sea,—Women and Children First—was being enforced.

One after another the boats went over the side. Then a cry was set up. "There are no more boats," was shouted. Consternation seized upon all that remained. They had believed there would be room enough for all. Uncontrollable terror seized many. They fought for life belts. Some frantically tried to tear loose the deck fittings, hoping to make small rafts that would sustain them until help would come. But every!



"TITANIC" APRIL 15 1912

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

thing was bolted fast.

Then, fearful that they would be dragged to death in the swirling suction that would follow, men began to leap into the ice-filled ocean. They jumped in groups, seemingly to an agreed signal, according to stories of survivors. Some who jumped were saved, coming up near lifeboats, when they were dragged into them by the occupants.

Slowly, steadily and majestically the liner sank. One deck after the other submerged. Whether the boilers exploded is a question. Robert W. Daniel, a Philadelphia banker, says that when the icy water poured into the boiler room, two separate explosions followed that tore the bowels out of the liner. Others say they did not hear any explosions.

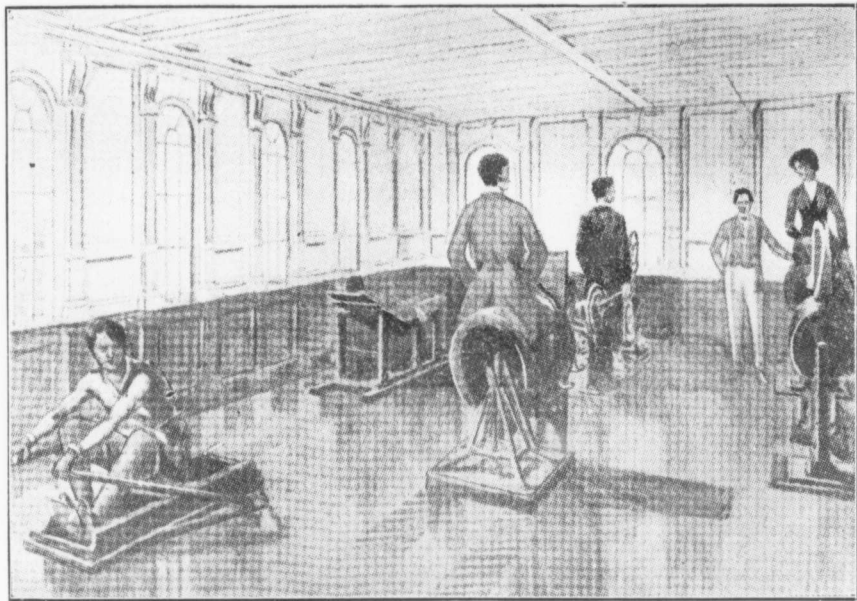
The plight of the survivors in the boats was pitiful in the extreme. Few of the women or the men had sufficient clothing, and they shivered in the bitter cold blasts that came from the great field of ice which surrounded them. Bergs and cakes of drift ice crashed and thundered, bringing stark terror to the helpless victims. Frail women aided with heavy oars, tearing their tender hands until the blood came. Few of the boats were fully manned. Sailors had stood aside deliberately, refusing life that women might have a "chance" for safety, although their places were in the boats.

Finally off on the distant horizon a sailer in the leading boat discovered smoke. "We are saved," went up the cry, and rescue came just in time, for before the Carpathia had

taken aboard the occupants of the last frail craft, the waves were increasing in height kicked up by the wind that had increased with the rising of the sun.

All were tenderly cared for on the Cunard Liner. The regular passengers willingly gave up their cabins to the unfortunate refugees. Medical aid was forthcoming, and nothing left undone that could relieve the distress.

To relate that the ship's string band gathered in the saloon, near the end, and played "Nearer My God to Thee," sounds like an attempt to give an added streak of solemn color to a scene which was in itself solemnity. Various passengers and survivors of the crew agree in their decision that they heard this music.



THE TITANIC GYMNASIUM



Mrs. Thornton Davidson, Montreal

PASSENGERS DID NOT REALIZE
THEIR DANGER.

One of the first survivors to leave the vessel was Mr. L. Beasley, a young Cambridge man, who resides in London.

"The voyage from Queenstown was quite uneventful; very fine weather was experienced and the sea was quite calm. The wind had been westerly to southwesterly the whole day, but very cold, particularly the last day; in fact after dinner on Sunday evening it was almost too cold to be out on deck at all. I had been in my berth for about ten minutes when, at about 11.15 p.m., I felt a slight jar and then soon after a second one, but not sufficiently large to cause any anxiety to anyone, however nervous they may have been. However, the engines stopped immediately af-



Mrs. Dr. J. C. Douglas, Montreal.

terward, and my first thought was 'she has lost a propeller.' I went upon the top (boat) deck in a dressing gown, and found only a few people there, who had come up similarly to inquire why we had stopped, but there was no sort of anxiety in the minds of anyone. We saw through the smoking room window a game of cards going on, and went in to inquire if they knew anything; it seems they felt more of the jar, and, looking through the window had seen a huge iceberg go close by the side of the boat. They thought we had just grazed it with a glancing blow, and that the engines had been stopped to see if any damage had been done. No one, of course, had any conception that she had been pierced below by any part of the submerged iceberg. The game went on without any thought of disaster, and I re-

tired to my cabin to read until we went on again. I never saw any of the players or the onlookers again.

"A little later, hearing people going up stairs, I went out again, and found everyone wanting to know why the engines had stopped. No doubt many were awakened from sleep by the sudden stopping of a vibration to which they had become accustomed during the four days we had been on board. Naturally, with such powerful engines as the Titanic carried, the vibration was very noticeable at all times, and the sudden stopping had something the same effect as the stopping of a loud-ticking grandfather's clock in a room.

"On going on deck again, I saw that there was an undoubted list downward from stern to bow, but, knowing nothing of what had hap-

pened, concluded some of the front compartments had filled and weighed her down. I went down again to put on warmer clothing, and as I dressed heard an order shouted: 'All passengers on deck with life belts on.'

"We all walked slowly up with life belts tied on over our clothing, but even then presumed this was a wise precaution the captain was taking, and that we should return in a short time and retire to bed. There was a total absence of any panic or any expressions of alarm and I suppose this can be accounted for by the exceedingly calm night and the absence of any signs of the accident. The ship was absolutely still and except for a gentle tilt downwards, which I don't think one person in ten would have noticed at that time, no signs of the approaching disaster were visible. She lay just as if she were

waiting the order to go on again when some trifling matter had been adjusted.

"But in a few moments we saw the covers lifted from the boats and the crews allotted to them standing by and curling up the ropes which were to lower them by the pulley blocks into the water.

"We then began to realize it was more serious than had been supposed, and my first thought was to go down and get more clothing and some money, but seeing people pouring up the stairs decided it was better to cause no confusion to people coming up by doing so. Presently we heard the order :

"All men stand back away from the boats and all ladies retire to the next deck below—the smoking room deck or 'B' deck. The men all stood

away and remained in absolute silence leaning against the end railings of the deck or pacing slowly up and down. The boats were swung out and lowered from 'A' deck. When they were to the level of 'B' deck, where all the ladies were collected, the ladies got in quietly with the exception of some who refused to leave their husbands. In some cases they were torn from them and pushed into the boats, but in many cases they were allowed to remain because there was no one to insist they should go.

"Looking over the side, one saw boats from aft already in the water, slipping quietly away in the darkness and presently the boats near to me were lowered and with much creaking as the new ropes slipped through the pulley blocks down the 90 feet which separated them from the water. An

officer in uniform came up as one boat went down and shouted : 'When you are afloat, row round to the companion ladder and stand by with the other boats for orders.'

" 'Aye, aye, sir,' came up the reply, but I don't think any boat was able to obey the order. When they were afloat and had the oars at work the condition of the rapidly settling ship was so much more a sight for alarm for those in the boats than those on board that in common prudence, the sailors saw they could do nothing but row from the sinking ship to save at any rate some lives. They no doubt anticipated that suction from such an enormous vessel would be more than usually dangerous to a crowded boat mostly filled with women.

"All this time there was no trace of any disorder ; no panic or rush

to the boats and no scenes of women sobbing hysterically such as one generally pictures as happening at such times. Everyone seemed to realize so slowly that there was imminent danger. When it was realized that we might all be presently in the sea with nothing but our lifeboats to support us until we were picked up by passing steamers, it was extraordinary how calm everyone was and how completely self-controlled.

"One by one the boats were filled with women and children, lowered and rowed away into the night. Presently the word went round among the men, 'The men are to be put in boats on the starboard side.' I was on the port side, and most of the men walked across the deck to see if this was so. I remained where I was and presently heard the call

" 'Any more ladies?'

"Looking over the side of the ship, I saw the boat, No. 13, swinging level with 'B' deck, half full of ladies. Again the call was repeated:

" 'Any more ladies?'

"I saw none come on, and then one of the crew looked up and said:

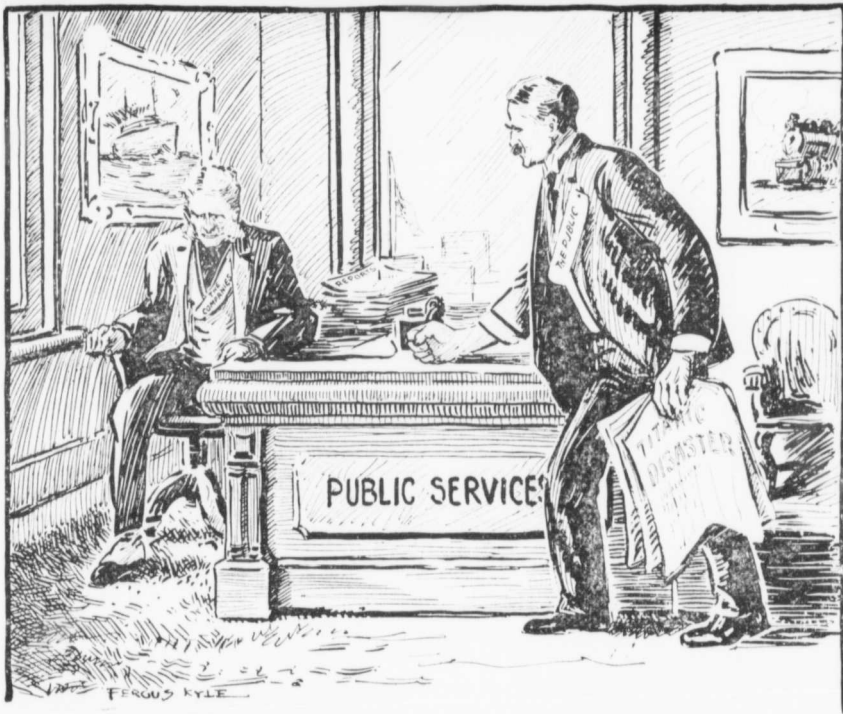
" 'Any ladies on your deck, sir?'

" 'No,' I replied.

" 'Then you had better jump.'

"I dropped in and fell in the bottom as they cried, 'Lower away.' As the boat began to descend, two ladies were pushed hurriedly through the crowd on 'B' deck, and heaved over into the boat, and a baby of ten months passed down after them. Down we went, the crew calling to those lowering which end to keep her level. 'Aft,' astern,' 'both together,'

until we were some ten feet from the water, and here occurred the only anxious moment we had during the whole of our experience, from leaving the deck to reaching the Carpathia. Immediately below our boat was the exhaust of the condensers, a huge stream of water pouring all the time from the ship's side just above the water line. It was plain we ought to be smart away from this not to be swamped by it when we touched water. We had no officer aboard, nor petty officer or member of the crew to take charge. So one of the stokers shouted: 'Someone find the pin which releases the boat from the ropes and pull it up.' No one knew where it was. We felt as well as we could on the floor and sides, but found nothing, and it was hard to move among so many people—we had 60 or 70 on board.



"Down we went and presently floated with our ropes still holding us, the exhaust washing us away from the side of the vessel, and the swell of the sea urging us back against the side again. The resultant of all these forces was a force which carried us parallel to the ship's side and directly under boat No. 14, which had filled rapidly with men and was coming down on us in a way that threatened to submerge our boat.

" 'Stop lowering No. 14,' our crew shouted, and the crew of No. 14, now only twenty feet above, shouted the same. But the distance to the top was some 70 feet, and the creaking pulleys must have deadened all sound to those above, for down she came—15 feet, 10 feet, 5 feet, and a stoker and I reached up and touched her swinging above our heads. The next

drop would have brought her on our heads, but just before she dropped another stoker sprang to the ropes with his knife.

" 'One,' I heard him say, 'two' as his knife cut through the pulleys ropes, and the next moment the exhaust stream had carried us clear while boat No. 14 dropped into the water, into the space we had the moment before occupied, our gun-wales almost touching.

"We drifted away easily as the oars were got out and headed directly away from the ship. The crew seemed to me to be mostly cooks in white jackets, two to an oar, with a stoker at the tiller. There was a certain amount of shouting from one end of the boat to the other, and discussion as to which way we should go, but finally it was decided to elect the stoker who was steering, captain, and

for all to obey his orders. He went with the other boats, calling to them and getting as close as seemed wise; so that when the search boats came in the morning to look for us, there would be more chance for all to be rescued by keeping together.

"It was now about 1 a.m.; a beautiful starlit night, but with no moon and so not very light. The sea was as calm as a pond, just a gentle heave as the boat dipped up and down in the swells an ideal night except for the bitter cold for any one who had to be out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in an open boat, and if ever there was a time when such a night was needed, surely it was now with hundreds of people, mostly women and children, afloat hundreds of miles from land.

"The captain stoker told us that he had been at sea 26 years and had

never yet seen such a calm night on the Atlantic. As we rowed away from the Titanic, we looked back from time to time to watch her, and a more striking spectacle it was not possible for anyone to see. Only the evening before at dinner I remarked to my neighbor that when I arrived at New York I should take an opportunity to get a look at her from a distance to realize something of her dimensions. We did not think our desire was so soon to be gratified. In the distance she looked an enormous length, her great bulk outlined in black against a starry sky, and port hole and saloon blazing with light. It was impossible to think anything could be wrong with such a leviathan were it not for that ominous tilt downwards in the bows, where the water was by now up to the lowest of port holes. We were

now about two miles from her and all the crew insisted that such a tremendous wave would be formed by suction as she went down that we ought to get away as far as possible. The captain agreed, and all lay on their oars and widened the distance between us and the sinking vessel."

"Presently, about 2 a.m., as near as I can remember, we observed her settling very rapidly, with the bows and the bridge completely under water, and concluded it was now only a question of minutes before she went down, and so it proved. She slowly tilted straight on end with the stern vertically upwards, and as she did the lights in the cabins and saloons, which had not flickered for a moment since we left, died out, came on again for a single flash, and finally went out altogether. At the same time the machinery roared

down through the vessel with a rattle and a groaning that could be heard for miles, the weirdest sound surely that could be heard in the middle of the ocean, a thousand miles away from land. But this was not yet quite the end. To our amazement she remained in that upright position for a time which I estimate as five minutes; others in the boat say less, but it was certainly some minutes while we watched at least 150 feet of the Titanic towering up above the level of the sea and looming black against the sky.

"Then with a quiet slanting dive she disappeared beneath the waters, and our eyes had looked for the last time on the gigantic vessel on which we had set out on from Southampton last Wednesday. And there was left to us the gentle heaving sea, the boat filled to standing room with

men and women in every conceivable condition of dress and undress, above the perfect sky of brilliant stars, with not a cloud in the sky, all tempered with a bitter cold that made us all long to be one of the crew, who toiled away with the oars and kept themselves warm thereby—a curious deadening, bitter cold, unlike anything we had felt before.

“And then with all these, there fell on the ear the most appalling noise that human beings ever listened to—the cries of hundreds of our fellow beings struggling in the icy cold water crying for help with a cry that we knew could not be answered. We longed to return and pick up some of those swimming, but this would have meant swamping our boat and further loss of the lives of all of us.

“We tried to sing to keep the women from hearing the cries and

rowed hard to get away from the scene of the wreck, but I think the memory of those sounds will be one of the things the rescued will find it hard to efface from memory. We are all trying hard not to think of it.

“We kept a look out for lights and several times it was shouted that steamers' lights were seen, but they turned out to be either a light from another boat or a star low down on the horizon. About 3 a.m. we saw faint lights showing on the sky and all rejoiced to see what we expected was the coming dawn, but after watching for half an hour and seeing no change in the intensity of the light, realized it was the Northern lights.

“Presently low down on the horizon we saw a light which slowly resolved itself into a double light and we watched eagerly to see if the two

lights would separate and so prove to be only those of our boats or whether they would remain together, in which case we should expect them to be the masthead light and a deck light below of a rescuing steamer.

“To our joy they moved as one, and round we swung the boat and headed for her. The steerman shouted: ‘Now, boys, sing’ and for the first time tears came to the eyes of all as we realized that safety was at hand. The song was sung, but it was a very poor imitation of the real thing for quavering voices make poor song. A cheer was given next, and that was better—you needn't keep in time for a cheer.

“Our rescuer showed up rapidly, and as she swung round we saw her cabins all alight, and knew she must be a large steamer. She was now motionless and we had to row to her.

Just then day broke, a beautiful quiet dawn, with faint pink clouds just above the horizon, and a new moon, whose crescent just touched the horizon. 'Turn your money over boys,' said our cheery steersman. 'That is, if you have any,' he added. We laughed at him for his superstition at such a time, but he countered very neatly by adding - 'Well, I shall never say again that 13 is an unlucky number, boat 13 has been the best friend we ever had.' Certainly the 13 superstition is killed forever in the minds of those who escaped from the Titanic in boat 13."

Graphic Tale of Carpathia's Captain.

Captain A. H. Rostron, of the steamer Carpathia, says :- "I was between fifty and sixty miles away

from the Titanic when the wireless sang into the ears of my operator the first call for help. The operator said that we received only one call.

"The silence after the first frantic appeal for relief was ominous to me. Our Marconi apparatus sent out rays that scraped the sky in vain, but there was no response whatever to any of our enquiries. I swung the Carpathia around straight to the position the poor Titanic's first aerogram said she occupied. Our engines were put at top speed.

The silence of the air so far as the Titanic was concerned made me shudder as we sped on our way to the rescue. I realized what it meant. On and on we sped. Our stokers never worked harder. When the first faint daylight came, and I knew we were still miles from the spot of the tragedy, I felt as if we should arrive

too late to be of any service.

"When, however, after full daylight, we sighted the first lifeboat filled with women and children and eight or ten strong-armed and brave-hearted men of Titanic's crew, I realized that we could at least save a few human lives. I was too busy for the next hour or so to recall now just what occurred. My mind was wholly set upon saving the lives of the people who crowded the boats.

"The sea was calm. There was scarcely a ripple upon its face. Great ice floes were crunching down from the north. In the distance several icebergs shimmered like mirrors. Why the life boats were not crushed by the swiftly moving ice floes I could not understand. The sixteen boats seemed at first nearly all filled with women.

"I remember that it occurred to me that the good God had graciously



ONE OF THE LIFE BOATS

stretched out His mighty hand and had checked further murder by His elements.

"We got on board the Carpathia every human being that had been placed in the sixteen life boats of the Titanic. Every officer and member of our crew stood by like the brave and loyal lads they are and did full duty.

"We took aboard seven hundred and five women and children. All were alive, but some of them were unconscious.

"We also dragged to the decks of the Carpathia four members of the Titanic's crew who had been told off to man the life boats, and were stark dead. They had been frozen to death.

"Their strong, horny fingers still clutched the oars they had been desperately pulling. We buried the men in their sailor's grave at sea, from the deck of the Carpathia.

"I am told that it was reported to President Taft, by Captain Chanler, of the scout cruiser Salem, that the Carpathia had received, on Wednesday night, a wireless message from the commander of the Salem, asking, in the name of the President, if Major Butt, John Jacob Astor, Frank Millet, Clarence Moore, and Isidore Straus were aboard vessel.

"Upon my word as a sailor, I cannot remember receiving any such message from Captain Chanler, or anybody else in the name of the President, or any other person.

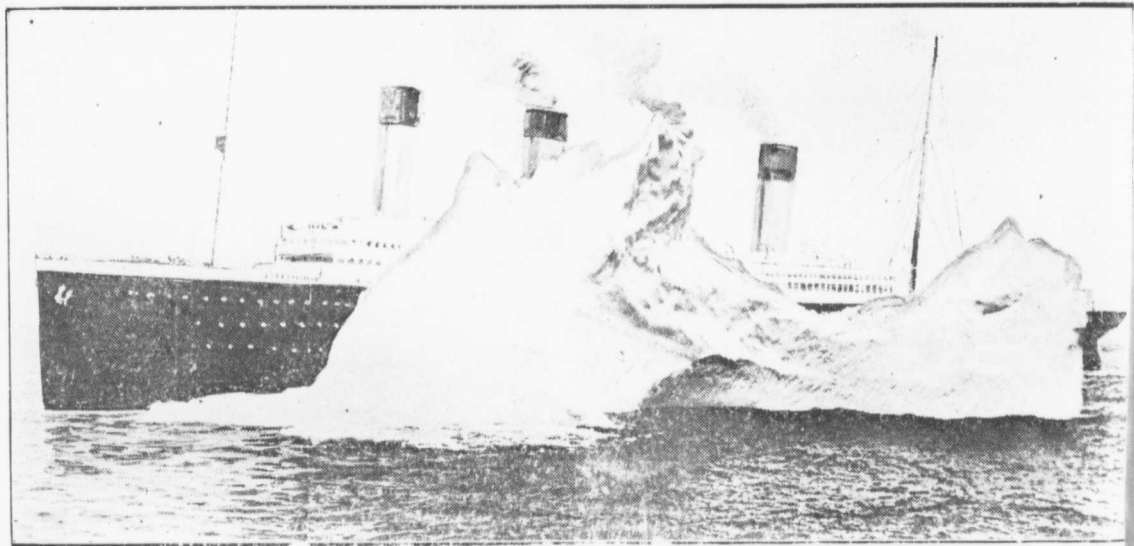
"It is possible the Carpathia's wireless operators acknowledged, but refused to answer messages, even from the President of the United States, received after Wednesday night, as he had then been at his post more than seventy hours. He never reported

such a message to me, and I do not blame him.

"After I reached the Cunard pier I was asked as to the truth of reports that some passengers, and particularly some men passengers, on the Titanic were kept back from the lifeboats at the point of a pistol, and that two well known men were shot.

"Of course I was not there, I did not see the ship go down. But from survivors who came on board my ship I heard no such story. I do not give the least credence to that report.

"The Carpathia was amply provisioned for the accommodation of the 705 persons rescued, and likewise there was abundant and comfortable sleeping room for the unexpected increase of her passenger list by bringing into requisition the big lounges in the saloons.



COMPARISON OF THE TITANIC WITH THE ICEBERG

"I am not entitled to any more credit than would have been due to any other man of the sea, had the opportunity for the service that my ship rendered been afforded to others.

"I thank Almighty God that I was within wireless hailing distance, and that I got there in time to pick up every one of the seven hundred and five survivors of the Titanic wreck."

Survivors Deplore the Lack of Lifeboats.

The following statement issued by a committee of the surviving passengers was given the Press on the arrival of the Carpathia.

"We, the undersigned surviving passengers from the S.S. Titanic, in order to foretell any sensational or exaggerated statements, deem it our

duty to give to the Press a statement of facts which have come to our knowledge and which we believe to be true.

"On Sunday, April 14, 1912, at about 11.49 p.m., on a cold, star-lit night, in a smooth sea and with no moon, the ship struck an iceberg which had been reported to the bridge by lookouts, but not early enough to avoid collision. Steps were taken to ascertain the damage and save passengers and ship. Orders were given to put on life belts and the boats were lowered. The ship sank at about 2.29 a.m. Monday and the usual distress signals were sent out by wireless and rockets fired at intervals from the ship.

"Fortunately the wireless message was received by the Cunard S.S. Carpathia at about 12 o'clock midnight and she arrived on the scene of

the disaster at about 4 a.m. Monday.

"The officers and crew of the S.S. Carpathia had been preparing all night for the rescue and comfort of the survivors and the last mentioned were received on board with the most touching care and kindness, every attention being given to all irrespective of class. The passengers, officers and crew gave up gladly their staterooms, clothing and comforts for our benefit, all honor to them.

"The English Board of Trade passengers' certificate on board the Titanic allowed for a total of approximately 3,500. The same certificate called for life boat accommodation for approximately 950 in the following boats

"14 large life boats, two smaller boats and four collapsible boats. Life preservers were accessible and appar-

ently in sufficient number for all on board.

"The approximate number of passengers carried at the time of the collision was :

"First class, 330 ; second class, 320; third class, 750—total, 1,400. Officers and crew, 940—total, 2,340. Of the foregoing about the following were rescued by the S.S. Carpathia :

"First class, 210; second class, 125; third class, 200; officers 4; seamen, 39; stewards 96; firemen, 17. Total 210 of the crew. The total, about 745 saved, was about 80 per cent. of the maximum capacity of the life boats.

"We feel it our duty to call the attention of the public to what we consider the inadequate supply of lifesaving appliances provided for on modern passenger steamships and

recommend that immediate steps be taken to compel passenger steamers to carry sufficient boats to accommodate the maximum number of people carried on board. The following facts were observed and should be considered in this connection :

"The insufficiency of life boats, rafts, etc.; lack of trained seamen to man same (stokers, stewards, etc., are not efficient boat handlers), not enough officers to carry out emergency orders on the bridge and superintend the launching and control of life boats; absence of searchlights.

"The Board of Trade rules allow for 100 people in each boat to permit the same to be properly handled. On the Titanic the boat deck was about 75 feet above water and consequently the passengers were required to embark before lowering the boats, thus

endangering the operation and preventing the taking of the maximum number the boats would hold. Boats at all times to be properly equipped with provisions, water, lamps, compasses, lights, etc. Life saving boat drills should be more frequent and thoroughly carried out ; and officers should be armed at boat drills. Greater reduction in speed in fog and ice, as damage if collision actually occurs is liable to be less. In conclusion, we suggest that an international conference be called to recommend the passage of identical laws providing for the safety of all at sea and we urge the United States Government to take the initiative as soon as possible."

The statement was signed by Samuel Goldenberg, chairman, and a committee of some twenty-five passengers.

Mrs. Astor's story of her experience as repeated practically verbatim by the physician is as follows: "We had already retired when the jar of the collision came. We thought little of it, but Mr. Astor was interested and said he would go on deck and see what was the matter. I called my maid and put on a light dress, planing to follow him in a moment or two. Pretty soon Mr. Astor came back and said that he did not think it was anything serious. The ship had grazed some drift ice, he said. We didn't know then that it was a giant berg. He was very calm and so I was not alarmed. We put on ordinary light clothes, and went on deck together

"Everything was extremely quiet. No one was excited, least of all Mr. Astor and myself. We walked around and people began to pour up on deck.

The excitement began to grow, but the ship seemed all right. Then the order was passed around to get out the boats, but nobody wanted to get into them, and the first ones lowered were only partly filled.

"The situation did not begin to get grave until most of the boats were gone and there were only two left.

"Mr. Astor put me and my maid and nurse into one of the boats and stood calmly as the boat was being sent away. Before the boat was lowered he sent for some heavy wraps and furs for me. The boat pulled away from the Titanic and began immediately to ship water until it was up to my knees. I occupied my time bailing.

"Before the arrival of the Carpathia we picked up six men, two of whom died immediately after being pulled aboard."

Out of the numerous stories told by survivors of the Titanic disaster there stands forth many facts to prove the extraordinary fortitude and wonderful heroism of those left behind on the liner's decks facing death that shortly overtook them. While conflicting in some of their details, these stories are wonderfully unanimous in testifying to this heroic conduct.

A Noble Company.

Probably there were many heroes among those men who saw the women to the boats, and the deeds of one would scarce outrank those of another. Naturally the survivors noticed particularly, however, the action of the more notable of their fellow-passengers, and it was of their conduct they testify specifically, though it was probably but a fair sample of the conduct of many less

conspicuous who died in the same noble company. Not one, but many of the survivors noted particularly, it would seem, the conduct on that dreadful night of Col. John Jacob Astor, not one, but many, saw the Straus' elect, in the face of death, to remain together.

Stead Unnoticed.

Singularly enough of the death of the distinguished journalist and publicist, William T. Stead, there is practically no chronicler among the survivors. One of the most distinguished passengers on the ship, his actions on that awful occasion seem to have passed unnoticed by those who have survived. Only one nameless passenger of all those whose stories thus far have appeared, said anything about Mr. Stead. According to this passenger, Mr. Stead, believing that there was not the slight-

est danger of the Titanic foundering returned to his stateroom and probably perished there.

Col. Astor Was Calm.

That Colonel Jacob Astor, one of New York's wealthiest men, and scion of one of its oldest families, died the death of a brave man, there is ample testimony, though in some of their details it is evident that Colonel Astor, after assisting his wife and other women, did actually get into the boat with them, but subsequently left the boat, some declaring that this was at the request of an officer, and others saying that it was at his own volition, after he had seen that there were other women still on the ship.

"I saw Colonel Astor," said Miss Hilda Slater, "hand his wife into a boat tenderly, and then ask an officer whether he might also go. When

permission was refused, he stepped back and coolly took out his cigarette case. "Good-bye, dearie," he called to her as he lighted a cigarette and leaned over the rail. "I'll join you later."

Helped to Load Boats.

Colonel Gracie declares that the conduct of Colonel Astor was deserving of the highest praise. Colonel Gracie says that it was he who lifted Mrs. Astor into the boat, the Colonel assisting. "As she took her place," says Colonel Gracie, "Colonel Astor requested permission of the second officer to go with her for her own protection. "No sir," replied the officer, "not a man shall go on a boat until the women are all cared for."

"Colonel Astor then inquired the number of the boat that was being lowered away and turned to the work of clearing the other boats and in



FOUR OF THE SURVIVORS

reassuring the frightened and nervous women."

Two stewards of the Titanic told that they had subsequently seen Colonel Astor doing valiant work, getting women into other boats.

That Major Butt, like Colonel Astor, died the death of a gallant officer and brave men there is the same testimony from survivors. Miss Marie C. Young, of Washington, who was once a music teacher to the Roosevelt children, says that she left on the last boat to pull away, and that it was Major Butt who put her in it.

Major Butt escorted me to a seat in the boat," said Miss Young, "He helped me find a space, arranged my clothing about me, stood erect, doffed his hat, smiled, and said 'Good-bye.' And then he stepped back to the

deck. As we rowed away I looked back, and the last I saw of him he was smiling and waving his hat to me."

A second-cabin passenger, who was taken to the Chelsea Hotel, said that he saw a man, who was pointed out to him as Major Butt, standing alongside one of the lifeboats. "He was in his shirtsleeves. In his right hand he held a revolver, and as the crowd made toward the boat I heard him shout: 'Stand back, you men. Women and children first. I'll shoot the first man who dares to hold them back. As I was shoved to one side I heard a pistol shot, but whether it was from his revolver I don't know.

With their minds filled with the last actions of brave men such as the above, there was one scene, pathetic beyond all others, which

seems to have remained uppermost with not one, but many, survivors. It was that of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus. The sight of the devoted couple disappearing beneath the waves together, hand in hand, after Mrs. Straus had refused to yield to the entreaties of her husband to leave him, was one that few could describe without great emotion, though they had carried it vividly away with them. Every one of the stories agree that Mr. Straus was strangely calm, and remained so until the end. This scene harrowing in its details, is described thus by H. F. Stephenson, an attache of the Swedish Embassy.

"During the excitement I heard someone say: 'Mrs. Straus, you must go.' Turning around I saw the Strauses standing together. The men were talking to Mrs. Straus. 'No,



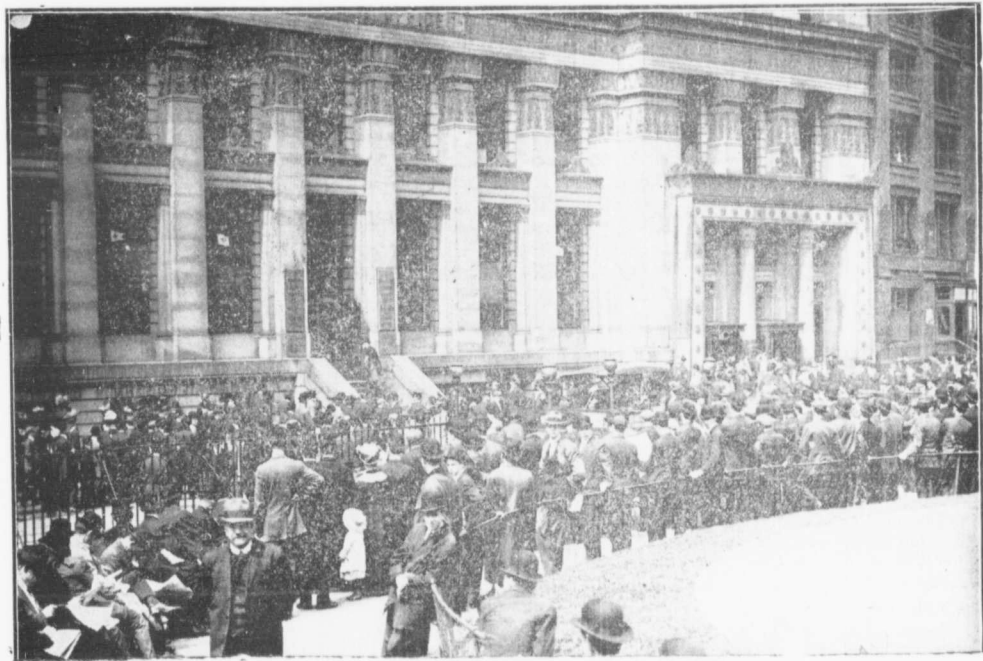
HAROLD McBRIDE
Who had both feet frozen



Two of the Survivors



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no, I will not go,' she cried to her husband, 'I cannot leave you.' Then someone said: 'You both can go. There's room for both.'

"'As long as there is a woman on this vessel,' said Mr. Straus, 'I will not leave.'

"'You are an old man, Mr. Straus somebody said. I am not too old to sacrifice myself for a woman,' was his reply.

The last boat left the ship. In it were a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dick. As our boat—the last boat to go—moved away from the ship,' said Mrs. Dick, "we could plainly see Mr. and Mrs. Straus standing near the rail with their arms around each other.

Of all the heroes who went to their death when the Titanic dived into

its ocean grave none, in the opinion of Miss Hilda Slater, a passenger in the last boat to put off, deserved greater credit than the members of the vessel's orchestra. According to Miss Slater, the orchestra played until the last. When the vessel took its final plunge the strains of a lively air mingled gruesomely with the cries of those who realized that they were face to face with death. "It was terrible," said Miss Slater, who had come from her home in England to visit a brother an architect in New York. "From the moment the vessel struck, or as soon as the members of the orchestra could be collected, there was a steady round of lively airs. It did much to keep up the spirits of everyone, and probably served as much as the efforts of the officers to prevent a panic."

When the ship struck the iceberg Miss Slater went on deck. She was ordered to go back to bed, which she did on being assured there was no danger. A half an hour later she heard confusion on deck, and heard some one cry, "Order everyone to don lifebelts." Running on deck after dressing again, Miss Slater returned to the deck and was ordered to the boat deck aloft.

"When I got there," she said, "I found an indescribable scene. A number of the steerage men passengers had attempted to seize one of the boats, and there was a brisk revolver fire; many men fell under it. The prompt and drastic action of the officers restored order.

Another man, a Frenchman, I think approached one of the boats about to be lowered. He had with him two

beautiful little boys. An officer waved him back sternly. 'Bless you,' he said, 'I don't want to go, but for God's sake take the boys. Their mother is waiting for them in New York.' The boys were taken aboard.'

Miss Slater dwelt at length on the large percentage of the crew saved. In the boat that carried her away from the sinking ship were nine other women and more than forty men stokers.

How Captain Died.

"I saw Captain Smith while I was in the water. He was standing on the deck all alone. Once he was swept down by a wave, but managed to get his feet. Then as the boat sank he again was knocked down by a wave and this time disappeared from view."

Major Peuchen's Story

"We had a specially good dinner Sunday night, and I didn't leave the table until 10 o'clock. I went into the smoking-room, and a little after 11 I retired to my cabin. I had just got into the room when a jar shook the Titanic not like a collision with an iceberg, but more like a tidal wave. The vessel trembled as a small boat would when hit by a comber. I argued that the night was so quiet it couldn't possibly be a wave, and I went on deck to investigate. Other people were on the deck, and I heard them joking one another over the fact that we had hit an iceberg. A berg 75 feet high had collided with us and swept along the starboard side, sending ice flying into the port-holes and heaping it on the forward deck.

"I went back into the companion hall and met Mr. C. M. Hays there. I told him about the ice on the boat's bow, and we went together to see the sights. Mr. Hays expressed the opinion it was nothing of importance but I noticed the Titanic was beginning to list, and I wasn't so sure. A few minutes after people began to come out of the ship's interior, and I heard the call shouted for everybody to put on life preservers.

I had on my evening clothes and realized that if there were to be a wreck I must be warmly clad, I returned to my cabin and changed all my things, putting on two sets of underwear and an old suit. I looked around the room with a final glance, and put in my tie this large pearl pin you see. There were a number of valuable presents in my grip I was bringing home to my family, and in



MAJOR PEUCHEN AND FAMILY

my trunk were \$200,000 in bonds and \$170,000 in stocks, all registered, of course. Three oranges were on the table in the room, and these were the only things I pocketed.

The room steward met me as I was leaving and helped me put on the life preserver around my overcoat. There was a solemn procession of men and sobbing women moving to the deck. The lifeboats were being swung out but only scratch crews were assembled, causing much confusion. They did not seem to know how to handle the boats. I got into one boat myself. 'Turning around, I saw the self and took out the mast and sail to give more room, and then I got out and helped the women to scramble in.

"I was on the port side. The first boat lowered was not filled, because

there weren't enough women around it to meet its capacity, and none of the men were allowed to enter. The second boat was lowered in the same unfilled condition. The third boat had been lowered 60 feet, when the captain and second officer, who were standing by, noticed only two sailors had got in to care for the 22 women the boat contained.

"Two men can't manage that boat," I said.

The captain replied to me: "You go. Can you get down there?"

I answered I was something of a sailor and could manage the boat. The captain suggested that I get to the boat by breaking through a port-hole on a lower deck. But, instead, I swung out and down on a loose halyard and landed safely in the boat. When we were within three feet of

the water, I suddenly noticed the plug wasn't in the bottom, and we put it in before we struck the water. Two other boats however, were swamped because the plug hole was not stopped up, though their occupants were saved by the other boats.

"Just before I slid down to the lifeboat, Mr. Hays said to me:—

"Peuchen, this boat is good for eight hours. I have that from the best authority, and we will be rescued before then.'

"When I got down in the small boat I saw the Titanic was doomed, for all the skin had been torn along her side, letting in the water everywhere.

"There was no panic, except I heard that when the last boat was being launched, the officers had to

threaten with revolvers to keep the men out. I heard Mr. Ismay was saved in this boat. But there certainly had been no adequate training of the crew for such an emergency as confronted us.

"The seaman in charge refused to return for more passengers when parted from the Titanic. He made a scene before the women, asking what was the use of returning for a lot of 'stiffs.' Then he mistook lights in the sky for beacons, and asked whether they weren't any buoys about. He took brandy from some of the women and wraps from others for himself, and he refused to take a turn at the oars and permit a woman to steer, saying he was in charge of the boat. I complained to the second officer about him, and I am told he is to be court-martialed."

As we were moving away from the ship the band played ragtime selections, but the last strains we heard were "Nearer My God, to Thee." We found a stowaway in our boat an Italian steerage passenger with a broken arm. In another boat four Japanese from the steerage were discovered after the boat got into the water.

"At 3.45 we spied a light five miles away. It was the Carpathia. She remained there, and we rowed to her and were saved. But before then I heard two explosions on the Titanic about an hour after we left her, and then she went down, while awful cries rang from her decks. It was bitterly cold in the icy water and we all suffered."

Major Peuchen was given a certificate by the second officer of the Ti-

tanic reading: "I commanded you to go to boat number six, to take a sailor's position. You not only proved yourself a good seaman, but a brave man."



One of the Survivors



MR. AND MRS. ISADORE STRAUSS WHO DIED TOGETHER

Titanic's Musicians

The eight musicians who went down in the Titanic, and who were playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" when all the boats had gone, were under the leadership of Bandmaster Hartley, who was transferred from the Mauretania to take up his duties on the biggest steamer on the White Star Line. Under his direction were John Hume, violinist; Herbert Taylor, pianist; Fred. Clark, bass viol.; George Woodward, 'cellist, and Messrs. Brailey, Krins and Breicoux, who played when the others were off duty.

A Popular Error.

"It's a mistake from the technical point of view to call a steam-

er's orchestra a band," said Carr.

"It is a survival of the days when they really had a brass band on board. On all the big steamships now the music is given by men who are thorough masters of their instruments. The Titanic's orchestra was considered one of the finest which was ever boated when the ship put out from the other side—and I think the way the men finished up showed that they had about as good stuff inside as any who went down in the Atlantic."

Col. Gracie's Remarks

Col. Gracie, U.S.A., who was the sole survivor of those who went

down with the Titanic, and was rescued, gave this remarkable statement:

"Before I retired," said Colonel Gracie, "I had a long chat with Charles M. Hays, President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad. One of the last things Mr. Hays said was this: 'The White Star, the Cunard and the Hamburg-American Lines are devoting their attention and ingenuity in vieing with one another to attain the supremacy in luxurious ships and in making speed records. The time will come soon when this will be checked by some appalling disaster. Poor fellow, a few hours later he was dead.'"



WAITING FOR THE NEWS

THE MUSTER ROLL

PASSENCERS—

FIRST CLASS	330	
SECOND CLASS	320	
THIRD CLASS	750	
		1,400
OFFICERS AND CREW		940
		2,340
TOTAL		

SURVIVORS

PASSENCERS—

FIRST CLASS	212	
SECOND CLASS	125	
THIRD CLASS	192	529

CREW—

OFFICERS	4	
SEAMEN	39	
STEWARDS	96	
FIREMEN	71	210

		745
NUMBER OF LIVES LOST		1635

Including six who died afterwards on board the Carpathia.



Mme. Marcelle Navratil's two children

The two waifs of the Titanic wreck whose identity was for a long time unknown.

Some Details of the ill-fated Monster Steamer

A list of her specifications is as follows :

Registered tonnage, 45,000.

Displacement, 66,000.

Length over all, 882 feet, 6 inches.

Breadth over all, 22 feet, 6 inches.

Breadth over back deck, 94 feet.

Height from keel to top of deck, 105 feet, 6 inches.

Height of funnels above casings, 72 feet.

Height of funnels above boat deck, 81 feet, 6 inches.

Distance from top of funnels to keel, 175 feet.

Number of steel decks, 11.

Number of waterproof bulkheads, 30.

Engines—combination, turbine, and reciprocating.

Anchors, each 15½ tons.

Anchor cable links, each 175 lbs.

Rudder, 500 tons.

Number of rivets used, 3,000,000.

Weight of rivets used, 1,200 tons.

Wing propellers, 38 tons.

Centre propeller, 22 tons.

Side lights, 2,200.

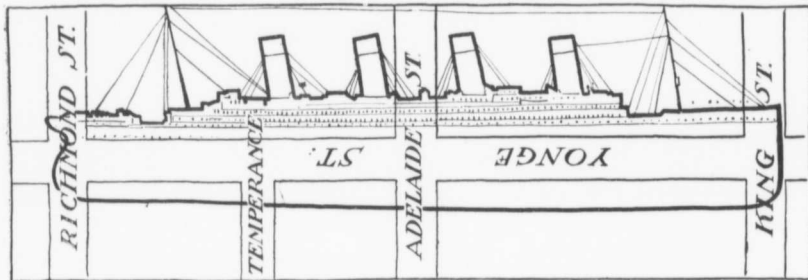
Crew carried, 860.

SUNK BY THE ICEBERG FLEET

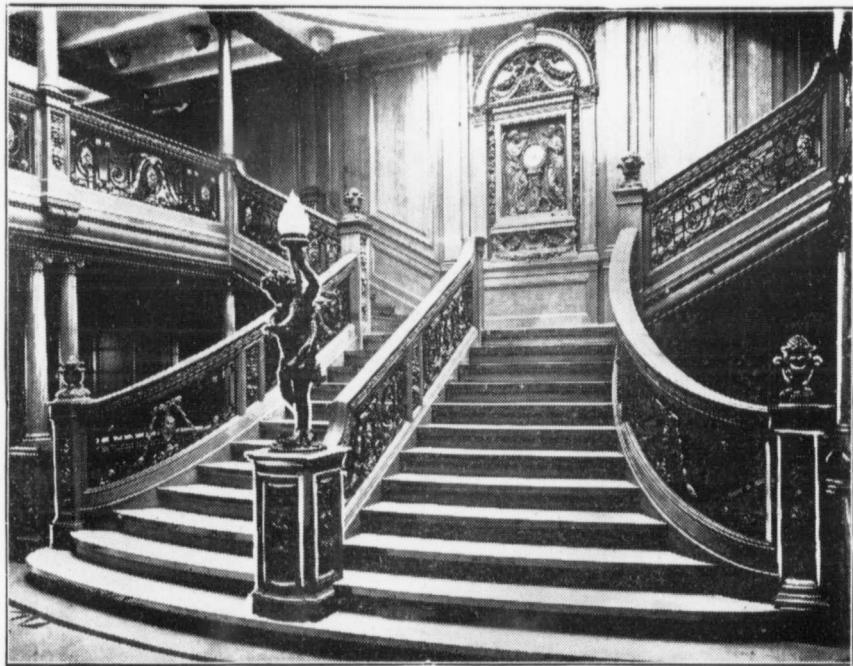
1863—Canadian	-	-	-	Mid-Atlantic	-	-	-	45
1864—Immigrant Ship	-	-	-	Off Cape Race	-	-	-	158
1869—Vicksburg	-	-	-	Off Cape Race	-	-	-	65
1878—Warrior	-	-	-	Grand Banks	-	-	-	29
1881—North Star	-	-	-	Cabot Strait	-	-	-	67
1887—Medway	-	-	-	Off Newfoundland	-	-	-	29
1897—Vaillant	-	-	-	Grand Banks	-	-	-	70
1898—Snowbird	-	-	-	Cape Race	-	-	-	6
1900—Endymion	-	-	-	Grand Banks	-	-	-	8
1903—Albatross	-	-	-	Mid-Atlantic	-	-	-	22
1907—Islander	-	-	-	Off Alaska	-	-	-	67
1912—Titanic	-	-	-	Off Cape Race	-	-	-	1635



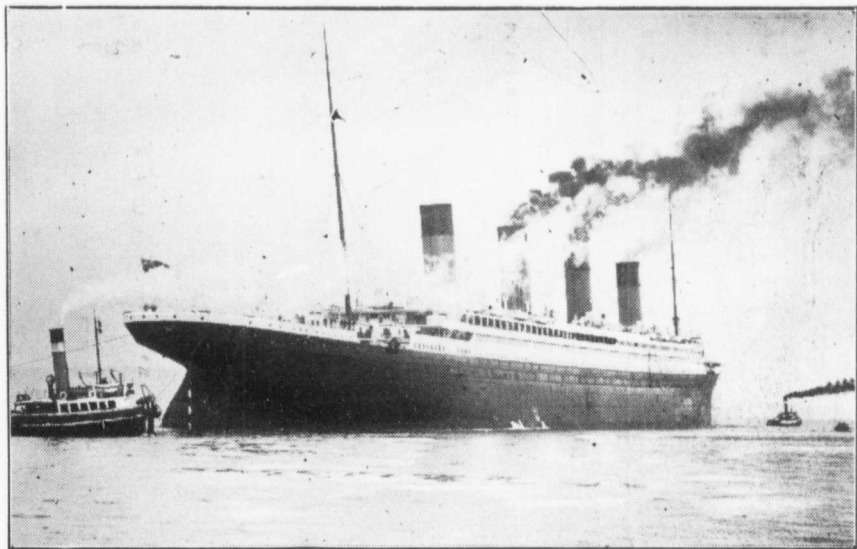
THE MORGUE AT HALIFAX



Comparing the Boat to four city blocks, taking in from Richmond St. to King St. on Yonge St. in Toronto, this will give a good idea as to size of the boat.



THE MAGNIFICENT STAIR CASE



THE SUPPOSED BOAT IN TOW BY THE CARPATHIA.



LADY DUFF-GORDON
who was saved



MRS. GEORGE
WIDENER.
who was saved



PHILLIPS
Wireless Operator, who lost
his life.

Nearer My God To Thee, Nearer to Thee

Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee ;
E'en though it be a cross that rais-
 eth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

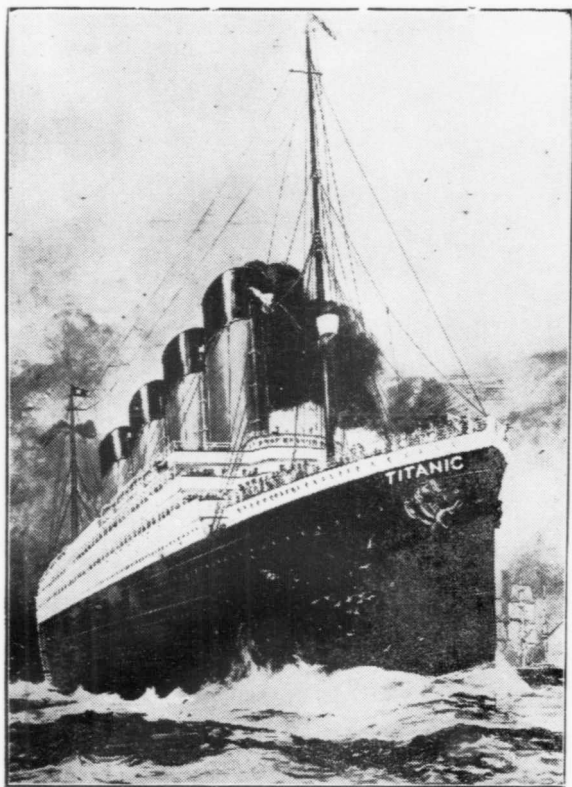
Tho' like the wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,
 Steps up to heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my strong griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my words to be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

And when on joyful wings
 Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly ;
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.



THE ILL-FATED TITANIC