

ICEBERG TORE INTO THE TITANIC'S SIDE AND HER BOILERS BLEW

Sank as Band Played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Carrying the Bottom of the Atlantic 1,526 Souls.

CARPATHIA ARRIVED WITH 745 SURVIVORS ON BOARD

The sinking Titanic carried with her to death 1,595 persons. Those who were rescued number just 745. More than this number were picked up from the Titanic's boats and from pieces of wreckage to which they clung, but four died of exposure after having been transferred to the Carpathia and were buried at sea. Of the 745 who reached New York 210 were members of the crew, most of them stewards and firemen. Only four officers were saved. It was the submerged ledge of an iceberg of ordinary proportions that sent the White Star liner more than two miles to the bottom of the Atlantic off the Banks of Newfoundland. She was steaming almost full tilt through a gently swelling sea and under a starlit sky when at 11:40 p. m. she hit the berg. First Officer Murdoch a moment after the collision surrendered the command to Capt. Smith, who went down with her.

New York.—After 4 days of agonizing suspense the Carpathia arrived at this port bearing all that remains mortal of the thousands of souls who sailed upon the Titanic. Still dazed and half stunned from the shock of that appalling night, amid all their grief the survivors in senten-

Men Laughed as Boats Filled.
Thus far the men, standing idly by, falling entirely to grasp the significance of the moment, had helped the sailors. Many of the passengers report that the men were laughing. "We'll be safer here on the ship than in that cockle shell!" one man cried to his wife as she was helped over the rail. But the Titanic settled deeper in the ocean and it was difficult for the men to remain on their feet. Then it was that the appalling nature of it dawned upon those men. And then, also it was, that the officers of the ship drew their revolvers. "Stand back!" they cried. "Only women and children go into the boats." Some of the men leaned against the rail and looked down over the towering sides of the ship. Others slowly paced the deck as if they were waiting. **Three Steerage Men Shot.** The ship sank lower and lower. Three revolver shots were heard. Three passengers in the steerage had attempted to force their way past the sailors and had been ruthlessly shot down. By this time the passengers on the deck who remained in possession of their faculties observed the huge masses of ice which the Titanic had

The lights of the Titanic were still shining, but she was sinking steadily by the bow. The screams of men and women began to increase in volume. From the lifeboats the huge Titanic loomed a huge mass of blackness, dotted with countless tiny lights. None of these illuminations were sufficient to reveal either face or incident. But these lights were steadily sinking beneath the surface of the water. Among the innumerable deeds of heroism of that hour there was one attested by many witnesses. The sailors attempted to pull Mrs. Isador Straus from her husband's side, but she clung to his arm, smiling. She had decided to remain with him. She sank with him.

Women Row Lifeboat.
In the hurry of embarking, one of the lifeboats had been lowered without a single sailor in it. Three men had been picked up by this boat, but the women were rowing. And the women between the thwarts were screaming to their loved ones in agony. Then, suddenly, above all the wailing of that desolate scene there arose the strains of the ship's orchestra playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee!" And for the first time those in the lifeboats realized that those who were left behind knew that they were doomed. A few voices rose in accompaniment to the melody. The chorus swelled louder and louder. The lights sunk lower and lower. The lifeboats were pulling from the scene as fast as they could. But while they were still within sight of the ship the lights began to go out with startling swiftness. The screams and shouts of those on board still resounded through the air. The last light went out and the music ceased. The peerless Titanic had sunk beneath the waves.

THRILLING ACCOUNTS OF HEROISM AND SACRIFICE BY TITANIC SURVIVORS.
Tales of horror were told by the survivors of the Titanic wreck when they landed from the steamship Carpathia. Men and women related in detail how the big ship had crushed against the iceberg, but how the jar was so slight that no one was excited until the ship's officers and crew began lowering the lifeboats and rafts and ordering passengers into them. The Titanic's boilers exploded when water rushed in upon them, and it was the opinion of some of the survivors that many who had been left on the sinking Titanic were killed by the explosions and not drowned. Most graphic was the story told by Mrs. Paul Schabert, of Derby, Conn. After telling of how Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus perished together, because Mrs. Straus would not leave her husband, Mrs. Schabert said: "It was a terrible experience, but worth going through. I was awakened by the shock of the collision, and went on deck. There was no great excitement, and persons were coming out of their rooms and asking what had happened. **Wouldn't Leave Brother.** "Suddenly from the bridge or from some of the officers came the cry, 'Ladies first.' This was the first inkling that we had that the ship was in danger. We went back to the staterooms and dressed. Then came the horrifying order that women must leave their husbands and brothers and that no man was to go in the lifeboats. 'I refused to leave my brother, and remained on deck until the next to the last boat was leaving. They looked around and saw that I was the only woman. I told them that I would not go without my brother and then they took him also. Thus I saved my brother. "We left the ship about twenty-five minutes before it sank. She sank at about 1:50 o'clock Monday morning. At 6 o'clock the same morning the Carpathia put in an appearance and we were picked up. We were probably one mile away from the ship when she went down, and the steward that had given me the first warning that the ship might sink went down with all the others. **Lights Burning, Band Playing.** "As we left the ship it was the most remarkable and brilliant sight I had ever witnessed on the water. All the lights were burning and the band was playing as if at a concert. Mrs. Schabert was asked in regard to a rumor that Major Butt, military aide to President Taft, had shot eight men to keep them from upsetting lifeboats by crowding into them. Mrs. Schabert answered that she was unable to either confirm or deny this. She said she had seen no such thing, but that the confusion was such she might not have seen it, even if it had happened. **Col. Astor Died a Brave Man.** Dramatic stories of the death of Colonel Astor were told on the pier by survivors. "Mrs. Astor was sent away in the tenth boat," said John Kuhle, of Nebraska. "Just as she was about to be placed within the boat, Colonel Astor embraced her. **Helped to Force Wife into Boat.** "Astor then freed himself from his wife's embrace and, after helping to force her into the boat, turned away and stood upon the deck." Colonel Archibald Gracie, U. S. A., declared Colonel Astor's conduct was deserving of the highest praise. Colonel Astor, said Gracie, devoted all his energies to saving his young bride, who was in delicate health. "Colonel Astor helped us in our efforts to get her in the boat," said Colonel Gracie. "I lifted her into the boat. Colonel Astor then inquired the number of the boat which was being lowered and turned to the work of clearing the other boats and in reassuring the frightened and nervous women." **Col. Astor Joined Mr. and Mrs. Straus.** "John Jacob Astor escorted his wife to one of the lifeboats, kissed her quietly and then went up to deck B and joined Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus," said Robert W. Daniel, of Philadelphia. "I was almost alongside

of them, but not close enough to distinguish anything they said to each other. When the water reached deck B, I jumped into the sea. Neither Colonel Astor nor Mr. and Mrs. Straus made any effort to save themselves. They seemed to realize that it was hopeless. I am convinced that Colonel Astor could have saved himself had he jumped into the water. "None of us were worried after the crash. Many of the passengers, myself included, went to bed. I did not rise from my bed until I heard the sound of pistol shots. Then I pulled on a bathrobe and went out on deck. Some of the officers nearest me were shooting into the air—for the purpose, I suppose, of awakening all the passengers who had retired. I did not once catch sight of the iceberg which had ripped our portside from stern to stern. "Astor was courageous," said Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, of Philadelphia, before leaving for home. "He assisted Captain Smith and Major Archibald Butt in allaying the panic and in assisting the women and children into the boats. Major Butt was calm and collected throughout everything." **In Bed When the Crash Came.** Mrs. Dickinson Bishop of Detroit, Mich., in an interview said: "I was the first woman in the first boat. I was in the boat four hours before being picked up by the Carpathia. I was in bed at the time the crash came, got up and dressed and went back to bed, being assured that there was no danger. There were very few passengers on deck when I reached there, after I decided that it would be better to investigate the matter of the crash more fully. "There was little or no panic. The behavior of the crew of the Titanic was perfect. My husband was also saved, thank God!" **Mrs. Astor in Lifeboat Four Hours.** Mrs. John Jacob Astor was in a lifeboat for four and a half hours before she was picked up by the Carpathia, according to E. L. Taylor, who was saved in the same boat. He would not, however, tell of how she stood the awful ordeal. Like all the others, he spoke of the lack of comprehension among the passengers, after the accident, that there was the least danger. The iceberg which wrecked the Titanic he estimated at eighty feet high, and he described the impact as a sort of grinding, glancing blow, which tore away the ship's bottom. **Ismay Got into First Lifeboat, Woman and Stoker Insist.** William Jones, a stoker on the Titanic, who was one of the crew of three that manned lifeboat No. 6, gave a story of the wreck from the moment that the Titanic struck the iceberg. He insisted Ismay went into the first lifeboat. "I am certain I saw Ismay leave by the first boat that went over the side," Jones said. "We all knew at the time that she was a goner. The first boat off was in charge of the second officer and Ismay went with him. Of the 300 members of the crew that were in the

quarters forward but forty-seven that I know of managed to get away. They were crushed when she struck. The same death came to the first cabin passengers that were quartered forward." Mrs. Julian Smith of West Virginia, who lost her husband, was bitter in her denunciation of Ismay. "I saw Ismay leave in the first boat," she said, "and I thought then it was done probably because he was ill. But I learned afterward that he was in perfect health and had been banqueting with the captain when the crash came. When we were taken off on the Carpathia he was put in the best stateroom, in infinitely more comfort than the twenty-six widows

aboard. He kept in seclusion for the greater part of the time. On his door was a sign that read: 'Please don't knock.'"

Dr. Frauenthal's Narrative.
Dr. Henry J. Frauenthal, the well known New York physician, one of the survivors of the Titanic, gave the following account of the catastrophe: "The boat struck the iceberg at 11:40 p. m. I was in bed and asleep and did not hear the crash. My room was on the other side of the boat from the iceberg side. I did not know anything until my brother, who was reading, came and aroused me. "We rushed to the deck, I dressed as I was for bed. As I came on deck I saw the Captain and heard him telling Colonel Astor that the boat had been injured by an iceberg. The deck was already well crowded and the passengers were rushing to the deck. "I saw that the crew was lowering a boat, and understand that it was the second boat that was lowered. The crew rushed in the boat a lot of women who were nearby. My brother got in the boat to protect the women. My wife threatened to jump out of the boat if I did not join her there, so then I got in the boat, too. "We rowed away in the lifeboat, I should think, for about a mile. It was black night. There was no light on the Titanic, as the light there had gone out, I am told, five minutes before she sank. "I could not, of course, see the ship go down at the distance we were, but I heard the cries and screams of those who were on the ship, and, perhaps, too, of those who were in the water trying to save themselves by clinging to life preservers. We heard these cries for fully two hours, while we were riding the waves a mile away. Then the cries died down and finally all was still, except the noise of the oars in our boat and the swish of the waters. "So far as I know, none of the passengers saved anything." **Felt as if They Were Invading a Graveyard.** "The wireless operator aboard the Carpathia received the first news of the Titanic's collision before midnight last Sunday," said John Scannell, a passenger on the Carpathia. "We were ninety miles from the White Star vessel and we headed for her at once. I did not take note of the number of hours we occupied in reaching the scene of the wreck, but, of course, by the time we got there the Titanic and most of her passengers and crew were many fathoms deep in the Atlantic. When the Carpathia's passengers learned they were close to the spot where the great ship had sunk we felt as if we were invading a graveyard. "We did not come across all the Titanic's surviving lifeboats in a single flotilla," the Westerner continued. "Our first glimpse of the survivors was of those who occupied a group of seven boats. The seven craft were strung far enough apart for safety, yet it was plain they had clung together throughout the hours of waiting, and it was said the fact was due to the av-

HYSTERICAL SCENES WHEN FRIENDS MEET SURVIVORS

Men Fall to Kiss the Knees of Women Folk—Women Shriek and Rush from Group to Group and Then Collapse.

Slowly the Carpathia, ambulance ship of the ocean, made her way up the bay in the gloom of the evening, through lanes of silent vessels, and warped into her dock at Pier 54, North River.

From her descended the saved of the Titanic, all that remained of 2,362 souls, a semi-hysterical band numbering 745.

All the figures that had drifted in through the air were wrong, and when the truth came it was merely to increase the terrible toll to 1,595.

The scenes that were enacted on the Cunard Pier, and outside as the survivors were being hurried away to homes and hotels, will live a lifetime in the memory of those who witnessed them.

Men in hysterics, women fainting, and children almost crushed in the arms of those welcoming them, were the rule, not the exception. Men fell down to kiss the knees of their returning womenfolk. Women shrieked, wept, dashed in madness from one group of friends to another, and finally collapsed in the arms of those who had come to meet them.

The Scenes Repeated.

Outside, as they were led or carried to waiting automobiles, the same scenes were repeated. The sight of a street seemed to fill some of the returned ones with awe, to others it was a cause for emotional joy that could only find relief in extravagant ecstasy.

The precautions taken for the protection of the survivors proved entirely adequate, and, fortunately, all the ambulances and relief corps that had been gathered at the pier were not necessary.

The number of badly injured on the Carpathia was not nearly as large as had been imagined, and cases requiring hospital relief were mercifully few.

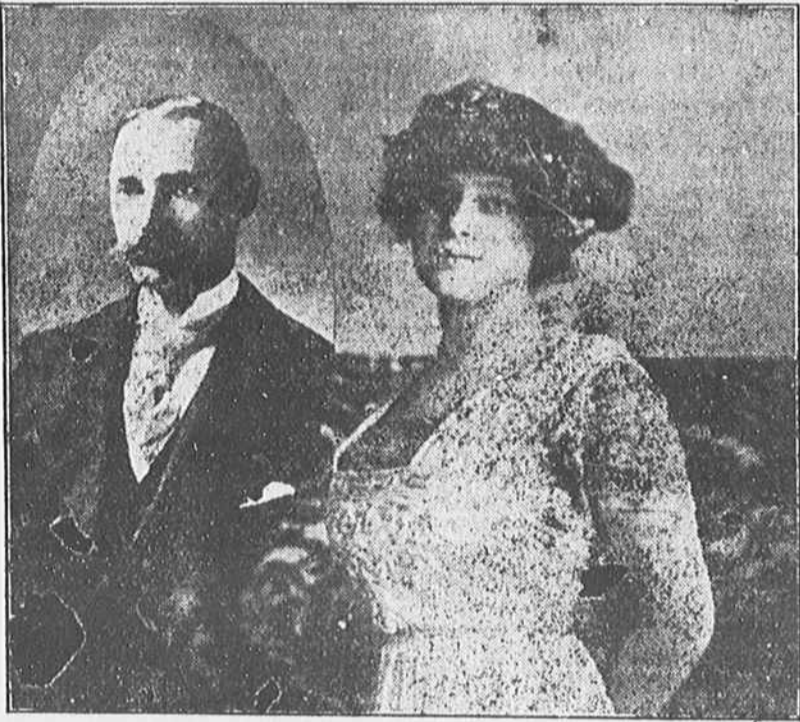
But the strain on those who landed, a strain that has existed now since midnight last Sunday, was plainly to be seen in their faces, in their actions, in their attitudes and words. Some could barely speak above a whisper, others could not keep from shouting. Some could scarcely find strength to walk down the gangplanks—others rushed on to the pier as though possessed of the energy of maniacs.

It was a joyous occasion for many—a terrible day for some. To the last there had been hope in many breasts that their loved ones would be aboard—and at the last those hopes were blasted with the icy breath of the news the living brought.

How the Titanic sank, what happened when she sank, was told in as many different ways as there were people to tell it. But they agreed on one thing—that Capt. Smith and his officers showed the greatest bravery throughout the terrible ordeal, and that, except in isolated cases the men aboard, from the saloon to the steerage, showed a heroism worthy of the sea.

When the Ship Went Down.

Men were playing cards in the smoking room when the great ship struck the iceberg whose proximity was well known to all aboard, for a bulletin of it had been posted in the saloon, and when the ship went down, most accounts agree, the band was playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," while the lifeboats were pulling away. But it was difficult to get a connected story from any survivor. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, outwardly none the worse for her awful experience, was among the first to be whisked away to her home. Her stepson, Vincent Astor, and Craig Biddle had



COL. JOHN JACOB ASTOR AND MRS. ASTOR.

ces interrupted by sobs and ejaculations told of brief moments of their experience that had to be pieced together to make a coherent narrative.

It was a narrative to thrill the soul with horror. Darkness, a sea of ice, the huge hulk of the Titanic dotted with myriads of lights slowly sinking beneath the waves, the cries of men shrieking for help, of women screaming in panic growing louder and louder with every moment, hundreds of men struggling in the water amid the cakes of ice, striving piteously to climb upon the overlaid lifeboats, begging to be saved, women crying to their husbands to jump from the decks, ship's officers threatening to shoot the first man who attempted to enter a lifeboat—no picture inferno ever presented such phantasmagoria.

Titanic Was Running at Full Speed.

The ocean was calm as a mill-pond when the Titanic crashed into the iceberg. It was a quarter of an hour before midnight. Most of the passengers were in their cabins.

Then came the shock of collision—not so violent a crash as had been depicted, for there were many who were not even awakened by it—but enough to disquiet all who felt it. There was a general and orderly exodus to the decks.

Sailors were scurrying hither and thither crying:

"NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! THERE'S NO DANGER!"

Some of the passengers even returned to their rooms and prepared to retire. But gradually the cessation of the engines' vibration caused uneasiness and the groups on the decks grew greater and greater. Still the sailors announced that there was nothing to be feared.

Then, with perceptible suddenness, the ship began to list.

"All passengers on deck with life belts," was shouted. Then for the first time the gravity of the situation dawned upon the passengers.

The sailors, working silently and without excitement, yet fast as their hands could move, removed the tarpaulins from the lifeboats and—terse-ly, without excitement—came the order, repeated upon every side:

"Women and children in the lifeboats!"

The sailors helped the nearest women and children into the boats. And—it was the beginning of excitement—other sailors began to lower the boats.

rent from the berg with which it had collided. Of the scene in the bow, where over a hundred and fifty feet of the ship's length had been crushed in, there were no witnesses until an hour afterward, when the lifeboats were all in the water.

Heroism Asserts Itself.

The ship had now listed to a terrible angle. Men, in the throes of panic, attempted to reach the boats and were pushed back. And in that moment the heroism of hundreds asserted itself. It was the passengers who pushed back these panic-stricken few and not the sailors. Of the individual deeds of heroism only a few have as yet been told. But those few are the fore-runners of thousands.

Soon most of the boats had been lowered and still a full realizing sense of the extent of the disaster had not dawned upon all that mass of men.

But, finally, all the boats had been lowered. Then, the sailors, seeing women standing and running about, cried:

"All women to the lower deck!"

There began a rush to the lower deck, and there it was that the nearest semblance to a panic began. Some of the women were seized by sailors and deliberately thrown over the rail into the boats.

The weaker men, by scores, began to jump overboard. The lifeboats began to draw away from the ship.

As they drew away those who were floating among the cakes of ice in the sea cried aloud piteously for help. Those who could seized the sides of the lifeboats. In many cases they were pulled aboard.

One Lifeboat Capsizes.

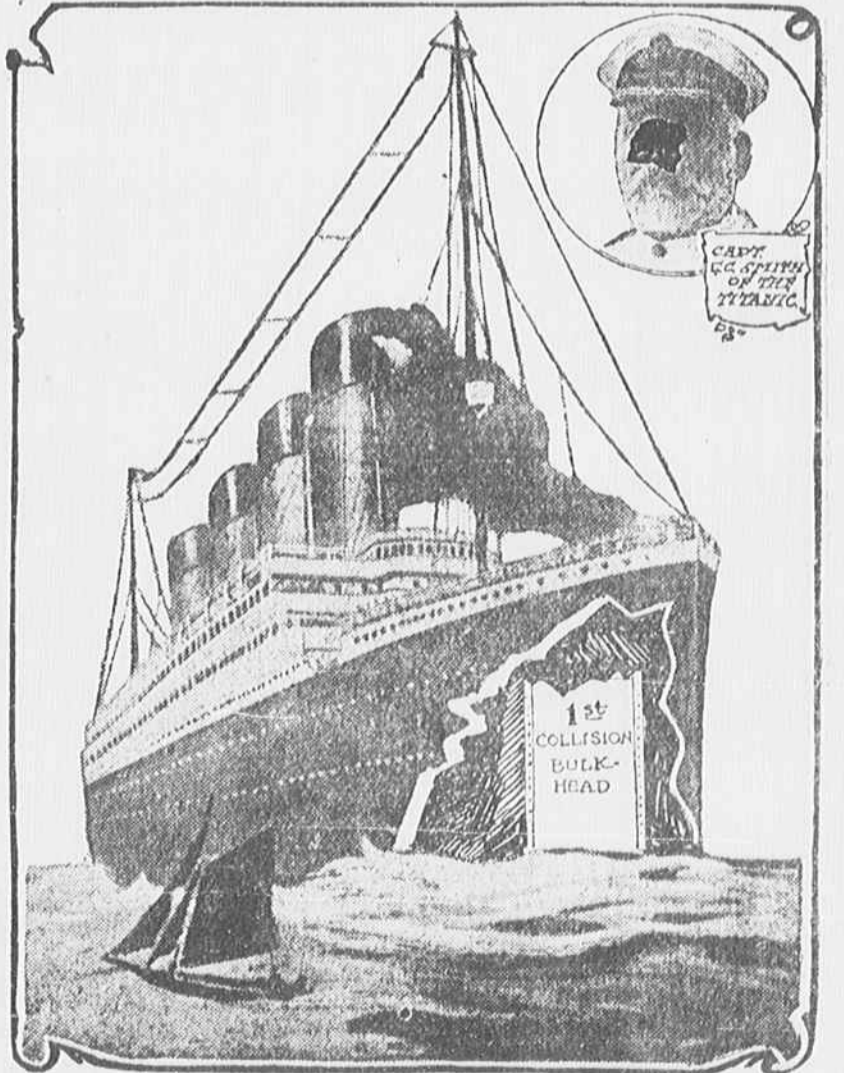
In many cases the sailors who manned the boats rowed deliberately on, heedless of all supplications, for their boats were full. One boat was observed to overturn. What capsized it is not yet known—probably a number of men in the sea struggling to board her.

Several more pistol shots were heard on board the ship. And then, suddenly, above the murmur of the sea and the crunching of the ice floes there rose a steadily increasing cry from the doomed ship—a cry in which hundreds upon hundreds of voices mingled.

And the women in the lifeboats were screaming, each to her husband or her brother:

"Jump! We'll pick you up!" was heard on every side.

FIRST RESULT OF THE COLLISION



cellent work of a petty officer in charge of one of the boats, who practically took command of all seven.

"Next we sighted five boats in a group. It was terrible to see the agony in the faces of the women. Most of them were newly made widows. They had seen the Titanic plunge to the bottom with their husbands aboard and they knew there was the smallest chance of their loved ones' escape. We picked up the remaining survivors in small groups, then cruised about until our skipper was convinced no more remained afloat. Then we left the California to make a further search for the few who might be alive in the waste of waters, and put about for New York."

Mrs. Julian Smith of West Virginia, who lost her husband, was bitter in her denunciation of Ismay.

"I saw Ismay leave in the first boat," she said, "and I thought then it was done probably because he was ill. But I learned afterward that he was in perfect health and had been banqueting with the captain when the crash came. When we were taken off on the Carpathia he was put in the best stateroom, in infinitely more comfort than the twenty-six widows