

cial trains are already being got ready for the shipwrecked men and women.

New York, April 15.—The Titanic is the greatest of modern leviathans, being even bigger than the monster Olympic.

She also is the most luxuriously fitted and furnished vessel ever sent to sea.

She is 888½ feet long, with a 92 foot beam. Her registered tonnage is 43,000 tons, and her displacement 66,000 tons. 5,000 passengers could be accommodated aboard her, 600 in the cabins.

She carried a crew of 800 men. Her captain, E. S. Smith, is the veteran of the White Star service.

This was the Titanic's maiden voyage. It was not begun well. When she was drawing out from Southampton docks, the suction she created in the harbor dislodged the American liner New York from her berth, breaking the two heavy hawsers like pack threads.

The New York swung toward the Titanic, and narrowly missed plunging into her. This was regarded as a bad omen by the captain and crew of the Olympic.

The passengers on the Titanic included some of the best known names in America. Mr. and John Jacob Astor, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Bruce Ismay, Clarence Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Straus, Countess Rothes, Archie Butt, Mrs. L. Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Dodge, and Benjamin Guggenheim were

among them.

Nearly every cabin passenger was a multi-millionaire.



Thud—Hello, Slap, I understand you used to be more prosperous than you are now.

Slap—Yes; I know the day when I used to roll in money.

Thud—Is that so? When was that?

Slap—When I was a drayman for the mint.

Thud—Speaking of mint, I used to own my own mint. Also several other herbs.

Slap—That mint must have been next to the bank.

Thud—What bank?

Slap—The "bank where the wild thyme grows."

Thud—Speaking of better days, I used to have a lot of real estate in this town. But it was a dead loss because I had to ride around collecting the rent.

Slap—How do you figure that out—you got the rent, didn't you?

Thud—Oh, yes—but the taxis ate it up.

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"You appear to be studying very hard, my boy," said the kind old man.

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Is it a spelling book you have, my boy?"

"No, sir, it's a baseball guide."