

of horror this morning, it has been plain that there never was need for the order of "women and children first."

The men stood aside, and pushed their women folk toward the boat decks, where the few, inadequate life boats were filled and lowered as quickly as possible.

And the women of the steerage, the frightened, ununderstanding immigrant women, were treated even as the first ladies of the land. There was no distinction of rank.

The farewell, lighted up by the flaring signals of distress, was a ghastly scene.

Wives and sweethearts, sisters and mothers, kissing good-bye to the men they well knew they never might see again, while the wounded giant of the sea, staggered and lurched like a drunken thing, in the trough of the ocean.

The Titanic carried the maximum number of lifeboats and life rafts. But it must have been plain from the first that they were pitifully inadequate.

There were only 20 lifeboats, and what were twenty boats among 2,358 men, women and children?

The passengers were lied to at the first. They were told that help was coming as fast as ships could steam.

But it soon became plain how little hope there was. For the ship's officers began to hurry the weeping women and children into the boats, and on the ears of the doomed men fell the last orders to the crews of the boats:

"Get as far away from us as you can and as fast as you can or you'll be dragged to the bottom in the swirl of waters caused by the plunge."

Weeping women, sobbing out last farewells! The staggering, threatening roll of the great ship, ever increasing! The frenzied work as the pumps! The snapping of the wireless! And the horrible darkness!

After the women had gone, the 3,455 lifebelts were given out and the 48 lifebous placed where they could be used.

But only the most ignorant were unaware of how futile these were. When the giant Titanic plunged to the bottom of the sea, she would cause a whirlpool that would drag every living thing within a radius of one mile far into the icy depths of the waters.

At 12:27 o'clock, the water reached the motor, and the cracking of the wireless ceased. The white-faced operator came from his machine, and threw up his hands.

Shortly after this, a thunder storm bore down out of the North. With it came the wind, and the sea began to lash itself into fury as if hungry for its prey.

Probably the small boats, bobbing like helpless little corks mid the field of storm-tossed ice did not see the end.

They must have rowed far from the parent ship, and save for an occasional flash of sheet lightning, it was very dark. So the women were spared that.