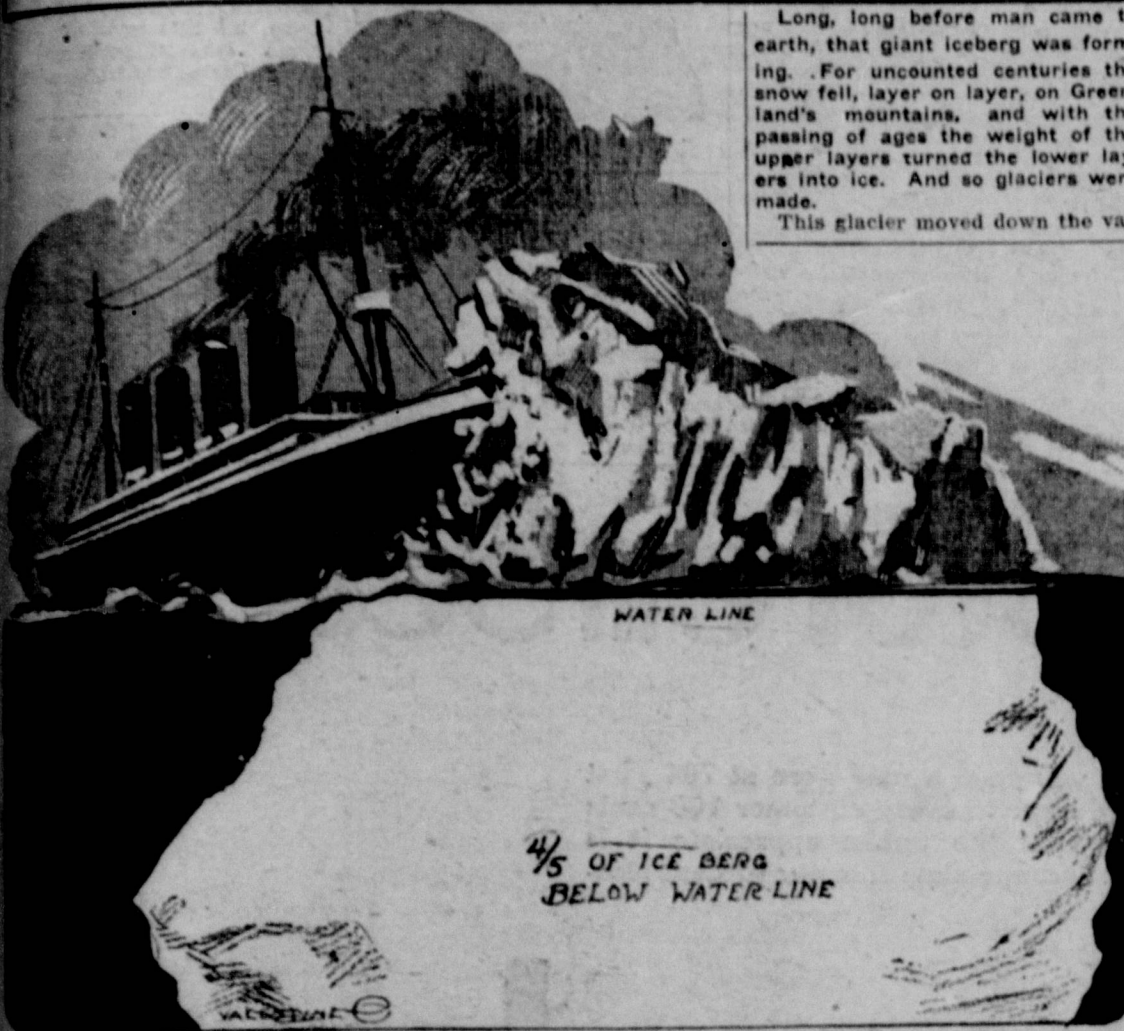


# SPEED MANIA CAUSES DEATH HARVEST

## STORY OF MIGHTY ICEBERG THAT CRUMPLED TITANIC



An iceberg expands thousands of feet under water—What it means when a ship strikes head on.

## TRAGEDY LIKE AWFUL DREAM TO SURVIVORS

NEW YORK, April 19.—When the Carpathia docked last night, a young girl ran down the gangway and into the arms of a gray-haired man, and for a little while they mingled their tears hysterically. When they were calmer, the mother questioned the girl, who answered brokenly.

"I don't know. . . . I can't remember. . . . Oh, mother, it doesn't seem real! Tell me—tell me it didn't really happen! Tell me it was a dream!"

That was the impression that the survivors of the Titanic will carry with them to their graves—the impression of a phantom voyage, a phantom ship upon a phantom ocean.

They all tell the same story, paint the same dream-picture. Grief and horror have not touched them yet. They are dazed. They pass their hands over their eyes, their staring, lackluster eyes—as if to drive away the mists of dream-remembered sleep. They have not wakened; they are still dreaming.

And this is their dream:

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean." The newest and largest ocean liner on her maiden voyage. Dinner had been served. There had been music and dancing. An impromptu concert. It was night. A pale moon swung high. Sea and air were still. Since fell upon the ship, for it was sleep-time. The only sound was the murmur at the bows as the great ship rushed westward, and the low, rumbling throb of the engines, which was like a lullaby.

Then a jar—ever so slight. The sleepers stirred in their berths, and slept again.

"All passengers on deck, with belts on!"

HOW CAN THERE BE DANGER?

The engines had stopped. But there was no danger. Not the slightest danger. The Titanic was "unsinkable." She was too big. She was too stoutly built. There had, perhaps, been a slight accident. The captain was overcautious. Still, overcaution at sea is an excellent trait.

They dressed carefully, leisurely. It would not do to appear on deck ill-dressed, with hair tousled.

Leisurely they left their state rooms and came up on deck. They laughed when they met friends in the passageways. It had been a pleasant crossing, and it is easy to make friends aboard ship.

"I know I'm a perfect fright," said a woman, patting her hair. The man at her side insisted that she was, as always, in every way charming, and they laughed together as they mounted the broad main staircase.

There was a poker game in the smoking saloon. A few men entered in, and the players greeted them boisterously.

"You missed it," one said. "We just grazed an iceberg. We could see it from the window here. They've stopped to see if any damage has been done. We'll be going on presently, I fancy. It's your deal, my friend."

And the game went on.

The ship was listing ever so slightly, from the stern downwards to the bows. A fussy, pompous little man explained it wisely:

"The bow compartments have filled. It is a small matter. There is no danger."

Up on the hurricane deck sailors were stripping the tarpaulins from the lifeboats and standing by with coils of ropes in their hands. The boats were to be lowered by these ropes through pulley blocks.

The passengers by now were pouring up the stairways—"hatchways" is the nautical term—and the order was shouted:

"All men stand back away from the boats, and all ladies retire to deck B."

And it was then that they began to dream.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

I have talked with scores of the survivors. They are all in the same state of mind. They are all asking themselves the same question: "Did this thing really happen? Was there ever a monster ship called the 'Titanic'? And all those who perished—the officers we chatted with in our deck chairs—the ones we joked and argued with at table—were they flesh and blood? And, if so, are they really dead?"

Don't you see? A woman demanded with almost petulant insistence, "the Titanic was so big, so long and broad and deep! And she was all iron and steel! Don't you see?"

A man said: "Only that night I talked with William T. Stead. I had heard of him often, of course, but I had never met him. A wonderful man. He had been everywhere, knew everybody worth knowing. He told me yarn after yarn, and laughed like a gray-haired boy at his own jokes. And I'll never forget his hand—big, knobby hands, veined and hairy, that gripped yours like a vice. By God, they were a man's hands—flesh and bone and sinew! And Stead is dead!"

Another said: "I saw John Jacob Astor. He bowed punctiliously to his young wife, stepped aside and motioned her to a boat. She turned back to him with a fluttering motion of her slim, white hands. He smiled at her gravely, courteously, reassuringly, and bowed again with the grace of a courtier. It was as good as a play."

As good as a play! Even now the man I have quoted does not realize that John Jacob Astor is dead.

And still another said: "I was close to Isidor Straus. His wife clung to him, weeping she would not leave him. I remember now I was a little annoyed. I thought she was overdoing it. She died with him, they tell me—in his arms."

Long, long before man came to earth, that giant iceberg was forming. For uncounted centuries the snow fell, layer on layer, on Greenland's mountains, and with the passing of ages the weight of the upper layers turned the lower layers into ice. And so glaciers were made.

This glacier moved down the valley.



Long, long before man came to earth, that giant iceberg was forming.

leaves to the sea. It moved a few inches or feet each year, but with a force that no human resistance could check. Finally it reached the sea, and, with a roar indescribable, a piece broke off at the coast line and floated away. And the piece was an iceberg.

## Captain Who Went Down With Ship



Captain Smith, the Dead Captain of the Dead Liner Titanic.

Captain Smith stood on the bridge of the Titanic until the water washed the railing. Then he jumped into the waves and disappeared, while survivors in the boats watched.

## HILLMAN IS "BOOKED"

"C. D. Hillman, 42, agent."

Almost in a whisper, Clarence Dayton Hillman replied to the queries of the sergeant at 12:20 this afternoon, when he was booked at the city jail for safe keeping by the United States marshal. He will be taken to Tacoma tomorrow morning, and then to the penitentiary at McNeil Island. The millionaire real estate man gave his occupation as agent.

After the usual questions were answered Hillman made a heroic effort to look more cheerful. He smiled when his pockets were searched, and when that was through he raised his derby laughingly to show that he had nothing concealed in it. In one of his pockets, Hillman carried a little pamphlet entitled "A Catechism of Christian Doctrines." He had about \$40 in cash, three pencils, two memorandum books, one fountain pen and a number of rubber bands. He was accompanied by his brother, Homer L. Hillman, who slipped him as far as possible from newspaper photographers.

## OREGON PRIMARIES

(By United Press Special Wire)

PORTLAND, Or., April 19.—With splendid weather prevailing, primary elections for nominating candidates for public offices ranging from the presidency of the United States to the position of constable, are being held throughout Oregon today.

With a registration estimated at nearly 130,000—the largest on record—an unprecedented vote is expected to be polled today. The polls opened at 8 o'clock this morning and will remain open till 7 o'clock tonight.

## ARM IN ARM, ARCHIE BUTT AND COL. ASTOR GO TO DEATH

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, April 19.—That the wreck of the Titanic was the direct result of an attempt to make a new speed record across the Atlantic is the unanimous opinion of the survivors of the disaster here today. The latest figures show that 745 were saved and that 1,595 perished.

Of those missing 120 were first cabin passengers, 195 second cabin, 550 steerage and 730 officers and crew.

Of those saved 210 were first class, 125 second class, 200 steerage and 210 officers and crew.

Benjamin Guggenheim is among the missing. None of the survivors was able to tell how he met death, as none remembered having seen him after the first shock was felt.

NEW YORK, April 19.—"Archie" Butt died a hero's death. Knee-deep in the ice wash that swept over the bridge of the Titanic, the last view survivors caught of President Taft's military aide was his soldierly figure, erect beside a fellow-soldier—Col. John Jacob Astor. The rescued on the Carpathia said that Maj. Butt, Col. Astor and Howard Case were the conspicuous heroes of the world's greatest sea disaster. It was Maj. Butt who lined up the panic-stricken women, met the frenzy of despair with the cool judgment of a soldier and was swept into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, unafraid.

His last good-bye was smilingly said to Miss Marie Young, formerly a music teacher to some of the Roosevelt children. Miss Young had frequently met Maj. Butt at the White House. She was on the last boat to leave the stricken Leviathan.

"Maj. Butt escorted me to a seat in the boat," she said today.

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

Dr. Washington Dodge of San Francisco thinks he saw the last of Maj. Butt silhouetted against the sky. He saw Maj. Butt and Col. Astor, heads erect, their arms apparently around each others' shoulders, standing on the bridge of the Titanic as the stricken ship lurched into the cold, black waters. Butt and Astor were together throughout the panic, Dr. Dodge said.

Maj. Butt took charge of one section of the ship, forced those with the fear of death in their hearts to a semblance of courage by his own calmness, and embarked all the women the boats would hold.

The North German Lloyd line officials here today said that Maj. Butt had planned originally to take one of their slow boats home, but changed his mind in London.

## HOW LAUGHTER AND MUSIC CHANGED TO AGONY AND HORROR

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, April 19.—Speed madness and an express train schedule for ocean liners caused the Titanic tragedy. Dashing at a rate of 20 knots an hour through an ice-filled ocean, the atmosphere as clear as glass, the liner, the acme of luxury and the last word in naval architecture, hurled madly against an immovable mountain of ice, and 2 hours and 25 minutes later had disappeared from sight forever.

A MATCHLESS NIGHT

Every survivor who landed from the rescue ship Carpathia last night agreed that speed had not been reduced. All said that the night was perfect—wonderfully so, the brilliant rays of the moon bringing out in startling distinctness the great mountains of ice that dotted the edge of the great banks of Newfoundland, where the tragedy occurred. The band of the great vessel was playing soft music in the great saloon. Many of the passengers had retired.

THEN THE CRASH

Others were on deck, watching the majestic ocean. Still others sat carefully in the various cabins, some smoking, others quietly talking. Then came a grinding crash.

The floating hotel staggered, seemed to recover, plunged forward again. A shower of ice masses fell on the 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 of them were panic-stricken, but the alarm did not last. The Titanic was "unsinkable."

WOUNDED TO DEATH

All had been assured of that fact. Most of the men and women aboard believed this statement, made by the liner's officials and owners. A few of the stronger-minded went back to bed. But within five minutes Capt. Smith realized that his great charge was wounded unto death.

FRANTIC APPEAL FOR HELP

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

"Come quickly, we have struck an iceberg and are sinking," was flashing through the air. Deck stewards rushed through the corridors, rapping frantically on doors of the 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 that there was danger. The crew were at their posts. The 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.

THE EXCEPTION—ISMAY

There was one exception. J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the line, survivors alleged, jumped into the third boat.

"I will man this boat," he said, and there was no one who said him nay. One after the other, the boats went over the side. Then a cry was raised, "There are no more boats."

NO MORE BOATS

Consternation seized upon all that remained. They had believed there would be room for all. Uncontrollable terror seized many. They fought for the lifeboats. Some frantically tried to tear loose deck fittings, hoping to make small rafts that would sustain them until help would come. But everything was bolted fast. Then, fearful that they would be dragged to death in the whirling suction that would follow, the men began to leap into the ice-filled ocean.

THE TITANIC SINKS

Slowly, steadily and majestically the liner sank. One deck after the other was submerged. Whether the boilers exploded is a question. Robert W. Daniel, a Philadelphia banker, says that when the ice water poured into the boiler room two separate explosions followed that blew the bowels from the liner. Others say they did not hear any explosions. Pistol shots were fired. Some survivors say they were fired at men who tried to force women and children from the way. No one who claimed to be an eye witness to the shooting could be located tonight.

CAPTAIN GOES DOWN

One story told in circumstantial detail was that the captain and his first officer shot themselves, but Daniel and other passengers positively say they saw the white-headed, grizzled face of the veteran mariner over the top of the bridge just before the railing disappeared. They say that not until then did he jump into the ocean to be drawn down forever in the suction that marked the last plunge of the Titanic.

BABY HEROES

Daybreak found the little flotilla bounding and tossing on the surface of the ocean. It was not known whether help was coming. Panic seized some of the occupants. Some of the women tried to jump into the water and had to be forcibly restrained. The babies, little tots, just old enough to realize their position, found themselves heroes. They set an example which moved their elders to tears as they told of it tonight. Some tried to comfort their stricken parents.

"ACT OF GOD"

Tonight the White Star line, through its managing director, J. Bruce Ismay, disclaimed responsibility, saying that it was "an act of God." Ismay defended his action in taking to the lifeboats. He said that he took the last boat that left the ship.

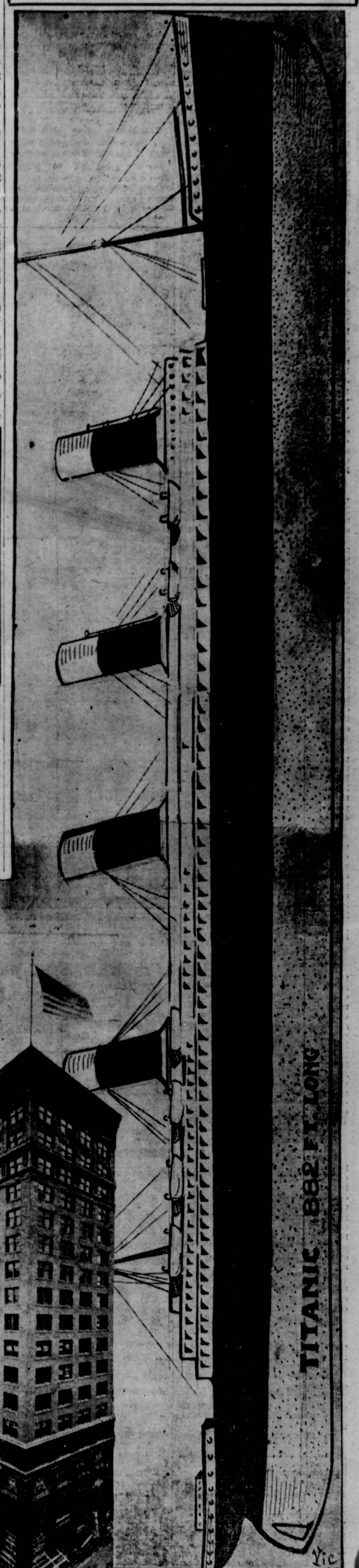
## "I'LL MEET YOU IN NEW YORK, DEAR," WERE ASTOR'S LAST WORDS

NEW YORK, April 19.—Mrs. John Jacob Astor, despite rumors that she was in a critical condition, gave the members of her family a joyful surprise when she walked down the gangplank of the Carpathia, last night.

She said that the colonel's last words to her were: "I will meet you in New York, dear."

Mrs. Astor was hurried, in a fast automobile, to the Astor home, on Fifth av., where an official statement was issued later by the family physician that she was in as good health as was to be expected under the circumstances.

## TITANIC STANDING ON END BESIDE SEATTLE SKYSCRAPER



Striking Illustration Shows Gigantic Size of Titanic, the Queen of the Ocean, as Compared With Hoge Building, Seattle's Highest Skyscraper.