

Foundering of Giant Ship Was Supreme Test For Radio

'Anniversary of Titanic Disaster Recalls How Dots and Dashes Frantically Called for Help As Tragedy Was Enacted in Mid-ocean As Told in New York Times

Harold Thomas Cottam, radio operator of the Carpathia, came down from the bridge where he had reported his daily list of communications to the officer on watch. He was tired. He had had a heavy day's work and now he was just about to turn in. There was one little matter of routine between him and his berth. That afternoon he had made contact with the Parisian. After he verified it he could go to bed. It was just 10.20 o'clock at night. He put on his earphones. The Cape Cod transmitter was busy sending messages to an incoming liner. Cottam clicked a query to the ship being called. "Do you hear Cape Cod?" he asked.

Back out of the ether came the staccato dots and dashes. "Come at once. We've struck an iceberg. It's a CQD, old man!" What Cottam said is not on record. It was Phillips of the Titanic sending the staccato code that presaged one of the greatest tragedies ever enacted on the sea. Sixteen years ago April 15th the Titanic sank at latitude 41:4 north, longitude 50:14 west, off the Newfoundland Banks, with a loss of 1,517 lives. At 10.20 o'clock in the night, New York time, she was cutting through a motionless sea at a speed of twenty-one knots an hour. Without warning, and with scarcely a jar to indicate what had happened, she struck a submerged iceberg and ripped out her bottom. At 2.20 o'clock the morning she had joined the ever-growing armada that rests forever at the bottom of the ocean. In those four hours one of the greatest dramas of the sea was written, a gripping story of bravery, sacrifice and cowardice. In those four hours the ether was vibrant with the buzzing dots and dashes that spelled an epic in radio. It was spelled in syllables of tragedy, more awful through contrast with the calm, cold sea on which the 1,517 struggled for their lives under a starry sky.

Liner on Maiden Voyage

Picture the night, cold, clear, starlit. An undulating ocean and the majestic Titanic, the last word in the engineering science of the sea, proudly spurning the waves at a speed of close to twenty-five miles an hour. It was her maiden voyage. Moreover, it was her last night out. The port-holes and cabin windows blazed with light. A last-night party was in full swing. The passengers were dancing to the music of the ship's orchestra. Tomorrow they would be going about their daily routine of business in New York; but to-night was made for pleasure. The Titanic, as if conscious of her dignity and importance, which was enhanced by beautiful women and augmented by men whose names were written at the very apex of current affairs, glided through the night. Her sharp prow cut the cobalt water leaving two plumes of white foam trailing along her sides.

Suddenly there was a slight shock. It was almost imperceptible. Some few passengers strolled out on deck and inquired the cause. "We have struck an iceberg," they were informed; "but there is no danger. The ship is unsinkable." There was no danger! Her entire bottom had been ripped out. Even as the inquiry was being made she was filling with water. Even then Captain Smith was on his way to the radio room to tell Phillips and Bride to make ready to send a call for help. As the ship's orchestra started to play again, the plea for help was speeding through space.

On the Carpathia, Cottam hurried to the Captain's quarters. Captain Rostron was off duty at the time. As soon as he heard the message he ordered the Carpathia turned about and rushed full speed ahead to the Titanic's aid. Then he hurried to the bridge to take charge. Cottam returned to his "shack" to notify Phillips that rescue was on the way. The Titanic was working the Frankfurt, but was having trouble getting her signals. Cottam tried to raise the same ship, but was unable to do so.

He picked up the Titanic. "We are sinking fast," it was a message to the Olympic. The Carpathia was

plunging ahead at about eighteen knots an hour. Every ounce of steam that her boilers could hold was crowded into them to keep the pace. Her usual speed was thirteen knots.

An Ill-Fated Ship

With the Carpathia almost in view and rescue just over the horizon, Phillips sent his last message: "Come quick! Our engine room is flooded up to the boilers." That was at 11.41 o'clock. Cottam flashed back that the Carpathia was sending up rockets and for the Titanic to be on the lookout for them. But the Titanic was silent. Cottam plugged his key. Message after message went speeding through space. But there was no stuttering buzz in his earphones to tell him that the Titanic was still afloat and was waiting.

Chance, fate, luck! Some perverse destiny cloaked in a name, followed the ill-fated Titanic. As she left port she narrowly averted a dangerous collision. Early in the afternoon of the fateful Sunday, the Leyland liner Californian notified her of the presence of icebergs. Cyril Evans, wireless operator of the Californian, testified at the Senate hearing, following the disaster, that he called the Titanic, warning her of icebergs. "Say, old man, we are stuck here surrounded by ice," his message read. The answer he got back from the Titanic was, as nearly as he could remember it, "Keep out; I am talking to Cape Race. You are ramming my message."

It was through pure chance that Cottam on the Carpathia got the Titanic's call for help; and it was purely by luck that the Titanic was able to call, according to Harold Bride, junior operator on the ship. The Titanic's wireless broke down early in the afternoon. This must have been shortly after the Californian's warning came in. "If it hadn't been for a lucky thing," Bride said, "we never could have sent any call for help. The lucky thing was that the wireless broke down early enough for us to fix it before the accident." We noticed something wrong on Sunday and Jack Phillips and I worked seven hours to find it. We found a 'secretary' burned out, at last, and repaired it just a few hours before the iceberg was struck.

Chance again brought the Californian back in the story. That night as the Titanic was sinking, close to his position, the captain of the Californian was signaling in Morse by a pocket flashlight to a ship in distress. At the Senate hearings, he emphatically denied that this ship was the Titanic. Surviving members of the Titanic's crew just as emphatically swore that a ship stood to four miles off all during the tragedy. Whether this was the Californian, no one may ever know. All that is known is that while the Californian's captain was signaling by flashlight from his bridge, his wireless man was asleep in his cabin. No one thought to awaken him until 3.30 o'clock in the morning, more than an hour after the curtain of waves had ended the tragedy and five hours after Jack Phillips had sent his first urgent plea for help stabbing through the air.

What Happened in the Cabin?

What happened in the Titanic's radio cabin during the four hours between the time the shock was felt and the time the Titanic lifted her stern in the air and plunged beneath the waves is Harold Bride's story. It forms as graphic a narrative as radio has ever written—as radio may ever be called on to write.

"I was standing by Phillips, telling him to go to bed," he said, "when the captain put his head in the door."
"We've struck an iceberg," the captain said, "and I'm having an inspection made to tell what it has done for us. You better get ready to send out a call for assistance. But don't send it until I tell you." Then the captain was gone.

"Ten minutes later he was back. 'Send the call for assistance,' the captain ordered, 'barely putting his head in the door.'

Two Beauties



WORLD-CHAMPION MILK AND BUTTER-PRODUCER

A Los Angeles cow, "Anna Fayne Plebe," gave 23,208 pounds of milk in 305 days from which 794 pounds of fat were extracted. Her 7-day record is 727 pounds for milk and 35.65 pounds for butter.

"What call shall I send?" Phillips asked.
"The regulation international call for help. Just that." Then he was gone.
"Phillips began to send C Q D. He flashed away at it and we joked as he did so. All of us made light of the disaster."
"Then the captain came back."
"What are you sending?" he asked.
"C Q D," Phillips replied.
"The humor of the situation appealed to me. I cut in with a little remark that made us all laugh, including the captain."
"Send S O S," I said. "It's the new call and it may be your last chance to send it."

"Phillips with a laugh changed the signal to S O S"—it was his last chance.
Shortly after he succeeded in picking up the Frankfurt and gave his position. "We have struck an iceberg and need assistance," he told the Frankfurt's operator, who ran to the bridge and told his captain of the Titanic's plight. When he came back Phillips was sent. "We are sinking by the head." Even then there was a distinct list forward. The Carpathia answered and a few minutes later called back that she had turned about and was speeding to the rescue as fast as her engines could turn and that her boats were being swung overboard.

Neither Phillips nor Bride was fully dressed. Phillips held the key, flashing out message after message, while Bride ran back and forth between the radio room and the bridge carrying news of the rescue ships to Captain Smith. In between trips he found time to put on more clothes and throw a coat over his chief's shoulders. It was growing cold in the radio cabin and at any minute the power might give out. The message came from the Carpathia that she was making eighteen knots. Bride ran to the bridge with the news. On the way back he noticed that the life boats were being manned and loaded.

Call to Abandon Ship!

Back in the wireless "shack," Phillips told him that the set was growing weaker and that at any moment it might die. Meanwhile he kept sending messages to the Carpathia, urging her to hurry. Cotton sent back cherry answers to signals so weak he could hardly detect them. Then Phillips picked up the Olympic. "We are sinking by the head," he told her. The message had just clicked into space when Captain Smith called: "Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Abandon your cabin. I release you. Now it's every man for himself. You look out for yourselves." Then he hurried back to the bridge to go down with his ship, as a commander should, according to the traditions of the sea. He did, and nobly.

But Phillips and Bride did not look out for themselves. The senior man clung to his key and sent call after call. Probably he did not know whether or not his set was dead. But there was the key. If it was alive, it could reach through space to speed the help that was coming. Help was coming, and it was up to him to direct

it. Bride found life preservers. He strapped one over his chief's head and shoulders. Then he adjusted his own. For fifteen minutes more Phillips pressed his key, racing with dots and dashes against death. Suddenly the water flower in through the cabin door. The set was useless. Only then did Phillips and Bride look out for themselves. On deck they parted company. Bride was rescued. Phillips's name stands on a cenotaph in Battery Park leading a list of wireless men who have sent their last call letters and who have gone to rest with the restless sea.



1517 AN ALLURING NEW FROCK

The Junior Miss will thoroughly enjoy wearing this attractive frock, which is suitable for many occasions. The skirt has applied trimming sections, and is gathered to the bodice having tucks at front of the epaulet shoulders. The lower edge of the short sleeves and neck are simply bound with self or contrasting material, and a belt is softly crushed around the waist. For party wear, ribbon and rosebuds add a dainty trimming to the skirt and side of the bodice. No. 1517 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material, or 2 yards 54-inch. Price 20c the pattern.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

FLOWERS and VEGETABLES

No. 12

Use Good Seed.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the importance of good seed. With flowers particularly, one is often inclined to save the seed of some especially choice specimen without realizing that few flowers reproduce themselves exactly from the seed unless certain very elaborate precautions are taken. A row of several different colored Sweet Peas, for instance, will become hopelessly mixed in a single season. The seed from a brilliant red variety may produce nothing but indifferent weak colored flowers when sown in the ordinary way. On the farms of the large seed houses and in the professional horticulturists' experimental plot each type is kept widely separated and in many cases the individual flowers are protected with netting. Otherwise bees and smaller insects will carry the pollen from one flower to another without regard for type or color. On this account alone the amateur in well advised to depend upon seed in sealed packages only from reliable merchants. There are other reasons also for advising such a course. Most flowers when they start going to seed deteriorate very rapidly and succeeding blooms are few and small. To keep a garden at its best all fading bloom should be removed before there is a trace of seed pods.

A Short Cut.

Practically every half-hardy vegetable and most of the more tender flowers can be started inside and will be ready for the table or the vase from a fortnight to a month earlier than if he waits until the season is far enough advanced to plant outside. Planting in flats or berry boxes in any southern window about this time without any special forcing is all that is necessary. If the earlier vegetables such as spinach, lettuce, radish, beets, carrots, parsnips, and similar crops are out of the way, one can plant cucumbers, melons, squash, and for very small gardens even beans and peas behind glass, and they will be ready to go out as fine healthy plants when the neighbors are only sowing the seed about the end of the month. It is particularly desirable to give the melons and cucumbers, among the edible types, and Petunias, Snapdragons, Nicotines, Asters and similar flowers which have a short season in our Ontario climate an early start in this way.

Window Boxes

The window boxes and hanging baskets can be got ready for planting outside this week. There are very concentrated beds, producing about six times the growth for the same area as in the normal garden. Because of this concentration of growth, rich soil, frequent watering and heavy fertilizing are absolutely necessary. In southern Ontario the boxes can be put out at once with little fear of frost, in the central section of the Province the 24th of May is usually considered about the right time and farther north no very great risk should be taken before the 1st of June. If a light frost does threaten, covering the box with newspaper or light cotton will protect it sufficiently. Window boxes should be as long as the window sill, about eight inches wide at the top, six at the bottom and at least nine inches deep. These are inside measurements. The corners must be strongly reinforced with iron straps an the box well supported, as when full it weigh about 150 lbs. Have holes and layer of broken crockery or cinders in the bottom to provide drainage. If well rotted manure is available, put in a layer of this next, and then fill up with fine garden soil. Select stocky plants and before putting them in the box remove all bloom and buds. To get them growing quickly, dissolve a scant handful of nitrate of soda in a fair sized watering can, and sprinkle this over the box, if the latter is around four feet long. If shorter, less fertilizer should be used. After this, saturate the soil with another can or two of water. Three or four more applications of fertilizer at ten day intervals are advised, and watering should take place every day, as the evaporation from



Tiny Airplane Crew Will Seypell and Geo. Kerr, who toured Europe in the "vest-pocket" airplane "Yankee Doodle," which weighs but 600 pounds.

window boxes is far above normal. Along the front of the box put in trailing nasturtiums, German Ivy, and similar trailing plants, while farther back Petunias, Geraniums, Alyssum, Lobelia, Ageratum, Begonias, Ferns and other types especially suitable should go in.

Great Britain Urged to Help Boys Overseas

More Liberal Attitude Is Advocated—Increased Emigration Looked For

London.—An increase in the outflow of British emigration in the near future is indicated by two independent authorities.

One is Sir Robert Horn, who although as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1922 he was himself responsible for imposing conditions upon the British Government's £3,000,000 annual grant for assisting emigration, now urges the adoption of a more liberal attitude to help boys to start life overseas.

The other authority is the official "Industrial transference board," which has been investigating the conditions of unemployment in the British coal mining districts and is understood to have formed the opinion that the most hopeful remedy is to be found in further training for the young and additional facilities for developing family settlement in the Dominions.

Sir Robert pointed out that comparatively little use is now made of the British Government's sanctioned grant because for every pound paid by the Treasury, another pound has to be found by someone else.

He urged, therefore, that the time has come to make the treasury grant for this purpose up to 100 per cent. to carry out the program of emigration vital to the welfare of Britain and essential to the development of the Dominions.

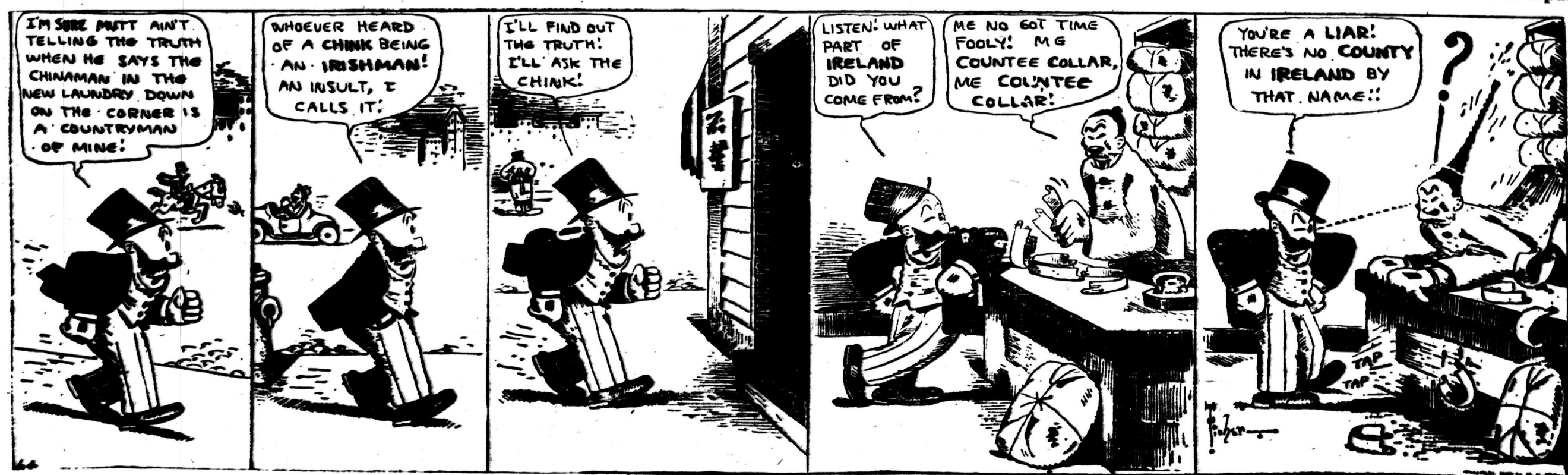


Simple Matter. First College Boy—"Gee Bill, but I'd like to get out of debt!" Second Ditto—"Aw, that's a cinch! Jes borrow the money that you owe from the Governor."

Kenneth (to small brother who wants to join in game of juvenile football)—"No, you can't come—but I'll tell you what. You stay in and play at being a sports editor waiting for the result of the match."

A cow is kept on exhibition in a New York zoo so that children of the metropolis may know what this creature looks like. Will the time ever come when a horse will similarly be displayed for general edification?

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher



The Little Fellow Goes On the Warpath.

Ask Equ
Freedom
More Wo
ed to
an
British wom
whom rose to
taking for mor
and pease a
their work.
Out of 193
George V. at
only twenty-
men, and the
The Women's
view of wom
fishment, con
section on the
"Peagees kin
Conservative
and a former
the league des
ment. "Why
hell, the par
the Board of
similar distri
Of thirty m
twelve, accor
Underwood,
were granted
the services;
tinguished su
salist; but no
was given an
"There are
just as deserv
ticularly thin
wood privy
said. "I sh
ould not be
etes and kn
men and wo
work."
"It is the
decided that
mitted to the
and Indian c
went on the
be altered."
British wo
exceptionally
men were
Mayor than
election of
number of w
ment to seiz
Miss Eliza
architect, w
artistic wor
signing the
Shakespeare
Bailey was
the awards
She created
men in a lig
Miss Sac
Hawthorne
Land." Miss
the Newdig
Harrison, to
for work in
Elam, the Se
to the Se
Metallurgic
At the let
tell me how
you love, h
body gets s
"It's a sha
mending you
say a word
least said
Authors
their money
for some m
Don't
Ouv
-Babi
B
Much of
children o
stimulation
regarding
toy for the
littles an
played with
quarter of
Beyond th
caused to
sometimes
variably o
sleepless
Pretfuln
ness from
avoided b
considerat
see what
upset, bet
pure, har
ing to see
nerves an
It contain
purely ver
wrapped.
It for coll
tion, gas
feverishne
"upsets" o
bottles us
whelming
With e
get a boo
weight in
Fletcher's
so you'll
are many