

STORIES OF SURVIVORS OF EMPRESS OF IRELAND

They Are All Stunned By the Shock

MANY CHILDREN DIED

IN THE ICY WATERS OF THE GULF.

Laurence Irving, the Great Actor and His Wife Went Down to Death Clashed in Each Other's Arms.

Montreal, June 1.—A gentle bump and silence, a slow heaving of the deck, a rushing up of a perpendicularly sloping stairs, a vain attempt to launch lifeboats, then an explosion, a rushing in of foaming, icy water, and fifteen hundred human beings struggling like a school of minnows; finally, swimming with arms numb, being hauled into boats and set to thaw before their boiler fires. Through it all, little panic, little noise, everything quiet and unearthly, as in a hideous dream.

That is the story of the sinking of the Empress of Ireland, told by the half-clad, haggard, disheveled band of survivors who reached Montreal Saturday on their way to Toronto and the west. Almost all were members of the Salvation Army. Thirteen are from Toronto.

They seemed stunned by the shock into a strained silence. Dully, almost mechanically, as if they had exhausted all capacity for either wonder or horror, they described their experiences. Without altering a tone they told of seeing the Commissioner Rees walk back into his cabin and never being seen again, of "Teddy" Gray, musician, humorist, and staff artist of the Star, rubbing his eyes in his berth, and never being seen again. With the unconcern with which a week ago they would have described meeting on the street they told of being carried far below the surface by the suction of the sinking ship, of a close-packed struggle in the icy water, of men and women sinking without a sound or lying in the boats blue with exposure or rigid in death.

Case of Help Yourself

Quebec, June 1.—Harry Briard, fourth engineer on the Empress of Asia, Walter Scott, third electrician, and James Rankin and Albert Smith, part of the engine room staff on the same boat, were on their way home to England as second cabin passengers.

Briard was awakened by a slight crash. When he stepped into the hallway he found himself ankle deep in water. Their cabin was somewhere amidships on the lowest deck, near the point where the Empress was hit, and it did not take the sea long to reach that part of the boat.

"The ship had a list of at least thirty-five degrees," said Briard, "and we had no time for life-belts. My cabin mates got out with what they stood up in, but Scott went back for more clothing. That was the last we saw of Scott. When we got to the deck we found very few people there and no women. There was no panic, because it had happened in such a hurry that nobody had time to think of it. Five minutes after the ship was struck the lights went out. Most of the people were drowned in their berths.

"The crash was not hard enough to wake them up. Nobody seemed to be giving any order in particular, and it was very much a case of help yourself. I think things were smartly done under the circumstances.

"Practically all the people who got to the top deck were saved, although many were killed when the collapsible boats slid down from the high side of the lines to the low side, crushing them against the rail. The lifeboats were afloat before I arrived on the scene. When I saw that

the ship was a goner I took the plunge from the low side and swam for the lifeboats and was taken aboard.

"Rankin, who is a strong man in the water, swam from the Empress to the collier. Smith, who can't swim at all, clung to the arm of a steam winch which hung out over the sea, and when a lifeboat passed his way dropped into the water and gripped its gunwale. Three out of four cabin mates saved, that's not bad. And Scott might have been saved, too, if he hadn't gone back to his cabin."

Being asked his opinion as an engineer, Briard said that it did not make much difference whether the bulkheads were closed or not, as the blow the Empress received was of such a nature that transverse bulkheads were useless. Only longitudinal bulkheads would have saved her, and the Empress, not being a ship of the admiralty type, was not built that way.

Briard had a good view of the Empress going down. The big liner did not go down by the bow or by the stern.

"There was a great clatter," he said, "as her iron sides shifted, and a rush of steam. It was then that the Empress rolled over on her side and quickly disappeared.

Crew Took Life Belts

Quebec, June 1.—"When the boat commenced to slide over I looked for a life preserver, but found that the members of the crew had taken every one of them from the promenade deck for themselves. So I went back to my cabin and took the life preserver from there. The majority of the passengers did not seem to know that there were life preservers in their cabins, and although they were easily accessible, they were not conspicuous, and many could not find them in the confusion, although they looked."

Lionel Kent, of Montreal, gave this explanation as to why so many of the crew were saved.

"They took the life-belts that were handy and left the passengers to find their own, there were plenty on the ship, but people did not know where they were, the time was too short for them to be told. I was in cabin #1, which was aft on the promenade deck, and my travelling companion was Mr. Gosselin. He woke me about an hour after I had retired, and told me there had been a collision. I did not feel it at all. I went on deck at once in my night attire, and my bath robe and I saw the two boats just drifting apart. At that time there were no lights on the deck and very few people were about but they soon began to pour up on deck. I remained on the port side of the boat as the list continued, until the starboard side was under water, then I jumped into the water with many other people, and was picked up ten minutes later, by one of the lifeboats, those in her neighborhood about thirty, were mostly members of the crew, with four or five women.

"The boats on the port side of the liner could not be launched because, owing to the list of the ship, they swung inward on the davits instead of out over the sea. The only boats that could be launched were those on the starboard side, and they got six of these. I think a good many people were injured by the sliding of the port lifeboat when it was released, for it slid along the deck to the starboard side and crushed many people against the railings. I think they did marvellously well considering the short time they had to work in. They could not get a foothold on the deck, and there was very little confusion under the circumstances."

Reunited With Daughter

Montreal, June 1.—To dive into water with her husband and daughter, and to be separated from them, and to afterwards meet her daughter alone on the deck of the Eureka, was the experience of Mrs. H. R. O'Hara, of Toronto. Mr. O'Hara at first reported saved, was apparently lost. Telling her story, Mrs. O'Hara, who arrived here Saturday from Rimouski, says that her husband, her daughter and herself made their way over the deck when the alarm was given that the Empress was sinking. Mr. O'Hara thought that the ship could not hold up long, and there seemed no chance to get into the lifeboats. He told his wife and daughter who are both good swimmers like himself, to jump into the sea and keep afloat until the Stordstadt picked them up.

The three went over the side and at first kept together. Mr. O'Hara supporting his daughter. In the darkness they became separated and afterwards Mrs. O'Hara was picked up by a boat and taken to the rescue ship Eureka.

There she was met by her daughter, who had also kept herself afloat. The girl did not know what had happened to her father.

How the Empress Sank

Montreal, June 1.—"I was among the crowd on deck when she sank," said Peter Rusk at the Bonaventure Station, "and a horrible scene it was, one that I shall never forget. We were clinging to everything on which we could lay our hands, and even then with practically no light, and waves washing over the decks which seemed as steep as the wall of a house, many let go their holds and slipped into the water. I believe it was the best thing they could have done, for it was a marvellous thing that any one who was on the ship when she sank came out alive at all.

"As she greened over, there was a crash, and a lot of the rigging and part of one of the masts fell into the water with a splash, sending many of the passengers to their doom.

"I had managed to cling on expecting the ship had righted herself a little after the fall of wreckage that she would stay afloat awhile.

"Then with a horrible lurch she sank like a stone, and in a second I felt myself in a whirlpool, buffeted by bodies, living and dead, by wreckage and by the waves. Twice I was dragged down, and all the time spars and heavy pieces of timber seemed to be grinding me to fragments. It seemed to go on for hours, but at last I found myself with my arms wrapped around a piece of floating wood. I never remember grasping it, and with frightful pains all down my left side."

Adopts Child of the Sea

Quebec, June 1.—Robert Crellin, a miner from Silvertown, B.C., finds himself, though an unmarried man, the foster-father of an eight-year old girl as the result of the tragedy. He saved the child from the sea and claims her by that right. He shall never leave that little girl again, says this modest hero.

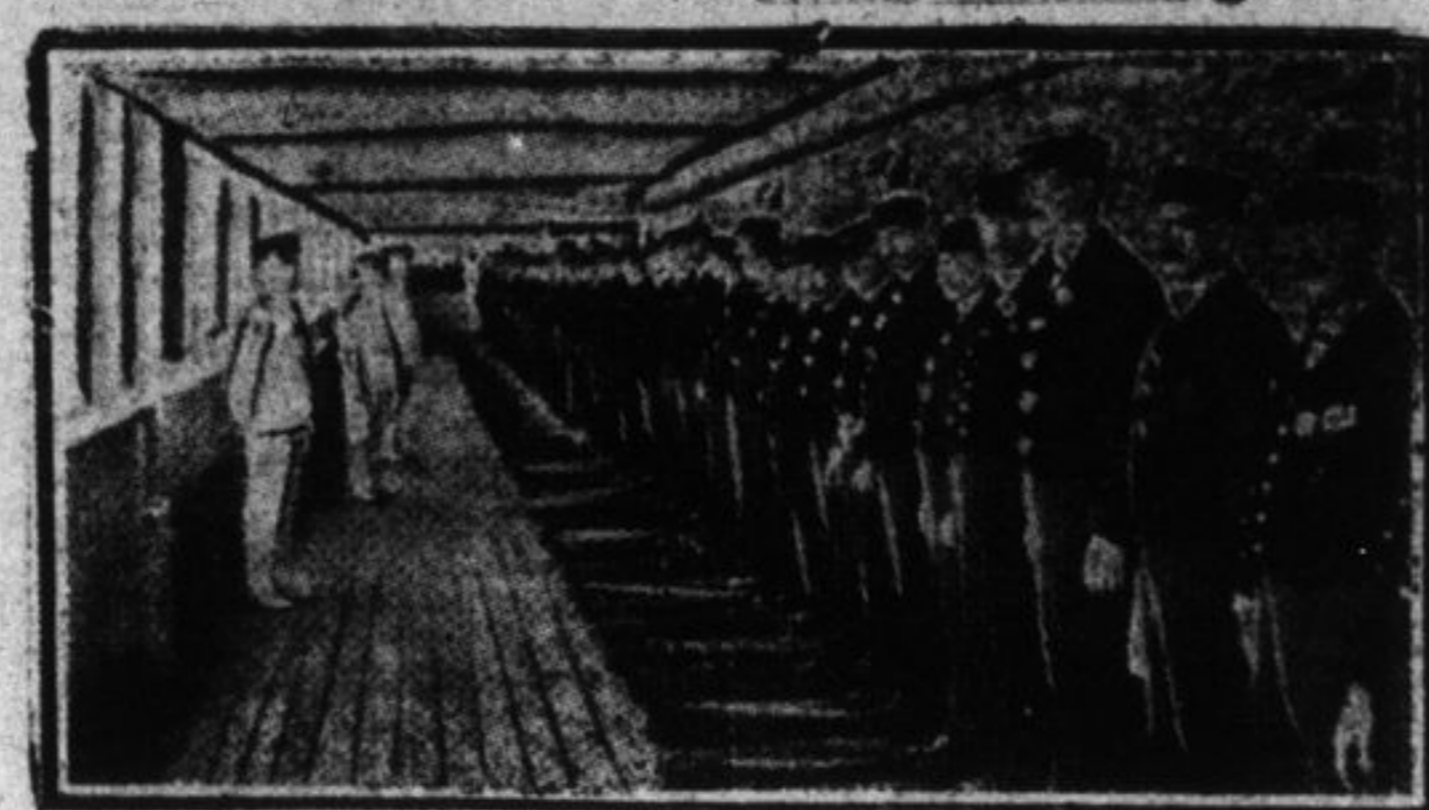
Crellin, who was on his way home to Cumberland, England, his first visit in fifteen years, shared a cabin on the lower deck with William Barry, another Cumberland man, a workmate of his, also from Silvertown. Across the alleyway was a mutual friend, Mrs. Barbour, and her two little daughters, Florence, aged eight, and Evelyn, aged three. Mrs. Barbour, whose husband had been killed in an accident twelve months ago, was on her way to her people in Cumberland, and she also came from Silvertown.

The little Silvertown colony of Cumberland people stuck together to the last minute. It took death to divide them. Crellin and the eight-year-old girl were saved.

Cablegrams of Condolence

Toronto, June 1.—His royal highness the governor-general has received numerous cablegrams of condolence and sympathy with the people of Canada on the awful news as to the sinking of the Empress of Ireland. In addition to the message from his majesty the king, cablegrams have been received from the secretary of state for the colonies, the administrator of Newfoundland, the British embassy at Washington, and the first sea lord of the admiralty.

In view of the Empress disaster their royal highnesses cancelled their



SEAMAN'S DRILL BEFORE ILL-FATED EMPRESS LEAVES DOCK. (a) Lifeboat Drill. (b) Fire Drill.

How Lawrence Irving Died

Quebec, June 1.—Lawrence Irving, the actor, son of the late Sir Henry Irving, died trying to save his wife.

F. E. Abbott, of Toronto, was the last man to see Irving alive. "I met him first in the passage-way," he said, and he said calmly: "Is the boat going down?" "I said it looked like it."

"Dearie," Irving then said to his wife, "hurry; there is no time to lose."

Mrs. Irving began to cry, and, as the actor reached for a life-belt, the boat suddenly lurched forward, and he was thrown against the door of his cabin. "His face was bloody, and Mrs. Irving became frantic.

"Keep cool!" he warned her, but she persisted in holding her arms around him. He forced the life-belt over her and pushed her out of the door.

He then practically carried her upstairs. Abbott said: "Can I help you?" and Irving said: "Look after yourself first, old man, but God bless you all the same!"

Abbott left the two man and wife struggling. Abbott got on deck and dived overboard. He caught hold of a piece of timber, and, holding on tight, he looked round. Irving by this time was on the deck. He was kissing his wife. And as the ship went down they were both elapsed in each other's arms.

Explosions Occurred

Quebec, June 1.—Philip Lawlor, of Brantford, Ont., who lost his wife in the wreck, says there was a fog at the time of the accident, and that after the collision the water rushed into the hole, causing explosions which pushed many into the sea.

Lawlor was on his way to England with his wife and son Herbert, aged fifteen. He says that the first notion he had of the accident was when the ship listed under a severe shock. Water rushed into the steerage quarters, and a few seconds later there was a tremendous explosion that shook the vessel, probably, he thinks, when the water reached the boilers.

"The shock of the explosion was something fearful," says Mr. Lawlor. "People were simply shot out of the ship into the sea. I was pushed overboard with my wife and boy. The boy could swim, so I took care of my wife, but somehow she slipped from my grip and sank."

Quebec Shed A Morgue. Quebec, June 1.—Preparations are

Rich Indian teas blended with flavory Ceylons.

Red Rose Tea "is good tea"



Caught in the Act
Yes! Caught with the goods—a box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. But it would be a shame to scold them when they like it so well, and it's so good for them.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Get the original. 10c a package

The Most Wonderful Record Breaking Achievement By Any Motor-Driven Vehicle in the World

Erwin G. Baker arrived in New York City at midnight, May 14, breaking all previous coast-to-coast records. He left San Diego, California, May 3rd at noon, Eastern time, and reached New York 11 days, 12 hours and 10 minutes afterwards, covering a total distance of 3,378 miles. Baker rode a 1914 7-H.P. Twin Two-Speed Electrically Equipped

Indian Motorcycle WITH CRADLE SPRING FRAME

He had no mechanical difficulties whatever—and from the Pacific to the Atlantic his motor never skipped. Baker's route included a 1,627-mile desert stretch of sand and cactus—the negotiation of stupendous mountain trails—and dashes through roads in their worst possible condition. "By reason of the Cradle Spring frame absorbing all road-shocks and vibrations, my endurance was trebled, and I was able to make speed over rough surfaces that no rigid-frame machine could have stood." "And when I came to Black Canon pass, Arizona, the Two-Speed gave an exhibition that surprised even an old motorcyclist like myself. That Two-Speed took me up a rise of 7,000 feet in 9 miles without a minute's hesitation or trouble. This was the supreme test of the Two-Speed—and how it did come across! "I consider this ride the supreme test of the Indian Electric System. I arrived in New York with the original electric batteries, and bulbs in their sockets, burning brightly. "I especially want to emphasize that the Indian I used was a stock machine which I never rode until 3 hours before I started on my run." Baker's ride was made under the official auspices of the F. A. M., which checked and verified his time. The previous transcontinental motorcycle record was 29 days, 9 hours and 1 minute.

Do you wonder at the boys all wanting Indians when they do stunts like this?

Treadgold Sporting Goods Co

Can supply exact duplicates of this machine.

Mutt Was Just Hurrying The Thing Along

By "Bud" Fisher

