

THE WASHINGTON TIMES, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1912

Death of Major Butt Causes Nation to Mourn With President Taft—Many Tributes Paid

NO ALARM FELT WHEN STEAMER FIRST STRUCK

Passengers Came on Deck to Get View of Big Berg.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING IN THE LIFEBOATS

Carpenter Gave Tenderest Care To the Wounded—Four Buried at Sea.

By Miss Caroline Bonnell. (Continued from the first page.) NEW YORK, April 18.—"Well, thank goodness, Nathalie, we are going to see our iceberg at last."

This—this single, foolish little sentence—was the one thing, of all things, that I said to my cousin as the great, beautiful Titanic was shivering beneath her death blow.

And yet it was the most natural remark in the world for me to make that Sunday midnight at the very minute when the hand of death began pulling down its terrible cargo of souls.

For though, the world has not come to realize it, that was a hidden hand—a hand so hidden that none of us suspected, for an instant, how strong and how cruel it was until less than two hours afterward, it gave a quick, final jerk, and the titan of vastal sank beneath the swell.

Blow is Terrible. My cousin, Nathalie Wink, and I were lying in our berth half asleep when the blow came. It was terrible. For a second the whole boat stood stock still in its swift track and then it gave a great shiver all through.

After that, everything was death quiet for a minute. Then—"Oh, she's hit an iceberg," came ringing through the window in woman's shrill voice.

For ten minutes after the blow Nathalie and I lay in bed and discussed whether or not we would get up to view the berg. Nathalie was pretty sleepy, but I had been up to fill a hot-water bottle, and was wide awake enough for anything.

Finally we decided to "go up" as we had been waiting to see an iceberg all the way over, but had been up to fill a hot-water bottle, and was wide awake enough for anything.

Just slipped on our shoes and stockings and put on our heavy night-sleeve and went on. When we got out into the deck everything was as quiet as an August afternoon. The sea was smooth as glass, and we had a long run for the lifeboats.

The way was not very long, but never saw so many stars in the heavens as I did at that time. They were so bright and so close together that they seemed to form a great, glowing arch over our heads.

We had just decided to go up to see when an officer came up to us and another group of people who had just got up to find out what was the matter.

"The iceberg and not our ship," he said. "You may need them later." The words were said in a low, steady voice, and I saw that the officer was a professional seaman.

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Major Archibald Butt.



President and military officials looking over the ship.



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Familiar Photographs of Major Archibald Butt.

DEATH OF MAJOR BUTT MOURNED BY WASHINGTONIANS

Persons in Official and Private Life Speak Eulogistically of the President's Military Aide Who Died—A Soldier.

Men of the United States army and navy, men who lived upon the same roof—the men who knew Major Butt most intimately—spoke today of the soldier who died that women and children might live after the Titanic had struck.

Mourning by Washingtonians of all walks of life, Major Butt's death was most appreciated by his comrades in arms, and it is by their words most faithfully and with the most authority.

TOGETHER IN DEATH AS IN LIFE. In death as in life, Major Butt and Frank Miller were together, and the same roof—the men who knew Major Butt most intimately—spoke today of the soldier who died that women and children might live after the Titanic had struck.

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SPURNING RESCUE, MRS. STRAUS SANK WITH HER HUSBAND

Aged Woman Central Figure in Episode of Sublime Heroism.

Simply had more the last opportunity, she was a woman with a photograph of another woman, and she looked at the picture of the mother of the Titanic, who had sailed off to her death.

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