

trode up and grasped his hand.

"That was my brother, Howard Case, I'm glad to hear he behaved well." There was a new light in the eyes of the gray-haired man. His brother had died, but he had died like a man.

"There is a chance that he was saved," said Daniels. "We hope that the California got there in time to save some." The gray-haired man shook his head. He knew it was a forlorn hope Daniels was holding out.

"I did not see Col. Astor," continued Daniels, "but they told me he kissed his young wife, passed her into a boat, and then stepped aside, meeting death with a military salute. It was fine.

"Maj. Butt took charge of one section of the ship in placing the women in lifeboats. He was calm throughout the excitement.

"I do not know how I got into a boat. I waited until the water reached the eighth deck. Then I got a life preserver and jumped. The water was fearfully cold.

"The last thing I remember was a woman having hold of me. When I woke I was in the boat. I saw the captain holding the bridge until the ship sunk to the level of the sea. Then he went overboard.

"I am an amateur wireless operator, and attempted to relieve the Titanic man, but amateurs on land interfered so that we were helpless.

"They had life saving equipment enough to save 800 of us. My God! There were 3,000 of us on board!"

Daniels' mother met him at the pier, and she wept contentedly on his shoulder as he led her away.

Other mothers waited in vain.

WHEN THE POOR AND THE GREAT MAN DIES

New York, April 19.—In the last awful hour on board the sinking Titanic, Nadji Narsani, Armenian peasant, ranked with John Jacob Astor, multi-millionaire, in the high roll of heroism.

Astor kissed the wife so soon to become a mother goodbye, and whispered:

"I'll meet you in New York, dear."

The lowly Narzani, with the tears in his eyes, helped his wife, who soon will be a mother, into a seat in a lifeboat, and whispered:

"Perhaps we shall never meet again, Maria—but—some day, tell our child how I died."

The difference has come now. Mrs. Astor has at her command the best that money can buy.

Maria Narsani, who lost her all in the wreck of the Titanic, is today the suppliant of charity.

And C. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk railroad, died.

But not for a day will the operations of the Grand Trunk pause because of Hays' death.

Jim Hawkins, who was bringing his old mother over from Ireland to a new home in a new country, went down by Hays' side.

And Hawkins' death has made the poor old mother the object of the charity of strangers.

Father McGrath, the seamen's