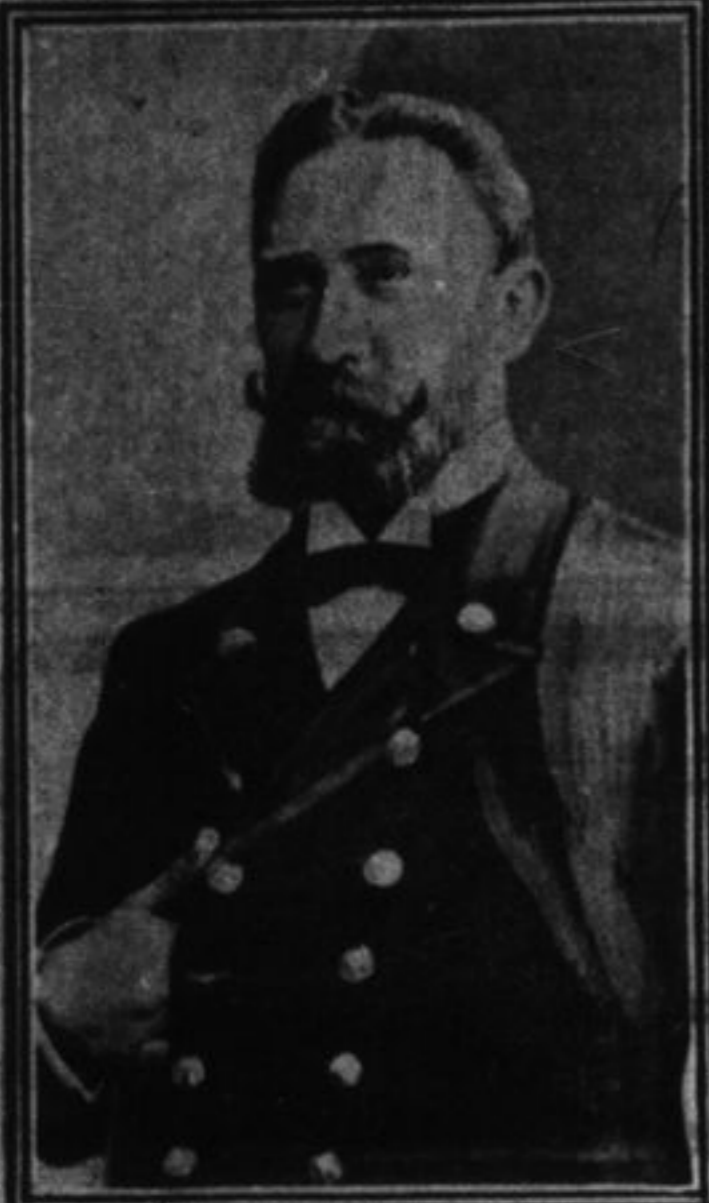


A Real Hero of the Sea Capt. Apfeld Honored by Two Kings and a President



Captain G.C. Apfeld, Hero



In 28 Minutes He Rescued All from the Sinking Waastrand



Led his Crew into the Flaming Hold of the Noordland

He is President Roosevelt's ideal of a hero. If for no other reason than that, Capt. George C. Apfeld, of the trans-Atlantic steamship Finland, should feel proud. But it is only one of many reasons. To be asked to luncheon in the White House on account of his heroism at the time of a shipwreck was probably the proudest occasion of this old German seaman's remarkable career, for he is a naturalized American; but he also cherishes the memory of being entertained by King Leopold of Belgium, who knighted him. When President Roosevelt invited Ralph D. Paine, the author, recently, to accompany the hero of his fiction story, "Capt. Aronoff's Choice," to the White House at luncheon, it was because he considered the true story back of that fiction—the saving by Apfeld of his passengers and crew when his ship, the Waastrand sank—one of the noblest he had ever heard of. Rather than desert a moment from rescuing his passengers, the captain permitted his lifetime's savings, \$10,000, to go down with the ship. Not on that fact alone, however, does the fame of Capt. Apfeld rest. Once, when his ship caught fire in mid-ocean and none other dared, he plunged into the blazing hold and conquered the flames. Again, for five days and four nights, he stayed on the bridge without a wink of sleep and guided his craft through a dense fog. Many a time his cool head and ready hand avoided shipwreck on stormy waves, in fog or in iceberg peril. Among his cherished testimonials is a certificate of bravery awarded by King Edward VII. of England. And yet, despite his honors at the hands of rulers, he is just what he has been depicted in fiction—a great, thinking, grief-stricken, with a tanned red head, a fighter's voice and a bear's exterior, hiding his gentle, helpful heart. More at home on the rolling decks of his ship than on a velvet carpet, Capt. Apfeld blushed and shifted restively during his visit to the White House. Tall, broad-chested, bewhiskered, with round cheeks that would have shone red enough without the blushes, he was a curious contrast to the president and the young author who sat at luncheon with him. In deference to Capt. Apfeld's mood,

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Four Days on the Bridge Without Sleep

esty, little was said on this occasion of his heroic deeds. Never, indeed, has he enjoyed talking of them. Even after he had saved the 300 people on board his ship, the Waastrand, when it sank after a collision off Heky-head four years ago, and he sacrificed his fortune of \$10,000 to Neptune rather than lose a passenger's life, he has refused to speak for himself, leaving the tale of his heroism to others. On that ill-fated trip of the Waastrand Capt. Apfeld carried in a leather wallet his life's savings, with which he hoped to buy a home near New York for his invalid wife, whose hope of recovery was pinned to a change from the damp air of Antwerp. Before he departed from home on the ill-fated trip his wife suggested that he forward the money to New York through the usual financial channels. "No," he is said to have replied. "I will carry it with me. Banks frequently go to smash in a week; in my stateroom the gold will be perfectly safe." And so the grizzled mariner sailed, carrying with him the savings of a lifetime, to be invested in a home for the invalid wife in the new world. The dramatic situation that ensued when the Waastrand was struck by the liner Harmonides at night and began to sink needs no touch of fiction to complete its fearful realism. One of the passengers on the doomed ship, speaking later, of his experiences, said: "When I arrived on deck, after the crash, the confusion was very great, but there was no panic, and women and children were being lowered rapidly into the boats. The officers were behaving very calmly and courageously, and much credit is to be given to them."

ness that marks the most deliberate purpose. Like the emperor of a universe, Capt. Apfeld stood on deck, thundering his orders, despatching boat load after boat load of passengers, soothing the terrified, restraining the fidgeted by main force from leaping overboard or plunging headlong into already loaded boats. Never once did this grizzled mariner's nerve leave him; never once did he relax the firm hand of discipline that grasped every detail of the work of rescue and directed every movement. Some distance away, in the enveloping folds of the fog, lay the Harmonides, as yet scarcely sure of her own safety. The eagle eye of the captain saw her, but few of the passengers did, and they were not lost yet. Some hours of hardships in small boats, such as they had often read of in tales of shipwreck and marine disaster. But the main duty at hand was to get the struggling mass of terrified human beings into the boats. In the mad rush a little girl was pushed overboard and drowned; this seemed to frenzy many of the remaining passengers, especially those of the steerage. Another child, strangely clad, was attempting to jump overboard. The strings seeming to be short, she asked a man—a great hulking creature—to assist her. Instead, he snatched the preserver from the child and placed it upon himself. In the midst of all this confusion and terror, Capt. Apfeld was almost supernaturally calm. By voice, example, and even physical force when necessary, he directed the light-lieboards and hurried on the work of rescue. Time and again, while the ship was going down and the lieboards were ready to depart, did the captain pause irresolutely before his cabin door; it would take but a few seconds to dash in and take the wallet containing his all from the top drawer of his desk. But every time there came the sight or the cry of some one somewhere on the ship who had been overlooked, and he forgot the wallet in face of the duty to save. And finally, when all were off, it was too late to reach the stateroom. The savings of a lifetime went down with the ship, while the captain was barely saved from a similar fate. "I have lost my ship and all our money, but have saved every soul on board," wired the brave old captain to his wife, his Florence—his "broken flower," he called her. One reader of Mr. Payne's story of the wreck, who was deeply impressed, was a wealthy New York merchant. He was so concerned over the loss of the captain's fortune that he stated that if the story were true he would be glad to give the hero the \$10,000, or to buy him a home in this country so that he could carry out his hopes. Since then, however, Capt. Apfeld's wife has died, and Antwerp and Antwerp's hope of establishing for her a home on this side of the Atlantic has dissolved. Capt. Apfeld's "broken flower," his Flora, did not bemoan the loss of the money, but remained the same patient, saintly wife that she had been before the loss of the Waastrand, on March 6th, 1902.

The cold fact, developed by official inquiry, is that Capt. Apfeld restrained the frightened crew, had his boat safely launched and saved all on board—excepting a man who jumped overboard and broke his head, and a child who was pushed from a boat in the rush. In the incredibly short time of twenty-eight minutes all on the Waastrand were saved. The deed was rewarded by King Leopold, of Belgium, with the knight-hood of the Order of Leopold. Later, the captain was awarded a gold medal by the Royal Life Saving Society of Belgium. It was on April 14th, 1903, that the American line steamship, the Finland, Capt. Apfeld in command, caught fire a thousand miles from the Delaware Capes, in voyage from Liverpool with 114 cabin and 533 steerage passengers for Philadelphia. Capt. Apfeld was at breakfast with the passengers when the news was taken to him by the second officer. Coolly excusing himself, he mounted the upper deck and saw smoke pouring from a hatch. With the cry, "Come on, men, there's work to be done!" he seized a hose and swung himself into the fiery furnace, fed by piles of cotton and barrels of rosin, paraffine and wax. In an hour the fire was conquered. Not a life was lost although Capt. Apfeld and the brave men who followed him had their faces and hands and limbs blistered, and the captain's luxurious hair and beard were singed close. Resolutions of thanks were signed by the passengers, and this preliminary honor was followed by the diploma of the Royal Humane Society of England, awarded personally by King Edward VII. Many men become heroes in the face of sudden emergency, and, adrift with inspiration, do things from which, in cooler moments, perhaps, they would shrink. Not such a hero is Apfeld, but one of the sustaining kind—a man of iron will, a constitution of steel and a sense of duty nothing short of adamantine. Such a type of heroism did he evince on the Friedland in November, 1903, when, with a big cargo, a crew of 140 men and 280 passengers, she was bound from Liverpool to Philadelphia. Overwhelmed by a fog that defied the keenest eyes, Captain Apfeld stuck to the bridge of his ship for 107 hours—five days and four nights—without a wink of sleep. "I'll stay here till it's over," he

said to the executive officer, mounting the bridge, and he did. Two days passed, and still the fog. Sleep fought with duty. "It must lift soon," consoled the captain to himself. But it didn't. On Thursday the officers begged the captain to snatch a wink of sleep. "These lives are in my care, and I shall be responsible for them," was his stoical reply. When, that night, the desire to sleep grew almost irresistible, Apfeld cried, "Coffee; bring me strong coffee! I must stay awake." It was late on the fifth afternoon when some one shouted, "The sun! The sun!" Relaxing his strong vigil, the captain knew that "it is good, and the next minute he had flung himself on his bunk. Like most brave men of the sea, Captain Apfeld is a man of few words, but many of his brave deeds have been told by others; it has been impossible to wring from him more than the details required for his official reports. Perfect discipline is the keynote of his success in stannaging his crews during emergencies. Unique are the stories told in this connection. For example, when a badly frightened man dropped onto his knees after the disaster to the Waastrand, and exhorted the passengers to pray, for they were lost, Captain Apfeld commanded him to do so, saying, "Prayer is good at all right times, but we are not lost yet, and you are interfering with my discipline." Protesting, the frightened man was forced into a lifeboat. Another time, when a stoker had become insane from liquor, armed with a poker, was terrorizing the crew, the captain dodged under the weapon and with a blow in the face felled the ruffian. Typical of the other side of his nature—that is told of him. After gruffly bearing his cabin boy on the first day of a voyage, and watching him fiercely as he shrank out of the doorway, the gruff captain's heart softened. "Wait, I tell you. How is your mudder, boy? She was pretty sick last voyage, you tells me." However successfully disguised—and he tries his best to hide it—this softer side of Apfeld's nature is ever present. When the Noordland, from Philadelphia to Paris, was making fast speed, in order that the best passengers might spend Christmas day, 1903, at home a vessel in distress was sighted seven miles to seaward. Forgetting about the Christmas day to come, Captain Apfeld commanded that a lifeboat should go to the ship in distress. It proved to be the Unique, of Nova Scotia, and the crew were starving, having eaten nothing in four days, driven out of its course. Fuel and provisions were given by Captain Apfeld, and the Noordland went on her way almost a day late, but followed the Christmas blessings of the saved crew. Captain Apfeld counts twenty-five years of service on the International Merchant Marine company's line, and was in command of the ship in 1894. He was successively master of the Switzerland, Waastrand, Noordland, Westernland, Friesland and finally the Finland.

When taking command of his last ship he was removed from the Philadelphia to the New York service of the company. He is a native of Germany, now fifty-three years of age. BULLYING CHILDREN Try and Curtail the Everlasting "Don'ts." That sounds dreadful, does it not? But just ponder a moment over the treatment little ones receive all around us, and see if there is anything exaggerated in the expression, "Don't do this! Don't do that!" until the poor little ones hardly dare breathe let alone move, and in their troubled little minds it seems as though nothing was permissible to them, as though there were no room for them in the world. Parents and grown-ups will have nerves strung to the utmost tension, to which every noise seems positive pain, but why vent it all on the children? You could not use grown-ups in such a manner, but because the children are weak and helpless, and in your power, they must suffer. Let children be natural. Let them romp and play and be happy. It is their right. Children are human beings, and should be used as such, and kindness and consideration shown them will be amply repaid. Doing Things By Halves. A clergyman desired for his boy a practical education and conferred on the subject with the president of a business college. After a preliminary conversation, the minister suggested that the rates for tuition be cut in half on account of the nature of his profession. "But what will I get out of the transaction?" asked the educator blandly. "A sermon," suggested the minister, promptly, "whenever you are inclined to come and listen." "And when I do come, will you cut that in half also?" asked the college president, eagerly. "Coolie" is simply the Hindoo name for a day laborer. Are You Losing Looks or Strength? Once you were robust, bright and happy. To-day you are dull, worried, failing in vitality and appearance. Just when you should be at your best, you're played out and need a cleansing, bracing tonic. Your blood will soon return, you'll be yourself again if you regulate the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. A truly wonderful medicine. It searches out disease, positively drives away headache, weariness and lack of vital force. Give yourself a chance. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and watch the result. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

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