# THE MAN OF A THOUSAND

By M. QUAD

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They called him "Judge" Dale because in the far west you never "mister" a man when you can call him "colonel" or "judge." As James Dale looked more like a judge than a colonel, they called him as I have said. He was a mine owner, and when things went wrong he could make hot times for his engineers and foremen, but he didn't do it in a vulgar way. He was always a gentleman, even when he cussed the hardest. As a matter of fact, the judge's motto was "good form," and he carried it out in his clothes, his cigars, his dinners.

I have it on good authority that Judge Dale was not vulgarly startled when he received word from Denver that his handsome wife, to whom he had been married five years and who was visiting friends, had taken an old lover's arm and severed conjugal relations by eloping. He went through the daily routine just the same for two or three days, and he had the same placid look and the same even voice as he called his head clerk into the private office and said:

"Thomas, I am going away for a few days, and you will take charge."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, and the next morning the judge was on his way to Denver. He picked up his clew there without having elbowed anything or soiled the polish of his shoes. He met friends and talked politics and real estate and mines, and, lighting a fresh cigar, he took a train for the east. Arriving in New York city, he paid a detective to locate the couple.

A steamer was sailing for the Mediterranean at the end of the fourth day, and when she departed the judge was one of her passengers. There were more than a hundred others, and as the weather was also stormy for the first two or three days out no one commented on the fact that the passenger who was registered as Major Davis stuck close to his cabin and had his meals brought to him by a steward. Judge Dale had changed his name, but he had no idea of changing his identity. There were laughter and conversation and a clatter of dishes as all the passengers finally gathered for dinner for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook. To the right of the captain sat one of the handsomest ladies and one of the finest looking gentlemen on the list; but, taken altogether, it was a grand array of wealth and culture. Dinner was fairly under way and the lady on the captain's right was beaming when she happened to cast her eyes down the table, and her face went as white as death in a second. Half a dozen people caught her words as she whispered to her supposed husband:

"John, there is the judge!"

The man looked, and the color went out of his cheeks and his jaw fell. Near the foot of the table sat the man who had taken a new name. He was cool and placid, and only the ghost of a smile hovered around his mouth. He looked the woman and the man full in the eyes for a minute, but made no sign of recognition.

"What is it?" asked the captain as "Mrs. Bemis" shuddered and gasped and seemed on the point of fainting.

"A—a sudden illness—heart trouble!" she stammered as she left the table for her stateroom.

At every meal Major Davis faced the guilty pair. Some of the passengers suspected nothing, but others insisted that there was a queer mystery afoot. The major gave nothing away. It wouldn't have been good form. The woman avoided him as far as possible, but two or three times a day he found excuse to speak to her.

The steamer was to call at the Azores. One morning about 10 o'clock she made harbor, and it was given out aboard that she would not get away before midnight. Everybody was anxious for a brief run ashore—everybody but Mrs. Bemis. She feared that she might overexert and bring on another attack of heart trouble. Mr. Bemis had decided to stay with her when Major Davis hunted him out and said:

"I trust you will make one of a little party going ashore, and that you will bring your revolver along as I shall mine?"

"The party is—is"— began Mr. Bemis as his face blanched.

"A very exclusive one—just the two of us, you see. You have a pistol, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Ah, of course! We may find game, you know. Do you wish to speak to your wife first?"

"No."

"She's gone to lie down, eh? Well, let's be off."

The two engaged a boat as soon as landing and pulled away to a wooded cape, and two hours later a dead man was brought back in the boat. It was Mr. Bemis. He had accidentally shot himself while shooting at a bird.

When the accident became known and it was found that Mrs. Bemis was to go on with the ship instead of ashore to see her husband to his last resting place, there was an outcry over her want of feeling, but it did not reach her ears. She was in the stateroom under the doctor's care, and none of the passengers saw her again. When the major had finished his work at the island he took a steamer for New York and home, and upon entering his office at the usual hour and in the usual way he said to his chief clerk:

"Thomas, I am back and feeling better. Bring me the balance sheets for the past four weeks."

## GRANDEUR IN GLACIERS.

### The Alpine-like Scenery in Mount Rainier National Park.

Mount Rainier National park is situated in western Washington, about fifty-six miles southeast of the city of Tacoma. It has an area of 207,360 acres and comprises Mount Rainier and all its approaches, including one of the largest glacier systems in the world radiating from any single peak.

Surrounding the mountain are beautiful forests of fir and cedar, and in the natural parks below the snow line are luxuriant fields of wild flowers of all colors and descriptions. The lower altitudes of the park are densely timbered with fir, cedar, hemlock, maple, alder, cottonwood and spruce. The forested areas, extending to an altitude of about 6,500 feet, gradually decrease in density of growth after an altitude of 4,000 feet is reached, and the high, broad plateaus between the glacial canyons present incomparable scenes of diversified beauties, seemingly arranged to suit every taste.

These "parks," as they are called, are studded here and there with lakes and streams bordered with clumps of picturesque Alpine firs and gorgeous beds of wild flowers, and in numerous instances apparently tender blossoms will be found pushing their heads out from under the snow.

The general elevation of the glacial valleys at the boundary lines of the park is about 2,000 feet above sea level. These valleys afford a comparatively easy grade to the lower ends, or "snouts," of the various glaciers, approximately an average additional elevation of 2,000 feet. At these glacier snouts the real Alpine nature of Mount Rainier National park territory is thrust upon the traveler, and from, over, around and alongside the glaciers trails have been constructed with a view to making the wonders of nature within the park easily accessible as well as to provide patrol routes for the protection of the forests and game.

## OUR FIRST POLICEWOMAN.

### "About as Terrible as a Kitten," Yet Praised by English Observers.

It was in a school at Salt Lake City, Utah, early in 1913, that I chanced upon Mrs. Wells, the first American to conceive the idea of adding women to the police force and the first woman to be so appointed. When I was told of her profession my imagination flew to the typical figure of a policeman in London, and I pictured her a strapping Amazon in uniform, baton at waist, helmet on head and on her feet the boots so familiar to us in the stage farce.

When I encountered my first policewoman I was disillusioned. I found her not an amazon, but a slightly built active woman a little over five feet in height. Her age was between thirty-five and forty. She had a pleasant, firm voice and bright blue eyes, which seemed to me to be more than usually observant. As one newspaper described her, she was "about as formidable as a kitten."

She had come to Salt Lake City at the request of the civic authorities to tell them of her duties, as they were considering the question of appointing women to the police force there. Her work at Los Angeles, Cal., had been so widely appreciated and her superiors in office had received so many letters of inquiry regarding it from the authorities of other towns that they decided to allow her six months' leave of absence in order that she might travel and tell other municipal authorities about her work.—Lady Darwin in Nineteenth Century.

### Clearing Themselves.

Among the many means adopted for expressing grief upon the death of a relative perhaps as interesting a one as any is that met with in the neighborhood of the Tully river, in Queensland. Here two, three or four of the deceased friends or relatives will squat close together, with hands on each other's shoulders, bewailing for hours at a time the loss of the dear departed. It is not the virtues of the latter that are in any way extolled, however. What these mourners are really taking care to do is to show that they and the deceased were always good friends. Their object in all this is to prove to the outside public that they have had nothing to do with the encompassing of the death.—Wide World Magazine.

### An Excellent Reason.

One of the stories about the late Sir Douglas Straight, the veteran journalist, relates to one of the early papers he was connected with.

He was crossing Waterloo bridge one day with a friend when he suddenly marched up to a couple of newsboys and soundly boxed their ears.

His friend, amazed at this proceeding, naturally asked him what he meant by it. "They were selling your paper," he pointed out.

"Yes, I know they were," was the reply, "but they weren't shouting it loud enough!"—London Globe.

### A Case in Point.

"Johnnie," said a teacher in a physiology class, "can you give a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed conditions?"

"Yes-sum," said Johnnie; "my aunt gained fifty pounds in a year and her skin never cracked."

### Then Another Started.

She (after the quarrel)—I'll promise always to keep my temper in the future, dear. I can't do more than that.

He—Oh, yes, you can! You can keep your word.—Boston Transcript.

Absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.—Cowper.

# How Mr. Harding Conducted the Defense

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

"Mr. Harding," said Captain Wainwright, handing his glass to his first mate, "what do you think of that thing over there?"

"I think," said Harding, "that it is one of those devilish Chinese pirates that infest these waters."

This dialogue occurred on the American tramp steamer North Star in the Java sea, a region dreaded by mariners for the villainous characters who infest it.

"What do you think of our chances in case they attack us?" asked the captain.

"That depends on our ingenuity. We can't sink them before they reach us. We'll have to prevent their boarding us if we can, and if they board us we will have to fight them for our lives."

"How can we prevent their boarding us?"

"By so manning the points they attempt to climb that they can't get on deck. One American sailor armed should be able to keep off three Chinamen from climbing a perpendicular ship's side. But excuse me, captain. I see that the villains are pointing for us; I must go below and order up the arms."

Harding left the captain peering at the junk. It was a small vessel, smaller than the North Star, but its deck was literally swarming with copper colored fiends ready for loot and murder. It had no ordnance of any caliber; it had been armed and equipped by men who had no especial means to equip it, and, as Harding said, relied on taking such ships as it could overpower by boarding.

Soon after the first officer had gone below the men began to bring up guns, pistols and cutlasses and distributed them, with ammunition to fit, along the bulwarks.

"Where's Mr. Harding?" the captain demanded of one of the men. "What's he doing below when we're in peril for our lives?"

"He's in the engine room," was the reply.

At that moment a diabolical shout went up which diverted the captain's attention from the delinquent Mr. Harding. It was a bloodthirsty cry of triumph. The pirates, having come near enough to the North Star to make sure that she had no means of sinking her adversary, were in a very hilarious state. Their junk was a tolerably good sailer, and the wind was fair to enable them to bear down on their enemy. The North Star, though a steamer, was a tub and could barely do seven miles an hour.

On came the junk, her murderous crew dancing and shouting and chattering and brandishing their weapons. The captain of the North Star was so terrified that he took no action whatever, but the second officer, Mr. Meiggs, was quietly arranging the men in groups along the bulwarks and giving them their orders. There were a few hand grenades in the stock of explosives, and Meiggs ordered them on to the forecastle, where it was expected the Chinamen would attempt to climb the bowsprit chains, for the North Star was part steamer and part sailer. The crew was divided into two sections, the one for'ard, the other aft.

"Why are you leaving the ship clear for the devils amidships, Mr. Meiggs?" wailed the captain. "Don't you suppose they've got sense enough to come aboard where they have the least height to climb?"

"It's Mr. Harding's orders, sir."

"Harding's orders? What's he doing giving orders from the engine room?"

Again the captain's attention was distracted by a yell from the pirates, who were right under the North Star's stern. There was a volley from the men posted there, and a grappling hook that was thrown and caught on the gunwale was cast off.

Then the Chinamen were seen taking to their boats with the evident intention of stringing the fight out so far that the little crew of the North Star would not be able to keep them off from all points at once. A boat load of men well armed and with hooks and rope ladders attacked the stern, another the bow, while a boat was sent on each side.

At this time Harding, dragging a hose, and the fireman, dragging another, came up the companionway.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the captain.

Harding had no time to reply in words, but he did reply in action. Two or three of the Chinamen had climbed up the unprotected port side, and one of them had a leg over the gunwale. Harding let drive at him with a half inch jet of steam from the boiler, and he went back over the side, doubtless glad to get into the cold water below. At the same time the fireman opened up on another party about to jump down on to the deck on the starboard side. Both Harding and the fireman, having cleared the gunwale, carried the nozzle to the side and, pointing the stream downward, gave a death scald to every one in the boats below. The bow and stern being well protected by legitimate arms of warfare and the sides being impregnable against a jet of hot steam, the pirates withdrew.

Harding, who had saved the ship by his admirable foresight and resource, became the idol of the crew, while all respect for the captain was gone. When the North Star sailed again from an American port Harding was her master.

## PLAYING GOLF.

### The Game Demands Concentration, Yet Invites Sociability.

"One thing at a time, and that done well," is a very good rule in golf, as in many other lines of either work or play. I speak of this because golf is a game in which the relationship between players is a bit different from what it is in any other game that comes to my mind. It is a game which to reap the best results demands great concentration and yet a game which at times is played wonderfully well by those who seem to be paying scant attention to the task in hand.

The game one moment brings men together and next sends them apart, according to the direction in which they happen to hit the ball. Two men can start from the same tee, be two hundred or more yards apart after their drives and both be on the same green after playing their second shots.

It is a game which invites sociability and yet does not either demand or require it. One man can go out and play all by himself and thoroughly enjoy his game, or two men can go out, play a round together, neither speak a word between the first tee and the last green, yet both go into the clubhouse and declare they had seldom or never spent a more enjoyable time.—Francis Ouimet in St. Nicholas.

## ATLANTIC OCEAN RECORDS.

### Vessels That Won Fame by Reducing the Time of the Trips.

In the early days of Atlantic steam navigation anywhere from ten days to a fortnight was used up between New York and England, and on the eastward voyage it was by no means unusual for some of the sailing packets of Grinnell and Minturn, red, white and blue swallowtail burgee, and of Tommy Tapscott, black ball on burgee and foretopsail, to beat the lumbering sidewheelers.

The first steamer to cut under the ten day voyage was the Persia in 1856, with 9 days, 1 hour and 45 minutes. This remained a record for ten years, until the Scotia in 1866, 8 days, 2 hours and 48 minutes, lopped off a whole day. Three years later the City of Brussels in 1869 established the seven day class, with 7 days, 22 hours and 3 minutes.

It was not until 1882 that the six day boat claimed the record, the Alaska, with 6 days, 18 hours and 37 minutes. The five day class was opened in 1889 by the City of Paris, with 5 days 19 hours 18 minutes. The first of the four day class was the Lusitania in 1908, with 4 days 15 hours. The record is now held by the Mauretania, with a passage in 1910 of 4 days, 10 hours and 21 minutes.—New York Sun.

### Care of Pearls.

One of the representatives of a famous jewelry firm gives a word of advice upon the preservation and treatment of pearls. Upon no account, he said, should they be locked up in a safe or other dark place for lengthy periods, since such treatment soon causes them to lose their "life" and become dull. If their fair owners find that for some reason or other they cannot wear them outside their garments they should make a point of wearing them underneath the dress next to the skin. Constant contact with the human skin gives to the stones light, luster, gloss and sheen. The best possible way to keep the pearls in a perfect state of preservation, as well as to prolong their life, is to wear them always, both by night and by day.—London Tit-Bits.

### The Cruel Lie.

When Disraeli was nearing his end a young disciple said to him: "Master, what is the unpardonable sin? Is it not a lie?" The astute and subtle statesman, in the shadow of the grave, where he saw with the clearer vision, looked at the young man with deep, unfathomable eyes and answered:

"No, a lie is not the unpardonable sin. The unpardonable sin is the cruel lie."

On the borders of that shadowy land where great things grow small and little things loom large on the horizon he had come to know that the crime that is not forgiven is the brutal instinct that impels us to wound, to embitter, to mortify.

### Emerson's Style.

Emerson's style was tersely summed up in the words of his dear friend Thomas Carlyle. Wrote the "Sage of Chelsea" of his friend's way of writing: "It is pure, genuine Saxon; strong and simple; of a clearness, of a beauty, but does not sometimes rightly stick together. The paragraphs are not beaten ingots, but beautiful square bags of buckshot held together by canvas."

### His Safety Deposit Vault.

"Yes, my son is going to spend a few days in the city."

"He'll get bunkoed sure."

"Well, he's sure of car fare home. He's wearing a ten dollar bill underneath a porous plaster on his chest."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### An Innocent Victim.

"This food problem is something awful!" exclaimed the querulous man.

"Still harping on the high cost of living?"

"No; my wife has decided to reduce her weight. I wouldn't care what food cost if she would only consent to buy it."—Washington Star.

### Somewhat Alike.

D'Auber—I have come to the conclusion that art doesn't pay.

Wigwag—I don't know about art, but I know lots of artists who don't.—Pittsburgh Press.

# David Smith, Able Seaman

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Captain Williams of the United States navy having had quite a long term of sea service was ordered to the command of one of the finest naval stations on the New England coast.

Miss Nellie Williams was in the heyday of youth, and visions of all sorts of pleasures danced in her head, the principal of which was flirting with the young officers with whom she would be thrown into contact. Her mother rejoiced that she would be able to introduce her daughter into society, which she could not have otherwise done because neither her husband nor herself had any fortune, and she was obliged to live a retired life.

But no sooner had the captain assumed command and his family been installed in the best quarters at the station than Miss Nellie must needs spoil it all by casting to the winds the most sacred traditions of the service. Of all the officers at the station, including several midshipmen of a suitable age to interest a girl of seventeen, not one succeeded in sufficiently engaging her attention to save her from bestowing not only it, but her whole heart, on an enlisted man.

No one can tell what a girl between fifteen and twenty is going to do, and when she does it no one can stop her. The difference in the navy between an enlisted man and an officer can best be illustrated by comparing a bramble bush with a pine tree. There are in these times many fine young men among the United States tars, but the grandson of a millionaire can no more overstep this sharply defined line between officer and enlisted man than can the cook in the galley.

A girl of seventeen is as easily caught as the stupidest fish that swims, and no one can tell who will catch her. Miss Williams one day went aboard a ship docked at the yard. And there she saw the young man who caught her. What it was in him that caught her no one could tell. True, he was a pretty boy, but there were other pretty boys who wore officers' uniforms, while the young man in question wore the sailor's cap, the blue flannel shirt with broad collar and the trousers tight about the hips and loose below the knee of a common sailor.

Now, Captain Williams, who found no difficulty in commanding his station, consisting of many strong men, found himself unable to discipline his daughter. He threatened, if ever she was caught speaking to the youngster again, to send her away. She made promises, but they were not kept. He would have ordered the sailor—David Smith was the name on his ship's roster—away from the station, but Miss Nellie's infatuation had become known and such action would be considered using official power to serve private interests, and the captain was very sensitive on such a point. Moreover, he feared that if he "put on the screws" his daughter might run away with the tar. This would not only tie her up to a common sailor, but a deserter.

How, when and where the tar and the captain's daughter contrived to hold their meetings no one knew. At least no one would tell. They had many adherents among the sailors, but none among the officers or their families. Finally it became apparent to Captain and Mrs. Williams that something must be done, and one morning Miss Nellie was informed that she was to be taken back to the quiet home.

There was nothing to do but submit, and what had promised to be such a fine thing for them ended in disappointment. And all this on account of Miss Nellie's having fallen in love with a common sailor instead of an officer.

One day Captain Williams received from Washington the discharge papers of a sailor named Howard Singleton. The discharge had been granted by the secretary of the navy at the request of the British minister. The case was brought to the commander's attention by the officer having the care of discharges because there was no such person as Howard Singleton at the station.

"Make inquiries for him," said the Captain; "he may have enlisted under an assumed name."

The officer retired and soon after returned with David Smith, able seaman. The captain, who knew him well, having had an interview with him concerning his daughter, looked at him in astonishment.

"Is your name Singleton?" asked Captain Williams.

"It is."

"Are you a British subject?"

"I am. My father is Sir Charles Singleton, a shipbuilder on the Clyde in Scotland. He builds ships for the British navy. I am to enter his service, but thought it better to learn something of warships by serving awhile on one of them. In the British navy I could not have preserved my incog, so I chose the United States service."

"Ahem! And you go from here to Scotland to enter your father's works?"

"I do. But after consultation with my father I shall return for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"To ask the hand of your daughter."

"Um," mumbled the captain. "Perhaps you'd better see your father about that."

Singleton went home, returned and took Nellie Williams back to Scotland with him.

## MONTENEGRO AN ODD LAND.

### [illegible] a Native There and You Will Find a "[illegible]."

Montenegro is one of the oddest countries in the world. There the women are the [illegible] the man, the king is greater than the ministry, the [illegible] and a man may be [illegible] for cutting [illegible]. A man who is struck may kill the striker provided it be done at once. [illegible] regarded as a murderer.

A Montenegrin's [illegible] as his purse can buy, and [illegible] parel proclaims the man. The [illegible] are the [illegible] of the peasant, as is the [illegible] [illegible] whether the [illegible] or be a man of substance and consequence or not. Among the women there are slighter distinctions.

The women engage in the productive pursuits, and yet the man [illegible] capacity and when taken from his bellicose environment of his mountain home becomes one of the best of workers. His 500 years of freedom have given the Montenegrin a fine sense of order, and it is a current saying along the Dalmatian coast that when a Montenegrin applying for a job is asked what he can do he invariably answers, "Superintend."

Respect for age is enjoined by law, and in the articles regulating public conveyances it is provided that the traveler may have the seat indicated by his ticket, but it is added, "The deference due by youth to age requires that the former yield the better place to their seniors." Another article declares the equality of all before the law and lays down the democratic principle of the universal ownership of land and the equal right of all to hold office.

## HOLDING THE BREATH.

### Simple Heart Test Used In Administering Anaesthetics.

Dr. W. A. Schtange describes in the Roussky Vratch an easy test which he has devised to determine whether a patient who has been told that he must undergo surgical treatment is in condition to survive the administration of an anaesthetic. If the patient is unable to hold his breath for twenty seconds the indications are that his heart is so weak that he could not be subjected to the strain likely to be imposed by the anaesthetic.

General anaesthesia is particularly dangerous to persons suffering from myocardial changes, a condition which does not permit of ready recognition. For this reason, the simple test suggested by Dr. W. A. Schtange will be welcome by the anaesthetist if extended experience should verify the doctor's assertions.

The test is based on the fact that a healthy person can suspend breathing from thirty to forty seconds. This, the author states, depends not on the lung capacity, but on the vigor of the heart muscle. In persons with weak hearts the time is shortened to twenty or even ten seconds. The patient, seated in a chair, is told to take a moderately deep inspiration and with the mouth closed to hold his breath as long as he can. The shorter the time the patient can suspend breathing the greater the danger of an anaesthetic, the latter being contraindicated if the time is less than twenty seconds.—New York Medical Journal.

### Vast Forests of Alaska.

We hear much concerning the rapid disappearance of our forests. The vast timbered area of the eastern and central portions of the United States is fast being transformed into a woodless country, becoming very thickly populated, and doubtless will never grow much timber again. In Alaska, which is one of our territories, the timber area is estimated to be somewhere near 30 per cent of the entire land, and there is considerably more than 100,000,000 acres of good woodland, with timber that is of such a value its real worth cannot be estimated. It will require years to even make any marked impression on such a vast forest.—Philadelphia North American.

### Mamma's Kiss.

This pretty child story is from the French:

A mother tells her little girl that because she has been naughty she will not kiss her for a week. Before two days have gone by the child's lips hunger so for her mother's kiss that she begs her not to punish her any more.

The mother says: "No, my dear. I told you that I should not kiss you, and I must keep my word."

"But, mamma, mamma," says the little girl, "would it be breaking your word if you should kiss me just once tonight when I'm asleep?"

### Wedding Presents.

Wedding presents originated in a feudal tribute from the vassals to their lord. When feudalism ceased the presents became voluntary. In the days of Queen Elizabeth a pair of knives or scissors was a common gift and symbolized the cutting of unfaithful love.

### With a String.

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?"

"Yes, my dear, but be careful and don't want anything you can't have."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Tie That Binds.

Wife—I am a bundle of nerves.

Sympathetic Husband—Well, so long as the string doesn't break you will be all right, my dear.—Judge.

Those who do nothing generally take to shouting.—Old Saying.