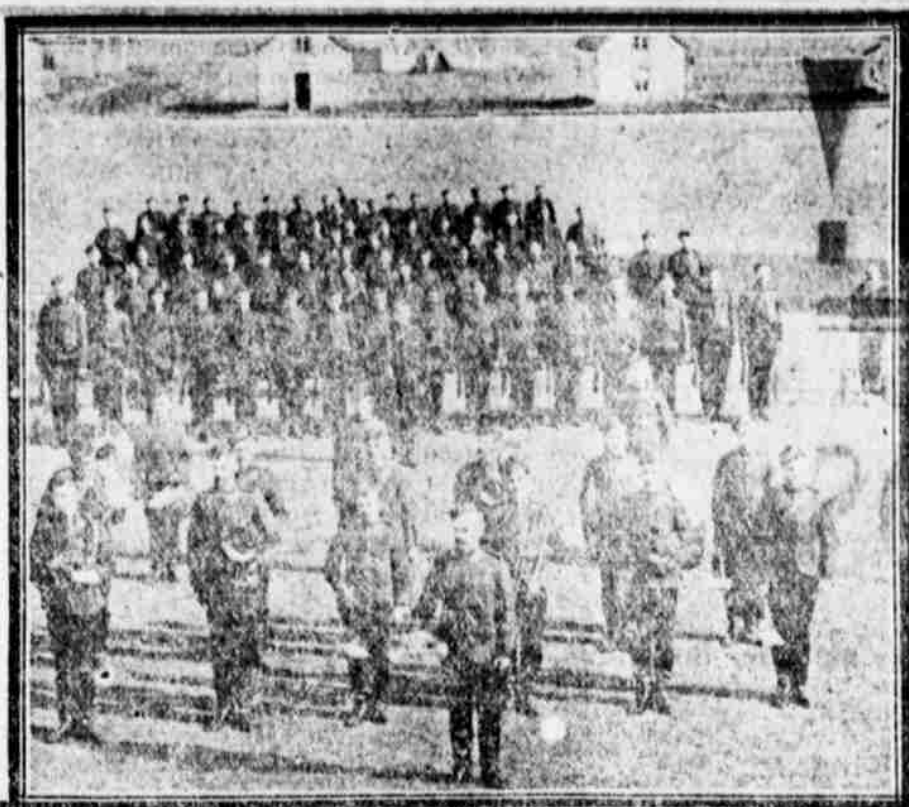


Watch Dogs of the Wilderness

By HERBERT VANDERHOOF
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LAND of infinite attraction and of infinite danger, a happy hunting-ground for the outlaw, a land of peril almost prohibitive to the peace-loving settler. That was western Canada 20 years ago. Now what country can point the parhelia finger? The beauty, the fascination, the amazing possibilities, realized and yet to be, re-

freight cars carry thousands of bushels of Alberta Red where not long since the buffalo browsed and the white tail deer wandered undisturbed. It will not



THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE IN DRILL



GUARD MOUNT AT A MOUNTED POLICE STATION

main, and with them and of them are ordered and orderly living.

If the story of how this came about is the story of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

The mounted police! Don't you remember when you were a little chap, how you looked after the uniformed man on the glossy bay as he cantered through the park, and how you had no dearer dream of glory than to be like him? Even now, don't you feel the old, boyish thrill at the sight of a blue-coated, erect figure in the saddle at a crowded city crossing? If you do not, you are a "grown up"—saddest of labels—and will journey no more to the Never-Never-land.

But for us "incurable children," the sight of the mounted policeman still catches at those old heartstrings. And if all this for the blue-coated, brass-buttoned horseman of the parks and boulevards, what of that other horseman, the one who rides alone with the stretch of endless prairie for his beat, with the criminal who holds a life at less than naught, his quarry? Surely even your dulled imagination, poor, to-be-pitied grown-up, can catch fire faintly from the gleam of his scarlet coat.

Recruited chiefly from the younger sons of well-to-do, and even titled, English families, the Northwest Mounted Police has long been an institution where an English university man can work off the bubbling froth of a drop of gypsy blood before settling down as head of a county family and warden of his church, in the main a collection of young men for whom the Red Gods call too wildly, men with a dare-devil dash in their make-up, who leave England because they are impetuous, or because of a row with their families, or for sheer love of adventure. Come with me to Regina or Edmonton and you will hear stories of men who gave the recruiting officer the name of plain John Smith with something of a cynical smile—and it was bad form for the recruiting officer to notice this smile—men who had a habit of reaching for a monocle that wasn't there, of talking with the correct London pronunciation, and thrashing the fellow-trooper who called attention to this fact.

And any story you ever heard of the heir-presumptive to an English marquise patrolling a 500-mile beat along the Arctic circle can be out-matched on the written records of the force, and in the memory of any officer. Fifteen years ago Englishmen of Kipling's "gentleman ranker" type made up fully half of the force, and the other half was composed of wild Irishmen with all their country's love of a fight, old plainmen and Indian fighters, the silent, steady-eyed, hard-riding men who gather on the frontier where the savage falls away before the ragged vanguard of civilization. And they have done their work so well that they are fast driving away their own excuse for being. The present northwest is no more what it was in 1874 than busy Winnipeg of to-day is the old Fort Garry to which the first troop of the "mounted" came 40 years ago. They have made western Canada what it is out of the lawless "territory"—an almost preposterous undertaking—one-quarter of the number of policemen in New York to govern a country 250,000 square miles larger than the United States!

In short, the mounted police have brought British law into western Canada, and firmly established it. The homesteader can go into any of the provinces and take out his claim, secure in the assurance that he can work his land undisturbed and harvest his crop unfettered. The homesteader is doing it by thousands, and the last West is vanishing. The frontier—the last frontier of America—is being prosaically plowed by the practical man in blue overalls, who doesn't carry even a hunting knife, except to cut off his chew of Granger Twist.

The Indian has been reduced to his lowest terms. When men of the United States were building the Union Pacific across the plains, they were obliged to employ Gode's troops to guard the builders. If the ghosts of the dead who died violently in that first five years' fight for the west were to line up along the right of way there would be almost enough of them to mark the miles.

On a 30-mile ride from the North Saskatchewan last fall, I met dozens of teams driven almost wholly by Indians and half-breeds. They were hauling the long logs that were to be driven twenty to thirty feet into the sands of the Saskatchewan to carry the false work of the Grand Trunk Pacific's steel bridge.

What a contrast! Instead of hindering, as was once the case, the northern Indians are helping to build the railroad. In the construction of the new government transcontinental line, the Indians are employed wherever they can be used, for the road is being rushed with all possible speed consistent with good work. The Indians are useful, also, to the pathfinders as guides; they know the forests of new Canada; they know the mountain fastnesses of the Peace river, and they know all the crooks and canyons of the Coast Range. In short, the red man of today is the trusted guide and faithful servant of the pathfinder. He hunts for the white man still, but quite differently from the way he used to hunt for the pioneers of old.

Thanks to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, civilization's house is in order. To day the long network of the mounted will be a

thing of the past as well. Commissioner Perry's report states that the present arrangement ends on March 31, 1911. What after that?

Their work is done. The spirit of adventure which brought the men of 1874 to Red River Settlement will live the hardest on to still more distant fields. The scarlet tunic will be seen no longer, except in the pages of some historical source book; but the work of these silent, steady-eyed men will live forever, a record of tireless, fearlessness, unflinching courage and patience—the making of a new and great empire. Change has already come to the mounted. The days when a scant 30 men were magistrates, doctors, coroners, explorers, surveyors, mining recorders, crown-land agents, revenue and customs officers, telegraphers, scouts, riders, drivers, boatmen, canoe-men, marines and sailors, dog-boys, mail-carriers, couriers, public health and animal-quarantine officers, probate and forest-fire guardians, constables and soldiers for one-third of the British Empire are passing with every new mile of railroad. The border "wolfers," the cattle "rustler," the whisky trader, the fighting Indian, the whole band of swaggering ruffians who used to give zest to life in the "territory" has largely passed away, or been crowded northward and westward toward the mining camps of Alaska and the Yukon. The reckless daring, the robust hardihood and picturesque of the force necessarily have somewhat changed in the development of the thoroughly civilized new north-west. Now the young fellows are getting their breaking in among the settled districts, while the old stagers are stationed to the north and west where there is still the "frontier" on the edge of untraversed wilderness.

For the purposes of the new order of things, it is a thoroughly competent and efficient force, as it was in the days of the Territory. The members must pass a physical and mental examination which guarantees that I came upon one of them in a moment of leisure studying a text-book on the common law, and he showed me some examination questions which implied that he must know how to conduct a cross-examination in open court so as to avoid what are known in the law as "leading questions." And any lawyer will be impressed when I say that every mounted policeman must know how to take a murdered man's dying declaration in such a manner that it can be presented as evidence in court. The reason for this is that he combines the functions of a policeman with those of a petty magistrate.

And this arrangement, whereby the same man could arrest you, and then try you himself, and finally put you in prison and be your keeper, was an ideal arrangement in the days when justice was a justice of the saddle, and all the more desirable for being summary. Although there are regular civil courts in the southern portion of Canada now, in the far north the duties of the mounted policeman are still as varied as those of Gilbert and Sullivan's Pooh-Bah. Primarily he keeps order—after that, he does everything that ought to be done, and that it isn't any one else's duty to do. And when some one else leaves his duty undone, the mounted policeman takes it up and finishes it. When the mail-carrier, who covers the North Country on dog sledges, reaches the most northern limit of his route, the mounted policeman takes over the bags, and goes 500 miles farther north with them. Not long ago a letter came to my hands from the Leffingwell polar expedition, in which the writer stated that he would take five dogs and a companion and travel 300 miles over the ice to mail the letter. When the letter reached its destination, the envelope bore the stamp of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who evidently had received it at one of their posts in the arctic, and then had carried it by dog-train from the ice fields to railway connection.

It is all in the day's work to them. They will undertake anything, from minding the baby to hanging a man, with equal placidity, and put it through without flinching an eyelash. They have done their part to demonstrate that the one thing on this earth longer than the equator is the arm of English justice. Less than three years ago a mounted policeman tracked a Yukon murderer over 6,000 miles, caught up with him in Mexico, brought him back by way of Jamaica and Halifax, avoiding United States soil to prevent extradition complications, and hanged him within sight of the scene of his crime.

There has never been a lynching in Canada. Put that down to the credit of the mounted police, who administered justice so successfully that there was never any temptation for the work to be taken up by private enterprise. There was never any parallel for the experience of Blamark, North Dakota, where it is said the first 24 graves were those of men who had died by violence. Toward the Indians, the mounted police maintained a tradition of stern vigilance which prevented anything like the costly Indian wars which the United States waged up to a few years ago. There was never in the history of Canada a train robbery such as still feature the headlines of United States newspapers from time to time. The desperado of every type had a healthy respect for the mounted policeman and preferred to conduct his little enterprises south of the border.

Canadians are particularly fond of telling the newly arrived American about the troop of American cavalry—a whole troop, mind you—who tenderly escorted a band of "bad Indians" bent on crossing the border, to the Canadian boundary line. They were met by a single mounted policeman.

"Are you ready for these Indians?" asked the American officer.

"Yes, sir," responded the policeman.

"They're a bad lot. Where is your escort stationed?"

The trooper smiled faintly under his mustache. "Why, Scott's having his horse shod, and I guess Murray's over getting a drink. They'll be along in a minute."

And when presently Scott and Murray came placidly on the scene that troop of cavalry sat on their horses and watched the band of Indians they had so carefully guarded, depart over the yellow prairie under the charge of three men.

The American officer watched them dwindle to a dot across the level. Then his feelings found speech. "Well I'm damned!" he said. "And the troop rode away."

Again, old Pie-a-pot and several hundred of his tribe were making serious trouble along the railroad then under construction, and the mounted police promptly rode out to the Indian village with an order for the tribe to break camp and take the trail to the north, away from the line.

When the policeman explained the order to him, Pie-a-pot laughed and turned away. The other Indians jeered and discharged their guns in the air. The two policemen sat still.

"I will give you just 15 minutes to comply with the order," said the sergeant quietly.

When the 15 minutes were up, he dismounted, walked over to the chief's tepee, and with calm deliberation kicked out the key-pole of the lodge, bringing the whole structure down—poles, war bonnets, drying skins, kettles and all—in a miscellaneous heap.

Pie-a-pot did some deep and rapid thinking. A gesture to his young men would have sent a number of bullets into each of the quiet, untroubled men who were systematically going through the camp, kicking out the key-pole of each tepee. But the Indians of the northwest had learned that sooner or later justice was done by the mounted police, and Pie-a-pot never made that gesture. He gave in, and in sullen silence the camp collected its scattered effects and turned their ponies' heads north.

Not so fortunate was the attempt of Sergt. Colebrook to arrest a fugitive Cree Indian named Almighty Voice.

Almighty Voice had stolen a steer, and Sergt. Colebrook, with a half-breed companion, rode across the prairie to arrest him. The policeman instructed the half-breed to tell the Indian that they had come to arrest him, and that he must go with them. The Cree replied: "Tell him that if he advances I will kill him!"

Instantly the half-breed covered the Indian with his rifle, but Colebrook promptly ordered him to desist, for Almighty Voice must be taken alive. Then he rode deliberately forward upon the muzzle of the Cree's rifle, and, sooner than submit to the shame of arrest, Almighty Voice fired. A year later, however, the Indian was surrounded in a pit where he had taken refuge. The police brought up their field guns and shelled the pit, killing Almighty Voice and thus avenging Sergt. Colebrook's death. The outcome of this incident served to prevent serious trouble with the Indians, who were all in a more or less sulky and unsettled mood at the time.

How greatly the Indians have come to respect the just and impartial administration of the law by the mounted police was shown when one of Mecasto's band escaped from the guardroom at Macleod after having been tried by the police on a charge of theft and convicted. When he returned to Mecasto's camp, the chief who had attended the trial at which the fugitive was convicted had been so deeply impressed by the impartial nature of the proceedings and by the fair administration of justice that he promptly delivered him up again at the fort gate to the officer in command.

Perhaps the greatest achievement which the police ever undertook was accomplished when they persuaded Sitting Bull and his band of between five and six thousand hostile Sioux to return and surrender to the United States authorities when they had taken refuge in Canada after the memorable massacre of Gen. Custer and his command. Commissioners from the United States had visited Sitting Bull and had negotiated with the chief for his return and surrender, to no avail. The police, however, by infinite tact and diplomacy, and because in their previous transactions they had won the confidence of the Indians of the northwest at length succeeded in inducing Sitting Bull and his hostile braves to return peacefully to the United States, an exploit of which any body of men might be proud.

When the Boer war broke out, England called for the mounted police to help her there. One-third of them, practically the pick of the force, went out. Very few of them ever came back. Many were offered commissions, and some accepted. Wherever there is trouble, there the mounted police are the answer to the problem, as they have been in western Canada for 30 years, from the time of the Riel rebellion up to to-day.

The story of the mounted has its shadows. Men grew tired of the loneliness and deserted at times; men who had lost all—love, hope, ambition—quietly went away into the wilderness and blew out their brains. The life was unsettling; men could not leave it and take up clerical work or farming, because adventurers are not built that way.

But, shadows and all, the story of the Canadian mounted police is one of the most gorgeous tales since the days of the Spanish Main. And the spirit of the force is best embodied in that message found scrawled on the orders of a policeman who perished in a blizzard while making his way with dispatches to a distant post. In his last moments with numbed hand he had written: "Lost, horse dead. Am trying to push ahead. Have done my best."

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

Ex-senator Allen will make the address at the soldiers' memorial exercise in Omaha, May 30th.

At the recent election in Lincoln the anti-saloon forces were successful, and thus the town will remain dry.

O. Peterson of Humboldt is in jail at Beatrice awaiting trial on the charge of voting illegally at the city election at Humboldt.

Sheriff John L. Schiek arrived in Beatrice from Marysville, Kas., having in custody Albert Craig, wanted there for alleged bootlegging.

The fireman on Missouri Pacific freight train No. 164 in coming down Freeling hill just above Beatrice was taking a drink of water out of the hose, when the rolling motion of the engine caused him to lose his footing and he fell off the engine. His injuries were not serious.

The supreme court has affirmed the decision of the district court of Douglas county in favor of Maria Gugler against the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company. The plaintiff was injured by a fall from a street car which was caused, she alleged, by the car starting as she attempted to alight.

The state board of agriculture will hold another boys' acre corn contest this year, offering prizes for those who grow the most corn on a single acre of ground. A similar contest was held last year. There were over ninety entries and there were eighteen returns.

The dwelling house occupied by William Losey in the eastern part of Burchard was burned to the ground with most of its contents. The fire originated from a lamp in the hands of two small children, who were looking for some clothing in a closet, in the upper story of the building.

A Serbian named Jacob Ureck made complaint in the county court at Hastings that he had been robbed of \$1,500 in gold at Kenesaw. He had about \$4,000 in gold coin sewed in his garments and claimed that some one or more persons in Kenesaw helped themselves to part of it while searching through his effects for a watch which he was accused of having stolen. Deputy Sheriff Neils recovered \$1,015 of the missing coin. The persons who delivered it to him said they found it where it had evidently fallen out of the Serbian's wagon.

Probably the highest price ever paid in Johnson county for an unpedigreed hog, bought for market, was one day last week when L. A. Hanks, buyer at Cook, paid Sam Wilson, farmer and stockman, \$69 for a single porker. The hog weighed 690 pounds. Mr. Wilson sold Mr. Hanks four hogs that day that brought him \$205.

Luke Kirk of Syracuse was brought to Nebraska City and taken before the commissioners of insanity and declared insane. He was ordered to be taken to the asylum.

Postmaster W. J. Cook of Blair is in receipt of a letter advising him that he had been recommended to the postmaster general for reappointment, Senator Burkett concurring in the recommendation.

Over 500 teachers were in attendance at the Southwestern Nebraska Teachers' association, in session at Alma three days. Governor Shallenberger, J. L. McBrien and other prominent men of the state were on the program.

At a meeting of members of Company F at Madison it was decided to make formal request of Adjutant General Hartigan to permit the company to disband, and in accordance with such decision Mayor Charles Fraser notified the department at Lincoln of the action.

The Mercy Sisters of Omaha formally opened the Alliance hospital at Alliance under the name of Mercy hospital. It will now be in full charge of these sisters with a competent staff of physicians and surgeons and will supply the hospital demand of western Nebraska and the eastern part of Wyoming and southern South Dakota.

In two weeks the fine new depot which the Union Pacific has built at Central City will be ready for occupancy. The new depot is of brick, with a large center structure fronted by four massive stone columns, and has an ample wing at either end.

All present indications point to the building of a new alfalfa meal mill in Plattsmouth.

Fire destroyed four stacks of wheat and part of the threshing outfit of Frank W. Barcal, near Linwood.

The Nebraska Stock Growers' association convention, which is held yearly in Alliance in June, has been deferred until July 5, 6 and 7, and the citizens' committee have secured \$3,000, with more promised, to make the three days a continuous celebration of such kind that it will be the main event in northwest Nebraska.

A fare of 1 1/2 cents a mile, or 3 cents the round trip, will be in effect from all points east of the Missouri river to Omaha during the Northwestern Saengerfest, which will be held there for four days, beginning July 20.

The Important Problem

confronting anyone in need of a laxative is not a question of a single action only, but of permanently beneficial effects, which will follow proper efforts to live in a healthful way, with the assistance of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, whenever it is required, as it cleanses the system gently yet promptly, without irritation and will therefore always have the preference of all who wish the best of family laxatives.

The combination has the approval of physicians because it is known to be truly beneficial, and because it has given satisfaction to the millions of well-informed families who have used it for many years past.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Treatment for Lump Jaw.

Lump jaw is due to a fungus which is usually taken into the animal's system in feed consumed. Lump jaw is liable to affect the glands of the throat or the bones of the head, writes Doctor David Roberts in American Cultivator. It is not advisable to keep an animal thus afflicted lingering in a herd. On the other hand it is advisable to either treat such an animal or kill it, as such animals invite diseases into the herd, owing to the fact that they are so reduced in vitality that they have no resisting power. A remarkably large per cent. of such cases can be successfully treated if taken in time by opening up the enlargement and washing it out with a strong antiseptic solution, like five of carbolic acid in water, and putting the animal on a tonic. In this way the afflicted animal is not only saved, but the entire herd is protected against disease.

Good Law That Should Be Enforced.

Anti-spitting ordinances, laws and regulations in more than five-eighths of the cities and towns of the country are not enforced as they should be, alleges the National Association for the Study of Tuberculosis in a recent report. While most of the larger cities of the United States have such laws on their books, in the great majority of cases they are ignored or overlooked. The report covers in detail the enforcement of the anti-spitting ordinances in 80 of the largest cities in the country. During the year 1909 in these 80 cities, 3,421 arrests were made for violation of the laws regarding spitting in public places. Over 2,900 convictions were secured and \$4,109.87 was collected in fines.

Where She Scored.

Sheldon Kerruish tells this story on his esteemed father: "One day a long time ago, a number of children in our neighborhood were talking about the bad habits of their parents.

"My father smokes 15 cigars a day," said a little girl, boastfully like.

"My father swears something awful when supper is late," said another.

"My papa came home tight the other night," remarked a third.

"It was my little sister's turn next."

"You just ought to see my papa read Cicero," she said, and all the other little girls retired in confusion, gladly admitting that sister had won the prize."—Cleveland Leader.

The Flippancy of John.

Mrs. Mott—What is a sympathetic strike, John?

Mott—A sympathetic strike, my dear, is being touched for a quarter by a beggar with a hard-luck story.

Don't try to mold another to your ideal, but remold your ideal according to what he is.

MISCHIEF MAKER

A Surprise in Brooklyn.

An adult's food that can save a baby proves itself to be nourishing and easily digested and good for big and little folks. A Brooklyn man says:

"When baby was about eleven months old he began to grow thin and pale. This was, at first, attributed to the heat and the fact that his teeth were coming, but, in reality, the poor little thing was starving, his mother's milk not being sufficient nourishment.

"One day after he had cried bitterly for an hour, I suggested that my wife try him on Grape-Nuts. She soaked two teaspoonfuls in a saucer with a little sugar and warm milk. This only ate so ravenously that she fixed a second which he likewise finished.

"It was not many days before he forgot all about being nursed, and has since lived almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. Today the boy is strong and robust, and as cute a mischief-maker as a thirteen months old baby is expected to be.

"We have put before him other foods, but he will have none of them, evidently preferring to stick to that which did him so much good—his old friend Grape-Nuts.

"Use this letter any way you wish, for my wife and I can never praise Grape-Nuts enough after the brightness it has brought to our household." Grape-Nuts is not made for a baby food, but experience with thousands of babies shows it to be among the best, if not entirely the best in use. Being a scientific preparation of Nature's grains, it is equally effective as a body and brain builder for grown-ups.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.