

settled again comfortably in his big arm chair and drew a gray woolen robe over his knees. He must be careful not to take cold, he explained. I asked him about the big pile of letters. "My international correspondence," he said, as happy as a child. "Why, I have more correspondents than 'The Boston Post,' 'New York Herald,' and 'Chicago Record-Herald' combined. Everybody writes to me, it seems, and I get things going through the Lend a Hand clubs. Here is a letter from Tiflis: earthquake there; funds are needed. And here's one from Liberia: rice crop has failed there. Here's one from Dr. Grenfell, about reindeer needed in Labrador to take the place of the dogs, on the dog sleds. Here are others, for money, counsel, or sympathy. Each call is prayerfully considered in this work room, and appeals come from America, Asia, Australia, and Africa."

For a thousand men who write books there is but one corner of phrases that really live. With some literary goldsmiths phrase making is a delicate art; but Dr. Hale uses the hammer blows of the black-

smith, and forges great, strong things that endure for years. He hits off a thing at a stroke. He makes you think of Ben Franklin's homely philosophy. There is something of the aptness of biblical truth about Dr. Hale's way of making things stick. He puts together a hundred words and cuts them down to three; paragraphs become sentences, sentences words. His sentiments appeal to love of home, love of country, love of the fireside. His story with the apt title, "The Man Without a Country," has made America his debtor. It is nearly forty years since Dr. Hale named another of his stories "In His Name," and soon after he brought out another called "Ten Times One Are Ten." These simple expressions were big with meaning. To refer to some one as "a man without a country," is to preach a terrible lesson of patriotism, and to say "lend a hand" is to strike a fellow's heartstrings till they tingle.

When Dr. Hale wrote "Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; and lend a hand," he was doing a service to man-

kind. Thousands of men and women caught up the terse words and made them a rallying call. "Lend a Hand" clubs sprang into being everywhere, until they girdled the earth; "Ten Times One" clubs followed; "In His Name" clubs multiplied like the leaves in spring. To-day, the Maltese cross, sign of Dr. Hale's followers, is seen this wide world over. As president of the central organization, Dr. Hale has become a sort of pious tradition, a spiritual godfather to good people everywhere, who turn to him for advice. His mail, as we have seen, is international.

#### Practical Sentimentality

AND the thing is not merely sentimental; Dr. Hale is nothing if not practical. Why, the year the crops failed in Kansas, Dr. Hale's followers replied with carloads of clothing; next, an infirmary, founded by a Negro in Alabama, needed and received help; then a floating hospital was endowed; Helen Keller wore the Maltese cross when she

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## SENTINELS OF THE NORTH

By CY WARMAN

THE record of the Northwest mounted police since they were first organized and began their celebrated march toward the Rockies in July, 1874,—then two hundred and seventy-four strong,—is unique, and in point of achievement has probably been excelled by no other body of police the world over. With pardonable pride, Commissioner Perry in his recently issued annual report refers to the accomplishments of the force, and discusses the propriety of its continuance in a manner to which no one can take exception; and it is satisfactory to know that, at least while the great Northwest land is in a state of transition, the mounted police are to be maintained. They will follow the builders of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the new transcontinental railway, as Sherman's soldiers guarded the builders of the Union Pacific; but they will have little fighting to do. The "Bad Indian" has never been in evidence north of the forty-ninth. Critics of American methods argue that the docility of the northern Indian is due largely to the fact that he has always had a "square deal."

The secret of the success of the force may be traced to the high ideals of duty and pride in its traditions, which have been kept ever before it. From the day when the recruit enters the barracks at headquarters he is taught that his first duty is to know the law, and his second to see that it is observed with a single eye to justice being administered without fear or favor. In the six months of his probation the recruit is kept at headquarters and drilled with a thoroughness that would do credit to the best trained army. He is not only taught his duty as a member of the collective force; he is educated in the laws governing the territories, civil and commercial, and shown the necessity of being absolutely just in dealing with the rights of everyone, including those accused of wrong doing.

#### The Friend of the Newcomer

IN a land where he may have to act in emergencies, solely on his own initiative, in dealing with serious and complicated troubles, perhaps hundreds of miles from headquarters, and out of reach of the telegraph and the telephone, the mounted policeman requires this equipment, and, despite the oftentimes arbitrary character of the methods he is compelled to take, there have been few complaints of misconduct or misplaced zeal. Indeed, the man with the red tunic is everywhere regarded as a friend of the prospector for land, timber, or minerals, of the traveler for pleasure or sport, of the settler, of the traveling merchant—in fact, of everybody but the lawbreaker.

Wrong doing has been dealt with sharply and unflinchingly, no matter how remote the place, how dangerous the journey, or how great the cost. It took the mounted police in the Yukon eighteen months to hunt down the murderer O'Brien, who from ambush on the trail slaughtered a number of United States gold seekers that he might possess himself of their belongings. Many thousands of dollars were spent by the Dominion Government to accumulate the evidence that hanged the miscreant; but every Canadian considered the money well spent, even though the murdered persons were foreigners. The lesson had to be taught, as it had been taught again and again, that Canada is no place for the lawbreaker, and that his punishment is almost invariably swift and sure.

Last January Inspector Genereux, of Prince Albert, returned from a patrol to the Far North to inquire into a case of alleged murder. He was absent one hundred and thirty-two days, and traveled seventeen hundred and fifty miles by canoe and dog train. As a coroner, he held an inquest, and established that the death was accidental. It is no uncommon thing for a mounted policeman to have thrust upon him the duty of acting as undertaker, clergyman, and executor.

The commissioner strongly commends the heroic conduct of Constable Pedley, who was stationed at



Drawing by  
Arthur  
Heming

Fort Chippewyan, whose duty it was to accompany a lunatic from that far north point to Fort Saskatchewan. The solitary journey lasted from December 17 to January 7, and was accomplished by dog train, with only the companionship of an Indian interpreter. For days the party struggled through solitary wilds, in slush and water up to the knees, and though the lunatic had his feet frozen and his tongue was paralyzed so that he could not speak in several days, under expert treatment in Manitoba he speedily recovered both his mental and bodily faculties, and is now as well as ever. The mounted policeman saved the man's life at the risk of his own; but he suffered so much from the strain that he too lost his reason for some months. With careful attention, however, he fully recovered—and reenlisted for another term.

The commissioner also highly praises the daring of Corporal Conradi, who by risking his own life saved the lives of a rancher, his wife, and ten children in a prairie fire.

The statistics of the force for last year indicate the social and moral condition of a rapidly developing country, and show how carefully the Canadian Government safeguards the interests of the settler. It is true that since 1900 the number of criminal convictions has greatly increased,—from nine hundred and thirty-six to three thousand seven hundred and

sixty-seven last year,—but the increase is only three hundred and two over 1904, which Commissioner Perry regards as highly satisfactory, considering that it is only an increase of nine per cent. in wrong doers, whereas the population increased twenty-five per cent.

The inspectors of the force are justices of peace, and travel to different points in their divisions to hold court. These officers, and sometimes the men, are called upon to act as arbitrators in the disputes that arise between settlers, especially those from European countries, and the experience thus gained is of value not only to the force, but to the Department of the Interior in dealing with problems arising among the newcomers.

#### Their Record in South Africa

THE mounted police are under the immediate supervision of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier. He readily consented to the formation of the Strathcona Horse, the magnificent troop raised in Canada for the South African war, and agreed that the command of this force, largely composed of members and ex-members of the mounted police, be given to Colonel Steele, a veteran of the force. Colonel Steele was selected subsequently as reorganizer and head of the South African police. The achievements of Strathcona's Horse demonstrated to the Empire the great advantage of educating and maintaining the mounted police as an auxiliary defense in time of external trouble.

After all, however, prospective settlers in Canada must always view the mounted police in the light of the best possible agents for insuring safety to their lives and properties, and making existence as tolerable on the far distant prairies as it is in the best policed centers of population in either the Old or the New World.

An Indian chief, addressing a mounted police officer in a friendly council, declared, "Before you came the Indian crept along; now he is not afraid to walk erect."

To which Commissioner Perry, head of the force to-day, can truthfully respond, "For thirty-one years neither white man nor Indian has been afraid to walk erect, whether he might be in the

great plains, in the Far North, or in the distant Yukon country."

#### First Duty Is to Die

THE Northwest policeman's first duty is to die, if that should be necessary. He is not allowed to shoot a desperado, go up, sit on his carcass, roll a cigarette, and then read the warrant. He must not shoot. At all events he must not shoot first, which is often fatal; for if there is a time when delay is dangerous it is when you are covering an outlaw.

Numbers of the force have been known to ride or walk into the very mouth of a cocked .45 Colt and never flinch. In about ninety-eight cases out of every hundred the man behind the gun weakened. In the other two cases he extended his lease of life, but made his going doubly sure. When a mounted policeman falls, the open space he leaves is immediately closed, for back of him stands the Dominion Government, and back of that the British Empire. So the desperado who thinks he can kill and get away has a hard time. If the police chase him out of the Dominion back to the islands, he is likely to fetch up at Scotland Yard. If his native village lies south of the forty-ninth, the Pinkertons take up his trail, and when all these forces are after a man his days are gliding swiftly by.