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THE
BOYS' BOOK
OF MOUNTED
POLICE

IRVING CRUIK

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**THE BOYS' BOOK OF
MOUNTED POLICE**



**READY FOR TROUBLE OF ANY KIND
A New York State Trooper With Service Outfit,
Without Blanket Roll and Saddle Bags**

THE BOYS' BOOK OF MOUNTED POLICE

BY

IRVING CRUMP

Author of "The Boys' Book of Firemen,"
"The Boys' Book of Policemen"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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TO
MY BROTHER
LESLIE CRUMP
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

W. W. Brewster

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

With the necessity of State Police organizations becoming more and more apparent now-a-days, and with no fewer than six States contemplating the establishment of some form of state-wide mounted patrol, gathering material for The Boys' Book of Mounted Police has not been a difficult task. The value of cavalry police to the individual, the community and to the State and Nation, as a result of the watchfulness and ability of the mounted men has been revealed to all who have had interest enough in the subject to study it.

For a generous fund of information on State Police I am especially indebted to the Bureau of State research of the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce.

Likewise I am greatly obliged to Adjutant General Henry Hutchings, of the State of Texas; Major George Fletcher Chandler, Superintendent of the New York State Troopers; Inspector Cornelius Cahalane, of the New York

Police Department; Mr. J. F. Kelly; and Señor Guillermo Diaz de Leon of Mexico City.

Of great value has been information contained in Arthur Lincoln Haydon's "Riders of the Plains," Yoakum's "History of Texas" and the "Manual" of the Royal North West Mounted Police.

I. C.

East Orange, 1917.

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**THE BOYS' BOOK OF
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CHAPTER I

“NO VIOLENCE!”

BOSS WATKINS settled down behind his desk and grasped a bunch of telegraph blanks that a hurrying copy boy brought from the wire room. He was about to begin his day's work; or rather his evening's work, for the *Morning Mail* staff began work at four o'clock in the afternoon and finished some time after midnight when the paper went to press to print the sheets that were to be bought and read the following morning at breakfast time.

Boss Watkins always began his day by scanning the telegraph news that had been received in the office since he left his desk the night before. Then after likewise scanning the Editorial room, to see that all his staff had reported

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ready for duty, he began his regular task of getting out the paper, for he was the City Editor.

However, on this particular afternoon he spent more time with the telegrams than usual, sorting out three of them and reading them over carefully. Then, with these still in his hand, he looked over the rims of his glasses at the line of desks in the room before him. We all knew immediately that he had something important in mind and those of us who were not hard at work typing out a story, watched him with interest, wondering who would get the assignment.

"Come here, Son," he said curtly (which was his way of summoning every one) and he crooked his finger at me.

"Look here, there's a strike brewing in Preston, Pennsylvania, and it looks as if there would be a lot of action. Perhaps riots. The last Preston strike was a corker, so I think it's worth having a man on the ground if this one breaks. And besides," he added, with just the suspicion of a wink, "Mr. Crawford's brother is a stockholder in several coal mines in Preston, so that is another good reason why we should publish

only accurate news of the strike. There's a—ah—oh, yes, a four-forty train that makes Faysville; there is no train for Preston tonight.”—He was scanning a time table as he spoke,—“You can motor over the mountain from there and make the mining town about midnight. Draw a hundred dollars from the cashier, get a taxi and make that train and wire a daily story until the strike is settled. S'long.”

I had twenty minutes to make the train after the unusually slow and methodical cashier had counted out my expense money and I had to hustle considerably to make it. The taxi bowled along through crowded streets at a perilous rate and pulled up in front of the railroad station just three minutes before train time. Buying a ticket lost precious moments and I just succeeded in slipping through the big iron-barred gate before it clanged shut leaving me to sprint up the long concrete platform and swing aboard the last car just as the train was getting under way.

After that the train hustled for me. There were few stops scheduled, fortunately, and at the rate the engineer drove the big steel giant

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that whisked us across country it was quite apparent that he meant to make the run on time if nothing interfered.

At ten-thirty that night, with the sigh of air, the hiss of steam and the crunching of brake shoes, we pulled into the lonesome and all but deserted station at Faysville. A single rattle box of an automobile was the only conveyance that met the train, and I hesitated a moment before suggesting that the driver take me over the lonesome mountain road to Preston.

But there seemed to be no alternative and since the man assured me that the machine was quite equal to the trip without falling apart, I bundled myself into the tonneau and resigned myself to the long ride, hoping possibly to catch a few winks of sleep meanwhile. Even a nap was impossible in that machine. It rattled and clanked in a most disconcerting manner and gave every indication of being in great danger of falling to pieces. It was some time before I could get rid of the expectation of finding myself sprawled out in the middle of the road surrounded by nuts and bolts and sections of tin.

It was a dismal, lonesome country we were traveling. Nothing could be seen through the darkness save the black outline of heavy timber silhouetted against the night sky, and our dimmed lights illuminated stretches of very uneven mountain road. For a long time the journey was up hill, but as soon as we reached the top of the ridge things became more interesting, for reaching north and south in the valley were flaring coke fires while below us and some distance off were the few lights that marked the town of Preston.

The old machine gained speed with the descent and we were rattling along merrily toward Preston, when suddenly with a jerk and the loud squeaking of rusted brake bands, the driver brought it to a stop. Out of the darkness, had come a command to halt, and the next moment a man in uniform, and mounted, moved into the illumination of our headlights.

I was surprised for the moment for he resembled in almost every detail a mounted man of a big city's police force, and I wondered what on earth he was doing up there in the wilds. He was dressed entirely in a blue uniform, and

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wore a high blue policeman's helmet. A night stick, or riot stick hung from his saddle too, but at variance with a city policeman's equipment was the pistol and holster he carried and the rifle that was across his saddle.

"You can't go down to Preston tonight," he stated, before I had a chance to speak.

"But I must. I'm a newspaper man and I—er—there's a strike down there and—"

"That's exactly why you can't go down," he said with convincing authority. "You'll have to go back to Faysville for the night and come in after daylight." And his horse moved squarely across the road and blocked the way.

It was apparent to me immediately that I would have to do as he said. Credentials did not count with him, nor would the fact that I was employed on the paper owned by the brother of a big mining man interest him the slightest. He had said I could not go into Preston and he spoke with absolute decision, so there was nothing for me but to turn about and go back to Faysville. He meant what he said and nothing could influence him; his was the

voice of authority. That was my first experience with the Pennsylvania State Police, but I was destined to have others. Back we turned, stopping only at the Faysville station while I sent a brief wire to the *Morning Mail* to the effect that the State Police were in control of the situation and that entrance to Preston after dark was blocked. Then I hurried to the Faysville Hotel to catch a few hours' sleep before daylight.

Sunrise saw me bowling along down the slopes of the mountain toward the dingy, coal-dusty town of Preston again. It was a grimy looking community snuggled in among the hills with tall dirty looking breakers rising on every hand.

The guard of the night before had left the roadway so that I had no trouble entering the town. But once there I was at a loss, at first, to know just how to proceed. Hundreds of men, just as grimy looking as the building, but big men with great fists and ugly faces, roamed the streets. They were the striking miners and from all outward appearances they were very peaceably inclined. There were no

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conspicuous gathering on corners, and every one proceeded about in very orderly fashion.

There was, however, underneath it all, a current of sullen restlessness which undoubtedly could be stirred to action with very slight provocation and I decided forthwith that the best place for me would be where the State Police had located their headquarters. Also that would be the proper place to obtain details for my first story, so I hurried away.

Ten men of the Pennsylvania State Police had been detailed to handle the situation in Preston. They had come into town the night before and established headquarters in a big unused building with a stable attached and located very near the center of the town. From there the patrols of mounted men went forth to maintain order. Immediately upon their entrance into Preston the night before, mounted men had ridden through the section of the town where the foreigners were located, and had served warning in crisp and certain terms that there was to be "No violence."

It made no difference to these constables whether the miners struck nor how long they

stayed out of the mines. The terms, reasons or conditions of the strike did not interest them in the slightest and they did not care a particle whether the miners or mine owners won out in the difference. They were there to preserve order alone and they intended to make certain that no trouble developed.

That was the reason why the determined, blue coated riders announced their edict of “No violence.” And that was the reason, too, why patrols were making ready at the time of my arrival to journey through the miners’ district again, and confiscate all firearms and dangerous weapons.

I arrived at the headquarters of the State Police just in time to learn the details of the night’s work of the officers and to see the five mounted men under the leadership of an officer known as Sergeant Tom, preparing for their ride through the foreign settlement, and you may be sure that I watched every movement with interest. They were six fine sturdy looking men who sat in their saddles as if they were part of the animals they were astride. And they were fearless too. One could see that in a

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glance at their sun-tanned determined faces. The little assignment of going through the worst district in the town to round up the dangerous weapons of the Italian and Polish strikers meant no more to them than the fact that they were to eat breakfast upon their return. I marveled at their lack of concern, when Sergeant Tom gathered up his reins and gave the crisp command of "Forward!"

Out through the narrow lane toward the street clattered the six horses—then in the street they drew up for a moment and looked about. And you may be sure I was on the sidewalk nearby to look about also for I intended to see all that was going on.

The appearance of the constables seemed to create general interest in Preston, and particularly in the miners' section directly down the street. Men and women came out of doorways or put their heads out of windows to see what was going on. And far down the street in the foreign quarter a crowd began to gather on a corner. And most conspicuous in this gathering was a short, ugly looking Italian, whose battered countenance an hour or so later

revealed the fact that he had at one time suffered as a victim of small-pox.

“There’s that little dago we chased off the streets last night. He’s Giuseppi Senese, I’ll warrant, and if that’s who it is he’s the ring leader of the men we can expect trouble from,” said Sergeant Tom carelessly, as he pulled on his gauntlets.

“And that crowd’s got to scatter mighty quick,” he added.

Giuseppi was the leader of the trouble makers, and it was the general opinion later on that he had worked most of the night among the strikers in an effort to fan the flames of hatred to the point of violence. And the result was the fast growing crowd on the corner farther down the street.

“Guess they’re looking for trouble. Come on, we’ll have to get him before he starts anything. Forward!” said the sergeant as he drew his riot stick.

“Best look out for bricks, Sergeant,” said one of the constables as he too drew his stick.

“Huh! I can dodge the best brick that was ever thrown by an Italian,” said the officer as

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the squad broke into a quick canter and headed toward the gathering crowd.

But Giuseppi's forces were not all in the street, as the movement of the police quickly revealed. At the first indication of their activities pickets appeared on house tops and in second story windows and as the constables pushed forward the contingent of sympathizers became active.

A milk bottle whistled through the air and broke with a crash in front of Sergeant Tom's horse. A flower pot missed another horse by a matter of inches and burst in the roadway like a shrapnel shell. Stones came from every direction and Sergeant Tom felt one sting him on the shoulder. But these things only stirred the mounted men to swifter action. They saw now, more than ever, that the ugly little leader must be arrested and the mob broken up for good and all.

Forward they plunged, Sergeant Tom in the lead. The mob was wild by this time and the roar that they sent up was like that of surf dashing against a rockbound shore. They too were becoming active with clubs and stones.

The air was full of flying missiles and the constables and their horses were being seriously bruised. On they pushed, the horses in spite of the onslaught of the strikers acting as bravely as the men. Closer and closer they drew to the angry mob and thicker and thicker flew the stones.

Sergeant Tom, in the van, singled out the leader of the gang. He bore down upon him at a mad gallop. The Italian, from the first, sensed that the officer was after him, but with an unusual show of courage, he stood his ground and hurled stones defiantly. On came Tom. There was a determined look in his Irish blue eyes, and every muscle in his body was ready for action. He was leaning far out of his saddle now, ready and alert to seize the little Italian as he swept by. They were closing in; nearer and nearer they drew. Then, with a shout of triumph, Sergeant Tom dodged a stone from the leader's hand and seizing him by the scruff of his coat he dragged him off his feet and made him a prisoner.

But on the instant the mob discovered what had happened. Their leader was captured.

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He was arrested. They must rescue him. With wild shouts they surged about the officer. They crowded in so close that the horse could make no progress. Then eager hands reached up to drag the officer from his saddle. It was a tense and serious moment and the Sergeant realized it. But still he clung on to his prisoner while he laid about him with his heavy riot stick.

Here a hand reached up to seize him and Sergeant Tom found the head behind that hand and crashed his stick down upon it. There was another aiming a stone. Sergeant Tom knocked the missile from the striker's hand. There was a man trying to seize the horse's bridle. The officer settled him with a swing of his club. He was fighting mad now, and did not care whether the odds were a thousand to one against him. He was going to beat them all and bring his prisoner out of the mob. He would show them what a constable could do when it was necessary. He was going to—

Sergeant Tom never recalled just what he was going to do at that moment for something hit him a heavy blow on the back of the neck.

An instant he swayed in the saddle, trying hard to realize just what had happened. Then suddenly he felt himself slipping, but when he tried to master himself everything went black.

Fortunately, two of the other mounted men saw the stone strike their leader in the back of the neck. They saw him totter in his saddle too but before the strikers could lay hands upon him and pull him down they had fought their way through the press of men and seized him. The three others rallied to their side and beat back the strikers in spite of the overwhelming odds. Back they forced them, the horses gallantly breasting the tide of frenzied human beings. Soon the foreigners began to give way and scatter. Indeed where were there men daring enough to stand up before those fighting constables? It has been said that each one is equal to a hundred foreigners and I little doubted the fact after witnessing the breaking up of that ugly Preston crowd.

But as fast as they fell back when once their spirit was gone, they did not leave quickly enough to prevent Giuseppe and several other leaders from being arrested, and taken back to

the temporary police station along with the very much bruised but thoroughly happy Sergeant Tom.

After that incident the police had not the slightest difficulty in going through every house in Preston and removing the dangerous weapons. Nor did the warning, "No violence" go unheeded. Indeed for the two weeks that followed there was never a sign of disorder, and few other arrests were made, so thoroughly convinced were the foreigners that the constables had control of the town.

As a strike the Preston agitation was in no way spectacular, following the incident of Giuseppe Senese and his defiant miners. With the one quick swift blow the State Police nipped all lawlessness in the bud and impressed upon the strikers that their orders were meant to be taken very seriously. For the period of the strike that followed the big burly coal workers wandered the streets or collected in orderly groups about the town, determined not to work until the mine owners had acceded to their demands. They were always orderly, however, even in their nightly meetings and after the les-

son of rough work the foreigners were not of a mind to challenge the blue-coated riders again. Indeed they maintained the utmost respect for the State Policemen and with a few words a single horseman could handle hundreds of them in perfect order thereafter.

It is interesting to know too, that the men did not need to resort to violence to succeed in their strike. They won and a little better than a fortnight saw them all back at work again quite contented with the new arrangements that their spokesmen had made with the mine owners. And this was accomplished without the throwing of a single brick after Giuseppe and several other hot headed agitators had been put in jail.

No, the strike did not amount to much in the way of good story material after the first day. Indeed, all that I could get out of the entire disagreement was a single column on the charge of the mounted men, and occasionally a stick or two afterward on the meeting of the delegates and mine owners, and I returned home as soon as the final and deciding meeting was held.

But although I could do very little for the *Morning Mail* in the way of adding interesting reading material to the columns I did acquire a great deal of knowledge about State Police. Contact with the mounted men of the constabulary opened my eyes to the value of a police organization that ranges an entire state, guarding life and property in the rural districts and performing acts of heroism in scores of different ways. In truth the value of ranger police must be apparent to every one when one realizes all that the men who devote their life to this sort of service are called upon to do.

Pennsylvania has found that the police there are worth a great deal to the people of hundreds of communities scattered over the State. Likewise, Texas a long time ago learned how important the Texas Rangers were to the development of the far Southwest. Arizona, too, boasted a Ranger company in the men who patrolled the border line between that State and Mexico, and the great North West of Canada owes a great deal to its magnificent organization of mounted police that patrols the plains, forests, mountains and barren lands of the Do-

minion from the United States Border to the Arctic Circle.

These were the pioneer organizations of mounted police, the Canadian organization and the Texas Rangers being the oldest of them all. But so essential have the mounted men become in the protection of the small communities and the rural and suburban districts that other states and other countries have felt the need of similar organization. Mexico for a long time has been patrolled by one of the finest bodies of military police in the world,—the Mexican Rurales,—New Jersey, Louisiana and Massachusetts have been contemplating the possibilities of organizing rural police forces and New York has provided herself with a most up-to-date military police force in the two hundred odd Troopers who range the State in much the same manner as do the Pennsylvania men and the riders of the Northwest.

The duties of these ranger police, although they may be similar in general ways, vary widely with the sections of the country they are called upon to patrol. In New York is a far flung rural district with broad farm lands,

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mountainous sections, hundreds of miles of railroads, huge water supply districts, some mines and a great deal of valuable property. All this must be guarded by the rough riding Troopers. These men maintain order everywhere, patrol hundreds of miles of highways and lend assistance wherever it is needed. And in performing these duties they are always displaying the heroic qualities that men of their calling must possess.

In Pennsylvania the country is much the same save that there is a great deal larger mining district and for that reason a tremendous foreign element that must be watched. Strikes have always been prevalent in that state and the men of the Constabulary are in a great measure strike police. To them falls the duty of preserving order in strike time. Instead of calling out the Militia as is the custom frequently when strike troubles are brewing, Pennsylvania merely mobilizes a small division of the State Police and they have never yet failed to handle the most difficult situations creditably.

In the Southwest, in Texas and Arizona, con-

ditions are vastly different again. There, during the early settlement of the country, Indian troubles were frequent and added to these were constant difficulties with the Mexicans who have always taken liberties on the border. Smuggling, horse stealing and international troubles have kept the hard-riding, sure-shooting Texas Rangers busy for half a century or longer and likewise border troubles kept the Arizona Rangers alert at all times. Then, too, in the early days of the west, and even today, bad men, the proverbial two-gun men, miners, adventurers and an especially daring brand of train robbers and cattle thieves provided occupation for the Rangers when other troubles were not claiming their attention.

The Mexican Rurales, organized by a peculiar stroke of genius of a distinctly Latin flavor, are the national police of that apparently always troubled southern neighbor of Uncle Sam. Mexico's mountains for years past have been the stamping grounds for brigands of all kinds, and it was for the special purpose of hunting out these undesirables that the Rurales were organized and maintained.

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As in Texas, so in Canada, Indian troubles and the lawlessness of early settlers were responsible for the organization of those world famous Dominion rangers, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. With broad plains, thick forests, mountains, and the cold lands of the north, and a population as mixed as any on earth, the Canadian constabulary has had problems of every conceivable nature to master since its organization, forty-four years ago. And in performing the variety of duties these tasks have presented, the policemen of the Northwest have, almost to a man, proved themselves heroes in every sense of the word.

It is a peculiar race of men that the mounted police calls into service. From Mexico to Canada they are the same even though they may be of different nationalities and different training. They are all of the type that prove themselves heroes whenever given an opportunity. Determined, brave to the point of being reckless and fearless always, they are men who would sacrifice anything, even life itself in the performance of their duties. There is never a quitter to be found among them for the dangers

of the service to which they are devoted require the courage of the bravest. They are men of honor, men such as every American boy must admire.

CHAPTER II

THE GRAY CLAD TROOPERS OF NEW YORK

THE Empire State's police force, or State Troopers rather, for New York does not like to have the name *police* applied to her mounted patrol, is the newest and by all means the most distinctive constabulary in the country. From the color of their service uniform, to the way they carry their revolvers, these trooper policemen reflect individuality, and this distinctiveness is not only borne out in appearance and equipment but in their methods also. Indeed, they can be said to be modeled after no other police organization in the world, so different are they in every way.

And because they are different and because their methods of operation are distinctive, New York refuses to call them state "policemen" or even "constables." They are troopers plain and simple, but troopers of a most un-

usual kind. To be sure they are primarily a "repressive force," to quote Major Chandler, their organizer and Superintendent, but "repression" can hardly be considered their chief object in life when one scans the brief but none the less interesting list of acts of heroism and bravery these men have accomplished in the short time they have been patrolling the Empire State.

Take the episode that brought fame to Troopers Scanlon and Chaffee. No, it did not concern an arrest nor "repression" of any kind. It was just plain heroism of the very finest type; heroism such as New York State Troopers are capable of.

Scanlon and Chaffee were bunkies and they rode patrol together—New York State Troopers always travel in twos for reasons which you will learn later. They were given a long loop of country highways to patrol; a stretch so long that it took them three days to cover the distance and report back to their barracks. But it was an interesting patrol, for at some points it stretched along a finely paved State road, at other points it reached up into

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the mountains or along narrow wood roads, where only now and then a house was to be seen, and then again it followed the bottom lands of a valley where broad and prosperous farms spread out with here and there a pretty little village to canter through. This was their territory. Upon them depended the safety of life and property in the entire district. They were responsible for the law and order of the section and if anything went wrong they were bound by duty to be at the point of trouble in the quickest possible time.

With such responsibilities you may be certain that the two Troopers slept with one eye open, so to speak, whenever they did any sleeping at all, which seemed to be never, judging from the way they hurried about the district keeping tabs on this and that, helping out here, adjusting troubles there, and making short work of difficulties of any kind. They were more like phantom troopers in the way they appeared and disappeared and contrived to bob up at the right place at exactly the proper time. Perhaps it was this instinct that brought them to Tompkins Corners on the night of the heavy

thunderstorm, for certainly that was the one point on their entire patrol where they were most needed that evening.

Storm clouds began gathering a few hours after dusk and Scanlon and Chaffee made haste to produce their gray rubber ponchos as the first drops began to spatter down. They were about two miles from Tompkins Corners which was nothing more than a tiny crossroads settlement with a general store and post office on one corner and houses at the remaining points of the crossing. It was, however, the center of a prosperous farming district and five miles away was the village of Glasgo.

The Troopers knew they could not make Glasgo before the storm broke but they did have hopes of making the Corners before they were drenched with the downpour, and as soon as their ponchos were draped about them they set off at a brisk gallop. But even the Corners were not near enough to provide shelter, for in five minutes the storm broke in all its fury, with high winds, rolling thunder, terrific flashes of lightning and a deluge.

It was a blinding rainstorm. It beat fiercely

down upon the rubber coats of the Troopers and caused them to crouch low in their saddles and urge their steeds forward. The wind whipped and tore at the trees and shrubbery along the roadside and thunder tumbled and rumbled overhead unceasingly. It was black too, except when glaring flashes of lightning split the night and illuminated the landscape with its weird ghostly light. Flash after flash swept across the skies, and now and then the Troopers could see shafts darting down toward the distant mountain tops and they knew that bolts were striking in the woods.

Then suddenly at the very height of the storm, a flash more vivid than all the rest, was let loose from the heavens, accompanied by a crash of thunder that was like the roar of artillery. A bolt came hissing down from the skies and struck with such tremendous force that both horses reared and plunged in terror. The Troopers watched the ragged course of the glaring light through the skies, and the vividness of it all and the crash of thunder that followed, made them think that it had struck the road immediately in front of them. They were

both surprised when darkness closed in upon them a moment later to find that they were still alive and unharmed.

“That struck mighty close,” shouted Chaffee, who had drawn up to Scanlon in the hurried race for shelter.

“I should say it—eh, what’s that up ahead? That pink in the sky. Flames! Why, man, it struck up at the Corners and started a fire! Come on! We’re needed, that’s certain!” And both Troopers rolled their spurs across their mounts’ flanks and urged them forward at break neck speed to cover the remaining half mile to the Corners.

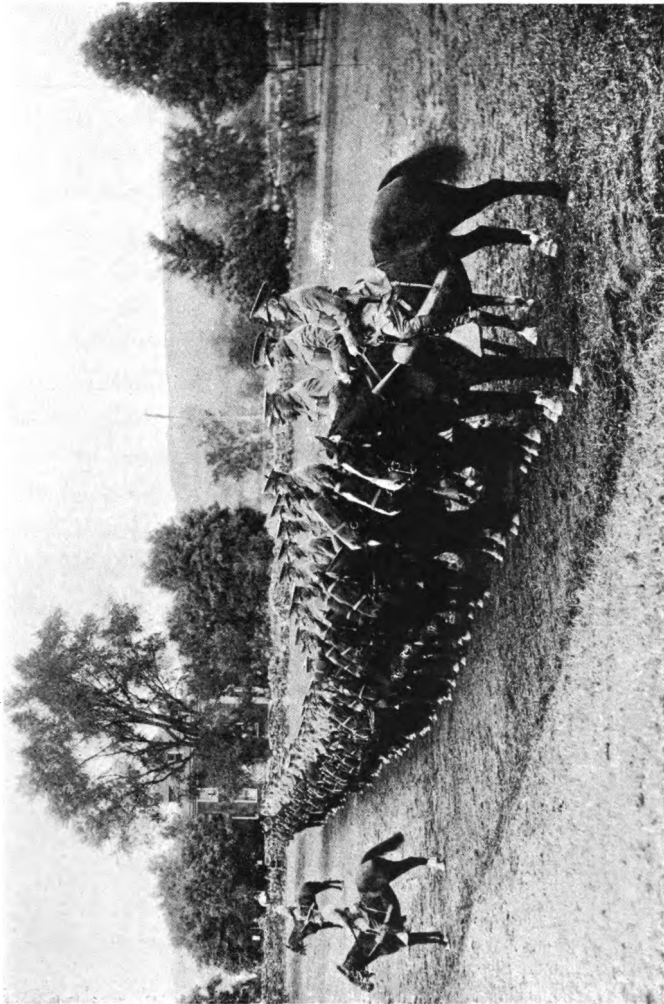
Indeed it had struck there. The flying horsemen knew all about it in less than five minutes, for they came upon a very much confused handful of men and women who populated Tompkins Corners. Before them was the half shattered remains of a two story dwelling standing out from the surrounding blackness and lighted by the uncertain glare of flames that curled about one side of it. The house had been struck, and the bolt of lightning had fired the building!

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The Corners was in a panic. The men, women and children who lived nearby had been thoroughly frightened by the heavy crash, and the flames of the fast growing fire added greatly to the grimness of the scene. Despite the terrible downpour they flocked into the roadway half clad and almost at their wits' end to know just what to do and where to turn.

But with the arrival of the Troopers all this was changed in an instant. Their gray uniforms, their business-like attitude, and the reputation they had already gained for themselves as men of the moment were sufficient to inspire confidence in the frightened villagers. As soon as they burst into the circle and leapt from their horses, all signs of consternation fled, and the Troopers had little difficulty in preserving order.

It was fortunate that the natives had so much confidence in the gray clad riders, for Scanlon and Chaffee had a great deal of work to attend to and they had little time to spend consoling the frightened people. Hastily they took charge of the situation. The doors of the general store were flung open and lights re-



INSPECTION TIME FOR THE STATE TROOPERS
Few Finer Cavalry Outfits Have Ever Been Organized Than the Gray Clad
Riders Patrolling New York State

lighted. Then word was shouted over the telephone to Glasgo to rush fire fighting crews and apparatus to the Corners. Chaffee attended to this and meanwhile Scanlon took charge of the situation at the fire. Brief inquiries revealed to him that no one had seen the old lady who alone occupied the fire swept dwelling, and all assumed that she was still in the building.

Upon learning this Scanlon lost not a moment in entering the house. Flames were curling about one side and the rear, and were fast making toward the street frontage, while volumes of heavy smoke rolled skyward. But this did not worry Scanlon. His duty was plain. He must enter the building and learn what had happened to its occupant. He rushed up the short walk in front of the house and tried the front door. It was locked, but one well directed kick with the heel of his boot, just at the point where the lock was located, unloosened the fastenings and with a push of his shoulders the door was flung open.

Although a cloud of smoke rolled out at him, Scanlon did not hesitate. In he plunged to be lost from sight immediately. It was difficult

going from the start for the trooper-policeman, for smoke and gases were heavy inside and it was pitch black except where here and there flames from the fire raging in the other side of the house lit the darkness.

From room to room Scanlon stumbled groping about, in an effort to find some signs of the old lady. She was not on the first floor, that was certain, so he hastened up the creaking stairs to the bedrooms, the point where the fire seemed to be the hottest. The rear room he could not enter at all for the fire had completely gutted it and flames were reaching through the doorway. Scanlon slammed the door to cut off the draught, and as he did so he fervently hoped that the old lady had not been caught in there, for if she had he knew she had long since perished.

Then blindly he made his way toward the rooms in the front of the house, exploring first one apartment and then another. How long he had been in the burning building he did not know. It seemed like hours. The smoke was getting into his lungs. His chest ached, and his eyes burned. His head seemed splitting

under the terrific blood pressure and he longed for a single breath of fresh air. But Scanlon knew he could not turn back until he had found the old lady, or determined, at least, that she was not there. On he stumbled and presently he found himself in the largest bed chamber on the floor.

The room was lighted with the fitful flicker of flames that were creeping down the hall from the rear and in the weird half light Scanlon could discern a partly wrecked bed and the unconscious form of a woman lying in the center of the room. At first he thought her dead, but it was soon apparent that she had been made unconscious either by the terrific force of the lightning or else she had fainted with fright. He knew, however, that she *would* be dead in a few minutes if she were not removed to safety.

But, how was he to accomplish the task? He was well nigh helpless with the terrific punishment he had undergone. And now to face the necessity of carrying out the unconscious victim was hard indeed. Yet he had no time to waste, so summoning all his remaining

strength he proceeded to lift the limp form of the woman into his arms.

At that moment a shaft of white light pierced the smoke and his name was shouted just behind him. Chaffee, his bunkie, with an electric flash lamp, had come to his aid. The moral effect of having some one to help him inspired Scanlon to fresh efforts and presently the two Troopers were carrying the unconscious woman and making their way toward the open air.

How they accomplished the trip neither of them fully remember for they were both very nearly done for when they delivered their precious burden into the arms of the people who waited outside. They needed almost as much attention as the occupant of the doomed house, and the dwelling was nothing more than a smoldering heap of embers, when they were again able to remount their horses and accompany the Glasgo firemen on to the town.

Of course Scanlon and Chaffee made lifelong friends among the residents of Tompkins Corners through their heroism, and by similar acts they have won the admiration of others with whom they have come in contact. Likewise

practically every other member of the gray clad troop that patrols New York State has won a place for himself in the district which he patrols.

New York is a huge state with a large and heterogeneous population. It has within its boundaries every phase of life, every form of industry, and every form of community from the largest city in the Western Hemisphere to the tiniest settlement or log cabin mountain dwelling. And this being true, it would seem from a hasty judgment of affairs that the proper policing or patrolling of such a vast and difficult territory must be a very hard problem.

It is no easy task, to be sure, but it is being accomplished amazingly well by what appears to be but a handful of men. The New York State Troopers number only 237 men, including officers, but any one of their number is equal to a score or a hundred men of any other type and when that is taken into consideration it can be said that the Empire State's police force is equal to its job.

As mentioned before, the New York State Troopers are unlike any other body of men

ever assembled, from their gray and purple uniform outside, to the big grisly knot of courage which they all carry somewhere under their tunic. They have the heart of a lion, every one of them, and they are willing to face anything even though they know that they are courting certain death. They are heroes all, and so far there is yet to appear among them a man with the slightest streak of yellow.

They are the snappiest, most businesslike cavalry men (for that is virtually what they are) who ever responded to a bugle call. Smoke gray is the color of their very modern uniforms, while purple is the color that designates them from National Guard or Regular Army men. Indeed gray and purple is the color scheme that has been carried out through the entire organization. Besides the men's uniforms and the horses' saddle blankets, each of the four barracks buildings has been constructed of gray stucco with purple trimmings and every building at the Newayo Training Farm near Syracuse is built of the same material or painted the same combination of colors. Gray tents are used in Summer when the troop goes "under

canvas" and even the official stationery, report blanks, memoranda pads and envelopes are of gray paper printed and ruled in purple ink.

The equipment of the Troopers is very modern indeed. They do not carry the ugly looking bludgeons called riot sticks. Instead each horseman carries a riding crop exactly as a gentleman out for a canter. But there is a business end to the riding crop which makes it just as formidable as a riot stick when once the Trooper sees fit to wield it for the express purpose of cracking heads or breaking up street riots. Colt revolvers (not automatic pistols) are used and regulations require each Trooper to wear the weapon in an open topped holster on the left hip and butt-foremost, the latest theory being that this is the best position for quick action.

A Trooper rarely resorts to his revolver. Indeed he is forbidden to "draw first" or to draw at all unless it is absolutely imperative. But once the weapon is drawn he must use it in deadly earnestness, which means that the revolver must be used only as a *last* resort. The same applies to his rifle which is a 30-30 lever

action Winchester carbine, and which is carried in a scabbard slung from the saddle.

For these Troopers to patrol the State effectively a very elaborate system has been worked out and put into operation and so efficient has it proved that a veritable net is spread over the entire territory and hardly a single incident can occur outside of the Metropolitan District but that the Troopers know all about it within a few minutes; and if necessary, within a matter of an hour or two at the longest, two of the gray clad riders are on the scene of trouble with full control over the situation.

Four points have been selected as centers from which the Troopers work. These are located respectively northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest from the central part of the State, thus dividing the territory in what really amounts to four huge precincts. Throughout these precincts are arranged the patrols. With the aid of road maps long "beats" are mapped out, some of them so extensive that it takes a man on horseback anywhere from two days to a week to cover them. These patrols radiate from the point where the

barracks is located, like the petals of a huge sunflower, with the men or pair of men riding around the edge of each petal and guarding the area within. Yes, the Troopers travel in pairs as mentioned before. This is an entirely new idea so far as State Police are concerned, but it is a method in vogue in Italy among the police who patrol the mountainous regions infested with bandits.

Two Troopers,—they are usually bunkies, and side partners in every way,—ride the same patrol one preceding the other about three or four hundred yards. The reason for this is that if one Trooper meets a situation which he cannot handle alone he need only fall back a short way or send forth a whistle signal to bring his side partner to him.

The system is also efficacious where automobile speeders, horse thieves, auto bandits or other quick moving law breakers are concerned, for if the first Trooper fails to stop the fugitive, he signals and three hundred yards further on the fleeing suspect finds the road blocked by the second Trooper who is ready and waiting to make the arrest. Nor can the automobilist turn

back, for the first Trooper is hard upon him from behind and he is well trapped and can do nothing but surrender.

The moral effect of this patrolling by twos means a great deal both to the Trooper and to thugs and law breakers who may possibly think of attacking a gray coat. Help is always ready and within a few moments the thug is bound to have more than he can possibly handle in the way of concentrated fighting ability. Then too, if disaster comes to the first rider, it cannot go undiscovered long, for the second Trooper sooner or later finds the point where his advance guard has met with difficulties.

Thus in pairs do the Troopers swing around the great circles or loops of roadways, doing their patrol duty constantly, billeting themselves wherever night overtakes them and always guarding life and property under their jurisdiction. But to assist them in their patrol work, and to make their efforts more effective, the gray clad riders have an elaborate system of telephones to help them in their work.

What amount to telephone maps of the entire State have been made and these have been

arranged with the object of locating enough telephones along the line of each patrol to keep the Troopers in touch with the rest of their beat and with their barracks at intervals of from fifteen minutes to an hour at all times. In that way a Trooper can always be located and in that way also, each patrol can keep in touch with every point in his district.

The duties of the State Troopers are many and diverse. They are expected to do in the way of maintaining law and order all that the metropolitan police are expected to accomplish, and in addition they have many other demands upon their time which the city policemen never hear of. The Troopers enforce the laws of the State, and wherever possible work with the local authorities, village police and county sheriffs in protecting life and property and rounding up malefactors.

If a robbery is committed somewhere out in the country along a rural highway, the matter is turned over to the Troopers. If a strike threatens in a mining district word is first of all sent to the Troopers, or if there is an urgent call for first aid or medical assistance residents

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of the country districts do not hesitate to call upon the gray clad rider nearest them for advice and assistance. Indeed if a child is missing the case is turned over to the Troopers and the cavalry policemen accept this responsibility and work just as hard upon the case as they would if called upon to take a hand in a far more serious trouble.

Lost children are by no means the least of a Trooper's responsibilities, for frequently tiny tots stray away in the rural districts and the whole countryside must be searched for the irresponsible youngster. There are frequent scares of kidnapping too, but most of these fortunately turn out to be only vague guesses. One case, tabulated thus, might well have proved a very serious error had not the Trooper in charge of the situation been an intelligent man.

It seems that a little girl was missed from an Ulster County farm one evening and word was immediately communicated to the Trooper patrolling the district. At once he began a diligent search for the young wanderer. Most of the night he scoured the country round about, and at daylight he came upon a gypsy encamp-

ment but a few miles from the little girl's house. Of course he roused the entire camp and asked if they had seen anything of the missing child. When he had made himself clear to the nomads, behold, one of the swarthy-faced women produced the little girl, bringing her sleepy-eyed and tired, from one of the gay colored gypsy vans.

The Trooper was startled to say the least. Here was a serious case. His first thought naturally was that the little girl had been kidnapped, and he was deciding upon a course of action when one of the gypsies stepped forward and explained in broken English that they had come upon the child wandering along a cross road the night before. The little tot was tired and hungry and crying very hard, so naturally they took charge of her, realizing that she was lost. To avoid the suspicion that they had stolen the child they immediately went into camp along the roadside, and at the time of the Trooper's arrival they were preparing to send a special messenger to the nearest town to tell of the whereabouts of the child.

It did not take the Trooper long to see that

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the gypsies were sincere in their efforts to protect the child and take care of her until her parents could be located, and instead of making an arrest the Trooper extended his thanks to the nomads and left the camp with the delighted youngster sitting astride his saddle bow. It was however, very fortunate for the gypsies that it was an intelligent Trooper who discovered that they had the child, instead of a mob of citizens, for it is more than likely that the mob would never have accepted the gypsies' explanations and trouble would have followed.

Highway robberies and occasional train hold-ups are among the crimes committed in rural districts that the Troopers have to look out for, and occasionally there are even more serious crimes perpetrated in these lonely sections. But thanks to the organization of the State Troopers such unfortunate occurrences have become few and far between. It was in fact, to repress just such lawless acts that the State Police were organized in the Empire State, and it goes without saying that these brave and determined men have accomplished what they set out to do.

The strike situation in New York State has never been considered menacing, but there is no telling what the future may bring forth in such an area of country as the State embraces. For that reason the Troopers are maintained on a thoroughly military basis and constitute an easily mobilized body of most efficient cavalry ready for any form of service. In a trice any number from two to a complete company could be mobilized, entrained and started on its way to any corner of the State to take charge of a threatening situation.

It is safe to say that there will never be an occasion when the militia will have to be called out to preserve order now that the Troopers are in existence. Of course war times brought a great deal of extra work down upon the shoulders of the gray clad riders but they have easily proved themselves equal to it. When military guards were withdrawn from the railroad rights of way and from the huge aqueduct that reaches through the eastern portion of the State and conveys the drinking water to New York City, the State Troopers had to take the place of the Militiamen.

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To be sure their number was considerably less than the number of National Guardsmen employed in the same task but that made not a particle of difference to the Troopers. Such an excellent reputation had they gained during the brief time they were in existence, that the mere presence of two of the riders in a certain district of the country was quite enough to suppress any activities of enemy sympathizers and the Troopers effectively handled practically every disagreeable situation that arose.

One of the most interesting phases of the work of these men is that done in conjunction with the other departments of the State Government. Besides being the police authorities of the State they are in a measure fire and game wardens also. As they are familiar with the criminal laws and other ordinances of the State, so too are they well up on the forest, fish and game laws of the commonwealth and they do not hesitate to prosecute or arrest any violators.

They are constantly on the alert for forest and mountain fire troubles, for such unfortunate conflagrations are more or less frequent in the Adirondack and Catskill mountain regions of

New York. During dry Summers or in the early Fall great fires often occur, sometimes sweeping clear the entire face of a mountain and burning for days before the flames can be checked.

Of course, New York has an excellent system of fire patrol, with watch towers and fire warden stations on the tops of the highest mountains so that they can command the surrounding country and send out an alarm via telephone whenever suspicious fires occur. But in spite of the vigilance of these lonesome mountain top guards, fires do occur with discouraging regularity and the assistance of the Troopers as fire wardens and fire fighters is greatly welcomed.

From all of this it can be easily gathered that the gray clad Troopers of New York State are particularly busy individuals. It is also quite apparent that they are a particularly fine sort of men, intelligent, brave and fearless. In truth they are, all things considered, one of the finest bodies of mounted men in the country, being well trained, highly disciplined, excellently equipped and well mounted. Their horses are of the cob-pony type, strong and hardy and especially adapted for cavalry work.

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In this connection it is interesting to know that when New York first planned the organization of a State Police force it was proposed that it be a motorcycle force instead of being mounted on horses. The suggestion was considered seriously for some time for the idea possessed real merit in that the Troopers would be able to cover a greater territory and move faster from point to point.

The plan was dropped when it was considered that a motorcycle needs constant attention at all times, and at least one hand must be kept busy guiding the machine, thus limiting the work of the rider. The horses on the other hand possess a great deal of intelligence and can be left to do the rider's bidding. Then too they can travel into sections where motorcycles never could be operated and above all there is no other mount equal to a horse in working against a mob of strikers.

The character of the men and of this organization is well illustrated in the motto they have adopted which reads, "Obedience to Law is Liberty."

CHAPTER III

TROOPERS IN THE MAKING

THE Aqueduct Police and the men in khaki who patrolled the big construction camps were the predecessors of the Troopers in New York State. Not that these men were State Police for really they were not maintained by the State at all, being a part of the force contributed by the departments of the City of New York. But they were predecessors of the Troopers in the sense that they patrolled a big section of the State in the vicinity of Ashokan Dam, and along the hundred odd miles of the big aqueduct that carried the water from the mountains into New York City.

Stringent policing was necessary during this construction work for there were a score or more of laborers' camps in the vicinity of the dam and along the line of the aqueduct, some of which were as large as a small sized town and each populated with the roughest element

on the face of the earth. The mining camps of the early days in the West could not compare with these construction camps so far as types of men were concerned. Almost every nation, race and tongue was represented, save perhaps the Chinese, and if ever a group of men needed police surveillance these men did.

The camps were nothing more or less than towns built of long unpainted bunk houses and mess halls, with an occasional store sprinkled in, and they were located for the most part in the mountains well away from the large cities or communities. Of course such lonesome corners provided little in the way of diversion for the men and the only pastimes they could stimulate among themselves with any degree of success were rousing rough and tumble fights, which if not stopped in a hurry usually resulted in more serious affairs with firearms employed.

There is little question but that these hard fisted, big chested wielders of picks and shovels needed watching and you can feel assured that the police had all that they could do to maintain order in the big camps and prevent the more lawless element from gaining the upper hand.

Many and frequent were the occasions, when the khaki-clad constables had to literally "wade" through a mass of struggling humanity in a bunk house and drag out the ring-leaders in a fight, protecting themselves, while doing it, from the onslaughts of the fighters' friends. And many and frequent were the occasions when the police found that they had to take the lead in a situation that promised them certain and sudden death.

Take for an instance the time Big Sanders, a huge, broad-shouldered, muscular and brutish looking negro, suddenly went insane and ran amuck, swinging an axe in his powerful hands and threatening the total destruction of the camp. Not a man had the courage to try and stop him; not one save the single policeman at the end of the street.

How it all started no one quite knew. Big Sanders was one of a crew of negroes who were pushing wheelbarrows filled with rocks from a point where a ledge was being blasted away, to the loading platform of a big aerial cable-way that carried the stone across the valley between the mountains to a big dump pile. He had a

fall among the rocks which resulted in a seriously cut head, a month before the time our story opens. Of course he was treated at the camp hospital and in due time discharged and sent back to work. But for the two weeks following he occasionally displayed evidences of a very violent temper and his associates in the wheelbarrow crew began to be afraid of him.

Then one day things seemed to go all to pieces for Big Sanders. Early in the morning he smashed a finger between two big rocks, and later on a plank broke with him and tumbled him down a ten foot bank, his wheelbarrow, fortunately empty, rumbling down on top of him. And then when he "knocked off" work and was walking back to camp with some of the rest of the men of the day shift, he lucklessly got in the way of a kicking mule and almost had his leg fractured. By this time he was so wrought up that when he scrambled to his feet he pitched into the mule with a handle of a pick axe and would have killed the beast if some of his friends had not pulled him away.

This interference served to rile him more and he indulged in a wordy battle with his com-

panions which lasted most of the dinner hour in camp's mess hall. Big Sanders told in a loud voice and no uncertain terms what he thought of the men of the camp and as his tirade kept up the number of his imaginary enemies grew until by the end of the meal he was nursing a foolish grudge against every one in the mess hall, and he sulked out of the shed like a cross grizzly and wandered off by himself before dinner was finished.

Where he went no one took particular pains to notice, nor did they care until suddenly a shout at the far end of the main street of the camp directed every one's attention to a single, screaming, rage-ridden negro rushing down the thoroughfare swinging an axe wildly above his head and threatening every one in sight.

One glance at his ugly, distorted face was enough to warn the men of the camp that the negro was indeed dangerous, and in a twinkle they began to scatter, dodging everywhere for cover; into the woods, behind buildings and stone piles and anywhere so long as they could get clear of the mad negro's path. In a moment the street was deserted, save for a solitary fig-

ure, that of the khaki-clad policeman at the end of the thoroughfare.

Big Sanders saw the policeman, and for an instant he stopped short in his wild plunge through the camp, and stared at the officer. Then suddenly all his malice seemed to focus on the guard, for instead of pursuing any of the fleeing laborers he started straight toward the policeman, charging at him with a roar of rage.

Steve Dutton, was the officer, and from this point on it may be interesting to hear the story as he tells it.

“I knew I was in for it,” says Steve in relating the story. “Big Sanders was a bad man and with that axe swinging over his head and his ugly face glaring at me I could well believe it. He looked like about the hardest proposition I ever tackled and believe me I’ve tackled some hard ones in my time.

“I had to stop him, that was certain. It was up to me, and I knew I was going to have my hands full doing the job. Of course I had the jump on him because I had my gun. But I don’t figure on using that only as a last resort. I don’t like to shoot anyway, and I had a hunch

I could stop him if I used my brains. But I sure had to use 'em fast for he was coming all bent to clean me out, and then I guess he figured he'd clean up the camp afterward.

“I looked around to see where I stood, and the first things I laid eyes on were three barrels of hard tar over on the side of a bank. They looked good to me but they were so far away that I didn't want to turn and run over to them 'cause Big Sanders would have thought sure he had me going; so I just unlimbered my riot stick and took a good hold on it, and began to step back slowly, waiting for Sanders to get a little closer. Nope, I didn't have to wait long, for he was moving fast.

“In a moment it looked to me as if he was right on top of me with the axe ready to cut me in halves. He was shoutin' too and he let out a most awful yell just as he got within hitting distance. Then I got into action too. I watched the axe and just as he started to slash down, I poked out with my riot stick and the end of it struck him in the mouth and broke out four teeth. He let out a howl of rage and pain and I jumped just as the axe came down.

“That jump took me nearer the tar barrels but in a second he was after me again. Once more he tried to slash me, but I almost broke his arm with a rap from my stick. Then I jumped again and before he could reach me I was up the bank and behind a tar barrel.

“Madder than ever and shouting at the top of his lungs, Sanders charged after me again and began striding up the bank to reach me behind the tar barrels. That was just what I wanted, and when he was a few feet up the slope I upset a barrel and gave it a push with my foot. Down it plunged toward the yellin' black man. Sanders saw the trick too late. Like a boulder the heavy barrel plunged toward him, and you can be mighty sure I was right behind it.

“It was like a game of ten pins. The barrel caught him just below the knees and the next moment the air was full of arms and legs and shouts. The axe went spinning off in one direction and Big Sanders came down with a thud that knocked the wind out of him. But he didn't have a chance to blink before I was on top of him, with one hand around his throat and

the other one twisting his arm into a hammer-lock.

“My, how he did fight and kick and grunt! He tried to shout too, but he didn’t have much wind to do it with for I kept a grip on his throat until he was played out and begging to be let up. Then I fastened the nippers on him and took him to the bunk house. And that same night we shipped him to a hospital in the city and I guess they shipped him to an asylum later on, for I never heard any more about Big Sanders.”

Such instances were not unusual in the big camps, nor was the grit and ability displayed by Dutton unusual either. Indeed the Aqueduct Police proved time and again that they were worth having about and that they were of real value to the community.

Of course the State Troopers did not grow from that organization. But there is no doubt but that the fine work done by these men, and the efforts, later on, of a number of citizens of the Empire State were responsible for the legislation which created the Troopers. All agreed that more adequate police protection was neces-

sary in the rural districts of the State, and there was no question either but that a body of men very much like the Aqueduct police, only better drilled and better trained, was the best kind of a force to patrol the State thoroughly. This being true it was not strange when the law makers at Albany decided in 1917 to create the New York State Troopers.

It took just sixty days to build the Trooper organization from absolutely nothing at all to a real force all but ready to go into service, and it required but a few weeks longer to train all the men and all the horses in the duties of patrolling the State. The mobilization of the Troopers is one of the best pieces of military work ever accomplished in New York.

Knowing the caliber of the men who compose the New York State Troopers it is difficult to believe that two hundred odd as brave, fearless and intelligent could be secured in that short space of time. And it was no easy task as the men who organized the force will assure you. First of all the proper kind of officers were required. Major Chandler quite agreed with Napoleon in that there is no such thing as poor

troops for it is usually poor commanders who give that impression. When he began his organization work he set out first of all to find the best officers to be had. He found them, not among the professional soldiers or policemen, but instead in the ranks of amateur sportsmen of the highest caliber.

Among the men who officer the New York State Troopers, is a former Colgate University football star, a famous polo player and other men of the same type. In private life these men are nearly all professional, among them being lawyers, editors, physicians and men of similar occupations. They have all been military men, however, having served as officers with various regiments of the New York State National Guard. So you can see at a glance that the men who command the Troopers are eminently fit for their jobs.

The officers selected, the really big task then confronted Major Chandler in finding the men to compose this famous cavalry troop. Word was sent broadcast through the State calling for men with former military training, especially cavalymen, to apply for positions on the

force. More than two thousand men responded, all of them of the very finest and fittest type and it was hard at first to know which of them were the best to choose to make up the required two hundred and thirty-seven. So a very rigid set of examinations were arranged and it was decided to select the men who passed these tests with the highest mark.

First of all came the physical examination. All men under 145 pounds in weight and above 175 pounds were rejected immediately, for men between those weights are considered the best for cavalry work. A man too heavy of course puts an extra burden upon his mount, and a man too light is apt to be easily dismounted in stopping a runaway, for instance, or in a scrimmage with strikers where weight and brawn counts. Only quick, active, agile, scrappy men were wanted for the Trooper force.

The fortunate ones whose weight came within the required limits were then subjected to a most rigid examination by a physician. Lungs, heart, ears, eyes, teeth, muscles and even bones were searched for every possible flaw and only the practically physically perfect were passed.

This rigid examination reduced the two thousand applicants to almost half that number and the men who were considered eligible were a mighty fine group of soldiers.

Then came the mental examination. It was a stiff one too and if there was one among the applicants who had neglected his school work in his younger days he wished mightily when he sat down before that examination paper that he had not been so careless. The test was arranged so that only the men with well equipped thinking machinery could get by, for Governor Whitman and Major Chandler did not intend to have any man on the Trooper force unless he possessed real intelligence and thinking ability. These men were to enforce the laws of the Empire State and if they were not mentally capable of understanding the laws why certainly they were not capable of seeing that they were obeyed.

The examination was arranged so that the mental qualifications of each man were well brought out. To pass the test a thoroughly good foundation in arithmetic, spelling, English, grammar, geography and civics was needed.

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For instance, one of the first questions was whether the applicant thought he could write a comprehensive description of his journey from his home to Albany, where the examinations were held, and to tell in five hundred words the details of his journey, the country passed through and all that he had observed enroute. The men who answered "Yes" to the question had to write the description to prove it while the men who answered "No" received a failure on the question.

This general examination passed, the men were submitted to still another one which was to demonstrate how well qualified they were from a military standpoint. They had first to prove that they were experts in the saddle. None but experienced horsemen were considered, for the Trooper force was to be made up only of the most daring and capable riders to be had. Of course the former cavalrymen and the men from the cattle country were safe so far as that test went, but there were others along the same line which were not quite so easy. For instance, the successful candidates had to know all about a horse, name the various portions of

a horse's anatomy, explain the care and feeding of a horse, name possible diseases and cures and indicate in every way that they were quite capable of being entrusted with the use and care of such a valuable animal.

By the time this point was reached in the examinations you may be sure that the original number of applications had been reduced to a few hundred, and of course only the most capable of these, the men who passed their examinations highest, were selected to sign enlistment papers for two years' service, take the oath of office and report to the training school at Newayo, to be uniformed, mounted and trained for two months preliminary to going into service.

The school at Newayo, which is just outside of the city of Syracuse, is a well equipped stock farm and training camp with barracks, stables, parade grounds, rifle range, and camp site, for the Troopers, like the Regular Army Cavalry, go "under canvas" in the Summer time.

Here the men are trained for their job, and trained thoroughly too. When the young Trooper is graduated from the course, he is a

competent cavalryman, a fine policeman, he has a good knowledge of the laws of the State, is a good woodsman, a first rate detective and has a clear understanding of just what he is to do and how he is to do it. And moreover, during his two months' course, every muscle in his body has been stretched, developed and made as strong as possible so that he is in the finest and fittest physical condition, a thorough athlete and a good scrapper when he is ready for service.

First and probably the most important of all is the training of the men as cavalymen. At the school every morning is devoted to the military end of this work. Upon entering the institution, the recruit Trooper is outfitted with his uniform, and other equipment, including a McClellan saddle, and harness. Then he is introduced to his mount with which he will work so long as man and animal remain in the service together. The horse has of course been broken to bit and saddle but in every other way it is almost untrained in the art of soldiering, and man and horse go at the job of learning to be policemen together.



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THEY ARE NEVER TOO BIG OR TOO UGLY
An Aqueduct Policeman Searching a Negro Suspected of Carrying
Dangerous Weapons

The United States Cavalry rules of 1916 are the rules that the Troopers drill by. All early work is of the bareback variety for it is certain that if a man learns to ride without a saddle it will not be difficult for him to stick to his mount when the saddle is introduced. Rough riding is indulged in, the men learning to handle from one to four horses at once. Hurling, trick riding and every other form of the equestrian art is included in the course and when that part of the work is finished there is no better rider to be found anywhere than the gray-clad Trooper of New York.

Along with this military training comes the elements of soldiering in which the men are taught the school of the soldier, the school of the squad and the school of the company; ordinary maneuvering, the manual of arms and the physical drilling such as setting-up exercises and gym work. Self-defense with the boxing gloves, wrestling, and training in the art of handling men are included in the physical drill, and when the Trooper is ready to go into service he is as ready for a rough and tumble knock-

down and drag-out fight as the scrappiest of toughs, only the Trooper is more scientific than the thug.

Practice in the art of handling the service carbine and the revolver is not forgotten, you may be sure. Indeed the work on the range is very thorough for these men must be quick and accurate shots with rifle and revolver. Practice from 200 to 1000 yards with the rifle, both mounted and unmounted, and practice over a shorter range with the revolver is indulged in at very frequent intervals during the two months' training course.

A very complete manual of the service has been compiled for the Troopers in which their methods of procedure in all forms of difficulty are outlined. This is studied industriously, for a very rigid examination has to be passed before the rookie is graduated to a full fledged State policeman.

This, however, is not all of the mental training that the men have to undertake, for series of lectures on police work, on the laws of the State, special ordinances pertaining to certain districts, first aid work and even detective work is

included in the school's curriculum. So you see the development of a Trooper is far from being concentrated entirely upon the physical side. Indeed while every morning is spent in drilling and maneuvering, every afternoon is devoted to work and study in the lecture halls and class rooms.

CHAPTER IV

THE BLUE COATS OF PENNSYLVANIA

EQUALLY as famous throughout the country as the Texas Rangers or the Royal North West Mounted Police are the blue coats who patrol the State of Pennsylvania under the supervision of Major John C. Groome, justly called the father of the state police movement in the East. And this fame is not because of their ability as riot breakers or guardians of the law alone, but because of their general all around value to the State of Pennsylvania through their deeds of heroism and bravery.

Like all other state police these men are in the field to put down any form of trouble, be it riot, fire or other emergency, and of course they are trained to the minute to cope with any situation. In a word they are men schooled and instructed in the art of being thoroughly good mounted policemen, a task which but one in a thousand men is qualified to perform.

These men of the Pennsylvania State Police Force are among the best in any line of endeavor that pertains directly to their job of guarding the State's people and property. If it is a matter of fighting ability, they are willing to face odds and guarantee a victory. If it is a matter of good judgment, they are never found lacking, and if it be a matter of courage they will go farther and fare better in a dangerous situation than most other men.

The thrilling experiences that the men of this constabulary face in line with their duty are many and unusual. Indeed it is not likely that State policemen in any other section of the country have such a diversity of experiences, for Pennsylvania, with its mass of foreign population, its wide range of industries and commercial interests and its unusual geographical formation affords many interesting problems to be solved and many emergencies in which, if the proper action is not taken by the best trained and most courageous men, serious consequences may result.

Accidents of a most unusual nature are occurring in the State of Pennsylvania at frequent

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intervals. A premature explosion of a blast in the mining section, or a cave-in of a gallery, or an explosion of pent-up gases may result in scores of fatalities, and it depends entirely upon the efficiency of the men who rush to the scene of the disaster just how long the death list will be. Then there are floods and washouts and a host of other possibilities in which only the cool head and stout heart can be of much assistance.

Of course State police are not called upon to take a leading part in the rescue work of every accident that occurs, but almost always a blue-coated rider is to be found at the scene of trouble sooner or later, and it is through his work that many lives are saved and many panics averted. Like other policemen the bluecoats of Pennsylvania have a happy faculty of appearing at the point where they are most needed just at the proper time, and this in itself has counted for a great deal in the way of affording instant relief to sufferers and saving the lives of the apparently doomed.

A case in point is the experience of Policeman H——t, (we will call him Hunter, because of his natural modesty which caused him to object to

having his name appear). Hunter was in a section of the mountains where trouble is rarely looked for. There did not appear to be any reason why anything serious should happen on that stretch of his patrol, but still he always kept a sharp eye open, for it is usually where one least expects it that trouble bobs up with a good hard jump.

It was raining and Hunter was hurrying his horse along the State road that led over the top of the ridge of mountains. He was eager to gain the village in the valley eight miles farther down the road before night came on. He had his poncho draped over his shoulders and over his horse's flanks and with his head bowed slightly against the blowing rain he urged the animal forward as fast as was advisable while descending the steep grade.

As he cantered down the hill, he heard behind him the call of a motor horn. Subconsciously he told himself that a car had topped the ridge of mountains in back of him and had started down the hill. Presently he heard the whirr of the motor and a few seconds later the car with cover up and side curtains buttoned

against the rain rushed by, at better than normal speed, he thought.

In fact the car was going just a little too fast for safety's sake on a mountain road, and Hunter looked hard at it as it whisked on down the hill. Then he shouted loud and long, for suddenly he recalled just how treacherous that bit of State road was. It led on down the mountainside all right, but at one point, at the very foot of the hill, was a sharp turn that approached a bridge over a creek. And unless that turn was negotiated with skill and at low speed, it was likely that the machine would not make the bridge across the creek at all, but would go plunging through a wooden fence and over a twenty foot bank into the stream.

It is doubtful indeed that the autoists heard Hunter's shout because of the speed at which they were going and the noise of the engine. But what they did see a moment later was a sign board posted along the road warning of the dangerous curve. Then they began to apply the brakes. Hunter could see that the car slowed down an instant. Then it jumped forward again, and suddenly to the policeman's ear

came the report of a bursting brake band.

Just what happened after that Hunter and the people in the machine never knew. They tried to shift gears, stall the engine, and do almost anything else to stop the speeding automobile, but nothing was effective in the way of checking it. Indeed it gained speed with every second and soon it was traveling far too fast to attempt to ditch it or wreck it by running into the roadside bank. There appeared to be nothing for it but to run on down the hill and trust to luck that the turn could be made and the speed of the car spent on the level ground in the valley.

But Hunter knew that such a thing was impossible. Even though the driver might keep the now plunging car in the center of the road and make the rest of the way down the mountain safely, he could never take it around that sharp turn successfully. The constable foresaw a dreadful accident, which he was powerless to prevent. All that he could hope to do was to hurry forward and lend what assistance was possible after the crash occurred.

He urged his horse forward, watching the fast

disappearing machine. On he hurried. The automobile was lost from sight now by a slight bend in the road. It was but a quarter of a mile from the danger point. Hunter knew it would hit the curve in a matter of seconds, and as he hurried his mount down the steep hill he listened for the crash of rending timber and the cries of the people in the machine.

He had but a minute to wait. It was sickening, and Hunter who was used to hearing and seeing trouble in all forms, grew cold as he thought of the terror those people must have experienced that brief tense moment before the crash. What had happened to them? Were they piled up under the wrecked car, injured and dying, or had they all been pitched over the bank and into the creek? He would know in a moment!

Faster and faster he drove his horse down the grade and suddenly he came within sight of the turn. No car was to be seen and there were no signs of it save a completely wrecked fence. The machine had gone through the fence and plunged bodily down the bank and into the creek.

Here was work to be done, and Hunter knew that it was up to him to do it. As his horse covered the remaining distance to the wrecked fence the policeman began to discard poncho, jacket, belt, helmet and riding boots, and by the time he reached the point of the accident he was ready for a plunge into the stream below if necessary.

And it *was* necessary. Hunter summed up the situation in a glance. Traveling at a very high rate of speed the machine had struck the fence head on and simply split the wood section into pieces, then still traveling the car leapt the bank and plunged right side up into the stream. Hunter jumped from his horse at the edge of the road and hurried to the top of the bank overlooking the creek. There twenty feet below and four feet under the surface was the machine right side up and apparently uninjured. But there were no signs of its occupants. Hunter knew in a moment that they were held prisoners inside the car by the leather top and the side curtains which had been used for protection against the rain.

In an instant the bluecoat was all action.

First he pulled out his pocket knife and opening the large blade, put the knife in his mouth pirate fashion. Then he jumped down the bank and the next moment plunged into the creek and began swimming toward the submerged automobile. With powerful overhand strokes he traveled swiftly, and presently he climbed up onto the top of the car. A second he paused to fill his lungs with air, then taking the opened knife in his right hand he plunged under the water and with a quick stroke ripped a big hole in the leather covering just over the joint where the rear seat was located. Then in another move he had made a similar hole in the top over the front seat, and cast the knife away.

Into the first hole he reached and clutched blindly about for the occupants of the machine. A hand grabbed his and held it in a deathlike grip. With a mighty heave he pulled upward and lifted through the hole the almost unconscious form of a woman. In a moment he had her to the surface, terror stricken and gasping madly for air. Hurriedly Hunter flung himself into the water and swam to the bank with her.

Then laying her down he swam back again to the automobile.

But as he reached the spot a head came to the surface. It was that of a man, and he too dragged with him the all but lifeless form of a woman. Hunter came to their assistance, and he thanked his lucky stars that he was a well trained swimmer for he had a hard time trying to get the two of them ashore. And then, when they were landed, the man, gasping and choking and pointing frantically told Hunter that there was still another person in the machine!

Back to the submerged automobile went the constable again, and this time he knew he was to have trouble, for if there was a fourth person in the wreck, the body must be held down between the seats.

When he reached the top of the automobile, he plunged below the surface at once and this time instead of feeling through the yawning hole in the roof of the car he seized the iron rods that supported it and pulled himself partly through into the tonneau of the machine.

It was black down there; black and lonesome

and death-like and Hunter did not feel at all comfortable. The loosened cushions of the machine bumped against his head, and objects brushed by his face. He groped about blindly. His hand clutched a pocketbook. Then a glove. Then he seized an article of clothing and for a moment he thought he had found the remaining victim. But it proved to be a castoff jacket. He lowered himself farther and felt about the floor of the car. He had been under water what seemed to be a long time and his chest and head were beginning to ache with the pent-up air in his lungs. He worked faster, reaching here and there and searching every corner of the tonneau of the car. Then finally in desperation he pulled himself entirely into the car and groped about in the front seats.

There, crowded down underneath the shaft of the steering wheel he located the last victim, a sixteen year old boy.

Hastily Hunter pulled him from under the wheel, and over the back of the front seats of the car. Then gathering the lad into his arms he poked head and shoulders through the opening in the roof, and with a violent push against the

bottom of the car he shot to the surface, gasping and sputtering, and all but exhausted from his long submersion.

It took him but a few moments to drag the lad ashore, where the other victims of the wreck were in various stages of recovery. Then with the help of the man, who was still rather weak but full of grit, he laid the boy out on the bank and began to administer first aid treatment. It required an hour to revive the youth, but in the end Hunter succeeded, thus adding the salvation of a fourth life to his record.

From the performance of Hunter one can readily judge the caliber of the men who compose the Pennsylvania State Police. There are 228 of them with not a quitter or a coward among them; with not a man who would flunk any duty no matter how trying it may be. They are all that State policemen should be, and the State of Pennsylvania feels certain of the best of protection while this fine force of mounted police is on guard.

Highly military in character, the force of constables who patrol the Keystone State are among the best disciplined and best trained

mounted men in the country, equal in every way to any troop of United States Regular Army Cavalry. They are all strapping young fellows with muscle, grit and brains. They are the pick of the many of one time soldiers who yearly apply for admission to the force, at the headquarters office in Harrisburg or at any of the four barracks in the State.

Of course the former military training of these applicants stands them in good stead when they become members of the force. Their drilling and obedience to discipline and commands are among the things that have gone a long way toward creating the country-wide good impression of the Pennsylvanians. Then too the strong bodies that they have built up in the Army and National Guard service, with the courage and hardihood that is bred in all soldiers, is of great value to the service of the State police.

In speaking of the type of men who compose the Pennsylvania State Police Force their commander, Major Groome, says: "So far as I am concerned, I would prefer a man who does not know the population of Rome, the height of the



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PENNSYLVANIA'S RIOT BREAKERS
An International Reputation Has the Pennsylvania
Constabulary for Preserving Order. Even in the
Most Troubled Strike Times

Himalaya Mountains or whether the Duke of Wellington was a man, a trotting horse or a brand of smoking tobacco. I'll teach him all that is required of a State policeman. But he must be fearless, have a good character, and a whole lot of common sense. If he can read and write and do simple sums in everyday arithmetic, he is fit, educationally, to maintain order and prevent crime."

But if a man has served an enlistment or two in the Army and has been given an honorable discharge, one can be very certain that he has all the qualifications Major Groome asks of a candidate for a position on the Pennsylvania force. And, as stated before, since more than ninety percent of the men are former troopers or soldiers in some branch of the United States Regular Army and the National Guard, they all measure up to the standards set down by the commanding officer.

The decidedly soldier-like appearance of these policemen has been commented upon many times since the organization of the force, and there is no question but that Pennsylvania is extremely proud of the outfit. Indeed every time

a troop appears either on parade or on serious business bent, the constables always receive a rousing welcome from the population of the towns or cities through which they pass.

Even in small detachments they present a soldierly impression as they canter by clad in their uniforms of dark blue. In fact the only thing about them that detracts from their military appearance is the heavy helmets they wear and these are considered quite necessary, for the men are primarily riot police and every one knows that a good stiff helmet is about the best form of head protection when on riot duty. Bricks, clubs or bottles hurled from roof tops would make short work of campaign hats or caps and cause serious injury to the trooper-policemen. The helmets, however, stand up under all sorts of shocks and protect the wearers exceptionally well.

The uniforms as stated before are dark blue with short coats and riding breeches and black riding boots. But instead of the saber of the cavalryman and the riding crop of the New York State Troopers, these men have slung from their saddle a twenty-two inch riot stick or billet

that presents a formidable weapon. This stick is well balanced and so heavy that it will "sink in water," and the mounted men know well how it should be used in an emergency. Besides this riot stick each trooper carries a thirty-eight caliber Colt service revolver, and a forty-five caliber Springfield carbine.

Adding more to the military feature of the police is the fact that cavalry drills and cavalry tactics are used at all times. Army discipline is maintained to a certain extent also, but it is not of the foreign military type by any means. The men are permitted to use their brains and their discretion at all times, and discipline cases always receive a fair hearing before judgment is passed as to whether the man on trial has been careless or neglectful of the principles that should govern men of his position. As Major Groome stated not long since, "A man can be a gentleman as well as a State policeman." And all of Major Groome's men are both.

This force, as small as it is, patrols the entire Keystone State and although they have a huge territory and a large and varied population to deal with, the police do their work exceedingly

well. Of course there is always room for more men on the force and the commanding officer has made several efforts to increase the size of the organization, but notwithstanding all the difficulties the mounted police encounter because of lack of numbers, they do their work most creditably.

The force is divided into four barracks, with fifty-seven men stationed at each barracks. These stations are located so as to afford the best protection for the largest amount of territory, one being at Butler and one at Greensburgh in the western part of the State and the others being situated at Pottsville and Wyoming in the eastern portion of the territory.

It is from these central points that the blue-coats work. Each of the troops is divided up into patrols, and while a certain number of men remain at each barracks for detail and special assignment work the majority of the rangers are constantly out on rural patrol duty, riding highways and byways looking for possible trouble.

The duties of the Pennsylvania State Policemen are to guard against trouble of any kind, protect life and property, lend assistance wher-

ever possible and keep a careful watch over the State's resources, such as timber land, and the fish and game in the wild and mountainous sections. With all this to do and with such a huge territory to be covered one can well believe that these mounted men are kept busy constantly.

But to facilitate their work a very elaborate police system is maintained, the State being divided into a number of substations from which the rural patrols work. These substations are situated at various points throughout the territory but they are by no means permanently located. In fact they are always being shifted about so as to have policemen handy to possible trouble centers, and each substation is made the point from which three to five policemen work on rural patrol.

For instance, suppose there is trouble brewing at Retreat, or suppose the miners at Monongahela are contemplating a strike. As soon as word reaches the headquarters of the police at the State Capitol in Harrisburgh of any possible sign of disturbance, a detachment of police is sent post haste to the town, there to establish a

substation, from which every morning and evening the riders start out to travel the country watching for the first signs of disturbance.

Because of the fact that the force is a great deal smaller than it should be for a state the size of Pennsylvania, the police must be easily and quickly mobilized, and for that reason the riders keep themselves constantly on the alert for a shift in their location. One man or one group of men may be on patrol in the eastern part of the State one day, and overnight they may receive orders to shift to an entirely different location fifty or one hundred miles distant.

That is one of the features of the Pennsylvania police that help to make them so efficient. In the smallest possible time, one or two or five or six substations can be wiped out and the troopers located in them can be shifted or mobilized into a larger force ready for any form of duty. Indeed the riders seem to appear and disappear from nowhere and for that reason the lawlessly inclined think twice before they commit acts that may bring the police down upon them.

Once these men decide upon the necessity of

arresting a man they always get him, no matter how far or how fast they have to travel. That is one of the laws of the force. Never does a man escape arrest if it is humanly possible to apprehend him. And as for the man who defies the police or resists arrest in any way, if he is fortunate enough to get away the first time, he can be certain that some of the constables will be after him in a few hours nor will they leave his trail no matter where or how far it leads them.

A fugitive can flee through a score of states or even into another country but sooner or later a member of the Pennsylvania force will find him and, if it is possible, arrest him and bring him back to Pennsylvania, or else see that he is prosecuted in the country in which he has taken refuge, for the crime he has committed, if that can be done. No, the Pennsylvania State Police never give up a trail once they start out to run a man down.

An illustration of this pure tenacity and determination developed in every constable of the force is embodied in a very crisp statement of instructions given by Major Groome. He as-

serts that "If he (a mounted policeman) starts after a criminal he **MUST** get him. He must never fail save in self-defense. He must never strike a prisoner after an arrest and *Each Constable Must Be Equal to One Hundred Foreigners.*" Major Groome then gives four brief but pointed rules to be observed by constables when closing in on a man. "First, be sure you're right; second, draw weapons when opposed; third, when drawn use them; fourth, when used, use them effectively."

"The result of these rules," says Major Groome, "is that when a State policeman gets through with a man, the man has been arrested or one of them is dead."

. But although the work of these State policemen has to do in a great measure with the apprehension of criminals and the maintenance of order in districts where disorder is likely to be encountered, by no means all of their time is spent in this form of work. The trooper-policemen of the Keystone State, besides being the guardians of the big territory which they patrol, are also of material assistance in furthering the welfare of the people individually and in com-

munities. More than one Pennsylvania town has been grateful for the assistance of a member of the mounted force in time of trouble, and more than one family in remote rural districts feels under obligations to a blue-coated rider for good advice or material assistance in time of need.

However, if only the good these policemen accomplish in the way of protecting the State's forest lands, and fish, wild birds and other game were considered, their work would be something to be proud of. The trooper-policemen are of great help to the other departments of the State Government in carrying out the work under their jurisdiction. The Department of Forestry, for instance, does not hesitate to call upon the Police Department for the services of a certain number of bluecoats as forest guards, when necessary; and during long dry periods, and times when forest fires are prevalent, the policemen are veritable fire rangers, keeping a careful watch for signs of destructive conflagrations, and even helping the men regularly commissioned to do the work, in the actual fighting of forest fires. It also falls to the police in a

measure too to collect evidence and make arrests in cases where forestry laws have been violated.

The State Forestry Department does not hesitate to give great credit to the work of the policemen in connection with the preservation of the forest and timber lands, which of course the police justly deserve. And the Department of Fisheries also pays a tribute annually to the work of the mounted men. The number of game wardens working from that department is rather small and as a result the police are often called upon to protect the fisheries, collect evidence and make arrests in cases where persons are fishing illegally.

It is interesting to know that in certain sections of Pennsylvania the residents are particularly bitter against strangers who fish in the local trout streams and bass lakes and if they can discover any of these visitors in the act of doing something that can be construed as a violation of the fish and game laws of the State they are quick to report the matter to the proper authorities and ask that wardens or State policemen be sent to make an arrest.

But often when these requests are sent out and State policemen appear on the scene the natives find cause to be sorry, for the policemen pay no attention to whether the violators of the laws are strangers or residents of the section and the result is that many of those who complained are detected in the act of fishing illegally too, and are placed under arrest. The result is that the residents have objected vociferously, saying that the police should arrest only the strangers and not the natives. But to the State Police a law breaker is a law breaker whether he is a stranger or a blood cousin, and both are treated the same when they are put under arrest.

CHAPTER V

FOLLOWING THE "COAL AND IRON POLICE"

THE "Riot Breakers" was the name early applied to the Pennsylvania State mounted men for in those days as today the chief need for a State force was found in the mining region where the coal and iron miners went out on strikes that often developed into most disastrous labor disturbances. But of late years the Pennsylvanians have outgrown the name for the simple reason that their services in this line are not so often needed now-a-days.

To be sure strikes are still of common occurrence in the Keystone State but they are strikes more often minus the menacing riots. You see the early record established by the mounted men for breaking up mobs and arresting the ring-leaders has taught the rougher element among the strikers that it is futile to attempt riots and reigns of terror. It scarcely pays for it brings the ever active bluecoats down

upon them with such forcefulness that in the end the rioters always get the worst of the situation.

The present condition of affairs is far more satisfactory to the police too, for the mounted men never were delighted to have to charge mad mobs of foreigners and beat them into order by brute force alone. Now they need only appear in a strike area, announce that there must be no violence, and their mere presence coupled with their reputation for always being able to handle a desperate situation with facility and dispatch, is quite enough to make the strikers realize that they must win their cause without resorting to mobism.

There were times, however, in the early days of the police when the opinion was otherwise among a certain class of strikers. A walkout did not seem complete without its full share of violence, and this mob rule reached a terrible pitch on occasions.

Those were the days when the bluecoats of the Pennsylvania State Force did more than their share of riot breaking, and they did it with a vengeance too. Indeed they had to or else

whole towns would have been destroyed and scores of people killed by the strike-mad mobs. These big fisted coal and iron men, when they started out to win a point by means of sheer force, rarely stopped at anything.

Of course it is only the unruly and unmanageable element in every strike that causes the trouble, and frequently the mobs are composed of organized toughs, who are not really strikers at all but ne'er-do-weels, who would not work anyway and whose desire for fight leads them to assume the rôle of strike sympathizers or strikers. This of course reflects upon the strikers themselves who often are order loving men who strike because they believe they have a just grievance and can only secure an adjustment by refusing to work until they are treated satisfactorily.

The State Police know all this too. They recognize in a moment the difference between the conscientious honest workers and the "rough-necks" as they call these banded toughs, and because these men are a menace to civil government and to the cause of the honest work-

ing men as well, they make short shrift of them when they catch them.

An instance of this is to be found in the comparatively recent Wilkes-Barre street-car strike where two entire troops of State Police were needed for strike and riot duty for a period extending over months. Nearly every man on the entire force performed some strike duty at Wilkes-Barre during the labor disturbance there, for it is estimated that in all two hundred and fifteen men were used in the city and surrounding districts at one time and another, and some were on duty there for longer than a year. The Wilkes-Barre strike was historic with the mounted men so far as riot duty is concerned, for more men were used and for longer periods than on any other occasion.

The first signs of uncontrollable disorder did not result from the actions of the striking street-car men but from a big crowd of toughs and ruffians who assumed the guise of strike sympathizers just for the purpose of creating disorder and satisfying their lust for violence. It was on a Saturday evening in March, and several

thousand of the roughest element in the city had gathered just below the public square to hear the megaphone returns of a championship prize fight between Willard and Moran. Of course the big crowd was made up entirely of just the sort of men who follow prize fighting, and banded together as they were, they concluded that they were strong enough to defy law and order and do as they pleased.

They soon became boisterous and riotous among themselves, and created such a disturbance that before long the local police, who had been keeping them under control as best they could, decided that they must be dispersed. Presently orders were sent to the point where the fight returns were being given out, that the announcing must be stopped, and no more returns made public.

At the same time the local police began to break up the big crowd. In another moment trouble was afoot. When the returns were stopped a fierce roar went up from the crowd. And when the policemen became active that was a sign for the roughest to become engaged too,

and immediately several fights between policemen and toughs were under way.

As individuals the ruffians were not a match for the trained policemen and before the crowd realized it, all the fighters had been thoroughly worsted by the sturdy bluecoats and were being hustled off to a jitney bus nearby in which they were to be taken to the police station. At this, however, more trouble broke loose.

Several of the men arrested were leaders of the gangsters of the city, and when their followers saw that they were captured, the entire mob of several thousand surged forward, charged the police, bore them backward, knocked them down and trampled them under foot. The prisoners were rescued from the jitney bus which the police had commandeered as a patrol wagon, and then when the leaders were liberated the bus itself became the play toy of the crowd. They pushed it around the public square shouting and yelling and creating all sorts of disorder. Then just to show their spite they began tearing the big bus to pieces and when they left it a few moments later there

was nothing but the steel of the chassis and engine to be seen, even this being wrecked and bent to an unrecognizable mass.

Like wolves with blood upon their lips the mob surged on again looking for more excuses for violence. Now it happened that a few days before, the street-car men of the city had gone on a strike and had walked out leaving the cars in the hands of a number of strike breaking "finks." Here was a glorious opportunity for rioting, all of which could be blamed upon the street-car men. The mob seized upon the idea eagerly and soon sticks and stones were flying at every street-car that appeared. Windows were wrecked and for a while terror and disorder reigned, the mob surging up and down the streets and through the public square defying the police and every one else.

But there was a force in town they had not reckoned with. No, not the State Police, for those men had not yet been sent for. It was the Fire Department. At the height of the rioting the blue shirts appeared with engines and lengths of hose ready for action. It took but a few moments to connect the hose lines, and when

the toughs realized that they were about to become the target for the battering streams of ice cold water they quickly dispersed.

That, however, was only the beginning of the rioting in Wilkes-Barre. The next night and the next and the next, riots broke out at one point or another in the city and the local authorities found it absolutely impossible to control the situation. Then it was that a request for the mounted men was sent out, and then it was that the rioters began to lose their courage.

Almost as soon as the request for assistance reached the State Police headquarters orders were sent forth for the mobilization of Troops A and D of the State Force. In a matter of hours these troopers were entrained and enroute for Wilkes-Barre and the day they detrained in the railroad yards of the big mining city, and began their patrol work, was the day that the rough element of the town decided that they had had almost enough rioting.

It is not until the authorities of a town, a city or a county acknowledge that conditions are beyond them, and that every measure they have tried has failed, that the State Police appear

upon the scenes. Major Groome has said, in explaining this, "We have never sent a large detail where there is rioting without a written or telegraphic request from the local authorities and frequently we have refused to send assistance even on such requests because on investigation we have found that it was not necessary and that the sheriff was lying down on his job and wanted some one else to do his work."

So you see the State Police are the last resort in riot situations. And frequently they are the one effective means of stopping disorder entirely from the time they appear to the time the strike is settled. When they arrive their word is law, and they act with force and decision on every occasion. They take no nonsense and they make no threats. They are all action, and they handle the situation in the most effective way possible.

It is because of their service as riot breakers, and because of the fact that they are called in when every other force has failed that there is a certain amount of bitterness against the mounted men among certain organized labor classes in the Keystone State. These men

charge that the police interfere with their right as citizens to adjust their troubles with the industrial interests as they see fit.

But this of course is not true. Indeed it is quite the reverse, for the police protect the interests of strikers, strike breakers and employers alike. No one class is allowed to take unjust advantages of the other in the way of employing force. Never yet have the State Police interfered with strikers who conducted their strike along orderly lines, and never have they permitted strikers to be beaten up, or in any way interfered with by strike breakers hired by the industrial institutions.

The Police stand for fairness in a strike situation, and they are against physical force employed by either side. Under no circumstances will the State mounted men take sides for or against the strikers. Indeed that is one of the real reasons for the existence of the force.

In the old days, from the period of the Civil War up to 1905 when the Pennsylvania State Police were organized, an entirely different method of policing strike areas was in vogue. In those days what were popularly known as

the "Coal and Iron Police" were the riot-breaking strike police of the State. Into their hands was given the work of patrolling the strike areas, guarding life and property and seeing to it that order was maintained. Their work extended up to the point where the National Guard stepped in, and then of course the men in khaki were in absolute control of the situation.

But the old "Coal and Iron Police" were far from an efficient body of men, and they were not above taking sides, usually against the strikers. Indeed, how could they do otherwise? The organization was composed entirely of men hired by the corporation against which the strikes were being conducted and as a result they had to take sides against the strikers. They were in reality hired as "strong arm men" who were employed for the special purpose of making things unpleasant for the strikers and in many instances they made things decidedly disagreeable. The riots, and street fights, and other outrages that used to accompany strikes in those days were something really horrible to behold, for the strikers and the "Coal and Iron Police"

cordially hated each other and were always ready to "mix."

Naturally Labor abhorred these police. They felt that the "strong arm" squad was maintained for the one purpose of keeping them from gaining what they believed were their rights. The police were on the side of their enemies and for a long time there were bitter fights waged among the political parties in an effort to have this method of policing strike areas abandoned. As a matter of fact Labor much preferred to have the National Guard of the State called out to take up the duties of strike police, for they appeared to be much more just in their dealings with both parties. This being true it is not unlikely that some of the situations created in the old days by the strikers and the police were for the very purpose of having the Militia called out and the "Coal and Iron Police" superseded.

Many times before the organization of the State Police were the soldiers rushed to the strike centers to quell riots and take charge of affairs in the district, mounting guard at every vital point and holding men in reserve for

emergency duty. But the calling out of the National Guard was always an expensive matter and the soldiers frequently could not be brought into action quickly enough to avert some of the more serious disturbances. Then too every time the guardsmen were called out these men, usually workmen in ordinary life, were taken from their tasks and put a-soldiering, thereby decreasing their earning capacity and causing trouble in the industries in which they were employed.

Also capital had something to say. The mine owners contended that the guardsmen, being workers themselves, were inclined to be sympathetic toward the strikers, assisting them in every way possible. This of course was not true, but the point was raised that the militiamen were not so likely to do good police duty against their friends, which often happened to be the case.

With conditions thus, the State of Pennsylvania cast about for some remedy for what appeared to be a very difficult situation. But a way was found out of it all with the organization of the Pennsylvania State Police. It ap-

peared possible to establish a troop of mounted men, half soldiers and half policemen, who could be vested with the authority of the law, and who could do riot and strike duty and State-wide police duty at all times.

The suggestion appealed to the law makers immediately and in due time the necessary legislation was enacted, a bill for the organization of the trooper-police was passed and an effort made to find some one who could head the organization and establish it on the proper footing.

Then came Major John C. Groome to the front. His reputation as a soldier made him, logically, the man to be put in charge of the work of organizing and commanding the new State force and he was therefore appointed.

In true soldier fashion, however, Major Groome refused to accept the appointment unless he should be absolutely unhampered in his work by political influence, and as a result of this stand he was given almost unlimited authority to build up the force. Indeed his word is law among the troopers, and being a just man it is well that his word is final. His men think

a tremendous lot of him and there is not one of them but would go through anything to carry out his commands.

With the instinct of a born commander the Major set about selecting his force. He called about him a thousand or more of the best soldiers he knew and from these he picked the troopers who were to compose his very military police force. After a strict mental and physical examination of all the men who had made application he selected 193 officers and men to compose his organization. It is interesting to know that these men came from nineteen different states and that ninety percent of them had seen service in the United States Army.

Although this troop was rather small, as compared with the National Guard organization of the State, Major Groome felt confident that with these men in the saddle he would be able to handle any strike situation that might come up.

How good his judgment was is evident from the fact that only once since 1905, the year the police force was organized, has the National Guard of Pennsylvania been called out for strike duty. And on that occasion all four troops of

the police were on duty in one section of the State, the Wyoming Valley District, when a strike broke out in the extreme western portion of the State, threatening to cause trouble in East Pittsburgh and the surrounding territory. Just that once did the police force prove too small to take care of both situations, and as a result a detachment of the National Guard had to be called out to take charge of the East Pittsburgh territory.

There have been strikes aplenty since Major Groome's organization has been in the field. And many of them of such huge proportions and of such a serious nature that undoubtedly if the police force had not been in existence a great many companies of militiamen would have been required to do strike duty. As it was, however, the guardsmen were not needed at all, for the police handled each situation very effectively. They policed each area, broke up riots, made arrests where necessary and conducted their work even more satisfactorily than the National Guard could have accomplished the same task.

To be sure there have been any number of minor disturbances in which the police have

played a prominent part, but of big strikes that undoubtedly would have necessitated the calling out of the troops there were just nine.

These nine were really serious strikes of the old order. In one case 20,000 bituminous coal miners were out, roaming the strike center, with nothing to do except wait for a settlement of their affairs. Twenty thousand miners, big, strong and fearless men wandering about require a great deal of attention and one can be very certain that the State Police were ever on the alert for the first signs of trouble of any kind. They made many rounds of sleepless police duty keeping the most guarded watch over the mine properties and over the men themselves.

That they did their work well is evident from the records of the strike. There were few unseemly disturbances, and although the men were out for a very long period the services of only 101 policemen were necessary and not all of these were employed for the full period of the strike.

In point of duration the recently mentioned Wilkes-Barre strike was one of the longest la-

bor disturbances that the Police have ever had to contend with. The constant services of two or more troops of State Policemen were necessary in Wilkes-Barre and the surrounding territory for a period of a year or longer, and there was plenty of riot duty sprinkled in with that particular tour of strike service.

Among the really big strikes that the Police have handled, are the Anthracite and Bituminous Coal Miners' Strike of 1906 when the entire force of two hundred and twenty-eight men was in action for a period of three months. The second one was two years later when the Chester street-car men walked out and remained on strike for longer than two months and one hundred and forty-three mounted police were required for fifty-nine days to handle the situation. The following year McKees Rock and vicinity was stirred by a strike of the steel workers in the Standard Steel Car Company and again the mounted men were called into action, seventy-five bluecoats being in strike service, some for three weeks and others for a period of two months.

The big Philadelphia street-car strike neces-

sitated the mobilization of one hundred and seventy-six of the mounted men, but fortunately they were only needed for a period of three days. You see the work in the big city was hardly as pressing as at other points in the State for the reason that Philadelphia has an excellent metropolitan police force of its own and the State Police were hardly needed at all, except for reserve work.

The Philadelphia strike occurred in 1910 and very soon after another mobilization order was sent forth for a two months' tour of duty for ninety-one men in connection with a big strike in the Bethlehem Steel Plant. That year was a particularly difficult one for the police, for before it closed the big Bituminous Coal Miners' Strike was started which continued on into the following year, and extended well into 1911. The Anthracite Miners were the next to feel dissatisfied and resort to a strike by way of settling their difficulties. This was a short but whirlwind affair in which almost the entire force of police were necessary for a period of two weeks. That the mounted men did some spectacular work cannot be doubted.

A smaller strike among a group of men known as the Erie Molders followed the next year and extended over into 1914 but scarcely a troop of State Policemen were required on that occasion. Then came the busy period following the declaration of war in Europe when all of the industrial workers in the State of Pennsylvania had so much to attend to that they could not afford to think of striking. Wages were increased, money difficulties seldom arose and for more than a year all was peace and quiet. Indeed, if it had not been for the big Wilkes-Barre Car Strike, which occurred in 1915 and 1916 the State Police would have been singularly free of the disagreeable service of strike duty.

Strike duty is disagreeable, but you may be sure that the bluecoats of the Keystone State do not shirk it. It is part of their regular line of work and they are so thoroughly trained for that end of the job that they carry out strike mobilization orders with just as much snap and enthusiasm as they do any other orders, despite the fact that they know that they are in for rough work and long, hard sleepless periods of

duty and all the other discomforts that go along with riot service.

As a matter of fact preparation for riot duty is one of the most important features of the training given the recruit policeman at the well equipped training barracks conducted in connection with the C Troop station at Pottsville. And that same training is continued even after the men pass out of the rookie stage and become full-fledged members of the police force.

The training of the Pennsylvania State Police is very much along the line of the training given all other police with the exception, as just mentioned, of particular emphasis laid on the different methods of handling large crowds of rioting strikers. The men who successfully pass the examinations which are held at stated periods to fill vacancies on the force, and indicate by good results in the tests that they have mental, moral and physical equipment to become good State Police, are sent immediately to the barracks of Troop C at Pottsville in the northeastern part of the State.

Here they are allotted their equipment and uniforms and their saddle and mount, and they

are registered in the cavalry school where the regular cavalry drills and the work of putting the men into military shape is carried on. Of course very little in the way of elementary work is necessary in this respect, for, as you already know, ninety per cent of the men who compose the force are former soldiers, and the same percentage holds good of the men who apply for admission to the organization every year.

But with the cavalry drill comes also a great deal of the riot work, such as wedge formations, methods of attacks, and instructions as to just what to do and what not to do when called upon to scatter a big crowd.

The military training includes work on the rifle range and revolver range, for the Pennsylvanians, though they use their firearms as little as possible in actual service, must be dead shots. They must be able to hit the mark with the very first attempt, for many a time the life of a trooper hangs on the accuracy of his first shot. They are all good marksmen with rifles too, as they have demonstrated time and again in shooting contests and in actual work in the open.

While this military training is supposed to be

of body building value, a course of physical instructions is also carried out for the benefit of the rookies. They get the regular setting-up exercises, gymnasium work, wrestling, boxing and other forms of athletics; they learn to swim (if they do not already know how) and they are acquainted with all forms of physical exercise that will prove beneficial to them in their work while patrolling the State.

To be sure their mental training is in no way neglected. They attend lecture courses that make them thoroughly familiar with the laws of Pennsylvania, and they are instructed in criminal law, road, health, game and forestry laws and all other ordinances that may govern cases coming under their jurisdiction.

In all, the rookie policemen are supposed to attend this training school for a period of four months, during which time they are made thoroughly proficient State Police. But their instructions do not end there. In fact all during the time they are members of the force they periodically attend the training school to brush up their knowledge or learn anything new that may pertain to their work.

CHAPTER VI

THE ROUGH AND READY RANGERS OF TEXAS

THE Texas Rangers of today are more of a military organization in a certain sense of the word than any of the rest of the constabularies in the country. True, they are far from military in appearance, for they lack any pretense of uniform dress such as that of the natty looking New York State Troopers for instance, or the Pennsylvania State Police. And it is possible that they are not as familiar with military drill or tactics as are other organizations. But for pure fighting ability and from the point of actual battle experience there is not a constabulary anywhere that can boast as much as the Texans.

Indeed every man of them knows what the whine of a bullet sounds like, and more than one of them knows the sensations experienced when ordered to charge in the face of a hot rifle fire. For the last five years the Texans have had many a skirmish on the international border

line, and they have been called out at all hours to break up raiding parties of marauding Mexican bandits, bent on the destruction of life and property on the American side of the line.

It was the Texas Rangers who acted as the bulwark of the Lone Star State before the American forces were mobilized for border patrol in 1916. And during that time they had any amount of hot skirmishes with the bandits from the cactus land. To be sure there were a certain number of regiments of Regulars stationed in Texas for border patrol work, but Texas is larger than several ordinary states and has a State line of tremendous length. For that reason the soldiers could not patrol anywhere near all of the boundaries, so it fell to the Rangers to cover the sections left exposed, which proved to be no easy task when Villa and other notorious bandits cast covetous eyes at American cattle and American riches across the line.

For a long period messages were flashed almost nightly by telephone or telegraph from some point on the border that the Rangers were needed to repel an attacking band of Mexicans.

Then at breakneck speed the nearest company of Rangers or those of them who could be hastily assembled would start off across the plains in the direction of the trouble, ready to face any odds, and to take whatever punishment awaited them.

Individually and collectively the Rangers of Texas have seen more fighting than any other constabulary organization in the world. And as a force and as individuals the Rangers have acquitted themselves in noble fashion on each occasion, winning every skirmish with honor, and nearly always in the face of surprising odds. Take the occasion of the raid on a ranch that was operated by the O-Bar outfit, when Buck-Along-Buck Crawford and Fred Cridell, two Rangers, were caught in the ranch house with the O-Bar owner and one of his cattlemen and his wife and daughter, and held under siege for hours. That was a night to try the nerve of the Rangers and to prove what the fearless cattle country constables can do in a pinch.

Buck-Along-Buck and Fred were the first to come in contact with the Mexicans. They were ending up a long patrol and were just riding

across a corner of the O-Bar land, a half mile from the ranch house when they suddenly found themselves face to face with a mounted band of about fifty Mexican outlaws. Instantly the Rangers knew that trouble was afoot, and they wheeled about and started toward the ranch house. The Mexicans opened fire and of course the Rangers drew their big revolvers and fired back. Then a running engagement was kept up during the short race back to the house.

But just as Buck-Along-Buck was pulling in his mount a Mexican bullet found his broncho and brought the animal down. At the same moment Fred remembered that the O-Bar ranch was without a telephone and on the instant he had to form plans for calling out the Rangers.

“Take yo’ rifle and git in the house ’long with old man Tagor an’ whoever else is there. I’m going to ’phone for the Rangers. Here.” With a quick motion he unbuckled his belt of rifle cartridges and tossed it to Buck.

“Ah reckon yo-all will need them before Ah gets back,” he shouted. “There are five shots in the magazine of my rifle and that’s all Ah’ll

need," he added as he spurred his horse forward again.

Buck seized the belt and dashed for the ranch house door. The inmates, aroused by the shooting, were up and armed and had been watching him through the window. Eagerly they swung open the door to let him in. He was a welcome visitor at that crisis, for besides the ranch owner there was only one other man in the house to handle a rifle and it was quite plain that almost any moment there would be plenty of opportunity for some keen and accurate shooting, for the Mexicans had come to "clean up" the O-Bar ranch and make things mighty uncomfortable for the occupants. Almost as soon as the door was closed behind Buck the bullets began to fly.

As for Fred Cridell, when he saw his side partner safely within the 'dobe house he rolled his big spurs along the flanks of his pony and urged it forward. He saw several Mexicans detach themselves from the main party and start in full cry after him, bent on running him down before he could summon the Rangers. But Fred felt himself the equal of a score of the swarthy "Greasers," and he was quite certain

that he could outride or outshoot any of them. Indeed he paid small attention to them or to the bullets that whistled all about him in the darkness. He was bent on making the Pigeon-Foot ranch five miles west, from which point he could get telephone communication with the captain of AA Company of the Ranger force, stationed in the little town twelve miles from there.

On he pushed, spurring his mount forward to its utmost speed, for he knew that time was valuable indeed. Still the Mexicans clung to his trail, but the pounding of their horses' hoofs sounded from far behind and the noise of their shots was fainter too. He was outdistancing them and he knew it. He guessed, and rightly, that they would soon get discouraged and quit the chase. Two miles from the Pigeon-Foot ranch they gave up the idea of overtaking him and turned back to join the other raiders in their activities at the O-Bar ranch.

Twenty minutes later Fred flung himself out of his saddle before the Pigeon-Foot ranch house and aroused the owner, Jed Timkins.

Hastily Fred explained the situation at the

O-Bar, and then made his way to the telephone, while Timkins aroused the rest of his household, which included his wife and his two sons, and instructed them to get their rifles out and in working condition.

It took Cridell but a few minutes to get in touch with the Ranger captain, tell the details of the raid, and ask for assistance. Then as he turned toward the door, Jed Timkins asked in a careless off-hand way whether he would wait at the Pigeon-Foot for the Rangers to come up or whether he was going back to O-Bar alone.

"Ah guess Ah'll trapse on back, Jed," said Fred, hitching his "chaps." "They's a powerful lot o' 'Greasers' back there and Buck and them moit git into trouble. So I guess I'll mosey. Yo-all better stay right yere 'cause them 'Greasers' is liable to come down yere ef they git cleaned out up there right soon. S'long, Jed, I'll see yo' later," and swinging into his saddle he chirped to his broncho and was off back toward the O-Bar ranch.

He traveled just as fast going back as he had coming to Pigeon-Foot, for he was very much concerned about the safety of his bunkie, Buck.

Indeed he used his spurs more than he ever did, much to the surprise of his wiry little mount, whose legs fairly twinkled in the mad dash back.

A mile from the O-Bar house he began to hear the pop-pop-popping of rifle fire. It was hot and fierce and Fred knew his friend Buck was having a mighty serious time.

"Never yo-all mind. Ah'll be with yo', Buckie Boy, in jest about ten minutes," he said to no one in particular as he drew in his mount and took a survey of the land. Another half a mile he pushed on until several hundred yards ahead of him he could see the sharp quick flashes of the rifles in the darkness. Then he dismounted and picketed his horse behind a big cactus plant. Then unslinging his rifle, he prepared to go forward on foot.

Before advancing however, he took off his big silver spurs and slipped them in his saddle bag, for he did not wish to have their jingle betray him. Then, like an Indian scout, he began advancing. Crouching low and moving swiftly he started forward. He took advantage of every big cactus clump and every bush or shrub he

could find, and each time he had to cross an open stretch he scuttled like a rabbit.

Thus alternately hiding and hurrying forward he reached a point where he could distinctly see the figures of the Mexicans besieging the house. There were scores of them scattered about everywhere, some lying prone on the ground and firing fiercely at the ranch house, some standing and shooting offhand with the utmost bravado, while others rode about on their horses yelling and firing and acting like Indians gone mad.

“Hum,” grunted Fred, “that’s a fine mob Ah gotta run. But I shore gotta run ’em ’cause they’re givin’ Buck and ol’ man Tagore a hot time, Ah guess.” And throwing himself on his stomach he began to advance again.

Forward he worked, slowly and cautiously, avoiding the Mexican skirmish line as much as possible. And he had some very narrow escapes from being discovered too. Once a mounted bandit dashed by not fifteen feet away, but fortunately the rider was looking in the direction of the fire spitting ranch house. Again he came so close to a “Greaser” crouching be-

hind a cactus plant that he was of a mind to jump up and run for it feeling certain that he had been seen. But the Mexican was swearing in Spanish over a jammed rifle and never saw the Ranger.

Closer and closer Fred drew to the ranch house. The Mexicans were becoming fewer and more widely scattered now for none of them had the courage to get so uncomfortably close to the sharp shooters in the O-Bar adobe. Then Fred had another worry added to his situation. He began to be afraid that Buck or some one of the ranch house defenders would discover him and give him a dose of lead on the assumption that he was a "Greaser." Fred was in a tight situation and he knew it. He could not cut and run for it for any one of the mounted men could ride him down and do away with him in a twinkling. Yet he was afraid to crawl forward much further.

But suddenly all these fears were overshadowed by a greater one. Fred became conscious of a weird light to his left which quickly grew brighter. One glance told him the trouble plainly. The raiders, after having rounded up

all the cows and horses they could find and herding them off toward the river, had fired the ranch outhouses; those of them that were made of logs.

“Good-night,” said Fred to himself, “now Ah’m in a mess. This yere fire’s going t’ be brighter in jest about a minute and then Ah shore will be spotted. They’ll see me and fill me full o’ lead. Guess Ah’ll cut an’ run.” And suiting his action to his words he jumped to his feet and began running, as fast as his bowed legs and heavy “chaps” would let him, heading straight for the O-Bar ranch house.

But almost the moment he sprang to his feet he was discovered. With a mad shout several Mexicans turned their rifle fire on him immediately and two horsemen, firing as they came, charged down upon him from behind. At the same time Buck-Along-Buck, in the ranch house, saw him too. Fred heard Buck’s “Yahoo-o-o-o” call come shrilly from the ranch house, and Fred “Yaho-o-oed” back an answer. Then things began to happen fast.

Buck saw the oncoming horsemen charging down on Fred, and he turned a hot rifle fire on

them. And they, boiling with rage, and bent on doing away with Fred, raced forward even faster.

Suddenly, with a cry, one of them threw up his hands and swayed in his saddle. Then he pitched headlong out of it, and his horse, frightened by the accident, began to rear and plunge and all but trample on his disabled master. Buck had made a clean hit from the ranch house.

The second bandit kept on, however. He was overhauling Fred with every bound of his pony and it was only a matter of seconds before he would be able to empty his revolver into the slow moving runner.

Fred heard the beat of the horses' hoofs close at hand, and bullets from the "Greaser's" revolvers were thumping the sand uncomfortably close. He was twenty yards from the ranch house now. He knew he could not make it. He was tired and winded, for running was a new exercise for him. He wished now he had stuck to his broncho and taken the chance of having the animal shot. He was straining every muscle and bending every effort, but it seemed useless. The rider was coming too fast!

There was just one chance remaining to him. That was, to stop short, turn and shoot. But he knew it was sure death if he missed, for the next instant the Mexican would be close enough to make his poor aim certain and he would be riddled with bullets. But Fred took the chance!

Grasping his rifle firmly, he stopped short, digging his high heels into the sand to steady himself, then like a flash, he turned and fired. A high-pitched shriek followed the bark of his gun and he saw his pursuer tumble out of the saddle and fall with a thud. Fred did not wait another instant but with renewed courage sprinted the few remaining yards to the ranch house. And as he arrived the door swung open and he tumbled into the arms of his waiting pardner, Buck-Along-Buck.

But although Fred was safe, the worst was not over by any means. The Mexicans were angrier than ever now, and more daring too, and Fred had to scramble to a window immediately he entered the ranch house and empty the rest of the cartridges remaining in the magazine of his rifle, to help check a mad assault directed at the wall. However, two Rangers with old

man Tagore and his women folks were a match for any number of "Greasers" and so long as their ammunition held out they felt certain they could stand off the raiders until the Rangers arrived.

How they did fight! Round after round was hurled out at the shadowy figures that hovered about the ranch house. As fast as they could aim and pull the trigger they fired, and many a Mexican realized how accurate was their aim.

They did not have to stand the siege long, however, for the glow of the burning stables was seen by the detachment of Rangers riding to their relief and this spurred the little band on to top speed. And needless to say at the first sound of their battle cry the bandits began to melt away like snow before the sun. For the "Greasers" were not of a mind to stand up and give battle to a force of Texas Rangers.

There are no frills about these riders of the Lone Star State. They have no natty looking uniforms. "Chaps," a flannel shirt of any hue and a Stetson are good enough for them. They have no system of training, the school of experience being the only school they know. They

have no blooded steeds nor fine equipment, nor do they go in for reviews or parades or anything else that savors of ceremony. They are just plain every day Texans, who can shoot and ride with the best men in the world and who are endowed by nature with the grit and courage of a lone wolf and the fighting qualities of a grizzly. They are businesslike and scrappy from the crown of their Stetsons to their high heeled boots, and any one of them can "lick his weight in wild cats" as old Captain "Billy" McDonald used to put it.

Texas is mighty proud of her Rangers, proud of their history, proud of their bullet scars, and proud of their international reputation as fighters on the right side of every cause, which of course is the side that the law is on. The Rangers are the terror of cattle thieves, hold-up men, train robbers, crooked gamblers, gun fighters, and "Greasers," who do not comport themselves as respectable citizens should.

There are four Companies of Rangers today, but there have been, in days gone by, many more companies traveling under the Rangers' star when trouble was afoot. Through nearly half

a century this magnificent force of fighting men has been in existence and although there have been any number of efforts to legislate them out of existence, the residents of the Lone Star State have fought each move tooth and nail, for they realize that the Rangers are very necessary to the welfare of that huge and far flung State.

A wonderfully efficient, mobile force of men do these four companies of Rangers make, and although each company consists of from sixteen to twenty privates, one sergeant and a captain, there is no question but that each unit represents one of the finest cavalry troops in constant service anywhere in the country.

The Rangers are unhampered by wagon supply trains, or even the conventional "chuck" wagon outfit that is used among the cattle men. They have, as one man dubbed it, a saddle bag commissariat, and thus are ready to move anywhere at any time and on the instant they are called.

Although non-military in character the force, being a State organization, comes directly under the jurisdiction of the Adjutant General and all

reports of operations are made directly to him. He, through systems of communication, is in touch with the commanding officer of each detachment of Rangers and he knows at all times how and under what conditions the men are working. He is also able to mobilize the entire four companies or any part of them within a few hours at the outside and direct their efforts in any quarter of the State they may be needed.

But in spite of the fact that they are in this sense a part of the military force of the State, they are constables pure and simple. They are clothed with the powers of peace officers and their one duty is to preserve law and order in the State and assist and protect the people and property of the various communities and districts. They have absolute authority to make any arrest in any portion of the State and they have the authority of deputy sheriff in every county and they coöperate in every way with the civil authorities of any section in the prosecution of criminals.

In carrying out their duties the Rangers proceed very much like all other State policemen.

They have a certain amount of patrol duty to do and a great deal of detail work. And it is of course the detail work that frequently proves to be the most dangerous. The four companies, —Companies A, B, C, and D,—are stationed at what are known as detachment headquarters which are located in four different communities so selected as to make the guarding of extensive stretches of territory easy. These detachment headquarters are in communication with each other at all times and all are in communication with the Adjutant General's Office at the Capital of the State. In that way, any number of Rangers can be reached at one time and directed to operate in certain sections of the country.

From these detachment headquarters the men work on both patrol duty and detail duty. If a train robbery is reported in a certain section of the State word is sent to the nearest Ranger detachment post and immediately the commanding officer at the post details two or three or four men, or the amount necessary to handle the situation, to proceed immediately to the scene of trouble and take up the work of running down the criminals and bringing them

back under arrest. Of course the men on detail are supposed to coöperate with the local authorities, such as the sheriff and his deputies and marshals in working on such cases. But frequently this does not happen for the simple reason that there is more or less friendly rivalry between the Sheriff and the Rangers. The Sheriff always tries to run down the culprits before the Rangers get on the trail, and often when a Sheriff's posse and a detachment of Rangers are both working together on the same case and are both following hot trails, some lively races are in order.

There was a train robbery at Dryden some years ago, when a Southern Pacific train was held up by two bandits who looted the express box and went through the cars so thoroughly that there was hardly a "two bit piece" left in the whole train. Of course the robbers took to the trackless plains of the Panhandle District immediately and put a big stretch of country between themselves and the railroad before the train reached a telegraph station and flashed a call for the Rangers and the Sheriff.

The nearest detachment of Rangers was sta-

tioned in camp in Big Bend Country one hundred and thirty miles from the scene of the hold-up, but the moment word was flashed, four of the hardest riders among them began tightening their cinch straps, and a few minutes later they were vanishing across the prairies in a cloud of alkali dust, started for a ride that was to prove far longer than one hundred and thirty miles.

All that evening and all that night they pushed on at breakneck speed, urging their wiry ponies to their utmost in an effort to cut down the time between the robbery and the hour when they should appear upon the scene of the crime. Sixty miles they covered that night and the hour of daylight saw them within sight of a big ranch. Fifteen minutes later they thundered up to the ranch house and routed out the owner and his cow hands. Here all turned to and while breakfast was being cooked in the ranch house kitchen, the cowboys unsaddled the weary mounts of the Rangers while the four Texas constables hurried to the corrals and roped fresh mounts.

Just a mouthful of breakfast and a cup of

coffee did they snatch and when they turned out ten minutes later their new ponies, fully saddled, were ready and waiting for them. Off they started on their grueling journey again, driving the fresh horses just as hard as they had their own fagged ponies, for they knew that by nightfall they would be able to get new mounts at another Ranch seventy miles distant and near the scene of the hold-up. On they pushed, digging deep into their saddle bags but never dismounting for their noonday meal. And dusk saw them at a ranch on the outskirts of Dryden. Again the now fagged ponies were unsaddled and new ones roped in the ranch corral. A hot meal was served them and they snatched an hour's sleep before hurrying to the point where the robbery had been committed.

Here they took up the trail and proceeded as best they could in the darkness, following it fast in spite of many difficulties. But they had not been riding long before they heard from men whom they encountered that the United States Marshal for the district was already well on the trail ahead of them.

Here was competition and just the kind the

Rangers liked. Right off they decided that they would win out over the Government officers and make the arrest. They pulled up and held a hasty conference. Already their quick brains and their plainsman's instinct had told them how and in what direction the train robbers were traveling. They were as cunning as the men they were after and they knew very well that no matter in which direction their trail appeared to lead, sooner or later unless apprehended, the fleeing men would swing off in a wide circle to the northwest, making for the rougher country in which they could hide by day and travel by night until they shook off their pursuers. Then they would try to cross the State line or work in a half circle and make for the international boundary.

This being likely, and knowing that their rivals were already following the trail in a stern chase, the Rangers decided to risk all by a long detour, hoping to cut in on the train robbers' trail at some point in the big arc they were probably making, thereby heading off the Marshal and gaining on the fugitives.

With the aid of pocket flashes and lanterns

the four Rangers studied the trail left by the robbers. This was difficult because the Marshal's party had passed that way too and there was a confusion of hoof-marks. But among them all the Rangers picked out one print that indicated a broken horse shoe. This they marked with interest, for they knew that if while making their detour they crossed a trail left by only two horses and showing the mark of a broken shoe, they could feel quite certain that they were upon the fresh trail of the hold-up men.

A last look at the trail marks and then all remounted and set off at a gallop in a new direction. Away they swung and although they had done hard riding previously they now made their horses fairly leap through the air. They rode like Comanches on the war path, bending low in their saddles and urging their horses forward with spur and quirt. And the animals responded nobly. They were fine beasts, for the Rangers had picked the best they could find from the last corral they visited.

All night long they pushed onward, and then, just as the graying in the east told of dawn,

they picked up a trail of two horses, headed northwest. And there was the print of one horse that wore a broken shoe. "Yaho-o-o"! yelled the Rangers, for the trail of two left no signs of the Marshal and his party. They had outwitted the Government agent and were now riding the trail ahead of them. Off they sped, bent on running the robbers to cover as quickly as possible.

But it was still a long and tedious chase. Hour after hour they followed the slowly freshening trail. Morning wore into afternoon and the hours sped on toward evening and still the robbers were not in evidence. It began to appear as if the Rangers would have to spend another night on the chase. This thought was discouraging, but still they hurried forward, hoping soon to come in sight of the fleeing men.

And then when they least expected it they beheld, off on a long level stretch at the beginning of the hilly country, two men just breaking camp for a night of travel. These were the hold-up men.

Down charged the Rangers with a yell of triumph.

One hasty glance was all that the fugitives gave the police, then they dropped everything and rushed for their horses. And the next moment the shooting began.

The Rangers had ridden too long and too hard to give the train robbers any chance to get away now, so they began firing as they charged and their bullets were all directed at the two horses used by the train robbers. In an instant the animals were slain and then the robbers were at bay, trapped and with small chance of getting away. Of course they turned and gave battle. Their revolvers began to bark in a quick sharp fusillade and once more the Rangers got their guns into action. It was a fight now but a very uneven one, for the outlaws were no match for the hard riding plainsmen.

Still they fought on, taking to cover and giving the Rangers a stiff battle. Bullets zipped about most disconcertingly and two Rangers were creased by the bandits' fire before a sudden and startling lull occurred. Both bandits, hidden away in the shrubbery, stopped firing at the same instant and of course the Rangers did too.

There was something wrong. The Rangers charged forward to find out what the trouble was, and in the bush they found one bandit beyond help, while the other had disappeared entirely.

A close search revealed his trail through the shrubbery, however, and immediately the Rangers gave chase, only to be startled a few moments later by seeing a figure appear on the top of a hill but a short distance away. The man turned again and gave battle, firing five shots at the constables. Then noting that his bullets had little effect and that the Rangers still followed him he turned his revolver on himself committing suicide. Thus ended the Rangers' long chase of the Dryden train robbers. But although they had been cheated of making two important arrests the Rangers had a thoroughly good laugh at the expense of the United States Marshal, whom they met, with a very much fagged out posse, far back on the trail early the next morning.

As you already know, border troubles are and always have been the most important problems given to the Rangers to settle. Mexican bandits

and Texans have always been at swords' points, so to speak, and every lawless element in the southern Republic considers Gringo lands and cattle fair game providing they do not get caught at their work of stealing and pillaging. Nor do these swarthy bandits from the other side of the Rio Grande stop at just stealing. They do not hesitate, when on raiding bent, to lay waste everything in sight, steal whatever they can carry off, and kill ruthlessly, cattle, horses and even men, women and children.

With such neighbors to watch the Rangers must needs be always on the alert. And because they are always forced to remain on the alert and ready and waiting for trouble the cowboy-policemen have worked up just as much hard feeling for the "Greasers" as the Mexicans have for the Gringos. Indeed it has been said that when once the Rangers start out to teach the Mexicans a lesson the United States Government does not know just where they will stop, and the Mexicans do not know just what will stop them.

CHAPTER VII

AFTER THE COMANCHE FIGHTERS

THE history and traditions of the Texas Rangers, incomplete so far as any published records of them are concerned, are interwoven in the history of the Lone Star State like strands of highly colored threads in an Indian blanket. The Rangers helped build the State of Texas; first building the republic that later became the largest State in the Union. And they not only helped build it but they defended it as well, against the hostilities of Mexicans, red men and outlaws alike, holding the borders against savage hosts, and constantly pushing the frontier farther westward and southward and making the land safe for whites and Indians alike. And they have continued to do this valiant work even until now, still keeping the State free from dishonesty and crime.

Viewed from the cold and critical standpoint of today, the methods of the Rangers in times

gone by, and especially the methods of those volunteer forces that called themselves Rangers in the days of the early Thirties, may seem to have been of the most brutal and ruthless type. But it is safe to say that the methods of the Rangers were adopted to meet the conditions of the time and the country and the hard riding old fighters of that period were no more ruthless than they had to be. The Indian and the white man, and the Mexican and the "Gringo" were sworn enemies in those days, and so bitter against each other that neither lost an opportunity to vent his wrath, and hardly a moon was completed without bloodshed between these factions.

Texas was and always has been looked upon by the Mexicans as territory that rightfully belongs under their flag, and until the Indian question in the United States was finally settled to the satisfaction of whites and reds alike, certain tribes, in particular the bloodthirsty Comanches, felt that with each new farm created and each new range thrown open, valuable portions of their hunting grounds were being taken from them. It is no wonder then that Texas was a

battle ground, and it is no wonder too that Texas needed her Rangers.

Probably the most famous of the old Ranger forces was the group of rough riding fighters who ranged under the redoubtable old plainsman and Indian fighter Captain Ben McCulloch, whose name has gone down in Texas history beside that of Sam Houston, Burnet, Colonel Burleson and the many other gallant men of the Lone Star State. McCulloch's Texas Rangers were all plainsmen and Indian fighters and in the Comanche wars they played an important part in the way of protecting the Texas settlements against the raids of the red men. Many are the instances when these Rangers were called upon to repel the attacks of the Comanche braves, and always they carried off the honors in noble fashion despite the fact that many of them fell into the hands of the red men and yielded their scalps for their courage.

Notable among the Indian fights in which Captain McCulloch's men played an important part is the Comanche War of 1840 when Linnville, Victoria and other settlements were laid waste by the Indians, who stole hundreds of

horses and cattle and plundered and murdered at every ranch and every tiny settlement in their path.

At the first warning that the Comanches were on the war path Captain McCulloch's Rangers were summoned, and the fiery old plainsman followed by his company of twenty-four hard riding cowboys, appeared upon the scene ready for action. The Comanches had attacked Victoria first, and although the settlers in that little hamlet had no warning of their coming, they hastily gathered together all the men of the community and gave battle to the redskins.

And so valiantly did they fight that although the Comanches' war strength was four hundred braves, the handful of fighters in the village stood off the Indians all day and all night. On the second day the Indians attempted several attacks in an effort to overrun the village and although they were able to drive the defenders from several houses on the outskirts of the town they could not carry any of the streets because the fire that leapt from every window and door was too withering to be braved by even the most daring painted warrior.

Following the last onslaught the braves withdrew, after setting fire to every building they had gained, and plundering and looting wherever they could. Hundreds of head of cattle and horses were gathered up and the big herd driven across the river in advance of the war party. Then the savages turned and followed down the river a short distance, attacking Linnville.

Like the people of Victoria, the residents of Linnville were unprepared for the coming of the red men, indeed, when the huge party was seen upon the plains the settlers thought them a caravan of Mexican traders and they were on the point of welcoming them when the war whoops sounded and the Comanche raiders, four hundred strong, swept down upon the hamlet.

A call to arms was sounded and soon the battle was on. But here the whites were outnumbered nearly ten to one and in no time the redskins overran the village, killing everywhere and setting fire to everything. Fortunately a large flat scow was moored in the river at Linnville, and those of the defenders who escaped the war

club and scalp knife took refuge on this and went down the river.

Meanwhile the Rangers had started under Captain McCulloch. They reached Victoria at about the time the Comanches were at work in Linnville and when the Texans saw what had happened there and heard of the raid on the tiny town farther down the river they started across the ford after them. Although but twenty-four strong the whites did not hesitate to take up the trail of the big war party and they followed in hot pursuit. But fortunately, historians tell us, Captain McCulloch's Rangers were reënforced by volunteers riding in from Texana, Lavaca and Quero and many of the defenders of Victoria, with the result that the outfit soon presented a formidable group of fighting men.

All along the trail to Linnville new forces joined the Rangers for other Indian fighters were hearing of the Comanche depredations and were gathering their forces together.

Beyond Linnville they came upon the war party, or rather came in sight of it, for rear guards of the savages had been watching the

gathering of the Rangers and had reported that the whites were getting far too strong for them to stand and give battle. So the red men refused to fight. They simply raced forward, on fresh mounts, throwing aside all encumbrances and even killing the slower horses and cattle in their herd of plunder. The Rangers had them on the run and no doubt of it.

But what the Rangers really wanted was a battle. They intended to teach the Comanches once and for all that their war parties were not to be tolerated; so the pursuit kept on. However the Texans were poorly mounted on fagged horses while the Indians used fresh ones constantly, and it began to look as if the wise old chief who was leading the war party would get his men away to rough and unsettled country before the Rangers could stop them.

Then came Captain McCulloch to the front again. He and several of his Rangers started on a detour toward the Colorado River, which the Indians had to cross in their flight. Arriving there the old Indian fighter recruited nearly a hundred cowboys and settlers for another force of Rangers and with these he pushed

westward in an effort to head off the Indians.

This bit of maneuvering was very successful for soon the Comanches were turned in their flight and a little later the proud red men, unwilling to show the white feather any longer, decided to stand and fight.

They selected a long wooded stretch in which to make their stand and this far reaching clump of trees was literally filled with painted braves, while skirmishers spread out on the plains a quarter of a mile on either side of the woods.

Then it was that the pursuing whites, now under the command of General Felix Houston, came up and prepared for battle. The Texans quickly unmounted and sent their horses to the rear as all good cavalry does when preparing for a skirmish, and lying flat upon the ground they took up the battle with enthusiasm. The Rangers opened a brisk concentrated fire on the woods and for a while the bullets flew thick and fast and the rattle of muskets was sharp and vicious.

But try as they might the Rangers could not dislodge the Indians from the timber, and the fire that the braves kept up was too hot and too

certain to risk an open charge in the face of it. The Texans did, however, advance slowly and cautiously crawling along the ground in Indian fashion, hiding behind cactus and shrubs and presenting as small a target as possible.

The Indians seeing this tried to shame them into an open charge, knowing full well that if they could taunt the Rangers into making a bold advance they could riddle their ranks with musket fire and easily beat them off before they gained the woods. By way of shaming the Rangers a score or more of braves in war paint and on gayly bedecked ponies flashed out into the open, dashed up and down between the battle lines, shouting their war cries and exhibiting such a display of horsemanship as only Comanches could. They were taunting the Rangers with their bravery. But this form of derision proved expensive for many of the braves never returned to the protection of the woods again.

The Rangers, however, refused to be taunted and besides they had up their sleeve a trick worth two of those displayed by the Comanches. Indeed, hardly had the daring Indian riders gathered up their slain and turned back to the



ONE OF THE TEXAS RANGERS
When These Rough and Ready Fellows Start Out to Do Anything, No One
Knows Where They Will Stop or Just What Will Stop Them

woods again, when action developed on the right flank of the redskins. Colonel Burleson with a detachment had been sent around to the right, and the newly recruited McCulloch Rangers began to appear on the Indians' left at the same time. Immediately a cross fire from three directions was hurled into the woods, and the Indian skirmishers on the right and left flank began scuttling for cover.

Such strategy was too much for the Comanches. Hastily their ponies were hurried forward, and in a mad stampede the whole war party mounted, broke up and fled, scattering wildly and throwing away everything that tended to impede their progress.

Then came the Rangers' chance to prove themselves as good in the saddle as the Indians. The McCulloch outfit started ahead in the chase and for fifteen miles they kept up a running battle with the redskins, until the Indians began to get into the wilder sections of the country and so scattered that following them was quite impossible. Their dead and wounded, nearly a hundred all told, lay scattered over the length of the entire chase, and the Rangers had

broken up what promised to be one of the most bloody of the many Comanche wars in Texas.

It did not however break up the McCulloch's Rangers, for soon after there was plenty of work to be done by Captain Ben and his boys. Indeed the Rangers were among the most efficient scouts employed by this country in the war that soon followed against the Mexicans and Captain McCulloch gained undying fame from his work during the unpleasant times in the late Forties.

Nor did the Mexican War end the need for the Rangers. Indeed Texas had great necessity for such a valiant armed force for many years to come and a score or more of Ranger troops were organized under plainsmen who are now famous, to operate against Indians and Mexicans. Some of these troops were in existence but a short while and others were in the saddle for months at a time, for Texas in those days was just one battle ground after another, and if the trouble was not with the "Greasers" or Comanches it was with the Creeks, Apaches, Cherokees or Seminoles. Indeed the Rangers were busy from the time the Mexican War closed until

after the end of the Civil War, guarding life and property in Texas.

Probably one of the most active periods for the Rangers followed soon after the adjustment of peace between the North and South when the "Cortina War" broke out, and raged along the Rio Grande. Organized into a big band of Mexican outlaws for the express purpose of stealing all the Texas cattle they could lay hands upon, the "Greasers" crossed over the border from Tamanlipas and began a reign of terror all along the international line for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

Daily and nightly raids were conducted against Texas settlers. Lives were sacrificed and thousands of heads of cattle were stolen or killed by the vindictive Mexicans. In fact so strong were the bandits and so keen were they for hostilities that they laid siege to a town of 3,000 inhabitants, captured it and held it for five months in utter defiance of the forces of both Texas and the United States.

So dreadful was the situation that all of Texas protested and the Rangers were instructed to do their utmost to drive back these marauders who

had laid waste to all of the territory between Brownsville and Rio Grande City. Then came Captain L. H. McNally and his band of Rangers to the scene of trouble. The wrath of these men had been aroused by the stories of the deeds of the Mexican raiders and they resolved to make short work of the outlaws. The result was a quick war of extermination, and whatever was left of the bandit forces when the Rangers finally ceased their activities, were so well scattered and so securely hidden away in the mountains of Mexico that few remained to tell the tale of how the Rangers defeated them.

Among the famous Ranger leaders whose names have gone down in the history of Texas are Captain G. S. Bogess, Captain John Walker, Captain William R. Henry, Captain William Fitzhugh, Captain Nat Benton, Captain "Billy" Tom, Captain Levi English, Captain R. W. Black, Captain W. J. Davenport, Captain Ed Burleson, Captain Littleton of the famous "Indianola Company," Lieutenant Lewis, of the "Lewis Minute Men," Lieutenant Scanland, and his company of sixteen "Montague County Minute Men," called into action by General Sam

Houston; Captain Walker of the "Walker Mounted Rifles" and a number of others whose names and whose deeds are equally familiar to every loyal Texan.

Of course these Rangers were really fighting men; that is they were soldiers first and policemen whenever necessary. You see the idea of State police had not been suggested up to that time and indeed there was little need for such an organization. In the first place the population of the State was confined to just one large section of settlements and ranches.

Then too the county sheriffs were the officers of the law and they with their deputies and volunteer posses, were supposed to take care of the work of maintaining law and order, which they did after a fashion. But the laws of the frontier were not those of civilized places. The law of the survival of the fittest was uppermost. The pioneers were rough men, with rough ideals, quick tempers and quicker trigger fingers, and rare were the deviations from the moral codes set up by the men of the ranges and mining districts. Indeed a man could ill afford to deviate, for he knew the consequences. It was a matter

of man to man and bad luck to the one whose hand moved the slowest toward his hip.

In those days, cattle rustling, dishonesty, and hold-up work were the three crimes that could not be tolerated and as a rule when a man accused of these was proved guilty, the sheriff rarely had time to take the matter into his own hands. The community took care of the culprit in the way deemed proper and expedient in those days.

But with the close of the Civil War, and the readjustment that the new order of things in Texas brought about, coupled with a rapidly increasing population and the opening up of new territory, it was found that a Ranger force was needed not only to guard the frontier and international boundaries, but to police the State as well. And the organization that came into being about that time may be said to have been the original of the force extant today.

It was in 1873 that the first company of Texas Rangers, as we know them, came into existence. As in former days the men at the head of the movement were picturesque individuals who quickly became famous in the Lone Star State.

There was Captain Lee Hall, for instance, a white haired plainsman of sixty then, who had ranged over three states, and who knew every foot of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

Lee Hall was a friend of every big chested hard fisted plainsman, and the cow punchers of the border states knew him and called him by his first name. But Lee Hall was the terror of all desperados, cattle rustlers, card sharps and men who lived by crooked dealings. He and his Rangers made short shrift of them all when once they got on their trail, and for three or four years while he was in the saddle at the head of the Ranger force the Lone Star State was as free from lawlessness as any of the Eastern States.

Lee Hall kept it clean and this too at the imminent peril of his own life, for there was more than one bad man gunning for him,—not openly of course, for Lee Hall would have made short work of him. Several attempts however were made at assassinating him from ambush, though the results so far as the would-be assassins were concerned, were such as to discourage any further efforts.

Then came the famous Captain "Billy" Hughes who always assured every one that he was "naturally peaceful and law abidin' but I always carry my gun," and Captain "Billy" had good reason to carry his gun, for while he had thousands of friends in Texas he also, like Captain Hall, had a lot of enemies.

An incident is related of how Captain Billy was ambushed one Sunday morning as he was riding into town to church. Four men way-laid the old plainsman and began to cut loose at him in lively fashion. It was Sunday morning and Captain "Billy" just hated to desecrate the Sabbath by any gun play, but there seemed to be no other way out of it. So he unlimbered his "artillery" and put all four of his assailants out of working order, then quietly proceeded to church.

Captain "Billy" was a foe to "boot-leggin," cattle rustling and all other forms of lawlessness in the Panhandle District of Texas, and he and his Ranger Company saw to it that very little of a disorderly nature transpired in the State even though he had to "kill a lot o' men"

by way of enforcing certain necessary laws. Yet for all his rough work and hard dealings with harder characters, Captain "Billy" was always tender hearted, strong and brave, and above all a good churchman. Indeed he never missed a service in the morning or in the afternoon, if he was within thirty miles of a house of worship.

Captain "Billy" was noted for the character of the men he selected to constitute his force of Rangers. He did not care particularly whether the would-be Ranger could pass any mental examination. What he wanted were men with grit and fighting ability and men who would take great pride in the work of the Rangers. When asked how he selected his men he smiled a good natured smile and answered, "Why the way I did was to look 'em in the eye." That was all.

Captain "Billy," wise old fighter that he was, knew by the way a man faced him whether he had the qualities necessary to be a Ranger or not. In this way he picked only men with a clear eye which indicated a clean conscience

and real morals. That he never made a mistake is proved conclusively when the record of his Ranger force is looked into.

And the same holds true of the men who compose the Ranger force today. Each of the men of the four companies now on patrol in the Lone Star State is above everything else clean minded. Not one of them is willing to turn his back on illegal operations, and for a price permit them to be continued. Indeed the Rangers shun anything that savors of crookedness in any way for to them the Ranger's name is something to be kept clean and free from any taint of disloyalty, and woe be unto the man who is at all lax in this respect. The State of Texas, large as it is, would never be large enough to hold him.

“Only such men as are courageous, discrete, honest, of temperate habits and of respectable families” is the way the provision reads under which the men are enlisted for Ranger service today, and doubtless Captain “Billy” had the same standard in mind for he could read all of this by a single glance at a recruit. Needless to say the men enlisted in the Ranger organiza-

tion measure up to these standards, and although they are noted for ways that are rough, and for particular ability in fighting or any other form of argument, there are few finer bodies of men in existence.

The Ranger today enlists for a period of two years, and he remains in constant service from the beginning of the period of his enlistment until the expiration of his time unless for special reasons the company is disbanded or mustered out, or he, through some fault of his own is removed from the force.

There are any number of reasons why a Ranger can be removed, but fortunately this rarely happens. Under the orders issued from the office of the Adjutant General, the company commander, the captain in each case, is empowered to remove or dismiss from the Ranger service any man who does not conduct himself as a gentleman should, who does not himself keep within the bounds of the laws of the State and the nation, and who is found guilty of having used abusive language, made an unreasonable display of authority or taken an active part in any of the elections carried on in the State.

Upon making application for enlistment the commanding officer of the company that the man chooses to join, first examines him as to his qualifications under the provision recently quoted. If the applicant proves to be a thorough man, and he indicates either by test or by previous experience that he is a good rider and a first class marksman with rifle and revolver he is accepted and his name is added to the company roll.

He must then provide himself with a satisfactory mount, but this of course is not an unusual demand in a country where every one owns a horse, or a number of them. Indeed, it is a mighty poor and very much handicapped citizen who does not own a cow pony at least in the Lone Star State. The recruit must also have fitting apparel, usually a cattleman's outfit. Nothing else need he provide for himself, for the State does the rest, even to supplying him with another mount if his own pony is killed while in service.

The Adjutant General's Office furnishes each Ranger with an improved carbine and pistol, but these are given to the Ranger with the pro-

vision that they shall be paid for at cost, the money being deducted from his first month's pay. Ammunition, however, is provided by the State and so too is camping equipment, forage for the horses and rations for the men.

It is interesting to know that the rations for men and animals have been worked out according to a scale and so many ounces of this and that are allowed each day.

For instance a Ranger is provided daily with twelve ounces of bacon or twenty-four ounces of beef, twenty ounces of flour or corn meal, two and two-fifths ounces of beans or peas, one and three-fifths ounces of rice, three and one-fifth ounces of coffee, three and one-fifth ounces of sugar, one gill of vinegar or pickles, one-sixth of an ounce of candles, one-third of an ounce of soap, two-thirds of an ounce of salt, one twenty-fourth of an ounce of pepper, four and four-fifths ounces of potatoes and sixteen twenty-fifths of an ounce of baking powder.

All these are issued by the quartermaster of the company and the complete amount is supposed to be quite sufficient to feed a healthy Ranger for twenty-four hours, as indeed it is.

However, if it is impractical to issue rations to the Rangers by reason of their being detailed to duty out of reach of the Quartermaster's Department, ration money is allowed each of the mounted men to the amount of one dollar and fifty cents each day.

As for the horses they too are kept on a strict but generous allowance of food. Each animal is permitted twelve pounds of corn or oats and fourteen pounds of hay a day, with an allowance of two ounces of salt each week.

The Rangers are paid for their work and in addition to the maintenance or food allowance money each private receives forty dollars a month, while each sergeant receives fifty dollars a month and the commanding officer of each troop is paid one hundred dollars a month. This is particularly good pay for the cattle country, for the men who ride the range do not, or rather did not often receive forty dollars a month and their maintenance. However, since the number of cowboys is fast decreasing now-a-days the pay for men of that particular calling has increased somewhat until it is in a fair way of being equal to that received by a Ranger.

But then ranging is a lot more interesting to the former cow punchers than their old jobs used to be. Indeed, patrolling the country and enforcing law and order appeals to these men far more than Spring and Fall round-ups with their night and day work, or the constant range riding, looking for stray cattle or putting coal oil on the festering brand marks to keep the blow flies from infecting the wounds.

In fact the work of a cattleman is hard and disagreeable all the way round, and a good rider and first class marksman is glad enough to enlist in the Ranger force for two years just to break up the monotony of his life in the cattle country.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE TRAIL OF THE "BUSTLERS"

ARIZONA'S Rangers had many a difficult problem to solve and many a "bad man," both American and Mexican, to deal with, but few of them ever caused the hard riding frontier policemen so much trouble as Budd and Tom McMahon. Indeed it is possible that these men would have been causing trouble still if it had not been that the Rangers made it so difficult for Tom that he was forced to flee across the Mexican border and remain there indefinitely, while Budd, through a stroke of good luck for the Rangers, got into such hot water in Mexico that he was forced to remain in Arizona and observe the laws of the State for the simple reason that he dared not do anything that would make flight across the border necessary. Each was forced to remain law abiding in his new home because he could not cross the line without being arrested.

This unique situation resulted in some very interesting incidents in the lives of the two hot headed, hard fisted and daring cattlemen, not the least of which was an occasion in which Budd forcefully transported two Mexicans over the line into the United States for the especial purpose of giving them a thrashing.

Budd was in a tiny town half Mexican and half American in population, and situated almost astride the international boundary line, as many towns are in the Southwest. It happened that a Mexican Rurale, who was looking for Budd, was on patrol duty at the Mexican end of the town and for that reason Budd dared not cross the border line. Likewise the Rurale could not cross over into the United States territory to make the arrest.

But the Rurale wanted Budd so badly that he decided on a bit of strategy, quite good in its conception but unfortunately not as well worked out as such plans should be.

The Mexican policeman, knowing Budd's terrible temper, persuaded two "Greasers" to stand on the Mexican side of the line and taunt Budd into a fighting mood. The policeman was

quite sure that if Budd were worried long enough his temper would get the best of him and he would dash across the boundary line to thrash the two Mexicans. And then when he was in Mexican territory he could arrest the American and claim a rather substantial bounty that was offered for Budd's apprehension. But the Rurale had not bargained on Budd's resourcefulness.

The two Mexicans began their baiting as instructed and some of the names they called Budd naturally made him furious. He maintained control of himself however, quite enough to restrain an impulse to rush upon the insulters and pummel them. But the persistence of his tormenters very soon stirred him to a white heat. He stormed up and down the street on the American side, shaking his big fist at the Mexicans and threatening all sorts of dire things if he ever laid hold of them. But the Mexicans stood off at a safe distance and laughed and jeered at him. Finally Budd with a superhuman effort turned away and walked over to where his broncho was standing, whereupon the Mexicans, thinking he was about to

beat an inglorious retreat, jeered the louder.

But Budd was not retreating. When he reached his broncho he did not mount. Instead he slipped his lariat from his saddle horn, and with a quick and dexterous twist, lengthened the loop and shot the rope across the border line. Before the startled Mexicans could stir a step, the rope settled about the both of them and the noose was drawn tight.

Then with a broad grin on his face, Budd McMahone slowly but surely pulled the kicking and screeching pair of tormentors out of Mexico and into the United States, where he seized both of them and pummeled them thoroughly before he proceeded to boot them over the line into their own country once more.

That little incident in the life of Budd serves to present a very clear picture of the type of men the McMahone boys were. It also serves to illustrate the type of men the Arizona Rangers came in contact with.

Both Budd and Tom were hard riding, quick shooting men of the range, big, strong and fearless, but unfortunately not given to ways that were strictly honest. Budd was a good cow-

man, but a better rustler. Cattle stealing was the best adventure life held for him, while Tom, who was an exact duplicate of Budd in temper and talent, preferred to find his adventures in stage hold-ups and similar diversions. Cattle stealing got Budd into trouble in Mexico, and likewise Tom's propensity for holding up the overland got him into hot water and caused him to flee to Mexico and in his flight—well, perhaps it would be better to tell the story of his hurried trip across the border.

Fall round-up (which is the beef round-up, the Spring round-up being for branding only) was over, and Tom came riding into Candelaria with money jingling in his pockets and full bent on a good time with the cattlemen. Life was just one whirl of fun for the big cow puncher during the following ten days. At the end of that time, however, he suddenly discovered that he was down to his "last two-bit piece," as Tom would have put it. That meant go to work for the cow puncher. But Tom was having too much fun in town to want to go back to the range again, so he cast about for some other means of replenishing his personal treasury.

Somehow he got wind of the coming of the overland stage to Candelaria, which was the end of the railroad line. The arrival of the stage was a weekly event of course, and did not create an undue amount of excitement in the cow town. But this particular trip did interest Tom, for he had heard that the express box carried by the stage contained a goodly amount of United States gold coin.

Tom was daring and adventurous and unquestionably his love of excitement as much as anything also prompted him to decide to hold up the stage. Late that night, mounted on his swift "Jim Hoss," as he called his cow pony, he slipped out of town and cantered down the stage road. Along toward dawn, ten miles from the settlement and in the shelter of several big rocks, he pulled up, tied the silk scarf he wore about his neck, up over his nose and mouth as a mask, drew his big felt hat down over his eyes and waited.

Twenty minutes later, he heard the creaking stage approaching from the east. Then just at the proper moment he urged "Jim Hoss" forward and came out into the thoroughfare

squarely in front of the prancing stage horses. His big revolver flashed from the holster and his crisp "Hands-up!" brought the stage to a halt in a moment. It was easy for Tom; too easy in fact, for just as he was congratulating himself on his success and preparing to dismount and collect toll, a single horseman appeared from behind the stage coach. It was "Watch-'em" Watkins of the Rangers.

The stage was carrying a lot more money than Tom suspected, and the driver, to feel protected against just the incident that had befallen him, had asked "Watch-'em" Watkins of the Rangers to travel along as a protector. And all during the long haul the State policeman had been cantering beside the rickety old stage just waiting for something to occur. Tom was the something and "Watch-'em" Watkins was prepared.

Instantly Tom recognized the Ranger, and Watkins for all of the hold-up man's attempts to disguise himself recognized Tom.

"Drop yore gun, Tom, and put up yore hands," said the Ranger, flashing his own revolver.

But Tom had too much to lose by submitting. Instead, he whirled "Jim Hoss" around, and with a pop shot at the Ranger he started streaking across the plains. Watkins let go too, and saw Tom's "Stetson" bounce off his head with a hole through the crown. It was not a clean miss, but it made Watkins mad, and the next instant he was streaking after Tom as fast as his horse could travel.

Tom was headed toward the international border three miles south, and since "Jim Hoss" was one of the swiftest horses in the country, Watkins had a hard job before him. Watkins knew this and therefore he kept up a running fire, hoping, by a lucky shot, to bring Tom or his horse down, and presently he was rewarded by seeing "Jim Hoss" stumble, stagger up, then stumble again and go down, throwing Tom out of the saddle. But Tom was on his feet in a moment and in a flash he turned and fired at the on-coming Ranger. Watkins felt his horse stagger too, and the next moment his mount went down, never to rise again, and Watkins rolled over and over in the sand.

Ranger and stage robber were unmounted

now and it was a case where the best man would win. Tom was blazing away hard and bullets were kicking up the dust about Watkins, but unhurried, even under fire, the Ranger picked himself up, walked over to his dead horse and slipped his Winchester from its place where it was strapped to his saddle. He was going to make sure of Tom this time.

Calmly he proceeded to kneel for a steady shot at the hold-up man, but unfortunately just as he was getting into position a bullet from Tom's revolver found its mark in his left knee cap. Because of the position he was in Watkins was put out of the fight for good and all. The bullet entered his knee and followed the bone in his thigh all the way to his hip, where it shattered the hip bone and made him helpless.

The fight was over then, for the Ranger was crippled. The extreme pain he suffered caused him to become unconscious and remain so for some time, and meanwhile Tom hurried, afoot, across the border and proceeded to go into hiding. And for all any one knows he is still hidden in the hills of Mexico, for he has never dared show his face in Arizona since.

As for "Watch-'em" Watkins, no one ever knew how he did it, but with superhuman grit he managed to crawl or drag himself back across the sun scorched sands, the two miles or more that separated him from the wagon road, and there in the shadow of the rock that Tom had used as a hiding place he lay most of the day, suffering agonies and waiting for some one to come along who would take him to town.

Fortunately the stage driver, having hurried on to Candelaria, told of the hold-up to the Ranger who was stationed there, and he had fared forth in search of Watkins. After riding about in the vicinity of the border line for hours he came upon the two dead horses, and tracing Watkins by the trail he left in the sand, he finally located the wounded man and carried him back to town.

The determination and bravery that "Watch-'em" Watkins displayed illustrates plainly the kind of men who carried out the duties of Arizona Rangers. There was never a quitter among them and never one but was ready to face any situation at any time.

Arizona's Rangers, like their brothers in the

same service in Texas, were a very capable outfit. And why not? They were of the same brand, so to speak, as the Texans; recruited from among the cattlemen; big, brave, and fearless, and able to ride and shoot better than any other race of men on earth, Indians included.

Unlike the Texas Rangers, the men of Arizona had very little to contend with in the way of Indian troubles, for you see, in the days when Comanches, Apaches and the rest, were burning and pillaging in the Southwest, Arizona was not a State, nor was it a district of very much interest to white settlers. The immigrants had not pushed out that far in any great numbers and the territory in that vicinity was looked upon as the special stamping ground of the Indians. Arizona's Ranger organization was established a long, long time after the Texas Rangers came into existence, having been formed by old Captain Wheeler in 1905 when Indian troubles were a thing of musty history.

As suggested before, border trouble with the Mexicans was the primary reason for the establishment of the Rangers. Cattle rustling and

other lawless occupations were the pastimes indulged in by the "Greasers" in the vicinity of the international line and they became so active at times, with the raids of Mexican bandits and other acts of violence, that the Rangers had to be organized as a matter of protection for the people of Arizona.

Sheriffs with their posses could not cope with the Mexican situation in that State, and it was utterly impossible to call out the Militia every time something of a serious nature happened, so a permanent body of military police was deemed the most advisable. Of course the international troubles were not the only forms of lawlessness that the Rangers guarded against. Once organized they became in every sense the policemen of the State, and armed and equipped much the same as the Texas Rangers, they were given virtually the same work to do.

The single company under Captain Wheeler was composed of about sixty men. These men were supposed to furnish their own saddles and mounts, and their own firearms, which consisted of a rifle (usually a Winchester repeater of the pump type, so popular with cattlemen)

and a brace of "six shooters" or Colt revolvers, 38 or 45 caliber. In addition to this the men always carried their ropes, for what cattleman would think of riding the range without that dangling from his saddle horn?

When the candidates were assembled for the selection of the men who were to compose the Ranger outfit, it was said that the only qualification necessary was that the recruit policeman must have the ability to "empty his six-shooter into a blaze on a tree while riding at full gallop." Whether this was really lived up to is a question, for such marksmanship is rarely to be found even on the range, but certain it was that only the best riders and best marksmen among the cattlemen were appointed.

Of course their attainments as riders and all around athletes were considered by far the most important, but needless to say it was also required that the men have a certain amount of education and understanding of the laws of the State and the Nation. Certain it was that men who could not comprehend the laws of the State were not chosen to enforce them. The Arizona Rangers were men of brains as well as brawn.



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ONE OF ARIZONA'S RANGERS

The Ability to "Ride Anything That Wears Hair" and to Handle Anything
in the Trouble Line Got This Man a Good Job

The headquarters of the police were established in the town of Tombstone, a rather significant name for the rendezvous of such a fearless body of men. There was a form of barracks erected there, but a particularly spacious place was not necessary because the troop in its entirety was never quartered there. It was from that point that orders were sent forth, for the Rangers were scattered over the entire State on patrol or detail duty.

Like all other State policemen the Rangers each were given a certain section of country to patrol. They did not travel up and down highways and by-ways as the Pennsylvania Police do, for, in most places in Arizona there are no highways and by-ways; just broad open plains with wagon roads wandering here and there across them.

Patrolling this form of territory was more difficult however, and the Rangers to make their work effective would take up quarters in some ranch house or in some village where they were within telephone communication with headquarters and the surrounding country. From this point they would go forth on patrol duty, rid-

ing the range, visiting ranch houses, traveling railroad lines and patrolling stage routes and whatever thoroughfares existed in the vicinity, always on the watch for trouble and always ready to lend help to any one in any form of difficulty.

Although the Arizona Rangers wore no uniforms or badge of office they were indeed a picturesque company of men, dressed in complete cowman's costume with "chaps," Stetson, and flannel shirts with vari-colored silk scarfs. The Rangers were a rough and ready set of fighting policemen. They were expert riders all, and mounted on the best of cow country ponies or bronchos, they could do many miles of patrol work in a single day. All of them were noted for their "busting" ability and there rarely appeared a horse of any kind that some one of their number could not subdue. As marksmen they had few superiors either with revolver or rifle, and as for performing with the rope they were equally as capable as any of the Rangers of the Texas outfit.

The duties that these State policemen were called upon to perform were many and varied.

They had all the difficulties of other State policemen with the added troubles of keeping the range clear of cattle thieves, patrolling the border, and preventing stage and train robberies.

Extensive patrol duty was necessary in the vicinity of the international line and men were detailed at all times to keep an eye on the situation there, to prevent marauding Mexicans from becoming too venturesome. These men had to be on the alert for raids by strong bands of Mexican brigands, bent on pillaging small towns near the border or raiding ranches with the idea of stampeding cattle and horses across the line where they could be rounded up and eventually driven to market and turned into Mexican dollars. Then there were Mexican and American outlaws who spent a great deal of time dodging the authorities on one side of the line or the other. The Rangers had to know all these and be ready to put them under arrest as soon as they saw them.

Smugglers too claimed a great deal of their attention, for all along the international line this was carried on. Of course, the Federal

Government maintained a special patrol of line riders or customs guards to handle smuggling cases but even with these men in the field the burden of the work fell upon the Rangers.

All sorts of valuables were smuggled between one country and another in an effort to avoid the duty or tax put on such articles. Then there were contrabands which were forbidden entrance into the United States. These too were slipped across the border by unscrupulous persons. Drugs, and at times ammunition, and even Chinamen and other individuals who sought to avoid the immigration officials were spirited through in one way or another, and always it was up to the Rangers to prevent these occurrences whenever possible.

Then there were the farming sections and mining districts to be patrolled. The former, of course, were far more peaceful as a rule, but needed a close watching nevertheless, because of the fact that an occasional disagreeable incident occurred that must be looked into. As mentioned before, the Rangers were called upon to become active in every form of trouble even to the apprehension of chicken thieves, which is

not usually a very dangerous form of police duty but withal frequently required in the farming districts.

Many a blackfaced marauder of the hen roosts has been put under lock and key by the stalwart hard-riding Rangers and a chicken thief assignment was usually a source of fun for the State policemen, particularly the assignment that took a certain Ranger (I hesitate to mention his name because the big cowboy is very sensitive about the incident even today) to a certain farm in Painted Rock.

The farmer had been annoyed a great deal by the constant visits of a chicken thief, and in spite of the fact that he had stood guard over the hen roost with a shot gun handy on several occasions, his chickens persisted in disappearing night after night. Finally, in desperation the farmer sent word to the Ranger who patrolled that district that a chicken thief was causing him trouble, and the next evening at sunset saw the Ranger galloping up to the ranch house determined to stand guard and catch the marauder.

The visit of the Ranger was made the occa-

sion for a little dinner party, and the farmer, his wife and daughter had an elaborate dinner arranged for him and all spent a very enjoyable evening. Then somehow the subject of checkers was brought up and the Ranger being a checker enthusiast challenged the farmer to a game and the result was that the two men spent several hours over a checker board. At half-past ten the last game was played and the board and checkers put away. Then the Ranger went to the chicken house to lie in wait while the farmer and his family retired.

The whole night through the cowboy-policeman stood guard waiting for the unknown one to pay his regular visit. But hour after hour dragged by and not a sign of any one did the watcher see. At sun-up he was tired and disgusted and he was on the point of saddling his horse and hurrying away when the farmer came out of the ranch house and crossed over to the chicken yard.

"Well, what luck?" he demanded of the Ranger.

"Ah hain't had no luck a-tall. Hain't seen

the sign o' a thief an'—what—huh. Well, brand me for a maverick."

The farmer swung open the chicken house door and both men stood rooted to the spot and stared with bulging eyes at a single lonesome chicken that strutted slowly out into the chicken yard. She was the sole occupant of the chicken house.

"Oh, no, you hain't seen a sign o' t' thief. And a blame good reason why," said the farmer contemptuously. "He got here early and cleaned up twenty of the best hens in the country, that's what he did. An' you been spendin' t' night guardin' a single pullet. Ho, ho, ho." He had to laugh in spite of his losses and as for the crestfallen Ranger, he hurried over to the corral to get his horse, meanwhile muttering something about a "mighty expensive game o' checkers."

Ranging the farming district was easy work, however, compared with the task of patrolling the big copper mining districts where there are all sorts and conditions of men to contend with. The element there as in most mining districts

was foreign and of course many of the men had foreign ideas of the way laws should be obeyed. They were hot-headed too and quarrelsome and a great many fights occurred, some of which ended disastrously. Of course the duty of the State policemen was to prevent such outbreaks and such troublesome situations; no easy tasks when all things are considered.

But like the Pennsylvania State policemen, the Arizona Rangers were considered the equal of a score or more of foreigners and they never failed to put an end to any disturbance in a mining camp when they appeared on the scene. Indeed, more than once a Ranger single-handed took entire charge of a mining town, breaking up a veritable feud that usually started as a result of these frequent fights.

It was not long before the cowboy-policemen established a reputation for themselves in these mining centers as brave and fearless men, and after that almost the moment a Ranger appeared riding down the center of the main street the fighters would melt away like snow, dodging to cover in their bunk houses. And if they did

not take to cover quickly enough why of course the Ranger put the spurs to his horse and charged them, ready for any that showed signs of fighting back.

In strike disturbances in the mining districts the Rangers usually played the important rôle of strike policemen too, and as such they contrived to keep many a dangerous situation well in hand. Strike troubles meant the mobilization of a squad of the cowboy-policemen at the mining town, and upon their arrival they would immediately proceed to put the place under what really amounted to martial law, preventing any form of disturbance whatsoever, closing up saloons and gambling halls and coöperating in every way with the sheriff of the county, who because of his office was really responsible for the peace and order of the place.

The international line, the mining districts and the farm land notwithstanding, the section of the State that required the most of the Rangers' attention, and the portion needing the closest patrolling was the grazing district where thousands of head of cattle roamed about

month after month without very much watching and with no other identification than their brands and ear marks.

These cattle represented millions of dollars' worth of valuable property, and almost unguarded as they were they presented a big temptation to those who were lawlessly inclined. It appeared to be an easy matter to slip away a few score or even a few hundred head from the big herds without being detected, and then, after a time disposing of them at some out-of-the-way marketing point.

And but for the activities of the Rangers' patrol it would have been very easy. With these cowboy-policemen riding the range however, and watching out for cattle thieves, the rustling of cattle was far from a gentle occupation. Yet for all the vigilance of the State Police, cattle stealing continued more or less and the cattle thieves adopted some ingenious methods of deceiving the Rangers. Indeed their tricks were so many that in a short time the Rangers became veritable detectives, quite proficient in the art of discovering rustled cows.

To be an efficient State policeman the range

riders had to know all the laws of the cattle country such as grazing rights, privileges, shipping laws, and similar ordinances. And moreover they had to be familiar with every brand mark in use in the counties they patrolled. But after a time the Rangers knew the cattle country so well that they were even able to distinguish a brand foreign to the State.

The methods of operation of the cattle rustlers were many and diverse and as a result the Rangers always had to be on the lookout for some new form of deception. Unbranded calves are the most desirable form of loot because when they are once separated from their mothers there is no means of identifying them. Cattle thieves will frequently drive a herd of cattle across a creek too deep for the calves to ford, thus separating the cows on one side of the stream and the calves on the other. All unmarked calves are then rounded up and hurried away to a place of hiding, or else they are merged with another herd and branded before any one discovers them.

It is to prevent this that the Spring round-up is held early so that the young calves can be

branded as soon as possible. But there is another way of marking the calves before the branding season which has been adopted for the mutual protection of the cattlemen. If a cowboy while riding the range finds a cow with an unbranded calf wabbling along beside her he ropes the cow and throws her, so that she can do no damage, and then he catches the calf and ear-marks it with his knife. Each ranch owner besides having his brand mark has a mark which is made by cutting a circle or square or triangle, or some other design out of the ear of the calf. This is not as brutal as it may seem, for there is little or no feeling in the end of a calf's ear and a large piece of skin can be cut away without causing the animal much pain.

Every range rider ear-marks unbranded calves no matter to whom they may belong. He cuts the mark to correspond with the mark on the mother cow and then as an evidence of his work he takes the tiny piece of skin he has cut away and puts it on a string.

The next time he meets a cattle owner he pulls out his string of ear-marks and tallies the number of calves he has marked belonging to that

particular man. The owner, meanwhile, has made a record of the ear-marks that his cowboys have made of the other man's brand and they check them off. If there is a balance in either man's favor the balance is paid at the rate of fifty cents an ear-mark and the account is closed.

The ear-mark serves as identification for the calf until branding time, and of course any man stealing such a calf is very liable to detection and arrest.

Cattle rustlers do not stop at stealing calves, however. Some of the more daring steal fully grown and branded steers and cows, resorting to all sorts of devices to destroy or obliterate the original brand and mark on a new one. There are many ingenious ways of destroying brand marks or distorting them so that the thief, if he is fortunate, can deceive a Ranger. Some cattle rustlers alter the brands by pulling out the hair about the mark, thus changing its shape; others use acids; and still others burn over the brand with new brands of larger size, and sometimes really artistic brand operators can dupe even the cleverest of the Rangers.

But the Arizona men found ways of detecting

all these fraudulent markings, and frequently when they came upon a particularly baffling case they never hesitated to shoot the animal in question and skin it, for the original brand never fails to show up quite clearly and distinctly on the under side of the cow's skin.

CHAPTER IX

POLICING THE NORTHLAND

THERE are two principles that stand out in the code of the Royal North West Mounted Police. One is written and the other is unwritten, but both are laws of the force that are never broken, though the keeping of them may be a matter of life or death with the constable. The first of these and the one that is written forbids a policeman from "drawing first." These rangers of the North West never shoot first, no matter what the result may be.

The unwritten law is one which binds the department together, and has made of it one of the most efficient forces of its kind in the world. It is based upon the character of the men of the command and it exists only because relentless determination is instilled in every constable at the time he joins the organization.

This unwritten order provides that only death shall prevent the arrest of a man who is

wanted for a violation of the laws of the North West, and though it may mean months and years of hardship, or journeys of thousands of miles through trackless wilderness, a mounted policeman will never fail to bring back the man he is after except of course when death claims one or the other as a victim.

Upholding this law has forced more than one constable into a tight place where only the finest kind of courage and determination could bring him out alive, and there have been several, who in spite of their pluck, have never come through at all.

But these fortunately have been few, for the wilderness police of Canada have a reputation for seeing a fracas through and coming out the victor in spite of many odds. The work of a constable (we will call him Tebbs because he prefers not to have his name mentioned) and his bunkie, Constable Britt, is an excellent example of the extent to which these men will go to fulfill the code of the R. N. M. P.

John Dance, a halfbreed Indian, somehow cajoled a bottle of whiskey from a Pullman car porter at a water tank station on the Canadian

Pacific Railroad. Luckily for the Pullman porter the train left before the single constable stationed in the town discovered the fact that he had given a native some strong drink, otherwise he would most certainly have been arrested and sent to jail. Whiskey is and always has been one of the foes of law and order in the North West.

The constable found John Dance, partly intoxicated and in a very ugly mood, wandering about the little town and acting in a most threatening manner. Of course he immediately undertook to put the halfbreed under arrest, but Dance, in spite of his very natural respect for the uniform of the mounted police, was rebellious. Also he was handy with a long knife which he had kept concealed in his shirt. The upshot of it was that when the constable seized him a fight followed, and the ugly knife did ugly work on the person of the officer, and in the mêlée that followed and the crowd that gathered the halfbreed somehow disappeared.

Had he been in his right senses John Dance would never have attacked the constable, for he knew, as all his people had long since learned,

that it was folly to combat the law as exemplified in the Royal North West Mounted Police. He did get away from immediate arrest, for the constable whom he had attacked was hardly in fit condition to follow him, although he did attempt to trail the halfbreed until he was so weakened from loss of blood that he could scarcely stay in his saddle.

Meanwhile John Dance, well out of town, took to the hills in the direction of a cabin where his sister lived with her Indian husband. John knew that he was an outlaw and he knew too that even his sister and his brother-in-law would not befriend him, for in that event they too would become outlaws; so he stalked into the cabin when his brother-in-law was not about, threatened his sister with his long knife, appropriated a rifle, ammunition, matches, and provisions, thereby adding to his crimes, and started out to hide in the mountains.

As soon as possible the Indian girl and her husband sent word to the nearest police barracks of just what had happened, for they by no means intended to put themselves under suspicion. Meanwhile, two constables, Tebbs and

Britt, had been assigned to the task of running down and arresting John Dance. The information that the outlaw's sister conveyed to them was welcome, in that it gave them some slight clew to work on, and for days and weeks the two policemen beat about the mountains trying to run down the halfbreed, or gain some clew as to his whereabouts.

But John Dance was a clever woodsman, and when his drink-befuddled brain cleared he became as careful as a panther about the tracks he left. For weeks the game of hide and seek with the police kept up, until Dance, fearing that the constables might discover him at any moment, set out on a long hike northward.

However, the halfbreed was not as crafty as he had supposed nor did he leave the constables so far behind. Soon word came in from a trapper that he had seen Dance making his way up a certain valley. Then an Indian was found who had seen and recognized Dance. The police were on his trail and there was no questioning but that the trail was now a hot one.

Winter was coming on and it was evident to Constables Tebbs and Britt, that with snow pil-

ing up in the forest and no place of refuge in sight, it was only a matter of time before they would be able to run the halfbreed down. Dance knew that also and to make certain of his own comforts he added to his list of violations by waylaying a lone trapper and at the point of his rifle appropriating his provisions, dogs, dogsled and clothing and sending the unfortunate man on his way toward the nearest post with barely enough food to live on.

In due time the trapper appeared at a police barracks, more dead than alive, and told of Dance's exploit. Constables Tebbs and Britt reported there within two days and were outfitted with dog teams, a sled, provisions and clothing, and forthwith took up the chase.

It was a matter of several days before they found the trapper's former camp and could pick up the sled trail broken by the halfbreed. But once they found his pathway over the white floor of the forest they were able to travel at top speed for they always had the trail before them. Dance was heading due north and the constables guessed that he hoped to make an Indian village at a point several hundred miles distant, or per-

haps he was just trying to outgame them in a stern chase. Whichever the case, the police knew in their hearts that his efforts were futile, for they were determined to run him to earth and bring him back, a captive, if it took them all Winter.

Soon they began to come upon his camps in the forest; stopping points where he paused to build a fire, cook a hasty meal and perhaps snatch an hour or two of sleep. And with each of these camps past the constables knew that they were slowly gaining on the fleeing criminal for each fire and each patch of trodden snow told these experienced woodsmen how long since the fugitive had left.

On and on they traveled, gaining with each day of the chase. It seemed only a matter of time when they would run the halfbreed to earth, and with the realization of this they put every effort forth to bring their task to an end. Then an unfortunate thing happened. Constable Britt, in coming down a steep hillside, caught his snowshoe in a stump and fell, twisting his ankle and wrenching a tendon in his leg.

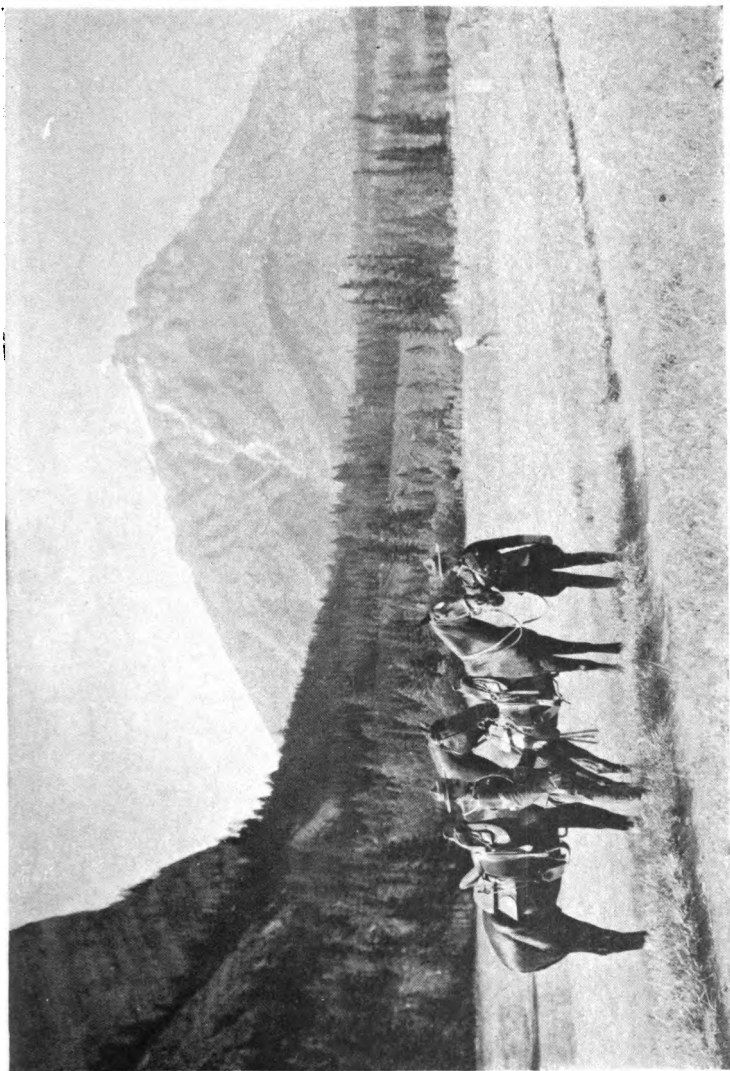
He was helpless after that so far as continu-

ing the chase was concerned. If he attempted to go on he would only impede the progress of his bunkie. There was only one thing to do and he did it. He made a little camp there among the drifts, and he and Tebbs cut enough wood to last for days. Provisions were divided, and Tebbs pushed on with the outfit while Britt stayed there in the forest to nurse his injured leg and await the return of Tebbs and the fugitive.

It was not a pleasant task to undertake alone, —this running down of a bad man,—but Tebbs never hesitated. He pushed on with redoubled vigor, taking up the halfbreed's trail once more and urging the dog team on at a much swifter pace to make up for time lost.

Away he dashed over the frozen crust, always following the snowshoe and sled marks across the snowy reaches. Soon the trail grew hot. He was making progress famously, and it was only a matter of a day or two before he would come within sight of the fleeing halfbreed.

Dance, with the keen sense of the hunted, a subtle something born in him with his Indian blood, seemed also to realize that the chase was



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POLICE OF THE NORTH LAND

Two Royal North West Mounted Police About to Start Out on Patrol Duty in the
Canadian Rockies

fast coming to an end. He began to lighten his dog sled by dropping along the trail everything of a cumbersome nature that in any way tended to impede his flight. Constable Tebbs noted these signs with rising hopes and pushed on.

The next day the pursuing policeman found further evidence that his quarry was fast being run to earth, for he came upon the stolen sled with what remained of the dog team. Dance had been driving the beasts brutally forward in spite of the fact that he had long ago run out of food for them, and now, weak and pinched, exhausted and dying, the animals had refused to go further. Two of them had died in harness and the rest were so near dead that even the food that Tebbs threw them failed to interest them.

The constable hurried onward now, following the snowshoe trail left by Dance. He traveled as fast as he could push his own well used dog team, urging them forward with voice and whip. Another twenty-four hours and the chase would be ended. Another sunrise and Dance would be a prisoner.

But Tebbs did not reckon on the desperation

of the halfbreed. Another twenty-four hours passed and still another, and the snowshoe trail was always before the policeman of the north-land. It began to get on his nerves. Would he never be able to overtake the criminal? Did he still have the strength to outlast the halfbreed? It did not seem so.

Then just when he felt most disheartened the chase ended abruptly. The snowshoe trail swung out onto the frozen surface of a river, and headed down stream. Tebbs hurried forward. Ahead of him he could hear the roar of a rapids. The trail led on toward this point, and then as it reached the head of the swirling torrent where the ice ended, the trail stopped, and there on the edge of the ice above the rapids lay a fur cap and a single mitten. To Tebbs this melancholy evidence meant that the halfbreed either by design or accident had gone off the edge of the ice and his body was somewhere down there at the foot of the swirling open water. The constable paused, awed at the disappearance of the man whom he had chased these hundreds of miles, and disappointed at

being forced to return to Britt and later his station, without his prisoner.

He stooped down to pick up the cap, and as he did so from out of the woods on the left of the stream came the report of a gun. The bullet thumped through the short skirt of Tebb's fur coat and made the hair fly. In an instant the constable saw it all. The cap and the mitten were left there as a ruse. It was the halfbreed's trick to throw him off his guard. Dance had watched its result from ambush on the bank and when he found that he was pursued by one man instead of two, he decided to end matters there and then.

The constable had his rifle in action an instant after the shot was fired, then looking up he saw the halfbreed on the bank struggling frantically with his weapon. Tebbs covered him, but still Dance struggled with the action of his rifle, and the expression on his face was that of a madman. Tebbs understood the situation at a glance. The halfbreed's rifle had jammed at the first shot. He was as good as unarmed now, yet there was that about him that warned the

policeman that he had a dangerous man to deal with.

Before Dance could adjust the mechanism of his rifle the policeman closed in upon him. Still the halfbreed refused to surrender. Once more his long knife appeared. Tebbs knocked it from his grasp, with the butt of his rifle, leapt in and grappled and in a twinkle he had the halfbreed pinned to the ground. But the constable quickly found that it was far from a sane man that he had subdued. The long grueling chase had told on the halfbreed's nerves also, to the point of driving him mad. He was weak, emaciated, and almost snow blind, and his mental balance had gone entirely. The policeman faced the difficult task of transporting the madman back to Constable Britt, who represented the nearest possible assistance. He knew that he had a really hard experience ahead of him and such it proved.

For days he had to travel the back trail, the halfbreed lashed to the sled. Sometimes the weather was so bitter that the prisoner was in peril of freezing. Then he had to be liberated and forced to walk to keep up his circulation.

Tebbs on occasions had to feed him forcefully, and once he broke away and the constable had to run him down again. But finally after a very trying journey he reached the camp where Britt was waiting, all well again and ready to assist his bunkie in taking the madman into civilization. Together they accomplished the task without further serious mishap.

The experience of Constable Tebbs is not unique in the service of these Northland police. Many a time the constables have been called upon to make long trips to secure a lunatic and bring him back to an asylum. Some of these trips have been fraught with all sorts of dangers and many an unpleasant experience has accompanied them. In one instance a constable was forced to journey by dog sled a distance of nearly a thousand miles to reach a missionary who had gone insane, and the experiences he had in bringing back his man are thrilling to the last detail.

White men and very often Indians go crazy after long stays in the silences of the great north woods, and it is part of the duty of the mounted police, as protectors of life and prop-

erty in the North West, to bring these men out of the woods and secure medical attention for them. Of course insane Indians are the most difficult to handle and they are the worst menace to life and property. A madman in an Indian village will do a great deal of harm, and upset the life of the red men to no small degree if he is not quickly secured and rushed to an asylum.

Such instances, however, compose only a very small part of the work of the men of the Royal North West Mounted. There are six hundred and odd officers and men of the organization, and in their hands is placed the responsibility of maintaining law and order and protecting life and property in the millions of square miles of territory that lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Keewatin District on the western shores of Hudson Bay and stretches away from the United States-Canadian border line to the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

That they accomplish this tremendous task goes without saying, for their international reputation for efficiency speaks for itself. The Royal North West Mounted Police are considered among the best police of their kind in the

world. The fame of these red-coated riders has reached everywhere and there are few who visit western Canada who do not make it a point at least to catch a glimpse of one of them on post in some of the small towns that come under their jurisdiction. They are a mighty fine body of men, and though very military in character, and trained to the last word in maneuvering, they do not compose a part of the military force of the Dominion. They are policemen in every sense of the word and nothing more.

How they accomplish the Herculean task of patrolling the huge territory under them and maintaining strict order throughout the great North West is a problem that cannot easily be comprehended by the average individual. This vast expanse composed of plains, forests, mountains and Arctic ice fields would appear to be so extensive as to demand the attention of thousands of men, yet little goes on in the whole country that the police do not know about and investigate.

The territory is divided off into eleven districts. These are of huge proportions to be sure, for they each embrace thousands of square

miles of Dominion land. In each of these districts are established police posts, which vary in number from a single post in the district of Battleford, which is one of the smaller districts, to seven in the largest district.

These posts are located at the most convenient points in the district or at points where police protection is very much needed. The most northerly is the one at Herschell Island within the Arctic Circle. The one farthest west is located in the Yukon District at Dawson. There are, however, posts in other out-of-the-way places such as Fullerton and Fort Churchill on the western shores of Hudson Bay. The main depot and headquarters of the entire organization is located at Regina in the Regina District in Saskatchewan.

Some of these posts are nothing more or less than a few cabins housing a single corporal and one or two constables, while others are composed of a community of very military looking buildings, including a barracks where a dozen or more policemen are quartered.

All the constables do not work directly from these posts, for in many instances a single of-

ficer is given a remote section or a little community to stand guard over. These men are usually quartered in the town in some dwelling, or else at some ranch house in the central section of the district, from which point they work on patrol, keeping a sharp eye open for trouble of any nature.

As mentioned before, the Mounted Police are known by their smart red tunics. This form of coat with blue riding breeches, bearing a broad yellow stripe, riding boots of russet leather and broad brimmed Stetson hats compose the uniform used most. There are, however, several other forms of dress used by the constables, and these vary according to the seasons they are meant for and the sort of work the constables are assigned to. The dress uniforms are trimmed with the snappy buttons of the police, bearing a buffalo head and a maple leaf.

In the way of equipment each policeman when on duty carries a regulation police revolver or automatic pistol slung in a holster and a rifle with a bandolier of ammunition slung about his shoulders. He is mounted of course on one of the strong wiry horses that are bred especially

for the police on a stock farm maintained by the organization.

Thus equipped the constables present a very business-like appearance when on patrol and even the most daring of the Western bad men would pause and think twice before trying to cope with one of them.

Everything in the line of police duties falls to the lot of the North West mounted men, as well as many other duties that a policeman in a big city or an officer in any other corner of the world would never expect to do. These patrolmen of the forests and plains are in every sense the guardians of the district in which they are stationed. They must see that all is well with the settlers among whom they work and periodically an officer makes a journey through the district, stopping at every ranch house or settler's cabin to learn the news of the neighborhood. At each stop he presents a report blank or patrol blank which the settler is supposed to sign. This blank states in detail any trouble that the settler has to complain about or, if he has no complaints, the sheet is returned with that fact noted.

The mounted men patrol among the Indians of the various reservations, to learn if all is well and satisfactory with them, too, and if there is any trouble among these wards of the Dominion it is the constables' task to straighten it out as best they can or make arrest if necessary.

One of the worst troubles that the police have to guard against is the smuggling of whiskey into the North West Territory. Since the early Indian days, when traders took advantage of the redskins by means of befuddling their brains with "fire water," the bringing of whiskey into that section of the country has been held a misdemeanor and every settler and every traveler is closely searched for flasks of strong drink. Now, thanks to the vigilance of the police and the swift and just punishment meted out to whiskey smugglers, this menace does not worry the police any more.

Of course Indian troubles no longer exist in the North West. They disappeared in Canada long before they were eradicated in our own Western country, and the Canadian Indian long since has learned to be a peaceful and enterprising citizen. He holds a position as respected

in the community as do the white settlers and farmers of that comparatively new land, and the police are as careful of their welfare as they are of the wellbeing of the white men.

The care of the sick or the injured falls to the police. In the far flung and sparsely settled districts it is a long way to the doctor's office and many a time and often the mounted men have been called upon to minister to the sick and bring first aid to the injured. There are records aplenty of the valiant work of the mounted men in emergencies of this kind, some of them even taking full charge of an Indian village in the event of an epidemic of diphtheria, measles, or similar plagues, nursing and caring for the sick, guarding the well and taking the necessary precautions to prevent the spread of the disease.

And when their efforts are of no avail in the case of illness and it is apparent that the patient needs the care and attention of a physician the police are always ready to undertake the transportation of the helpless one to the nearest point where assistance can be secured.

In remote districts up toward the Arctic Cir-

cle where periodically patrols visit the various Hudson Bay Company trading posts, the carrying of mail even falls to the lot of the policemen. They are the mail men of the district and every time a long overland journey is made the mail bound for the people of that location is always packed along.

They are the foresters too, taking care of the timber districts, guarding against fires, and fighting them when they break out. They also do their share of fighting prairie fires in the flat land districts of the southern section of the territory. In this work too the heroic qualities of the police have been brought out a hundred times. There are any number of records of valiant work done by the mounted men in fighting the flames of a sweeping forest fire or grass fire, and there are, too, records of some who have sacrificed their lives in carrying out their duty in this line.

Rescues aplenty have been made by them in prairie fires, for in days gone by roaring grass fires have swept the plains, consuming everything in their path and laying waste to thousands of acres of grazing and farm lands.

More than one settler, unwilling to yield all he has worked for to the prairie fire, has remained behind when others have fled, fighting valiantly against the walls of leaping flames; fighting and struggling to save his house and barn and live stock, until suddenly he has found himself almost surrounded by the wall of flame.

It is at such times that the mounted police prove their courage, for no matter what the odds are against them they will come to his rescue if it is humanly possible, and fight there with him or rescue him if need be.

In these prairie districts near the United States-Canadian boundaries, another problem presents itself for the solution of the police. Time and again trouble is afoot as to the grazing rights of certain ranchmen; or perhaps cattlemen who live over the border in Montana are careless as to where their herds wander, and soon the steers, with little respect for international rights, have crossed the borderline and with small concern begin to assimilate the grass that belongs to the herders of the Dominion. Many a knotty problem has resulted from such carelessness and always the police are called

upon to untangle the snarl and see that justice is done. And it speaks well for the intelligence of the police that rarely do any serious complications arise as a result of these troubles between people of two nations.

But a far more serious difficulty than grazing rights often arises at the border when the cattle rustlers are busy.

It has long been a favorite trick of cattle thieves to steal beeves on one side of the line and hustle them over into the other country in the hope that international complications will help them to escape arrest.

The vigilance of the Canadian police has made the Montana borderland a very unprofitable place for cattle stealing, and a man to indulge in such an unseemly occupation must be a very capable thief to escape arrest very long. However, there are still men on both sides of the line who attempt to defy the law as personified in the mounted men and on rare occasions they do manage to get away with a few unbranded cattle. Their career, however, is destined to be short lived for the Dominion's guardsmen make short shrift of them.

Another borderland activity that causes the police a great deal of trouble is that of smuggling, particularly, as mentioned before, the smuggling of whiskey. There are some unscrupulous individuals who try to rush goods across the border while the police, figuratively speaking, have their backs turned, and while the matter of duties is not strictly a police affair, still for all, the men of the mounted division accept a great deal of the responsibility in that line. Indeed there are now, and have been in days of the past, many points on the Dominion frontier where the police assume the full duties of Customs Inspectors and examine all baggage for dutiable goods.

The police stationed at Herschell Island and in other Arctic districts have this work to attend to for the Customs Department and every whaling vessel that winters in the Arctic and carries a stock of goods to be traded with the natives is closely inspected and the duties are collected when the police decide that such payments are due.

During the big gold rushes in the North West when thousands of Americans and other na-

tionalities poured into the country by a variety of routes, the police handled the customs work there, inspecting each sled load of baggage and levying duties in every case. Some of these points of entry were in most out-of-the-way places, such as at Whitehorse Pass on the Alaskan border, but remoteness never troubles the men of the mounted organization, for they are ready to do service anywhere in the North West, regardless of location or conditions.

That this is true is evident from the Arctic patrols they undertake and the fine work that they do up there beyond the rim of the world in the Land of the Midnight Sun. As you already know, there is one station within the Arctic Circle, that at Herschell Island, and there is another that might well be said to be astride that imaginary line of perpetual ice and snow. The last named station is Fort McPherson. Dawson and Fullerton are also uncomfortably near that very chilly section and they are well up beyond the line where timber refuses to grow because of the frozen condition of the earth.

Of course these men are not mounted police in the strictest sense of the word, for it would take

a very hardy horse to live in such locations, because of the extreme cold and the lack of proper food. And if they were able to live there they would be of very little use, for they could scarcely climb over the ice floes or wade through the snow drifts that adorn the landscape of that vicinity nearly the year around. Dogs are the helpmates and companions of the men of these stations and scores of these huskies are quartered at each of these remote posts for patrol work.

The outfit of the men on duty, in the far north, is quite different from that of their brothers in uniform in the southern part of the Dominion. Fur caps and coats and warm moccasins with thick stockings are always the rule and of course snowshoes are an important part of the equipment.

On snowshoes, and with their dog teams and sleds loaded with provisions, these police of the far north make extensive patrols across the country visiting Indian villages here and there and Eskimo communities into which white men rarely find their way. Indeed they make the rounds of all these far-off places for Canada's

laws extend to them also and the malefactors in even these strange sections are punished according to their crimes.

The police are veritable guardians of these communities, visiting them as frequently as possible, meeting the chiefs and sitting in council with them; making suggestions as to the governing of the community; hearing complaints; straightening out personal quarrels; warning those who are inclined to be lawless; caring for the sick or injured and doing everything else that they can to make the lot of the people easier.

This work is done among the poorer people of the Dominion, for the Indians and Eskimos of that barren country have a very hard time to exist, and their personal property and food stores are meager at best. On these patrols the police always take along an abundance of food and where they find the natives in dire poverty, and without enough to exist on, they leave as many provisions as they can and make immediate arrangement to have more food brought to them.

All these patrols are reported to headquar-

ters, of course, the police telling in detail all they can about the people they have encountered, the character of the territory they have traveled, and all other information they think would be of interest to their superiors or to other departments of the Dominion Government.

The constables are experts at Winter traveling and Winter camp making, which by the way is an art in itself. Traveling by dog sled and camping in the Winter woods is far different from any other form of outdoor living and the novice at this work would be very much at sea and probably make such a poor fist at it that he would either starve to death or freeze before his journey was accomplished.

To save weight and to travel light and fast are the chief objects of the North West Police when out on a Winter patrol, and to that end such a science has been made of dog sled journeying that many good suggestions can be secured from their methods even by the most experienced woodsmen.

Suppose for instance three constables are to make a journey or cover a patrol, traveling with

two teams of four dogs each. They would try to keep the weight of their kit and bedding below a total of 100 pounds. This would be done by carefully selecting only just the things that are needed, which would be a butcher knife, two frying pans, three kettles, two axes with leather sheaths and three cups, three plates, three knives, three forks and three spoons, the total weight of which would be only twenty pounds. In the way of bedding each man would be provided with one pair of four point blankets weighing ten pounds and each would have a wolf parka while there would be two wolf robes in the party. This with the twenty pounds weight of the cooking kit would make the outfit just 99 pounds without provisions.

Of course the men would all wear their Winter uniforms, and additional clothing such as a half dozen pairs of woolen socks, two pairs of long stockings, extra underclothing and the like would be packed along.

Besides the clothes the party would be equipped with a small pocket compass, sinews for sewing their fur garments, a portable handle containing awls and blades for repairing, extra

moccasins of moose hide, extra snowshoes of the light tracking variety, shoes for the dogs, Cod line, rivets and burrs for mending harness, pencils, needles and thread and bachelor buttons.

Thus outfitted the men need only harness their two trains of four dogs, load their sleds, pack their firearms, draw their provisions and they are ready to "mush" on anywhere in the frozen northland.

As to the provisions to be carried in Winter, those are interesting to the last detail. Of course only the best smoked bacon is used, this being sliced and the rind cut away to save weight. A half pound of baking powder and flour in strong twelve pound sacks are part of the provision list, and beef is often taken, but this is sliced and pressed and all useless parts thrown away before the start of the journey thus saving weight, space and time. Sugar, tea, coffee, saccharine tabloids, salt, pepper, soap, candles, fluid beef in small tins, marmalade and biscuits make up the rest of the average pack.

Potatoes and beans are frequently taken to vary the monotony of the diet. When the pota-

toes are to be carried on a sled journey they are first boiled then mashed and packed in cotton bags like huge sausages. These are left out in the cold over night and the next morning they are frozen as hard as stone and can be carried thus for the entire journey, portions being sliced off and thawed out when needed. Beans and split peas are boiled together and made into a paste, then with bits of bacon added, they are put into bags and treated the same as the potatoes.

This may seem like very coarse fare for the constables, but remember that small game abounds in the north country and then too these men are good cooks and can do wonders with a handful of flour and some baking powder.

Bannock is one of the achievements of the policemen-cooks. This serves as camp bread and is made of four cups of flour, a tablespoon of baking powder and one of salt mixed, bacon fat and lukewarm water. The mass is mixed and kneaded into a stiff dough and then placed in the frying pan in a single half inch layer and well pricked with a fork. The frying pan is then stood on its edge with the dough facing the

fire and hot coals heaped at the back of the pan and in no time the finest kind of camp bread is available. But Bannock is only one of a score of delightful camp dishes these men produce.

Of course the Winter travelers must carry food for their dog teams as well, and this adds a great deal to the weight packed on the sleds. Each dog receives approximately six pounds of food a day, and the diet is usually white fish. On long patrols great loads of this dog food is packed along and at intervals "caches" are made, the food being buried in the snow, and under stones, so that as these points are reached on the return journey the dog food can be found and used.

The men of the Winter patrols spurn shelter tents, camp stoves and the like, which are regarded as encumbrances. In the timber it is not difficult to build a very snug and comfortable one night camp by heaping up the snow for a wind break, and putting down a carpet of fir boughs and with a bully camp fire, to keep warm by, the men are always comfortable no matter how low the thermometer falls.

CHAPTER X

THE RED COATS AND THE INDIANS

THERE have been some dark periods in the history of the Royal North West Mounted Police since their organization back in 1873; times when it looked as if the constables would have to have the aid of military forces to help them out of their difficulties. But fortunately on each occasion, save one, the police were able to forestall the impending catastrophe and settle the difficulties without bloodshed.

The one occasion in which the soldiery was called upon for assistance was a big halfbreed and Indian uprising which swept the northwest as a result of the agitation of the halfbreed leader Louis Riel. And as it was, the police played a very important part in breaking the backbone of the rebellion in spite of the fact that the task was not really theirs but one for the Canadian troops to attend to. It was the police who helped the soldiers out of more than one

tight place, however, even at the sacrifice of some of their best men. Take, for instance, the brief but sharp engagement with that old fox of the mountains, the Cree chief Poundmaker, and his two hundred painted Cree and Assinaboine braves.

The rebellion was well under way by that time and several large bodies of Canadian troops, mostly drawn from the Militia, were in the field at different points. Daily new parties of rebellious halfbreeds were taking to arms and daily too, the Indians, stirred to action by the general excitement of it all, became restless, broke the treaties they had made and went on the war path. Poundmaker, a wise and very intelligent Cree chief, was as much stirred as the rest of the red men. Deep down in his heart old grievances against the whites still hurt and it only required news such as came to his ears daily from all quarters to reopen these wounds.

He and his braves became very restless and especially so when groups of Assinaboine warriors began to gather on his reservation, fully armed and eager to follow him into battle against the Canadian soldiers. But with all his

desires for war, Poundmaker was nothing if not level headed. He realized the power of the white men, and he knew, too, the relentlessness of the "red coats" as the police were called among the Indians.

However, nightly war dances and the council fires in his camps gave evidence that Poundmaker was far from peaceful, and settlers began to leave the immediate neighborhood and bring word to the settlements that the old chief was gathering his braves about him.

This news of course reached the soldiers and one expedition, a flying column composed of men from several branches of the service, equipped with field artillery, a wagon train and all campaign necessities, decided to pause a moment in its charge across country to the relief of another section, and administer a lesson to Poundmaker which it was hoped would discourage any further idea he might have of going on the war path.

The shoe was on the other foot however, for Poundmaker, while he did not go on the war path in the sense of raiding villages and murdering helpless settlers, to the same extent that

it was done by the other red men, still refused to accept the lesson suggested by the soldiers, and an engagement followed which was not soon forgotten by the militiamen.

It happened that a detail of about seventy-five mounted police was added to the flying column of troops and these rough riders made haste to pick up the troops at a given point. As in every instance during the rebellion the police were immediately used as cavalry, forming the advance guard of the forces, which of course always proved to be the most uncomfortable position when trouble occurred.

Not far from Poundmaker's stronghold was a little stream known as Cut Knife Creek, and on one side of the fording point was a hill of the same name. This hill will be remembered for a long time in the history of that particular vicinity for it was at that point that the troops came face to face with Poundmaker and his painted braves; or rather that was the point where they caught sight of the old chief and his supporters, for after the first glimpse of part of his band very little was to be seen of the red men, but a great deal was heard from them

in the way of rifle fire for the succeeding seven hours.

Acting as the advance guard the mounted men had hardly crossed the creek and ascended the hill before the ten or a dozen men deployed as scouts caught sight of the red men taking to cover across a little valley. The soldiers were in the act of fording the stream and the wagon train was just rumbling down the opposite bank when the scouts announced that they had located the Indians.

The number of Poundmaker's forces was of course unknown and the police were hardly in a position to charge them. Instead they dismounted and sent their horses to the rear and then deployed as skirmishers.

The engagement opened immediately, the Indians turning loose a sharp and accurate rifle fire. They were all sure shots and they were well armed into the bargain, and the police knew in an instant that they were facing a serious situation. However, they stuck to their task, taking advantage of every possible cover and firing wherever a painted face showed. As skirmishers they held the enemy until the sol-

diers began to form their battle front and the gatling guns, the "many rifles," as the Indians called the quick firing artillery, were brought into action.

But their position in the front rank of the force had cost them the lives of several gallant policemen and the mounted men were glad indeed when they found the soldiers shoulder to shoulder with them.

Then the battle began in earnest. From Poundmaker's cover the rattle of riflery was unceasing, and the aim of the red men was deadly. Of course the din was greatly increased by the musketry of the soldiers and the roar of the gatling guns, but the soldiers were at a disadvantage and their shots were not as telling as the accurate fire of the Indians. Wise old Poundmaker showed himself every inch a general, for he had distributed his men in such good cover that oftentimes all the soldiers could find to fire at was a puff of blue smoke emanating from the thick underbrush.

How many Indians were concealed in the woods was a problem. There may have been

a hundred or there may have been a thousand. It was a puzzling question and one that the soldiers did not care to try to solve by investigation. Indeed it would have been suicide to attempt to charge the red men in the face of their withering fire. Before the soldiers had crossed the open stretch they would have paid a deadly toll in killed and wounded. So it was decided to try and bring the red men to terms at long range and the soldiers held the crest of the hill and poured a heavy fire into the underbrush.

After an hour or more of the fiercest kind of fighting it was plain to the soldiers and to the mounted police alike that they had a hard task on their hands. The fire of the Indians seemed to increase rather than diminish and the sharp barking of the gatling guns and the steady fire of the Militia seemed to have no effect upon them. Another hour passed and still another, and the Indians kept at it as hard as ever. The soldiers were getting dismayed. It was plain to see that the red men would never be beaten from their cover. They were as firmly entrenched as ever and their fire was just as heavy

and just as accurate. Still the soldiers dared not charge, and all the time they were losing men in killed and wounded.

As much as the Militia men dreaded to acknowledge that old Poundmaker was too much for them, still it grew more and more apparent that they were not getting the best of the engagement. It was evident too that since they could not go forward it would be a very wise thing to go back and put the creek between them and the gallant old warrior in the bush.

After seven hours' fighting this was decided upon as the wisest course and slowly the wagon train was started across the ford. The cumbersome vehicles well out of the reach of the Indians, the soldiers began their retreat, the mounted police this time acting as a rear guard to hold off the Indians until the column was across the stream.

Historians tell us that Poundmaker besides being a wise general was also a very gallant one, for so soon as he saw that the soldiers were retreating he made his men cease their firing, and the fording of the creek was accomplished without further loss. There appears to be little

question but, that if the Cree chief and his mixed band of warriors had felt so disposed they could have dealt severely with the small force of police who lingered in the rear, and it is also likely that the redskins could have all but annihilated the soldiers as they recrossed the creek.

Early in the history of the Royal North Western Mounted Police the Indians of the plains were giving the settlers of the Dominion and the settlers of the western part of the United States a great deal of trouble. Indeed on this side of the border real Indian wars were in progress and the period has gone down in the history of the Far West as the bloodiest of the pioneer days.

There were still bands of thousands of red men of all the Indian nations roaming the plains, and they, like their ancestors, were fighting the march of progress at every step. All that they could see before them was extinction. Their buffalo were going fast. Each year saw a great decrease in the herds and with their passing the Indian knew that his days were numbered. That grave fear, coupled with the abusive treat-

ment they received at the hands of the whites in the United States, and their introduction to the "fire water" of the pale faces, all formed a series of very good reasons why the red men should make war upon the invaders.

It was in those days that the now famous Sitting Bull and other warlike chiefs called their braves about them and donned their war bonnets and war paints. And it was in those days too that General Miles, Custer and the other noted Indian fighters held the center of the stage.

As compared with the wars of western United States the Indian troubles in the Dominion of Canada were nothing at all. Save for the early rebellion, and the second and last one just alluded to, there was no concerted action against the whites by the Canadian Indians. The reason for this was first of all the Royal North West Mounted Police; and second the fact that the Dominion Government, through the efforts of the police, took far better care of the Indians than did the United States Government, making treaties with them which were never broken, and seeing to it that the red men did not suffer

because of the disappearance of their game and the coming of the white men.

The Indian population of Canada at that time was almost as great as that of the United States, and the tribes represented in the North West included some of the most warlike nations, but for all that Canada never experienced one quarter the trouble that the authorities of the United States did, thanks to the police. Canada first of all made laws that protected the Indians and the police were authorized to enforce these laws. Then, most important of all, strong drink was forbidden in the territory occupied by the red men, and the police saw to it that it was kept out.

There were some unscrupulous traders who thought that such a provision could be easily and safely violated and they attempted to smuggle whiskey into the Dominion in a dozen different ways. But most of these smugglers were discovered and summarily punished and in a surprisingly short time the practice stopped entirely.

The police undertook the protection of the Indians in every way possible, but although they

played the rôle of guardian they were firm with their wards, as all good guardians should be. They impressed upon the red men from the first that their word was law and that they meant what they said. They never quibbled over details and they never made threats without immediately following with action.

The natural result of this was that the Indians had a great deal of respect for the mounted men. Indeed they knew the "red coats," as they called the mounted police, as men of their word, and they had infinitely more regard for the handful of men who patrolled the North West than they had for the many regiments of "blue coats" or soldiers of the United States.

Firmness and determination was the attitude adopted by the mounted police from the beginning, and because they never failed to carry out any task they undertook they very soon earned a reputation for themselves in the great West. The bad men, the two-gun men of the western Canadian camps, the lumbermen, miners, cattlemen, and other hard fisted gentry who found their way into the territories as the van-

guard of civilization, all had equal respect for the red coats of the mounted police and as a result the pioneer days of Canada are vastly different from the same period on the southern side of the border line.

To be sure there were now and then bad men who feared nothing and who were determined to have their way and take the consequences. More than once these fellows locked horns, so to speak, with the police, but always they came out the worse for the encounter. Once one of these famous bad men crossed the border line from Montana, just to show the police what a two-gun man with blood in his eye could do. He shot up a Canadian town just by way of experiment, and cowed the entire population, and then defied the police, for the very good reason that there were none within hearing distance. But his challenge found the ear of a constable and shortly the bad man was surprised by the spectacle of a red coated figure riding down the deserted street straight toward him.

The bad man from Montana shouted a challenge and brandished his revolver but the policeman did not draw. The bad man shouted

louder but still the rider came on. Then the desperado drew a bead on the policeman, but he did not pull the trigger, for the simple reason that the very determined attitude of the rider made the bad man realize that if he missed it would go hard with him. The policeman came up to him, took his two big revolvers away from him, put him under arrest and made him spend ten days in jail just by way of impressing upon him that the police were not to be joked with.

Those were the days of cattle rustling too. Indians and white men alike indulged in that nefarious business, the Indians because of a life-long habit and the whites because they had not yet learned that the mounted police was the most efficient organization of its kind in the world at that time. Horses and steers alike were driven from one side of the border to the other by these marauders, but it did not take the police long to break up their activities once they got busy. The white men who indulged in cattle rustling were punished severely, for cattle stealing in those days was one of the worst crimes against the code of the settler and ranch man.

With the Indians it was a little different. The redskins in the first place rarely tried to rustle cattle. Their main interest were horses, and often several of the more ambitious warriors from the United States or from Canada would cross the border, round up a likely bunch of horses, and herd them pell mell over the border into their own country. It required some explanations on the part of the police and not a little punishment to impress upon the red men that while such procedure may have been all right in the old days of their wars between different tribes it was far from a mark of honor to be a competent horse thief in the world of the white man.

Of course there were the usual number of mining camp troubles in the early days of the police too, and then there were the big construction camps that were established in every quarter when the transcontinental railroads were being built across the Dominion. The construction of the railroads brought to that section of the country thousands upon thousands of men of the lower classes. They were foreigners for the most part and riffraff from

all sections of the country, whose code of living did not fit in with a constable's idea of what is proper and right.

Huge construction camps appeared on every hand. They were exactly like all construction camps,—long lines of slab shanties, of the roughest, crudest type, meant to house the roughest and crudest type of men. Each of these camps had to be patrolled with a lot more vigilance than the more law abiding towns of the section. Always there were disagreements between the laborers, and in many instances these disagreements led to serious fights which often involved half the population of the camp. When such brawls got well under way the best place for the more peaceably inclined was as far from the scene of trouble as possible.

It was of course the duty of the mounted police to prevent such quarrels from starting, but in spite of their best efforts brawls of huge proportions developed and then it was up to them to beat their way through the mob of enraged men, arrest the leaders and quiet the camp once more, all of which, one may assume, amounted to a task of no small proportion. Nevertheless

the police always accomplished their end, and although they usually emerged from the *mêlée* considerably the worse for wear and tear they always had their fingers entwined in the collars of the men they wanted.

This railroad building was a source of many troubles for the constables. The proposed highways of steel rails reaching across the country meant bringing civilization closer and opening up a lot of wild land that composed the hunting ground of the red men. Though unschooled in the ways of the palefaces the Indians were quick to realize this and as a result they grew sullen and hard to handle in many instances. They opposed the railroad as best they could, at every turn, and although they did not develop their objections to the point of very serious violence they kept the laborers well frightened.

Then there were the strikes among the railroad builders. For a time these threatened to be even of greater importance than the Indian troubles that beset the police. The lawless element among the laborers, the burly, double fisted hard rock drillers, who were never afraid

of man or beast, the lumber jacks, the diggers, the stone masons, and the rest all composed a body of men particularly hard to handle at any time and more especially when their anger had been aroused through what appeared to them to be injustices.

Time and again some particular group of these men took it in their heads to strike because of some grievance. It may have been unsatisfactory grub in camp, or it may have been a matter of pay, a demand for better quarters, or something of a similar nature, but when they decided to become nasty it was a really difficult task to hold them back from violence. They were men accustomed to dealing in a forceful way with any obstacle that presented itself, be it a rock wall, a mountain, a clay bank or a none too considerate contractor, and consequently when they wanted anything they went after it with fists clenched and arms bared. More than one knock-down and drag-out tussle occurred when a strike was brewing and it was worth a man's life to become a strike breaker and try and do the work that the strikers left undone.

However, in spite of their nasty dispositions, and their utter disregard for law and order the constables were able to hold them within reasonable bounds even during strike time. The railroad builders like the Indians soon learned that the red coats of the mounted men represented authority even in those wild corners of the world. They knew too that the men who wore those tunics were just as hard fisted and just as determined as they were, and when once they had marked a man as a law breaker they would get him sooner or later, even though they had to fight the entire camp while making the arrest.

The laborers knew too that these riders had back of them the right to use perfectly good and thoroughly strong penitentiaries, and most of them preferred the chance of freedom, with rough hard work in the mountains, to spending their time in penal institutions, and for that reason they were more or less careful in the strikes not to lay themselves open to an encounter with the mounted men.

Another period which stands out in the annals of the Royal North West Mounted Police oc-

curred in the late Nineties when thousands of people mad with the gold fever, stampeded to the Klondike region in search of riches. Gold was found along the upper reaches of the Yukon River, and Alaska immediately became the center of interest for every one. But more especially did it appeal to the grizzly old veteran prospectors who had spent most of their lives roaming the Rockies in search of "strikes" of gold. These men followed the lure of gold everywhere and there were some who boasted of being in every big stampede since the days of '49 when they trekked across the continent in prairie schooners.

But there were others besides the veteran prospectors who saw in the gold rush a chance for riches. Indeed the men who followed the stampede came from every country under the sun and all fared northward toward the upper Yukon district.

There were several routes to the newly discovered gold field and they were all through the territory patrolled by the Royal North West Mounted Police. The shortest but hardest routes were from the Alaskan Coast, begin-

ing at the then new and rapidly growing settlement of Skagway and reaching northeast across the crest of the northern Rockies, one going by way of the famous White Horse Pass and the other by way of the Dalton trail. Of course each of these crossed the international boundary line when the heart of the mountains was reached and consequently the thousands of stampedeers passed from the land under the authority of the United States troops to the land patrolled and policed by the Canadian mounted men.

That the Constabulary had all it had bargained for during the several years that the gold rush kept up, can little be doubted. Crazed by the stories of riches ahead, hundreds of prospective miners set forth from Skagway every day. Regardless of the difficulties of travel, regardless of equipment, weather conditions and everything else these men rushed onward. Their one idea was to reach the gold fields before the rest, and on they pushed through the mountain passes over snow covered trails hurrying onward, a veritable stampede of human beings. The trails were marked

by endless processions of dog sleds packed high with equipment and driven by men of all races. In Skagway and back in the States these men had squandered money right and left to get dogs, outfits, provisions and other necessities, and then with their all staked on what they were to find in the gold fields, they pushed on ruthlessly, with never a care for those behind, and nothing but envy for those ahead.

As soon as the stampede started policemen were detailed to the points of entry where the trails left Alaska territory and crossed over into Canada. Then as quickly as possible posts were established and more constables sent, for the rush through the mountain passes was so great that the services of scores of policemen were necessary to preserve order, to assist those who found themselves in trouble, collect customs, inspect equipment and generally care for the gold-mad men who refused to care for themselves.

Many were the tragedies of those long cruel trails that led to the gold fields, and many a grave now marks the spot where misfortune overtook some of the more luckless ones. But

the tragedies of the trail would most certainly have been more and the hardships of all increased a great deal if it had not been for the presence of the men in the red tunics.

All manner of men followed the call of the gold field too. There were of course many of the proverbial bad men who packed guns on their hips and who never hesitated to use them. There were gamblers too and desperados, and men who were wanted in the States and elsewhere for all sorts of reasons. All of these the constables had to watch carefully and put a stop to their activities the moment they showed signs of disregarding the laws of the Dominion.

Then there were the men who had staked their all on getting to the gold field and who, because of the lack of money, had come away ill fitted for the hardships of the gold trail. Sooner or later these men came to grief for the grind of the gold stampede was hard even on those with the best equipment and the strength and courage to fight on in spite of the dangers. When these men did find themselves without food or ill and in straitened circumstances it

was the men of the Constabulary to whom they turned for assistance.

Cases of this kind were many indeed and the food, blankets and even money furnished to these wayfarers amounted to a prodigious sum in dollars and cents. There were others too who received help and were not deserving, for early in the gold rush, word went out of the kindness of the police and immediately there were some who decided to take advantage of this generosity and take all they could get whether they really were in need or not. It always fared poorly with men of that caliber when the police found it out and after several examples had been made and the gold seekers had been detained long enough to work out whatever they secured from the police by cutting wood and doing other forms of work, the grafting soon stopped entirely.

The rush to the gold country was hard on all. The trails were relentless, and claimed a toll from those who sought to follow them. Many sacrificed fortune and even life and limb in the wild desire for gold, but the rush was hardest of all for the constables.

Long and weary hours they put in, guarding life and property, protecting the weak and assisting every one, and attending to a score of official duties which varied from the collecting of customs and the recording of mining claims to the distribution of mail. Yet they took care of everything that fell to them in the way of responsibilities, and accomplished everything creditably, if we are to take the word of the thousands of men who saw them in action during the mad days of the Klondike strike.

CHAPTER XI

THE CALL OF WAR

ALTHOUGH a very military atmosphere surrounds the Royal North West Mounted Police, it is by no means an entirely military organization. The men who patrol the plains, the mountains and the silent forests of Canada, are constables in every sense of the word. Their work is policing and they are just as much guardians of lives and property as are the blue-coats of the big cities. They carry the dignity of the laws of the Dominion into the far north and remote corners of the great country adjoining the United States and their chief duty is to see that law and order prevails even in the most distant Indian village.

But though their work is that of policemen, their training is for the most part military. Indeed the six hundred odd who compose the organization would make one of the best drilled military bodies in the world if they were called to the colors by the Canadian Government. As

individuals every man of them is a soldier in the strictest sense of the word. From the time the rookie enters the service he is drilled as a cavalryman. He is quartered in big barracks, taught how to ride, maneuver and shoot, and how to do everything else that a soldier must do in service.

As a result of this highly developed military training every constable is as well fitted to go into action as he is to do police work. In truth the Royal North West Mounted Police have contributed many gallant soldiers to the British army in time of trouble. A number of them enlisted in regiments that went to the front in the Boer War, and likewise a number of them heeded England's call for soldiers in the great war with Germany; some of them going to no end of trouble and hardship to reach civilization and enlist. Take the case of Sergeant — (we will call him Sergeant Jack Larkins) who traveled more than a thousand miles on snowshoes, dog sleds, canoes and horse back, and who faced all sorts of dangers, and several times almost lost his life to respond to the call to arms.

Larkins was stationed at a far northern post where newspapers and mail only arrive at intervals several months apart and where news is, as a consequence, many months old before it is received. Larkins had been out on a long patrol to an Indian village where he had gone to settle some trouble among the natives, and only returned to post the end of March. Meanwhile an expedition to one of the Hudson Bay Posts had passed by the police post and left a bundle of months' old papers and some mail for the three lonesome constables stationed there.

Of course the first thing that Larkins reached for after he had crawled out of his furs and had warmed himself with a good meal and a strong cup of coffee, were the papers and letters that lay waiting for him. The letters interested him most. Three bore the postmarks of English cities, while others came from Montreal, Quebec and the States.

But the one addressed in the handwriting of his mother claimed his interest first. Jack Larkins preferred reading a few lines from his mother to a dozen letters from any one else in the world. The most cheerful occasions during

the long Winter watches that he kept in the northland were the times when he received letters from his mother. For that reason he broke open the first one eagerly and began to go through it.

As he read, however, the smile on his face changed to an expression of amazement. He read hastily, then looked at the date on the top and at the date of the postmark on the envelope. Then he read a part of the letter again.

“Great guns, fellows,” he exclaimed, addressing the two other constables in the room, “there’s war in Europe! Germany has declared war against France and Russia, trampled little Belgium under foot and invaded France! England’s into it too. Mother says that Britannia couldn’t stand by and see Belgium desecrated so she has declared war against Germany. We’ve a hundred thousand men in France now and we are raising an army of two million. Why—eh?—what? You knew it? You got some letter too? Well, why in thunder didn’t you tell a fellow? Why didn’t—”

“Why, Sergeant, you haven’t been here more than half an hour. Give us a chance, will you?”

We were going to tell you but we knew you'd hear all about it from your mother. That's why we didn't spoil the news for you," said one of the constables.

"Well, what are we to do about it?" exclaimed Sergeant Larkins, looking from one to the other. "They are calling for volunteers over the water and I guess for that matter Canada will be calling for some herself mighty soon. What are we going to do about it I ask you?"

"Do? Why, what can we do?" demanded both men. "We are a long hop from England and we are needed up here just now."

"Well, three of us aren't needed. Two of us could handle the post and one of us could trek back to headquarters and try for permission to enlist. I'll take the privilege if I may or we'll draw straws for it," said Sergeant Larkins.

"Oh, no, you don't. We'll draw straws for it," said the two constables eagerly. So off there in the northland, hundreds of miles from civilization, the three men solemnly drew straws to see which one should go to war. But Ser-

geant Larkins' luck was with him and when the results of the draw were disclosed he held the short length.

“Wow, bully for me. But it's best this way, because my term of service here is nearly up and I guess I'll be able to get permission to enlist. I'm off in the morning, boys, for Buck's.” (Buck was the telegraph operator at the station at the end of the single telegraph line that penetrated into the wilderness nearly two hundred and fifty miles from the post.) “If I can get a telegram through and get permission I'll not be back to see you.”

Though scarcely rested from his fatiguing journey, Sergeant Larkins was up at sunrise the following morning, and after the necessary ceremonies were gone through at the post, his dog team was harnessed, his snowshoes were brought forth again and after a brief but none the less affectionate farewell was said to the two constables, he fared forth through the snow on the first day of a journey that was to last for weeks and come to an end in the trenches in France thousands of miles from the starting point.

The first weeks of his journey were quite uneventful, for the snow was firm and the traveling was good. But the opening of April brought with it a feeling of Spring. The sun was higher and the snow trails were harder to travel.

The end of the telegraph line reached and details with headquarters arranged, the sergeant pushed forward, driving his dogs hard, for he realized that before him lay the longest and most tedious part of his journey. Weeks slipped by and still he traveled onward, through silent forests always heading southward toward the point where civilization started.

The snow was going fast now, and becoming soft and mushy and very hard to travel. The ice on the lakes was softening also, and although it reached clear to the bottom of the smaller bodies of water it was so honey-combed by Spring thaws that more than once Larbins found himself and his dogs wallowing through ice and water well above his knees. But in spite of all the discomforts and perils of such travel he pushed forward, his objective a post ten days' journey away, where he knew

that he could leave his dog team and sled and secure a canoe and voyaging outfit. He hoped also to be able to join the first Spring expedition leaving the post to travel the miles of waterways that led to the nearest settlements.

But it took him longer than ten days to make the post, for several accidents befell him and his dog team. For one thing they were caught in a snow slide, and although the policeman did not fare so badly his dogs and his outfit did. One of the dogs was killed, and his sled was broken and a great deal of his outfit lost. It took him several days to repair the damages wrought by this, and then he was forced to travel slower because of his crippled team.

Two weeks later than he expected he reached the post to find that he had just missed the first expedition South. The voyagers had taken most of the best canoes at the post with them and left the craft that were less serviceable. However, undaunted, Larkins took what he could get, packed a new outfit, discarded his Winter clothing and started out.

Spring voyaging in that region was far from pleasure for navigating a fragile birch canoe

through turbulent streams flooded to the bank with Spring freshets which carried down floating timber and great chunks of ice was the hardest kind of work. The former constable faced all that he could contend with in the way of difficulties. Twice he nearly lost his life running swollen rapids, and a dozen times he went to bed at night wet, tired and discouraged. But on he pushed, the determination bred in him by his years of service as a constable, causing him to fight every obstacle with no regard for the odds that might be against him.

After weeks of this sort of traveling, signs of civilization began to appear. Tilled farm land lay spread out on the river bank here and there, and finally a town was reached. At this point, Larkins abandoned the now leaky and almost collapsed canoe, and after a single night's rest in a real bed, he secured a horse and set out at top speed for the nearest railroad station, a three days' ride away.

But the worst of his journey was over now. The railroad reached, he purchased a ticket for Montreal, and in three days he found himself in the city. It was a city of tears and cheers, for

the first wounded of the Canadian divisions that had been rushed to the front had just returned from France, while a new division that had spent months in a training camp was about to leave. Larkins hurried to the recruiting depot eager to depart with the new detachment that was making ready to embark, and as he hurried through the streets of the Canadian city he thanked his lucky stars for the fine training that he had received as member of the Royal North West Mounted Police, for he realized that instead of being forced to spend a long time in a training camp, he would be able to depart for the front immediately, a competent and well drilled soldier.

He was right too, for the recruiting officers were mighty glad to enlist him in the new division. There was never a question about his fitness for military duty and when they learned that he had been a sergeant in the police, he was quickly made a sergeant in the new division and in two days he was in uniform and aboard a steamer bound for England and thence to France. And through his entire campaign in the trenches Larkins' training as a constable

stood him in good stead and in the end resulted in securing for him a commission which office he filled with honor until he was invalided back to his home in England, where his mother nursed him through a critical period of sickness due to several bullet wounds.

From the conduct of Larkins, and the conduct of hundreds of others under any and all conditions, one can easily gather a clear idea of the caliber of the men who make up the Royal North West Mounted Police. There was never a coward or a shirker who ever won the privilege to wear the police uniform, for the hazards of their occupation, the rigors of their daily work and the high standards set for those who apply for admission to the force all combine to make the man with even the tiniest yellow streak turn back from enlisting as a constable.

To become members of this magnificent police force, the men who apply must be able to come up to certain rigid requirements. It is not enough that they are of certain height, chest measurements and weight, and that they know how to ride well, and are excellent woodsmen.

They must possess besides qualities that can scarcely be analyzed,—the qualities that are found only in men who follow careers of danger; the qualities that make men stand out above their fellows as brave and fearless, and that mark them as men who can be depended upon in any emergency.

Such qualities are found but rarely, and only in adventurers and soldiers of fortune, who live entirely for the excitement they can get out of life, and they are the men who for the most part compose the Royal North West Mounted Police.

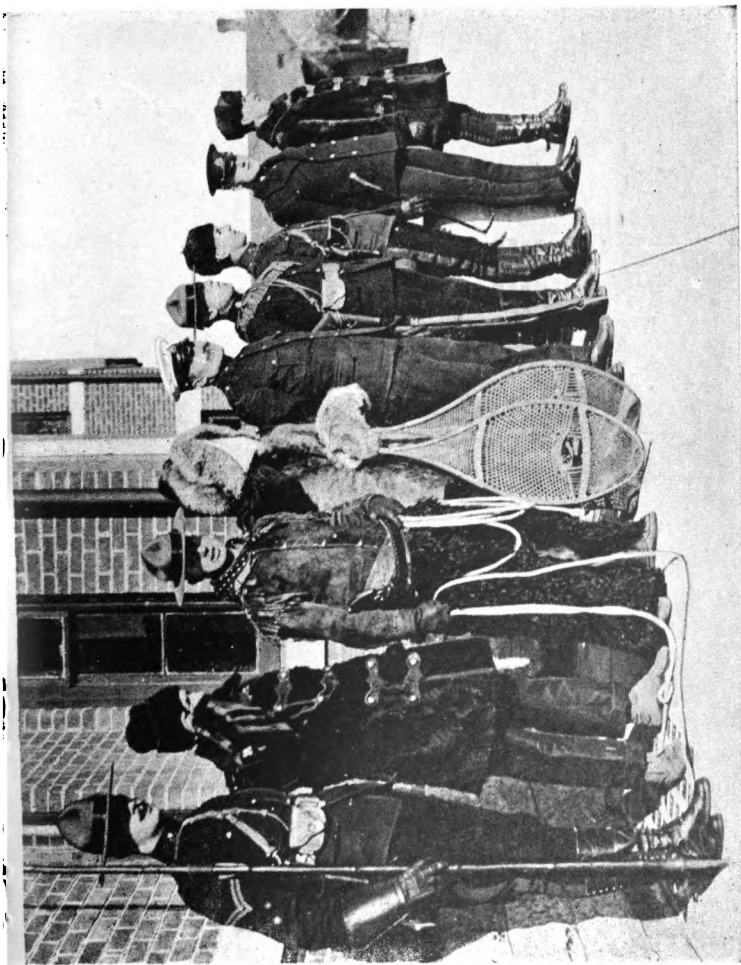
To become eligible for service with the Canadian police, a man must be between the ages of twenty-two and forty, physically perfect and unmarried. A married man is not accepted for constabulary duty under any circumstances for several very good reasons, the most important of which is the fact that as a constable he is liable to be detailed for service to the remotest corner of the North West Territories with never an opportunity to see his family for years at a time.

Of course, a rookie constable must be physically fit. He must possess a strong and well

built body and he must be at least five feet eight inches tall and he cannot weigh more than 175 pounds. The constabulary service is no place for weaklings and unless a man can pass a severe test under the close scrutiny of competent physicians, he never becomes a mounted policeman. The service is no place for fat men either, for since most of the men spend all their time in the saddle, they cannot afford to be above the specified weight for fear of retarding the speed of their mounts by forcing them to carry an extra burden.

With all these qualifications the rookie constable makes application at the headquarters barracks at Regina, Saskatchewan, and if he is really the right sort of material the officials are looking for, with a clean record, a fine code of morals and a perfect body, he is accepted, sworn in and immediately detailed to the training class at the barracks.

Training for the rookie policeman is a period in which he does a great deal of really hard work, has a lot of fun, and learns much about laws, police practices as applied to the work of the mounted force, horsemanship, shooting,



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TYPES OF MEN IN THE R. N. W. M. SERVICE
They Are All 'Huskies' and There is no Doubting That. Also, They Have
Some Snappy Uniforms in Canada

first aid work, wood craft, and a host of other subjects that are all of interest to men with real red blood in their veins who like the open and glory in contests of brawn and brain.

First of all, of course, the recruit is issued his regulation outfit, which is practically that of a cavalryman with additional equipment necessary for the rigors of police work. Then come instructions. The education of the new constable is highly concentrated and he must needs learn a great deal in a very short time. His day is divided up into periods of lessons, for he must be graduated from the barracks training course a competent mounted man within six months after he enters.

Mounted work is the most important phase of the early training of the new man. Although the horses have been previously trained a great deal at the big stock farm where the police horses are bred, and although the man has previously had a great deal of experience in the saddle, both horse and rider are in a sense trained again, taking their instructions together.

As in all cavalry schools the men learn to

ride without saddles first. They indulge in all forms of rough riding such as only men of the plains can and must do. They learn to stick to their mounts under any and all conditions, and as for the horses, they are taught to stick to their masters and take any punishment that they may be subjected to together. For instance the horse is taught to stand, sit or lie down at command. Then the rookie is instructed how to use his horse as protection even to the extent of lying down behind the animal and firing over his side as from the top of a breastworks or trench.

Of course horse and rider, after some few misunderstandings, soon become fast friends and learn to know each other very well. The men take great pride in their mounts and give them the best of attention, for so long as they remain with the force both animal and man have to depend upon each other under all conditions.

With the riding instructions well under way comes target practice, and in this the horse also plays a conspicuous part. The mounted police are armed with service rifles and pistols

and of course they must learn to use both, firing from foot and from horseback. There is a long range at the barracks where some novel targets are used for the mounted men. The recruit learns to shoot over distances varying from 200 to 1,000 yards. Then he must become proficient in picking up moving targets, dismounting, firing and remounting again, and he must learn to do a dozen other feats of marksmanship which only clear eyed, clear brained and active men could ever hope to accomplish.

With the rifle work comes target practice with pistol as well. This arm is a highly important one for the policemen, for although they are instructed never to draw first under any circumstances, they must be prepared for real business when they do draw. A constable learns how to draw and fire on foot, on horseback, at a walk, a canter or a full gallop, and he must become very accurate too, for the use of the pistol is the last resort of the policeman and he must be absolutely certain that he is going to make good when he does bring his weapon into action.

Along with his riding practice and his target

instructions comes also the military drill which every constable must know. As mentioned before although the organization is not looked upon as a division of Canadian soldiers, it is strictly military in spirit and discipline and every man is an excellent soldier as you have already learned from the experience of Sergeant Larkins and others. Regulation cavalry drill occurs daily, and besides this every recruit is instructed in the school of the soldier as applied to infantrymen, and in close order drilling, so that when he is graduated from the barracks training school he is as able and competent as any man who ever wore a private's uniform.

And aside from all this and not included in the mental training which the young constable secures in the lecture hall and schoolrooms at the barracks, is the training in wood craft, in the care of the horse, the care of dogs, sled packing and horse packing, first aid work, gymnastics, and everything else necessary for a man to know who has just sworn himself into five years of service anywhere in the great open country of the Dominion.

The constable is a master of wood craft. For him the mysteries of the great forests are nothing. He is almost as competent to follow trails and read wood signs as an Indian. Of course upon graduating from the training school he can hardly be said to be an expert in this line, but at the school the foundation for further and quick development in this field is laid.

The recruit learns how to travel the forests or the prairies by means of the compass, the sun or the stars. He learns the elements of wood craft, he knows how to tell direction from the moss on the trees, how to interpret this or that sign, how to follow trails, how to live in the open, how to cook, conduct a camp, pitch tents, build fires, and all of the other details included in scouting as the American boy knows it.

The use of pack horses and the intricate details of packing these beasts of burden are also important in the recruit's instructions. Likewise, lessons in the care and driving of dog teams and the packing of dog sleds are included. In truth a great deal of attention is paid to the proper instructions of new men in Winter

woods work, for it is hard to tell which of them is liable to find himself detailed to the broad barrens of the northern part of the Dominion, where for months at a time he may be within an uncomfortably short distance of the Arctic Circle.

The art of Winter camping is not slighted in the least, for in these cold latitudes the men must know how to care for themselves and their dogs properly or they may never return to post to report the work of their patrol. There are snowshoe drills in the Winter, and instructions in the harnessing and driving of teams of huskies, all of which is mighty difficult work for the beginner. The details of making surveys of the territory through which they pass, and reporting upon their findings are also explained to them, for the men on lonesome patrols who visit little known sections of the country are supposed to be veritable explorers, returning as much information about the country, of a semi-scientific nature, as they are capable of collecting.

Of course the rookie policeman is instructed

in the care of his horse. Indeed, every man is more or less of a veterinary when he leaves Regina headquarters, for more than once during his service on the force he is liable to find his horse ill and the chances are he will be far from the assistance of an experienced veterinarian. In that case it will be necessary for him to take care of the animal and nurse it back to health and for that reason considerable time is spent in teaching him the rudiments of horse doctoring.

First aid work is also included in the education of the rookie, for, as you know, the constable is a guardian of the welfare of settlers, and often it devolves upon him to minister to the sick or the injured when no other help is available.

The instructions the mounted man receives cover a wide range of accident and sickness, and as a policeman he is bound to care for any unfortunate who needs his help, doing all he can up to the point where the situation is beyond his best efforts, in which case he always sees to it that proper medical attention is se-

cured or that the patient is removed to the nearest point where necessary treatment can be obtained.

But do not get the idea that the training is all on the physical side. Nor do not conclude that all that is required of a man seeking a place on the big Canadian force, is big muscles, and real grit. Those qualities are important, but the man who is looking forward to becoming a constable must also possess brains. And the better developed these are the better he can get along on the force, for the intelligent man moves on fast and it is not long before he goes a step beyond the constable to that of corporal.

And then if he keeps developing and studying his work he can reach the grade of sergeant, of staff-sergeant or sergeant major, inspector or even superintendent and perhaps commissioner, for the force encourages study with rapid promotion and the man who works hard and learns to improve every opportunity is promoted very quickly.

The officials are always looking for young men of education and these men they pay par-

ticular attention to. Knowledge is power in the constabulary—power to move a man forward from the rank and file and create a good office for him eventually. To be sure, the only specific requirements so far as education is concerned, are that a man must be able to read and write either English or French, but you may be sure a great deal more than that is expected of the policemen and the better their brains are developed the quicker they are accepted.

The recruit at the Regina barracks is given a prescribed course of study, and he is presented with a manual of the force, which before many moons he is expected to know as well as the average boy knows his school text books, and a great deal better in many instances.

The schooling of the rookie is conducted along lines similar to those followed in the big universities; that is by means of lectures. There are two prescribed lecture periods during each day of the six months that a rookie is in training, and during these periods he assembles with

the rest of the young policemen, in the lecture hall where the instructors talk at great length on the subject in mind.

But the school work does not end with the lecture, for the men are supposed to devote much of their spare time to studying the details of the instructions given them, and in that way learn as much more about the subject as possible. A big library is provided at the barracks crammed full with books that are of benefit to the men in the service and these books are meant to help the ambitious men to get along faster in their work.

Nor does this study end with the graduation of the rookie from the training course. Special instructions are held for the men of the force, and sergeants in particular, who show an aptitude for their work and who indicate by their application to their tasks that they mean to get along in the department. These men are watched closely and now and then one or two of them are relieved from regular duty and asked to report at Regina, where special courses are under way. Here they are taught the more advanced work of the police and by

diligent study they fit themselves to become competent to hold higher offices in the organization.

The rookie receives first a thorough training in the laws of the Dominion, and those in particular that apply to the territory patrolled by the men of the big force. They are instructed in criminal and civil laws, in land acts, Indian treaties, forestry laws and grazing laws, the ordinances that apply to trappers and hunters, the privilege of Indians (for the red men are granted some special privileges) and a host of other legal details. They learn also the many difficult and often vexing questions of law and personal rights which are constantly coming up and which a constable must settle without recourse to the courts.

Court work is also gone into, so that a constable when he finds himself before a magistrate, in charge of a prisoner, will not be at sea during the proceedings and unable to give the court the proper assistance. All of the ordinances that apply to towns or districts in western Canada are analyzed and made clear to the new men also.

Many of the difficult details of their work in the field are studied here, and cases that have occurred in the past are brought up and gone over so that the young constables are in a way made familiar with some of the things they expect will happen. A smattering of detective work is also given the student policemen, for frequently the mounted men have to do as much ferreting on a case as the average detective does.

And in addition to all this legal knowledge a score of other subjects are treated, not so thoroughly perhaps, but in a way calculated to help the policeman when in the field. Star reading is one of these studies, forestry is another; and by the time the rookie is graduated from the school, if he has paid proper attention to his classroom work he has the foundation of a very broad knowledge, all of which he will find of service to him in after years.

From the extent of this training work one naturally concludes that the headquarters at Regina is a rather large institution, and such is the case. It is composed of a community of very military appearing buildings, the equal of

such army posts as Governor's Island in New York State, for instance. There are included in the group an administration building, barracks, armory, officers' quarters, stables and the like, besides an extensive parade ground and prison where short term men are confined. The entire community is placed far out on the plains, with miles and miles of prairies spread out in all directions, and it makes an exceptionally fine place for the young man to secure the training preliminary to becoming a member of one of the finest constabulary organizations in the world.

CHAPTER XII

THE NATIONAL POLICE OF CACTUS LAND

PANCHO BENITIZ, *bandido*, of numerous accomplishments, grinned across the table at his four companions. His black eyes twinkled and his yellow teeth showed between his thin red lips:

“It is just so as I say, *amigos*. We will have little trouble in entering *La Hacienda de Lopez*, and capturing the *niño Lopez*. Then away with us to the mountains until Señor Lopez shall give us four thousand good Mexican dollars as a ransom for the boy. The Señor loves his son much more than he does four thousand dollars, and he will deem it a good bargain. Then with the money we—”

“Ah, not so fast, Pancho, not so fast. We will not spend it now. We will wait perhaps until we have it jingling in our *bolsa*. Tell us again how we are to go about the task. We must not make an error, for even though Señor Lopez is said to be away, still he has many

loyal peons who shoot well and have sharp *machetes*."

"A fig for the peons. Are we not four, and are we not strong and big and brave? Who cares for the peons? And anyway, the peons are not likely to be at the *hacienda* at midnight. They will be asleep in their hovels, and before the screams of the Señora and the frightened *mosos* are heard the *niño* will be ours and we will be riding swiftly away with him. To-night, I say, at twelve. We will meet here, just four hours from now. Be prepared. Meanwhile I shall go perhaps to San Lorenzo for cartridges. It is even possible that we may need them, though I do not think so. *Hasta leugo*." And the tall Pancho stalked out of the door, and hastened toward his horse picketed nearby.

And so intent was he upon the business in hand that he did not hear the rustle of leaves in the underbrush nearby and the light patter of naked feet hastily carrying their owner off in another direction before he should be caught at his eavesdropping.

With a shout to his horse the bandit swung

into his saddle and started down a narrow trail that led through the valley and toward the little mountain hamlet of San Lorenzo, three miles distant.

As for his followers, with four hours to be disposed of and nothing pressing to occupy them, they all laid aside their broad brimmed sombreros and curling up in the blankets which they wore draped, Indian fashion, about their shoulders, they settled themselves for a sleep.

It was the hoofbeats of Pancho's horse on the trail that aroused them four hours later. In a moment they were on their feet stretching and rubbing their eyes. And as the bandit leader pushed open the door of the rickety little mountain hut in which they had made their temporary headquarters, a candle was lighted, for darkness had come on while they slept.

"Ah, *amigos*, we are all ready, eh? Here are some cartridges. Fill your *bolsillos*, for it is possible we may have to use them," said Pancho, tossing on the rickety table a package done up in brown paper. And little did the brigand leader know how well they would need those cartridges before daylight.

Hastily preparations were made for the departure, for the *hacienda* of Señor Lopez was a good hour's travel from their mountain retreat, and it lacked just an hour of midnight.

Soon all was ready, and the bandits fared forth to find their horses picketed close by. Then in single file they traveled the winding mountain trail down to the point where it reached the main highway. They had chosen well the night for their kidnaping exploit, for there was no moon and the stars that twinkled brightly above gave only enough light to make the four mounted men look ghostly and weird as they traveled the highway, staying close in the shadow of the forest that fringed the roadside. On they cantered until soon the undergrowth began to give way to long even rows of tobacco. Señor Lopez was one of the wealthiest tobacco growers in the country and these well kept fields were on the outskirts of his broad acres.

On they pushed, more cautiously now, for there was less chance of remaining hidden, and they had to take advantage of every shadow. Not a word passed between them, and cigarettes, which they had been smoking guardedly, were

thrown away lest the tiny spark of light that gleamed from the end should make their presence known. Far ahead in the darkness they could see the snow white, gleaming wall of the big house, and beyond the outhouses and still farther off the rows of peon shacks. Pancho smiled a smile of satisfaction and whispered a word of advice to his companions.

“The *niño* with his nurse sleeps in the big room to the left of the courtway, as I said before. I myself will climb in the window while you take your posts in the courtyard. Be ready to shoot at the first sign of trouble. The horses we will leave in the woods, nearby. Forward, *amigos.*”

Still very cautiously they drove their ponies into the forest just across the road from the big house. Then dismounting, they unslung their rifles and fared forth in single file, hurrying across the thoroughfare and disappearing one at a time through the big entrance gate that led to the broad open courtyard around which the house was built.

Softly and slyly they skirted the walls, crouching in the shadows, their eyes fastened

on Pancho who led the way straight toward an open window at the left. And so intent were they in their work that they never saw shadowy figures emerging from the woods where they had left their horses nor did they know that already their mounts had been spirited away and that men had formed behind them, cutting off their retreat.

Each at his appointed post, the brigands crouched low and waited while their leader, as stealthily as a cat, moved on toward the window. Not a sound did the big man make, and as he crossed the open space of the court he looked like a panther stalking a deer. Softly he slipped forward, drawing nearer and nearer the opened window where the little boy slept. Now he could look inside. To the right he could make out the white form of the nurse's bed and to the left another vague white shape which he knew must be the bed of the little boy. Cautiously he reached up, intending to seize hold of the window ledge and draw himself into the room. But before his hands closed upon the sill something happened.

Behind him, across the courtyard, arose loud

shouts and cries of surprise. Then shots rang out. And an instant later Pancho was startled to see a light flash in the *niño's* room and the muzzle of a rifle flash through the window and level full at his face.

"Stand! Hands up!" came the command in Spanish. But Pancho, quick and daring, ducked and ran as the rifle spat. He felt the flash of fire along his cheek, but the bullet thumped harmlessly in the clay of the courtyard.

Like a startled deer he raced swiftly across the court in the direction of the shouting, firing crowd at the entrance. But before he reached the side of his three followers another shot rang out from the window and Pancho fell in a heap with a bullet through the calf of his leg. He struggled and tried to rise, but the pain of his wound was intense and he knew that so far as flight was concerned he was done for.

"Trapped," he muttered between his clenched teeth as he writhed in pain in the courtyard. "They were waiting and ready for us. I am caught, but I hope the rest can get away."

But the others could not flee. Indeed they

were having a hard time holding their own against the well armed band of peons who had set upon them. They could not go forward through the gate, for the line of the attackers was too strong. Nor could they stand against the swarthy fighters. All that they could do was give ground and go backward into the courtyard.

Madly they fought, firing fast and furiously, and when their rifles were no longer useful, wielding their *machetes*. They battled bravely and nobly. But the odds against them were too great. Enrico, the broad shouldered lieutenant of Pancho, was set upon by three peons. He had thrown aside his rifle long since because he had no time to reload, and now with his long knife he had to defend himself against three enraged servants, who danced about him with fiendish yells, cutting and slashing and raining strokes so fast that Enrico could scarcely parry them.

With a lucky slash he was able to cut one down, and for the moment give full attention to the other two. On he fought, aiming blow after blow at the ugly faces before him and parrying

counter strokes. And as he struggled so the other two bandits battled also, yet for all their strength and fighting ability they were slowly and surely being driven backwards into the courtyard by superior numbers.

Then suddenly, on top of it all came cries and scattering shots from across the courtway, and still more servants rushed from the house and advanced on the rear of the bandits. The situation was utterly hopeless now. They were set upon from all directions, and there was no question but that they must yield.

The suggestion came first from Pancho lying upon the ground in the courtway.

"Yield, my men! Enrico, Torraso, Raphiel, yield! Surrender, or run if you can. Never mind me, I'm done for!" he cried above the noise of the battle.

And since they could not run, yield they did, backing against the wall and holding up their hands in token of surrender. This act pleased the peons too, who had had quite sufficient fighting for the evening against the brave and daring bandits. Indeed many of their number lay scattered about the courtway entrance, nursing cuts

and bruises. The remainder, however, gathered in front of the surrendered outlaws, where they threatened and gesticulated with their *machetes* until the superintendent of Señor Lopez' big farm elbowed his way through the crowd and took charge of the situation.

"Ho, ho," he said, as he surveyed the three men against the wall and the fallen bandit leader in the courtyard. "So you thought of stealing the *niño* Lopez. Ha, ha, do you think we are so foolish as to let you do that? We knew all the time when you would come and we were waiting for you with a fiery welcome, were we not? and now, *Señors*, we will tie your hands and feet and to-morrow we will carry you off to Mexico City and to jail."

"Come," he shouted to the peons, "bring ropes and tie them *pronto*."

In a twinkling busy brown hands were knotting cords securely about the four helpless men, and then with a score of peons standing guard the four prisoners were kept in the courtyard until dawn began to paint the eastern sky.

Soon after daylight a huge ox-cart with six big steers came trundling into the courtway and

arrangements were made to convey the bandits to the railroad station. Although all were cut and bruised considerably, Pancho was the only one unable to climb into the cart unaided.

With little regard for gentleness the leader of the bandits was lifted into the conveyance by several peons instructed by the superintendent to do the task. Of course the bandit winced with pain, for his wound had had no attention and was very ugly. The superintendent, however, only smiled cruelly and remarked:

“Ho, *Señor* Benitiz, it hurts now, but soon your pain will be over. Soon you will all be standing against the walls to be shot, and we will be there to cheer.”

Pancho answered never a word to this, nor did the other three appear to have heard the cruel remark. They proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible in the ox-cart and presently the conveyance, with a string of armed peons before and behind, started over the highway in the direction of the railroad.

In due time and after much painful traveling for Pancho, at least, the bandits arrived in

Mexico City, and there under an armed guard they were transferred from the rickety railroad train to a dingy and disagreeable prison, where all were huddled into one dirty and very unsanitary cell.

“Well, *amigos*,” said Pancho, lighting a cigarette, “here we stay until the fatal day. This will be our last earthly home, for assuredly we will all be shot for our troubles. Our records are none too clean and with last night’s failure added, we have a sorry chance, but we will not snivel, will we? We will go to the wall and face the firing squad with a smile on our lips. How say you?”

The others proved that they were just as brave as their leader by assuring him that they would do likewise.

By mid-day a strange thing happened. The prison guard came in with a servant bearing a heaping tray of food. This surprised the bandits, who expected nothing but *rancho* and water. The guard brought word to them too, that after the meal was eaten they would be transferred to a newer and better part of the

prison and allowed the privilege of a walk in the courtyard if they would give their word not to attempt escape.

"I cannot believe it," said Pancho with a mystified smile, when the guard had left. "Something assuredly is wrong."

The guard was true to his word and in the afternoon the transfer was made; and then, behold a doctor came to wash Pancho's wound and dress it and a crutch was left to help him hobble about in the sunshine.

All this was even more mystifying, but of course the prisoners did not object. They hoped only that such treatment would continue.

"It is strange," said Pancho, "but perhaps they want to make our last days on earth as pleasant as possible, for soon we will be brought to face the firing squad."

Then three days later the fatal hour seemed to have arrived, for early in the morning appeared a squad of soldiers. The prisoners heard them come tramping down the corridor, and Pancho, always brave, called out:

"Ah, it is good-by now, *amigos*. We see the sunshine for the last to-day, but do not weaken."

The cell doors clanked open and one by one the bandits were led out and formed in line. Then with four soldiers in front and four behind the command was given and forward marched the little group, through the corridor and on out into the sunlight, Pancho keeping step as best he could with his single crutch.

But strangely enough, the squad did not turn toward the big, blank, bullet scarred wall of the prison where the firing squad always stood, nor was there a crowd of spectators waiting to watch the execution. All was peaceful and quiet and the bandits could not understand.

Out into the streets of the city they filed and on toward the big plaza where stood the Government buildings. Soon they were mounting the broad steps of the Executive Building and almost before the bandits realized it they were facing none other than the President of the Republic himself. To be sure they were embarrassed. No, not afraid, for these men did not know what fear was. They were simply conscious of the fact that they were given privileges that did not, as a custom, fall to men of their standing.

The keen-eyed man behind the broad mahogany desk looked at them sternly.

"So, Pancho," he said, "we have you at last."

Pancho nodded and smiled.

"You know, I suppose, what we will do with you."

Again Pancho nodded but this time he did not smile.

"You deserve it, eh, Pancho?"

"*Si, Señor President.*"

"But," said the President with a smile, "you are to have a choice. Listen. You and your followers can be shot to-morrow morning at sunrise, standing against the prison wall. It is a death suited to brave men who deserve the penalty. It is far more honorable than hanging, which is only suited to dogs. I say, you can be shot if you choose. But there is an alternative. If you and your men will become honest once more, if you will take it upon yourselves to be my friends, if you will become guardians of law and order in Mexico, if you will become my policemen, then you need not be shot."

Pancho made a wry face.

“No, I do not jest,” said the executive. “Your kind, bandits I mean, are too numerous in Mexico. You cause a great deal of trouble. But none but the fearless become brigands and even my soldiers are afraid of you. I must have National policemen. Men who know the ways of the bandits. Men who are not afraid to go among them, arrest them or fight them if necessary. Why then should I not choose you and your men, Pancho? I will make you my National Police. I will give you all a fine horse, a fine rifle and revolver, and good saddle, a handsome uniform and one hundred dollars a month.”

“A uniform and one hundred dollars a month!” exclaimed Pancho.

“*Si*, it is just so,” said the wise old president, “and when you are thus equipped you will go out into the mountains and tell other brigands what I have done, and promise them, as many as you see, that if they will come to me, as honest men once more, I will make them the same offer. Soon I will have a magnificent body of policemen. But those who refuse, you must run down, arrest and if you can bring

them in alive, all right. If you must shoot them, it is better so, for that will be their fate, anyway. Do you agree?"

"Do we agree! Ah, Señor, heartily," said the smiling Pancho.

And thus was born the National Police of Mexico.

In a few days, the reformed bandits made their appearance adorned in an attractive uniform made of brown leather and trimmed with beads and silver braid. The jackets were short while the trousers flared at the bottom in the most approved Mexican style. Soft broad colored white shirts, tan shoes and a broad sombrero of brown felt, completed their make up, and with their huge spurs, and handsome silver mounted saddles the four former brigands were indeed a business-like looking detachment. And best of all each of them had a magnificent carbine slung across his shoulder, a big revolver in his belt, and a finely tempered *machete* at his saddle bow and one hundred silver dollars jingling in his *bolsa*.

Forth they fared, headed for the mountains to look up their former outlawed acquaintance.

To each of these whom they met they told of their good fortune and passed on the word that President Diaz wanted more men to do as they had done.

It is a strange thing but these mountain bandits, given a chance to be honest preferred to redeem themselves and become law-abiding citizens once more. Indeed they were eager to avail themselves of the old president's offer and the original four soon returned to Mexico City with one hundred recruits, including some of the most daring outlaws in the mountains.

True to his word the President gave them all the same equipment and the same money he had given Pancho and his men. Then he built a barracks and training grounds in the City and his most efficient generals set about making the Rurales, as they were called, the best organized force in Mexico.

In a matter of weeks the Rurales started out again, but this time it was for the purpose of ridding the country of brigands. In small detachments they roamed the mountains, ferreting out the strongholds of the numerous outlaws and running the bandits to earth. Some they

arrested, others who resisted, they fought, until they were exterminated, and in a surprisingly short time there were few brigands in the southern republic, those who were not wiped out being confined to secluded mountainous sections where they could do little harm.

Whether President Diaz worked on the theory that it takes a thief to catch a thief is a question. But wherever he found the idea it certainly proved successful, for the Rurales did their work exceptionally well and moreover, they became so enthusiastic about their duties that soon they were considered among the best trooper-policemen in the world. Of course there have been stories told of the cruelties and officious acts of the Rurales, but few of such tales have any foundation whatever. The intelligent people of the Republic are loud in their praise of the National Police for they have been able to see the good that these brave and fearless men have done.

It was thirty-six years ago that the Rurales were organized and from the time they entered upon their duties until the period of many revolutions which followed the death of Francisco

Madero, President of the Republic, they kept the country comparatively clean.

Of course the force was not confined to the original hundred. Indeed with each year more troops of Rurales were added, until there became a veritable regiment of the leatherclad cavalrymen. Then it was that they passed from the stage of policemen into that of a military command and before long the organization was recruited to a force of some 40,000 well trained and well mounted troopers.

But although they attained the status of soldiers the Rurales continue to do detail police duty. Sub-stations were established in almost every large town, and a form of barracks maintained. From this point the swarthy constables fared forth on patrol duty, caring for the welfare of the people, apprehending criminals, guarding large estates and making short work of bandits, highwaymen and cattle thieves.

That these men were brave and fearless can be little doubted from the records of the organization maintained in Mexico City. Hundreds of battles and scores of acts of bravery are credited to them. They were all fine marks-

men, expert horsemen and brave and fearless, and because of this they never hesitated when an opportunity was offered them to perform a conspicuously brave act.

It is a very unfortunate thing that in the chaos that followed the assassination of President Madero and in the revolutions and counter revolutions organized at that time, the Rurales became more or less disorganized. Some companies deserted to follow one leader, some took sides with another, and some remained loyal. And in the general mix-up that followed, the organization really lost its identity, and it is only now that it is once more coming into its own.

In the breaking up of the fine force however it is interesting to note that few of the Rurales enlisted under the standards of Villa. Indeed the Rurales cordially hated him as an outlaw who gave them more trouble than any other man in Mexico. Villa was one of the first of the bandits approached to become a member of the organization. But he was a young and ambitious outlaw then, and he laughed at the plan. And always, from that time on he took a special delight in harassing the Rurales, and as for

the trooper policemen, they did everything they could to make life uncomfortable for him. Indeed they drove him from the country more than once and many a time he had to march his band deep into the mountains and lie hidden for months to avoid the determined Rurales.

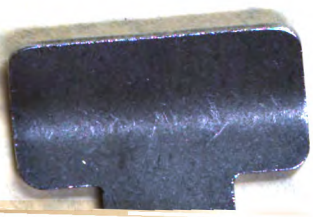
But perhaps the new order of Rurales, growing up from what is left of the old organization will capture him some day. For these leather-clad trooper policemen are just as eager to have him behind prison bars as were their predecessors three decades back.

THE END

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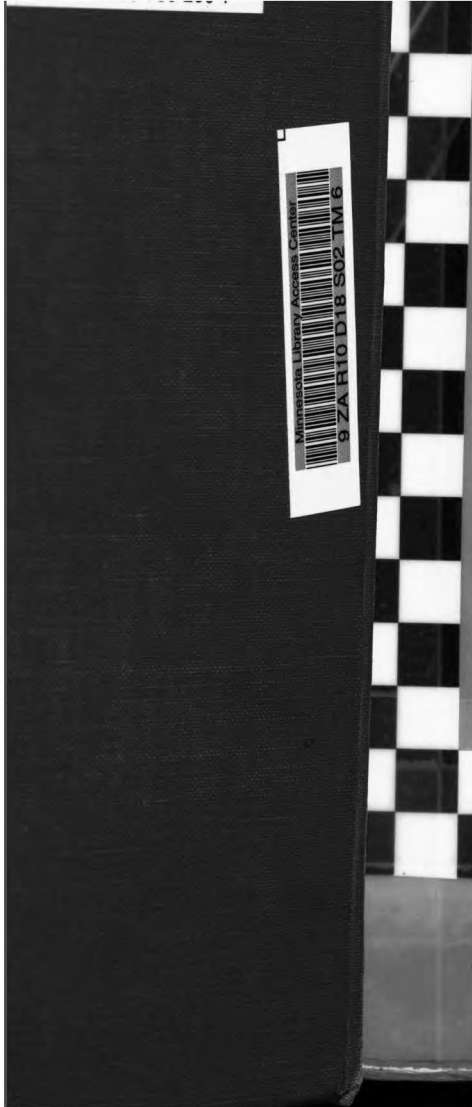
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