

KIPLING'S METHODS

Sidelights on His Utilization of Men and Events.

The fame of Rudyard Kipling a hundred years from now, judging, of course, from his works to date, will be founded upon his short stories of Indian life and his verse, which are essentially works of his imagination, but works in which the characters, the children of his imagination, are made to live and breathe because of a venture and environment of reality; a reality which owes its richness to the wonderful faculties for observation of its creator.

Notwithstanding the fact that much of this work of Kipling's, worthy as it is to compare with the best of its kind in history, was produced prior to his return to England, by way of America, in 1890, it remained for his story of this trip, a supposedly truthful account of his observations, to bring him out into the glare of the limelight of publicity, where he has kept himself ever since. It was his scathing criticism, in this work, says a special contributor of the Los Angeles Times, of America and its people, particularly those of the west, that first attracted attention to Kipling and, in course of time, to his other and better works. His idea, at that time, of the American, judging from this criticism, is epitomized in one of his poems of that name:

"Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He meets th' embarrassed gods, nor
To shake the iron hand of fate
Or match with destiny for beer."

At first Kipling's position was one of notoriety, rather than of note, but gradually the attacks of the press, aroused by the outspoken criticism in his book, subsided as his genius made itself felt in his later works. People read his stories because they liked them, and he finally entered upon the cumulative period of popularity, whose zenith is not yet reached.

In "From Sea to Sea," the name given by Kipling to his book of travels, he seems to show up the American follies and foibles most effectively when he cites individual instances, recording his conversations with street acquaintances and chance associates, setting forth their weaknesses and absurdities as characteristic of the country, producing, when all is said, a rather sorry picture of the American. An instance of this nature, in connection with his tour of the west, fell under my notice a year ago, and if the rest of the incidents which Kipling used as basis to fasten down the lid of the coffin he had prepared for American dignity, American manners, and, in fact, everything but American business enterprise, which latter he did not approve of, have no more truth in them than his stories of poor old Yankee Jim of the Yellowstone, then San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Salt Lake, Omaha, Chicago, and other of the western cities have little reason to care longer for the smart of the whip that he laid so unparagonably along their unwashed western backs.

KIPLING'S IMAGINATION.

Considering the shameless way in which this story of the old hunter and trapper is patched up out of whole cloth, there is good reason to believe that, in this much-talked-of story of his travels, Kipling's imagination has reciprocated the service of his observation in his works of fiction and helped him to construct effective and pointed "instances," where the real incidents of his trip would not lend to his purposes.

When I decided upon a trip to the Yellowstone park, summer before last, I anticipated nothing with more pleasure than a stop-off at Yankee Jim's, where Kipling stopped, and a day's fishing in Yankee Jim's canon, where Kipling fished. I pictured myself listening to the desperate old hunter's blood-curdling tales of Indian warfare, just as Kipling listened, and I even went so far as to invent a wild story of my own with which I intended to cap one of Jim's when the opportunity offered, just as Kipling tried to do. I wanted to know what became of "Diana of the Crossroads," the beautiful country girl that Kipling described, and I wanted to learn of a hundred other things that Kipling said and did on the momentous occasion of his visit. But it was all on Kipling's account, for my feeling toward Yankee Jim was almost one of repugnance, aroused by the former's description of the cold-blooded manner with which Jim recited his stories of the revolting Indian cruelties he had witnessed.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I had jumped from the train and hurried eagerly over the few yards that separated the track from Jim's cabin, at being met at the door by a benevolent-looking old man with white hair and beard, clean and neat in dress, whose manner, as he grasped my hand and bade me a cordial welcome, betrayed a gentleness and courtesy rarely found in such surroundings. I noticed almost at once, however, a kind of anxiety in his manner, which became more pronounced as I, having deposited my bag and rod on the floor and taken the chair which he had set for me, blurted out: "Mr. George." (I had heard he preferred to be called by his surname.) "They told me in Livingston that you had met all the famous men that ever came up this way, and I have known of you for years through Kipling's account of you. I want you to tell me some of the Indian stories you told him."

He endeavored to hide the look of annoyance and pain that came to his face, and at once began talking most volubly, but in a forced and unnatural manner that I even in my singleness of purpose to hear of Kipling, noticed without understanding.

INGERSOLL'S LECTURE.

"They told you that I had met most of the notables, did they? Well, I guess I have. All of them, in fact, before the railroad was built. Perhaps they told you about the time that Bob Ingersoll lectured down there, on his way out from the park. No? Well, you see, Bob and his family stopped a whole day with me, when they came along, and we got to be great friends. His girls came right out here into this

kitchen, where you are sitting now, and rolled up their sleeves and helped me wash the dishes. They were calling me Uncle Jim before they had been here an hour. Well, the people down there persuaded Bob to give a lecture in Livingston, and I drove in the whole forty miles to hear it. When the lecture was over, Bob came up to me at the hotel and asked me what I thought of it. 'Mr. Ingersoll,' said I, 'I don't like to tell you.' 'I like a man that speaks his mind,' said he. 'Go on.' 'Well, Mr. Ingersoll,' said I, 'I think you're making a grievous mistake in standing up there and hurting the feelings of almost the whole audience, just for the sake of the one or two that think as you do.' At first I thought he was going to come back at me, and I don't doubt that he would have tied me up in short order, but all of a sudden he laughed right out in his jovial way, and took my arm and said, 'Mr. George, let's have a drink.' He was the most lovable man I ever met, in spite of his doctrines."

Now, this would have been interesting enough under ordinary circumstances, but here was a man who had entertained Kipling, exchanged stories with him, even eaten with him, and was not talking about it. I was sure there was something wrong, and I hastened at once to remind him.

"Jim (I had forgotten the Mr. George in my eagerness), did Kipling really catch as many fish as he claimed, down in the canyon?"

Again the look of pain and annoyance, and again the switching off.

ROOSEVELT THE ONLY "STRAIGHT ONE."

"Fishing in the canyon isn't what it used to be, before the cool mines up at Horr began dumping their tailings in the river. Roscoe Conkling caught the biggest fish that a tourist ever caught in the canyon. He was a great hand with the rod, but in my opinion, much overrated as a public man. He had this great fish, and he was so proud of it, that he wanted to sell it for a couple of cases of beer. Ordered it for a couple of cases of beer, and then drove off without paying for it. These politicians are slippery ones, anyhow. Roosevelt seems to me to be the only straight one in the lot. He has hunted all over here, you know. I never met him, myself, but he used often to put up with Yancy over in Pleasant Valley. I remember more than ten years ago that Yancy told me that he liked a young fellow named 'Roosevelt,' who came over hunting from Dakota, better than any of the other hunters that stopped with him, because he always looked after his own horse and never kicked about the beds or meals. Did you ever hear of the time that the tenderfoot tried to cheat Yancy by offering to pay his reckoning of \$10 with a hundred-dollar bank note, and Yancy fooled him by giving him the \$99 change in silver, which he happened to have on hand? Yancy is a sly one. Another time—

I almost despised him of his ever talking of Kipling, but I resolved on one more effort.

"Jim," I interrupted, rudely enough, as I remembered afterward, "is it really true, as Kipling tells, that you saw a squaw burn the stake when you lived with the Indians?"

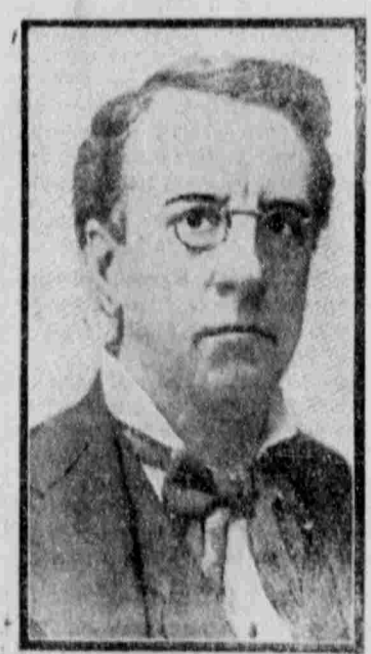
At once he lost his assumed air of sprightliness, and the look of tired resignation that his face had worn when I came again appeared. He tried to dodge no longer.

"I knew you'd ask that, as soon as I saw you," he said. "Everyone asks it sooner or later. I didn't understand it at first, and then, one day, the editor of one of the Butte papers sent me a copy of the book, with the chapter about me marked. I had almost forgotten the little Englishman, and I certainly never expected he would get to be so famous."

WORRIED JIM.

Then, suddenly, he assumed an almost defiant air, and throwing himself back in his chair, and looking me straight in the face, exclaimed: "Young man, do I look like a man that would let a woman, white or Indian, be burned at the stake before him? Why, my old Colt's would have shot some one, all of itself, at such an outrage. He said, I said 'she hauled considerable.' What did you think of me when you read that? What have all the other people thought, who have read it? The unhappiest night I ever spent was the one I read that chapter. I knew at once that the book would be widely read, just for the way he criticized everything. Besides, it's a fine piece of writing, only I can't help believing

SENATOR SPOONER.



Senator John C. Spooner will succeed himself as Wisconsin's representative in the United States senate. His election will take place Jan. 27. This is Senator Spooner's latest photograph.

FOURNIER TO RIDE MILE IN FORTY SECONDS.



Henri Fournier, France's famous chauffeur, is in this country attending the great automobile show at New York. He is arranging several big auto races among them one with W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. He will also represent his country in the great international auto race. Fournier announces his determination to make a dash of a mile in 40 seconds. He feels confident that he can perform this feat. He expects to fly over a long course at the rate of 108 miles an hour.

that, where he talked with the different people, he wrote down their sayings just as he wanted just to make them look ridiculous and carry some point he was trying to make. But I was the only one whose real name he used. People know me by the name of Yancy. Jim better than they do by George. Why couldn't he have called me by some other name, if he was going to lie so? It's an actual fact that I have hated to meet strangers, ever since I read that about the man's name.

"I don't see as many people now as I used to in the old days before the railroad was built through to Cinnabar, and everyone had to come in on my toll road through the canyon, but those that do stop here now stop because they have heard of me in some way or other, more than half that have come in the last four or five years read of me first in that book, and have wanted to hear the story of the squaw that was burned at the stake. And they have expected to find me proud of the fact that such a great writer devoted almost a whole chapter to me. Most of them come in the same spirit that they would go to see a robber or a murderer. Why, only a week ago a man and two women had the train stop here for them. When the train pulled on they stood for awhile by the track, as scared as a lot of young Indians on their first visit to town. At last, the man sneaked up to the window and looked in. Then the women got their courage up and peeked in beside him. I felt like a bear in a circus. Next they came around to the door, holding all together for protection. The man asked me if I was Yancy Jim, and the women clapped in about the squaw, and then they all giggled.

JIM'S HOSPITALITY.

"Young man, from the time this cabin was built in 1855 to that day several thousand people had stood at that door and asked for admittance and never, to white man or Indian, had it been denied. I had harbored many a tough character and been robbed several times as a reward, but I kept it up just because I was proud of it. Right then and there, for I slammed the door square in his face, booted it, and went to bed. Lucky for them that Gibbs, who lives a couple of miles up the valley, came along in the course of an hour. He hauled them up to Cinnabar and brought back 10 of the dude's dollars for the service.

"I've been sorry, ever since, that I lost my temper and acted as I did. It's like a man keeping from liquor all his life and dying a drunkard. Of course, it can't be helped now, but it's the fault of that blamed story, and it is only one of the many times that it has been brought up to me. And all the other stuff he wrote about us here hadn't any more foundation than the squaw story. Let me read you from the book."

And Jim went to the blackened shelf above the fireplace and took down a grimy copy of "From Sea to Sea." He opened it at once at the double dog-eared pages wherein he figured and, finding the place he wanted, read:

"The fish had prepared me for any surprise, therefore, when Yancy Jim introduced me to a young woman of five and twenty, with eyes like the deep-fringed eyes of the gazelle, and on the neck the small head buoyant like a bell-flower in its bud," I said nothing. It was all in the day's events. She was California-raised, the wife of a man who owned a stock farm, "up the river a little ways," and with her husband, tenant of Yancy Jim's shanty. I knew she wore flat slippers and did not wear stays; but I knew also that she was beautiful by any standard of beauty, and that the trout she cooked were fit for king's supper."

"Then he goes," said Jim, keeping the place with his finger, "to tell how the neighbors strolled in and gossiped about 'lost huffers' and crops, and how I told my biggest lies about the Indians, and so on, and ends up like this: 'Next morn I fished again and listened to Diana telling the story of her life. I forgot what she told me, but I am distinctly aware that she had royal eyes and a mouth that the daughter of a by-gone earls might have envied—so small and so delicately cut it was. 'An' you come back an' see us again,' said the simple-minded folk. 'Come back an' we'll show you how to catch six-pound trout at the head of the canyon.'"

"We may have told him that there were six-pound trout in the canyon, for there were, even ten-pound, and I will show you the skin and head of one of them after awhile; and the woman he told about was beautiful enough. God knows, but simple-minded, never. Now, what do you think his gentle country folks were? Nothing more or less than a team of song and dance artists from a Butte concert hall. The woman called herself Helen Montague, and I don't just recall the man's name now. They didn't even pretend to be married. I suspected that they were up here 'laying low' about something, but I didn't ask any questions. A month or two after they left, I read of their being arrested down at Billings for being mixed up in some sort of a 'dope' and robbery scheme in Butte. Still, they behaved well enough here, except for drinking a good deal, and the woman was first-rate company.

"But that little Englishman knew all the time they weren't 'simple country

folks.' I remember her singing a song of hers, a parody on 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By,' called 'Wait Till the Bottle Goes Dry.' She called him Johnny Bull almost the first time she spoke to him, and when she sang the song she would put in 'Johnny' at the end of each line of the chorus, and he would put up in a great way. He took her banjo and tried to play chords for her to sing by, but made a great mess of it. Then he, and I guess the rest of us, teased her to dance, and after a lot of coaxing, she gave us that Scotch dance where they throw their hand up on one side and then on the other—I think they call it the Highland Fling. Then she gave us the Fisher's Hornpipe, and ended up with a regular old 'break-down,' holding her skirts about her knees and footing it in great shape while we all clapped our hands for time. That was a simple country-trick, wasn't it?"

"Then he and she talked for a long time, he telling about the sporty parts

of the cities in India, and she of Butte and Denver and other of the western towns. They certainly struck up quite a friendship, and her team-mate seemed more than glad when the little Englishman left the next morning.

AN INTERESTING TALKER.

"The Englishman was certainly a most interesting talker, and he showed such an intense interest in all you told him that you naturally liked him. But he didn't admire Miss Helen Montague for any 'simple country-folks' qualities, simple because she didn't have them. Probably when he came around to write the book, he thought that the 'simple country folks' would show off in fine contrast, living with the desperate old man who stood by while the squaw was burned, and so he lied about us all.

"I'm getting to be a pretty old man—over 70 now—and the greatest pleasure I have had in life has been the meeting and the entertaining of the different people, high and low, that came along this way to the park. Well, for the last six years, just on account of that thoughtless paragraph, I have been robbed of this pleasure entirely. I almost dread strangers now, for I feel that I am looked upon more as a curiosity than a man."

I may not have done it justice in the telling, but it seemed to me that the story of this gentle old man, taking a natural pride in the friends he had made and the notice he had attracted, even among those in high places, reduced through the agency of the careless lie of the great writer, to feel himself regarded as a freak and a monstrosity, was the most touching recital I had ever listened to. Ninety-nine old prospectors and hunters out of a hundred would have been jubilant over the notoriety; Jim was crushed. He impressed me as more sorrowful than resentful. He had hardly uttered a word against Kipling, and several times he had praised him. Since, I have tried vainly to recall his using the latter's name once; I can only remember his using a pronoun or "The Little Englishman." This may have been an inadvertency on his part, or my memory may be at fault. At any rate, it was almost the only sign of resentment that he showed, and his attitude toward Kipling seemed to be one of protest rather than of anger. He was only the one human atom beneath the literary juggernaut, still I could not help recalling the verse with which this same Kipling prefaces one of his famous poems:

"The road beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad."

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"And I was incapacitated," he continued. "It was a kind of paralysis and it is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was in perfect health when I would be hot, then cold and shivery, and at times my body felt as if it were by needles. There were times when I would feel all over me and then I would have a feeling at all. A number of times I came over me and I could not move. With it all were agonizing headaches, a pain in the region of my spine, back and in the head, and I was retained my reason through that and trying ordeal. There were months and months when I got no natural sleep, and my nervous system was a mass of pain and the opiates which I had been obliged to take."

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