

SIGNALS AND SIGNS OF THE INDIAN

HOW SMOKE AND FIRE WERE USED TO CONVEY INTELLIGENCE IN TIMES OF WAR

PREVIOUS to the advent of civilization the Indian had an elaborate system of signals, some of a friendly character, but the majority having reference to war. As time has passed, wars have become almost unknown, and he engaged in more peaceful pursuits...



A SIOUX INDIAN SIGNAL SCOUT OF THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

The "smoke" signals were probably the most universal and best known. Many of the early settlers, who located far from the confines of civilization, were fully competent to read and interpret the most of them. "Fire" signals were also quite commonly employed...

by hot blood and personal enmity toward one member of a party who was seeking to bury the tomahawk under this aboriginal flag of truce, wistfully shot an arrow through the heart of his enemy. His tribe was so incensed at this cruel breach of Indian etiquette that he was completely ostracized, eventually banished, and is today an adopted member of another and totally distinct band of Indians...

NEWS OF SOCIETY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

afternoon. The topic of "Modern Wit and Humor" was discussed, with Miss Baldolet as chairman of the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Harraden, of Alaska, have gone to Portland, after visiting Astoria friends and relatives. Mrs. J. D. Sutherland entertained a large number of her friends with a tea Thursday afternoon. Progressive euchre was played and prizes were won by Mrs. Frank Taylor, Madelon and Winifred. Mrs. Sutherland was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. D. Allen and the Misses Sutherland.

RUDYARD KIPLING AT CLOSE VIEW

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY FREDERICK WILLIAM UNGER, AUTHOR OF "WITH BOBS AND KRUGER"

AN effort to emulate Kipling's artist here, in "The Light That Failed," who became a famous correspondent by being at the seat of war at a time when an extra man was badly needed, I found myself in Cape Town in February, 1900, completely stranded, after a month's ineffectual striving to obtain an assignment for the Kipling formula.

Without any idea whatever of his character, I sent in my card and awaited his reply. "I am Mr. Kipling." I heard a quiet, pleasant voice say at my elbow a minute later, while I was staring at a picture in the corridor. I turned, and for the first time, confronted the author of my favorite "Barrack Room Ballads."

Kipling is a handsome man. His heavily rimmed gold spectacles framing those marvelous eyes, emphasize their strength, and strength is the keynote of his character—not of body, but of mind and motive. He is very dark—black hair, heavy black moustache, with the head of a man on the shoulders of a manikin. His skin is swarthy, probably tanned so by the hot sun of India, his native land.

Up to this time I had no idea as to my next words. I had merely intended to see Mr. Kipling, trusting to the happy inspiration which would suggest a certain fitting excuse. The desired inspiration came as I looked into his eyes. I don't remember their exact color, but they felt gray or hazel. They were piercing, a cold, penetrating gaze, revealing the dangerous gift of insight. I felt that he knew me perfectly; that he read my inmost thoughts—that he discerned in me a certain amount of confidence.

Later on, I was conscious of a constant wonder at his physical smallness—the constant bubbling of effervescent good humor, suggesting the boyishness of his nature. He laughed a good deal, as I did also, not to flatter, but because of genuine amusement, and because his laugh was contagious. My nervousness was gone, but he stimulated me tremendously, half intoxicating me by the effort to keep mentally in touch with him; and I was in an exhausted condition on leaving him. I afterwards discovered that I had ever taken part in, and marveled at my ability. Now I realize that I was merely a wall against which Kipling tossed a torrent of his own words—back again, more or less clumsily—a flint, from which his steel struck sparks.

At this time I began to feel flattered at his attention and undoubted interest, until it suddenly dawned upon me that he was really merely turning me over as a new specimen of humanity, as an end-molgist dissected a new kind of bug. To me was a young American who had come 19,000 miles on my nerve to get an almost impossible position, without funds, resources, influence, or even credentials. This was interesting—not my personality, but the thing I was doing. "I like your nerve," he said. "You're all rights" and he meant it. And so he questioned and analyzed, he listened to my replies and objections, and, finally, after raising my hopes to the highest by the prospect of employment with him, dashed them all back again, the interview as abruptly as it had begun.

And so my first impressions of Kipling's main characteristics—afterward learned to be correct—were: Cheerfulness, kindly disposition, a faculty of keen analysis and mercurial mind and temperament. And he is jerkily nervous, both in movement and speech, restless, spontaneously resources and is especially resourceful and fertile of imagination, bubbling over with fun, ever on the lookout for literary material (he notes in a blank book carried for the purpose every new word or term he hears), brilliant in conversation; while an undercurrent of unflinching woe at his almost boyish smallness never forsook me. Later on, in appreciation of Kipling's marvellously effective assistance, I tried partially to balance our account by presenting him with a fully equipped riding pony—a feet-footed 3-year-old, which came into my possession near Bloemfontein while Kipling was at the front. This disclosed another and unsuspected side of his character. He is both unathletic and timid. He neither desired to ride a 3-year-old nor tried to do so. Nor did he care to own one, and so the present came back, and I afterward sold it to a brother of Frederick Starr in exchange for a more seasoned mount for my own use, while Kipling drove comfortably and safely along in Bennet Burleigh's commodious Cape cart.

At this time Kipling's predominant characteristic seemed to be youthfulness. Though well toward the 40s, he fairly revelled in his experiences with the army and his individual components at the front. At Lord Roberts' command, the war correspondents edited and published the official newspaper during the Field Marshal's occupation of Bloemfontein. It was called "The Field," and Kipling promptly became one of the editors, entering into all the drudgery of office work, writing, editing, correcting proofs, with limitless enthusiasm and enjoyment. He was continuously good-natured with every one. One day he told me he had corrected the proofs of an article I had contributed and complimented me heartily. Between him and the Dutch correspondents, the thing was frightfully tangled, and when I showed him a copy, with my carefully worded difference between the two versions was so strikingly reduced to the difference between the two twins was so "timid," he as good-naturedly disclaimed all responsibility, and referred me to the compositor or printer. The honor of having Kipling correct my proofs, for the time being, became secondary to its distortion. Now I have forgotten all that, and boast of its connection with the great author.

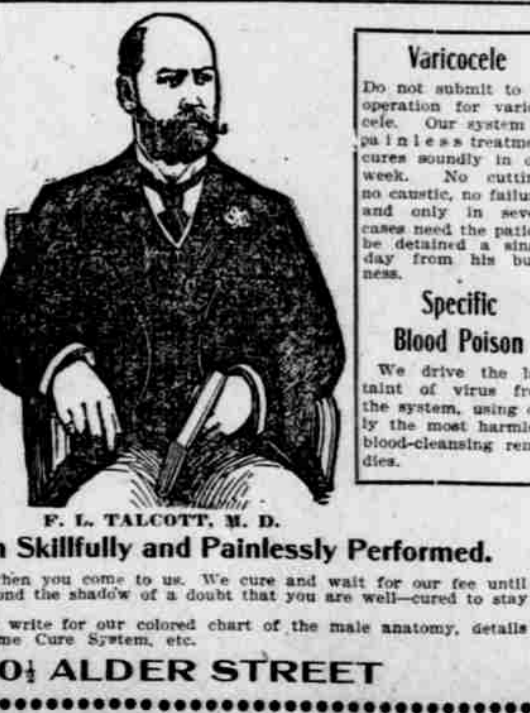
I never ceased to study his methods. I wanted to analyze the secret of his success. He himself gave me some hints. From lifelong enthusiasm I received many others. Summed up, my deductions are as follows: Kipling is pre-eminently a skillfully exploited author. Primarily he was one of the best of the "hard-boiled" and "hard-boiled" men, but great as his genius for composition, was the genius displayed by his publishers in the exploitation of his well-timed articles on subjects of intense universal interest, and their wisdom in having them well placed before the reading and critical public. Thus, it was he who of them all dashed ahead of the rank and file at the supreme moment, took up a vantage point and held it alone. Then, from the wider point of view which success gives—the incomparable stimulus which gave to his work, he was able to write in a manner far superior, not only to his own best previous efforts, but also far beyond any attainable effort of those left behind; thus he holds his place. The success of Kipling developed him into the greater Kipling.

But we must never forget his exploitation. This has been supremely astute and clever. As an illustration: His greater than his genius for composition, and at that time his violent anti-Boer literature had alienated many of his American readers. Also the tiresome ding-donging of the evergreen "Aussie" Minnie Beggar" had hurt his prestige considerably in England. The British critics were declaring that his star was on the wane. The American writers gratefully referred to him as "a dead one." I felt this attitude atmospherically in both countries, yet I could not shake off the feeling inspired by Kipling's constant air of supreme self-confidence. I expressed it by declaring that he still had "something up his sleeve."

And so he had. But before bringing it out his publishers did not fail to turn again to the important methods of Kipling-exploitation. In the London Times was published his poem, "The Islanders." "The Fools and the Foolish Idiots" attracted instant attention. The press of both England and America divided into two camps. One indorsed the "bitter truth" his poem expressed, the other commended the "unperturbable" rhymes. Every day the papers abused and praised. They turned on each other; they criticised his past work; but they declared that the victor or the shield, it was ever Kipling, Kipling, Kipling—exactly as had been planned. Then "Kim" was published, and duty bound to the editor's office, I hurriedly rushed to buy thousands of copies, to prove thereby his continued literary ascendancy, or the opposite, as the case of them discovered it was his masterpiece.

But the contest even now goes on. "Kim" is today both praised and abused, but not unnoticed, while all the time Kipling smiles to himself in the proud consciousness that he has not yet put forth his greatest strength. He has much in reserve. Kipling has written and will write yet other "The Islanders." He calls it "Twanging the Banjo." It attracts the crowd. The song will follow after. The latest instance of this is "The Rover."

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