

They Are After Kipling.

New York, Jan. 13.—The Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks, at the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, in a recent sermon, said in part: "The one poet now living who has the power to speak to world-wide audiences is Rudyard Kipling. And most of us feel that the man who wrote the 'Recessional' and 'The White Man's Burden' has fairly won the right. But there are millions of his admirers who feel that in the poems relating to the South African war there has been a prostitution of his great gifts. "Mr. Kipling's most recent poem, which is a severe arraignment of the English people for lack of loyalty and devotion in pressing the war against the Boers, the line which has caught the popular eye and ear more than any other is the one which calls for public contempt on 'The Flannel-footed Fool at the Wicket.' His point of view is evidently that a man is a light-headed, light-hearted fool who gives himself up to sport and idle jollity when his country needs his service to stop bullets in the Transvaal. "But the intelligent middle class Englishman has no great enthusiasm about the war in South Africa. It does not appeal to his sense of justice or humanity. England is learning what all nations must learn sooner or later, that war simply because it is war is losing its glamour." GILBERT PARKER'S CRITICISM. Chicago, Jan. 13.—Gilbert Parker of London, author, member of Parliament, condemned Rudyard Kipling last night in unmeasured terms. Mr. Parker came to Chicago for the purpose of being present at the reunion of his brothers, which took place yesterday. Harry Parker came from St. Paul, Frederick Parker from New York, and the novelist from England. All are guests of Lionel Parker of Chicago. Tomorrow Gilbert Parker will leave for England, via Toronto, where he will speak at the dinner in honor of the opening of the provincial legislature. Said he: "I have no criticism to make of Mr. Kipling's poetry, but I can speak of his politics only in terms of unqualified condemnation. In his last poem he gives utterance to sentiments which affect the whole Empire, in which, of course, he has an enormous influence. I share all of Mr. Kipling's love and respect for that Empire. There is no justice or consistency in Mr. Kipling's attitude. For years he has been the friend and flatterer of the British army officer, Tom whom does he refer when he sings of the flannel-footed fool at the wicket? He refers, presumably, to those who have been responsible for the conduct of affairs of the war in South Africa. "Even he, for poetic effect, cannot assert that Tommy Atkins has not done well. He is hitting at the officers and the classes from which they

are drawn. What an attitude for the apostle of empire—of athletic empire—to take! Have the officers and the nation been all wrong? If so, why did he not begin saying so ten years ago? Why does he preach this now? "Flannel-footed fools at the wicket" from the man who wrote 'The Drums of the Fore and All' and 'The Man Who Was'—from this first preacher of dominant imperialism? Yes, Mr. Kipling has produced a poetic sensation at the expense of the truth. He has written honestly, I believe, but inconsistently and without justice." RESENTED IN ENGLAND. The Record-Herald this morning publishes the following London cable: Rudyard Kipling's latest performance in verse has naturally disgusted some of his warmest admirers. It is not that they object to his advocacy of imperialism. That is a favorite article of the jingo, although The Times still hesitates to adopt it, foreseeing, perhaps, that when it comes there will be an end to the commercial supremacy of Great Britain. But there is some patriotism left among us, in spite of the new imperialism. We do not acknowledge Mr. Kipling's authority to sit in judgment upon our little island. Even were the poetic quality of 'Islanders' fifty times higher than it is, it would not justify the language of hysterical vituperation in which Mr. Kipling indulges. The Government has committed blunders enough and to spare. It blundered during the progress of the war, as our soldiers are, as they always have been, the pride of the whole country. Their patient endurance of hardship in South Africa has been even more remarkable than their brilliant courage. Mr. Kipling may detest many sports as much as he pleases. That is a matter of taste and temperament, of nerves and health. But when he talks about "flannel-footed fools at the wicket" and "duddled oafs at the goals" he provokes just and general resentment. Cricket and football may be abused, like any other form of athletics, but they are magnificent games, especially cricket. It was in the cricket field—which Australians, by the way, love as much as Englishmen—that some of the best officers of the British army—first distinguished themselves. As for the "kept cock pheasant," to adopt Kipling's poetic diction, Lord Roberts probably shot as many as the Duke of Wellington. What conceivable harm can it do soldiers to shoot straight? The English people are not, as Mr. Kipling calls them, idle, nor have they as many gods as they assert they have. They are industrious, honest and God-fearing, well able to order their lives without Mr. Kipling's advice.

QUAINT STORY OF THE DERBY

And What It Brought to Poor Crippled Billy.

The Result Enabled His Long Time Invalid Mother to Grow Back to Health.

"What's the story?" asked Billy, jerking his head in the direction of the disappearing figure of the doctor. "It seemed to think," replied Mrs. Elcomb, evasively, "that yer mother is very ill."

"Well," he said that what might do her a bit of good would be a change of air. And he mentioned nice things to get—beef tea, jelly, boiled chicken, and perhaps a glass of wine now and then."

"I didn't mention where they would come from, by any chance?" asked the boy, with a grim smile. "Anything else?"

"Yes, something I'd rather not 'ave to tell yer, but yer pushes me to it. These things can be got for yer mother's goin' to die." And with that Mrs. Elcomb, bestowing a deeply compassionate glance on the little cripple beside her, turned away from the street door and went back to her second-floor back.

Billy looked up the street, but the outlook seemed strangely blurred. He had been Tug street, Pimlico, is never anything but a gloomy, smoky thoroughfare. The lad hastily brushed his coat-sleeve across his eyes and, suppressing a violent desire to cough, walked his arm and boldly tried to look the situation in the face.

"Change of air—nice things to eat!" The words rang in his ears with a cruelly mocking note as, hardly knowing what he did, he began to walk, or rather limp, along the street as rapidly as he could. Turning the corner his course was arrested, for he

met a youth who was coming in the opposite direction, and who, in consequence of being deeply interested in the perusal of a newspaper, barely gave Billy in time to get

out of the way. "Where are yer off to?" "To my mother's," he said. "Where are yer off to?" "To my mother's," he said.

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"Oh, picking up a bit, thank yer, Joe." This was not the truth, but Billy felt that sympathy was not what he wanted just then. Turning the conversation, "What are yer reading?" he asked of Joe.

"I was jest seeing 'ow the 'orses was-a-going for the Derby, the latest betting, yer know," Joe replied. "Trying to find a hundred-to-one chance!" he added, with a grin.

"When is the Derby, Joe?" he asked. "Next week, o' course," was the answer.

"Next week? A Scheme—ever so vague a thing—began to creep into Billy's mind."

During the next few days Billy thought, dreamed of nothing else but the Derby and the chances of making untold gold afforded by that historic horse-race. Still, the scheme he had in his mind did not seem to prosper—the chance he looked for never seemed to present itself—but the lad never lost heart.

It was the day before the Derby, and he was returning from his morning round and was delivering his last few newspapers in a large and aristocratic-looking square near Victoria.

Adventures are to the adventurous, the proverb says, and although Billy had hardly looked for an adventure, he had certainly hoped and prayed for something to happen; and something was going to happen this morning.

In the road in front of the door of an imposing-looking house Billy observed a gentleman's horse waiting with a groom at its head, for its master. As he passed the house the rider appeared—a young and handsome gentleman. He vaulted lightly into the saddle, and horse and rider were soon some distance away—the horse going at a gentle amble—Billy following the attractive sight with admiring eyes.

Suddenly a very strange thing happened. From out of one of the doorways sprang a man—a wild-looking creature, who, as Billy gazed, hung himself in the way of the horse and the next instant had seized the animal by the bridle. In a moment high words were heard, and the gentleman on horseback had raised his riding-whip ready to deliver a blow at the individual at the horse's head.

Billy, burning with excitement to learn the meaning of this strange scene, started off at his best pace and soon came to the spot where it was being enacted. Several persons came up and looked on in wonderment. The man who clutched the horse's bridle

seemed to be beside himself with passion, and was shouting awful imprecations at the gentleman in the saddle, who in his turn had quite lost control of his temper and was belaboring the other with his whip. All of a sudden Billy gave a cry of horror, for he saw the man at the horse's head had pulled a revolver from his pocket and was leveling it straight at the gentleman on the horse.

It was all the work of a few seconds only. Billy was nearest the gentleman's arm, and quick as lightning he lifted his crutch and with a strong, well-directed blow knocked just as his finger touched the trigger. There was the sound of a loud report, the bullet whizzed past the horse-man's head, and the revolver fell with a crash to the ground.

The would-be murderer was seized, shrieking and struggling madly, by the bystanders, and the gentleman had leapt from the saddle and was shaking Billy by the hand. Soon the lad found himself walking to the police-station behind the would-be assassin—now safely in the custody of two stalwart policemen—among a crowd of people who had witnessed his prowess.

It transpired from the evidence that the gentleman whose life he had saved was none other than Sir Giles Vetter, Baronet. The man who had attempted the baronet's life was a discharged servant, who had harbored thoughts of revenge for a fancied wrong until he had become insane.

Leaving the court, Billy was conscious of Sir Giles himself taking his arm and asking him to call upon him that same evening, giving him as he spoke a card from his case, and with it a coin—"to take him home."

Derby Day had come. It was about midday, and approaching Epsoin town the throng was dense; it was with difficulty that horse or man could move along; the racing world was commencing very soon now, and everyone was possessed with a feverish anxiety to secure a good place on the course.

Hobbling along on his crutch, with the rest of the crowd afoot, dusty and tired, but with grim determination in his eyes, was Billy. His scheme was nearing fruition—he was carrying out the idea he had had in his mind for days past.

Immediately after leaving the police court the day previous he had started off to walk to Epsoin; he had slept out that night on a Surrey common, with hundreds of others to keep him company, and had felt no hardship. Up betimes, and though the journey had been quite hard enough for the little cripple, it was now nearly at an end.

All at once there was a complete lock in the traffic; everything and everybody came to a standstill. Billy employed the few moments in looking around him. There was a beautiful equipage by his side—a four-in-hand laden with a company of laughing ladies and equally merry gentlemen. How happy they looked! He was in the act of turning his head away when he suddenly caught the eye of the gentleman who was driving.

Yes, there could be no mistake, the recognition was mutual—it was none other than Sir Giles Vetter, who now hailed Billy by his full name! Everyone on the coach and every person around looked at him in wonder, and, indeed, wonders would never cease, thought Billy—the extraordinary sequence of events was quite beyond his comprehension. A servant had quickly dropped off the four-in-hand and had evidently been instructed to lift the lad then and there up to a place made ready for him beside Sir Giles himself, and soon after the coach was moving again, but not before the baronet had duly introduced Billy to all the elegant company as "the boy who had saved his life."

And now Sir Giles was plying him with questions. He was astonished to see him at the Derby—what on earth could a lad like him be doing there? And why had he not kept the appointment of the previous evening? To all of which Billy gave confused and incoherent replies. The baronet was nonplussed and wondered greatly.

Soon they were upon the course and in a splendid position on the hill. After a while Sir Giles had to leave with some of the members of the party to go to the paddock. Billy would have liked to have slipped away as well, but found it impossible. What was he to do? He must tell the baronet all Great was that gentleman's surprise to hear that Billy wanted to have a bet on the Derby. He could hardly believe his ears, but the lad showed that he was in deadly earnest and thus the whole story came out. "I want," concluded Billy, "to put that 'arf-sovereign yer giv' me yesterday on the winner of the Derby sir; then, don't yer see, mother can 'ave the fresh air and the things to eat and drink what'll make her git well. That's all as I've come 'ere for, sir!"

There were tears in the baronet's eyes, and he turned away to recover his composure. When next he looked at Billy a bright smile lit his face. "And what horse is going to win—which one would you like to bet on?" he asked.

"If there's a 'orse at a 'undred to one, sir—"

"Sir Giles laughed outright. "I shouldn't advise a commission in that direction, my little sportsman," he said. "Here, give me yer half-sovereign; I'll promise to lay it out to the best advantage. The odds won't be so long as you want, but the bet will be more satisfactory. I

believe—and hope."

Billy confidently handed the half-sovereign over and asked the name of the horse he was to look to bring him his fortune.

"Sir Giles handed him a race-card on which he had marked a certain horse—Sir Giles Vetter's Fortunatus—colours, black, cherry sleeves."

"Here they come! Here they come!" shouted the multitude, and Billy felt an unwonted thrill of excitement within him as he saw the beautiful thoroughbreds tearing towards the winning-post, and those on the coach beside him were no less excited than he. "The favorite wins!" rang out from a hundred throats.

Surely, yes! The colors of the jockey were black, with cherry sleeves! His heart gave a great leap. Amid the frantic shouting he seemed to distinguish the words—from those on the coach—"Giles has it—Giles has it—bravo, Giles!" What could those words mean? He felt dizzy and faint. A mighty roar went up as Fortunatus passed the post—a gentleman came out from the grand stand and led the horse in. It was Sir Giles Vetter. Then Billy began to understand.

The excitement had not subsided when the baronet came over to the coach all smiles, and received his need of congratulations from his friends.

Sir Giles returned thanks in a little speech. "I am glad to have won the Derby," he said, "but I am more glad that my little friend here has won the bet, for he has backed my horse—I, approving his judgment, added a little to his stake, and he has won the £50 he came down to win—like the true little sportsman he is, Billy Piper, give me your hand. I owe you more than I can ever repay. Had it not been for you I should not be here today, and Fortunatus would never have won the Derby."

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