THE FUTURIST "RAG"

London, not greatly moved, has heard the poet of Futurism de-claiming one of his poems at the Cabaret Club. The poet also lectured recently at the club on "L'Art des Bruits." He spoke very rapidly, but with extraordinary distinctness in French. His reasoning is clear and logical, and as in the case of the Futurist painters the ideas were all sound and convincing. But when M. Marinetti gave examples of his poems one began to doubt the theories.

Violence, war, battles are the subjects of this school. This is the type of thing: "War . . Bulgars . . Turks . . blood, mud . . and then "Tsoom-sa, Tsoom-sa, Tsoom-sa . . Tatatat, tatatatatag

. Ff-ff-ff-ff boom boom," and so on.
There is no doubt that M. Marinetti possesses great powers o declamation. He gave evidence of this when, in answer to the objection that his poems depended on the manner in which they were declaimed, he said "All verse depends on declamation," and gave examples of Verlaine rattled off in a deadly commonplace and ultraconversational manner, and the same verses recited in the half chant of the poet, "with the right accent and emphasis." By this means it is always possible to make poetry sound like nonsense and nonsense like

Czar Small-Minded And Czarina a Shrew

Harsh Criticism in New Book on the Russian Royal Family.

Court," By Paul Vassili Cassell. "The present volume," we are warn-

ed in the preface, "is not historical, but merely anecdotal; yet sometimes anecdotes are history." "Sometimes" is the word for it. And it would have this volume some anecdotes are history as well as historical, while others for lack of money, young Disraeli got hold of some "imitation sweets," and, are neither the one nor the other. Count Paul Vassili may or may not have been the man he is represented to be in the preface. His nom de plume is a little suspicious, seeing that Vassili (Basil) is not a surname, and that Russians have only one name. But he certainly knew a good deal of the gotsip of St. Petersburg, either first-

hope in the preface. It abounds in pretty tales such as

hand or through print, and, as a collection of it, the volume will, no doubt "amuse its readers," as the publishers

When Nicholas I. had decided to send his troops to Hungary, he announced his resolution in the town of Moccow, at the Kremlin Palace. . . His words were received with immense enthusiasm, and a loud "Hurrah!" was the reply to them. The Emperor looked round, and suddenly noticed that one of his . alone kept personal friends . silent and in the background. When . the Sovereign all was over . . . the Sovereign asked him, "Why did you not shout 'Hurrah!" with the rest?" "Because expected reply. Nicholas sighed. "You may be right," he said, "but I have not sent my troops to help

brother Sovereign." The freedom with which the has put the famous words of Count about Austrian ingratitude spoken by him in 1853, into the mouth of a Russian courtier in 1848, is a little unhistorical, but the story itself expresses admirably a characteristic of

Austria: I have sent them to help a

Nicholas I. The Present Tsar.

The author very minutely and, on the whole, quite correctly describes the Russian Court at the time of Alexander II. and his son, though when dealing with historical events or with the characters of the men and women of the periods on his own account he is generally wrong.

He becomes decidedly interesting, however, when he enters upon a description of the present reign. He has no love for the Tsar. "His mind is as small as his person; he sees the biggest events go by without being touched, or being aware of their great or tragic side." "Small-minded," "selfish," "vacil-latory," "capricious," "rancorous" no adjectives are too hard for the man who went on playing tennis after having heard of the disaster at Tsu-shima. Nor does the Tsarina fare better at the author's hands. "She has not the gift to make herself lovable nor to inspire sympathy. She has developed a harsh, cruel temper, with fits of caprice worthy of a spoilt child." On the other | tion. hand, it seems surprising that he has nothing to narrate about the wellknown adventures of the present Tsar in various fields while he was still heir to the throne. Instead he tells us that both the Tsar and his consort are surprisingly ignorant of French. The an old dowager, and the latter,

seeing that all her efforts at small talk met with no success, asked the trying. "Yes," replied the Sovereign, 'but l'automne dernier j'ai pu me promener tous les jours dans Crime." The unfortunate creature (adds our author) had literally translated her phrase from the German in which the Crimea is called "der Krim," but one can imagine peated all round with alacrity,

The story of the war with Japan and of the subsequent revolution is told unaware of the pecuniary interests which the Grand Dukes and the Tsar himself had in Korea. The general tone of this part of "Count Vassili's" narrative is shown by a report, which the author reproduces, that after the Bloody Sunday, when the troops had massacred a number of workmen before the Winter Palace, the Tsar's only question to the Grand Duke Vladimir was "Are you sure that you have killed enough?" The story is in-

A Reactionary Premier. The volume will tell the reader all about the Tsarevitch and his illness, and also about the late M. Stolypin and his successor, the present Premier, M. Kokovtreff. In connection with the Tsarevitch the author makes a mistake in speaking of the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch as the next candidate to the throne. This young person has recently been dismissed from his regiment for scandal, and his eldest daughter have fallen through, crossed swords with you," The author's treatment of the two revolution is highly inadequate; and la France!" years ago by the solemn exclamation: land.

"Behind the Veil at the Russian "Thank God, we have no Constitu-

In the earlier part of the volume the author has a chapter devoted to stranger: let us heave half a brick at the Berlin Congress, and in this connection gives what purports to be his our comfortable society; let us teach own reminiscences of the British dele- him a lesson." gates. Among other things he gives us a couple of stories about Disraeli heard from the latter's own lips. One is to the effect that having once laid a wager | heaving half a brick at him. Whether that he would bring sugar plums to we like it or not, James Larkin is the school, and being unable to do go nasty as they were, ate them in pub-

I was horribly ill afterwards, but me for the rest of my life, and 1 made up my mind always to appear sugar plums; it only notices that you

Altogether, those who like historical or quasi-historical anecdotes will find in the volume plenty to interest, if not much to instruct them.

Real Encounter Of Duellists In Suburb of Paris

I was thinking of the day when Austria would actorish your Majesty with its ingratitude," was the un-Challenger Defeated in Duel With a Champion of

> With a disregard for sensationalism which duellists generally would do well to take as an example, a Franco-Bulgarian meeting came off recently at cluded Montmorency, about half an

nour's train journey from Paris. Lieut. Torkom, it may be at stated, has not had his heart's desire fulfilled of crossing swords with Pierre The distinguished academician has not noticed the Bulgarian officer's challenge. The encounter was an outcome of the original challenge, the 'Red Knight" and M. Georges Breittmayer becoming involved in the controversy, the former by a counterchallenge and the latter as a second to the "Red Knight," and also because he took part in the press articles against Lieut, Torkom,

the few persons who were initiated into the affair. Lieut. Torkom arrived in Paris in strict incognito. The meeting was arranged. The "Red Knight" was to cross swords first with the Bulgarian challenger. At the last moment, however, certain facts were brought to Lieut. Torkom's notice, and his seconds decided to claim arbitra-

There remained M. Georges Breittmayer, one of the most expert swordsmen in France.

A Duel in Earnest,

The meeting was fixed for 10 o'clock in the morning in the grounds of the editor of the "Rappel's" residence at Tsarina once granted an audience to Montmorency. The very silence observed, apart from the severe conditions regulating the encounter, was proof that it was to be a duel in earnest. Each combatant was allowed 15 yards Empress whether she did not find of ground. M. Breittmayer, with the climate of St. Petersburg very French grace, saluted his antagonist with the point of his sword. The Bulgarian replied with a sweep of his

Torkom, as he stands there, is seen to be somewhat above middle stature and thick-set. His black moustache has a fierce upward curl at the ends, and his beard is horseshoe-shaped. what laughter such an utterance, re- | Everything in his attitude and expres-, sion marks a man of great energy and stubborn resolve.

From the moment the words, "Allez messieurs!" were uttered by the director of the duel, Torkom pressed forrather inadequately, the author being ward to attack. His adversary parried the blow with ease, and thenceforward it was Breittmayer who took the of-

fensive. In the first five rounds Torkom's sleeve was pierced six times. In the ceivable wretchedness, the heritage of third the Bulgarian was wounded is

the hand, but he insisted on continu-

The fight grew hotter, and the spectators began to fear a fatal issue when in the sixth round, Breittmayer lunged and the point of his sword entered the Bulgarian's breast.

The fight was at once stopped, and, after a few minutes' observation, the doctors declared that Torkom's wound was such as to place him clearly at a disadvantage.

The Frenchman thereupon advanced towards his antagonist and said: "We have exchanged letters on account of the Bulgarian campaign, and these letters have brought us on the duelling matrimonial designs upon the Tsar's ground. I am very honored to have

"All the honor is mine," replied the Russian Premiers of the counter- Bulgarian with equal gallantry. "Vivo

when he says that "no one knows. The antagonists shook each other whether M. Kokovtseff's opinions are cordially by the hand, then Lieut. Tor-Liberal or Conservative" he is betray- kom's wound was dressed, and shortly ing his own lack of knowledge, since afterwards he drove to a neighboring an awful leak in our gas pipe." M. Kokeviseff openly proclaimed his station, whence, it is understood, he political views in the Duma three took the first train back to Switzer- you left?"

The Significance of Agitator James Larkin

As I left the Albert Hall the great, and of a century of alien rule based audience that filled the building was on sectarian predominance. The situlistening in deep silence to the strange, atton has been aggravated by a police uncouth accents of a speaker who was system as grotesque as that of Russia telling how two girls in Dublin had —a semi-military force appointed not worked for twelve days and at the end so much to preserve the civic peace as had received in payment—tenpence. to hold a subject population in re-Outside the payements were crowded straint. How they conceive their duty we saw in the blind attacks they made with people, who unable to gain adupon the unoffending crowds in Sackmission, were waiting for something ville street at the beginning of Septo turn up. Round the building policeteinber. men, on horse and on foot, were ranked in a defensive formation, and along the road, with arms linked and singing in chorus, there marched to and fro a host young medical students. They had raided the building and been beaten

back, and now they were taking their the employers to adopt a maxim revenge in defiant songs. If they had "divide and rule" which Fox called been asked to explain their animus against James Larkin they would have men in Ulster, instead of aiming at found it difficut to do so. It could not be because he is fighting for the re- have spent their energies in chasing cognition of his trade union; for these the Catholic workmen. And in Dublin young men are going to be members we see the Ancient Order of Hiber of a trade union—the British Medical Association—which has just won a more complete and profitable victory than any on record. At the bottom they represented the vague fear of ery and would have reduced them to whether he is quite as irresponsible as the secure and comfortable against actual starvation but for the shiploads one might assume at a first view.

any intruing from below "Here's a of food which have come to their re"Leader or Lunatic" was the placard any intrucion from below. "Here's a of food which have come to their re-

him." "Here's a rude laborer disturbing The Man.

But we shall not get rid of that

strange figure on the platform by man with whom we have to reckon He drops his "h's," he uses violent language, he talks in a strange dialect, alf Lancashire, half Irish and all to him without being conscious of an this little adventure was a lesson to unusual force. You forget the roughnesses of speech in the fierce energy that blazes through them. You seem to to succeed, even when such was not hear the murmers of the poor strugthe case. The world never asks you gling to utterance. And if the utter whether you eat real or imitation ance is defiant and challenging, it i not that of the mere tub-thumper. It have got the plums, and admires you has sudden flashes of insight, swift for having had the pluck to take and unexpected transitions, a certain largeness of motive, at times a generosity of statement, that suggests something more than the fire-brand. He is not at the mercy of his audience, like the demagogue who follows the line of the readiest cheer. He is its master and snubs its shallower homore. When it shrieks at the men-

> prisoned him, he does not throw idle fuel on the flames. "Ah, but let us be fair," he says, "It has been loyal to home rule and I say, important as it is for us to win the Dublin strike, it is a thousand times more important that that measure should go through your Commons." And when the name of Mr. Masterman is received with howle and cries of hypocrite, he replies, "No, he is not a hyprocrite. I believe he wished well to the poor. Who knows? Perhaps I should be a

tion of the Government that has im-

hypocrite in his circumstances." strange speech: a strange man. shall not dispose of him by the easy argument of the half brick or the jail. New Issues for Old And so while the young men are

narching to and fro outside singing their songs, let us try to understand the significance of this swaying figure on the platform, this intruder from below who heaves with such volcanic fires. He has cut across our policies and parties with the indifference of a lava stream; but we shall miss his deal only with a personal force. It is true that if there had been no Larkin there would have been no Dublin strike but the forces he has released and the ideas he represents are independent of him. He is only the match that has fired the train. By the light of his conflagration we may see many things. We may see, for example, the

realities behind the falsities of home rule. The political platform echoes the sectarian issue. Is Catholic Ireland to be for ever under the heel of the Profound secrecy was observed by Protestant north? Is Ulster to be sacrificed to the Pope? Never, never, And so the Orange lodges are drilling here and the Ancient Order of Hibernians re organizing there, and all the old usty weapons of the seventeenth century are being resurrected to keep alive hateful feud.

And then comes this uncouth figure rom the ranks with his "Plague on ooth your houses," and reveals that behind these threadbare controversies of the past there is a latent force in Ireland that will dominate the politics of the home rule Parliament and subnerge the sectarian issue. That force will be the revolt of the poor against heir conditions. The measure of our failure to govern Ireland used to be he flight of the people from the soil efore the crushing burden of landordism. We have bought out the landords and solved the agrarian problem. Labor in Ireland.

But the cry of Ireland has passed from the country to the towns. The conditions of the poor in Dublin and Belfast touch a level below the worst we know here. The revelations of Sir Ernest Hatch's committee as to sweating in Belfast can be paralleled only in Dublin, with its third of the population living in one-room tenements. The truth is that the industrial idea has not developed in Ireland as England. The trade union movements has made relatively little progress there, and the conception of the employer and the employed negotiating on equal terms is little understood. The employer has regarded himself as benefactor, and the worker has regarded employment as a privilege granted to him. And so the labor market has drifted into a state of inconour destruction of the Irish industries

SAVING THE WASTE.

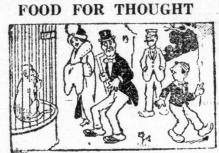
"Say, plumber, come at once! There's "Did you do anything to it before

"Yes; I put a bucket under it."

And the religious controversy has been an accessory to this depreciation of labor. It has diverted the mind of the people from the true ills of their condition to false fears. It has enabled "the doctrine of the devil." The Orangeraising their industrial conditions nians hand-in-glove with the em ployers, and the priests silent in the midst of a struggle which has reduced thousands of their poor to abject mislief from England.

Why is the church silent? Why is the press unanimously with the em- offered the alternative. Larkin's reply ployers? Why are the Nationalist mem- showed that he knows how to fence bers overwhelmingly on the same side? "I am not a leader. I have been flung It is open and palpable. Nor it is that be back at my own job with a shove the men have no justice on their side. in my hands. I may be a lunatic. Bu Sir George Asquith's commission has I'll tell you one thing I'm not. I'm no declared that they have. It has de- a knave." It was a shrewd thrust. He destroy the Transport Workers' Union in his speech was not his wild words is indefensible. The peace committee about the trade union, but his soft has taken the same view. The em- words about the trade union congress. laborer in fact. But you cannot listen ployers have disregarded every criti- His audience howled at the congress cism and every appeal, and have de- for their delay. He did not play up to ing the union by locking out its members and starving them into surrender. sibility which rected on the congress to show the rudimentary condition of he can direct a movement as well as industrial development in Ireland. inspire it. What should be thought of such a or indeed in any organized industry shown a true instinct for a real foe. in this country?

It is true that there are extravagances about Larkin's mehods. I shall come to those later. But the point is that he is cut off, not because he is extravagant, but because he is an anticlerical, and because he is turning the



The Swank (at Zoo)-Aw I wonder

Youth-Why? Getting hungry

issues of the Irish politics into new and more vital channels. The old sec tarian issues were pleasing alike the employers and the church and the party machine on both sides. They do not want them to give place to a fierce revolt against social conditions. meaning if we assume that we have to That is not the sort of ominous introduction they desire to the coming Irish Parliament. But it is such a revolt with which it will be faced. To some extent the Ancient Order of Hibernians expresses that revolt; but it is Catholic, it has the spirit of the caucus and it embodies and stereotypes the old antagonisms from which labor has got to shake itself free if it s to win its victories. Labor must be free from clericalism and it is because the Larkin movement cuts across all Jingling medley of purloined conceits, the clerical divisions that it is so sig-

> To Stampede the Unions. And if James Larkin finds himself

outlawed by all the traditional parties in Ireland he is no less a problem for the English trade unionist. He has stuff is not the muse—it's musery. The forced him on the horns of a curious dilemma. He can neither indorse his policy, nor ignore its consequences. Larkin is the hope of the newest phase of that new and irresponsible school of thought which lives upon the dream of a general strike. If only they can have a general strike they are sure that something splendid will happen. For one thing, the bottom will fall out of society and there will be a glorious sauve qui peut from the wreckage. Now people who think in this way in his country are not numerous; they are certainly not numerous among the labor party, who happen to be on the whole rather cane men. Attempts have been made to stampede them in the pean History," Carlyle remarked: "Eh! past without any sort of success. On this occasion the attack is more serious. The attitude of the Dublin employers is an imposible attitude trade unionists to submit to, and the consequences of the lock-out are too terrible to be ignored. The English rade unions have generously come to he relief of the Dublin victims. They have sent them many thousands of pounds in money and many shiploads of food

But Larkin aims at a more Napoleonic blow. He calls on the Parlia-mentary Committee of the Trade Inion Congress to sanction a sympathetic strike to force the Dublin employers to surrender. England is to be starved in order that Mr. Murphy may learn an elementary lesson in industrial negotiation. And wherever may leave us without so much as a with the whole of the British Islands paralyzed. The parliamentary commitce have deferred this proposal to a conference three weeks hence. James Larkin thinks it a long time; but he undertakes that the strike shall hold out till the leaders have made up their

Leader or Agitator? It is a bold attempt to stampede English trade unionism into an heroic wrecking policy. It will not succeed; but it is significant of much that is happening in the labor world that so extreme a proposal should have been discussed for two days and then committed to a special conference for final decision. It is a triumph for that strange, loose-limbed figure on the platform, with the wild light in his eyes and his tales of the Dublin slums. And yet I doubt whether he is a com-

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hat had met his eye in coming to the hall. It was Mr. Horatio Bottomley who is not that the misery is not there. | up by this movement, and would rather clared that the employers' attempt to is a fanatic. The most notable thing liberately pursued their policy of kill- this mood. On the contrary, he checked it by referring to the vast respon That such a policy should be adopted It is these things which suggest that at this time of day is alone sufficient he may be more than an agitator—that

If he is not he will soon disappear. policy in the cotton trade of Lanca- If he is, these young men who are shire or the coal trade of South Wales marching and singing outside have

The Littleness of Greatness

What Great Men Have Said of Other Great Men.

For the benefit of the humble reader who has his doubts about this or that particular giant of literature, lares not say what he thinks, an ingenious citizen of Australia has compiled a little manual of heterodoxy Inder the title "The Littleness o Greatness," Mr. Sydney J. Endacott, of Melbourne, has brought together the disparaging things that have been said of great men by other great men. This book," says the author. iece of pure devilment,' thereby im olying that his sole purpose is to make trouble. But as we have intimated, the little book might well encourage the average reader to issue a declar ation of independence against the authority of the princes of letters. It is not always the "great" who act as critics in this anthology of dispraise, ut well known men they always are. beginning with Horace Walpole, who alled Dante a "Methodist parson in Bedlam," and therefore earned the gratitude of those stirred to resent-

ment by the excesses of the Dante vorshippers. Tennyson has been severely handled y his fellow-writers. Bulwer-Lytton killed three birds with a stone when he spoke of Tennyson's

Wordsworth and out-Out-babying glittering Keats.

George Meredith said of the "Holy Grail" that "the lines are satin lengths the figures Sevres china Why this nan has got hold of the muse's clothes line and hung it with jewelry.' The 'Idylls of the King" are "yards of ladies." But, then, Tennyson once said 🛇 of Meredith that reading him was like wading through glue. And if Meredith called Matthew Arnold "a dandy Isaiah," Mr. George Moore has set it down that "in George Meredith there is nothing but crackjaw sentences empty and unpleasant in the mouth as sterile nuts," not a particularly happy bit of style in itself. Of Carlyle's "French Revolution," Hallam said, "The style is so abominable I could not get on with it," and of Hallam's "Euro-The poor miserable skeleton of

It is only because we are accustomed to have Tolstoy make a clean sweep of most of the works of man that we find it not unnatural for the great Russian to describe "The Tem "Cymbeline," and "Twelfth Night" as "senseless dramatized tales," whole as having nothing whatever in common with art and poetry, "borrowed as they are, and externally like mosaics fitted together from bits invented for the occasion."

DEAN WELLDON ON THE NEED FOR NEW TALENT.

"It has seemed to me, when I have been travelling in different parts of the Empire, that where the laity posthere is a Mr. Murphy the same Na- sess greater power they evince greater smyth hammer is to be brought to interest in the life of the church, but crack the nut. And so the way will, in that even in a disestablished or nonhe mind of the syndicalists, be paved established church their participation to the general strike as an ordinary in ecclesiastical affairs is less "igorous weapon of warfare. Any dispute in a and regular than it might be expected to be," says Dean Welldon in the Manchester Guardian, complaining that the bus to the city in the morning and Church Congress does not discover new talent and introduce new speak-

"The unwillingness of prominent churchmen to occupy themselves with the official business of the church is a phenomenon which it is impossible to observe without regret. It is seen and felt on all hands. It mars the effect of resolutions passed by the ecclesiastical assemblies which are supposed or intended to formulate the mind of the There is at times a disappointment, if not a bewildering, discrepancy between the majority of Churchmen and the representative as

asemblies of the Church. "But whether in the Church Congress or elsewhere the need of quickening the great silent mass of Churchpeople into visible and audible reality is, I think, a primary need of plete convert to his own policy, Church in the present day.



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