

completed a hard day of work; his head ached and he did not wish to hear the young composer's music. Politeness conquered diffidence and Joseffy consented to hear "just one number." Then, for over an hour, song followed song—at Joseffy's eager invitation. At the conclusion of the hearing Joseffy testified to his admiration by the one remark: "Young man, your music has cured my headache."

Haile's music has the subtlety that so often accompanies simplicity. The critic of Musical America, amazed at its eloquence, says: "Sensitive and exquisite melody would seem to be his birthright. Haile's harmony is positively distinguished. He can make magic with a simple tonic and dominant."

The light of Haile's spirit shines through the cloud of his bodily infirmity. For four years he has been held almost constantly to his room, where his friends come to gain inspiration, courage and ideas. His impulse for creative work does not slacken under the weight of physical handicap. Within six months of last year he dictated the entire orchestral score of a "spoken opera"—"The Happy Ending"—which was produced in New York last September. It was not a success as a play, but the music, a wonderfully limpid undercurrent of sound that accompanied the words, a continuous surge of beautiful, inspired melody provoked a display of emotion unusual in the critics' stalls, and the audience, turning to the box where the invalid composer lay, shouted its satisfaction and repeated the demonstration on the street when he was being carried to his cab.

He covers a wide range of expression. Some of his songs resemble the compositions of Stephen Foster in that they require no accompaniment. Others are intensely dramatic; some are rare nature sketches; and yet others are sensitive vignettes of atmospheric impressionism.

WHEN the world decides that A. F. Kerensky is the one biggest man in Russia, what more can be said? Russia is a land of barbaric surprises. Now we are told on good authority that Skobelev, the Minister of Labour, is in some respects a more remarkable character than the Minister of War.

The gifts of Skobelev, says Current Opinion, divide themselves, according to a somewhat unfriendly study of him in the Socialist Rome Avanti, into two sorts—the spectacular and the solid. The spectacular gifts include oratory of the fervent and still graceful type, a wit that never fails and a most ingratiating mode of insinuating subversive ideas. He cherishes no hatred of the landowners. He urges their expropriation in the friendliest spirit. In a revolutionary government noted for its able talkers, Skobelev is deemed the supreme orator. He has the logical persuasiveness of Millyoukoff without that professor's dogmatic tone. He has all the passion of Kerensky without that lawyer's somewhat histrionic emotionalism. He has the genial manner of Luoff without the insipidity of the Prince, who never offends by denouncing anything or anybody.

The solid qualities of Skobelev, as distinguished from spectacular traits exploited in the press abroad, include capacity for the conduct of what to his critics is intrigue and an inexhaustible fertility in expedients to meet desperate situations. This makes him a menace to the various official cliques against which his revolutionary career has been one long struggle. He hates the military clique, despite the local tradition connecting his impoverished family with that of one of Russia's famous soldier heroes, and he hates the diplomatic clique, which, according to him, makes international relations the monopoly of a privileged profession. The resignations and removals in the diplomatic corps have been Skobelev's work, according to the Temps, and he is held responsible for the changes in the high commands at the front as well. He is emphatically, says the Gaulois, a magnetizer of men, although the Debats, having formed a pessimist estimate of the power behind the revolution, insists that he misleads the provisional government, misleads the Duma, misleads most of all the executive committee of that

soldiers' and workers' combination to which he stands for the incarnation of wisdom.

Skobelev works through his followers, just as in his student days at Vienna—not so many years ago—he got through the university by picking the brains of his fellows in class. He has the prehensile, acquisitive kind of mind that gets a new language in a few weeks, sees through a character in one swift glance and grasps the essentials of a crisis before anyone else knows even the facts. In his old Kars days he stirred the populace to disorder, and fled just in time to escape arrest. His various vocations of advocate, journalist, economist and teacher seem to have been so many cloaks for conspiracy, revolt, and insurrection. The peculiar circumstances under which Skobelev grew to manhood, the persecution and exile of so many near and dear to him, the intimacy of his association with more or less orientalized human beings in the Caucasus—all these details, admits a French observer, must be allowed for. The net effect upon his character affords the Parisian dailies an explanation of his swift changes from one policy to another. First we have him for a separate peace with Germany. Then he comes out on the other side. One day he enacts the decree allowing the troops in the field to choose their officers. To-morrow he revokes it. In a word, says the Debats, Skobelev is unstable. He has come with an insufficient experience at the age of thirty-two to a supreme position in a great state.

JUST TO READ ALOUD

SHORTLY after a new administration took over a well-known Western railway a great number of claims were preferred against the company on account of horses and cattle being killed along the line in Texas. Not only that, but it appeared that every animal killed invariably figured in the claims presented as being of the best blood in Texas.

The claims finally became so numerous and the majority so unreasonable, that one day the president of the road became much excited while discussing the situation with one of the road's attorneys.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk by way of emphasis, "I have reached the conclusion that nothing in Texas so improves live stock as crossing it with a locomotive."

AT one time J. M. Barrie, playwright and author, attended a rehearsal accompanied by a friend, at which a lively discussion arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the centre of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil upon the troubled waters Barrie sat carelessly swinging his feet from the rail of an adjoining box. Finally the friend, who was an exceedingly temperamental fellow, could stand it no longer.

"Good Lord, Barrie," he exclaimed earnestly, "this

will ruin your play! Why don't you settle matters yourself? You could if you only would."

Barrie shook his head gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye. "No, Bill," he replied, "the Lord made only one man who could ever manage the sun and the moon, and you remember even he let the stars alone."

TWO Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground; the other leaned over and called: "Are ye dead or alive, Mike?"

"I'm alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure, yer such a liar I don't know whether to believe ye or not."

"Well, then, I must be dead," said Mike, "for ye would never dare to call me a liar if I were alive."—Argonaut.

SHE was a sweet young thing, and having come down to see her soldier brother, who was on duty at that time, she was being taken round by his chum. She was, of course, full of questions. "Who is that person?" she asked, pointing to the colour sergeant. "Oh, he shook hands with the king; that is why he is wearing a crown on his arm, you see," replied the truthful man. "And who is that?" she asked, seeing a gymnastic instructor with a badge of crossed Indian clubs. "That is the barber; do you not see the scissors on his arm?" Seeing yet another man with cuffs decorated with stars, she asked, "And that one?" "Oh, he is the battalion astronomer; he guides us on night manoeuvres." "How interesting!" replied the maiden, when, seeing her companion's badge, that of an ancient stringed instrument, she asked, "And does that thing mean you are the regimental liar?"

THE beginner gazed wrathfully at the caddie for a moment. "Look here," he said, "I'm tired of you laughing at my game. If I hear any more of your impudence I'll crack you over the head."

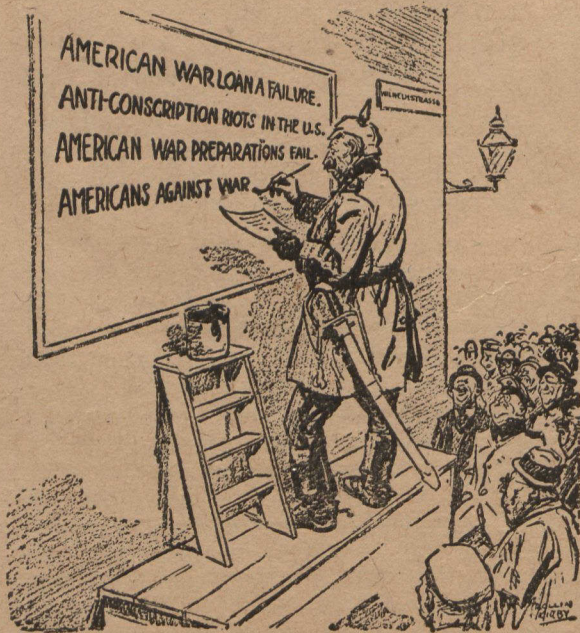
"All right," replied the caddie, moving away, "but I'll bet yer don't know what's the right club to do it with."

BARNEY Bernard, the Hebrew comedian, tells a story of a Jew who, on going to heaven, happened to stand next to a negro. When St. Peter asked the negro what he most wanted as a reward for his life of virtue, the newly-arrived rolled his eyes in earnest thought. "Well, suh," he said at length, "ef 'taint too much trouble I believes I'd lak to have a millyun dollahs." Instantly the fortune was in his arms. As he stood there dumbfounded by his good luck, tongue-tied with astonishment and pop-eyed with joy unutterable, Saint Peter turned to the Jew. "My son," he said, "what is your wish?" "Not very much, Mister Saint Peter," said the latest comer. "All I want is fifty dollars' worth of phony jewellery and halluf an hour alone with that colored gentleman."

Mother—"Now, then, young Albert—you come indoors." Hero—"No-o! I wants to see Zeppelins." Mother—"Ere, if you aint a good boy I'll tell the Zeppelins not to come any more."—Punch.

WHY the Spy? Putting aside military and political necessity, what is it that attracts men, and women, often of high intellect, to the calling of the spy. Is it money? Not always, says W. L. George, in June Harper's. Adventure? Perhaps. The melodramatic flavour that is lacking in the ordinary hum-drum business career; the chance to act, to play parts. The average spy is vain. He is a hero, especially in his own eyes. He is a day-dreamer. He imagines himself doing something big. He sees himself in the presence of high officials, honoured, perhaps given a title. This day-dreaming, while not of itself a sign of lunacy, indulged in over-much, almost invariably leads to it. This prompts the inquiry, Is any spy sane? Or is not the maniacal curiosity of the secret agent, which often proves his undoing, but another form of a disordered mental state, which stamps the insane?

Is this Man the Equal of Kerensky?



BUNCOING THE POPULACE.

Kirby, in New York World.