

pounded Amalgamated Copper down in three years from 130 to 33 and raked in the broad base for his present pile because of his operations, is one of the traditions of the "street." His intimates, who call him "Bernie," deny that he does any guessing as to the tilt the metal stocks may take on the ticker. According to them he has succeeded because of a highly developed talent for accurate analysis of obvious facts and because, since he was a youth of 18, he has applied himself diligently to the study of the metal market and mining conditions.

His appointment by President Wilson as chairman of the metals and raw materials purchasing committee of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense would seem to bear out the idea that Baruch is blessed with more substantial qualities than those of a meteoric speculator. The job which goes with the appointment includes the spending of several billions of the people's money on munitions material. Commenting on this appointment, in *Munsey's Magazine*, Edwin C. Hill says:

Understanding Mr. Wilson fairly well, the knowing ones saw that he was making a characteristically short cut to efficiency, with small regard for what anybody cared so long as he got the man who could secure the results desired—which were a swift mobilization of the metal resources of the country, and at prices suited to Uncle Sam's war purse. Reversing his attitude that nothing good could come out of Wall Street meant nothing to the President, who had found good reason on other occasions for complete about-facing.

Understanding Mr. Baruch sufficiently well, they realized that the President had discovered in him the following cardinal merits—a devotion to Wilson and Wilsonism which approached the idolatrous; a singularly developed faculty for striking through a maze of unessential facts to get at the essential heart of a proposition; a technical understanding of the mining and marketing of metals which had been attained by brokerage experience, by personal inspection of big mining properties, and by long and close study of the industries involved; unswerving integrity, and most agreeable personal qualities.

He is a big chap physically, standing six feet three inches, and possessing the chest of a blacksmith. His hair, very thick and worn rather long, is prematurely grey. His grey eyes are usually twinkling with suppressed humour, as if he knew a good joke that he was keeping to himself; but occasionally they flash keen glances of inquiry or appraisal.

**P**ERCY BURTON, the cultivated bustling Englishman, who managed Forbes Robertson in "Passing of the Third Floor Back," and was the American manager for Sir Herbert Tree, writes a lot of interesting reminiscences of Tree in the October *Munsey's*. Among the most illuminative are a few stories concerning Tree and Henry Irving, his great rival on the stage.

Tree's favourite story of Irving, says Burton, was how they were boon companions one night, and the latter indulged a little too freely in a "mental bath" with the result that Tree had great difficulty in getting him to his London apartment in Stratton Street, whither he took him in a cab. Irving, according to Tree, was too far gone to do more than adjure him to "Hold up the oriflamme, my boy! Hold up the oriflamme!" at infrequent intervals, but at last Tree got him to bed.

The next day, it appears, Irving said, in discussing Sir Herbert with a friend:

"H-m, yes, nice chap, Tree—pity he drinks!"

Tree, however, never forgave Irving for some very caustic remarks and some more caustic silences in regard to his performances. Once, after a long absence, Irving had been to see Tree in a play in which an actor named Allan was playing the small part of a servant. On his opinion being asked subsequently about the performance in general, and perhaps Tree's in particular, Irving said:

"Yes, very interesting, Allan immense!"

On another occasion Irving was persuaded to see Tree's production of Stephen Phillips's

"Herod," in which there was only one scene—a picture of great magnificence, with wonderful steps leading up to the throne. At the close of the performance they met on the stage, and Irving spoke of politics, the weather, everything except the play—to Tree's annoyance. At last he put a leading question to Sir Henry, but the only comment he could elicit was:

"Magnificent steps, Tree! Magnificent steps!"

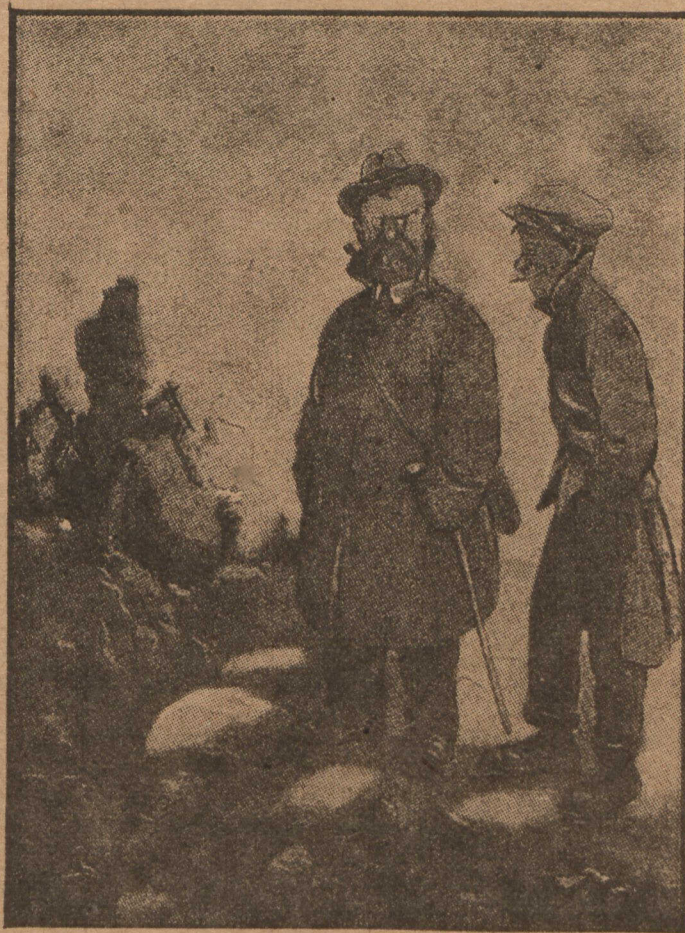
**A**NYBODY who thinks he knows anything at all about Russian music, asked who to his mind is the greatest Slav composer, would at once say—Tchaikowsky. That's the average man's or woman's opinion based on experience. Only a small minority have ever heard Moussorgsky, Glinka, Scriabine and a host of others. The average man has heard at least two symphonies of Tchaikowsky, the 6th and the 5th, with perhaps two movements from the 4th and a number of short pieces by the same composer. He may not be able to spell the man's name, but he has heard the pieces, and he thinks Mr. Tchaikowsky is pre-eminently the man who popularized, if he did not create, modern Slav music.

But the musicians know better. They always do. And the bigger the musician the better he knows. If he happens to be a Russian himself his opinions on Slav music are indisputable. So we have Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Russian pianist and conductor in New York airing his views on Russian music to Mr. William Armstrong, who transcribes them for *The Musician* (Boston). Mr. Gabrilowitsch is a fervid apostle of Slav music. But he doesn't put Tchaikowsky high up in the Slav pantheon. He says, for instance:

"As for creative musical art in Russia, I think the future will be rich, considering the present, which justifies that hope. Moussorgsky speaks his own language, as does Debussy—nationalism in music. In this connection it is unjust to speak slightly of Tchaikowsky, for none can truthfully deny him a certain spirit in his music which is truly Russian in its quality. As for that, we have new men in Russia far more advanced than was Moussorgsky, greatly as we value him.

"The best way for any musician to grow into Russian music through clearer understanding of it, is to begin to study chronologically. I mean that in order

### The Tourists. 19 . . ?



"Remember this place, Bert?"

"Yes, it's where we used to chuck the fish to you, ain't it, Bill?"

—Bairnsfather in "Bystanders" Fragments from France.

to understand Scriabine, one should know Glinka, Tchaikowsky, and the rest preceding him. The fact that Glinka's most important writing was opera does not affect the case; the spirit of the material from which these men have grown, whether their work be operatic or orchestral or for the piano, is always more or less the same."

This is faint praise for Tchaikowsky, and will not be popular with that composer's devotees. Still it is a good thing to get an inside view. Gabrilowitsch is a capable critic, and has a good deal to say in the same interview about music in general; especially about what is known as individualism. He is himself a pupil of Rubenstein, Lestchietzky and Nikisch. Therefore he admires Nietzsche, the author of superman and individualism in Germany. He does not believe that the old composers necessarily knew everything, or that because they did things in a certain way and other people carried on the tradition, the whole thing may not be wrong. He says:

"It seems to me, in music particularly, that tradition needs to be looked into and verified. People too easily accept things that have been done a certain number of times as the one right way to do them. You may have noticed the same thing in life itself. When people tell of something and we express surprise, they answer—'It's always done that way.' Just as if because it were customary it were the right and only thing to do. My idea is that it does not necessarily follow because a thing has been done many times that it has not been done in the wrong way."

**W**HY is it that every time a Canadian story is dramatized on the stage it gets an American setting? Some years ago one of Sir Gilbert Parker's stories, "Pierre and His People," was put on the stage in Canada for a Canadian audience when the half-breed hero and the Northwest Mounted Police were all treated as though they belonged to the Western States, and had never seen Canada in their lives.

Last week Ralph Connor's "Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," known as the most popular Canadian stories, were given their Canadian premiere as a play in a Toronto theatre. The same Americanized version of a Canadian story happened to the "Sky Pilot" as formerly happened to "Pierre and His People."

According to the critic of the Mail and Empire the play does not follow the book very closely. Exactly how much of this story comes from the two novels we cannot say, says the critic. An English critic has divided novels into two classes; those you read over the second time because we remember them; and those you read over the second time because you forget them. Ralph Connor's books belong to still another class. You forget them, all right; but you don't read them over again. It seems to us, however, from the group of characters, that the story of the Sky Pilot and Gwen are the chief things taken from the novels.

"The Sky Pilot" is not a Canadian play, even though it had been based on Canadian novels. The action is located in the Western States, and a great deal of the humour, such as references to the chances of the Sky Pilot to make the major leagues as a baseball player, has a distinctly American flavour. There does not seem to be any reason why the scene of the story should have been so greatly altered, unless it was that the dramatists felt that the Royal Northwest Mounted Police would not require two acts to round up a gang of horsethieves.

### JUST TO READ ALOUD

**A** KHAKI-CLAD warrior with a wounded arm entered the train and sat down opposite an inquisitive old gentleman. "Oh, Tommy, you're wounded!" exclaimed the latter, pleasantly. "How did it happen?" "Well, it was this way," began Tommy, wearily, "I was told to get even with a German sniper. He was stuck up a tree, about a mile away. He was a sergeant, as I could see—" "As you could see?" interposed the old gentleman. "At that distance?" "Yes, I could see his stripes. Well, we fired at each other. He got one in at me that broke