

Paderewski Comes Back



Polish Pianist, War Worn and 62, Has \$500,000 Season

Oh, my friend, my heart is full of happiness. What a man you are! You are more than a musician. You are a poet and there is poetry in your fingers. —Clemenceau.

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI and his wife sailed from New York for Europe the other day. No; he was not going back into politics. He was going to take a rest. May he "loaf and enjoy his soul" to his heart's content. He deserves it. For Paderewski has staged during the past winter a most remarkable "comeback". His American tour has been the most wonderful triumph ever won by a musician. He has surpassed even his triumphs of the Nineties.

And Paderewski is sixty-two! When the tour was in preparation insurance was sought. Not an insurance company in all the world would listen to him. Even Lloyd's, which will take a chance on almost anything, refused him.

It is to laugh. Paderewski at sixty-two gave 73 recitals. He traveled 18,000 miles in a private car. He dislikes to be "entertained," but there were social invitations pressed upon him which he could not ignore. His principal trouble was to find halls big enough to hold his audiences. His biggest audience was one of 7,000 in San Francisco—receipts, \$24,500. In three recitals in New York the receipts were \$47,000; for two in Chicago, \$21,000; for two in Los Angeles, \$18,494; for three in Boston, \$24,500, and for one in Cleveland, \$15,341.

The gross receipts of the tour which no company would insure were \$500,000!

When Clemenceau was in New York at the Gibson home, Paderewski appeared and begged to see the great Frenchman. It was late and the "Tiger" was in bed.

Just the same, the Tiger was delighted. "Of course. At once. Why, I would see this great man in bed."

They met in the center of Clemenceau's chamber, embraced and put lip to cheek, after the continental custom.

After their chat the Frenchman said: "Before I go home I want to hear you play. When shall I have that pleasure?"

"Master," said the pianist, "I will play for you now."

Clemenceau was delighted. Leading the Pole by the hand he almost danced downstairs to the music room, shouting like a boy and summoning the household to "come and hear; come and hear."

Paderewski seated himself, looked at the Tiger a moment as if for inspiration, then leaned back, closed his eyes and played—four times. And through it all Clemenceau sat erect in his chair, his features a kaleidoscope of the passion and pathos of the music.

As Paderewski finished Clemenceau caressed him again.

"Oh, my friend; my heart is full of happiness. What a man you are! You

are more than a musician. You are a poet and there is poetry in your fingers.

Well, that is the way—figuratively speaking—that Paderewski and the American public met.

Nevertheless, for a long time there was every indication that the Polish pianist was lost to the world of music. He quit in 1915 to devote himself, body, soul and fortune, to his native land. He came to America as plenipotentiary from the National Polish committee and labored like a giant. He raised a large sum through many benefit concerts. He delivered many addresses to recruit Poles in the United States. He spent his private fortune in organizing the struggle for Polish freedom.

In January of 1919, working with General Pilsudski, the military dictator of Poland, Paderewski became prime minister of the reconstituted Polish state. He was slightly wounded at Warsaw by a would-be assassin. As premier, Paderewski did as well as anyone could in those distracted days. He kept things going. He represented his country ably at the peace conference.

Paderewski returned to this country, war-worn and with his fortune gone. And he said at that time:

"I shall never play in public again. That is a closed chapter. I shall compose music from time to time, but I shall never play again." And thereupon he went into retirement in California.

But Old Mother Nature is a jolly good nurse—the very best there is. She offers rest and quiet and peace to the weary. She has cures of her own for the sick at heart. And the Pole was a patient worth her best efforts. He is a big man physically. Any man who can play at a public performance for three hours, with only a brief intermission, is a strong man. And he is a strong man mentally.

Anyway, Old Mother Nature had her way with this strong man. Those who know him well say that in the depths of his own being he found strength and philosophy to regain his poise; that his present physical and artistic well-being is but the reflection of the man within; that Paderewski is master of himself as well as of his instrument.

Yet Paderewski is temperamental, like most artists. He is a man of intense emotions. At the time the late president of Poland was assassinated the news was kept from him until after he had finished his recital. When he was told he collapsed in a chair—rage, grief and anxiety overcoming him.

The thinking reader will not have to be told that there are other features in the situation which make the "comeback" of Paderewski remarkable. It

was more than a generation ago that Paderewski made his first appearance in New York. And times have changed since then—in the musical world no less than in the world of affairs.

Paderewski was born in Podolia, Russian Poland, in 1860. He was a youthful prodigy and played the piano in public at twelve. In 1887 he appeared with marked success in Vienna; tours in Germany, France and England followed. In 1891 he made the first of several successful visits to the United States.

The young Polish pianist created a furor, indeed. The sensation which followed was epochal in the annals of music. He was a fascinating figure, indeed—tall and slender, with Sir Galahad face and hair that suggested to the cartoonists a huge chrysanthemum of gleaming gold. It may have been his personal magnetism, his poetic beauty, graceful poses and extraordinary coloring; anyway, his audiences were his before he struck a note.

And when his "fingers of steel with tips of velvet" drew from the instrument melody and poetry, harmony and majesty, he threw his hearers out of normal balance. His audiences rose from their seats in wild disorder to storm the platform. Something had gone across the footlights that could not be resisted. So it was all over the country. Crowds gathered wherever he appeared, eager to carry him in triumph. In those days, though there were many pianists of note, there was one Best Pianist and everyone knew his name.

But now, how things are changed! Now those who are best qualified to judge are reluctant to attribute primacy to any artist, however great. They see in each great artist his individual excellencies that make him great. They see no basis of comparison between, for instance, a Paderewski and a Hofmann or between a Hofmann, and a Gabilowitch. All, they say, are great, but none is the greatest.

Moreover, Paderewski's triumph was a generation ago. The flapper who now goes to recitals knows not the handsome young Pole of the Nineties. No doubt, her mother is loyal to the memories of those fascinating days. But the musical youth of today have a score of superpianists to follow and adore.

And yet, in spite of all this, Paderewski came back—and in more ways than one. His triumphant reception by his friends on his first appearance was a musical affair. Yet the musical interest was of minor importance. The critics tried—and not very successfully—to say that Paderewski had not entirely recovered his early form but that he played better than ever. It was evident that they appreciated the presence of a force that lay beyond and perhaps above art. It was there.

Paderewski is beyond question one of the foremost artists of the times. He is a patriot who spent his fortune and abandoned his art in organizing the struggle for Polish freedom. He is an orator of distinction. He is a statesman who has been premier of a big nation. And he is a man strong enough to come back at sixty-two.

The thousands of Americans who crowded Paderewski's recitals from coast to coast and gave back to him a few short months the fortune spent for his native land undoubtedly saw in him more than the musician. The new artistic laurels they thrust upon the artist were in no small part their recognition of him as a man.

arts. The word's present meaning of an unmarried man is more than 500 years old, and signifies a man who has not yet entered upon the full duties of manhood's estate. Our ancestors did not dream that middle-aged and well-to-do men should ever remain unwed!

"Better End" Is Correct.

When one speaks of pursuing a course of action to the "bitter end" he means that he will follow it to the last and direst extremity—death itself.

Bachelor or Cowherd

Our word bachelor is a corruption of an old medieval word for "cowherd." In those days almost the whole population existed by agriculture, and the "bachelor" or "cowherd" was the lowest office, held by the youngest and poorest. Similarly in those days a "knight bachelor" was a knight of an inferior rank, as nowadays a bachelor of arts is one who has not yet been admitted to the degree of master of

Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

HEED THE PILOT

YOU will seldom be in a crowd of men an hour before you hear one of them say:

"If I were twenty-one years old and knew as much as I do now, I'd be a whale of a success."

Perhaps he would. Perhaps he wouldn't. But it is certain that if he could begin life at twenty-one with the experience of forty he would be far better off.

And the curious thing about it all is that he could avail himself of this experience if he would pay heed to the pilots who are always willing to direct him.

What would you think of a man, who, after asking a policeman for the way to the railroad station, and getting the direction would deliberately go the other way?

Yet that is what is done, repeatedly, by almost every young man who starts out in life.

From his father, his employer, from older friends, he constantly receives directions which, if followed, would be invaluable.

They come from the experience which these men have dearly paid for. They are invaluable.

Yet youth is unheeding, and the advice is almost instantly forgotten with the result that the recipient has to learn from an experience as expensive and often as disastrous as that of the man who counseled him.

If you are a young man you are fortunate. Almost any of your elders will give you sound and sensible advice—advice which you can follow to your own profit if you will.

You can learn by the mistakes of others, instead of by your own.

You can plot your own course from a chart which has been made by those who have gone before you.

You will be wise to do it. Your own experience is a good teacher, but

it is an expensive teacher. Far better listen, and listen carefully to the pilot who has traveled the same sea you must travel, and knows where the rocks are.

Some young men do this, and all of them who do so succeed.

Remember that, and you will be saved many griefs, many losses, and perhaps final and utter failure. And when you are forty, and nowhere, you will not be repining that you can't start the world at twenty-one with your present knowledge.

(© by John Blake.)

Improvement on the 'Cello.

A new form of the 'cello, having five strings instead of the usual four, is illustrated and described in Popular Mechanics Magazine. The additional one is an E string, made of No. 7 piano wire, which is kept under a tension of 60 pounds by a small worm-gear, and extends the tone range of the instrument considerably.

Conan Doyle on Dreams.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle never had a recurring dream. "But," he added, "I have several times had prophetic dreams, exact in detail. In sleep the soul is freed and has enlarged knowledge. This it endeavors to pass on to the body, but it seldom succeeds. When it does it is just at the moment between sleeping and waking."

DEFIANCE

By GRACE E. HALL

LET no man say to you that shall fall—
Fling back his words and prove
are but lies;
Although your spirit falter—
quail—
You shall not lose unless your
age dies;
So long as you are brave
try,
The flame of strength within you
not lie.

If sometimes you shall feel the
urge
To let your grip grow loose
life's reins,
Lash every energy with some
merge
Your forces in a drive
pains;
Let no one have the chance
and say
You are a weakling, wretched
the way.

Let no man smile and say you
your hold—
You're judged by what you see
actual view;
Within his heart he too may be
hold
A thousand times than he
to you;
The one who takes the upper
is he
Who fights each day a struggle
to be.

Whatever be the phase that
Be sure he fought to be the
(© by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

SCHOOL DAYS



Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

BUILDING ON SAND

BE WATCHFUL of your words and acts lest you build your reputations of sand.

Seek truth, accuracy and exactitude. Better be plain, matter of fact and a bit old-fashioned than to go wabbling through life unsupported by a strong, underlying principle, and especially by the good opinion of your intimates.

Rather than make a promise which you know in your heart cannot be kept, hold your tongue, or you'll slip in spite of yourself from the base of verity. By some, the truth at times may be termed undiplomatic, but it never fails to hold for the eternal ages the full weight of any structure you may elect to build upon it.

And certainly, the conscience is lighter, the eye is steadier, and the character is stronger for the effort. Those who may be inclined to fancy that this is not so are at liberty to make the experiment and judge for themselves.

It is difficult now and then to strike the nicest balance between a questionable truth and a plausible lie, but a moment's clear thinking will usually

dispel any lingering doubt. To do as much good as we can, to think thoughts that we are not ashamed to utter, to be charitable ought to be our dominating purpose.

If in these things we fall in the slightest degree, we are building our reputation on a support of sand, likely at any moment to shift its position and wreck the good name we have been striving years to construct.

Even the best of us, especially in our emotional moments, when tongues

are glib and imaginations are superheated, incline to equivocation, in spite of our good breeding and honorable intentions. If by chance we should be found out, our reputation goes to pieces. All we have to come on is our language. Show us trip up in its use, or deliberately words in wrong places, we meet earthly structure on a bed of sand which in later years brings us face to face with humiliating disaster.

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Mother's Cook Book

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
But yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again.
—Charles Kingsley.

WHOLESOME DISHES

KEEP this recipe where you can find it when apples are plentiful: Baked Scotch Apples.

Select perfect apples of medium size, cut in halves and lay in a casserole. Pour into the dish one-half cupful of boiling water. Mix one cupful of shaved maple sugar, or light-brown sugar, a bit of salt, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of ground cloves and sprinkle over the apples. Just before putting the dish into the oven turn over the apples the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of butter. Bake covered in a moderate oven for half an hour, then remove the cover and bake fifteen minutes longer and at greater heat.

Bottled Cocoa.

For the mother who serves cocoa often the following will prove helpful: Take one cupful of cocoa, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a cupful of sugar, and one cupful of boiling water. Boll together until thick, then put in the ice chest in a bottle when cool. Add a tablespoonful

to hot or cold milk and it is ready to serve.

Put a tablespoonful of strained honey into the grape fruit as it is prepared for breakfast or luncheon. Garnished with a maraschino cherry it makes a most acceptable dessert.

Nellie Maxwell
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ONCE IS ENOUGH



MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: Rather stocky—short—round head—rightly cropped brown hair—a good plodder. "Everything suits me," he tells you. "What a chum he'll be," think you. Gallery seats are good enough for him—he likes the feel of the differential-in-cola in his sensitive pockets. Rarely buys a new suit. Never thinks of taking a taxi for a storm when you are caught in—never enters his mind! Yet he has a tidy bit of dough in the ba(n)kery, and he is a very safe bet.

IN FACT

Safety-first is his hyphenated middle name.
Don't dare!
He likes you because he thinks you're saving.
Save yourself by earning something on the side, unknown to him.

Absorb This:
A SELF-EARNED PENNY
TURNETH AWAY ARGUMENT.
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Speed in Oiling Ships.
Facilities for increasing the pumping capacity of the United States ship-ping board fuel oil station at Bickley Island, Mobile, Ala., have recently been installed. The pumping capacity from storage to ships of their station is now approximately 1,800 barrels.