# Collins' Passing Leaves the Question of Peace to the Irish People

## Public Opinion, It Seems, Must Now Crystallize Against the Rebels

By Forrest Davis

IN CASTING up the consequences of the assassination of Michael Collins one conclusion sticks out. It is that from now on the salvation of the Free State rests more largely on the people of Ireland, who have said overwhelmingly that they approve it.

There are two reasons for this opinion. One is that the loss of Collins, following the passing of Griffith, leaves the country bereft of outstanding leadership and that calls for more vigorous popular activity. The other is that, with the treaty opposition entering the savage, underground stage denoted by the Collins outrage, the power of the government to deal with it through its army is weakened. That is a lesson of the Sinn Fein rebellion against Great Britain. Bodies of soldiers are ineffective against guerrillas who are sheltered or tolerated by the people. They may ride irregular bands into the hills or bogs, but if the bands break up and find sanctuary with the residents the individuals may defy capture and strike again.

If the 90 per cent of substantial Irishmen who stand for the Free State and tranquillity will organize their undoubted will to peace into a hard, effective instrument they may bring it about and preserve the fruits of the long rebellion. The Irish cause has been thrust into a pocket by the republican implacables and all signs indicate that it will require an energized public opinion to pull it out—unless De Valera and his associates should extricate it themselves by surrendering.

**The Ninety Per Cent Must Unite Against the Ten**

George Bernard Shaw's counsel to his countrymen, delivered on the death of Collins, showed an appreciation of the new phase of the Irish question. "If the shooting of Collins doesn't turn every sensible Irishman into a resolute special constable the country must perish, because if it cannot govern itself no power on earth can govern it."

But it would be necessary to extend Shaw's advice to make it effective. The 90 per cent of peaceable Irishmen, satisfied with the Free State, must concert their protest against the 10 per cent. Thousands of Shaw's independent special constables would not do the job. Groups of Vigilantes in each community would. Public opinion should be aroused so that the outlaws shall not be sheltered, nor fed, nor comforted, but sought out and destroyed if they persist.

The will to peace does exist. There is no doubt of that any more than there is doubt that all but a handful of the people outside of Ulster are heart and soul committed to the Free State. Stability is the dearest desire of the Irish after six years of violence, unsettlement and passion. The shocks of war with the British and the later civil war have frayed their nerves. The dislocation of trade and social intercourse, the insecurity and decay of the highways and railroads, the destruction of life and property have contributed to a genuine will to peace. All it requires is mobilization. Perhaps the Collins affair will be the shock that will accomplish that.

Everywhere, literally, a traveler hears the same expression. I toured Ireland last spring, covering twenty of the twenty-six counties of the Free State in a motor car. In the lush, fat Midlands among the cattle grazers, with the tillers farther south, among the sheep men of the Connemaras, the fishermen of the Kerry coast and in the villages, towns and cities it was the same.

**When Will the Fighting Stop, They All Inquire**

"When will they stop the fighting?" "If they would only leave us alone." "Ireland will be all right when they go to work and leave off the murdering and stealing."

So it went, a refrain in public house, manor, cottage, counting room, presbytery, on the roadside. It was a wistful expression, a hope for peace rather than a will toward it. The people then were passive, they felt no active obligation to bring about their desire. That came later, I am told by more recent travelers, and the press reports have indicated a rising tide of stalwart opinion as the internecine strife has progressed.

We are subject in America to delusions about Ireland. They take color from our bias or the source of our information. Thus, on one hand is the belief that Ireland is a country of exalted patriots, martyrs, supermen, inspired idealists. On the other is the view that the island is the abode of a set of cunning, malicious malcontens, engaged merrily in biting the squire's hand that fed them, the squire being England.

Neither picture is within leagues of the truth. Before the outbreak of 1916 for a generation Ireland had been the home of as gentle and law-abiding and workaday a race as could be found. The people were assorted loosely, as they are in England, with minor variations, into landed gentry, clergy, manufacturers and bankers and the upper middle classes, professional men, shopkeepers, small farmers, artists, civil service employees, laboring men, clerks, domestics and all the other occupational groups that cater to the needs of a modern state. Their personal and community concerns were their principal ones, just as they are in every country. Their towns were, on the whole, as our towns, with the superficial difference that mechanical improvements and wealth are more prevalent here.

I sat one long evening in the taproom of the Club House Hotel in Kilkenny, an attractively placed city, and participated in a run of unusually choice conversation with a group of townsmen. Present were the manager of "The Big House," the largest emporium, I was informed, outside of Dublin; the editor, a witty fellow; a dentist, a garage owner, a doctor, a large farmer and several others whose stations escape me. It was a pleasant company. We, or rather they, talked of local politics, of the high cost of living, of the World War, of a neighborhood tractor demonstration, of Henry Ford's dispute with the Cork Chamber of Commerce, of a Masonic banquet the night before (two of them were Masons and Protestants, the rest Catholics), of Ireland's superiority to America, of a scandal in which a rich American living in the neighborhood had been involved, and of the fact that Francis Hackett's birthplace was near by and his mother still resided there.

There was a hearty desire for peace. All the men save the editor were ardent Free Staters, and there was talk of giving more active support to Griffith and Collins. The excesses of the De Valera forces were just then beginning and there was universal condemnation for them. It was a gathering of men such as one might find in a similar town in any civilized country—intelligent, humanitarian Irishmen, neither the supermen of the one conception nor the ruffians of the other.

It is from such elements that the preservation of Ireland from its destructionists must come.

The difficulties of bringing to bear the will to peace are numerous. People who love peace shrink from breaching it to obtain it. And the Irish still are a gentle race, generally speaking, despite certain surface evidences to the contrary. The fighting in recent years has been done by a relatively small proportion, as is the case in all rebellions. On top of that they have been well disciplined in the demeanor of order by a century and more under the crack police body of the world, the Royal Irish Constabulary.

In addition, they are untrained in the mass expression of positive purpose. The leadership of the country has concentrated since the act of union on working up a negative state of mind. They have been against England and only remotely for Ireland. They lack experience in marshaling popular opinion for constructive ends.

**Racial Loyalty Makes Situation More Complex**

Another factor in defeating the will of the people, if it is defeated, grows out of this same state of mind. Among the lower orders particularly racial loyalty is an intense emotion. It comprehends the protection of Irishmen fleeing from authority, because for generations the only authority from which refugees sought shelter was British. It will be a task to convince dwellers in the back districts of the southwest that the Irishmen now demanding succor are offenders against themselves. It also will require considerable persuasion to overcome the fears of armed men among the backward peasants.

Three ways seem to lie open for Ireland. One is for the people to eradicate the disintegrating constituents. The second is to confess defeat and incapacity to govern and acquiesce in the return of the British military, relapsing into the chronic state of political dissatisfaction that has burdened Ireland for so long. The third is to drift, in the supine hope that the republican brigandage will die of inanition.

The second course would be intolerable for Ireland and would place her own seal on the claims of her enemies that she is politically impotent. The third would be even worse, for it would demonstrate that conclusion. It would let Ireland in for a protraction of her acute distress, with the loss of many more lives and many millions in property. It might reduce her to a microscopic Russia if followed out logically, and there is no assurance, rather the opposite, that the predatory irreconcilables would yield to passive treatment.

The capacity of the bitter-enders for continuing their warfare is strong and it feeds on three stems. The first is the character of the men involved. Most of them are lads, irresponsible sons of peasant farmers and laborers, to whom the enterprise presents a glamorous appeal. They are lusty and adventuresome and the uncertain life of the field, with its occasional glory and its lack of routine, is inviting. Among them are sincere idealists, men of the De Valera, Cathal Brugha type. Also in their ranks are the countryside bullies, rowdies to whom the zest of irresponsible fighting with pillage and little or no discipline is irresistible. These men, a few hundreds, could worry Ireland for long, operating in small groups, breaking up here, reappearing there, going about peaceably by day and indulging in violence by night.

Another support is in the material help that Irish-Americans, more Irish than the Irish, doubtless would continue to send across the Atlantic to disturb the country they profess to love.

But of the three stems the most forceful is the intransigence of the so-called "black women," the inflammatory Countess Markiewicz and Mary MacSwiney and their followers of the Cumann na Bhan, or woman's auxiliary to the Irish republican army.

**Unbelievable Obduracy Found in These Women**

There is a streak of stubborn idealism in Ireland that escapes the comprehension of many outsiders, but in these few women it is solidified into unbelievable obduracy. They have made a fetich of the republic, they are obsessed with the symbol of liberty and refuse to examine its substance. One Sunday afternoon last spring I heard the Countess Markiewicz speak at a street meeting in Dublin. Her extreme utterance startled me. She called for rivers of blood in which to wade to the republic; she coveted civil war. If only one child were left in Ireland and he, on the top of a mountain, could survey a republic, that would be a worthy end to a great cause, she said.

At that time in Dublin the "black women" were being regarded as the chief obstacle to compromise. Their influence on De Valera was held to be paramount. It may be significant to consider that their exhortations have commanded De Valera and Erskine Childers, the two prime remaining leaders of the republican cause, and were of no effect on the practical Griffith and Collins. De Valera and Childers are of the same type, the former a school man, an emotionalist and an intellectual; the latter an Oxonian and a romanticist. The one is of half Spanish blood, the other of English.

As for the return of the British no one desires that, save for a few military men and Tories, who persist unshakably in the opinion that the Irish are inferiors and their governing a part of the burden of empire.

To speak of the governmental effects of the passing of Collins and Griffith, which I have placed second to the popular. The possibility of replacing adequately these two great moderates is naturally only conjectural. There will be at least an important temporary loss, but new men of power may appear as Collins and Griffith did.

Richard Mulcahy, who succeeded to Collins's place as head of the army, is a man of strength, but how much is unknown, as he has not been tested. His first proclamation, adjuring restraint on the Free State army, rang true and it came without delay. If he can sustain that note and capture the imagination of his excellent soldiers and the support of the civilians he will succeed insofar as the head of the army can in restoring tranquility. He lacks the fire and picturesque qualities of Collins, but he can develop his own tradition to replace the Collins one.

Of William Cosgrave's public capacity more is known. He has given a capable account of himself as minister of local government. His friends say he is a prudent, courageous man. He is a moderate as was Griffith, to whose place he is expected to succeed.

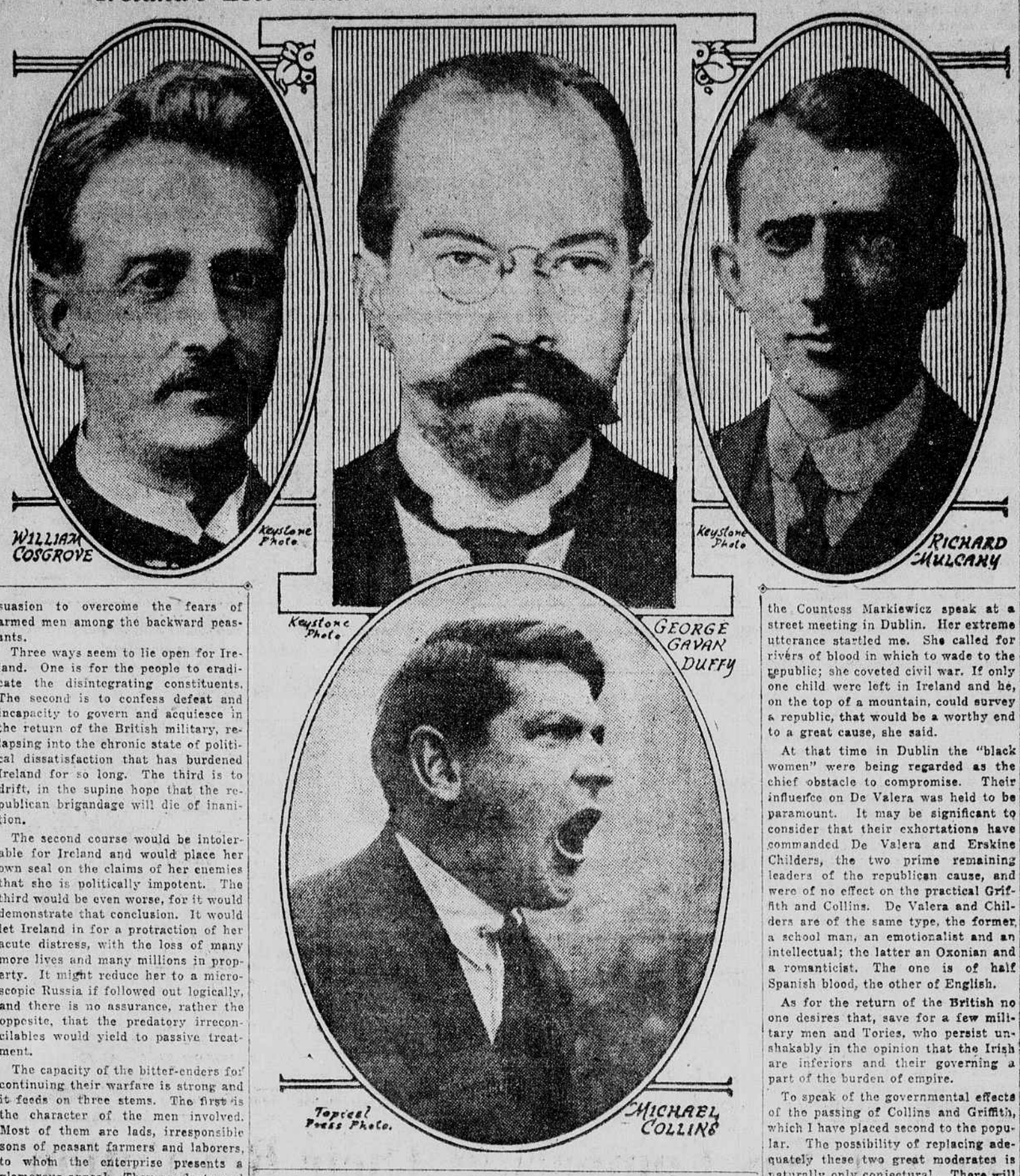
Gavan Duffy is a brilliant figure and has worked well for the cause. He signed the treaty in London and supported it in the Dail. His recent resignation from the Cabinet over a minor incident may indicate a loss of resolution or it may not. Other subordinates are available and from among them may come the statesmen who will steer Ireland into concord and reconstruction.

Darrel Figgis, gentleman, author, scholar, chairman of the constitutional committee and confidant of Griffith, may rise. During the early days of Sinn Fein he held a commanding place. He is one of the ablest of them. John MacNeill is another significant one. He has been speaker of the Dail, where he presided acceptably; he is for the treaty and he might be useful if reconciliation measures were to be undertaken.

But the matter of providing substitute monitors will solve itself if the people will answer the challenge they now have before them. Political leaders have a habit of arising as needs develop, and a united populace, sure of itself and determined to have its will prevail, will call out leadership.

Ireland's future for the first time depends on her people. Formerly it was the British, then the Sinn Feiners, then the I. R. A. They have all failed to accomplish the golden desire of national happiness and public opinion, sharpened into a cogent tool, must see to it now.

### Ireland's Lost Leader and Those Who Have Taken the Helm




## Everywhere the Will to Peace Prevails, but Can It Make Itself Felt?

### Violence in Ireland Numbs English Sympathy

#### Thousands Paid Tribute at the Funeral of MacSwiney; Few Mourned Wilson Assassins

By Harold E. Scarborough

LONDON, August 11.

JUST a little less than two years ago I stood on the tightly packed sidewalk of Kingsway and watched the funeral procession of Terry MacSwiney pass along the street. It was a warm, pleasant September afternoon, and hundreds of thousands of persons lined the route of the funeral to see the body of the hunger-striking Lord Mayor of Cork being conveyed through the busiest streets of the capital of the nation in defiance of which MacSwiney, a rebel, died.

There was an education in psychology, for those caring to study it, at every street corner that afternoon. That, remember, was before the days of a British-approved Free State. It was when all the south of Ireland was against England; when the man in the street, when he thought of Ireland at all, believed simply that the King's servants were being foully murdered there. Yet here was the body of the arch-rebel passing, guarded by Irishmen in the green uniform of the I. R. A., and at every point along the thronged streets hats came off and voices were hushed as the coffin approached.

A few weeks ago Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was murdered in front of his London home. Yesterday at Wandsworth Prison his two assassins, Joseph O'Sullivan and Reginald Dunn, were hanged. There took place in front of the prison gate the ceremony which so often has accompanied executions in Ireland in these last two years—people kneeling and praying, priests reciting their rosaries, women singing hymns. But it was as different from MacSwiney's funeral as was the raw grayness of the morning from the placid sunshine of that other afternoon.

It was a new thing in England; and that which is new here very often attracts the curious. Instead of the thousands who paid tribute to MacSwiney, however, there were about [illegible] Irish residents of London in the open space before the prison walls. (A similar crowd, under the impression that the executions of the two men would take place at Pentonville, had gathered there.)

For an hour before 8 o'clock men and women, led by an Irish lay preacher in cassock and surplice, recited the Catholic rosary and sang hymns. A few moments before 8 the tolling of the prison bell silenced the crowd. Facing a squad of policemen who stood stolidly and unemotionally before the prison wall, their hands clasped behind their backs, the mourners dropped to their knees. There arose a murmur:

"Our Father, which art in Heaven"——

The prayer finished; and the prayer for the dead was begun.

Again the bell tolled heavily. There was no need for the official to emerge and to fasten onto the prison gate the notice stating that Dunn and O'Sullivan had been duly executed. The tolling of the bell had spread that news.

Then the line of policemen moved forward, gently pressing the mourners back. There was no sign of resistance or disorder. Quietly the small crowd dispersed, and the depressing neighborhood of the prison resumed its task of preparing for the day's work.

Granted that the circumstances of September, 1920, and August, 1922, were vastly different; that MacSwiney chose to die rather than to submit, while Dunn and O'Sullivan had murdered in cold blood; that the hour of MacSwiney's funeral was widely advertised, while that of yesterday's execution was kept secret, the fact remains that the potential English sympathy for Ireland, which showed itself at MacSwiney's funeral, and which might have been wisely evoked, is definitely no more.

"In 1920," I have been told, "England was indifferent to Irish nationalism because she knew nothing about it. In 1922 she is indifferent because she knows too much."

That may not be a fair statement of the case; but it certainly epitomizes English feeling. So does the contrast between the attitude of the London populace on the two occasions cited above.

What now seems to be the last act of the Irish tragedy is being played out grimly among the bogs and peninsulas of the South. The English portion of the audience, which last year was genuinely interested for a time, watches in silence and, for the greater part, without interest.

### A Scenario in a Cash Account

Why not? It is full of sentiment, full of human thrills. The scene is laid in Sweden and the entries of cash paid are in kronor (one krona is about 27 cents). But it might be anywhere else, even in New York, and be expressed in dollars. Here it is, all ready to be elaborated for the silver screen (expressed in kronor):

April 26—Advertisement. "Typewriter wanted. Address 'Unpretentious'" [illegible]
May 1—Salary of Miss Bloom [illegible]
May 6—New typewriting machine [illegible]
May 7—Better office chair for Miss Bloom [illegible]
May 10—Flowers for Miss Bloom's writing desk [illegible]
May 15—Candy for Miss Bloom [illegible]
May 18—Flowers for my wife [illegible]
May 20—Theater ticket and candy for Miss Bloom [illegible]
May 24—Auto joy ride with Miss Bloom [illegible]
May 25—Diamond ring for my wife [illegible]
May 26—Silk fabric for mother-in-law [illegible]
May 27—Ad. "Wanted: Typewriter. Address Maturer age and serious" [illegible]

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### Martyrs and Matrimony

This year's "Husbands' Fair" took place as usual at Ecaussines, in Hainaut, but was marked by a somewhat untoward dramatic incident, which marred its success.

After the lunch offered to the marriage-eager bachelors by the girls of the village the couples who had agreed to "come to an agreement" went, according to the rule, to inscribe their names in the office of the fair. Now the office of the matrimonial fair has this year been installed in the open air, on the "Place des Martyrs," and the moment when they were about to sign many of the lads caught sight of the blue memorial tablet bearing the name of the place, whereupon they recoiled and incontinently fled from the scene. They were ready to be married but not to become martyrs.

## Social — Echoes From Abroad — Political

### The Jettatura, or Evil Eye

In his memoirs, recently published at Madrid, the Marquis del Muni, former Spanish Ambassador in Paris, relates how Queen Isabella II of Spain, who was very superstitious, believed that her son-in-law, Count de Girgenti (of the Bourbon branch of the Two Sicilies), had the evil eye. Even after his death the Queen thought that the persecution continued. She maintained that his sword, that had been bequeathed to her, brought her bad luck. She deposited it at the armory of Madrid, which soon afterward caught fire.

The superstition of the jettatura comes from Italy. Many persons have been accused of having the evil eye, such as Offenbach, who, in his time, was a redoubtable jettatore. Not long ago there was in Paris a papal nuncio who was said to possess the evil eye, a belief which seemed to be confirmed when the great charity bazaar fire occurred on the day he went there.

Signor Giolitti, the former Premier of Italy, too, had the reputation of bringing ill luck, since two of his ministers died one after the other in an interval of forty-eight hours.

There was once in Constantinople a Dutch Minister, Baron van Mollerns, who was a famous jettatore. It is related that in the course of a great dinner he only fixed his eyes on a suspended lamp and it immediately fell.

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### The Memory of the Microbes

Professor Richet recently sent a most interesting communication to the French Academy of Sciences on the memory of the microbes. It is, of course, not the question of conscious memory. This memory is not a phenomenon of the psychic order, but only the result of a work of thought. It must be considered only, in a very general way, as the persistence of properties and qualities acquired by the living cell from the diverse treatment to which it has been subjected.

The lactic bacilli, when placed in bouillon of a culture containing certain proportions of toxic substances, get accustomed to living and developing themselves in the presence of these poisons. This adaptation persists after hundreds of generations and differentiates microbic colonies which, from every other point of view, seem absolutely alike. These different properties which the infinitely small can acquire from the fact of their condition of existence explain why the microbes of the same family are never absolutely alike.

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### Women and Cigarettes

A woman, on passing the French frontier on her return from Holland, was asked by a French customs officer the usual question, "Have you nothing to declare?" She had six boxes of cigarettes.

The officer explained to her that if she wanted her cigarettes passed she would have to pay about ten times their value. At such a price the traveler preferred giving up her boxes, but she noticed that some gentlemen near by were allowed twenty-five cigarettes for their own use free of all duty. She demanded the same favor; but the officer replied to her, gravely: "Madame, in France a woman cannot 'legally' smoke!"

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### A Soviet Reward for Science

Professor Turkin, of Moscow, who discovered a process of dyeing fabrics, was deemed by the Commissariat of Social Economy deserving of a bounty. He was accordingly granted 80,000,000,000 rubles.

The professor received at once 2,000,000,000 paper rubles. In lieu of the rest he is offered a villa in the Crimea, to be chosen by himself. So there are for sale in the Crimea small 78,000,000,000-ruble villas—five rooms and all the comforts of home!

With his 2,000,000,000 rubles the professor can pay his living expenses for one season.

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### Woman's Best Age

The age of woman is proverbially one of the mysteries, to be guarded with jealous care. Nevertheless a daring French writer has ventured to propound the query, "What is woman's best age?" and himself to supply the answer—between thirty and thirty-five years.

This, of course, is on the supposition that the woman takes good care of her health. At the age between thirty and thirty-five years, he insists, every woman is most beautiful.

True, at twenty-two to twenty-five years her whole figure may be more beautiful, but not so her face. At the age of thirty to thirty-five women's features express more character and therefore are most beautiful. Every harshness in the expression is softened, which makes the whole face finer and more expressive. In youth, to be sure, a female face is more delicate and perhaps also prettier, but it is still changing rapidly, and attains lasting beauty only in later years. The most beautiful woman whom the artist claims to have seen was thirty-six years old. But even at forty, he maintains, this woman will be decidedly beautiful.

Besides, this Frenchman does not rely on his own judgment, but affirms that also many ladies' tailors and milliners share his view, and it is the milliners who are considered by him most competent to form opinions on woman's beauty.

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### Kant's Great Invention

The garter, meaning a band or strap encompassing the leg, is an ancient device. It was immortalized nearly six centuries ago with the legend "Honi soit qui mal y pense." But the garter, which is not a garter but a hose supporter, a sort of suspender, or miniature "gallus," is of modern but yet illustrious origin. Its inventor is said to have been none other than Emanuel Kant, the German philosopher whose "Critique of Pure Re son" may not rank among the "six best sellers of the week" but is at least one of the great literary monuments of human genius. Kant, it is said, noticed that the band garter which he used to keep his stockings from slipping interfered with the circulation of the blood. So he contrived small elastic suspenders, which were attached to the tops of the stockings and also to the bottoms of his pockets.

However, it is not for this useful invention that he is most remembered.

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### Relics of St. Francis Xavier

The patriarch of Goa has published a pastoral letter informing the Catholics of India that the remains of St. Francis Xavier will be publicly exhibited in the Cathedral of Goa from December 3 to the end of the year. This pious display, which has not taken place for more than eleven years, is to be a part of the commemorative festivals of the third centenary of the canonization of the "Apostle of India."

"Since 1695," "The Catholic News" reminds us, "the body of the saint has been exhibited only on rare occasions, from prudence with regard to the faithful eager to appropriate some of the relics. Finally the Portuguese Viceroy and personages of high rank were alone favored with the sight of the sacred remains until the year 1755, when the privilege was abolished. From that time the relics could be exhibited only with the express authorization of the Portuguese government.

"When in 1784 the rumor spread that the relics of the saint had been stolen the casket containing them was opened in the presence of the Archbishop of Cochin and high Portuguese officials. It was ascertained that the body of St. Francis Xavier not only was intact but that it had not suffered the effects of corruption.

"Removals of portions of the relics have happened in various circumstances. In 1902 Monsignor Valente, Archbishop of Goa, sent some to the Duchess de Villahermosa, who is a descendant of the saint's family. His body rests in the chapel which bears his name and which was consecrated to him in the Cathedral of Goa in the year 1655."

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### Death and the Guillotine

The proposal to substitute lethal gas for electricity as a means of capital punishment calls attention to the considerable variety of methods by which criminals are put to death. In some states electricity is employed, though in the great majority hanging is still in use, just as in Japan, where the criminals are hanged in the interior of the prison, and in England, where it is still the adopted form of punishment.

In Germany various systems are in use. In Prussia beheading with the axe is still in vogue; in other parts of Germany it is the guillotine, while in others again—the duchies of Brunswick, Oldenburg and Baden—capital punishment is abolished.

It is also abolished in Italy, in Switzerland, in Portugal and in Rumania. It was likewise abolished in Russia in 1750; it was even there where it was for the first time surpressed. Needless to add that it has been lately re-established in the empire of the Czar and of the Soviets.

In Spain criminals are executed by means of the garrote. The garrote consists of a copper collar closed with a screw. The executioner turns a wheel, which causes a pointed rod to penetrate the vertebral column and causes instantaneous death.

Denmark, like Prussia, has retained the executioner, who beheads the convict with an ax.

In Belgium, as in France, the convicted perish by the guillotine. Though it was adopted in 1790 upon the suggestion of Guillotine, a French physician and philanthropist after whom it is named, the invention goes back long before his time.

It was used in Bohemia in the thirteenth century; in the fourteenth in Scotland and England under the name of "Maiden." By it perished Toulouse on October 30, 1632, the Marshal of France, Henri de Montmorency, as can be read in the "Memoirs de Puysegur," who thus describes it (1690 edition, tome I, p. 137): "A broad ax between two wooden mountings, held by a rope, it drops and separates the head from the body."

Thus, Guillotine did not invent the guillotine, but only had it adopted as a less cruel instrument of punishment than the others; and it is known that until his death in Paris, on March 21, 1814, he did not cease to protest against the name given to the dismal machine.

## Polish Nationalists Mourn Paderewski's Return to Piano

WARSAW, August 2.

THE announcement given out in Paris by Ignace Jan Paderewski, the world-known pianist and former Premier of Poland, that he had retired definitely from the political life of Poland, has caused varied comment here. The radicals are relieved, as politically they feared his return; the Nationalists hope it is not true.

They argue that Paderewski is too great a patriot to stand aloof from Poland during the very important elections of November of members of the Diet and members of the Senate. Even should he return to music at the present time, they say, sooner or later he will have to resume his career as a Polish statesman. Paderewski has been away from Poland for two years, but in spite of this absence he still has great prestige here, and many faithful and loyal followers. The Nationalists are still trying to persuade him to return to Poland for the election campaign.

The Radicals, it is believed, will advance General Pilsudski, the present chief of state, as their candidate for the Presidency of the republic. The Nationalists have not yet any candidate in sight; if Paderewski returned he undoubtedly would have their support.

In the meantime reports from Switzerland, where Paderewski has been staying recently, at Morjes, describe the former Premier as devoting himself to his music, and convinced in his own mind that, for the present, he has decided upon a course of action which is the best for his country and himself.

At Morjes Paderewski practiced many hours a day in preparation for his concert tour in the United States, which is set to begin in November. He has played little during the last five years. Once was on the occasion of his wife's birthday, in 1919, at his hotel in Warsaw, and another when he was in California last spring. On the latter occasion he played without notes. His memory has not failed him, and in Switzerland also he played much without notes, waiting until his music could be collected. His favorite hours for practice were in the early morning and again late at night. His idle time he spent in reading or in feeding his prize chickens, of which he has a large number.