

# PADEREWSKI RETURNS TO CHARM SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC LOVERS.



(Sketched from life.)

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI, the magician of the piano, the artist by comparison with whom all others must rise and fall, and for whom critics, writers and enthusiasts of every land have lauded their language that they cannot describe him and his art, is again in San Francisco. His home on wheels, the "Riva," was drawn into the yards at Fourth and King streets a little after 9 o'clock yesterday morning, and for the remainder of the day he rested some and practiced much. At 8 o'clock he drove to the **Palace Hotel**, where he will remain during his stay.

Mme. **Paderewski** accompanies her husband, but absolutely denies herself to the public, even so small a part of it as enjoys a personal acquaintance with him. With the exception of a shadow across the car window, she is as invisible as if she moved in a mystic astral atmosphere. But the bird who tells tales to the consternation of children and the amusement of some geniuses whispers that she is gracious and cheery and a delightful companion. Then the world busies itself by weaving into the marriage of Paderewski the romance of long acquaintance, of never-to-be-forgotten kindness and then a marriage after years of waiting.

However all that may be, Paderewski is married. He said so yesterday ever so graciously, despite the fact that he has been credited with growing impatient about inquiries along that line. When his attention was called to the contradictory reports about his marriage which were flying across the ocean wires last summer, and when he was assured of the public but polite and complimentary interest in the wives of the men whom the world honors, he said: "Of course, it is true. The first time I was called on for a confirmation of it was when we went to England and gave

it. But beyond that the public can have no interest."

When conversation reverted to this unexplored side of Paderewski's life he insisted that when an artist married an artist who remained in the public eye, then anything about her was all well and good; but "you know Mme. is out of business," he said, with a good-natured laugh, and Hugo Gorlitz, Paderewski's genial manager, added: "And I am not Madame's manager." So that chapter of the volume closed.

Because Paderewski never practices on the day of a concert and because he does but little while traveling, he elected to remain yesterday in his car and give some discipline to fingers, which seem to need none, and to his memory, which ever serves him. In all he devoted several hours to this drill, to the unspeakable delight of the railroad men, who found yesterday, at least, a Sunday when there was a compensation for labor and to the strollers who gravitate to engines and cars as naturally as metal does to a magnet. It was not so much what he played, for the studies were essentially drill work, that made men linger to every note, but because they were listening to the man who has been called "a genius by the grace of God," when men and women had to acknowledge that they could not tell why his rendition of the masters is so different from that of every one else.

Paderewski was as safe from intrusion in his car as the man who climbed to his house in the treetop and then pulled the ladder up after him. But for all that the latch string was on the outside for a "Chronicle" representative; the platforms were lifted and the steps fell, and there was a cordial welcome in the nook which is large enough for an upright piano and a few friends. Paderewski's greeting is of the good old-fashioned kind—a hearty grasp of the hand, which one does not mind physically remembering for a half hour. After it there need be no conjecture as to the secret of the fire, the dash, the force which makes his playing thrilling and

electrical when it need be. Add to this a conversation in which one sees the earnestness, the dignity, the force, the intelligence, the tenderness, and, withal, the buoyancy of spirit of this manly fellow, and the rest of the story is told. There is a regret, at last, that every one may not know the man as well as the artist. Then one-half the world would not spend 'ts time when his name is mentioned talking about his hair and commiserating those who bow reverently at the shrine of his genius.

Paderewski is cheerfully healthy and robust. The golden red hair is as brilliant as ever, his face is as free from a line as that of a baby and he is refreshingly enthusiastic. He recalled his former visit to this city in 1898 with pleasure, and he has a special remembrance for the day he spent at Burlingame.

The first concert of the Paderewski season of four comes this evening, at the California Theater. While some numbers from the programmes already heard in this city will be repeated, the majority will be played here by Paderewski for the first time. And there will be some new compositions from his own pen. Those who waited for Bach in '96 and heard one fugue will hear another this time. Then there will be all the other things which every one wants to hear.

Although pressed for the most about himself, Paderewski modestly avoided all he could, but found time to refer to the masterly work of Mme. Carreno, heard last year in this city, and Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, who recently in Chicago played a special programme to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance when she was a child.

Those who note that four concerts are billed and hope that four more may be given had better make the most of every moment, for Paderewski's engagements make his stay in this city not a leisurely one. It would not be possible to add much to the original announcement.