Celebrated French Violinist Returns from Grasp of Cataclysm with a Message of Sympathy—Experiences at the Front—"No Reasonable Frenchman Wishes to Belittle the Greatness of Germany," He Declares. "Who Could Object to Beethoven or Brahms or Liszt or Schumann?"

There is about Jacques Thibaud which predates the experience of war. It is a subtle, elusive thing, almost impervious to analysis, a trait quite independent of physical circumstance—a sort of mental readjustment, as it were, that impinged sharply on the consciousness which has not been summoned to endure in its fullness the stress and bitterness of the war, the routinized and sterilized, newer cynical or combative. In Paris, in London, in Berlin, in St. Petersburg, he was hailed as a child prodigy and was expected to reveal hidden secrets. The physical eye Thibaud appears healthier and his normal self more than anyone of his return from abroad. But even as with some, something in him is discernibly enhanced, something vital, but intangible, liberated, as through a potent chemicalization. The erstwhile polished artist one now feels to be the master of incommensurably deeper secrets.

The violinist had nineteen months of the battle line. Then grievous disabiliti- ties brought him to the hospital. He had suffered an automobile accident nearly two years earlier, but that was a detail. He became temporarily as deaf as Beethoven from the detonations of the new French mortars. Even to-day the sight of his right eye is greatly affected. As military automobile driver, with the serious responsibility of conveying to the post of greatest importance many of the military masters, he found himself aged to cripple one of his fingers with rheumatism, due to exposure. These were little things, however, in the scheme of things, and Thibaud to his duties and calculated to be cheerfully borne.

On the Scenes of Military Crimes

He was privileged to be with Man- srcy across the Manche to figure at the head of a force to stem the German tide at Ypres; to behold the bending ruins in the Champagne. He was at Arras, at Verdun. And through it all he remained unscathed, save for trivial difficulties.

Then his fell victim to an obvious vicissitude of his position. The car he drove Bursting the crash of English aircraft guns was heard as they brought down the attacking Zeppelins. Miss Harrison appeared with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra for the benefit of convalescent soldiers and also at the home of the Duchess of Marlborough at a benefit for British prisoners in Germany.

Thibaud as He Looked on His Arrival in New York Last Week

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