THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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EASTER, the glad festival of the spring time, the feast of the resurrection, has come again, and mankind, whether devout or no, Christian or pagan, feels the impulse, the uplift of nature's new life, and welcomes the day accordingly. It is the joyous feast of the church, for it typifies the foundation on which the faith of the believer is based, the life everlasting. Next Sunday all over the world churches will ring with glad anthems of praise and rejoicing for the triumph of life over death, for the victory of hope over the grave, and mankind, imitating nature, will come forth decked in new garments and bravely show the joy that exists because of the birth of a new season of seed time, and its promise of harvest. Old and young alike share in this sentiment, and the spirit of the day is as potent for the one as for the other. The display of flowers and the parade of fashion is but an expression of the general rejoicing that accompanies the day, and are most appropriate.

Modern methods in railroading are all in the direction of lessening the danger of wrecks, but the great fact remains that the way to eliminate the human factor of the problem has not yet been discovered. Men will make mistakes, and mistakes often result in mishaps. And, as the equipment of the railroad is now on a scale that is really gigantic, so the damage that results when a wreck occurs is likely to be huge. The pictures on another page were made of the wreckage of two freight trains that met in the yards at Crete, Neb., recently. They show better than words can tell how the great engines are twisted and battered, and how the big freight cars are knocked to splinters by the impact. Fire broke out directly after the crash, and for some little time the volunteer fire department of Crete had its hands full, battling the flames.

Since the mutterings in the far east began to take on the ominous turn that has eventuated into a war, The Bee has been publishing each week pictures of the people and country in which the conflict is raging. These pictures have been accompanied by special articles, written by men familiar with the country, so that they have been most useful. A new arrangement has now been made and hereafter pictures of actual scenes of the warfare will be printed. This is by reason of an arrangement with Collier's Weekly, whereby the readers of The Bee will be given the benefit of the enterprise of that great weekly and its full staff of experts now at the scene of hostilities. Last week some very excellent pictures of the scenes at Tokio on the occasion of the mobilization of the mikado's army were given. This week the pictures are some taken at Chemulpo on the day the Japanese fleet attacked and sunk a Russian cruiser and transport. These are the first of the genuine pictures of the war to be published in America.

Seven Bells Not Struck

The method of signaling the passing of the hours at sea is well known to every person who has taken an ocean voyage. Eight bells are struck every four hours, an additional bell being struck for each half-hour.

From 6 to 8 in the evening is the second dog watch, but on British ships seven bells (7:30) of the second dog watch are never struck. All other ships, even the American, strike these bells.

During the Napoleonic wars there was a great mutiny in the British navy. The crews of the fleets lying at Spithead and the Nore agreed to rise simultaneously against their officers. The signal agreed upon was seven bells of the second dog watch. The mutiny actually began at the arranged time, but failed, the ringleaders being executed. Ever since then seven bells of the second dog watch has never been struck on British ships, naval or mercantile.

A Bachelor's Reflections

When a man gets married it is like signing a note to pay interest all the rest of his life.

It is a great disappointment to a woman who gets married not to have a secret suffering that would go well in a novel.

A girl plans ahead for the time when she will have to figure the way a man does when he will cash in endowment insurance.

A man might as well know how to play the fiddle as not to make a bluff at being a hero before the woman he wants to love him.—New York Press.

The Art of Song, Yesterday and Today

PREVIOUS to her departure from the United States Adelina Patti expressed her opinions on the popularity of the ballad and on the art of song in the following revised interview in the New York Independent:

The whole scene rises before me now, as clearly as it stood out when I was the little—the very little—child, alternately rigid and quivering with my first stage fright, that anxious dismay which, in all the years that have passed since then, has never once failed to lie in wait for me as I went out upon the stage.

They charged 50 cents for the tickets, small, red cards, which, before the doorkeeper received the last of them, had admitted thousands of music lovers to the old Metropolitan hall in New York. How vast, and how distinguished, that first audience—my first audience—seemed to my childish eyes! When I came out to sing, there was not enough of me to be discerned upon the broad stage; so a table, that had been brought from the wings, served for tiny Adelina's pedestal of song. Raised for the moment in spirit, as well as height, the needful bravery flowed in upon me; and I sang with all my heart—sang "Casta Diva," from "Norma" until, at the end, the great throng seemed to go mad in its applause. They called out to me; they shouted to me, and the women, in their enthusiasm, began to come to the stage to give me the jewels they wore. How they sparkled, and how Adelina, half distracted by the glittering, proffered gems, forsook her pedestal and gathered up her sudden riches, her baby hands at last overflowing with rings and brooches.

I kept them all; and I kept, too, a handful of the small red tickets, which are among the treasures of my home. When, in later concerts, more jewels and trinkets were poured upon me, I scarcely cared for them. I was already wealthy in gems and gold beyond the dreams of a child, or even the needs of a woman.

It was very easy to spoil me. Indeed, what child would not have been spoiled who, with the admiration of multitudes dinning in her ear, believed her voice was inexhaustible, limitless in its power and its range. The Patti of the later years owes all that she became to her father and to her teacher. The most familiar question I hear today from women who are interested in my singing, or who have daughters of whose voices they are proud, is: "Madame Patti, how high do you sing?" As if the altitude of the note that could be reached were the be all and end all in the art of music; as if the human voice, which comes from the living throat, were the product of some machine, whose limit need only be the infinite number of vibrations at which sound becomes inaudible to the human ear. I never sing higher than D; throughout this tour the highest note I have habitually sung is C. Because of my moderation—because of my moderation alone—I have been able to preserve in all its fullness and its roundness the middle register, which is the bone and sinew, the heart and the very soul, of the singer's artistic power. So many wrecks I have seen, so many promises of grandeur unfulfilled, so many realizations of grandeur miserably abandoned. And all because the singers were eager to be misled by the popular cry for something over which it shall wonder instead of those true things of the singer's art, through which it shall feel and thrill and live. Yet it is so natural for her who has the strength inborn to rejoice in its exercise.

As the child, I felt that high C was far below my compass; and I tried my strength, more and more freely, more and more confidently. At length, in one glorious hour, with the chill intoxication upon me of the lofty heights of "Sonnambula," I soared to F, above the high C, for which the music, as written, calls. I was above the clouds in the pride of my achievement. And there my father found me, as he hurried in upon me, his face both anxious and angry, with rebuke within his eyes such as he reserved for the more heinous of my sins.

"Adelina," he exclaimed, with his utmost sternness, "if I hear you sing that note again I will never speak to you."

"Oh, father," I rejoined, wholly unabashed, "that F is very easy for me."

"Remember," he said, solemnly, "that F, for which you try so hard and make so little of when you have reached it, is the enemy that lies in wait for all the beauty of your voice. Sing F above and your father tells you that you will become mute below."

But Adelina, with the sublime impertinence of childhood, knew more than Adelina's father. She sang F above to her heart's content, until, suddenly, her voice in the middle register was vanishing.

Ah, then, there was catastrophe and gloom. Behold, Adelina in terror most profound—afraid, as for her very life; pitifully wondering whether there could ever be a resurrection; for fifteen long and dreary days a silent thing upon the glad earth's face. Very humble she was, and docile and obedient, when her father, reluctantly relenting, permitted her to sing again among the despised lower notes. The lesson, which was learned then, was learned for all the singer's life.

The fond, firm care of my father was systematically observed by the teacher to whom I owe all the skill that I possess. People have said that Strakosch was my teacher. He never was. He taught me a few operas and a few ballads; that was all. My first teacher, my only teacher, was my half brother, Ettore Barili. It was he who saved my voice. He never forced it; he never permitted me to strain it. And yet he taught me all that could be learned in the Italian school of singing. Today, no teacher of the true Italian school lives—except one man. He is Alfredo Barili, the son of Ettore, to whom his father bequeathed all his great wealth of knowledge. He is teaching now in Atlanta, Ga.; but, if I can induce him to come to London, England and Europe will gain what America must lose, if there is ever to be a renaissance of the perfect Italian art. Today, he alone can teach it; Patti alone can sing it. But, in those other days, it was the style of Malibran, Grisi, Mario, Bosio, Frezzolini—of all the host of famous singers whose inimitable technique echoes, faintly and sweetly, in the memories of the old.

They were great singers, then—great in spirit as well as in their gifts and in their art. It is pleasant now to think of those living singers who, in their regard of others, perpetuate the fine traditions. No one then who had attained to fame would find a word to say that was not kind and, often, more than generous. Among them all, one of the loveliest natures was that of Jenny Lind. Her whole life through, she was the same sweet, enthusiastic soul. Every year, for very many years, I have sung in Covent Garden; it is one of the delights of my life. Only a little while before she died, while I was singing in opera at Covent Garden, Sir Arthur Sullivan saw Jenny Lind in one of the boxes. He hastened to her, and his first word was:

"So you've come all the way from Malvern to hear Patti tonight?"

"I wouldn't miss her," she answered.

"But," rejoined Sullivan, teasing, "do you not think Nilsson fine?"

"Oh," was her reply, "Nilsson is a wonderful singer. But, for me, there is only one Niagara Falls; and there is only one Patti."

And, a moment later, Sir Arthur was at my side, eager as a boy to tell me of the charming tribute of Jenny Lind.

The singer who preserves and cherishes tenderly the best thoughts and the best impulses is the singer who is most near to the hearts of men and women. Why, if I glance back over my career, it seems to me that, all my life, I have been singing ballads—those songs of the people which, because melody and words have been purely wedded in some deep, strong, enduring sentiment or passion of humanity, remain ever certain to find their way to the depths of the people's soul. My first fame came to me with the singing of "Home, Sweet Home," "Coming Thro' the Rye," "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Within a Mile." I have been faithful to them, as the English speaking world has been faithful. Now, wherever I go the requests that pour in—by letter or by word of mouth—are never for a cavatina; they are always a plea for the old, dear songs, like "Kathleen Mavourneen," "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," which have lingered through the years in the affections until the music, lovely as it is, is beautified with the tender, lambent halo of some beloved past.

They are songs that have remained ever dear to me. Yet, once, I sought to forsake the loveliest among them all—"Home, Sweet Home." My critics of the press told me, and the world, that I was forever singing that hackneyed air. Every concert at which Patti was heard meant the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home;" it seemed they disapproved, and they told the public and the singer that the public disapproved. I made a grand resolve. I would refrain from singing "Home, Sweet Home," and I would give my audiences, in its stead, "Coming Thro' the Rye." Firm in the resolve, I came upon the stage; and I sang, for the last of the encores, "Coming Thro' the Rye" with all the expression it lay within my power to give. And then the tumult! The entire audience, with one acclaim, demanded "Home, Sweet Home." I resisted; I refused; I prepared to depart. But the audience never gave one sign of wavering, or of leaving the hall, until it should hear me sing the song that told of its dearest thing. I had to give way; and never again did I dream of forsaking the most loved of English ballads.

When I began to sing, the ballad was the choice and the right of all the great singers. From Jenny Lind, throughout the profession, there was no one whose supreme test of feeling and expression was not acknowledged to be some of the people's songs. The popularity of the ballad in the United States may have waned for many years, as it has recently grown large again; but in England it has never changed, has never lessened. The really good English singers are heard, apart from their share in oratorio, only in ballads at the great concerts; and just at present the popular taste for the ballad is more pronounced in England than ever before.

The truth is that the whole world loves those sweet and simple songs, and every nation has some one melody which is as priceless to its heart as the notes are familiar to the ear. When in frozen Russia I used to sing "Le Rossignol," the people fairly went mad. Oh, those Russians! They would rip the tropic of Capricorn off the earth and fling it to you for a belt. Never have I seen such lovers of music as Russia holds. I sang there for nine long seasons, and I remember very well Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania as our minister. She who was admitted to be the great singer was the guest of honor at the court. Alexander II., to whom I am indebted for the highest order of merit in Russia, joined with his wife in the most gracious hospitality. When my songs had been sung I must always go to the box occupied by the czarina, and share with her the tea she brewed in the samovar, which was there for her service. And the people—one marveled how they could find the wealth they were so eager to sacrifice for music. On the occasion of my benefit every season I have stood ankle deep in flowers that were flung, not by the rich, but by the poor, hungry students; and that at a time of the year when a rosebud, tied to a simple fern leaf, cost $1.25 at the florist's.

With the Russians, the love, or, to speak accurately, the passion for music, is not with the rich alone nor with the poor alone. It is in the pulse of the whole people. I remember the generals—General Tolstoy, General Zimmerman, Prince Oldenburg—scores of such distinguished veterans—who made it their custom to await my arrival, after the opera at the time of my benefit, at the Hotel Demouth. Backed by an avenue of flowers on either side of the staircase, they formed in line, old soldiers on parade, facing the diva with the same stanch front and kindling eye with which they had faced their country's foes. No sooner had I alighted from my carriage than my guard of honor seized me and raised me aloft, bearing me proudly on their arms up the broad stair of the hotel, those who had missed the glory of the burden crowding close, merely to touch the hem of the singer's skirt. And all the while my husband would stand awaiting me, in mortal terror of some harm, and crying out:

"Don't you break her, gentlemen! Don't break her!"

Apart from the ballads, the music I sang then is, as a rule, the Italian music I sing now. But my heart is given over almost completely to Wagner. Wagner's music is my second religion, as Italian music was my first. Lands and seas are no bar between the beauties of my religion and their faithful devotee. I go to Baireuth, I go to Munich, I go wherever the marvelous cycle is given, whenever it is given. I love it; I love it. And yet I do not sing it; the music of Wagner is too great a strain upon the voice.

I have not lost my affection for Italian music, but in my affections it has lost the first place. I would go any distance to hear Wagner; but whether or not I would go to hear Italian music would depend often upon the quality of its interpretation. One can usually hear Wagner well interpreted, but it is the perfect ensemble which an Italian opera of the first class immutably demands. If one hear an Italian opera now, she may have the opportunity of listening to one good singer, or, perhaps, two. And the Italian opera of the first class demands not only that all shall be good singers, but that all shall comprehend both their relations to the orchestra and their relations to one another. A single weakness makes the crumpled rose leaf, and all charm of enjoyment vanishes from the delicious dream. The world does not hold today the singers who can interpret the beauties of Italian opera. But with Wagner individual singers suffice, and if one understand the infinite and varied beauties of the harmonies and the plan whereon the master framed them, the music of Wagner remains a perennial joy.

Neither of the two orders of music has helped the other. I can scarcely believe that any one has learned to appreciate Italian music better than he did by reason of a true understanding of the music of Wagner. I do not speak of those who merely profess to admire or to understand Wagner—those who feel that it is necessary to declare a liking for something which cognoscenti indorse; poseurs such as they must be beyond the pale of recognition. But even for the genuine, the catholic lover of music, there seems to be a line of demarcation drawn between Wagner music and Italian music which, while it permits him to enjoy both, does not enable him to enhance the enjoyment of one through his comprehension of the other. Another axiom may belong to other arts; but, in music, I find this one applies to others as strictly as it applies to me.