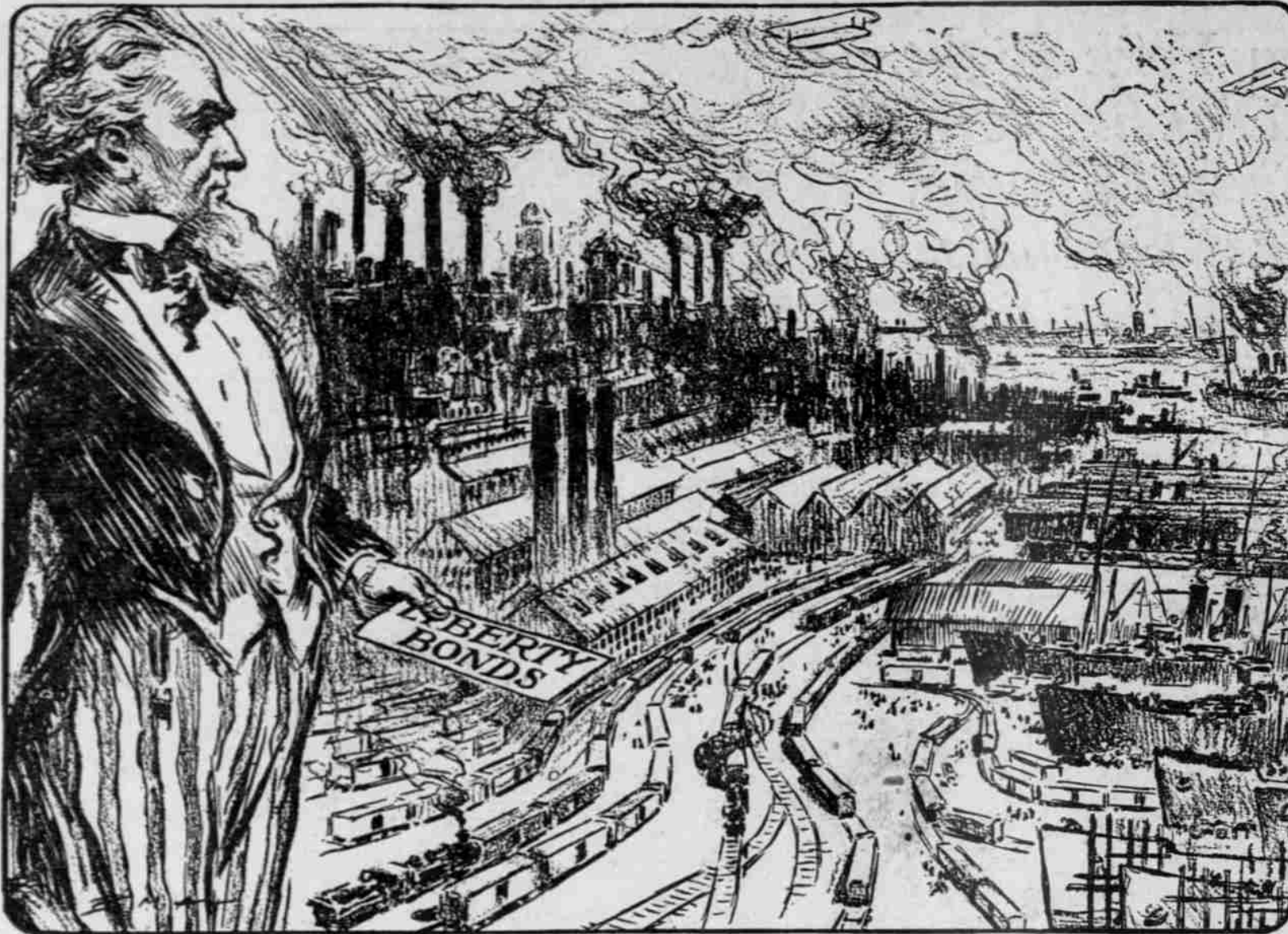




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### GOTHAM PUBLIC GIVES WARM RECEPTION TO AMERICAN OPERA TOUCHING INDIAN LIFE

Theater-goers Throw Off Yoke of European Productions and Exult in Air of Freedom Cast Off by Musical Translation of Californian—Caruso Again Proves Stronghold of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.  
NEW YORK, April 5.—(Special).—With all appreciation for what Americans have gained in enjoyment from the Wagner operas, which have been duly and not without reason idealized in this country, one such afternoon as was made noteworthy at the Metropolitan Opera-house recently was worth more than a dozen performances of "Maestrotrangers," "Tristan and Isolde," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser" or all of them put together. It was a movement in advance in behalf of America, it represented the throwing off of a yoke, pleasant or unpleasant, and it seemed to be an expression of freedom and an exultation in American

life—in American geography in a way. There is room and this is the time for a much wider treatment of this subject than is offered by the mere presentation of Charles Wakefield Cadman's charming and picturesque little opera, "Shanewis," in which he touches California and Indian reservation life. Henry F. Gilbert's musical translation of a scene from Louisiana and possibly accidentally joined to these Franco-Leon's fervid little music drama, "L'Oracolo," taken from San Francisco's old-time "Chinatown," but at present the interest centers around the happening and the direct impressions. No new theory is brought forward in the fact that we can never find complete satisfaction in the things that lie too

close to our fireside and that we must wander into far lands and foreign idioms to gratify what we believe to be our artistic sense. Some of us know our own figures too well to admit of idealizing them and others do not know them sufficiently to understand how significant they are to the historical and art life of our country. No one better than Mr. Cadman knew the poetry, romance and beauty of Indian life and lore, because he spent enough time among the Indians to know that their music had its fountain in the same fantasy, the same poetic legends, the same religious sense as have been the inspiration for the art works of all other countries. He dealt with their themes with a loving hand, one that did them no violence, and his musicianship is of the skill that raises them out of bald reproductions. The ever-pursuing difficulty which besets most composers has not left "Shanewis" untouched. The book is not worthy of the music and leaves the work without the climax which would have given it greater importance in opera repertory. As a story, in the matter of stage pictures, of exposition of the interesting life of the red man, Mrs. Nelle Richmond Eberhart could have made a truly imposing scene of the second act and in this Mr. Cadman could have had a free hand in a world that no white man knows better than he. Instead it was hurried through with mere suggestions of Indian reservation life and a passing Indian dance, which might have made an overwhelming effect had the book made this possible. Briefly summed up, "Shanewis" is a young and beautiful Indian girl whose education has been given her through the interest of Mrs. Eberhart, of California. Brought to her home as a guest at the close of her school days, the first act opens in a Southern California home, where the Indian girl becomes acquainted with the life of those who

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## AT THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX—Adam and His Great Task

Reported by Wireless to John Kendrick Bangs



I Knew at Once She Was a Hen.



"When You Can't Think of Anything to Say—Roar!"

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THERE was a good deal of suppressed excitement at the House-Boat on the Styx. An unusually full membership was on hand, and for the very excellent reason that Adam was going to be there, and as the head of the very first of the world's first families everybody wanted to be seen shaking hands with him whether they liked him or not. That is always the way in polite society. A man may be no end of a bore, or an unmitigated ass, but if he is the unquestioned head of a first family people like to bask in the sunlight of his presence. It was a much regretted fact throughout Hades that Adam seldom went out into society, and his visits to the House-Boat were few and far between. It was not that he was at all ennobled about his social position, nor was he averse to the companionship of dined guests, but he was really a man of domestic inclination, and because of tastes acquired early in his career he preferred out-of-door to indoor life. The real reason for his seeming aloofness in matters social was wholly connected with the matter of dress. He was not exactly what you would call progressive in the matter of his personal adornment, and still clinging fondly to his original style of garment, the ancient fig-leaf.

"What's the use?" he had once protested to Methuselah, who had begged him to buy a suit of clothes more in keeping with modern requirements than his one-piece suit. "I am much more comfortable just as I am and I am blest if I can see any good reason why I should dress myself up to look like a Monday bargain sale, as Sir Walter Raleigh does, or blossom out like an animated tin can after the fashion of your shivering sons of chivalry, who lived when mauls were sold at \$10 or \$20 a square inch, when all I need to do to dress in the style to which I am accustomed is to reach out of the spare bedroom window and pick all the clothes I happen to want off a tree.

"You boys go ahead and dress as you please, but I am alone in the world," he said to Methuselah, "you ought to conform to the times." "Why should I?" demanded the old man. "You don't. You go around in an old home-spun mother Hubbard all the time. Soberly and invariably appears in an old cotton night-shirt. Caesar wears what he calls a toga, but it really is nothing more than a highly tinted bathrobe. Raleigh and Shakespeare wear their frills and furbelows look like a department store off on a hike. Warwick, the king-maker, has to use a can-opener to go to bed at night, and as for your modern folks who come down here dressed up in holier shirts, starched collars, looking for all the world like a collision between a conference of head waiters and a convention of undertakers—no sirree, Methuselah! None of that for the founder of the family. I'll conform to the times, all right, but I'll be my time, and nobody's else."

Latterly, however, the old gentleman had been disposed to make a concession or two. He had seen Daniel Webster walking up the main street of Clumberia with a shiny topknot and on his head, and he had taken a violent fancy to it as a handy sort of an arrangement to carry things in—like apples and chestnuts," he said—and he had yielded to Eve's solicitations that he adopt the flowing gown of the chief patriarch merely to maintain the dignity of his position.

"A fig-leaf is all right for a negligee, dear," she had said, "but for full dress your dress should be a trifle fuller." "All right," said Adam, "but if I catch cold getting overheated with a multiplicity of duds it'll be your fault." "Same old Adam, aren't you, dear?" smiled Eve. "Well, I'll take the blame as usual. That's what I was made for." When P. T. Barnum heard that Adam was going to appear at the Houseboat he smiled broadly.

"Glad to hear it," said he. "I've often wanted to ask him how he came to name the animals so successfully that you would know them for what they are at a glance." "And I," said Nero, "wish to ask him flatly if he agrees with Darwin that I was a monkey." "I will be some night if you do," laughed Benjamin Franklin, "and guess we'd better notify the police to

have a couple of patrol wagons ready." And Barnum was true to his word. Hardly had Adam got himself comfortably seated in the big arm-chair they had constructed for his special use when the great showman began. "Say, grampa," he said, "that was a bully old stunt you pulled off when you named the animals. It nearly killed me finding a name for the egress, and the amontillado, but you—why you seemed to run the thing off as easily as though you were reading a telephone book."

"I am glad you feel that way about it, Pete," said Adam. "It wasn't quite as easy as you seem to think. Indeed, it required a lot of head work to which I was not well accustomed to on the whole. I don't think I made more than two or three mistakes at the outside."

"What I've admired most about the governor's work in that matter was that he did so well with such limited material," said Noah. "In the matter of animals?" asked Barnum. "No, stupid. In the matter of names," said Noah. "He not only had to name the beasts, but he had to invent the language to express them in at the same time."

"O, that wasn't so very hard, Noah," laughed Adam. "You see, we worked our speechifying in those days on the true phonetic system, rather than on a philological line the way you think you do nowadays. If we hadn't a word to express a thought we could always fill up the gap by making some kind of a noise that served the purpose just as well."

"Like some after-dinner speaker?" suggested Napoleon. "Exactly," said Adam. "When you can't think of anything to say, roar! That is what he did when the hyena came along. I didn't know what he was and he didn't suggest anything I could connect him up with, so I just ejaculated 'hy—ena!' My—ena! says I, and that was all there was to it. Hyena he became, and hyena he remains. But there were others that were more reasoned than exclamation, such as the zebra, for instance. It was the last animal I named, which gave me the Z, and he looked so like a toasted jackass that I finished him up with the bray end of it, without any thought of zee-bray, or zebra."

"Gosh!" said Ananias. "He's in form tonight, ain't he, Munchausen?" "I fear me yes," replied Munchausen, gloomily. "How about the rhinoceros?" queried Frederick the Great. "Well, that required some thinking," said Adam. "It took me about a week to figure him out, and it wasn't a pleasant job, at that. If I'd had the agreeable study of his habits, his manners, his hide and his inclinations. In the first place I discovered that his chief habit was to go after any old thing he happened to want, and take it whether it belonged to somebody else or not, relying wholly upon his superior brute strength to put the job through, without any thought of the equities involved. That was clue number one."

"And a mighty good one," said Frank, patting his chin. "Yes," said Adam. "Next that was only the first step. I next discovered that he hadn't any manners, his relation to the rest of the animal kingdom. He was a shover, a pusher, and a trampler. He'd destroy anything that stood in his way, and would have considered any system of etiquette that required him to be considerate of others, no matter what their sex, as a weakness unworthy of the strong. His purpose of getting through to his ultimate goal was a sufficient justification of anything he might do in violation of the amenities on the way. That was clue number two—equally good, you will see, my dear Frederick."

"It sounds fine," said Frederick. "The third clue," said Adam, "was revealed in the thickness of his hide. It was impenetrable. You couldn't pierce it. You could beat him. You could poke him. You could lambast him with a club for his misdeeds and he'd never let on he knew you were there. Criticism left him unmoved, and through it all he appeared to be nothing more than a rather amply-minded, stupid, sleepy old creature, stolidly intent upon living along, seek-

ing a nice warm place in the sun, with an occasional splash under water. And, of course, when I got these facts in hand the conclusion was inevitable. The solution was perfectly clear." "Ha!" said Frederick, scratching his head in a puzzled sort of way. "Clear to you, perhaps, but—er—I can't quite see it."

"No, Freddy," said Adam. "I didn't think you would. But to me it was different. I saw at once that with all these characteristics so supremely developed he must have come from the Rhine, and so I named him the rhinoceros."

"Gott mitt uns!" cried Frederick, wrathfully, as the old man's trap revealed itself to him. "If you weren't an old man—" "Well, what?" growled Cain, rising from his chair. "I'm an old man, too, Frederick, and if you're anxious to start something with old men, either with boxing gloves, gott-mittens, or plain common garden fists, let it begin right now, say I. What about it?" "Oh, nothing—nothing at all," replied Frederick, with an uneasy glance at the exits. "I was only going to say that if Father Adam were not an old man, I should be less ready to accept his—er—"

"Remarkably logical conclusions," said Napoleon, trying to help Frederick out. "As a symbol of the pure egotistic tautologous the rhinoceros is a scream." "You were some armadillo yourself," growled Frederick. "Don't quarrel, gentlemen," said William Penn, in his soft, soothing manner. "Grampa doesn't come to us very often, and we oughtn't to spoil his evening with our own petty quarrels." "There is no quarrel," said Frederick, as he gloomily realized how unpopular was the end of the stick he himself had started. "But if there were one I think I should not be wide of the mark if I said that grampa started it himself with that rhinoceros stuff of his."

(Continued on Page 2, Column 2.)