

You Can't Always Dope Them

Case of the Hen—Of the Cow—Of the Canary—Of the Woman

AKE a hen, for instance. Just a plain hen, the kind that they have in the country for Sunday dinner and call a pullet. She's what I mean. Just a hen. And plain. Ever see a whole yard of them oiling up their feathers because its going to rain? Inspiring sight. Regular instinct, like a cat falling on its feet. And all that sort of thing. Sometimes one hen won't oil up. Goes right on scratching grass. You feel almost like running over and telling her to look out. Regular fool hen, too hungry to bother. Then it begins to rain. Rain comes down all wet and sloshy. First its a sprinkle. Then a shower. Storm coming. Hens all oiled up. All but the one. She's still scratching gravel. Nary oil on her. No instinct. Fool hen. By the way, where is he? Isn't out getting rained on. Isn't over near the fence in the tall grass. Isn't running around squawking? No. Guess again. No? Give it up? Gone inside the barn where it is dry. What do you think of that? Wonderful. Plain hen, too. No idea hens were so smart.

Look at her again. Or let's take another hen and see. No, let's take a cow. Regular cow. No funny business. Short hair. Long tail. Flat underneath and skinny on top. Cow with a wet nose. Mouth full of chewing gum. You know. The kind the artists never paint. Regular plain cow. Flies all over everywhere. And bugs. Gee whis! Get in your eyes. No good at all. Brother cow nearly to death. Whole bunch stand out in pasture and let flies nearly eat 'em up. Whisk tails, stamp feet and shake heads. Not the regular cow, though. She's no artist's picture. Got skinny back and no color to speak of. No funny business. She wades out into the brook. Feet all wet. Muddy too. Don't care. She ain't the sort that stands in a purple shadow and composes with two trees and a haystack. No. Sticks her head into the bush over the brook. Nothing to eat in that bush. Cow ought to know that. She does. So do the flies. Therefore the cow gets a little peace. Amazing! Not all instinct. Even the kind of cows they paint have that. No. This is an idea. Cow idea. Make it for self. Hail, cow! See what I mean?

Take a dog. No, everybody takes him. Take a cat, or a duck, or a turtle. Well, say a canary bird. Born up in the Harz mountains where the fairy tales come from. Learns to sing before it learns to fly. Sings wonderful trills, and ripples and octaves and chords. Sings, chirps and wiggles waggles, and curbsurets. Sings arpeggios. Bird doesn't know what an arpeggio is. Neither do I. Bird sings 'em just the same. Sings other things. Sings when you want it to shut up. Sings when you don't want it to shut up. Regular sort of a canary bird. Shipped to New York. Nothing there to sing for. But that makes no difference. Keeps right on. Understand? It's instinct. Fills somebody's back parlor with noise and raps seed. Pretty little thing. Some people like 'em. Catch the idea? This particular bird, though. He's funny. Hardly sings at all. Too much to eat? Starve him. Not enough to eat? Stuff him. Bum singer. We like songs, too. Like that

thing about "Mary." Nice and slow. Folks all sing it. Guess we'll give the bird away. Hold on! Begins to sing. Guess we won't. What do you suppose that bird chirps? Regular tune. Sings "Mary." "Way up in the air, but the rest stuff. Refused offer of a horse for that bird. Give it away? Might. To a museum. Otherwise, six. See what I mean? Bet it's same all over the world. Big world, too. Foo like a regular discoverer. Tell you, it pays to keep your eyes open.

Hold on, though. Take a woman, for instance. Don't take her so far you can't bring her back. Don't take any chances. Just a plain woman. Not too plain. Just a kind of an average female lady woman. Give her a moment to herself. Take the children out to the bread pan. Take the gas bill out of the oven. Call Johnny's attention to the fact that he is speaking above a whisper. Give her a chance. Close the back door. Tear the fashion page out of the morning paper and burn it up. Give her a rest. Go away so she don't talk to you. Make her sit still and think. Engrossed, but interesting. Next day go and call. Hear her talk. Paper was full of politics. Why don't people elect men to office who are honest? If the men they do elect are dishonest why don't they throw 'em out? That's the beginning. Don't answer her. You can't. But don't try. Listen. Why don't the city make the street railroads run more cars? Look wise. Don't answer. If they need more tunnels why don't they build them instead of talking about it? If they know that anarchicals are dangerous why do they let them roam all over the place? Let her alone. She was downtown shopping this morning. Only had ten minutes, but— Good. Here's a chance to get away from the questions. Ask her what she bought. What did she? Well, the store was crowded so she couldn't get near all the counters. But she got some new shoes for Johnny, a spool of No. 6's twist, a quarter of a yard of bleached muslin, a paper of tacks and a bass ball. Good. It was a busy morning. Oh, that was before she went out and met whoever she met and went across the street to the other place where she bought a bottle of pickles, a dotted veil, a paper of hairpins, two yards of striped flannel, a new screwdriver, and a corker (patent thing she wondered why they don't sell before), a bottle of Florida water, a package of nail files, mittens for Sallie and a piece of dotted Swiss to mend the curtains. Well! Well! You were busy! Oh, that was before she went down the street to the other place where they were having a sale and bought a pair of crocheting needles, two saucers to replace those Johnny smashed, some hair ribbon for Sallie, a piece of wax, a fatiron holder and a bottle of ammonia. Stop her right there. Oh, that was before she went over to the other corner and bought. Don't listen, that's all. Willful waste of money. A day gadding all over town. Time frittered away. No sense in it. Extravagant! Oh, as to that, she only spent 96 cents and she had to be home to get the children's dinner. See what I mean? It's different. No comparison.

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Notes of the Opera Abroad

IEGFRIED WAGNER is to be the only conductor for the next Wagner festival at Bayreuth, and thus the control of Mme. Cosima, will be more complete. It was known that Hans Richter would never return after the incidents which marked the close of the last festival, and now Mottl, Weingartner and Nikisch are to give place to the young Siegfried. Mme. Wagner's health is falling rapidly and there is little probability that she will witness another festival. The first performance will be given on July 22 and the last on August 20. There will be two series of the "Nibelungen Ring," seven performances of "Parsifal" and five of "Lohengrin." Among the artists to appear will be Charles Dalmores, to sing Lohengrin. Geraldine Farrar sang her last performance of "Mme. Butterfly" at a special performance given in honor of the Kaiser. Critical opinion in Berlin was not kind to the performance of the American prima donna in the Puccini opera, and regret was generally expressed that Emmy Destinn, who created the role in London and has always sung it there, should not have been entrusted with the part in her own opera house. She is to appear in it now that Miss Farrar has returned to this country. So chagrined was Mme. Destinn by the selection of Miss Farrar that the Bohemian soprano notified the intendant of the Berlin opera that she would plead illness every time she was announced unless she were allowed to break her contract. She was persuaded, however, to take a month's rest to quiet her nerves and she compromised on that plan. She returned to the opera the other day and sang Aida, which is regarded as one of her finest roles. Richard Strauss did not succeed in persuading Miss Farrar to sing Salome in Berlin, although he declared that she would

Paris to sing again in "La Vivandiere," said to have lost nothing during her retirement. Her voice is described as still as beautiful as it was and her popularity with the Parisians is not diminished. "Le Chameau" in the form of an opera, with music by Xavier Leroux, is to be the next production at the opera company. Lucienne Breval and Thomas Batignole are to have the leading roles. When Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Daughter of the Snows," is sung, Minc Carre will have the leading role. Other new operas to be given during the season are "Bouffant" by Salvyre; "Leona" by Samuel Rousseau; "Habenera" by Laparra; "Senga" by Ildore de Lara; "Pierre et Hippolyte" by Vincent d'Indy; "Pierre le Veridique" by Xavier Leroux; Richard Strauss' "Feuersnot"; and Gabriel Pierné's musical setting of De Musset's "On ne badine pas avec l'amour." Geraldine Farrar goes there in the spring to sing six times and Pauline Donalda is also engaged for a series of representations. Fella Litvins, Alice Verlet and Gergette Lobano are to be other visitors. Nothing more is said of De Lara's "Le Nil," which Emma Calve was to sing last year, nor is there any talk of the French soprano's appearance in the role of the Countess in a revival of Mozart's "Le Mariage de Figaro." The management of the Opera has just made an innovation by engaging a baritone from another country. He is a Hungarian named Beck, who has been a member of the company at the opera house in Budapest. Pietro Mascagni has ceased work on his socialist opera "La Fest del Grano" after composing the music for two scenes. He says he found the subject too philosophical and serious. He has been conducting "Le Maschese" throughout Italy and has not yet found the success which he thought was ready for a light opera, which was in accordance with the Rossinian standards. Puccini is not yet at work on his "Marie Antoinette," in spite of the stories to the

contrary. Luigi Mancinelli has completed his "Francesca da Rimini," which will be produced at La Scala and also at Bologna during the season. His pupil, Giacomo Orefice, has just finished an opera entitled "The Promised Land." Sama, the Greek, who has not printed a new work in several years, is finishing an opera called "Ethen." Franco Alfano, who succeeded in attracting favorable attention with his musical setting of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" will have a new opera ready for this season. One of the American girls singing in Rome this winter calls herself Carybina, but in spite of this handicap has been associated with the best of the Italian singers. "Fellena de Meliandis" is to be sung during the present at La Scala. There has been a notable demand for French works in Italy this year. Massenet's "Ariane," "Cendrillon" and "Thais" will be produced in several cities while "Louise" has also been put into the repertoire in several places. Miss Lindsay, an American soprano who has been, for several years at the Opera in Paris, has been a member of the company now singing in fall season of Italian at Covent Garden. Miss Lindsay, who has spent most of her life in Paris, where her father is in business, will not remain at the Opera under its new management, as she and the new management could not agree on terms. Maria Gay, who made such a success last year in "Carmen," was also a member of this company, and was to enlarge her meagre repertoire by appearing as Amneris, Luisa Tetrazzini, who has been heard of so much, although she is still to be seen here, was also a member of the company. Mme. Giachetti did the dramatic roles and Mme. Derynne, who is now at the Metropolitan Opera house, sang the lighter roles. Using the Italian name of the two passengers who rode in the coach drawn by an engine called the Yankee. The other passenger was his uncle. It was the first official trip, and with

harmful anybody so far as I know. I was 34 years old when I came to New York in '47, and if I do say it myself, I wouldn't give way to any man in any kind of a contest. When I was 16 years old I was as good as most men at 25. "I have lived the greater part of my life in the open air, eaten and drunk everything that came along, and have chewed tobacco for about forty-five years. I gave up smoking thirty or forty years ago, and my quids of chewing have become smaller and smaller. Here is what I use now." The old man took from his vest pocket a tiny cube of tobacco. It could not have contained more than the sixteenth of a cubic inch. "Lost all my teeth something like thirty or thirty-five years ago," he continued, "so I can't chew like I used to. A small quid of tobacco will last me about six weeks. I don't sleep well at nights now but when I was young I used to take long naps. Sleep is a great thing—better than food or drink."—New York World.

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