

Being. The artist seeks for himself the free-st expression of his personality and flees from those countries where this impulse is continually being suppressed by an inflexible social system. The Russian autocracy has caused our best minds and spirits to seek their inspiration and to make their homes in other countries. Russia as a democracy may become a second France. For is not the Slav genius capable of the highest achievement? And has it not shown by its accomplishment in the past when it was down-trodden and repressed, how unquenchable is its essence and spirit? I look forward with the greatest hope to seeing this regenerated Russian people take its place beside France and the United States as the host of artists and the patron of Art."

A MORNING MATIN

DAWN was breaking. In the far-away east the Sun God was trailing his robe of light and glory over the plains and up the mountain-side.

On the walls of the room, full of shadows, the rectangle of gray opposite the window was faintly illumined. "The breezy call of incense-breathing morn" drew near.

The sleeper lay in an earthly Paradise; in that border-land that touches the day and night of consciousness; in that lovely domain of Make-Believe.

There was the hush which precedes the birth of a new-born day, fresh from the hand of the Maker.

Suddenly the first, faint twittering of birds floated through the room.

The sub-conscious mind of the half-sleeping one was filled with vague visions of dear little birds, hungry little birds, waiting for their morning repast.

One could almost hear the beating of the tiny wings and the fluttering of the mother-bird, as it hovered over the nest, embowered in green.

The twittering increased in shrillness.

Thoroughly aroused at last, she flung back the covering, and leaping from the couch, dashed across the room and turned off the steam in the radiator.

Day broke with a crash.—Adele M. Ballard.

SIMPLE AND CHEAP

BALTIMORE man who had charge of a gang of darkies in an oyster cannery, was approached one day by one of the men, who asked for a day off to get married.

"Why, Ah thought you was already a married man," said the manager.

"Suah, boss, Ah'm a mahried man. Ah'm mahried goin' on foah times, now."

"Well yoah suah have had bad luck burying so many wives, George."

"No, boss, none er dem women done died on me yit."

"Not dead? Then yoah have had

lots of experience in the divorce coahs, George."

"Deed, boss, Ah hain't never done git a 'vorce yit, neither. Hit's dis heh way. Me'n Mirandy we's mahried 'bout a yehr, an' den ev'rything done bus' up an' we goes sep'rate ways. 'Bout a yeah, an' Mirandy she comes ter me an' she says she want ter git mahried to Caleb Crane, an' axes me if she do, does Ah goin' make trouble fo'h her. 'Sakes no, Mirandy,' Ah tells her. Yoah go 'long an' g it mahried to Caleb, an' Ah'll git mahried to Sukey White. Well, boss, me'n Sukey we gits mahried all right, but pretty soon ev'rything done bus' up 'tween us, an' we leaves. Den Ah mahries Lily Williams, an' Sukey mahries agin, too. Now Lily'n me's done split up, too, an' Ah's coah'tin' V'let Harrison."

"But aren't you afraid the lawyers will be getting you for bigamy, George? There are laws against marrying without a divorce, you know."

"Lawsee, boss! Ah doan mess up none wid dem lawyers, an' Ah reckon dey won't mess up none wid me. An' as fer dem laws—what do de laws keer 'bout what a niggah do?"

DOING HER BIT

SHE started in with wireless, and vowed she would be tireless in snatching secret messages from out the quivering air; But she gave it up for nursing (till the patients started cursing) When she vowed for making dressings she had had a sudden flare.

So she knitted and she fitted And she tried to do her bit, But no matter what she started She never finished it.

She did a bit of drilling, and some comfort kits were filling, When she suddenly decided that the role she played was wrong; She felt the world defrauded, and while kindly friends applauded, She started selling bonds—just to help the world along.

So she knitted and she fitted, And she tried to do her bit, But no matter what she started She never finished it. —Lyrics of a Soldier.

THE SPECTATOR
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but Julian doesn't say whether it will save any daylight, and I am sure that I can't say. If it will do this, then it would seem to be a wise move to adopt it as an immediate war measure. But what puzzles me most is this: the scheme, as I understand it, would do away with leap years. Now, had I or any other well-settled married man advanced the theory, it might have been altogether consistent with our state of affairs; but with Julian it is different. It seems to me that if leap years are dispensed with, he is sure to lose his only chance. Or, on the other hand, perhaps, it may be protection that he is really looking for.

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