

THE SPECTATOR

If strikes me that Salt Lake did not make the most out of the Earl of Dunmore's visit. By that I do not mean to accuse those responsible for his reception with according him shabby treatment, for the fact is that the distinguished Britisher was tendered every personal consideration and courtesy possible on short notice. The point is this: Lord Dunmore was in the city the better part of two days and made a public appearance upon at least two occasions, and yet a comparatively small number of citizens got to hear him. That this should have happened is most regrettable.

I don't know under whose or what auspices he is touring America, but I do know that he is not traveling just for his health—that he has a distinct message to deliver to Americans and that he is well worth hearing. Due to this fact, if to no other, he deserves to be greeted by a good sized assemblage of citizens wherever he is scheduled to speak. Had proper arrangements been made beforehand, he might have addressed thousands in this city instead of just a few hundred. We seem to find no difficulty in turning out in immense crowds to hear other speakers of far less ability and distinction—White Elk's wedding drew a crowd of some five thousand at the Capitol, and I might cite a long string of similar instances.

The Earl of Dunmore, despite his title, does not pose as an aristocrat, nor is he seeking exclusive social entertainment. He is a seasoned soldier, a red-blooded world citizen whose heart is in the great cause, and socially he is as common as an old shoe. Representing as he does, the British war mission in America, his object is to talk face to face with the masses and tell them the truth concerning the exact situation abroad. I am betraying no confidence when I say that he was keenly disappointed over the lack of opportunity while here to meet the rank and file of Salt Lake citizens and talk with them in heart to heart fashion. Somebody should be immediately charged with the responsibility of seeing that a similar mistake never occurs again in this city.

SO Colonel "Dick" Young is to be commissioned a brigadier general. In company with all loyal Utahns, I think I am just as proud of his promotion as he can possibly be himself. The only regret we feel is that he will thus be relieved from the personal command of the Utah Artillery. However, it is to be assumed that Lieut. Col. Webb will succeed

him in command, which in itself is most reassuring.

I note also that Colonel Young is to be permitted to ride his favorite mount, the horse that he took with him when he entered the service. The charger will in all probability reach him about the same time as his new commission. I am glad to see all this good luck come in bunches, for he deserves it. There is just a bit of sentiment that attaches itself to this reunion between horse and rider that makes a strange appeal to the folks at home. And this thought occurs: Why would it not be a splendid idea for the citizens of Utah to present their new brigadier general with the finest mount that the state affords, as a token of their fine regards and affection? It would be in keeping with a fine old custom, especially observed during the Civil War, and I am quite sure that such a gift would well express our sentiments.

By way of commenting on the change of customs that has come into our homes in line with food conservation, my old friend Tantalus makes the following observations in Town Talk anent the revised rules for dining:

"Owing to the Hooverization of the table as part of wartime economy," observes Tantalus, "it has been necessary to revise some of the time-honored rules of dining. For instance, it is no longer necessary to murmur an apology or exude a nervously facetious remark when you take up a bone in your fingers to pick it. Some people still do this, but they are regarded as ultra-conventional.

"One no longer looks askance when one's neighbor at the table tips his or her soup plate to conserve the last drops. 'Clean plates' is the rule nowadays, and obviously, one cannot leave a soup plate as Jack Spratt and his wife left the platter unless one tips it. Another thing: It is even per-

missible to absorb gravy with a bit of bread, a proceeding once accounted intolerably middle-class. But one is expected not to display to conscientious a thoroughness in this table operation; there is a happy medium between wasting the gravy and polishing the plate.

"On the other hand, Hoover has made no rule which makes it allowable to grow vocal in soup-sipping, and it is still downright bad manners to eat peas with a knife." Since Tantalus had said nothing concerning the dipping of cake in one's coffee, or the cooling of one's coffee in the saucer, or the eating of one's pie by hand, I suppose of course that these are still officially tabooed as bad manners, although one is frequently forced to witness such operations. Who knows but what the instances above cited are just another sign of the rapid approach of "The New Freedom?"

IS there no end to the horrible sacrifices which the unfortunate women of Germany have been called upon to make in order that the kaiser's lust for war may be satiated? It seems that it is no sufficient for them to sacrifice their men, their savings, their trinkets, their copper pans and kettles, and even their moral standards and the sanctity of their homes; they are now called upon to contribute their tresses to the cause of the empire.

I have it from good authority that everywhere throughout the sorely stricken Prussian dominions may be seen sorrowing women, dressed in sombre mourning for their dead, save for a weird-looking red cap which covers their closely cropped heads. The bright color of the cap stands out in striking relief against the black robes beneath, and on the cap is the inscription: "I have given my hair for the Fatherland."

It is said that this sacrifice is made necessary because of the alarming shortage of leather. Women's hair is

woven into driving bands or belting for machinery and makes an excellent substitute for leather or canvass. Its use has long since passed the experimental stage. The surrender of hair, so far, has been entirely voluntary, but the war lords are growing terrible in their desperation, they are prepared to sacrifice every sentiment so long as the last ounce of the empire's resources can be utilized, and so comes the report that all feminine tresses are henceforth to be commandeered by the imperial government.

THERE is a familiar story of Abraham Lincoln to the effect that a delegation of clergymen once called on him, one of whom said, "I hope, Mr. President, that the Lord is on our side," to whom Lincoln replied, "That does not concern me; what concerns me is that we should be on the Lord's side."

Christmas morning's papers published a speech delivered by the Kaiser to his troops containing the following two sentences: "The year 1917, with its great battles, has proved that the German people has in the Lord of Creation above an unconditional and avowed ally on whom it can absolutely rely. Without him all would have been in vain."

The difference between Abraham Lincoln and the Kaiser is the difference between true and false religion, true and false faith.

False religion is the religion of self-will. False faith has its own plans formed and claims God as a silent partner lending the capital of his almighty power to enable self-will to carry out its plans. True religion is the religion of consecration. True faith believes that God has plans, and prays the Psalmist's prayer, "Show me thy paths, O Lord," and devotes itself to discovering God's paths and working with God to accomplish them.

The Kaiser's faith wants God for his ally. Lincoln's faith wants to be the ally of God.



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