

THE SPECTATOR



IN company with everyone who had the good fortune to be in attendance at the Tabernacle Friday evening of last week, I couldn't help noticing the vacant seats and wishing that the big building had been filled to overflowing. To my way of thinking, Lieutenant Perigord of the French army made the most stirring speech that it has yet been our privilege to hear, and it was just the sort of appeal that our citizens most need nowadays. The eloquent soldier-priest would be well worth hearing at any time and on any subject, I fancy, but the war message he brings straight from the trenches to America is irresistible and he utters it in inspired fashion. We have long been waiting for the war speech that would set our hearts afire and start our blood boiling, yet when it came most of our citizens were asleep at the switch.

Then on the morning following I was more than disappointed—I was disgusted—to see how the papers colored the lieutenant's speech. It was given plenty of prominence, I admit, but it was not a fair account. The speech as reported does not correspond with the speech as I recall it. A stenographic report of the lieutenant's words would, I am quite certain, not be so fulsome in its compliments to the Administration and some of its past actions as our morning papers would have us believe. On the other hand, if I can understand the language we use—and the speech was couched in exquisite English—the distinguished Frenchman indulged in a stirring arraignment of the fool philosophy and fanciful policies that so long kept us out of the war. True, he was not in the least offensive, but neither was he gushing in his compliments. I fancy that to the honest, hard-headed citizen no more cutting indictment of ourselves and our leaders, for our selfish and safety-first policies during the first three years of the war, could have possibly been uttered by any master of our common tongue. But what he said of others least concerned me; I was occupied for the most part with my own sense of shortcoming and chagrin, and there were several thousand others who could make a similar confession.

BUT because our citizens overlooked this one opportunity to be stirred until their very toes tingled, is no sign that they will be caught unawares the second time. We had evidence of this last Tuesday afternoon when all places of business closed and practically the entire population turned out on the streets to view the

monster Red Cross procession. I have seen countless parades in my time, but none that so peculiarly and profoundly impressed me. Whether it was the French "Blue Devils," or the Belgian heroes, or our own wonderful women in Red Cross garb, or the great flag that seemed to stretch almost an entire block, or the mighty crowd itself and the shower of silver that fell from it, that made this strange appeal to me, I cannot say. Perhaps it was the combination of all these extraordinary sights and surprises that made the occasion the most inspiring and memorable I have ever witnessed in Utah.

I have wondered many times since whether our comrades-at-arms from abroad who participated in the demonstration were similarly impressed. If so, then what a wonderful story they will have to tell of Salt Lake City when they return to their war-torn countries. They were soldiers all, accustomed to extreme hardships and to control their emotions, but I seemed to see many a tear dart down their smiling countenances as they were cheered along the way. For us the cheers ended with the echoes that finally lost themselves as the tumult died away, but not so with the heroes who inspired them. They will long remember that day and the memories of that overwhelming outburst of affection will return to cheer them again and give them courage to bear on in the strife.

And it is only fair to say that the women of the Red Cross organization shared likewise in our affections—secondary, perhaps, for the moment, but first as the days come and go. That demonstration of thousands of our local Red Cross workers was a revelation, in spirit as well as in numbers, and stirred the spectators' sense of community pride. It opened our eyes to the wonderful work that is going on in our midst and spoke strangely but eloquently for its support.

AND just as the monster parade was the most striking demonstration ever seen in the city, so there has been a finer spirit manifested in the present Red Cross drive than in all our previous war work put together. We seem to have caught the real spirit of the cause. Our hearts have been in the work and it has been a labor of love, even here at home. In this respect the gentlemen who comprise the committee in charge of the campaign have achieved a wonderful result. They have not only succeeded in raising our share of the \$100,000,000 mercy fund in record-breaking time—and in heaping the measure, as is our custom,—but they have stirred the people to the highest possible pitch of enthusiasm. Somehow or other, they managed to find the keynote to our deeper sentiments, and when they struck the chord what a royal response followed! To this committee, then, must go the credit for not only leading Utah in one of her most glorious drives, but for awakening our people to a full sense of their responsibility in the work of the war.

Another matter worthy of note: The Red Cross committee—thanks to Henry Byrne and Lester Freed, I believe—has taken a firm position in the canvas for contributions. These gentlemen are determined to equalize the burden insofar as it is humanly possible and to this end they propose to see to it that every person gives in proportion to his or her ability. This may seem like a daring venture, but it is the decent course to take and they will have the hearty support of every self-respecting citizen. Good luck to them in their efforts to bring every slacker to time!

I UNDERSTAND that Governor Bamberger is quite provoked over the act of vandalism that our old friend Dallin so dramatically committed in the State Capitol one day last week. He intends, so I am told, to have the mutilated replica of the famous piece of statuary patched up in the best

shape possible and swears by all that is holy that it is going to stand in the rotunda of the Capitol as long as he is governor. Well, the governor is the boss and what he says usually goes.

Naturally, there is a vast difference of opinion as to what disposition should be made of the plaster model of "The Signal of Peace," and as to the sculptor's right to mutilate his own work. The case presents many angles, and I must confess that it has me guessing. When I first learned of Dallin's deliberate attempt to destroy the Indian on horseback, I was inclined to the belief that he was perfectly within his rights. Certainly it would seem that he is the best judge of his own work, and if it doesn't suit him he ought to be permitted to either improve it or do away with it altogether. But then Judge Colburn ventured to hand down the law in the case and that put a different light on the situation. If the judge's contention is well taken, then the sculptor has long since signed away all right, claim and title to his handiwork and it is now the sole property of the state.

Now, had Judge Colburn merely contented himself with expounding the law and not dilated on the claim of Mr. Dallin that the statue is a replica of one of his early models and, in the light of his after successes, does not do him justice, he might have cleared up the situation instead of still further confusing it. In making his observations, the judge became personally reminiscent, of course, and admitted to having been the author of certain works in the long ago that had been better left unfinished. This is rather a startling confession for the judge to make, but I quite agree with him. As a rule, almost every man you meet is more or less ashamed of his past, and since the judge claims no exceptions, he holds that his old friend Dallin should take the same view.

But there is this point of difference: Judge Colburn is a philosopher, whereas one of the parties to the controversy (Continued on Page 11.)



**WILSON
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THE Bright Spot in Salt Lake—After the Theatre.