

Plant the Flowers

IT IS EXPECTED that in August the Grand Army encampment will be here, that some thousands of old veterans will come with their friends, and we believe it is the disposition of the people of Utah to make their coming and their visit here as hearty and as welcome as any they ever received. We believe each citizen is planning to do something to make the stay of those veterans pleasant. But there is something which should be attended to at once and which should include every household, something that children can be interested in, something the humblest citizen who has a little house, can be interested in and that is to procure and plant such flowers as will bloom in the first week of August, flowers either red or white or blue, that the front yards and back yards and vacant lots in the city may all be radiant with a flowery welcome to the whole band.

This is something that people should take up, it is something the city council should consider. It ought to be a matter of pride to every citizen in the effort to make the city beautiful, for the welcome to the host ought to be unanimous and enthusiastic. Those people will come here with the idea that we in Salt Lake are on the edge of the desert, that we stand on the dividing line between the fertility of the east and the solemn barrenness of the desert, hence flowers here will be more appreciated than in any eastern city, and by contrast they will be more beautiful.

There is no child above ten years of age who cannot plant some flower seeds. We think our senators and representatives will furnish the seeds. If they do not, they will not cost much, and they can be obtained, and if each citizen who has a house in the city will spend a little time and a little labor to see that flower seeds are planted which will come to maturity in August, the effect of the whole will be something magnificent.

They will be good cheer, too, to the eyes of the veterans. Their march is well-nigh over; they are moving down the last incline toward the silence; anything that can gladden their eyes will be welcome, and nothing will be more welcome than to find that in a city on the verge of the desert, the desert has been driven back, and where its frown rested once the whole city is smiling under its garniture of flowers.

This ought to be a personal matter with each citizen. Each one ought to have a personal pride in it. Their patriotism need not be awakened any more than it is, but it can be put into tangible form and every house can show to these visitors, when they come, that they are welcome.

As men grow old those little attentions impress them more and more, and it will be for the honor and for the good of Utah, that when they come here and spend a few days and go away, they will have nothing but good words to say for this state and city.

JOHN O'DREAMS

By Theodosia Garrison.

What a world that was you planned us—
Made of Summer and the sea,
Where the very wind that fanned us
Drifted down from Arcady.
There where never Fate might sunder
Rose your castle's shining beams.
Are you there today, I wonder,
John o'Dreams?

That was but a trick Life played you
When this planet knew your birth,
When she trapped your soul and made you
One of us on dreary earth.
Since for you what fancies crossed 't,
Lures of alien stars and streams;

Have you found the path or lost it,
John o'Dreams?

Just a little day in May-time
Once I took the road with you;
Just a boy and girl in play-time
With a vision to pursue.
I but glimpsed the glow around it
Ere I turned, and yet it seems
Sometimes that you surely found it,
John o'Dreams.

—Life.

THE PEACOCK.

By Witter Bynner.

There came to me a lover,
Blown on the winds of May;
The fitful, fateful, self-same winds
That blow the world away.
Caught from the farthest city,
Upon no road he came.
"Lady," he said, "I knew your heart
Before I knew your name."
I looked at him, and answered him,
Not thinking what to say:
"I feared you might not come for me,
You live so far away!"
But could he love me if he saw

What turned me soon afraid,
How unawares and unprepared
And ill at ease I strayed?
A peacock, dear to me, fell dead
That very morning; and my maid
Vainly had begged to deck my head
With cunning coils of braid;
There was no color in my cheek
And I was disarrayed;
Wherefore I hid my face and ran
Until the pebbles hurt my feet.
I had not thought to find a man
Or I had been more neat.

Fearless at last I look for him
With all my beauty right,
Ready, by maid and mirror,
To be lovely in his sight,
To quicken his eyes; as though there stirred
In the hundred eyes of this my bird
A miracle of light.

Who are those two upon the shore?
Lovers, even as we?—
A fellow carrying an oar
And running toward the sea,
Hand in hand with a fisher-girl
Whose legs are coarse and bare,
And her feet are soiled with the scales of fish,
And the salt is thick in her hair.

But come, my lover, this is the hour
I set for you and me!—
Who starts out with that fisher-girl?
Peacock, I cannot see!
Look, oh, look with your hundred eyes!
Peacock, is it he?

—Metropolitan for March.

The traveler exhibited a peculiar nervousness on seeing the long-legged, slim, fierce-looking hogs that roamed at will over the country. At length he asked a native sitting on a fence by the roadside: "Aren't these razorback hogs rather dangerous?" "I never heard of none of them doing any harm," remarked the native. "I think they must be safety razorbacks."

Maxine Elliott will go to London this spring to fulfill a contract with Lewis Waller to appear in a new play by Constance Fletcher. The play is now called "1891," but Miss Elliot is offering a prize of \$50 for the best substitute title sent her. She will produce the play in America later on.

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