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DON'T MISTAKE MILDEW FOR A HALO.

Politicians like Mr. Bryan seems to be influenced precisely like the members of Creeds. The Christian Creeds date everything from the Master and that is correct, for He ushered in the reign of peace and as the son of God taught that old Tyrannies must be given up, that there must be established a brotherhood of mankind, that the world might be prepared for the Millennium which is to be. He spoke in God's name and hence His teachings cover all time, all plans, all occasions, all the hopes of the race.

With Mr. Bryan and plenty more, Mr. Jefferson was the model and should be the guide through all time. Now Mr. Jefferson was simply a man, a marvelous man, surely, but only a man. He spoke only from such lights as were given him, and when free government was as yet but an experiment, and when the conditions around him were almost primitive.

The changes that have since been wrought have been as great as the change in engines from the first simple engine of Watt, to the triple compound marine engines in a modern passenger or battleship. Nothing is left of the first quaint old experiment which immortalized Watt, and such a machine could no more do the work of the modern engine than could a Shetland pony perform the work of a horse or run four-mile heats against a thoroughbred. The underlying principles of Mr. Jefferson, save through the limitation which narrowed his horizon and the provincialisms which made pretty many of his prejudices, were all right and will be cherished and followed always by earnest and truth-loving Americans; but Mr. Jefferson was not a deity and the problems of government have gone beyond its rude machine that he fashioned. Again when he lived, our Government was necessarily always on the defensive.

Ours was but a tenth-rate power; the people were few in numbers, the resources of the country were hardly, though want of money, touched; as a world power our country was in swaddling hands and consisted chiefly in a mighty domain and the invincible will of the few people occupying it. The conditions placed limitations on every statesman of that and the succeeding generation. The only guide which those great souls can be to modern Americans, is in the code they advocated to preserve the rights of the citizens and

the freedom of the country. Had they been asked, "Must this code remain for all time?" they would have answered, and none quicker than Jefferson, "The principles underlying it must remain, but the form must be amended from time to time to meet changing conditions." This certain politicians can never see, any change from the old forms seem to them like making amendments to the Sermon on the Mount, with the result that they are always in the rear of the procession, always crying that everything is about to be lost. Statesman should not only know all about the past of their country, but should keep abreast with its progress and its needs.

A railroad to Los Angeles sure, buy a Salt Lake lot and wait a few months.

GENERAL M'COOK.

With the death of General Alexander McDowell McCook, we believe the last one of that particular family of McCooks is dead. The father and four brothers died in the great war. It was truly a family of "fighting McCooks." They were different in intellect, but they were on a level in patriotism, and when the cry rang out that the old flag had been fired upon, the appeal smote all their hearts in the same way, at the same moment; the sons went to the front; the old father joined the home guards, and when the pall was lifted all were dead save he who last week followed the others. The news of the death of General Alex. McD. McCook is sad news in this city, for he was stationed here several years and made many friendships.

To some of us his death comes as a direct personal bereavement. How the old days come back! In those days there was a little company that often met, and of them Governor Murray, General Stanton, General Connor, Dr. Hamilton, Colonel Hollister Mr. J. R. Walker, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Campbell, Dr. Fowler, Major Erb, General Maxwell, Mr. Richard Mackintosh, and many others, and now General McCook, are all dead. The swift years have no halting places; there is no break in the endless procession from the cradle to the grave. When that little company met, the situation here was such as to awaken all that was deep and high and true in men, hence the friendships formed were deeper than they might have been in other places, and as one and another fall asleep, memory is kept busy in calling up the old familiar faces and names until sometimes in thinking the sunlight and the flowers grow dim because of unbidden tears.

Whether General McCook had all the attributes needed to direct a great campaign is an unsettled question. He won imperishable honors at Perryville, for though attached to Buell's army, his division fought that battle unaided. His command was rolled back at Chicamagua, for there in overwhelming hosts, the enemy struck him, but if there was any error it was that of his superior officer. But waiving any discussion of his claims to great generalship, there can be no debate about his place as one of the foremost great soldiers of the Republic. He proved up that claim on many a red field, and there is no conflict in the splendid testimony. From Bull Run to Appomattox he was always the faithful soldier, and

that he did not die as did his father and his brothers was not that he evaded that fate, but rather that fate evaded him, for he never faltered when the cry was:

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,

Or close the wall up with our patriot dead."

Every star on his shoulder he earned under battle clouds and in the face of his country's foe.

But as man and friend he will be most mourned here. Not everyone had any idea of the depth and tenderness of his royal nature. At his first coming his first wife died. He was a stranger; he would permit no stranger's hand to assist him. He himself dressed her and composed her in her narrow couch; his children were all the world to him; his home was to him a temple where only loving words were to be spoken. He had a thousand friends whom he greeted cordially every day; he had a few friends to whom alone his deeper, gentler self was revealed, and those of these few are sorely grieved now.

He was born a poor boy; he was educated by his country and to that country he devoted his life, offering it over and over, and never wavering until retired by age. His whole life was a magnificent example and inspiration to every young man. His grave adds one more sacred place to the soil of Ohio; his name goes into history as one of native land's noblest defenders, and "he sinks to rest with all his country's honors blest."

The Queen's English had a tough time of it in spots at the Clark banquet, but what care we for that, if the words mean a new railroad.

THE BELGRADE HORROR.

Beyond the shock of the awful tragedy in Serbia, not much is shown except that those people are not fit to pose as a part of the race that is civilized. The emperors of Germany and Austria-Hungary should combine, set their armies and fleets in motion and never rest until the Turk is driven beyond the Hellespont and the states of Southeastern Europe are partitioned and placed under German rule. They are not fit to be free; they have among themselves no brains fitted to time. When these conspirators killed their King and Queen and all their relatives in the palace; they did something that does not belong to this age, but when, even before their bloody hands were washed, they turned and embraced each other, they gave clear proof that of civilization they have merely saved a few of the forms, that at heart they are all barbarians, and should be put under a discipline that would at least teach them the alphabet of civilization. Serbia lies between Hungary and Turkey; it is peopled by Mongol races, the Slav being the ruling race, but all unfit for practical government, and the attempt should be no more permitted. Centuries of superstition, fierce race hates, false estimates of justice and for the most part, their ignorance, have made that and adjacent states, a spot of unrest and cruelty for a thousand years. It should all be partitioned and placed under hands strong enough to hold that people in check until death and free schools can reform the country.