

We Didn't Help Mexico Much by Non-Intervention, Did We?

GOODWIN'S WEEKLY

VOL. XXII. [Twelfth Year]

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY 26, 1913

[5 Cents the Copy] No. 15

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Including postage in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.25 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Payment should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Goodwin's Weekly.

Address all communications to Goodwin's Weekly.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A., as second-class matter.

P. O. Box 1253.

Telephone, Wasatch 2607.

513 Felt Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Goodwin's Weekly Publishing Company.

LEROY ARMSTRONG

Editor

PLAYING SAFETY.

Gamblers rarely play roulette. It is rated by them as a sucker's game. Now and then a man collects thirty-five for one. But for the most part the bank wins. Experienced people, the wise folk, rarely play the long shots at the races. They would get ten, twenty, a hundred to one if the long shot beat all the other horses. And long shots sometimes do. But for the most part the favorites get the money.

Young men often attempt the impossible. They aren't afraid of roulette, and they forget all their losses when they win. They aren't afraid of that logic which makes the markings in the bookmakers' black boards. They win occasionally; and they have more joy over the one long shot that brought home the money than the solemn weigher of chances ever experiences when he totals up his profits in sure things.

Gladstone said one time that a young man doesn't know what he can't do. The famous Englishman was building an apostrophe to old men, and their value. But it has another side. A young man doesn't know what he can't do—but he goes ahead and does it. You can prove on paper that success is impossible, but every now and again the young man achieves the impossible.

And yet, the older you grow the more you incline to the safety play; to the task which isn't quite so thrilling but is more nearly certain of profitable results. That is why you find, every now and again, some former big, game player, some earlier habitue of the crowded corners, some spectacular figure in the controlling crowd living quietly in the smaller cities, and getting along with small profits and sure returns. They are playing safety.

The older a man gets, the bigger his list of impossibilities. The oftener defeat comes to him, the more reluctant he is to venture again. The bitterer his losses, the stronger his determina-

tion to take fewer chances. So, whether he drifts into the smaller communities or into quieter waters of the big stream, the cause and its explanation are the same. He is playing safety. He is making sure.

YOU DON'T NEED A WOMAN.

Perhaps the first sensation, when I saw her train run out of the Short Line station, was the excusable one of loneliness. We have been together pretty much all the time, day and night, when the office could spare me, and habit grows insistent even with old men.

But I conquered the weakness, wafted after her the wish that her journey might be safe and her visit pleasant, and then sternly turned to the rational and the practical things of life. There was the car, and I had to go to the farm. Forty miles all alone in a Buick roadster isn't the worst fate that can befall one, and I started. I got there at supper time, and the boys gave me some bread and tea and berries. They made me a bed in the tent, and I lay there listening to the wind, and watching the diffused glow of the full moon which shone in the south, and was visible even through the tent. The dog came in and promised to keep me company, but thought better of it, and ambled away. The bed wasn't hard, and the night wasn't cold, but Old Man Sleep wouldn't come to me; so I tried to count sheep going over a gate, tried to calculate how much the barley would yield, tried to compute the profits on five years of dry farming. And so I lost myself about midnight.

But when I waked up the watch marked two o'clock, and there was no more sleep in the tent. So at three I slipped out, cranked up quietly, and drove home.

That was a new experience. A coyote got into the road right ahead of me, where the wall of sage ran to the right and to the left of him, and raced along for half a mile, looking back over his shoulder from time to time with a grin, and finally vanishing as completely and as unexpectedly as if he had been only a shadow animal, and wholly unreal. There were grasshoppers that rose at the nose of the car, their wings spread till they looked like birds. And there were flying things bigger than hoppers. I wonder if they were bats.

One place a rabbit sat at the side of the road and as the car came alongside he whacked the ground with his hind foot, bidding defiance to all cars and the works of man. But he didn't run. Once four rabbits appeared in the edge of the sage. They didn't understand the lights and they separated and ran four different ways—without one of them getting under the wheels.

Away down in the white road, this side of Tooele I overtook a young man in a buggy. He had two girls with him at that time in the morning—the darned monopolist, and I was alone. But you don't need a woman.

Did you ever come around the point of the Oquirrh hills very early in the morning? Then you certainly stopped and watched the sunrise; watched the swiftly changing blues and greens—yes, and reds—of the lake; watched the wonderful cloud effects in the sky, and looked over this magical valley to the Wasatch battlements, and blest the Lord it held your home.

The house smelled just a bit musty when I let myself in. But there was plenty of stuff in the ice box, and I had some eggs scrambled to a turn and a cup of coffee, some bread and butter and a plate of the finest cherries. And I cleared away and washed the dishes when the feast was finished. You don't need a woman. The farm trip always gets me dusty, and I like a bath, so I turned the water in the tub, and found the towels, and looked over the machine for need of grease or oil, and then went down town and worked like a Turk all day. I ate lunch at a cafeteria, for they have things nice, and they didn't cost much, and went home at six, and I'll be darned if that bath tub hadn't run over. The place was flooded, and the basement was a lake.

But either I left the gas burning under that coffee or some one came in and lighted it, and it had burned up the coffee and melted the pot, and the metre was chasing its tail like a cat in conniption time.

But you don't need a woman for anything.

LOVE'S GUEST.

You, who in Love's halls have wandered,
Viewed her treasures, touched her wine,
Heard the music of her sighing
As her eyes fell soft on thine,

You must know the glory hidden
From the stranger at the gate,
Who for just one glimpse within it
Long hath waited—long may wait!
—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

An Indian myth (you will pardon its worth)
Says a tortoise, firm in its arching shell
Appears the creature that bears the earth;
But what holds the tortoise no one can tell.

Fear not the menace of the bye-and-bye,
Today is ours, Tomorrow fate must give.
Stretch forth your hands and eat, although ye die,
Better to die than never once to live.

The dames of France are fond and free, and Flemish
lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy, and Spanish eyes are thrill-
ing;
Still though I'm here beneath their smile, their charms
all fall to blind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle, to the girl I left
behind me.