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LEROY ARMSTRONG

Editor

"NEW BROOMS."

Bob Shores, reporter, worked—years ago—on the Inter-Mountain Republican. Mr. Robert J. Shores, essayist, returns as author of a new Bobbs-Merrill book entitled "New Brooms." It is a collection of most delightful essays, each addressed to the editor of The Idler, an imaginary publication which serves as a capital receiving end for the author's delivery. The essays cover a very wide range of topics, and the manner of treatment is as various as the subjects discussed. Few finer examples of satire have found print in America than that wail at the disappearance of beggars, that disquisition on economy by the Ashman, commonly called a scavenger. There is a world of philosophy, capably presented by a pretended cook; and from the latter I want to take a brief passage for your showing:

I do not believe, as many seem to believe, that every man or woman who can juggle a skillet or wield an egg-beater is a cook. Merely to follow a formula in a cookery book does not make one a cook any more than compounding a prescription makes one a physician. Cooking is an art as well as a science. The violinist cannot express his personality in the strains of his instrument more fully than can the cook in his cooking. The favorite dishes of a race are characteristic of that race. The Spaniard, like his chili con carne and his tamale, is hot, peppery and economical. The Frenchman, like his many concoctions, is full of spice, imagination and extravagance. The Italian is indolent and averse to exertion, as is evidenced by his macaroni and spaghetti. The Englishman is red and hearty like his roast beef. The German is fat and fair, like his sausages. The Russian is odd and interesting, like his caviar. The American, like his diet, is cosmopolitan.

And as the cooking of a nation or a race is characteristic of that nation or race, so the cooking of an individual is characteristic of that individual. Coarse people do not prepare dainty dishes. * * * If there be the feeblest spark of charity in a man's breast, a good dinner will fan it into flame. A bad dinner, on the other hand, will bring to the surface all that is mean and ignoble in his nature. Indigestion, I surmise, has been the cause of most of the cruelty

of men. Viewing history in this light, it is easier to understand the apparently wanton slaughter among barbarians. Fed upon ill-conditioned food, the barbarian is attacked in his most sensitive part—his stomach. * * * It is to be observed that the science of cookery and the progress of civilization advance together. Well-fed men are slow to wrath and easily appeased. At the height of the Roman civilization the Romans became epicures, and ceased to be warriors. War has no charms for the man who is at peace with his own stomach.

There are twenty-nine topics, not one depending on the matter selected, but all most readable because of the manner employed. It isn't a book to draw tears, nor break a lance for some Great Cause. But it is a delightful thing to sit down with of an evening, and put oneself in tune by the very music of its composition, by the lightness of the thought, and the delicate shading of its words.

I don't know whether any bookseller here in Salt Lake handles "New Brooms"; but any of them will get a copy for you. And you will thank me, as you read it, for calling it to your attention. I believe Bobbs-Merrill have presented the best American essayist in Mr. Shorer.

IS THIS BALD-ERDASH?

You may talk of the three till the last word is said,
Sherman, Wells and Green,
But there isn't much hair on the top of their head,
Sherman, Wells and Green.
It may have been once but it isn't there now,
From the nape of the neck to the eye they're all brow.
Now that is about the bare fact, anyhow—
Sherman, Wells and Green.

Just look at their pictures all lined in a row,
Sherman, Wells and Green,
What a crop of toupees they'd be able to grow!
Sherman, Wells and Green.
But then, after all, as we've often heard said,
'Tis not what's on top but what's in a man's head;
Here's hoping the moss won't grow there instead—
Sherman, Wells and Green.

—Harold Goff.

CLOSE IN.

Some people, in advertising a cottage for sale, or a room to rent, append the words "close in" to their statement of inducements. The place mentioned is near. It is not remote and difficult to find. It has the advantage of being easily and readily reached. It is "close in."

When they find the Ogden blackhand artist, they are very like to find him "close in."

He knows the rich people of that town as they know themselves. He is so happily situated that he is aware of everything they do; of their plans, their point of view, their preparations

and their possibilities. Of course I don't mean that he is to be found in one of their families, but Ogden rich men are very democratic, and in intercourse with their associates there is little of reserve. All is frankness and cordiality. And this makes for dissemination, while it testifies to affability.

It is a curious development—this sporadic example of the worst of crimes. Now and then something of the sort springs up in a community, ravages for a time, persists against all reason—and then vanishes forever. They will catch the Ogden scoundrel—or they won't. In either case, the blackhand industry will be dropped. There will be an end of it.

You who know my Indiana country may remember the reign of the horsethieves. For ten years after the close of the civil war the horsethief was the terror of the people. And yet through those years no man known to be capable and in earnest could be elected sheriff or prosecuting attorney in any one of a dozen counties. Not every farmer would publish his sentiments, but the balloting would show that the horsethieves had nothing to fear from the men elected. Now and then it would be known that a gang of outlaws had found harborage in the stacks or woods of a farmer, and to the surprised query why he hadn't informed the officers, the farmer would reply that he didn't care to have his barns burned. The outlaws bought food and grain from him and paid him good money—much more than the market price.

"I pay my taxes, and I don't propose to do the work the sheriff draws pay for."

That was a common defense.

Years ago I knew Steve Taylor, of Tippecanoe county. His stories were tremendously impressive. He is dead now, but he did more than any other one man to terminate that horsethief dominance. The whole of northwest Indiana is low country. For the most part it is swamps. The outlaws would assemble their stolen horses in some place near to the south end of the swamp country, and when they had a band, would push into the wilderness, headed for Chicago, their market. They know every pathway. Not many other people did. Pursuit was useless. Time and again sheriff's parties were mired down in the Kankakee marshes, even when close on the heels of their quarry. Sometimes there were battles, and the pursuers were repulsed, with woundings. Oftener it was believed the officers were paid to let the rascals go.

But Steve Taylor made his race squarely on the issue that, if elected, he would break up