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The Present Call

HALF a century ago the girls were wont to play upon their pianos a number called "The Turkish Review." It was intended to represent in music the approach and then the retirement of a martial band.

At first were softly heard the mingled murmurs of sounding fifes and drums and trumpets afar off; then the mingled notes grew louder and more distinct and, joining with them, the sound of the measured tread of marching men. They grew into full volume at last and it was easy for one with a little imagination to see before him the marching columns, the flags, and to hear the trumpet calls and rolling drums.

Then the music began to lose its volume, the marching was sweeping on into the distance growing less distinct until its final disappearance, and the music ceased.

To old people, the present situation recalls that far away music. We are in a state of war and every day's dispatches are filled with the far away echoes of the preparations going on. And in each succeeding day, those notes of preparation are growing louder. The fifes, the drums and trumpets are swelling in volume, and already the sounds of marching feet from every state are growing more distinct. But there is no break in the solemn melody of it all. When one hundred million people, moved by a holy purpose, are moving over an expanse of 2,500,000 square miles to where their gathered strength may become effective, they surely make an impressive spectacle before the world. To the thoughtful, they give an impression of a power that should awe the world.

For sixty years our people have been waging a war of conquest upon a vast wilderness, and utilizing the mighty opportunities that wilderness presented.

First steam came as an ally, and later the lightnings came down from their Olympus and consented to be man's most subtle servant. The telegraph and telephone became man's domestic servants. This expedited the work; the conquest is now completed, and twenty new states have been rounded into form.

Twenty years ago, to stop some unspeakable wrongs, our country engaged in war. Because of what our fleet did in Manila Bay, and what another fleet did off Santiago, our's suddenly became a world of power.

And now, perhaps to stop our pursuit of wealth and the arrogance that comes of plebian fortunes, another call has come to us to go out and prove that the claim that our republic was founded on the majestic watch-word of equal rights and peace, but peace with honor, was not a false pretense.

And the mighty host is moving. The tread of marching feet is heard in every state. The echoes of trumpet and drum are coming to us, while in softer tones one hears:

"Weave no more webs, ye Lyon's looms,
To deck our girls with gay delights;
The crimson flower of battle blooms
And solemn marches fill the nights."

It means that ours are to be a chastened people. When the storm shall have passed, our country will not be so rich in money as it now is; there may be mourning in many homes; but the world will understand as never before that "Liberty with Honor" and "Eternal Justice" are not catch words, but eternal principles of our republic. And the world will also understand that it is a dangerous experiment to doubt the integrity or the valor of the republic's sons, and to challenge their defensive powers.

A MOTHER TO HER SON

DO you know that your soul is of my soul, such part,
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name,
"Like mother like son" is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of "Mother" by you.

Be you then the task, if task it shall be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me.

Be sure it will say when the verdict you've won,
"She reaped as she sowed," Lo! this is her Son.

The Horrors Of War

THE coming to this country of the English, French, Russian and Italian delegations indirectly shows how far spent all those nations are by the drain of the mighty war. There is no complaint, no word of a weakening in the determination to win, but that the burden is most heavy there is no attempt to conceal.

It is no wonder. The dead that are being mourned for, the maimed that must be supported; the further sacrifices still necessary; the fear of a food shortage; the debt that must be provided for; the uncertainty of the future—all combine to weight them down. What it must be in Germany we can only imagine, but it must be equally if not more severe.

But the situation is far worse in Belgium; infinitely worse in Poland. There, some millions of people have lived for months on less than half the needed food to sustain life itself; tens of thousands of little children have died; tens of thousands more that could once walk are unable now to stand, and will never walk again; tuberculosis is raging fearfully among the adults due to insufficient food.

Then among the prisoners of war in all the European countries, besides the maimed, thousands have utterly lost their minds under the horrors they have passed through. One would think that the rulers of those lands would cry out for peace; one would think that if there is any answer to prayers, the Infinite would command peace.

Since the beginning of time, no such a situation as the present has affected the peoples of the earth.

Colonel William Farish

COLON WILLIAM—"BILLIE"—FARISH died in Los Angeles on the 4th inst. It is sad news to some of us who knew him in the long ago, when all his faculties were alert and the promptings of his mind and heart could be read as an open book.

He was born in Tennessee, we think in 1843. In 1849 or 1850 his parents brought him to Marysville, California, where he lived until he was about sixteen years of age when his parents moved to San Francisco. There he worsted his school teacher in an argument that ended in contused faces and blackened eyes. Then he went away to the mountains and found employment in the Sierra Butte mill and mine.

In a brief time he had increased the percentage saved in the mill some fifteen per cent, but he told the owners that the mill was a rattle trap and should be discarded, and that a modern mill of sixty heavier stamps and improved gold-getting devices would have to be built before any profits worth while could be obtained.

The owners were shocked. A sixty stamp mill had never been heard of. But Farish pointed out that the increased expense would not be in proportion to the increased output, and that the ore was low grade and no profits could come save by increasing the volume of ore reduced. "But where are we to get the ore?" was the next question asked. His answer was: "This mine will supply it, and will keep supplying it long after most of you are dead."

The new mill was built and the mine soon became famous. The stamps a little later were increased and the mine supplied the mill up to about ten years ago.

That was the most pronounced faculty of Mr. Farish. He knew the alphabet of the rocks apparently by instinct, and it told him where a great treasure was located.

When he left the Sierra Butte mine he went to Shasta county and made a great success there. Then he was called to El Dorado county and made another wonderful success. When the mines in the Black Hills were discovered, the