



Goodwin's Weekly

EDITORIALS

It has been inspiring to watch Utahns at work during the past week. Something struck fire in their hearts and fanned the flames of ennobling sentiment to a white heat. The latest call for service has not alone appealed to the sporting blood of the people; there has been a genuine spiritual awakening—and what a wonderful experience to witness! Though far removed from the theatre of war itself we have been in close communion with many of our comrades from abroad; their presence electrified every occasion and surcharged every red-blooded citizen with a spirit for service and sacrifice that will not yield possession while the war endures. After the stirring events of the week, where is the American worthy of the name who has not felt a strange tugging at the heartstrings, whose soul has not been stirred to the depths, whose feelings have not run the whole range of human emotions, and who has not made a high and firm resolve to serve his country with stout heart and unsparing sacrifice until the last gun is fired and an enduring peace established? If such there be in this community, he is a marked man.

We owe much, of course, to our distinguished comrades-at-arms from the war-torn countries abroad for the remarkable success of our Red Cross drive. Their presence was an inspiration that will quicken the blood as long as memory lasts. They made a strange appeal to our better selves. We waxed warm with hero worship for the moment, but it was the afterthoughts that worked the greater influence. It was given us to gaze into the faces and hear the plea of these battle-scarred veterans who had risked everything for the cause, who were still firm in the faith and who were returning to the front to carry on the fight. And we fancy that there was not a single citizen along the long line of march who cannot truthfully confess to feeling a sense of shame at his own shortcomings. That, at least, was our personal experience, and so must it have been the experience of every other honest man and woman.

It is more blessed to give than receive. The cause of the Red Cross will prosper because of our latest and most generous offering. Who knows what blessings will come to the war-weary lands where men lie wounded and women mourn and even the little children have ceased to smile, all because we have again opened up our hearts and given of our abundance to sustain them in their suffering? But even so, when the accounts are finally balanced it will be found that the richest blessings have been showered upon ourselves—such as can only come through the glory of the giving. Perhaps there may be a stray citizen here and there this morning who has thus far been recreant to this most sacred obligation. Let such laggards hasten to make their contributions before sunset—not that Utah needs their money to fulfill her promise, but that such persons as these may in the days to come have peace in their own hearts.

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WHAT: AGAIN?

CAN it be possible that Colonel Bryan is again setting his cap for the Presidency? The Washington STAR raises the question in a most flattering comment on the occasion of the colonel's fifty-eighth birthday, which article subsequently appeared in his paper, the COMMONER. That brother Bryan should think enough of the kind words uttered to print them in full gives rise to all sorts of speculations. Of course he carefully avoided commenting on it himself, but that wasn't necessary.

After observing that Bryan became "the Warwick of the convention" at which President Wilson was nominated, and that "in selecting

his official advisers Mr. Wilson remembered his creator and placed him at the head of his cabinet," the STAR then goes on to say:

"Mr. Bryan's activities are searched for signs as to 1920. What interpretation may be put upon them? Is the presidential bee still in his bonnet? There are those who fancy they hear it buzzing. He has still, after all these years and the record—three unsuccessful campaigns for the presidency, and a brief stay in the state department—a large and devoted following. Under sixty, he is rated as in his prime—as still something of a young man in politics.

"We shall know more about Mr. Bryan and the hopes and purposes of his followers as to this matter a little later. He will remain in the limelight—one can hardly think of him as in a shadow—and his friends and supporters, taking their cue from him, are never idle."

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STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

WHAT queer pranks war seems to play on the prejudices of the American people! As surely as politics makes strange bedfellows, so does war—and in more striking manner. Who would have fancied a short four years ago that we would so soon see the day when Washington and Wall Street would make their peace and, like the lion and the lamb, lie down together? Who, other than an irresponsible visionary or a fool, would have had the temerity to prophesy that the time would come when a Democratic Administration would send out the S. O. S. signal to "Big Business," and that those who had so long been subjected to the curses and contumelies of the political party now in power would promptly and patriotically respond to such call? This too, notwithstanding the fact that politics is still being played in government circles and whatever succor and support is brought to the Administration in its present straits is liable, among other things, to grease the machine of the ancient enemies of these so-called plutocrats.

Yet all this has happened and is happening every day. And strange to say, the average American casually observes this process, showing no surprise on his countenance and no suspicion in his heart. Only when one contemplates in cold blood this burying of hatchets does he grow bewildered and start to wonder what it all means now, and what it will mean in the future. It was not so long ago that we were told by the leading Democratic spokesmen how Schwab was a scoundrel, Ryan a copper baron, Baruch a Wall Street plunger and pirate, and Davison, although never personally assailed, was nevertheless linked up with the malefactors of great wealth. And yet today, at the Administration's urgent solicitation, we see Schwab at the head of our shipping interests, Ryan in complete charge of our aircraft industry, Baruch acting as Uncle Sam's chief market-man, and Davison directing the activities of America's great agency of mercy, the Red Cross.

How did all this happen? Who knows? There are those who are daring enough to insinuate that certain representatives of "Big Business," which after all much be depended upon to furnish the bulk of the sinews of war, served notice upon the Administration that if it expected their unstinted support it would have to put trained men in charge of the war machine. In other words, the captains of industry, assuming to speak not only for themselves but for the great American people as well, made it quite clear to those in control of the nation's destinies that they were more than willing to back the government to the limit of their resources, provided the government was willing to utilize the best brains of the country in pushing the war to a successful and speedy conclusion. Of course this is only somebody's speculation but it is in line with the prevailing sentiment of the people, and it is altogether possible that something of this nature actually transpired.