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EDITORIALS BY JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN

No Battle Genius Yet

WHEN the great war began, in a little article in this journal the question was asked, from what source the great soldier of the war would spring; the soldier that would stand out as Alexander did, as Caesar did, as Napoleon did, the one wonderful battle genius who could compel Fate to obey him; who could call up his forces from a hundred sources, have them at his bidding and then launch one blow that would at once be overwhelming and decisive.

During the year some great new names have appeared, but so far they belong only to the realm of science.

So far they have been but mathematicians. They have been demonstrating the utmost that perfect mathematical rules applied to the science of war can produce, as a teacher makes clear to a class what in a given formula X equals.

The leaders of the armies of Europe in Napoleon's time were all familiar with the rules under which at that time wars were fought.

Napoleon beat them in detail and then altogether and moved on from victory to victory for twenty years, by doing what the enemy did not expect at impossible times. It was not haphazard work, but was under a regular system, but the system was a child of his own genius, and while his enemies saw the result of it, they could not imitate it.

So far the war has been fought by rule, nowhere under the battle canopies have those divine flashes been seen which point the way to that order of victory which is decisive.

It has been simply force against force—armies have simply been machines, and generals have been merely engineers to direct the machines.

The forces have been merely material forces and as a rule their successes have been due to the differences in the weight and accuracy of the missiles hurled at each other.

Said Dessaix, when he reached the battlefield of Marengo at 3 p. m.: "Sire, this looks to me like a battle lost." Napoleon lowered the glass from his eyes, and replied: "It looks to me like a battle won." Then Dessaix looked at his watch and said: "Yes, it is only three o'clock."

The corps of Victor and Launes had been falling back for two hours and were terribly shattered, but the emperor giving Dessaix orders where to strike, in person rode among the retreating troops, and crying to them that they had retreated far enough, to halt, reform and take the offensive, that a reinforcement had come, in ten minutes changed the face of things and made victory certain. Dessaix was killed, but when the night came down on the long roll of the emperor's triumph Marengo was the brightest and still a name for Frenchmen to conjure by.

Warfare has changed. No general can now

look over more than a section of a battle field; the telegraph is a general's chief aide; the war is no longer between armies, but between nations; the methods have all changed; the scouts are in the clouds; it is as though the lightnings were the commanders and the earthquake their fighting machine; there seems to be no chance for mere individuals to separate themselves from the mass and shine out the concentrated elements of genius incarnated in one man.

At least, up to date, while many scientific soldiers have distinguished themselves, the distinction has been that which comes from culture.

There has not been one that seems to have been born an inspired battle genius.

Poland

WHEN history began to take form in southeastern Europe, out of the myths a legend came of a people that a thousand years ago lived in peace in the valley of the Vistula; a superior people that had a patriarchal government of their own. They had gardens and cultivated fields, had sheep and cattle and superior horses, descendants of the blood horses that had come from central Asia; such horses as had grown and been nurtured in the stables of kings from a time long before any history had been written.

But they were surrounded by semi-barbarous peoples on every side—the Russ still dominated by the old fierce Asiatic instincts; the Goths but half regenerated from barbarism; the Huns; the race of whom Atilla was the highest type. All these by turns made war upon their richer neighbor, but all were in detail beaten and for hundreds of years this people maintained their little kingdom intact and with them the lamp of civilization which they kept lighted in the window of their kingdom shed a steadily growing softer and brighter light. But as they steadily increased in wealth and influence their neighbors more and more coveted their possessions. In the meantime gunpowder and guns had been invented, the nations around them began to maintain larger and larger armies and finally by strength and superior means of destruction began to encroach upon and absorb their territory, until finally a hundred years ago, three surrounding powers combined in war against them and by sheer force divided the little kingdom among themselves.

But they did not divide the spirit of the people and they, through the century have been vexing the ear of the Infinite with prayers for justice.

At last the big bruisers that dismembered their land fell out and for a year past have been waging a war of extermination upon each other. Strangely enough one of the chiefest of their battle grounds has been upon the soil of this little former kingdom. The land has been rent by shot and shell, disfigured by trenches and loaded with dead. The land has been devastated, the cities rent by war's missiles, the sufferings of the people have been incalculable, but we suspect that amid their sufferings there has been a solemn joy over the thought that their prayers have been heard and that a just God is answering them in His own way, and that they are nursing a belief

in their souls, that after the earthquake, the storm and the fire shall have passed, a still small voice will proclaim for them a restoration for their country and that they will attain to their old place among the nations of the earth.

No End of The War in Sight

THE allies are meeting a most stubborn resistance on the Bosphorus. Still we suspect that the feeling in England is that Constantinople must be taken, no matter what the cost may be, for until it is neither Egypt, the Suez canal nor India is safe.

Egypt is filled with Mohammedans, in India there are seventy millions of them; it is clear that if the war continues until all these forces are combined and shall have learned their power, nothing in southern Asia or northern Africa will be safe against them. And Germany has stretched a railroad from the Mediterranean as far into Asia as ancient Mesopotamia and should a peace be patched up before Constantinople is taken and a clear way made for Russian ships out from the Black sea, the situation will be a constant menace to both Great Britain and Russia. This is so manifest that it is not impossible that the next great drive of the Germans may be to secure a hold on the Balkan states and to try to raise the siege on the Bosphorus. As the war develops, the difficulty of estimating when it will close, grows greater and greater. Unless a pestilence comes, or the people in desperation rise up and demand peace, it is clear that there will be no cessation until "the fiery hosts, now rolling on the foe, shall be mouldering cold and low."

The Wireless

NICOLA TESLA, called "the world's greatest wireless expert," has been interviewed and has given his views of the possibilities of the wireless. He declares that the wireless has made impossible any surprises on land or sea; thinks a great station to cost \$250,000 should at once be established for home use, to report when storms or other disasters make the telegraph and telephone useless, a circle of stations should be established to make known all that is happening; that as the receiving apparatus is simple and cheap, people isolated anywhere might possess one and thus get daily the world's news; that in this way music or lectures might be disseminated everywhere; believes this would constantly draw the people nearer and nearer to each other, and thinks that the present war ought to be a notice to our country, not to be invincible in war, but invulnerable against attack. That each coast wireless should be under the direction of a capable officer, who in time of war could have submarines and ships likewise under his care, that could be guided from shore and make it impossible for any attack to be made from the sea.

The wireless has only just begun to demonstrate its own possibilities. It moves in currents which no storm can effect, its range is infinite, when a few more of its possibilities shall be known, it may be the agent to decide when na-