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EDITORIALS BY JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN

Christmas Day Bookkeeping

WHEN Mr. Frick of New York heard that the savings of some school children in Pittsburgh, savings of many years, had been lost by the suspension of a saving's bank where the money was deposited, he inquired the amount and was told that it was \$160,000. Then he wired to Pittsburgh to tell the children that it was all right, that he would make good the entire amount as a Christmas present to the children. It was a very splendid act on his part and it was right to wire the story to the world's ends, to every place to which the electric messenger carries news.

It was an example to rich people everywhere and the knowledge of it should soften the hearts of the poor toward the rich.

"Tony Bradshaw works for \$3 per day and has a mother to support. But Tony is like most young men. He is dead in love. His divinity is a buxom blonde whose birthplace was across the straits from Copenhagen.

Tony admits that since the world began there may have been a few girls as sweet as his, but not many. During the past month he denied himself tobacco and the five-cent glass of beer he is in normal times wont to indulge in after a day's hard work. He scrimped himself in other ways and saved from his wages \$30 with which he intended to buy his sweetheart a bracelet and gold ring, take her to a photographer and have her sit for a picture for him, take her to a movie at night, and to supper later and hoped to save enough to buy his mother a \$2 pair of spectacles, that she might read with more comfort, and to carry home to her a hot oyster loaf.

He started up town on Christmas morning, rejoicing in anticipation of the pleasure that was to be his through his proposed gifts. It was a cold morning, and as he was rubbing his ears and saying to himself that the air was a trifle crisp, he ran upon an urchin about ten years old that was barefoot.

He stopped the child and said, "Sonny, where are your shoes?"

The child gave him a pathetic look and answered softly: "I have no shoes." "Where do you live, sonny?" asked Tony. The child pointed to a little unpainted house near by and said, "There."

Tony took the boy by the hand and said, "Come and show me your home?"

Arriving there, Tony found the mother and two other children; found there were no comforts in the home and further that the mother had had no breakfast and the children only a crust of bread each. "What a brutal old world it is?" was Tony's first thought, then after a moment's reflection he went down into his pocket and brought up his \$30. He looked at it a moment, then selected out \$1.25, handed the rest to

the woman, telling her that it was all he had with him that morning, but that he had plenty more at home and vanished before the woman could thank him. He bought a dollar's worth of roses and took them to his divinity, told her he had planned to take her to the theatre, but a few men were needed where he worked even on a holiday night and the other men wanted to take their wives out on that night and so he had agreed to work. With the remaining twenty-five cents he bought a can of Van Camp's baked beans and took them to his mother and told her that the spectacle store was closed. Then with a grim smile he said to himself: "The Bible says there will be a hot time for all liars in the future and I have told three whoppers to three women today."

His acts were not cabled around the world, but in the great ledger of eternity both Frick and Tony have accounts, and it would be good to see the entries made for each on the Christmas page of 1915.

The World's Anxiety

SOME thousands of men are dying daily along the battle fronts of Europe and Asia; some thousands of women's hearts are breaking daily behind the battle lines, some thousands of children are going to bed supperless in the homes made desolate by the mighty war, and the shadow of the black throne on which Despair sits draws its pall over all those lands, from palace to the low peasant's shed. Indeed that shadow fills the world and the hearts of men are heavy with it everywhere.

Each power is accusing the others for the responsibility of the long drawn-out mighty tragedy, but either Russia or Austria or Germany or Great Britain might have prevented it. Behind it all there was a commercial lust, a lust for power, a land lust, the envy and jealousy of rulers, and the ancient hates that for years had been urging it on.

The war has been raging now for nearly seventeen months: In poetry and prose gifted writers will be trying in vain for a hundred years to come to depict its unspeakable horrors, every means of destruction has been resorted to, but if any one of the powers engaged can point to any real advantage thus far gained, the outside world cannot see it.

Their cities are filled with cripples; their multiplied hospitals with the wounded and dying; their asylums filled with men whose minds have been shattered by its horrors; their future for centuries to come will be but a struggle under an insurmountable debt.

Why do they not in unison call a halt? "Has judgment fled to brutish beasts," and have "men lost their reason?"

It surely looks that way. The instruments of death have all been tried, so far in vain; is it not time for reason to resume its sway? Nothing has thus far been appealed to except what the enraged wild beast appeals to! Is that the only remedy left now, two thousand years after the uplifting of the cross?

When the storm first burst our president offered the good offices of our government to help adjust the troubles. Is it not time now to speak in plainer terms of the shame and horror of the war and back the words with something like a demand for a truce that may lead to an adjustment? It is within the responsibility of our government to do anything it can to bring around peace, for this war is more than a clash between nations, it is an assault upon civilization itself.

When only a wild beast appeal is made to men, if the appeal is repeated often enough, it will make only wild beasts of them.

Europe is swiftly filling with wild beasts that once were men.

The New Year, All Hail!

ANOTHER mile post in the march of the ages is reached today. In the onward march in the lives of men and nations another lap is completed today. To Time it is what to monarchies the death of a king is: "The king is dead; long live the king."

While the bells toll the old year out, and ring the new year in, those of reminiscent thought are recalling that they have lived so many years; that their country has been a nation so many years, trying to see through the gathering mists of the centuries what advances the world has made and trying to peer into the future and anticipate what is to be.

In many homes only low words are being spoken for a voice that sounded through the home a year ago has been stilled; in others all is joy for out of the silence a prattle has come that is to the household sweeter than the most delicious music. The most impressive thought connected with it is that there is no halt between the cradle and the grave—the inexorable years have no resting place.

In our country the bells of greeting drown the solemn farewells to the old year; across the sea the clank of the funeral bells cannot be changed to give one joyous ring for Peace has fled from those shores and sometimes it looks as though Mercy and Hope fled with it.

In our land we have a right to give the New Year a joyous welcome, for looking the world around the most thoughtless must be impressed with the fact that no other land has half the blessings that ours has; no other people so much to be thankful for as has ours; no future half so filled with promise as that which like a golden bow spans our skies.

With grateful hearts our people should hail this new year and mingled with the joy there should be earnest prayer that our government be guided by more than earthly wisdom and that our people reconsecrate their lives to devotion to country, and to the upholding of enlightened liberty and justice.

In laying out the New Year's work, with the thoughts of business, there should be mingled charity for the unfortunate and a desire for the advancement of every good, for as increased burdens are to come upon the government, increased duties will be forced upon the people in forms