

Goodwin's Weekly

Vol. 26

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEBRUARY 12, 1916

No 9

*An Independent Paper Published Under
the Management of J. T. Goodwin ::*

EDITORIALS BY JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN

The Great Anniversary

TODAY is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

We call it the great anniversary because the life of Lincoln was a notice, served upon the youth of the United States that there is a nobility of mankind which does not depend upon fortune, birth, education, or any of the usual means which help him to gain name and station, but which despite all the means on which ordinary men rely for preference, could still assert itself and make the world stand abashed in its august presence. Lincoln had three overmastering qualities. He had the foremost brain of his age; he had a heart big enough to take in all suffering humanity; he had an integrity that was incorporated into the very fiber of his life. Said Douglas: "He was the honestest man I ever saw."

One of the most brilliant men who ever came to the west coast was Senator James Y. McDougal. He went to California from Illinois, where he had known Lincoln for years.

One day in Sacramento a discussion arose among the members of the bar of that city concerning what seemed to them a wonderfully logical speech that had been delivered that day in the court house. Finally McDougal said: "I heard it; it was a good speech, but if you want to read the most logical speech I ever read, go to the state library in the capitol, turn to page—of the—volume of the Congressional Globe and read the speech there, delivered by Abe Lincoln of Illinois." And who is Abe Lincoln? was asked him to which he answered: "He is a country lawyer in Illinois. He would be about six feet three, if he would straighten up, raw boned, jolly, story telling careless man, with the homeliest, saddest face you ever looked in, but he knows more than anybody. He never had more than a smattering of elementary education, but he did not need it, he was born with more sense than all of us can ever acquire."

Jim Green, a great St. Louis lawyer, and a pronounced Southerner went over to Illinois to hear the Douglas-Lincoln debate at Freeport. Returning to St. Louis his friends gathered around him and one said: "The little giant is getting away with the rallsplitter easy enough, is he not?" To which Green replied: "No, he is not, nobody can. All you can do is to say you'll be d—d if you stand it."

General Carl Schurz returned from Chancellorsville and was imprudent enough to write Mr. Lincoln a letter criticising his conduct of the war. Lincoln replied to it and that finished General Schurz until the end of the war.

Seward, as secretary of state, thought to control the course of the administration.

At a most critical time when we were in im-

minent danger of a war with Great Britain and France, Seward wrote to the British premier and incidentally mentioned what he had done, "Let me see the letter please?" said Lincoln. It was given him. He sat down, read the letter, expunged here a word and there a line, added here a word and there a line, then pushed it over to Seward and said: "Have it copied that way and send it." Seward read it through and then was great enough to say: "Mr. President, as corrected, that is a most able state paper." Horace Greeley, in his Tribune had more than once criticised the administration sharply. Greeley was a most gifted man, his paper had grown so great that he believed it should influence the nation's course, but Greeley never had level judgment.

When the Gettysburg cemetery was to be dedicated, one of the foremost orators of all the world was called to make the address. He spoke two hours. Mr. Lincoln followed him. His speech lasted only six minutes. They were both published in the Tribune next morning and speaking of them Mr. Greeley wrote: "Who will say that there was not more in the six minutes than in the two hours' speech?"

But at that time Mr. Lincoln's work was nearly finished, and the invisible wireless must even then have begun to bring him messages from that station in the stars where the deeds of men are passed upon. Another great address came when the last inaugural of the much-tried man was delivered. It was radiant with divine flashes.

A little later came the end and when his soul fled, through the ether men saw how white it was and bowed before it.

London Punch had been deriding Mr. Lincoln every week for four years, deriding him in bitterest and most scornful words and embellishing its pages with contemptuous caricatures. The editor of Punch must have caught a glimpse of the radiance of that soul for in its next issue Punch, figuratively, fairly went upon its knees in confession of its guilt and in cries for pardon.

Some people say the manner of his taking off added to Mr. Lincoln's fame. That is not true. It drew immediate and universal attention to him, but had it been different as men would have read the story of his life the final verdict would have been, as it now is, that the life he lived finally revealed perhaps the most wonderful character the world ever produced, leaving the most majestic memory of all the ages.

Our New Responsibilities

IN one of his middle west state speeches last week President Wilson said in substance that our nation had suddenly been thrust to the forefront of the nations in the conduct of the world's business. If this is true how are we meeting the new and fearful responsibilities that have been thrust upon us?

Which of the outside nations has withdrawn its bank account from abroad and obtained a check book with which to open an account with us? It is said that Great Britain has been doing a wonderful business, especially with Latin America ever since the war opened. What have we done with any of them except to warn all

Americans and other foreigners to get out of Mexico because we can no longer protect them? Are Brazil and Argentine looking to us for supplies or for a market for their rubber, sugar, coffee and other products which they desire to export? The report is that the Wyoming Indians are selling their ponies to the agents of the allies and buying automobiles with the money. Now there is some style about that. Can our government boast of an advance comparable with that which has come through the war?

Is the flag of the United States a familiar spectacle in any foreign port in the world? How are we meeting this new, august, and auspicious responsibility that has been thrust upon us?

At home we can neither protect our little farmers down on the Rio Grande, nor avenge their murders when they are killed. Abroad, all we are sending away by our own conveyances is the lamentable cry that Boston and the Charleston navy yard are in imminent danger of being bombarded from sixteen miles out at sea by the entire British navy, massed for that purpose. Even as the old histories told how when the Bunker Hill fight was on, a British sloop of war wore around and raked the flimsy redoubt from end to end, so we are said to be helpless to prevent the invasion of Massachusetts. How are we meeting our great new responsibilities?

Our Navy

SECRETARY DANIELS is reported as having said that the navy was never before so well officered and manned as at present. That is comforting. One instinctively thinks of Paul Jones, Hull, Lawrence, Bainbridge, Perry, Porter, Preble, Ducaer, Farragut, Winslow, Craven, Jonet, Jenkins, Dewey, Chaderick, Coghlan, Samson, Schley, Clarke, Taylor, Evans, and the others, and of that wild Irish gunner on the Olympic, who asked what the matter was when the fight lulled on that hot morning in Manila Bay, and when told that it was for breakfast cried out "To hell with breakfast, let us finish this job."

It gives us an assurance that after our navy shall have been destroyed, and our Atlantic coast cities are all captured and looted, those engaged in that performance will know that they have had some real exercise.

Further, it brings to mind the fact that all foreign governments know the traditions of our navy as well as we do and have a wholesome respect for those floating forts that are keeping watch over our exposed coasts, and should the time ever come for them to awaken their thunders, there would be something doing so sure as the world.

Their numbers should be steadily increased, so should be the numbers of those little assassins called submarines and premiums should be offered for more effective air craft—the navy of the clouds. There should be no excitement, no hysteria about it but just steady work for there is no probability, hardly, a possibility, of any power that has a navy attacking us, for years to come. In the meantime the Hague Tribunal should be kept in session, for the present war has demon-