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EDITORIALS BY JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN

STRAIGHT TALK

THE comical raids inaugurated and carried out by the mayor, the chief of police and other officials are causing no end of amusement in the community, and those interested in being handed a laugh are wondering what place the press agent will pick out for the next exhibition. Personally conducted tours to restaurants, rooming houses, gambling joints, etc., some under the direction of the police commissioner and some led by the chief of police are enhancing the joy of living, while real crooks are having a picnic and the principal streets at night are filled with the lowest kind of tenderloin habitués endeavoring to make an honest dollar.

Before midnight Maxim's was raided and those present were lined up on the dance floor. The men and women were herded separately, and then the intrepid officers picked out those they wanted, loading the wagons and carting them away. Not to be outdone by the chief, the mayor directed some officers to make a thrilling capture of some gambling paraphernalia at the Wayne hotel, and at this writing the community is at a tension in anticipation of what further heroics may be indulged in during the purification of our beautiful city.

If Chief Shores would station some reliable plain clothes men or go himself if he feels like it to the corner of Second South and Main streets during any midnight hour when the saloons and restaurants are closing he would find plenty to keep the entire squad busy until the toughs were apprehended. Not only on this corner, which is the busiest one, but along the entire length of Main street from South Temple to Fourth South, there are scores of women "hustling" in a way that is a positive disgrace to the city, for they are bolder than they have ever been before, and their methods cruder and more daring. The streets are filled with dips, "macks" and the night rabble, all of whom conduct themselves as they please, and the sight is hardly inspiring to a stranger, and besides, their actions are really a menace to respectable people who may be on the thoroughfares.

There was a gang fight on First South and Main streets Saturday night at midnight that was ferocious in the extreme and participated in by at least ten men who fought over a period of from fifteen to twenty minutes without a policeman coming in sight. The same kind of a performance was repeated on the northwest corner of Second South and Main on Monday night without any interference from the police. These are just incidents. The real criminals in the city are quietly working on the outside, but the downtown streets could be cleaned up with very little effort and it is up to somebody in authority to take the matter in hand. If the chief does not

know of it, it is because some are lax in their duty, and if that is the case, he should let them out for the good of the service. There has never been so much unfavorable comment regarding the actions of the hoodlums and others in the business streets at night as at the present time and it is a matter deserving the immediate attention of the authorities. In the meantime, we trust that at least one spectacular raid will be made each week, for there is very little variety in the night life of late, and those who are usually in evidence after the lights are on must have something to relieve the monotony.

The Ogden Examiner referring to the recent controversy among the dailies as to whether the Salt Lake team should be referred to as the Bees, Utes, Saints, or something else, has a splendid suggestion in its editorial columns, which we are pleased to reproduce. It runs as follows:

A Salt Lake newspaper named the Salt Lake baseball team the "Bees." Two other Zion papers did not take kindly to the name, as the "Bees" have not been making much of a buzz in the percentage column. One paper looked them over and concluded they looked more like "Saints." The other paper, after taking soundings, concluded that "Utes" would just about tell the story, and now the godfather of the "Bees" is throwing an awful fit because two contemporaries are calling its kids names.

It says the refusal to call the ball boys by their accepted non de plume is nothing more nor less than "small town stuff," whatever that is, and deplores the humiliation the club must endure when they see their names in the morning papers. Frankly, we never figured that there was much in a name for a ball club if it succeeded in stepping high on the ladder without getting dizzy. However, we hate to see this "small town stuff" pulled in Salt Lake and suggest that the wrath of the evening contemporary be appeased by striking a compromise and calling them "Brats." But by all means the morning papers should quit teasing the baby.

MINES—STOCKS

IT breaks out in a new place every morning. In these exciting days on the stock exchange, one never can tell just what is due to aviate or descend, and consequently the market is a joy to the speculator with his finger on the trigger, and equally attractive to the investor who plays safe. The play at the opening Monday was true to the predictions made by the market-wise over the week end, and while the majority of the live issues experienced a rise, the bears were also on the job, and cleaned house with a vengeance. On the bull side three stocks occupied most of the limelight—Alta Con, which opens the call—Yankee, which closes it, and Silver Shield at the half-way house between, the strength in all of them following persistent and authoritative reports regarding the physical condition of the properties, in each of which such strikes have apparently been made as to warrant higher prices than those prevailing at present. If the ore in the Silver Shield is from the vein that experts believe it is, \$3 would not be an extravagant price for the stock. But until the source of the present high grade is proven, the stock is high enough at present figures.

An incident of human interest illustrating the vicissitudes in a mining game has come of the Silver Shield strike in the story of the man Swenson, who had 5,000 shares for fifteen years, and paid over forty assessments and sold the stock for 5 cents a share the day before the strike was made, and the stock went to 80 cents. If that isn't hard luck, we don't know what is.

A parallel and even more pathetic incident was recorded in the death of old man Pugsley a

fortnight ago, who after struggling through life, making only a fairly comfortable living, suddenly died possessed of thousands of shares of Cardiff, which cost him little or nothing. But this is diverting. We were mentioning the market features of the week.

The strike in Yankee seems to be the real thing, and we look for the stock to go higher. With the week's developments in Alta Con, and judging from the reports of those who have examined the property, it would not be surprising if a great mine is in the making there.

So many of those who line up with the talent have been loaded with Albion, that the sudden decline in the stock, and the subsequent call for margins, looked pretty raw to a rail bird, or a man up a sycamore, especially in view of the fact that three shifts of men are working at the property, and indications are reported as being very favorable. In the spring cleaning there is no occasion to use a vacuum cleaner, unless the house is very dirty.

According to W. H. Child, a force of a dozen men will be put to work immediately at the Whirlwind Con. company in the American Fork district. Charles Tyng of the Texan, the property the Whirlwind adjoins, is in charge of the work, and power installation preparatory to driving a fifteen hundred foot tunnel will be the first move in the development work.

The strength in Walker Copper has followed the report that the various interests are getting together, and that the dove of peace is liable to light on the company at any moment. There is another rumor that will not do to the effect that D. C. Jackling and the interests represented by him are contemplating taking over the property. We can get no confirmation of this report and, in fact, everyone in a position to reply has been very reticent about saying anything regarding this phase of the situation, but if the Jackling interests do take it over it will mean a big killing for those who have the goods. The latest report from the property brought by J. R. and C. A. Walker is that the last fifty-six feet of diamond drilling was through solid ore averaging more than twelve per cent copper.

BEER AND THE GERMAN ARMY

(The author of the following article, which appeared recently in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is director of the Association for the Distribution of Beer in Germany. This organization copes with the tremendous task of supplying the entire German army with beer. Director Stein, who is a Swiss citizen, recently visited the United States for a short stay and his shrewd observations will interest those who care for constructive criticism and enlightened advice.)

By DR. MAX STEIN.

Every day the Association for the Distribution of Beer in Germany, of which I am the director, sends 1,500,000 liters of beer to our soldiers at the front.

Every day railroads, motor trucks, pack animals, steamships, are carrying great shipments of beer to our soldiers in Russia, in Germany and in the Balkans.

The average American cannot understand why the German government spends millions of dollars and uses valuable transportation space in carrying what you consider a luxury to the front. But that is just the point. We do not consider beer a luxury, we consider it a necessity, and we believe that the health of our troops would suffer greatly if for any reason the beer supply were cut off.

Before I came to America I could not understand this attitude of the American people. To me it seemed unbelievable that America should

(Continued on Page 8.)