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### The "Heroes" of the Fleet.

The Argonaut of San Francisco tells the people that as a great exploit the coming of the fleet to San Francisco was no great scientific performance, that the sending of the fleet was entirely political, meant to give the world and Japan and Russia in particular, notice that the United States was a power, and that it intended to have its full say in the matters pertaining to the Pacific ocean and its trade. We suspect that is so, but it amounts to much more. Brazil does not think of the United States at all as it did before that fleet rode on its chains for some days in Rio harbor. Neither does Chile, since that fleet made the circle of the harbor of Valparaiso, roared its salutes and passed on to the north.

And the same effect has been impressed on the men of our own country on the west coast. We read the dimensions of a battleship, the size of its engines, the calibre of its guns, but after all, have no realization of what a majestic and terrible thing a battleship is, or of the duties of those on board. Of the 300,000 who went to San Francisco to see the fleet, we do not believe that 300 had ever seen a battleship before. To say that they went home deeply impressed and better Americans than when they left home will not be half stating the facts.

They saw not only the ships and their equipments, but they obtained a new idea of the discipline needed to handle those monster machines and to bring them without an accident from Hampton Roads to San Francisco. It has impressed the world. It was referred to in most complimentary terms in the British parliament last week, and the emperor of Germany wants the strong powers of Europe to send detachments of their fleets to escort the American ships through the Mediterranean.

And we are glad that in a little way Utah took on a little share in the glory.

The "Native Sons" of California would have had it been possible, shut our Utah boys out as escorts to the admiral. But the old fighter would not permit that. He not only insisted that the boys should be his escort, but ordered that they be permitted to board his flag ship, the Connecticut, had them shown all over it and permitted—an unprecedented honor, to watch as his flag as commander was run down. If those boys are not the better for it all, their lives we are mistaken in them. Another thing, they were given a camping place on the military reserve—U. S. territory, and permitted to perform their evolutions there and to salute and finally haul down their flag.

And the state of Utah gained mightily in prestige by their going. When it was told people that the men and women of Utah raised \$15,000 to send the boys to see the fleet, the expression always made was "It is the finest thing I ever heard of." And the boys were equal to all the tests made them. Finally we must not forget that no limit must be made in the praise given Dr. Pfoutz, General Wedgewood and Captain Webb for their work.

### Memorial Day.

It has come again. The day when the nation pauses in its work and goes out to dress with flowers the graves of its dead. It is a sacred custom. The dead do not need it, the living do.

Life's journey is a short one at best. Men need reminders of that truth. Nations rest upon the progress and patriotism of their people, and when in a crisis the youngest and bravest of the land go out and make their breasts a living wall between their country and their country's foes; they living or dead should always be the concernment of their countrymen. And when they have fallen into their final sleep, for those who remain on stated occasions to dress their lowly couches with flowers, becomes not only a gracious act, but a duty. And when it is done with tender hands and loving hearts, it in truth becomes an all hall of the living to the dead and the thrill of it must break upon the shores of the Beyond in music. There are but few people who do not believe that their souls are immortal. If that is true, then they have always lived, and always will. Looked upon in that light then the sleepers in the graves are not dead, only their baser environments have been laid there. They are somewhere else and if so when Memorial day comes, they must be near. Our dull eyes may not see the shining ranks or the flashing flags, our dull ears may not hear the bugles or the rolling drums, but it is easy to imagine that the pomp above us is far more splendid than anything that dull mortality can prepare.

In that light, the memories of the dead are living memories. Those who remain of the armies of 1861-64 are growing fewer and fewer. Their forms are bent, their steps are halting and slow and every year when the solemn roll is called, less and less respond. But there is a thought in this that thrills one. As they grow fewer and fewer here, the ranks in the Beyond are filling. And there all stains are wiped away, all infirmities, the old splendor is restored to them, and Elysian fields is their parade ground.

And we may believe that on Memorial day they stand at attention with flags turned to gold in the clear light there, and that soft music is being played, for the perfume of the flowers that are laid upon their graves becomes incense and is wafted away to them. We read that man's place is but a little lower than the angels. If this is true, then they are not so far away. They are hidden from our dull senses. We cannot see the flags or hear the trumpet calls, but that is no sign that the flags are not waving, or that the trumpets are not sounding. And those who were not soldiers are watching, too, to see if they are still remembered, and to hearts here that have been rent when loved ones have been taken away, to dress those loved ones' graves is a sacred pleasure, it is in the language of flowers whispering one more good night to them. Memorial day is the most sacred of all the days of the year; its observance marks a new advance in civilization; it is a notice that the wireless telegraphy of the soul is sending its messages to the far off shore upon which the waves of time break and are shattered. We believe those messages are received and that the air of summer land grows softer as they are read.

### Beautiful Washington.

People who have recently visited the city of Washington declare that it is already the most beautiful of cities; that with the new structures going up every year, and with the improvements and embellishments which are being constantly added, in a few years more no other spot under the sun will compare with it. The only place where a kindred effort is being made to beautify a capital is Berlin, but while Berlin has, because of its age and because of the efforts that have wrought there, some glories which Washington cannot expect for perhaps a century yet. Ber-

lin also has many of the grosser works which have been fastened upon it by its greater age which it will require a long time to remove. Some of the public structures of Washington are very splendid. Nothing in the world is finer than the Capitol building; the Congressional Library is magnificent; the Treasury is fine and there are many more. We hope to the rest a National University will be added. The building for the Pan-American Bureau ought to be a regal structure.

When the winter breaks up and the spring puts on her robes Washington is a place of enchantment, so it is in the autumn, say from the first of September until the winter storms come on. In the summer the climate is not of the best and the winter climate is variable and changeable to a degree. But all in all it is a most winsome place and grows in loveliness every day.

### A Good Scheme.

The Young Men's Christian Association believes in training men to be both Christians and men. That is, to bring out all that is best in men morally, physically and mentally. It is training a hundred thousand boys, and it is going to give an exhibition in July of its work. Seven hundred boys are to carry a letter from the mayor of New York to the mayor of Chicago on foot. Each is to have about a mile stretch to run over. The first will start from the City Hall, New York, and run northerly a mile, then the second will take the letter and run another mile. The whole line of the race will be guarded by members of the Y. M. C. A. It is probably the second Pony Express ever instituted. Some of us remember the first one. It spanned half a continent; it faced the mountains, the desert, the savage, savage man and savage wilderness; the men who rode were brave men, the ponies were brave ponies and they led men to think that it was not such an endless journey across the continent. They made the distance from Chicago to Omaha in only about twice the time that the locomotive did at first; they made while they lasted a connecting link between the east and the west when the east and the west were so far apart. They were the avant-couriers of swift communication over the desert. They were civilization in a way; they began to solve the problem that irresistible speed can conquer desert stretches and savage men. Those men and ponies did not belong to the Y. M. C. A., but they drew the east and the west closer together and that at the time was the one thing that the country needed more than any other.

### Making Toward Peace.

While our battleship fleet is making a brave display, while it is, without offense, giving the world notice that while the United States wants peace with all the world it still has at convenient distance "the big stick." We believe that henceforth it is going to be more and more difficult for any nation to make war, and about impossible to make war upon the United States. Our Secretary of State has negotiated arbitration treaties with many nations and our Senate has ratified thirty-seven of those treaties. Among these is the treaty negotiated between Secretary of State Root and Baron Kogora Takahira, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington. It is along the same lines as the treaties negotiated by our country with Great Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal and Mexico.

It excludes from arbitration subjects involving national independence, vital interests or honor, and limits its scope to differences of a legal nature or which bear upon the interpretation of treaties. It is made for five years, but may be continued.

Of course there are plenty of subjects outside of those enumerated in the above that nations may quarrel over, but they are leagues of friendship, nevertheless, and will have an immense restraining force upon all nations bound by them.