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The Commercial Men.

Next to money, the commercial traveler is the circulating medium of business. He is everywhere. The gods had their messengers. They were represented as in the forms of men, with wings on their arms and shoulders, and little wings—probably to give them steerage way—on their feet. They sped through the air with exceeding swiftness and even the big seas did not deter their flight. In this respect they were like the commercial travelers who have tried Montana during the past three weeks. Of course the starting point for the old race was from Mount Olympus. When they went off on journeys and finally returned, then all the goddesses gathered around them for news and for such presents as they had been able to pick up on their travels. Some of them grew to be expert liars, and told their eager listeners of the merry widow hats that they had seen up in Sarmatia, of the high-heeled shoes that the women of Carthage wore, of the shawls made of the hair of Angora goats on the banks of the Indus, and how up in Nubia neither men nor women wore any clothing except ear and nose rings; at which the goddesses, after listening with downcast faces, went home, and when Diana gave the signal that it was time for curfew to ring, they retired to their private apartments so shocked at the stories that had been told them that they, like David Harum's sister, "undressed in the dark." Some of these old-time travelers smuggled home finer presents for outside goddesses than for their own affinities, and when this leaked out, as it sometimes would, the gully ones hastened to headquarters and begged for a new commission to leave, and did not care how long or dangerous the journey promised to be.

On their journeys they stopped off nights, when business was not too urgent, in caves, and drank nectar and played dominoes, and when wild animals threatened them they sang songs to drive them away, and the savage girls of the early world were glad at their coming, for they gave them beads and hairpins and perfumes, and so got to trade with the men, and the profits they exacted were shameful. As time went on the business fell into disrepute, but when New York and Chicago grew to be bigger camps than Olympia ever was, the old trade instinct germ in man was quickened and a new race of messengers grew into being, and the same old rules governed, except the modern messengers have never been known to prevaricate nor to tell stories in the smoking rooms of Pullmans, nor to drink nectar nor to play dominoes. As they travel from state to state they never lie to the goddesses whom they happen to meet, and the last one, on returning, goes straight to his own home and tells his wife how he has missed her and that among all goddesses of the upper or nether world he has never met one that compared with her. And he brings her a shell comb and a pair of stock-

ings, and then she rustles around and gets up a royal repast, and when he sees that the price is not marked opposite each dish, he proceeds to take in the whole bill of fare, and then charges to his house, as regular expenses, \$5.75 for three meals which he bought on the road. And he sends the menu of the dining car to show that he could not have got along with less. And these truthful men are perfectly posted. When they strike a new town it is to the townspeople as it was with the working man who in a heavy rainfall stood for half an hour under a bridge where the great Burke had sought shelter, and when the rain ceased and the poor man went on his way he told his friends that he had met a man under the bridge who knew everything in the world. And these men can tell not only the state of trade, but all about politics; who will be nominated and who elected. And they know all about the crops and the markets, and when a certain style of goods does not take in one market, they take the train and do not stop for a hundred miles, and then, stopping, show the same goods and declare to the people that they have but a small stock left; that it was with the utmost difficulty that they got away with even a remnant at the former place. And they are a philanthropic race, and when they come to a poor town they stop and call in all their brother messengers and determine to give the place the benefit of a celebration. And that is what they are doing to Salt Lake City this week. And they are sparing no expense and seem determined to make Salt Lake rich if they can. While we write we hear their bands playing and their cheers, for when they do a thing they do it gallantly as becomes a race who only live to work and to enjoy themselves. And the man who says they do not care who they work, is a slanderer, though these modern messengers can discount the old company who sold shields and javlins for Mars, hats for Venus, helmets for Minerva, dyed robes for Juno, and horns and bells and drums for old Pan.

A \$750,000 Subsidy.

The British government has announced that because of the speed of the Lusitania and Mauretania, the Cunard company is entitled to a subsidy of \$750,000 per annum. That shows how sensitive is the British government about her ocean commerce. The Germans had beaten her best ships and were taking her passenger trade and her richest freight from her. So she loaned the Cunarders \$10,000,000 with which to build these two ships and agreed to pay the company a subsidy of \$400,000 per annum and in case a certain speed could be maintained across the Atlantic an added \$350,000 to the subsidy should be paid. The ships have fulfilled the contract and now draw \$750,000 per annum from the strong box of Great Britain.

A proposition made to Congress last winter to pay a subsidy to ships to run in the South American and Oriental trade was defeated. It was done too, while our Government was hiring British colliers to wait upon our battleship fleet. The battleships rounded the continent and made a splendid impression wherever they stopped, but that it seems is the last that is to be seen of our flag in those ports.

We notice in the Globe-Democrat of St. Louis an interview with Senator Newland of Nevada. He tells that paper that he is altogether opposed to subsidies, but that he last winter introduced a measure for the Government to build twenty-five fine steamers, to be auxiliary ships of the navy, but when not needed for naval purposes, to be leased to companies for the merchant trade. Now we would like to ask the senator in what trade those ships could run and pay expenses? Would he pit three or four of them against the Cunarders in the Atlantic trade when two of that company's ships are drawing a clear gift from the English

government of \$750,000 per annum? Those ships burn 1,050 tons of coal per day each and cross the Atlantic in about five days. If the Americans had on an unsubsidized line, they would carry our mail for nothing and freight at a rate which would leave the American company nothing. We would not have wondered at Senator Newland's position had he been a senator from a cotton or a corn state; but he is from Nevada, and in the old silver days proved in a hundred speeches that the value of property is regulated by the volume of money in a country. And still rather than pay a small subsidy to American steamers, he prefers to have Great Britain and Germany draw from the American people in gold \$250,000,000 annually, which is forever lost to us. An amount equal to about three times what the gold mines of our country yield, an amount equal to 8 per cent of all the money, gold, silver and paper in the United States. An amount which in the next twelve or thirteen years will aggregate as much as all the money, of all forms, which our country possesses. The money paid out placed in a savings bank would draw at 4 per cent \$10,000,000 per annum. That interest is lost now, of course, with the principal. But suppose that amount were to be paid in subsidies, the principal would remain. Paid to our own steamship companies it would gravitate straight back into the banks and into general circulation. In four years it would make a difference in the money on hand of quite 1,000 millions of dollars. That has been going on ten years of our great prosperity, the drain has been two and a half billions. Last autumn it was found, suddenly, that there was not money enough to go around. Our great bankers had to supplicate Europe for some 60 or 80 millions of dollars to tide us over, and it was gallingingly loaned to us, though we had within the year paid to the countries that supplied the money three times all they let come to us. Is there no one in our eastern states, no financier big brained enough to point out that with the drain of our tourists and the amount paid in fares and freight, the balance in trade in our favor is more than neutralized and that with the first year of poor crops our country will again be stranded under a panic as awful as that of 1893?

If we were building and running the ships, of course there would be work for quite 300,000 extra men in the coal and iron mines, in the smelting and steel works and ship yards of the country. And their pay would likewise gravitate straight back into the banks and continue to be a part of the circulation. And our trade with Spanish America would double in three years. What a harvest the fool killer would reap were he to come to the United States.

What Are We Building?

Emerson says:

"The Doric temple preserves the semblance of the wooden cabin in which Dorians dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers."

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade, as the bonds about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk through a road cut through pine woods without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in the winter when the barrenness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods, in a winter afternoon, one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky, seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. * * * The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms like a stand flower, with the lightness