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The Presidents' Promotion

SO THE PRESIDENT is going to be promoted when he retires from the Presidency. He aspires to be an editor, not editor-in-chief, but a space writer. That is lucky for him. He will only write when he feels like it, and that will save him. If he had to buckle down to the work and put out something every day for everybody to read, in about three weeks he might feel like getting outside and calling somebody a liar. Many a man has been a successful President who would have been a dead failure as an editor. The President does not know it, but he is taking a big risk in selecting journalism for an occupation. It was not much to storm San Juan Hill. The guns were roaring, the boys were shouting, the Spaniards were shooting over their heads. Even the colored boys of the 24th went up the hill all right, and then it only lasted a brief quarter of an hour.

It is not so much to be President, for if a man in that position blunders, there are millions of sycophants to applaud the blunders. But the editor, if he is worthy of the place, works all day and half the night, and when he goes to his bed, the work follows him there and haunts him. It is not much to be a rough rider in the open, but to ride a nightmare, night after night, that takes some skill. Then, if he makes a mistake or under long pressure grows dull for a day, then the great public grows impatient, and men who could not write a stick-full to save their lives are eager to assert that the journal does not come up to their standard, and the look they wear is: "If I could spare the time to edit a paper I would show the world some things." Then, when Mr. Editor puts out an idea, it is a great delight for the editor around the corner to hold him up to the pity of mankind and talk mysteriously about the need of a home for the feeble-minded. But the toughest thing of all is that the editor shows out through the type what he himself is, and if he is a faker, or if his soul ought to be wearing stripes at the state's expense, or if he tries to ape a knowledge which he does not possess, or if, when he writes, he thinks he will deceive the public and conceal his real sentiments, lo! it will all shine out through the types, and men will see him as he really is. It is a dangerous experiment for the President to try. He evidently has selected that field in order to keep himself before the public until 1912, but that is a long time for an editor to hold up. The life of a galley slave only averaged a year and a half, but that was nothing compared with the work of a conscientious editor. The President had better reconsider his purpose to sign all his articles. The old editor of the Outlook is a strong man and writer, and though often wrong, he is an able and honest man, and if the President would hide his personality he might often get credit for work that another man did, and might escape a great deal of criticism that he will have to meet if he signs his own articles, for while he himself is bright and strong, he has not that level headedness necessary to make a journal to-day that will correspond with the same journal six months from to-day.

But it is to be a big promotion for him to advance from the Presidency to stately journalism.

The President Elect

MR. TAFT was on Tuesday last elected President by a great majority. A solid south, with three or four small states west of the Mississippi, sustained Mr. Bryan, but the rest, aggregating a vast majority, were for Taft and Sherman. The most marked returns were from New York City, which gave a majority to the Republican candidates, which shows either treachery on the part of Tammany or that the great money center discounted in advance any possible excuse that the stock manipulators might conjure up upon which to flurry the market.

Perhaps Mr. Taft, in education, experience, training and intimate acquaintance with public affairs, is the best equipped man ever elected President. He has, withal, a temperament perfectly balanced for the exalted place. He is calm, deliberate of judgment, kindly of nature, self-poised and strong. He ought to exalt the high office. So trained a jurist as he will naturally insist upon obedience to the laws, but so broad is his patriotism, so profound his reverence for peace, that there will be no outbursts of rage from him, no threat, no unseemly criticisms—in short, the very opposite of what we have become accustomed to. He will be much such a President as was Mr. McKinley, but stronger; his judgment will be as steady as was Mr. Harrison's, his nature as kindly as was Mr. Lincoln's. His administration ought to draw the people nearer together and invoke a deeper patriotism among them.

The Local Election

THE American party suffered a great defeat in this city and county at the polls on Tuesday. After all its professions of being out of politics, the Mormon Church, through its high officers—who are the church from day to day—commanded the Mormon people to vote one ticket, regardless of their political beliefs, and the people, true to their old first allegiance, obeyed, heaving the American party ticket and practically annihilating the Democratic party, despite the brave efforts of a few men like Roberts, Thatcher, Moyle, King, Knight, Thurman and a few others of their own religious belief, to stem the flood from the broken sewer. It was as striking an exhibition of terrorized tyranny and as abject a spectacle of superstitious fear and the obedience that comes through fear as was ever seen, and supplied a complete object lesson of the necessity of the American party and gave it a new impetus to continue its work until Utah shall be disenthralled.

Mr. Bryan

MR. BRYAN goes down to defeat this year with more sympathy than any defeated candidate for President ever did before. He has been before the people of this country for twelve years, and has held the respect of the millions for his integrity, his high abilities, and perfect character. He has just closed a marvelous campaign, and while from the first he has had little chance for success, he at least has earned the sympathies of fair-minded men everywhere. Our belief is that he polled a heavier vote than any other man of his party could. He has lost the battle, but he saved his standard, and retires with all the honors of war.

What is Longed For

THE RECENT political campaign was an active one; indeed, it grew to be furious toward the close, but who shall say it was not in many ways disappointing? In Milton's invocation, at the opening of Paradise Lost, are these wonderful words:

"What in me is dark,

Illume, what is low, raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence
And justify the ways of God to man."

Coming down from that high plane and applying the same thought to the late campaign, the really thoughtful reader, and many who cannot express great thoughts, must have asked themselves, after reading the speeches morning after morning, whether they filled the measure of a great free people's desire in setting forth the reasons why certain parties existed, and why certain men were candidates.

Of course, it is easy to say that this is merely a business country, and that all that is required of a President is a careful business administration; but nevertheless, this great republic is the last magnificent experiment that the world has seen of men essaying to govern themselves, and a presidential campaign ought to do something more than state the business needs of the people; it ought to be on a lofty plane, which ought to bring out all that is best in men, and instead of appealing to this industry or that for help, it seems to us there ought to be a showing made of what the great country itself needs, what it expects of its citizens, and its onward, upward way ought to be pointed out so men would not mix personal likes and dislikes in the campaign at all.

If we are to continue to exist as a nation and grow greater and greater, then the deep interest is not in how this or that man may carry on his business, how this or that body of men are going to vote, but there should be such portraying of high ideals that the voter would lose sight of himself in his zeal for the great country in which he has the honor to be a citizen.

We know it is easy for the hoodlums to sit in the gallery and hiss at the performance on the stage; we know that if the same hoodlums were put upon the stage, each with his own role, he would make a dismal failure. But still, there is something in the hoodlum's hiss which conveys the unspoken thought of the wiser man.

In the old days in California, Gen. E. D. Baker used to address audiences as a Republican when Republican doctrines were not popular in that state. Often at the beginning of his invocations there would be catcalls and hisses, sometimes the insults went farther, but in a little while that compelling mind of his, with a masterful eloquence, which in him was a wonder, he would beat the audience into silence, and after a little there would be faint cheers, then louder and louder cheers, and at last he would carry the audience by storm, because, through what he was saying, the dullest man would recognize that he was speaking from the standpoint of justice, from the standpoint of a patriotism that was ready to give up its life for native land, from the