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Who Can Tell?

TENACITY seems to be one of the especial traits of great sailors and soldiers, and when they once take up an idea, it is the hardest thing in the world to make them change their minds. One of the oldest rules in the British army was in the stress of battle to charge in column. Lord Howe did this twice at Bunker Hill and caused a thousand men to be uselessly killed. Wellington clung to the same idea all his life. His nephew, Packingham, had his army practically annihilated by the same rule at New Orleans, and lost his own life in the general carnage when Jackson's Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen had a solid column to fire into.

The great Farragut—the greatest of them all—would never be reconciled to iron-clad war ships, and he clung to the idea after the fight in Mobile Bay, where, except for two little monitors, the chances were a hundred to one that the ironclad Tennessee would have sunk his entire wooden ship fleet. In the same way Admiral Evans believes in 25,000-ton battleships, and when here a week ago expressed the belief that the latest type of fighting ship in our navy would be the type for a hundred years to come. The admiral has often seen the old Constitution, the original "Iron Sides," which was the type one hundred years ago, and when he notes the difference between that craft and the Connecticut, in which he rounded South America, and then predicts that the utmost has been reached, it is astonishing. When he marks the improvement in guns from the old 32-pounders of the Constitution to the 13-inch breech-loading rifle of these days, one would think he would be asking: "What will become of the armored ships, when a gun to fire dynamite is perfected?" Or what, when submarine ships are perfected so that, without making a ripple on the water, they will be able to sail under a battleship, affix a torpedo to the bottom, then sail away to a safe distance and fire the torpedo by electricity?

We do not believe that wars among civilized nations will be possible a hundred years hence. There is a limit to the endurance of human beings, even the very bravest, and when the engines of war become so terrible that no hope is left to those who enter a battle, men will refuse to go.

We suspect the next fearful advance will be through chemistry, when the fumes from a few bursting shells will asphyxiate an army corps. We read that Japan has suspended building fighting ships for the present, but what may not her chemists be doing? Then the finest present aeroplane is but as was Fulton's first steamboat on the Hudson to the Easterner. What will the perfected airship be? Who can look far into the future?

Bunyan and The Federal Bunch

THERE is not much new in the world. Suppose one were to write a history of Salt Lake and a biography of some of its citizens, what better could he do than to copy from John Bunyon, where he speaks of "Temporary

who dwell in Growlers, two miles off of Honesty, next door to Turn-Coat? and hear his description of some of the Federal bunch: "By-ends of Fair-speech, who was related to almost the whole Town. And in particular My Lord Turn-Coat, My Lord Time-Server, My Lord Fair Speech" (from whose Ancestors the Town first took its name). Also Mr. Smooth-Man, Mr. Facing Both-Ways, Mr. Any-Thing, and the Parson of our Parish, Mr. Two-Tongues, my Mother's own brother by Father's side. And to tell you the Truth, I am become a Gentleman of good Quality, yet my Great Grandfather was but a Waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation. Surely Bunyon must have had the spirit of Prophecy upon him.

Modjeska

A MARVELOUS woman was Helena Modjeska, a wonderful artist; one never approached on this coast as an actress, unless it was Janauschek, and she labored under the same drawback that did Modjeska—she could not perfectly express herself in English. We mean at her first coming. Of late years it has been sorrowful to see and hear her trying to conceal her failing powers; trying to hide the fact that the elasticity and splendor of youth had forsaken her. Halting as she ever did in language, still her reading of a sentence, with the look and gesture that accompanied it, often made clear a meaning that listeners had never before comprehended. We do not wonder that, in the first flush of youth, in her native country, she was rated as little less than a magician. There her genius shone out in steady brilliancy; here, in her best days, it was seen only in flashes, but sufficient to stamp her as a marvel. Her life was one of struggle, at least for the past thirty-five years. The final rest must be welcome to her.

He Will Be There

IF ANY ONE thinks that ex-President Roosevelt is out of politics for keeps, let such an one read the story of his journey through southern Europe; then imagine him returning with his trophies from Africa; making the tour of Europe, where kings and emperors will vie with each other in doing him honor, then his return home just prior to an election in New York. Does any one think he would keep out, or that the people who admire his peculiar style of statesmanship, would permit him to keep out?

Our belief is that he will be a strong political factor in the United States for twenty-five years to come if his life is spared, and that his name will be spoken and printed oftener than that of any other man. Our reason for thinking so is that he can no more keep from butting in than can a lark keep from singing when the summer sun comes out warm in the morning.

The Conference

CONFERENCE has come and gone. There were no startling episodes this year; it was hum-drum and commonplace all through, and closed with an abruptness that was a surprise to all. There was not a brilliant flash during the three days, the old bearing of testimony to the truth of the creed, the old universal and unanimous sustaining of the officers made the burden of the whole. Even Apostle Heber J. Grant, delivering a speech, forgot to mention prohibition.

Justly or not, the air of the conference was one of restraint, as though there was not full agreement among the leaders, and, more, as though there was a fear in some quarters, that some fiery tongue would run away with itself, and say things which it would be difficult to explain. But nothing happened, at least nothing public.

The crowd from the country was very great,

and, physically, were superior to those of any former conference. The difference now from what the conference was twenty years ago is most marked. Many of the old and decrepit have passed away, and their places are supplied by the young and fair and strong. Twenty years ago conference had a decidedly foreign look; this year it was distinctly American.

Before twenty years more it will be most dangerous to try to coerce the voters among the saints to support a certain ticket. We would think the leaders would realize that fact and begin to hedge. The American air, American schools, American methods are all tending one way; political coercion is about over within Utah.

An Education That Counts

ADMIRAL EVANS was here and lectured last Saturday evening. The best lesson of his lecture was that a year's training in some great school, like a battleship, is the best possible discipline that a young man can pass through. There it is shown that obedience is essential to order and efficiency; at the same time the knowledge acquired strengthens a youth's confidence and self-respect, and as he grows in knowledge, his reverence for the flag above him increases. Then his vision broadens; he learns the better how to estimate men; with his associates he learns politeness and manly courtesy, and the result is increased manliness and that honest pride which makes him incapable of doing petty or hateful things. Then his watches on the sea, his fights with storms, his never-ceasing round of imperative duty makes him the better appreciate the home he was reared in and the loving ones who were his guardian angels in childhood and early youth.

Did any one ever see the bearing of a gnarled and knotted sailor on board ship toward a little child that happened to be abroad? With what heart-hunger the rough man gathered the child to him and made it his companion?

The admiral said most of his crews were made up of farmer boys. Suppose, with the closing of their terms of enlistment, they return to their farms, does any one doubt that they will be vastly better and more thoughtful men all the rest of their lives than they ever would have been save for that experience, in storm and calm, as they circled the world, and learned some of the hard duties of life and learned to appreciate what a real home on shore is?

Advancing Salt Lake

IT MUST be noted on all sides that Salt Lake was never growing so rapidly as at this time.

Who ever before saw so many bricklayers and carpenters at work here in the first week in April? And not many of the buildings that are being erected are of the massive kind that are promised later in the season. It is clear that Salt Lake is preparing for quite a fifteen-thousand increase in population this year. That will mean a 25 per cent increase in business. There will be new merchants, new manufacturers; it will require 25 per cent more food, more clothing, more houses to be bought or hired; more school children, more tax-payers—the onward, upward march of the city to greatness. Is not this a good time for Salt Lake people to pull together? If the city increases 25 per cent in population, it will mean an advance of 25 per cent in reality; it will mean 25 per cent more wage-earners; the effect will not only be pronounced here, but to the extreme limits of the state wherever a producer can raise anything to sell. And out of adjacent states there will be men of fortune who will come here to find homes; they will bring children to be educated; the churches and hospitals will profit by their coming; society will be improved, for good men and women are a benediction to any place.

Salt Lake lagged behind for many years;