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The Wonderful Wireless

DID you read that article of the wreck of the Ohio up on the Alaskan coast and how the operator of the wireless on the ship remained at his post and fired the story of the catastrophe and called for help, until the sea engulfed him with the ship? A true soul his and grand. He had a duty to perform and though death was already sitting in the shrouds waiting, he heeded nothing but that duty until, it being performed, he went grandly down to death. That name of Eccles should be embossed high up among the immortals. No death on the battle field was ever so glorious as his. No hero ever won fairer laurels. And then the wonder of that wireless. It carried one of the messages to a far inland state, nearly four thousand miles away and startled the sleepy operator with a call for help.

When men were impatient of the narrow limits within which poor humanity was circumscribed, and struggled for a way to give their thoughts expression, they invented geni to symbol what they would do, could the limitations be taken from them. But the wireless is the new geni, and before its work the old inventions of fancy seem dull and weak by comparison. The message from the man who was not a moment removed from the death that lay in waiting, was vital enough to compass almost four thousand miles of space and sound its warning to one who, perhaps, had never seen the sea. If four thousand miles why not ten thousand times four thousand. Hear, ye planets, and far off stars take notice! Man, who is but a weak creature at best is calling to you; calling, asking you to respond, asking you to give up your mysteries. They will answer bye and bye. Sometime a message will reach them from this sphere and like the sleepy operator they will awaken and send the all hail back. This world will be worth living in a hundred years hence.

Colonel Sterrett

THE committees that handled the encampment business have been most patient under the parting shot that Col. Sterrett gave them. We do not doubt, however, that they will in due time make a showing which will give the public a faint idea how much they suffered and how much they bore under the thought that the encampment must be a success, regardless of the ostensible director here and his ways, hence we have no inclination to anticipate anything vital which they may desire to give the public or to the members of the G. A. R. association.

But there is a side to the business which it is everybody's right to consider. Imagine then a common man in the honored uniform of the Grand Army coming here, without education, without inherent talent, without any clear knowledge of the war itself, without any gifts, as either an orator or a writer, without any clear idea of any of the simple facts of history which all Americans are supposed to know; coming here with an idea that his accomplishments would overawe the common herd of the west from the first day, and that within a week after his arrival he could send back to the little provincial town in Ohio from which he hailed, the conclusive dispatch "Ven'ldi, vici."

From that pen portrait rudely drawn the cas-

ual reader may see one reason why he went away so chagrined and disappointed, that he could not refrain as he stood on the platform of the car about to move east, from hurling back a few plebeian anathemas at the people of this region as lacking alike in patriotism, in generosity, in business acumen, in administrative ability and all that in the eye of a great soldier fails to fill his ideals.

When Mr. Cleveland was first elected president, he sent a gentleman here from Illinois to be surveyor general of Utah. Old man Barrett of blessed memory met him and showed him around and finally took him to the Alta Club and introduced him to the gentlemen there. He spent perhaps forty minutes in the club and as he and Mr. Barrett reached the street he said in a surprised and satisfied tone: "Barrett, from the hasty call I made at your club I would think that 60 per cent of those gentlemen compare favorably (in intelligence) with the men of Illinois." He lived to know something and his knowledge came suddenly to him under the influence of one of General McCook's deceiving punch bowls, but we fear Colonel Sterrett will never grow very much more in knowledge. We fear so because there is not room. The space is already occupied. When the big Cornish pump was started on the Ontario mine, there was a knock with every stroke of the piston. The late Colonel Ferry was riding by and heard it and, stopping his horse, called the engineer in charge of the pump to his buggy and said, "Why do you not stop that engine's knocking?" "I have tried every device and cannot," was the reply. Then the Colonel said, "There is no elasticity to steam but there is to air; bore a small hole into your cylinder near the end on the exhaust side; the air may act as a buffer." The advice was accepted and acted upon and the knocking ceased. That might cure Col. Sterrett, only the cylinder of his intellect exhausts at both ends and we fear it is a hopeless case.

A Nation's Defenders

WHILE Germany is building her war navy and England is trying to provide two keels for every German one, while a German writer is declaring that Lord Robert's proposition to draft every young man into the army and navy will further antagonize Germany, and can only be intended as an army of invasion; while the leading Slav in the Austrian Reich-raff is telling what the 150,000,000 of Slavs in southeastern Europe and western Asia might do; a sensible English writer tells what should be "for the nation tomorrow." He tells of the children of England, "healthy, vigorous, sturdy and of infinite value for they are the nation of tomorrow." Then he points out how in the back alleys there are thousands of children who have no chance to grow strong and rosy, who have no touch with nature save the hideous travesty of "a grotto" at the street corner or the scrap of flower picked from the gutter. And that is the most sorrowful feature of all large cities, the children growing up without a comfort, without a breath of green fields, with no kinship with nature, just the harsh struggle in squaller for enough to sustain life from day to day. What can be expected from such poor creatures? If they grow up to be thieves or worse, who can blame them? And yet there is blame, but it

is upon society. Part of every city's revenue should be devoted to seeing that such conditions are changed. Every city should have a great park in the country and every day trains should carry the children of squaller there, where the grass and trees grow and the birds sing; where a stream of pure water flows by, and with the excursions should be free lunches and the feeling should expand in the hearts of such children that they are of some good, and that there is a desire to make their lives happier and healthier. And from it, too, the thought would come to them that there is a great free world outside which, by and by, they may go out and explore and in which they may make homes for themselves. The children are of more importance than battleships, for if reared right, they in a little while will be the nation's defenders.

The Need of Perfect Sanitation

A WRITER in a current magazine ascribes the decay of men and the decay of civilization around the Mediterranean sea to malaria. And he makes out a pretty good case. We live by the air we breathe. If that air is tainted, is it not clear that the needed amount of pure air—the utmost is only just enough—is not obtained? If a child every day breathes a portion of poison into its lungs, is it not clear that he does not receive pure air enough, and is it not just as clear that a part of what is breathed is neutralized by the poison? This is made manifest by frequent fevers and derangement of the system in various ways. And when these conditions remain or grow intensified through fifty generations, the result must be a decrease of energy, of brain power, a contraction of the physical frame—a degeneration. With this there must be a falling off of courage, both moral and physical; there is no longer the will to undertake great enterprises, or to pursue profound studies, or to seek for high honors on high grounds.

That subtle poison which taints the air around marshes and stagnant water, or heaps of rubbish, or stagnant drains or filth in any form, when breathed by human beings not only taints the blood, but neutralizes the nourishment which food should give, and when the body is assailed by such an enemy, it is clear that the vital forces which supply the brain are reduced and the means through which thought and courage and honest ambition are supplied must lose a vast quota of its power, and when we see a race that has long suffered from these causes, we say of it, "It lacks force." Then where these causes exist, they are breeding places for many species of insects which are carriers of contagion. Thus the yellow fever raged in Havana continuously for more than a hundred years. In that time its victims were numbered by tens and hundreds of thousands, for frequently in the autumn it assumed an epidemic form and was followed by a trail of death. The government of the United States sent to Cuba a medical board to try to find the cause of the disease. The fact that the contagion ceased with the first sharp frost of the autumn, led to the suspicion that the insects which perished under the frost might be the transmitters of the plague. A species of mosquito was finally fixed upon as the assassin and then a series of experiments were