

Those Who Come to be Shocked Always Leave Utah Disappointed

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"THE INSIDE OF THE CUP."

of Winston Churchill's latest book, under the above title, the best possible review must be the story itself. And these lines are offered only in the hope that each reader of Goodwin's Weekly may on the pages of that admirable volume, and to the extent of personal influence may induce others to do so. If sincerity, truth and service to mankind be desirable, then this book has a mission. If sham, hypocrisy, cruelty, dishonesty and utter wickedness are to be condemned, then the honest and the sincere in America have some part in that mission. They can extend its reading. And surely the reading must have some good effect.

The title is taken from that scathing rebuke of the Master, away back in Galilee, when he told the Pharisees they were very careful to cleanse the outside of their cup and of their platter; but that inside was all uncleanness, and unspeakable offense. And the purpose—a rather difficult one—is to induce all mankind to quit sham and pretense, and be honest through and through.

John Hodder, a Harvard graduate, destined for the law, hears a Beecher sermon and dedicates his life to the ministry. He serves five years in a decorous New England city, and then is transplanted to St. John's Episcopal church in St. Louis—a station of wealthy and conservative people, dominated by the rich and masterful Eldon Parr, and for the most part using religion as hunters use a "blind;" and not only getting much game, but finding a wholesome protection in the plan. Hodder preaches righteousness—and lives it. They compliment him on his eloquence and earnestness—and go back to their offices, where they collect rentals for the dives, b'vdy houses and gambling hells maintained in their precious buildings. There is the picture.

Two years he labors acceptably to his vestry, and is startled when a mother of children comes to him with the complaint that there is no help in his gospel. I wish all the world could read that woman's argument against both the truth and the

necessity of the alleged virginal conception—the "immaculate conception" of some careless phrase-deviser of the past. Hodder told her—and he believed it, then—that "without it—Christianity falls to pieces." And her entire shot of argument was: "No, Mr. Hodder, I simply can't see any reason for resorting to a physical miracle in order to explain a spiritual mystery." He took the usual course of telling her she should not try to understand details, and she smothered him with reminders that the New Testament is crowded with material detail—that even the walls and the gates and the street paving of heaven are described in terms, with grade of metal and name of decorative precious stone; and she protests that the church, in demanding faith in material details, makes spiritual imagination and holy trust impossible.

Her point is the point of today. He tries to content her with the scant materialism of twenty centuries ago—and the creeds and the symbols formed on that pathetically inadequate structure. And she doesn't know when she leaves him, that she has started a cut in the dyke through which shall flow the floods of true interpretation and sincere effectiveness—to the glory of God and the good of humanity. But she does know that she doesn't want her boys, when they go to college, to lose all the good of Christianity when they lose faith in the fables Christianity forced upon them.

It is a long story—with a glimpse of more than one fair woman, and woman was always a tempta-

tion for him. There is an illuminating disclosure of modern finance, the organization of companies, the consolidations, the watering, the unloading, the enrichment of the little group in St. John's church, and the ruin of unconsidered thousands.

Eldon Parr has one son and one daughter. The boy wanted to marry a worthy working girl, and the Napoleonic father separated them, bought the girl to abandonment and years of shame, while the boy—deprived and resentful—gives his youth and his income to hurtful excesses in foreign cities. The daughter, when her mother dies, seeks a career for herself in escape from imprisonment in a palace home, the pliable pawn in a tyrannical father's further schemes; and she becomes famous and rich as a landscape architect.

John Hodder is finally convinced—not that the church is wrong, and a partner in perjury—but that its message has been wrongly interpreted; and he preaches a sermon which proves his Rubicon. Eldon Parr leaves St. John's, and the rest of the hypocrites withdraw their money and their presence, and seek to unfrock the fearless clergyman who demands that they clean the inside of their cup in prayer to God for pardon, and in a righteous life thereafter. But he keeps his pulpit and he fills St. John's with a multitude of the spiritually hungry, the sincerely devout.

(Of the marriage of John Hodder to the daughter of Eldon Parr, of the death of Parr's expatriated son, of the characteristic stand of Parr himself against any concession, I will not speak. It is all impressively dramatic. And of the moral I will only say this: You get the clear message of the only gospel Christ could have brought. You get hope in a shifting of base by even the ultra-conservative, away from dead formalism, and to loving service in the cause of humanity here on earth.)

It is a wonderful story. Paragraphs from it will be quoted in many a helpful argument. Its theology will temper the tenets of many a sincere Christian. And it is a joy to add that much of the conclusion of John Hodder has been the consolation and the inspiring force of Elmer Goshen and Bishop Spalding for many a blessed year.

The little metal collar button that comes in your shirt from the laundry never rolls under the bureau. It takes a position out on the floor, and you find it with your naked foot—in the dark.

WHERE DOES REFORM BEGIN?

If reform, like charity, begins at home, then no one with the smallest social or pecuniary interest in New York ever ought to lend himself to corrective efforts in Utah—no matter if all things alleged against this state were true. Which they are not.

Here is an extract from a New York daily paper. It is good reading, in the sense that it tells in graphic manner about circumstances of a lively sort:

Hell's Kitchen was the scene of a cyclonic disturbance yesterday afternoon when the police of the West Thirty-seventh street station attempted to arrest Thomas Murray, 26 years old, of 699 West Forty-ninth street, a gangster who is said to have been released from state prison only last Monday after serving a term of five years for assault.

In the scrimmage Murray and his friends almost wrecked the saloon of Peter J. McCormack, at Thirty-ninth street and Eleventh avenue, attacked the proprietor and the bartender, James Hughes, and tore the uniform coat of Patrolman Vost into shreds.

But by the time fifteen reserves and a squad of ten patrolmen on regular duty reached the scene under command of Captain Ivers, Murray had received a clubbing that rendered him unconscious. He was taken to the station house in a patrol wagon. Dr. Miller of the New York hospital revived the gang fighter and dressed the bruises of Patrolman Vost, Sergeant Fisher and Hughes, the bartender.

Several citizens were struck by flying missiles and many windows in the neighborhood were broken.

Attempted to "Stick Up" Bartender.
Murray was locked up on four charges—felonious assault, malicious mischief, disorderly conduct and intoxication.

According to McCormack, the proprietor of the saloon, the trouble grew out of an affair last Tuesday morning between members of the Gopher Gang and William Hughes, one of McCormack's bartenders. Early in the morning, McCormack said, a crowd of gangsters attempted to "stick up"