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tled melancholy. How Mark fired his best jokes at the sorrowful man, and was obliged at the close of the lecture to confess that he had failed; that the old man sat there as though he did not hear a word, and then the young man confessed that it was probably true, for his father had been deaf as a post for fifteen years.

There are men with good ears who are soul-deaf, and the mass of those who listened to the eloquent Indiana senator on Monday night were of that class. Joseph had spoken. A wireless from the Infinite had come to him, and after that how small was the clatter of the Indiana senator! When from afar the senator reads the returns from Utah, in his own modest way he will probably turn to his friends and exclaim: "And I made only one speech in Utah," and all his life he may possibly hug the belief to his soul that in 1908 he carried Utah by a single speech. It would be almost a pity to undecieve him.

And should Senator Smoot be re-elected and another contest be sprung upon him, how cheaply would Senator Beveridge bear his testimony that he never addressed a more intelligent audience than the one that listened to him in Salt Lake City; never one that more quickly responded to the truths of Republicanism. And even then he would not realize what a roaring farce he was chief performer in when he made his speech in Salt Lake City.

How Senator Sutherland must have enjoyed the farce, and likewise the church dignitaries who were in attendance; the same ones who heard the pronouncement in conference. It is to laugh when we think of it all. If the ghost of Shakespeare was back on earth he would change his former wording and make Puck say, "What a fool the Lord's anointed can make of an Indiana senator."

The Apathetic Campaign

THE national presidential campaign is drawing to a close and the result is just as uncertain as ever. The reason remains the same for the apathy is still upon the country. Neither party, either in its platform or in the expressions of its candidates, meets the desires in the hearts of the people. The Prohibitionists are chasing an abstraction. Could they get all they ask, what evidence is there that they could handle the affairs of this great Republic in any wise manner? Debs' narrow vision ignores every practical fact. He stands on a foundation which rests upon a false assumption of facts, which have no foundation in justice, and which lead straight up to chaos for society.

Watson would turn the mighty Republic back to the primitive days, when the people in the simplest manner lived and had not yet taken on any of the attributes of a great world-power with a world-power's responsibilities.

Mr. Bryan has evidently modeled his life on the life of Jefferson, and would run the Republic ship would exchange the locomotive for the ancient stage coach and the turbine driven steamship for a fore-and-aft schooner.

Mr. Taft seems to think that with a few repairs, suggested by Mr. Roosevelt, the Republic needs nothing else, and will run itself. Not one of them has uttered a word to convince the people that he has the vision to take in the country as it is and to outline its wants and hold in line its tremendous forces.

With a well-nigh helpless currency system, there has been no thought advanced toward placing it upon a basis that promises at once security and at the same time to give it a controlling power to at all times meet the country's needs. At present the whole national banking system is dependent upon a national debt, which levies a perpetual assessment upon all the property of the country, and offers a perpetual incentive to bankers never to permit that debt to be paid.

Then, while the volume of a country's money is the measure of the value of its property, our statesmen stand listlessly by through term after term of congress and see our people pay to foreign ship owners year after year, more money in fares and freights than all our gold and silver mines can possibly produce. And our ship yards are silent.

In the same way they see our corporations send away to foreign lands in interest money \$300,000,000 which could all be avoided were our government to guarantee the debts and at the same time, for security, insist upon a lien on the property on which the bonds are issued and a voice in their directory to make sure of honest management.

Then in prosperous years a horde of immigrants come from abroad equal to one-eightieth part of our entire population, and though two-thirds of these know nothing of our language and have no conception of the nature of our free institutions, in from three to five years the vote of each one counts for just as much as the vote of Bryan or Mr. Taft. And this horde is tossed in upon us and no provision is made to open new fields where their labor would be effective, and so hundreds of thousands of them stop and fester in our great cities.

And while combined capital is making labor profitable for millions of workers, the tendency of the party leaders is to assume that combined wealth can have behind it only sinister motives, and so it has been assailed until even the direct beneficiaries of it, as they draw their pay, withdraw every emotion of gratitude and generous appreciation, and nurse in their souls a belief that, in some way, they are being robbed and misused. And so the Republic drifts and no candidate and no platform rings out clear and gives an idea that either the needs or the majesty of the country is comprehended, or that there is one master spirit who seems able to mount the bridge and set and hold the great ship of state safely on her course.

Hence, from every state the word comes that never before did such apathy prevail in a presidential campaign. The trouble is that no party and no man fills the want in the souls of the people.

A Theme for a Drama

PROF. COOLRIDGE has written a book on the great drama, "Our Country." He claims with the opening, "It is a study of the part which the United States plays in the great drama of world policies, a part which cannot help being important. The book is really a comparison of our own country and its government with the countries of the old world." And it may well be called a drama, for since the beginning of time no country has ever presented so magnificent a drama to the world as the history of our own country. Starting a mere fringe on the seashore, expanding, widening, until it absorbs a continent, and all in a little more than a hundred years, a stretch of land 3,000 miles long and 1,200 miles

wide that was but a wilderness filled with savage men and savage beasts, and which is now dedicated to liberty, to peace, to plenty; with all its space filled with temples to religion, to freedom, to industry, to education, to justice; expanding from 3,000,000 of people to 90,000,000 of people, all alert, all impressed with the thought that each one has equal opportunities with every other one, all speaking one tongue, all inspired by one hope, irresistible in power, unequalled in enterprise, all exultant in mine and field and factory; not a cloud on its horizon, with products so varied that it is an empire in itself and needs no help from all the world; boys emerging from rude cradles in log cabins, in forty years attaining the highest place that a free people can bestow—surely the author chose a wonderful theme, and if he has the power to portray it so it can be seen from his book, as Shakespeare made his characters be seen, it will be an enchanting book, to be sure.

The wonder is that in such a land anyone is discontented; the wonder is that in such a land anyone would overthrow such a government; the wonder is there are knaves or fanatics to plan to supersede this government with one such as Solomon gave to Israel, which was so exacting that when he died the people besought his successor to do away with some of the burdens under which they struggled. One would think the examples of the men who, from nothing, had made their triumphs in this land would be enough, and cause any poor man or any poor child to say with such opportunities nothing else was needed.

The fields give up their harvests, the mines give up their wealth, more men are toiling at better wages between our seas than ever filled any land before; there is not one thing that any man need fear so long as he does right under our laws. There is no friction in the laws; every opportunity is held open and men may achieve all that they aspire to if they have but the energy and the brain and the heart to work out their destiny.

Around such a government there should be such a love of the people as would make it impregnable. The fathers planned it to be so, and they left as its protection a free ballot to its people, believing that every wrong could be cured by that ballot, believing that every right could be maintained; and with such an inheritance that all people are not content and exultant is a reproach, and that under such a government any man would assume that he had a divine right to instruct people how to use that ballot which the fathers gave, that man is an enemy of his country and ought to be so held in the estimation of the people.

Victor Hugo's Religion

SINCE Victor Hugo died twenty posthumous volumes of his works have appeared, and it is said the Hugo family still possess a pile of unfinished manuscripts, several of which will be given to the world as soon as they can be prepared for the press. Gustav Simon, who is the sole executor of Victor Hugo since Paul Maurice died, thinks that Hugo began planning *Les Misérables* as far back as 1829, but it was not until 1845 that he actually began to write his great romance. He devoted three years to the work then, and, being interrupted by the revolution of 1848, put aside the manuscript for several years. April 26, 1860, he resumed it and commenced reading it.

This reading of his manuscript lasted until the 21st of May, that is, more than three weeks, and he was plunged into a state of profound meditation. He ceased to occupy himself any more with Jean Valjean, with Fantine, with Cossette, but with the hardships and the sufferings of all humanity. He came gradually to contemplate