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BURL ARMSTRONG Editor

Subscribers to Goodwin's Weekly will confer a favor upon the management by reporting non-delivery of the paper. In the revision of the mailing lists it is likely that a few have been inadvertently omitted.

declaring even after the event that the President will win; or turn against him and try to hold the offices by declaring they were for Roosevelt all the time, and were just fooling when they talked for Taft.

While the political lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner against probability and the logic of events may return and assume the virtue of acceptance, even if he has it not.

For there can be but few things more vile than that sinner who has from the beginning shut his eyes to the evident truth. The people wanted a new organization. They tried to tell Mr. Taft they didn't like the old regime, and he wouldn't believe them. He had a right to pin his faith to his own machine, for it had been a good one in its day. But there had been an accumulation of opposition to it for many years, and some of the strongest men and some of the best patriots in the nation had taken sides against the President and his friends.

Mr. Aldrich was wise enough to listen to the warning, and get out of the way of the cyclone. Mr. Cannon didn't believe it, even when he had been blown away—storm cellar and all; and they hogtied him and hamstrung the Republican majority in the house just because Uncle Jo was hard to convince. Illinois didn't believe it, and insisted on buying legislatures and sending Lorimer to the senate. And Wisconsin didn't believe it, and added insult to injury by sending old Isaac Stephenson up Pennsylvania avenue to take his place beside the tainted toreador from Chicago.

We hold it is not in the hearts of the people to believe half the bad things that have been said of Mr. Taft. No one who is at all fair thinks that man is a liar, or that he is trying to deprive the people of any one of their rights. There probably are not twenty sensible men in the nation who really credit the contention that the President is working for anything but the very best interest of the people of America, for the advancement of the general prosperity, for the enactment of better laws, and for what in the

sight of God and man is right for all. But there he was, the friend and defender of the system which the people didn't like. There was only one way to destroy the system, and that was to defeat the President.

It is pretty severe, but it will have to be endured. And, in the end the country will be none the worse for the change. If only the people will give President Taft the credit to which he certainly is entitled, the rest can be borne with patience.

Maybe a new alignment will be some small betterment here and there. No one can with reason look for very great changes in the way of better conditions. We still will have to give money for bread, and other articles we want and do not happen to have. But there will be one thing for which the people will congratulate themselves. They will have proved that they can tear down an idol whenever they want to, and if there is anything more than another which will attract them it is the size and strength of the idol in question.

Beyond all that, maybe arrogant gentlemen with the notion that they carry counties and states around in their pockets will realize they were wrong. If so, a good deal of benefit will have been won. The said arrogant gentlemen will not admit they were wrong, of course. That is beyond them. They will take a sour pride in maintaining they were right from the beginning, and are so even after the end. But they will have been stripped of power—and that will be a good deal of satisfaction.

The only thing to fear now is that some of those who have been so strong in the past will shuck their colors and claim to have been on the winning side from the start.

FATE AGAINST THEM.

ABOUT the meanest thing a man can do is to laugh at a woman when her pretty dress is soaked with rain.

It is a pity the whole day could not have been fair when Squire Coop and his musical friends gave that presentation of "The Creation" up on the University campus. And yet it is a good deal of a joke on the best people in Salt Lake. They had an excellent opportunity to hear the music at the Theatre at a time when it would have been worth much to those who had worked so hard to make its production possible. And they didn't go—in any very large numbers. But when they could get it for nothing they went by the thousands.

And the rains came and the winds blew, and beat upon that audience, and it fell. And great was the fall thereof.

Maybe it will be a good thing, and maybe it will not. But when a city has talent enough and enterprise enough to produce so excellent a thing as "The Creation," and do it so well as did the singers and instrumentalists here in Salt Lake, then at least a thousand people ought to have paid their money, and attended the first performance.

And since they wouldn't come to

the musicians—coming meaning pay—the musicians concluded to come to the people—coming there meaning donation. It seemed worth while to donate that, in the hope that a better appreciation of good music might be developed. But fate was against them. Just when they had a big audience before them; just at a time when some fifteen thousand people might have caught the message in these marvelously beautiful strains—the rain drove them away.

It is unfortunate. But the wetting of dresses and the soiling of shoes isn't half so much of a calamity as the fact that there wasn't enough interest in the first performance to make it a financial success.

AN ORIGINAL STRIKE.

LITTLE as we admire the political capacity of the people of New York, we cannot withhold a meed of praise for their ingenuity in getting up strikes. Who outside of New York would ever dream of the pretty girls in a factory striking to secure justice for the homely ones? It seems incredible, but it actually happened. The foreman in a white goods factory where the piece-work system prevails gave the profitable jobs to the good-looking girls, while the homely ones got nothing but rag ends which required much toil and brought little pay. What should we expect from this situation by the light of the romantic novels and sentimental plays we have read? Is it not the rule for the pretty girls to make the most of their advantage? Have we not been taught to believe that natural law invariably moves a beautiful woman to despise her ill-favored sister and rejoice in her misfortunes? Women, we are told by the whole chorus of romanticists, are natural enemies to one another. Their main object in life is to compete for the favor of the male and to win it they will not stop short even of vitrol.

Such is the romantic theory. Now, let us contemplate the sober fact. The pretty girls in that white goods factory, as soon as they learned that the mushy foreman was favoring them to the disadvantage of their homely sisters, forthwith took the case to the union. The union ordered a strike and they all struck.

What we are saying is that the pretty girls struck to get their own pay reduced and that of their less beautiful companions raised. The good book praises the man who swears to his own hurt. What shall we say of these girls who struck to get their own wages reduced in order that those of their competitors might be increased? Heroism means different things to different people. The word is not one to be lightly applied, but still we discern something in this incident that savors of the heroic. It shows, at any rate, that the world is not so selfish as some imagine it to be.

Not long ago we saw the male passengers on a great ship dying for their ideals of conduct. Now we see these factory girls sacrificing the wages which mean life to them for the same high purpose. As long as such things happen nobody need preach to us that

the world is mean and sordid at heart, for we shall not believe him.

THE HARVESTER TRUST.

O H, yes. The Harvester Trust. Scare the children with it.

Use the name in the place of profanity.

If a Harvester Trust man comes into town, insult him.

If a stranger comes along and somebody says he belongs to the Harvester Trust, smash him twice, and then spit on him. It proves you so much of a gentleman.

Oh, yes. Damn the Harvester Trust!

But what is it?

Where is it located?

What does it do?

What murders has it committed?

What dishonest thing—or improper thing?

Of course, it is villainous, and we are all whooping it up. Damn the Harvester Trust! But why. And also wherefore? Just among ourselves, you know. Heave rocks at it where the boys can see us, but here in the quiet, why?

And, on the other hand, if there be such a thing, is there any good in it? Has it helped any? Granting it is the deep-dyed villain of darkest imagining—though a little difficult of explaining just what the villainy consists of—is the country any better for the Harvester Trust?

Along here where the tide of cussing is running pretty high, it is a pleasure to say that the International Harvester company probably has done more for the advancement of the great business of agriculture than any other one force in these or this United States. And that is the Harvester Trust.

It has made more farm machines and sold them for less money than any of the many concerns—or all of them put together—ever before could manage to do. It has made farming easier, and more profitable. It has hired more good men, and paid them better wages. It has reduced the agricultural implement business to a science, and eliminated the waste. It has robbed no one, and done more to make the farmers rich than all the spitters and mud-slingers from here to Ballyhoo. And that is where they make mudslingers and spitters.

Damn the Harvester Trust if you want to, but ask some of the people who hear you cuss what is the thing you are cussing against, and what it has done to deserve your vituperation. And the silence will be so thick you can cut it with a knife.

It is time for a bill of particulars—or an apology.—Ogden Morning Examiner.

Mr. Bryan called his last—or latest—defeat "The Mystery of 1908." There are some indications that he will bump into The Foregone Conclusion of 1912 next November.

Perhaps Mr. Taft does not know that the Pullman in which T. R. traveled Saturday was the Constitution.