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MORE STUDY THAN NOVEL.

I want to say a word or two—maybe more—about the book called "V. V.'s Eyes." It is a novel, of course, filling all the plans and specifications of the modern-day romance. There is here and heroine, incident and adventure, color and light, motive and circumstance. But all these are forgotten by the thoughtful reader as the development of plan unfolds. You presently see that it is the awakening of a soul rather than the adjusting of characters that has occupied the author. You presently see that you yourself are typified in the spirit and purpose, even the rising aspirations and higher realizations of the girl Carlyle. That is the important word. It is no light thing to so prison the conscience of the reader. It is big. And as the leaves turn in the latter half of the book, you are conscious of a wish that you might be better. You see how less than pure gold is most of the coin with which you have been paying the Bills of Life. You want it to be better gold in future. You don't want to give your God the dross of triviality, of indifference, of selfishness. You want to see with V. V.'s Eyes.

Not often will a book of so much worth come within the reach of readers. It ought to be appreciated when it does come.

And don't get the impression from all of this that the book is dull; that it sermonizes; that it dulls the joy of life. I don't know another so keenly stimulating to thought, so instinct with humanity, or so packed with those passing allusions which show the author's wide reading—and fan pride in your own. And if you go to this book as Satan told Tomlinson to go back to earth—"with an open eye"—you will simply revel in the satire, the sincerity and the splendor of its pages.

Whom the gods would destroy they first afflict with a craze for water meters.

IT HURTS ALL OF US.

In an enterprise like that of "The World in Chicago," why was countenance and indorsement given to an "anti-Mormon" propaganda, any-how?

Was it for the reason that— But here is the story:

A gifted young preacher sat with his official board on the evening of his arrival in his Iowa town, and Brother A. told him not to attack the rich men in his sermons. Brother B. told him to leave the social evil alone. Brother C. reminded him that many preachers had destroyed their usefulness by attacking the saloon, and Brothers D., E. and F., with the rest of the initial family, completed the prohibitive hedge about him.

"But in the name of goodness, what shall I preach about?" demanded the puzzled dominie.

"Well, you can attack the Mormons. They have no friends here," said the spokesman.

There may have been an excuse for an anti-polygamy crusade, though even that must have offended the big non-Mormon polygamists of Chicago; but there is no more warrant for an anti-Mormon effort than for an anti-Catholic effort on Dr. Paden's part.

Look at it. The man's success could be measured only by the number of prospective Utah residents he could turn away from Utah. For every good man, every producer, added to the population of Utah is a benefit—to the extent of his excellence—to every other citizen of the state. And Dr. Paden, in his labors, can have no effect other than to prevent desirable American citizens from becoming citizens of Utah.

Surely there is enough value, in the state which afforded Dr. Paden a good home through many years, to deter any good man from seeking to harm it. Surely there is no other state, east or west, in which merit is so likely to prosper.

No matter how mild Dr. Paden may now insist his criticisms were, he has hurt Utah—which never did him any harm—and which is the loved and valued home of thousands who never were and never will be Mormons.

A neat little maid from Park City
Came down to see our fair city;
She came for the ride
And, what's more, to get tied.
But the groom missed the train—what a pity!

WHY HOOD RIVER IS.

Here is a brief and suggestive clipping from the Hood River, Oregon, Glacier:

For the first time in the history of the local berry industry, the strawberries are this year being shipped by grades, the Extra Fancy and the Standard. All fruit less than five-tier will be considered as culls and will be sent to a cannery with which the Apple Growers' association has made arrangements. Field run berries will also be sent to the cannery.

The Extra Fancy grade must be composed of berries of four-tier or better, faced with four-tier or three by four.

The Standards must be five-tier fruit, faced with four by five or five by five fruit.

Some time we of Oregon will do that, too. For the present our strawberries are so good, the demand for them so great and the season so fortuitous that we don't need to systematize so carefully. It is like the pioneer in the forest country. He cuts down trees and rolls them in heaps and burns them

—though he knows the time is coming when he will need that timber for a score of uses. But in time he comes nearer to the ultimate of utilization.

That's what Utah will do with berries, and with fruit of all sorts. We will give them a "pack" of which they are worthy.

A near-sighted city detective
At Harper hurled an invective;
Said the Judge: "In sooth,
I must punish this sleuth."
And forthwith made the fine collective.

AN OBSTACLE RACE.

Oh, of course, a man can get past those newly-set posts in the public highway just above Beck's Hot Springs. But it will always be in the nature of an obstacle race.

The road has just been moved, or widened, or a little of both. It has for many weeks been a disturber of traffic, and a cause for multiplied bills at the garages. One has a right to hope for a perfect road when the thing was completed.

Who put those poles inside the fence? Who is responsible for their location? Who could give the orders for their removal—and doesn't?

City, county, or soulless corporation, it is all the same. The interest of the public has been ignored.

When we get through with the ideals of the present the ideals of the past will look pretty good to us.

THE WORLD IS GETTING BETTER.

Never for a moment permit the belief that the world is growing worse; that there is more of darkness than of light; that men are weaker or women worse. Never believe that your lines have fallen on evil times, and that there is nothing ahead but the shadows increasing to a general dark.

Read these lines of Lowell:

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for
We breathe cheaply in the common air.
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbed once in saints and heroes rare.
Who perished opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.

There is more of good in the world than there ever has been in all the ages of the past. Creation has only begun. The race is getting better and wiser and more kindly and more charitable—in both benefactions and in judgments of men for each other.

Progress, like the surface of the sea, walks in waves. There is an occasional trough in the wake of a billow, but the tide is rising. And the flood that follows will never recede.

For God is marching on!

A good poker player named Barr,
Stacked up chips he had taken from Carr.
"I wanted that pot,
And it counted a lot;
But I pay as you enter." Har! Har!

CANADA AND PUGILISM.

Up in Calgary Tommy Burns promoted a prize fight between the claimant of the white heavy-