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THE CIVIL SERVICE FRAUD

IS the civil service system devised intentionally for the deceiving of the people, or is the shame of the business solely in the manner of its working-out.

They called the author of that scheme "Gentleman George." His family name was Pendleton, and he was a United States senator from Ohio. He was a Democrat, but the plan he proposed received the instant and emphatic approval of the people because they believed it to be right.

The underlying principle of the civil service system was—and still ought to be—that the political parties of the country were all working for the good of the country, and not for the measly measure of soft salary men might draw from the national treasury. He was a Democrat, and he made his system approved by the nation at a time when his party was out of power, and not very likely ever again to get in. Which is the best evidence in the world that what he asked for gained the approval of that portion of the nation that doesn't expect to be supported at some one's else expense. The men of Columbia who were willing to work for what they got; who were willing to give an equivalent for the bread and butter they ate, indorsed the civil service law. They looked on the Marcy doctrine that "to the victor belong the spoils" as a bit of pleasantries which no honest and self-supporting man need consider. They had the righteous notion that men in office ought to do as honest a day's work as men who work in the fields, as the men who work at the benches, as the man who work anywhere, or at any time.

Wherefore, the people—ninety-nine hundredths of them, ninety of the hundred millions of them—don't care a whoop whether the man who writes the record in Washington, or the man who takes care of the forest, or the man who measures the governmental

whisky is a Republican or a Democrat or a Progressive or a somnambulist, so long as he does his work accurately, faithfully and well.

And this move of President Taft to place thirty thousand present office holders in a position where they may bid defiance to the storming of the paphunters of another year is fully as disgraceful as the hunt of those papsters themselves.

The civil service is a device for getting the work of the nation done, and paying an honest compensation for it—just as any man on earth would have to do his work, and would be expected to give an equivalent for it. The theory is that the man in a public office is no better than any other man. The theory of the civil service is that no man can draw his pay regardless of whether or not he earns it, and that no man alive has an assurance of his job a minute beyond the day of his giving an equivalent in service.

That theory—which is the accepted doctrine of the many millions of the people of the nation, is reversed by the action of the President in appointing a lot of people to places for the rest of their lives. It is an insult to every honest and independent man in the whole republic. It is a reaction from the principles of citizenship. It is a denial of the right of men to make their own way. It is a confession that the thirty thousand Republicans now in office couldn't earn a decent living if they were dismissed from the offices to which they were elevated solely because they had flapped their wings for the party at the polls.

If that extension of the privileges had been made three years ago, not a word could have been said against it. It was delayed because party politics demanded that every drawer of salary must get out and whoop it up for the Republican party and its candidates, whosoever they might be. It is now made because even those in service are nearer being Republicans, whatever their actions may have been in the campaign just closed, than are the men whom the Democrats would induct into office.

They were held in office, with the sword of dismissal over their heads, and the threat of ouster if they didn't obey the behests of the political bosses. And they are made independent by order because it is desired that they shall be independent of the political bosses the Democrats may elevate to place—with the view that they may later be useful to the party of the President so blessing them.

It is a scandalous perversion of an honest doctrine. It is the abasement of a system that the people approve. It is the lowest possible proof of boss-

ism, and the most shameless confession of slavery that has marked the story of the whole American nation.

The President ought to be ashamed of himself. And if he is not ashamed, he ought to be suddenly stopped in this his latest evidence of subservience to the bosses.

An evidence which the citizens of the republic wish had been less frequent.

DOUBTFUL ECONOMY.

THERE may be reason for questioning the wisdom of the county commissioners in declining to pay for the services of deputies now and in the past guarding the property of the mining companies at Bingham. The daily papers report that the commissioners have declared that if the companies need guards to protect property, they will have to pay for that service themselves—or go without it.

It is a fair assumption that the public—city, county and state, and after that the nation—is bound to preserve law and order everywhere. That is exactly what the idea of community implies. That is exactly the pledge organized society gives every individual, corporation or other. No citizen should be required to hire men to defend his property, or to preserve peace in any part of the commonwealth.

The city of Pittsburg took our commissioners' view one time, and when the strike was over the Pennsylvania railroad company brought suit, and collected millions of dollars from the city—the declared value that had been destroyed because of the city's failure to protect; because of its failure to maintain order.

Of course the county is liable.

A PICTURE AND A POEM.

IN countless stores all over the nation men and women of perception have seen and admired that exquisite little picture by Clyde Squires, called "First Motherhood." Of course we, of Utah, find it especially attractive because the artist is native to our soil. Mr. Squires has lived here, worked here, and has won his way by his talent in a far more difficult field than that he would find at home. And yet the success of his picture does not rest on partisanship, for it is as popular in critical Boston, and in careless New York as in interested Utah.

The picture shows a young father standing at the side of the bed on which his wife and his firstborn child are lying. And both he and the mother are looking in silence at that sleeping babe. It is one of the scenes which reveal appreciation of the marvel of a human life's beginning. It

has all the tenderness, all the hope, all the resolution that so serious a relation can impose. And it is infused with all the tenderness of the most intimate and sacred hour in humanity's existence.

Years ago George Horton, a Chicago newspaperman, penned the following verses, which deserve to be bracketed with the picture:

First Motherhood.

White as the sheet is her delicate face,
Girlishly sweet 'mid the linen and lace,
Motherly meet with its new-gotten grace.

Go not away till she opens her eyes,
Deep in their gray lurks a wondrous surprise,
Bright as the day, and as pure as the skies.

Thrilling her breast is the heart of all love,
Keen as the zest of the raptures above—
Tiger's unrest, and the fear of the dove.

Bliss that was bred in a transport of pain,
Suffering fled out of ecstasy's reign—
Fled now, and dead, though it lived not in vain.

This is a bliss that no words can express;
Joy such as this they refuse to confess;
Thoughts only miss when we deem that we guess.

Tuned is the heart of the mother full soon,
Lullabies start there, and many a croon;
Sweeter than art, and as old as love's boon.

Love's sea is filled to its uttermost deeps,
If it is stilled, how enraptured it sleeps;
If it is thrilled, how it trembles and leaps!

Wonderful power round humanity cast!
All in an hour, and the old life is past;
Womanhood's flower is expanded at last.

Curious that the writer and the painter should seem so exactly to have conceived the same thought. Curious that each should have caught that recognition of the wonderful, and have been silenced by the mighty miracle. And it is quite as curious that neither writer nor painter has elsewhere in like manner made record of the really impelling scene.

WOMEN ON A JURY.

IN this day of woman's arriving at her own, it is interesting to observe the mood in which the new dignities and responsibilities are met. In Colorado a report states that women privileged to become jurors,