

GOV'T PRINTING OFFICE SCANDAL.

Investigation as to Whether Type Setting Machines Were Bought On Merit or Through Influence.

GREAT SECRECY MAINTAINED

How Claims Are "Pigeon-holed"—Lew Wallace, Relative of Paul Jones—To Raise More Revenue.

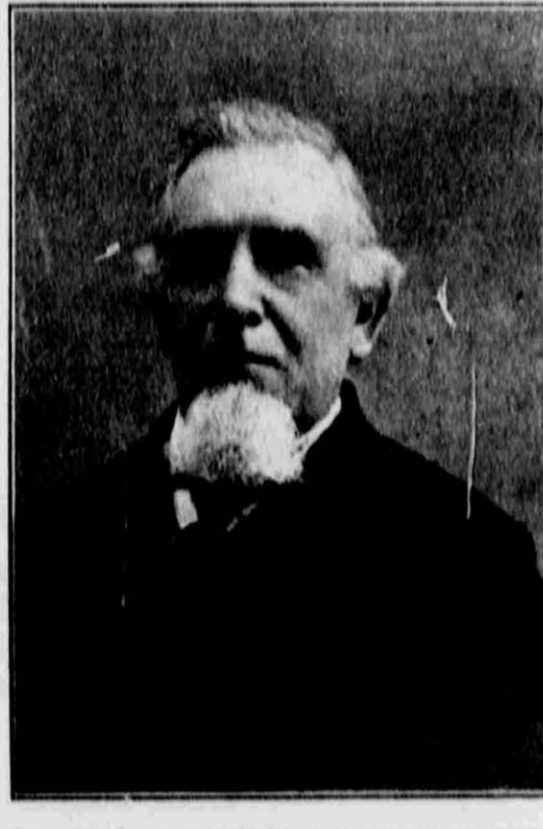
Special Correspondence. Washington, D. C., July 15, 1905.—One of the most peculiar "investigations" ever seen in this city is now in progress at the government printing office where the keep commission is endeavoring to determine whether a contract for 12 Lanston typesetting machines was bid on the merits of the machine or because of "undue influence" in the shape of

spent thousands of dollars in preparing the case and obtaining possession of the bid. What the cost has been to the government can only be approximated, but it cannot be far short of a million dollars up to the present time. And yet the net outcome has been to shake a few rascals out of their positions and sentences still fewer in the penitentiary for a short period, while accompanying this was a trail of blood with blasted reputations and ruined men, many of whom, not having been convicted, must be presumed to be innocent. Nor should the cause be innocent. Nor should the investigation by Commissioner Garfield into the best trust be forgotten, for the report which was the outcome of this "secret" investigation, putted nobody.

A conclusion based on the result of these "secret" investigations as compared with those conducted in public is that the people are better satisfied when inquiries into public affairs are conducted in the open light of day. It is doubtful if any valuable information is obtained behind closed doors that would not be forthcoming before a public tribunal, while the opportunity to discuss testimony thus taken to serve the private ends of justice to the contrary is undoubted and no matter how high-minded the inquirers may be, the suspicion must inevitably attach that something is withheld, twisted or misinterpreted and that the witnesses or the parties investigated did not get a fair show.

THE PIGEON-HOLE MAN.

Did you ever hear of the "pigeon-hole man"? Probably not unless you have knocked about the government departments in this city for several years. There are many old things



GEORGE WHITAKER, A Utah Pioneer of 1847.

Mr. Whitaker is still living in the seventh ward of this city. He proudly says that although in his eighty-sixth year, he reads his "News" nightly without the aid of spectacles, and he adds that he commenced subscribing for the paper the day the first number came out, June 15, 1850, since which date he has never missed a copy.

Mr. Whitaker's career as one of the first Utahns is an interesting one. The tasks of those days were of the soil and not of art, and his first employment was that of an adobe maker. Today the older houses of the city that are pointed to with pride as the first efforts of home making in the west, contain adobes made by this member of the first settlers.

Of the long trail across the western half of the continent, there are many incidents which he remembers, and in a conversation with a "News" reporter, Mr. Whitaker, in speaking briefly of them, said:

"When about 22 years old I heard of my sister living in Liverpool, who had been captured by Amosiah Taylor, and I walked 14 miles to Birmingham, to hear Apostle P. P. Pratt preach, and was baptized the same day, April 23, 1842.

I emigrated to America in 1845, reaching Nauvoo March 27. On account of the trouble times the Saints were having at that time in Nauvoo, about the first advice I got after my arrival, was to buy a gun, which I did, and was placed on guard outside the city, as the

profitable investments in the stock of the company. Every precaution is taken to surround the proceedings with an impenetrable secrecy. Every witness the government wears not to discuss his testimony under penalty of dismissal, the commissioner are silent and the attorneys have been requested to say nothing. The result of all these efforts are that every day columns are published, giving voluminous reports of these so-called "secret" hearings. The fight is between the Merchants and the Lanston machines and as much of the testimony is entirely to the merits of one or the other machine it is natural that it should not be buried in the breast of the official or the attorney. All this makes the "secret" feature of the investigation look extremely farcical. Simultaneously, tongues are wagging as to the outcome of the scandal in the statistical bureau of the department of agriculture. The case is in the hands of the U. S. attorney for the District of Columbia, who is trying to find a way to prosecute the men who sold and the men who bought government information as to the government reports on the condition of the cotton crop.

Running back a few years we had the Priestov investigation of the postoffice department, which resulted in a number of indictments, giving trials and still fewer convictions. Before that was the various investigations, growing out of the Spanish war. If a mention of these investigations, past and present, be made it is only for the purpose of calling attention to the various methods employed and the results obtained. The war commission proceeded in public and everyone was satisfied with the result, the scandal at the department of agriculture was probed by the secret service and actions were prompt and effective. On the other hand the Priestov investigation was a "sweet-box" affair, and substantially all that ever reached the public was an exparte resume of testimony taken in secret, and the comments of President Roosevelt on this exparte report. Old Gen. Taylor died of a broken heart after a lifetime in the government service, denied a kindly word by his prosecutors even after a full trial and acquittal by a jury. His nephew, also acquitted, lost his office before the department and was compelled to expend his entire savings to clear himself. Others have been tried and acquitted while still others have

about the executive departments but one of Uncle Sam's time-honored institutions is this genius who presides over these particular pigeon holes. He is somewhat analogous to the silent partner who is blamed for everything that goes wrong and never gets credit for anything that goes right. The "pigeon-hole man" is usually a person in responsible position. His principal duty is to hold up departed cases as long as possible. At best the government is a bad debt payer, and if men in private life were to attempt the same policy they would soon lose their business credit. Uncle Sam never pays anything until he has to. Thousands of American citizens have money coming to them and Uncle Sam says it. Knows their claims are true, but unless the particular individual knows it, too, and presents a claim so thoroughly prepared and so invulnerable to attack that it will do no good to procrastinate, the government will not enlighten him. Thus it happens that thousands of dollars are in the government's strong box that ought to be out in circulation buying shoes and trunks for American labor, instead of being idle in the vaults here in Washington.

But to revert to the "pigeon-hole man." He is at the head of the theory that in time cases not of ten, these departed claims left alone will settle themselves. Therefore, he labels them merely, puts them in a jacket tied around with a piece of red tape and hangs them where the cobwebs can dislocate them until such time as some influence, the congressman makes an imperative demand to see them. Whenever all trace of a document in any of the departments is lost, it is usually attributed to this particular individual. Sometimes, when interested parties come to the department and demand to see the papers in their case for the purpose of once more pressing for action, they are requested to make them comfortable until the papers are secured from the files. A messenger is sent ostentatiously to the file clerk for the papers. Patient "search" in the files produces the papers usually after the waiting party, tired of the delay, has gone to sleep. Sometimes, all parties will get together and reach an agreement rather than wait until such time as the "pigeon-hole man" will permit them to move. This particular government employe may fill a useful and necessary niche in the government economy but he undoubtedly comes in

Saturday Sermons.

WRITTEN FOR THE DESERET NEWS BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

TRUTH, in its struggle for recognition, passes through four distinct stages. First, we say it is damnable, dangerous, disorderly, and will surely disrupt society. Second, we declare it is heretical, infidelic and contrary to the Bible. Third, we say it is really a matter of no importance either one way or the other. Fourth, we aver that we always upheld and believed it.

Labor is the only prayer that is ever answered.

Men who say they have exhausted life, merely mean that life has exhausted them.

The difference between bad and good people is this: The bad people have the bad on the outside, and the good on the inside, while good people have the good outside and the bad in.

The man who lives in a personal devil proves the proposition because he is one.

When we reach Utah we always find the map has deceived us, and so we set on. This is progress.

When you supply a man an idea, and he straightway asks you if you are sincere, he reveals himself a No. 4 Jackassneck Lobdilly.

The intensity of conversation is usually in exact ratio to the vicinity; women who talk all over seldom have anything to say.

The men who live in history are those whose lives have been well written.

The man who, in his will, provides a penalty in case his wife marries again, never had any confidence in her during life. He thought he owned her, body and soul. It is bad enough for a woman to be owned by a live man, but to be dictated to by a dead one—ugh!

The spiritual and the sensual reach reconciliation in love of a good woman.

Not only does beauty fade, but it leaves a record upon the conscience as to what became of it.

Everlasting life will be yours if you deserve it—your present belief or disbelief does not affect the issue. But make sure of this, if you are to be a great soul in heaven, you have got to begin to be a great soul here.

The woman who manages a man never calls his attention to the fact.

Men fight for a thing and lose, and the man they fought, later, fight for the same thing under another you win.

Piety is that feeling of reverence we have toward the Almighty on account of His supposed resemblance to ourselves.

Discontent is inertia on a strike.

The world is getting better, to a great degree women have abandoned hoops, bustles, tight shoes, high heels, corsets, hats, gloves, side-saddles and long skirts; and many there be who a-kneelings go.

Rather Different Flour.

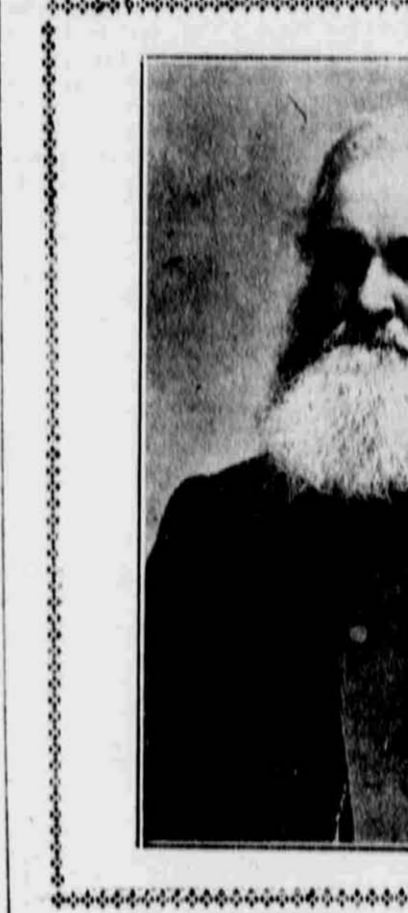
Any old kind of flour may suit some folks, but we're after people who know FLOUR from FLOUR. We want them to try.

SMITH'S FLOUR.

DIPLOMACY IN MARRIAGE.

At the recent wedding of John O'Leary, New York's richest patrolman, a political leader discussed happy marriages.

"The secret of happiness in marriage," he said, "lies in diplomacy. Neither truthfulness nor economy, nor love, nor wealth will give a young couple happiness if diplomacy is lacking. For it is trifles that cause wreckage."



CALEB B. RHOADES.

A Utah Pioneer of '46. Whose Death was Recently Chronicled in the "News." Caleb B. Rhoades was a famous character in many ways. He lived a quiet and unostentatious though somewhat eccentric life in eastern Utah, near Price, which was his home for many years. For a long time his name was associated with a mysterious mine said to have been located in the Utah reservation. If such a mine existed, Rhoades refused to divulge its whereabouts, and died with the secret in his breast. Rhoades, with a sister who is still living in Salt Lake, passed through Utah in 1846, one year before the arrival of the pioneers. He was on his way to the Pacific coast and was a member of the famous Donner party, most of which perished in the snows of the Sierra en route to the land of gold. On returning to Salt Lake he decided to make his home in Utah, and remained here for the rest of his days. His funeral was the most largely attended in the history of Price.

THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR GORE CANYON.

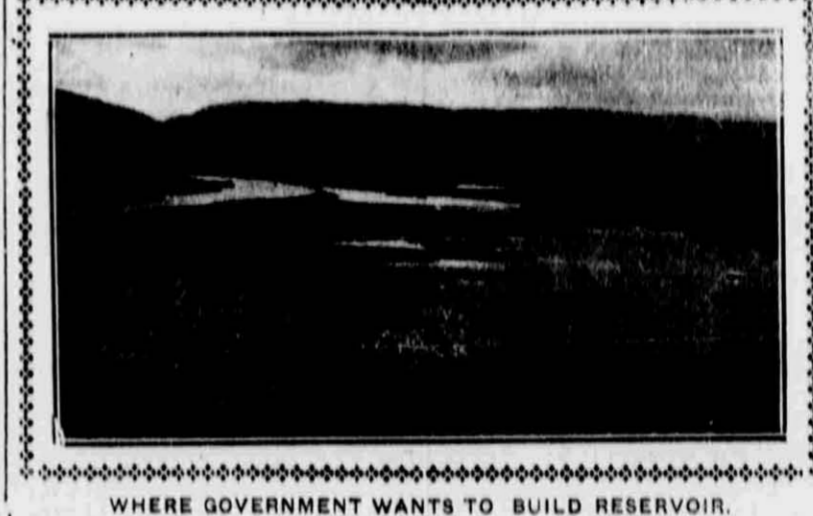
Who Will Get It, Uncle Sam for a Reservoir or Dave Moffat for His Denver-Salt Lake Railroad.



GORE CANYON LOOKING WEST.

Above are views of Gore canyon and the reservoir site to the east, which have become famous by the persistent attempt of the Moffat road people to get possession of them for railroad purposes. The canyon is the outlet for the Grand river through the Gore range of the Rockies from Grand county, Colorado and Mesa counties, into Garfield and the Green river in Utah.

The first picture is looking west, and shows the canyon proper the site of the 200 foot high dam being at the narrowest part of the center of the picture. Considerable grading has been done, some by the Union Pacific, and some by the Burlington in times past, with expectations for the future. This place is an ideal one for a dam, with assurance of the best results from a smallest possible outlay of material, time and money.



The second picture is also looking west, but from the eastern side of the

WHERE GOVERNMENT WANTS TO BUILD RESERVOIR.

about 1,000,000 acre feet, and cover an area of pretty nearly 100 square miles. It will irrigate land clear into Arizona, besides furnishing an immense amount of power for Denver and other Colorado cities.

All this Mr. Moffat would prevent, according to the government engineer, in order to run his road through that particular canyon when he could cross the range further north, by comparatively easy gradients. Mr. Moffat is fighting the government in the courts, but for the present will not build west of Hot Sulphur Springs in Grand county. The views given above were taken by Capt. G. A. Hammond of the reclamation survey.

When they had reached a certain short distance down, the mayor stepped in front of an old blind beggar, who was seated at the edge of the boulevard, and placed a quarter in the tin cup which she held pleadingly to the misbegotten creature of misdeeds. They trembled with an expression of relief, he signified to his companions his readiness to return.

But is that all you come back for?" they asked with a smile.

"Yes," he affirmed. "I give that old lady a quarter twice a week, and this is her day to get it. I missed giving it to her once before, and I never had such a bad day in my life. If I had not come back today, I would have turned my own back on something equally unpleasant would have happened sure."

ness in life, and only diplomacy can handle trifles.

"Let me illustrate.

"My wife said to a young woman woman of her acquaintance:

"Maggie, you'll just have to be the best of dissolutions. Here you were more than an hour last night dressing for the roof-garden party, and he leaves once called to you to hurry, but she he got mad or even sour.

"The young woman, with a wise, diplomatic smile, answered:

"Ah, but you see, I had hidden my warts, his slight case and his hat, and always on that when I know my dressing is going to keep me late. Afterward I find them for him, and he is anxious for having kept me waiting."

HIS LUCKY QUARTER.

A former mayor of New York was a man of unusual sensitiveness of mind for a politician. On one occasion he was with a couple of colleagues, on his way to a civic meeting, where he was to deliver an address which in the midst of their conversation a third man suddenly crossed his face, and he passed.

"Gentleman," he said, "I must go back a couple of blocks. I have for-

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A DOZEN of Special Sales as well as a score of other special events will take place on Tuesday. A large detailed announcement concerning them will appear in the Monday Evening Papers and Tuesday Morning Papers. Watch for it

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