

DEPARTMENT GIRLS.

Women of Republics are not Ingrateful.

A MONUMENT TO SPINNER.

The Girls Say He Deserves One and Shall Have It—Pretty and Practical Creatures.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Republics may be ungrateful, but the women of republics are not. The women who are employed in the government departments here have set out to build a monument to Gen. Spinner, and they will build it. Why is Gen. Spinner to have a monument? Because he was the first public official to employ women in the work of the government. When Gen. Spinner became treasurer of the United States, a quarter of a century ago, Uncle Sam employed no women, except as charwomen or moon cleaners. "This is not right," said Spinner. "This is work a



THE DEPARTMENT GIRLS' PICNIC TO GEN. SPINNER.

women can do as well as a man. The women shall have a chance." Gen. Spinner opened the doors, and now see the result. Uncle Sam employs in Washington about five thousand women, or one-third of his entire force.

The women make just as good clerks as the men, and some observers say a little better. They waste less time talking politics or reading newspapers, do not loiter in the corridors to smoke during business hours, and in summer do not ask to get off thirty minutes before time in order to attend the baseball games. To this day Gen. Spinner is the hero, the idol, the patron saint of the "department girls." While he lived they helped to make his life pleasant for him. They looked him with presents on holidays and birthdays. They surrounded him with their love and adoration. Every summer they took him to picnic, all in his honor, and carried to him the best fish, the choicest flowers, and the most beautiful grounds for his brood. Those were happy days for Gen. Spinner, and it is not surprising that he said a short time before his death that the act of his which he was proud of, which gave him most satisfaction, was opening the doors of government employment to women.

Probably Gen. Spinner himself never foresaw the result of his innovation. When he began placing women on the government payrolls he did not imagine that in twenty years or so a thousand women should be employed in the treasury alone, nearly as many more in the pension office, and large numbers in the patent office, census office, in fact in every department of the government, even in the war and navy offices, and the Capitol itself. He could not look ahead and see women drawing three or four millions of dollars a month from the public coffers for services rendered.

The women of the departments are of all ages and from all the walks of life, as well as from every state and territory in the Union. Old and young, beautiful and homely, work side by side, and side by side



A TREASURY GIRL GOING TO WORK.

With the men, too, without harm to themselves and with good influences upon their masculine companions. What is better, these women are on the same level with the men as regards pay and promotion. They draw the same salaries for the same work, are classified in the civil service without distinction of sex, and are protected from political interference. Happily the days in which politicians bartered "influence" for feminine flesh and blood are at an end, or nearly so. Occasionally one comes upon an instance of barter and sale, or violation of the laws of God and man in the departments, but one may find quite as many such cases in private life, in mercantile and professional circles. The only discrimination made against women in the departments is in the matter of promotion to the chiefships of divisions. Naturally these posts are filled by men. Eighteen hundred dollars a year is therefore the highest price paid to women in government employ. Five or six women are receiving this salary, and earning it, too.

In the treasury two women, Miss Seavey, of Tennessee, and Miss Van Vranken, of New York, draw \$100 a month. They are unmarried, and have been nearly a quarter of a century in the internal revenue division. They are so expert in their fields that they have been promoted over the heads of most of the men in the bureau. Another \$100 clerk is Miss Ada Tanner, daughter of ex-Pension Commissioner Tanner, who is a confidential clerk in the treasury. Five women in the treasury get \$1,000 a year, \$1,400, and nearly 150 draw \$1,200. A hundred are paid \$1,000 a year, and nearly 400 \$800 a year. What is true of the treasury is true, generally speaking, of other departments, though the number of women clerks is greatest in the treasury. The only places in which women are not given an equal chance with men are the bureau of engraving and printing and the government printing office. In the mechanical work of these concerns the men draw the

big pay, the women the pittance. For instance, in the bureau of engraving and printing the money printers earn \$5 or \$6 a day, while the women who serve as their helpers, and many of them competent to take charge of presses, get but \$1.25. In the government printing office women receive \$10 a week for doing the same work for which men are paid from \$18 to \$22. Hundreds of Uncle Sam's women em-

ployed are well to do. They have saved their earnings, invested in real estate or other property, and become independent. There are women in the treasury worth from \$100 to \$100,000 each, who still go on at their work. There is no reason why they should not, for the toll is not arduous, and the hours are anything but onerous. Light work from 9 to 4, with a half hour for luncheon, frequent holidays and thirty days' leave of absence every year, is not a task calculated to undermine the strength or even of a delicate woman. Some of the women clerks in the treasury keep carriages and are middle aged dames. An employe in the third auditor's office is assisted by a liveried footman to alight every morning at the treasury steps from a costly brougham drawn by a pair of stylish horses. Many of the department girls marry, but in few cases do they leave the service.

Often the husband is also a government clerk, and with two salaries they manage to buy a handsome home and employ plenty of servants. There are plenty of marriageable girls in the departments, pretty but practical creatures, capable of supporting themselves and husbands, too, if necessary, just the girls to make good sensible help-meets. At the luncheon hour, while the men clerks are rushing out to the restaurants or saloons, many pretty groups are formed by the girls, who manage to subsist on an apple and a cracker, and who bring forth novels or fancy work to mix with the gossip of the moment.

There is plenty of romance in these departments. For instance, in the department of justice works a beautiful old lady, a typewriter operator, who was once the reigning belle of Washington society. Her hair is as white as snow, and her face full of the charm of refinement and matured comeliness. Her eyes are still bright and magnetic, and many a maiden might envy her her complexion. This lady, Mrs. Rundlelette, was the daughter of a commandant of the Marine corps. Her husband was a surgeon in the army. An uncle and wife before the war no woman was more courted or admired than she. Her mother, Mrs. Nicholson, was a reigning belle in New York half a century ago.



A GROUP AT LUNCHEON HOUR.

Mrs. Rundlelette has very high family connections and a good social position, even if she is a typewriter operator in government office. She is a type of the well born, well bred woman whom widowhood or other accident of life has brought to daily labor in the departments, and a pretty picture she makes the other day as she sits in her room with another type of department girl—a silly and boisterous coquette who needed a word of motherly advice.

These departments are full of the widows and daughters of senators, representatives, governors, generals and other public men. In the pension office, for instance, is Mrs. Gen. Pickett, whose husband, the Confederate general, led at Gettysburg one of the greatest infantry charges known to the history of wars. Mrs. Pickett now draws a salary of \$1,400 a year, yet for a time this woman of refinement and beauty was on the rolls of the interior department as a charwoman. In the patent office works Miss Alice Mettleham, the great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson. In the bond room of the postoffice department, handling the bonds of all the postmasters of every order offices in the country, is Mrs. Flora Fessett Dodge, a winsome little widow, whose mother is Mrs. Fessett, the artist, known to fame as the painter of the "Electoral Commission" picture, which hangs in the senate gallery.

Another department "girl" is Mrs. H. N. Ralston, the widow of a distinguished western lawyer, a contemporary and friend of Stephen A. Douglas. Miss Mary Livingston, of the postoffice department, is a granddaughter of Robert Lewis Livingston, the last of that famous family to sit in congress, and a niece of John Livingston, founder of Rutgers college. Miss Livingston gets \$1,200 a year. Miss Garnier, of the postoffice department, is a niece of Joaquin Miller. Miss Sewell, of the international money order division, speaks French, German, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish, and gets \$1,200 a year for translating letters. Miss Walworth, of the census office, was daughter-in-law of Chancellor Walworth, the last of the chancellors.



THE OLD BELLE AND THE YOUNG ONE.

These are a few of many similar instances which might be cited. The departments are full of interesting persons whose careers have been romantic and eventful. What is better, the "department girls" are faithful workers, good wives, mothers and daughters, and typical representatives of the self-reliant, cultured working women of the republic.

IT WORKED.

A Plan Adopted by a Man Who Wanted to See the Play.

The theatre was crowded. The curtain had just risen. Jewels flashed, gay plumes on wondrous headpieces fluttered in the heated air, costly fans waved slowly to and fro, and the fashionable audience turned its eyes and opera glasses toward the stage and settled into the bus of expectation that precedes the opening of the play when the experienced stage manager has waited considerably for all the late comers to be seated before the bell taps for the curtain to rise.

In a conspicuous location about half way between the orchestra and the front seats of the parquet circle were three ladies who had come in unattended about five minutes before. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, umbrageous hats they wore. Directly behind them sat a nervous looking, despairing man, who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage. The wide hats, with their wealth of tropical bird foliage, hid everything he wanted to see from view. In vain he wriggled and

squirmed and craned his neck from side to side. The hats were too large, too close together and too richly upholstered.

Apparently unconscious that he was attracting the attention of everybody in his neighborhood and bringing the ladies in front of him into unpleasant prominence, he persevered till sounds of ill suppressed laughter were heard on all sides of him. Then he settled himself back in his chair with a world-weary sigh, but in a moment took advantage of a lull in the performance on the stage to lean forward and address one of the ladies—the one who sat in the middle.

"Madam," he said, in a loud whisper, "I beg pardon, but it is utterly impossible for me to see through your hat, and the Lord made me too small to see over it. If you will kindly remove it you will make a wretched man happy for a whole evening."

The forty or fifty persons who were looking on saw the lady remove her hat at once, turn round and smilingly beg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, and the example became instantly contagious. Ten or a dozen other enormous hats came off within the next half minute, much to the relief of the sufferers directly behind them. Then the play resumed, stepping on the stage and the attention of the audience was attracted to the performance again.

The details of this pleasing little incident are given in full for the purpose of explaining to those who witnessed it that the whole affair was a put-up job.

The lady whom that man addressed was his wife, and the other two were his sisters.—Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't Go On Without Him.

A policeman at the Polk street station yesterday morning walked up to a young man whom he had observed hurrying to and fro in a feverish way for an hour or more, and said:

"My friend, what is the trouble? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Do for me? Jeez! Not! Not! Not unless you can bring back that 8:35 train. I'll get a thousand dollars if it left ahead of time."

"Can't you go on another train?"

"Certainly. That's what I'm waiting for. But it doesn't leave till 3:30 this afternoon, and won't get to where I'm going till about midnight, and that won't do at all."

"If it's anything important can't you send a telegram?"

"Send a telegram? I've sent half a dozen already. The fact is I'm on my way to a wedding to take place at 7 o'clock this evening. I've got some presents for the bride."

"Well," said the policeman, "the case isn't so bad. You can deliver the presents the next morning. The wedding will be over, of course, but—"

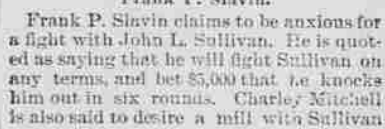
"Wedding over? Jumps! Jupiter! It won't be over. That's the trouble."

"Why not?"

"Because it can't come off unless I'm on hand. I've got to be there. I'm the man that's going to be married. Policeman, you mean well, but you can't pour any of the oil of joy into this wounded bosom. I'll feel obliged if you'll go away somewhere and sit down."—Chicago Tribune.

Bicyclist Walter J. Bray.

Walter J. Bray, of the Lincoln Cycling club of Chicago, holds his club's safety championship, and during 1890 made all the eastern and western tracks ride their hardest at the big bicycle meets. At the Chicago tournament, Sept. 19 and 20, he secured



WALTER J. BRAY.

one first and one second prize against some of the best riders in the country. At the Parkside track, paced by Van Sicklin, Lunsden, Winslow and Thorne, he reduced the five mile safety record (gold tire) from 16m. 4s. to 15m. 23s.

He has also covered the thirty-eight miles of rough country roads between Chicago and Elgin in 3h. 15m. Bray is 22 years old and weighs 160 pounds.

Frank P. Slavin.

Frank P. Slavin claims to be anxious for a fight with John L. Sullivan. He is quoted as saying that he will fight Sullivan on any terms, and bet \$5,000 that he knocks him out in six rounds. Charles Mitchell is also said to desire a mill with Sullivan for \$12,000 a side in a twelve foot ring. In such a ring there would be no danger of another walking match like the Briggs affair.

Fate of a Paralytic Smoker.

About once in so often a tragedy is announced as the result of smoking in bed. The latest victim is Louis H. Heberlein, a helpless paralytic, aged 65, who was fatally burned at his home in Brooklyn one evening recently. The old man, who was unable to leave his bed, was left alone by his wife while she went out to do the marketing. His 14-year-old daughter was in another part of the house, and after a while had her attention attracted to the smell of smoke. On searching for the cause she discovered that it came from her father's apartment, and on entering was horrified to see the bed lit. Flames and the old man feebly fighting for his life. Her brother, a barber, who was employed next door, was the first to answer her frantic calls for help. In his endeavor to rescue the invalid he was badly burned about the hands, but his efforts to save his father's life were unavailing, as he was found to be dead when the flames were extinguished. An investigation showed that the dead man had lighted a pipe, and in this way had set fire to the bed.

She Went Mad and Died.

Some despicable cur in human form entered a school house at Memphis, Ind., the other morning and scrawled on the blackboard a sentence charging Marion Parks, the father of Bertie Parks, the teacher, with being a murderer. Miss Parks on her arrival erased the writing, but she worried so over the affair that she fell ill, went mad and died within the week. Now the people are anxious to make the acquaintance of the scoundrel responsible for her death. The charge of murder was based on rumors in connection with a tragedy that occurred twenty years ago.

Too Clever to Be at Large.

It isn't a safe thing generally to interfere with the administration of justice. Some time ago Gen. Scherhoff, a Russian official, was murdered at Paris by an anarchist named Padlewski. Two newspaper reporters, Labryere and Gregoire, aided the assassin to escape from France. Then they "wrote up" the story of the flight, and got a good share of the blame in eluding the police. Labryere had, as a consequence, been sentenced to eleven months' imprisonment, while Gregoire will be sent to jail for eight months.

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