

THE SECRETARIES.

WHERE FIVE OF THE CABINET WORK OUT THEIR DAYS.

Beauty and Richness of the Furnishing of Some of the Rooms of the President's Clerks—Quarters of Secretaries Endicott, Garland, Whitney, Dickinson and Vilas.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—There are a good many gentlemen in this country who would like to take possession of the five desks in the public departments of this city of which I write. These are beautiful desks, surrounded by elegant carpets, fine paintings, hosts of menials and a good deal of the pomp of high official station; but the men who sit at them must work hard for their salaries and abandon the delights of leisure and independence. The pay is not as great as the responsibility, and the honor scarcely equals the labor, and yet Gen. Harrison will not find it necessary to coax men into these five seats. Any one of the occupants of these desks might become president of the United States, but surely this is not the inducement which causes the posts to be so eagerly sought; for the first cabinet official of whom I write could become president only by the death of the president himself, the vice president, the secretaries of state and the treasury. Notwithstanding a plague, earthquake or cataclysm could thus bring the secretary of war into the White House, and the chances of the remaining four ministers are even more remote. But if the secretary of war may not be president he certainly has the pleasure of occupying the most beautiful suite of offices in the United States. The present secretary has just moved into his new rooms, three



SECRETARY ENDICOTT. splendid apartments in the west end of the \$5,000,000 war, state and navy building. His desk, with a surface as large as a billiard table, is kept as neat as a good housewife's pantry. A smart colored man has nothing else to do. The desk alone cost the government something like \$600. The thick, soft carpet is worth at least \$5 the yard, while the frescoing overhead, a canopy of martial angels in flaming chariots, must have cost \$10 the square foot. The velvet curtains are of the finest, the great mantle is mahogany, the screens are gilt and gold. The gasolier would do honor to a theatre, and the bathroom, near by, is fairly sumptuous in its appointments, though not as grand or costly as the marble bath which Mr. Lamar had put in the interior department when he was secretary there. Every gas fixture, chair, carved decoration and utensil, even to the pretty red and white door mat, has the crossed cannon and American eagle insignia of the department. Hung on the walls are a score or more of oil portraits of former secretaries of war. Probably no more mild and gentle man than the present secretary, Mr. Endicott, ever occupied the seat. He is really lamb like in comparison with the fierce mien of some of his martial predecessors, but the fact that he never smelled gunpowder except on the Fourth of July has not prevented him making a satisfactory secretary of war.

The duties of the secretary of war are multifarious, comprising, in addition to general supervision of the army, a host of minor responsibilities, but the work is so admirably subdivided into bureaus in charge of officers of the regular army that the great machine works along like an automaton. These military bureaus are the offices of the adjutant general, the inspector general, quartermaster general, commissary general, surgeon general, paymaster general, chief of engineers, chief of ordnance, judge advocate general and chief signal officer. It is somewhat remarkable that 2,000 clerks are required to take care of the fiscal and other routine affairs of an army of a little more than 20,000 officers and men. The war department is really the easiest of all the departments to manage. In times of peace it is practically able to run itself. Few characters are in the staff in account of politics, and the organization is so essentially military and runs so largely on precedent that but few matters of great importance or perplexity reach the desk of the secretary.

The desk of the attorney general, next in line according to the law of 1886, stands in the middle of a very large room which looks rather more like a parlor than an office. It is like an art gallery, too, for on its walls are hung thirty-five or forty portraits of former attorneys general, pictures which cost the government from \$100 to \$1,650 each. Conspicuous among them are Beverly Johnson, Caleb Cushing, E. M. Stanton, W. M. Everts and Roger B. Taney. The attorney general is simply Uncle Sam's legal adviser and prosecuting attorney. He has supervision of United States attorneys and marshals throughout the country, and is ex-officio a member of the cabinet. The local staff of the attorney general is not a large one, consisting



SECRETARY WHITNEY. of but fifty persons all told, half of them lawyers of more or less ability. It seems queer that the country is full of lawyers eager to give up their private practice, with perquisites of \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year, in order to come down here and work like a hired man for \$3,000, but such is

the fact. Attorney General Garland often gets to work as early as 7:30 in the morning. I asked him the other day what the hardest part of his work was. "Well," said he, "when I first came here I was most pushed to find means of escaping the office seekers. I had the appointment of 70 marshals, 70 attorneys and a number of territorial judges. These places are highly prized by lawyers, and



POSTMASTER GENERAL DICKINSON. lawyers were never noted for their backwardness. The result was that for the 175 places we had about 9,000 applicants. Maybe it's not so large a number, but at the time I thought it was 90,000. Each applicant sent about fifty letters and all the way from half a dozen to two score of men to talk it over with me. For one office there were 240 applicants. I am sorry for my successor."

The secretary of the navy works in a beautiful room, from whose windows one may look out upon the White House conservatory and the window at which the president's wife sits with her book or embroidery. Secretary Whitney has had more work to do here than any secretary since the close of the war, and his successor will find his task anything but easy. Uncle Sam is now engaged in building a navy, and with his usual impetuosity he is doing it with a rush. Mrs. Whitney once told me her husband, of whom she is justly very proud, had worked harder as secretary of the navy than he ever did before. "He took hold of the department," said she, "as he used to take hold of difficult law cases, and studied night and day till he had mastered it. Mr. Whitney likes hard work. When he was in the city attorney's office in New York they used to leave all the difficult cases to him, and he rather liked it." Secretary Whitney knows how to handle men as well as ships. Indeed, the duties of his office largely consist of handling men, there being naval bureaus, in charge of naval officers, to take care of the ships and their belongings. At 10 o'clock every morning the secretary takes up position in his outer office. All his visitors are admitted to the room, where he can see them and they can see him. He stands by a high desk, and receives his visitors one after another. The caller may sit, but the secretary stands. Under such conditions the average visitor states his business in the fewest possible words and gets away as soon as he can. It is a common saying in Washington that Mr. Whitney can dispose of a greater number of callers in an hour than any other official, and this is the manner in which he does it—a good hint for his successor. After two hours at the outer desk the secretary retires to his office proper, where he works steadily till 5 or 6 in the evening. He has been one of the most successful of all the present cabinet ministers, and his administration has the credit of giving the American navy its start on the road to greatness.

There is nothing sumptuous in the offices of the postmaster general and secretary of the interior, except the marble bathroom in connection with the latter.



SECRETARY VILAS. The postmaster general works in a plain room, which has rather old fashioned furniture. In this room and about the devoted head of Mr. Dickinson's successor will be seen the worst crush of the season after March 4. Here the place hunters and their friends literally swarm. Mr. Vilas estimates that he lost ten years of his life during the first six months of the year 1885, when he sat at his desk and fought off the mob, besides making fifteen or twenty thousand enemies, who have not yet forgiven him. In number of persons employed, and in direct contact with the people, the post-office is the greatest of all government departments. A postmaster general need not be a lawyer, but a secretary of the interior should have had law training. This great department controls the patent office, the pension office, public lands and mines, the Indians, education, railroads, public surveys, the federal census, etc. Secretary Vilas' room is as plain as Dickinson's, but his desk is kept always in the perfection of orderliness. Both Vilas and Dickinson were lawyers of renown before taking public office.

WALTER WELLMAN. Cherokee and Creeks. There appears to be among the Cherokees, as far as travelers can observe, about the same variety of religion as prevails among the whites, but under the regulation of the Indian bureau, first established under President Grant, their agents are nominated by the Baptists, though the Methodists, Presbyterians, Quakers, Moravians and even Roman Catholics have missions among them and a considerable number of members. When the Creeks or Muskogees first went to war with the Americans and concluded what was to them a rather disadvantageous peace, a considerable number of young men refused to recognize the treaty and fled to Florida, then Spanish territory, and were given the name of Seminoles, which in the Creek language means exile, or runaway. In no long time, by intermarriage with the Indians of Florida, and to some extent with runaway slaves from the adjacent states, they became a distinct nation; but they still use substantially the same language as the Creeks. The Creeks have from the first taken unusual pains to educate their children, and the result is seen in the general high character of intelligence in the tribe.

HE DROPPED THE J.

A Man Who Tried to Adopt Spanish Rules to English.

A gentleman who has but recently returned from California was met at the Weddell house yesterday. He is an interesting conversationalist, and a master of the Spanish language. "The letter 'J' in Spanish," said he, "is a puzzle to those who first attempt to learn the language. I will tell you a story which I read in a California paper that will illustrate this." The story ran something as follows: "A few days since a stranger from the unexplored wilds of the east, where the mugwumpery was born and tenderfeet attain their highest state of sensitiveness, came out to Pasadena to visit a friend. While walking along Fair Oaks avenue one day he said to his friend:

"There goes a man I met at La Junta," giving the 'J' its natural sound. "You mean La Junta," replied his friend. "That is a Spanish name, and in that language 'J' takes the sound of 'H.'" "Is that so? Well, I must try to catch on to that." After strolling along a short distance further he asked: "Where are the caves of La Jolla, which I see so much about in the papers?" "You should say La Jolla caves. They are about three miles this side of San Diego." "Darn the language; it breaks me all up. That's a pretty nice house over there—that's Armijo's house, isn't it?" And again he gave the 'J' its proper pronunciation. "You mean the Armeho house. Yes, it's a good one, too."

"Darn the way of abusing the English alphabet," I reckon, then, that must be Haven's store which I stopped at in Los Angeles?" "No, that is not a Spanish name. I think it is French. However, it is pronounced as spelled, Jevene."

"Well, how in Santa Fe is a fellow going to tell what is Spanish and what isn't? Why couldn't they build their language on the original plan?" "Oh, you'll soon catch it. You will find it safest to give the Spanish pronunciation to nearly everything here."

"An hour later he sat down at the table of the elegantly furnished Carlton hotel, and, after scanning the bill of fare, the stranger said to the waiter:

"You may bring me a nice juicy piece of roast beef, some fricasseed pig's haw with caper sauce, some fricasseed black rabbit, some pork with apple hie, some boiled potatoes with currant ja—I mean currant ham, and, ah, some—"

"At this point the waiter swooned and the guests in the room let out a roar of laughter that gave the chandeliers the chills and fever. This made the stranger mad, and he leaped to his feet like a crazy man, took off his coat and threw it down on the floor, stamped on it and howled:

"You fellows are trying to play me for a sucker, but, by the eternal, you have struck the wrong snag. I am a disguised cyclone from Illinois and can lick the whole crowd. Spanish! I can sling more Spanish in a holy minute than Montezuma could in a whole year. Let some idiot pull off his jacket and hump into me, and the first time I hit him he will think he has the limbers. Spanish! My name is Jeremi—I mean Heremiah Hones, from Hacksenville, Illinois, and when my dander's up I'm a ravin' hyena. You played me for a sucker, but you musn't hudge a man by his looks. Whoop! go round the hubbub. Some come out and face me. Let some hincrow galoot come to the front and criticize my Spanish bargain."

"His friends got hold of him and took him from the room, and as he went through the door he remarked:

"I can take a hoke, but it makes me mad for a lot of huckesses to play po for a greeny."—Cleveland Leader.

An Accessory to the Fact.



Miss De Treuro's Maid (just as Willy is preparing to go on his knees for an avowal—Just a moment, sir. They most all generally use this, sir.—Time.

A Slip of the Tongue. An agreeable young man whom I often met was calling with due ceremony on a nice Auburn girl the other evening, when her brother Tom, just arrived home from college on the evening train, rushed into the room and embraced his sister.

"Why, how plump you've grown, Edith!" he exclaimed. "You're really quite an armful!" "Isn't she?" exclaimed the agreeable young man, and then he felt a chill racing down his spinal column. "That is," he stammered, "I've no doubt of it—I"— The brother looked carving knives at him, and the maiden blushed furiously. "I mean—er," said he, "I should judge so!"—Lewiston Journal.

No Postage Stamps. Old Man—If that young idiot in the parlor ain't got sense enough to make shorter calls he might as well be of some use. Ask him if he can spare me a postage stamp.

Daughter after a trip to the parlor—He says he's very sorry, but he called at the post-office today to renew his supply of postage stamps, but he hadn't anything smaller than a five hundred dollar bill in his vest pocket, and they couldn't change that.

"Eh? By Jinks! Well, you sinner, go back to the parlor. Don't you know better than to leave your company alone like that?"—New York Weekly.

The Grocer's Gift. To a grocery store in a Massachusetts village there came lately an Irish woman who said to the grocer:

"Mr. G—, shure and have yo niver an empty flour barrel that I can have to make a ham coop for me little hog?" The grocer gave her the barrel.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Good.

Customer—Say, this rifle you sold me yesterday is no good.

Dealer—What is the matter with it? Customer—It shoots too accurately.

Dealer—Why, isn't that just what you want? Customer—I guess not. I'm the proprietor of a shooting gallery, and I give prizes to those who score the highest number of points.—Yankee Blade.

Things One Would Rather Not Have Said.



Mrs. Jobson—Why, my dear Mrs. Hobson, I am surprised to see you in this somber dress. I had not heard of any affliction in your family.

Mrs. Hobson—Oh, yes, indeed, Mr. Hobson died six weeks ago.

Mrs. Jobson—Why, how shocked I am. I never knew of it at all. I would have been so glad to attend his funeral, if I had known.—The Epoch.

Soul Communion in Boston.

"Emersonia, if I seem to deviate from my accustomed scientific oppugnancy in segregating and desynonymizing the postulates you have laboriously elaborated this evening, let me implore you not to attribute it wholly to a psychologic pseudobiosis on my part."

The young man looked at her in an erudite theosophic way and smiled a pensive thoughtful Back Bay smile.

"I do not, Ticklowell," responded the fair young girl, warmly, as she leaped tenderly upon him and wiped her spectacles with a soft, caressing touch; "and yet you will pardon me if I suggest that in attempting to dephlogisticente the cephalic immissibility of the pneumatologic anhydrousness involved in the myrioramic protoplasm you evince an exoteric pseudepigraphousness, if not a fumacious incognativity, so to formulate it, that is not Karmistic."

"But do you not suspect me of a disanalogue or extravasating tendency, do you, Emersonia?" he inquired, anxiously.

"By no means. Your eugenic and environment presuppose freedom from superenvironmentalistic-etiolation."

"Then you acquit me of inconious erebri-tude?"

The tears stood in Miss Howjames' eyes. "Especially expurgated as we are, Ticklowell," she said, "and cardiographically congenial in ratiometric deductibility as we cognovate, such a presumption would hieratically polarize into pectinibranchiate nau-rage."

"And yet we disavow the opionancy of diathermanity," he murmured.

"Multijugously, of course."

"Then, Emersonia," he exclaimed triumphantly, "do not evitate! Rubification is incompatible with gelidity, is it not?"

"I cannot oppugn the exortificative forcipation of the inevitable," said the young lady, softly.

And the young man gathered her in his arms and winked solemnly at a portrait of Emerson that hung on the wall.—Chicago Tribune.

A Tale of Love in F (Ph).

Phanny Phowler phanned Phelix Phulton. Phelix phelt phairly phamished phor Phanny. Phanny phished phor phellow phrom Philadelphia, phinally phetching Phelix phrom phond phriends. Phinis: Phelix, phianco; Phanny, phianco.

Phelix phound Phanny's phace phrightfully phlushed.

"Phanny," phrom Phelix, "phather phurnishes phunds phor phlat."

Phanny phrowned.

"Phelix, phorget, phorget Phanny. Phoolish phellow. Phly! Phanny Phowler phorswears Phelix Phulton—phlat!!!"

Phanny phainted.

Phelix phlaw.—New York World.

Something to Be Thankful For.

"Have you done anything for me?" asked the condemned man, in pitiful tones, as his lawyer entered the cell.

"Yes, indeed," said the legal gentleman, gleefully.

"Oh, what is it," demanded the murderer, "a pardon?"

"No."

"A commutation of sentence?"

"No."

"In mercy of your name, what?"

"I have succeeded," said the lawyer, "in having the day of your execution changed from Friday to Monday. Friday is an unlucky day, you know."—Yankee Blade.

She Kept the Ring.

"You told me, darling," he said, "a week before Christmas that you wanted time to think it over, and that immediately after the holidays I should learn my fate."

"I know I did, Mr. Sampson," and the diamond ring which he had given her flashed merrily on her finger, "and I have considered the matter night and day. I regret to say that I cannot be your wife, but I shall always respect and admire you as a friend."—New York Sun.

In Hard Luck.

Mother—What is the matter, my son? Adult Son—It's all up; no use struggling against fate. I'm bound to land in the poor-house.

"You! Why, my son, you are a plumber."

"Yes, but all hope of wealth is gone. My physician has ordered me to live in southern California. Pipes never burst there."—Phil adelphia Record.

A Remarkable Man.

Guest to museum manager—I don't see anything peculiar about that man over there.

"You don't? He's our greatest attraction."

"What's remarkable about him?"

"He has the papers to show that he refused an office on two separate occasions."—Nebraska State Journal.

A New Perfume.

The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve and whispered, "Oh, mamma, don't it smell solemn?"—Harper's Young People.

A Change of Base.

In the shoe store. Mrs. Bascom—Young man, I want to get a good pair of shoes.

Clerk—Yes'm; what size, please?

Mrs. Bascom—Well, I kin wear fours, but I guess you might try me this time on sizes and a half.—Burlington Free Press.

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