

The campaign's on, the fight's begun.  
The battle's waxing warm.  
The Democrats will win or fall  
With tariff and reform.  
From now until the coming fall,  
On politics we'll harp.  
The Globe will be chock full of news;  
You'll read it if you're sharp.

# Globe

SUNDAY ISSUE--PAGES 9 to 16.

VOL. X.

SAINT PAUL, MINN., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1888.--TWENTY PAGES.

NO. 267.

## SHORTHAND FEVER.

### Eva Gay Gets a Notion She Would Like to Learn Stenography.

### Many Study It, But Few Learn--Natural Aptitude Necessary.

### Talks With Teachers and Pupils--The Opportunities Presented to Girls.

### The Compensation Not Always High--Men Are Generally Preferred.

VARIOUS times some of my friends have counseled me to learn shorthand and stenography. "That would be just the right kind of work for you, it would give you a trade, a good and honest one," was the burden of their advice. From various notations I have learned that it isn't advisable to accept colored stories of any occupation. Personal experience is apt to give one a better view of any occupation in all its aspects.

I must confess to having only a vague knowledge of a shorthand system. I had heard that it was a sort of ignorance easily remedied. I could get acquainted with some girls who had learned the trade, you call it.

"To me it would be an advantage in being able to take the talk of an orator on the edge of an apron or cuff in shorthand. I often forgot pertinent points overheard in the factory, because I didn't dare to scribble down." Then I meditated while sauntering idly about town.

While awaiting an opportunity of getting acquainted with a stenographer, I saw an advertisement of one in the paper.

"I think" it would be a good plan to answer that. Then I could form an idea of how many in this business are looking for a position. I said nothing to the advertiser, but making a hasty search for hat and gloves.

"Why Eva, you don't expect to get office work, if you apply in such a form of a paper fit. The proprietor will think you are really poor and need the work," said a girl friend of mine who had been spending the afternoon.

I took an inventory of my costumes. My dress had never been pressed. A cheap dressmaker had affixed her seal to the collar and fastened it. The spots of grease, glue and paste were gained from too close contact with factory work.

"I don't see anything wrong in that," said I. "I can wash it and get it as good as new." "I don't see anything wrong about that dress," I remarked. "In looking for factory or shop work, they would be sure to find it. It would show that I had worked before and had no false notions of pride, or at least no means of gratifying such whims."

"You mustn't talk such rubbish now," said my friend, seriously. "You know office work is entirely different from factory work. It's against your best dress and manners. Then the girls will be more apt to talk with you. Of course you don't expect to get the place."

"I wasn't likely that I would get a place without experience or recommendation. But I don't mind my only good dress being so shabby. I'll wash it and get it as good as new."

"What are you going to do about the shoes?" queried my friend.

"I'll wear them," I promptly replied. "I'm the only pair I have and I can't go without any."

My friend shook her head sorrowfully. She had tried for such positions and knew what was requisite better than I.

There were fifteen girls waiting for the office to open. The first-comers secured places near the door and the others were ranged along in the order of their coming. All of them stared at me so that I felt like an intruder and would have liked to retreat. But it's against my principles to give up a project without trying to success.

Nearly all the applicants were young girls under twenty years of age. They were all neatly dressed, but in some faces I detected that careworn look, which bespeaks some experience with the trials of looking for work and finding none. I listened to their conversation, but heard nothing of interest, except that they had received training at a business college. Finally the office door opened and a girl in the foremost rank obtained the place. So the disappointed group scattered in all directions.

I concluded to interview the business college teachers. They were all pleasant gentlemen and wanted to teach me shorthand and typewriting.

"What are the terms for admission?" I first asked.

"HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE?" The professor explained that a graduate of a high school or university was considered qualified to begin stenography without other studies. Others who were not so advanced could take a preliminary course in common school branches.

"Can anybody learn the business?" was my next question.

"Yes, certainly, certainly any person of average ability can become a successful stenographer by taking a full course," was the teacher's pleasant assurance.

## A MINNESOTA POLITICAL INCIDENT.

Indeed, he assured me that he had had three calls for every finished shorthand writer whom he could graduate.

I interviewed all the other teachers with about the same result. Pictures of speedy success and prosperity, requiring only a comparatively small outlay of labor and cash, fairly dazzled my mind.

"But just a day or two ago I saw more than a dozen bright young girls looking for a position in stenography. They had received training in business colleges. What was the reason they couldn't obtain employment?" I asked, wishing to be sure about the result before entering a college.

"We had a long argument, but finally the professor said plainly: 'Not every girl receives a natural aptitude for shorthand. She must understand grammar and punctuation. A knowledge of business methods is indispensable. With these attainments, a young lady is assured of success.'

"That's rather a formidable array of facts," I suggested. "How is one to acquire all those other qualities besides shorthand?"

"Still the professor argued that all those things could be learned, even by the most ignorant and simple maiden if she would spend an extra term or two at the college. Of course, this instruction would be an added expense."

"GETTING TO BE A CRAZE." Next day, after the above discussion, I happened to meet a business man who thought to know something about it. This is the way he stated the case: "It's getting to be a perfect craze among girls to receive such kind of instruction where the work will be easy and wages good."

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"Can anybody learn the business?" was my next question.

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"How long does it require to learn?" "From three to six months, according to the pupil's aptitude."

"At the end of that time a pupil would be qualified to hold a position in a business office or take a sermon at the rate of 150 words a minute, wouldn't she?" I asked.

I was assured that my view of the situation was correct, and advised to lose no time in becoming a pupil. The cost of stenography alone would be about \$50 for tuition. But lessons would be received in the evening or day time, as preferred.

I was anxious to know what chances there were for getting a situation after expending the requisite amount of time and money.

## SCHOOL MA'AM TALK.

### She Visits Minneapolis and Tells What She Saw and Heard.

### The Cyclorama and Exposition Art Gallery Chiefly Claim Her Attention.

### She Finds The City Teachers Well Dressed But Considerably "Stuck Up."

### The Artist Critic a Good Deal of a Bore To Her.

THE joys and sorrows of a school ma'am are seldom realized by city people, who wonder that the young lady who eagerly looks for a teacher looks for a teacher looks for a teacher.

"The highly tinted ideal of St. Anthony Falls, in your young days, caught my attention immediately on entering the room. The picture has that merit at least, that it forces even the most careless to give it a passing glance. It is a pity that I may be permitted a suggestion, it seems to me that the result would be quite as effective if there were less autumn foliage and more falls. But reference to the picture sets one's eyes right as to the artist's intent."

There are a number of paintings which seem to possess magnetic force, and which attract the attention of those who have never understood nor appreciate art. I'm afraid I belong to that order myself, and would have plenty of congenial company in the class if people would only be honest. But I was a little shy of expressing an opinion, keeping in mind the abhorrence of the artist to criticism.

But it was more amusing than a comic opera to hear people call such pictures "Ready for Action" and "Mount Whitney" and "The Artist's Intent" and "Such as we get with our family paper." Another party will grow enthusiastic over the beautiful frames, not minding the pictures at all.

By the way, Mount Whitney is only seen to good advantage by standing in the archway of the third room from the west end of the gallery. Any body who has ever lived in a mountainous country involuntarily admires the wondrous cloud effects as tastefully portrayed in the picture.

"Of course, I couldn't think of spending less than half a day among the old masters. Under the pretty attendant's charge I went through them reverently and systematically, but never a word of praise or commendation. The lady in charge has so much enthusiasm that it seems almost wicked not to appreciate the "old masters," and to say that she is indifferent and want of courtesy. I learned something, too. The Minneapolis teacher dresses well. She goes into society and is not ashamed to be seen. I learned she over her head to toe, noted the absence of bangs, glasses and false teeth. I also noted the quality of her shoes, then said: "Do you apply the science of psychology in enforcing discipline?" I told her that will power and self-control are the only things that kept the country boy in order. Then I fled. Many teachers were bright and pretty, but declined to waste any time in a lecture on the value of the EXHIBITION.

THE CYCLOPAMA OF JERUSALEM first attracted my attention. I expected to see a terrible scene depicted, but was surprised to find it rather pleasing. The costumes and the architecture carry one back so easily to the days of primitive simplicity. I took "Ben Hur" along so as to read the description and to compare it with the actual scene. I felt myself quite irreverent on seeing other people, who had brought Bibles and conversed in whispers, as if they were in a church. I was glad to find that the artist had intended to wander about in solitary grandeur.

THE EXHIBITION was next the scene of my struggle for knowledge. Resolutely spurning all attractions on the first and second floors, I went straight to the third. Immediately I met with an embarrassing accident. Noticing that people all were crowded as close to the band as possible, I was about to follow their example. But in trying to walk down the smooth and slippery aisle, between the chairs, I suddenly sat down with more force than I intended. The incident was a habit of making a toboggan slide of the aisles and visitors must be cautious. So I smoothed down my ruffled hair and returned to the gallery. The music. I noticed another peculiarity about the people who flatter themselves against the ropes in order to get a better view. They were always armed with a large amount of book and catalogue knowledge. It was so in fact, that I heard them discuss the merits of various productions, always referring a picture in proportion to its price. The ignorant rabble followed their progress with admiration.

The artist who has some of his works hung in the gallery, if approached with judicious flattery he will escort one about the rooms, calling special attention to the merits of his own work and carefully pointing out the great artists' mistakes and defects. He goes wild over the ideal scene, "From Harwarth" declares the color is simply perfect. I didn't dare think that it wasn't to my taste, for that would show a lack of artistic appreciation, and what woman wants to stand convicted of such an error? Another by the same artist, "shows a moon several shades too yellow, and isn't at all meritorious." I made me sorry to hear that, because that moonlight by Moran struck a responsive chord in my soul. The artist gets tiresome; besides, he wanted me to squander a month's salary on one of his studies; so he got lost in the crowd after a while, and I saw him no more.

THEY NEED A CATALOGUE. I wonder how many people could pick out the really good pictures without being misled by the bad ones? It would be amusing to see them try. The Norwegians know more about art than one would suppose. I saw one in country costume, who, after looking at an odor still clinging about his garments. Apparently he was stupid. But he surprised people by being able to describe in pictures and talk art by the yard. The simple emigrant is sometimes a savant--only sometimes.

"I've seen that chromo often," was the remark of a man who looked at a rapt admiration of "inspiration." "How refreshing to see an angel with wings and flowing drapery instead of a skin," was another irreverent comment.

What a wise precaution it is to check umbrellas and canes for visitors to this exhibition. If you don't know what you were also on the list it would lessen people's capacity for scraping paint off the canvas. Then so many people like to see the pictures and talk art by the yard. The simple emigrant is sometimes a savant--only sometimes.

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## THE BURGESS STREET RAILWAY SCHEME PRACTICALLY ABANDONED.

### Randolph Burgess has at last given up his plan of furnishing cheap transportation in opposition to Thomas Lowry, and his West Side Street Railway company is now a thing of the past.

### Just how much Mr. Burgess has lost by his venture is unknown. Monday yet remains in which to deposit \$10,000 with the city treasurer, as per his agreement, but there is no idea that this money will be put up. It was nearly a year and a half ago, said Mr. Burgess yesterday, "when I conceived an idea that the facilities for traffic for people living in the vicinity of West Thirty-fourth street, James and Fort avenues, was far from first-class. Thinking it a paying investment, I at once proceeded to secure a franchise, but as the public knows well, I have had to contend with many unpleasant things, the principal one being a shortage of finances. All I have to say is that I have quit 'monopolizing' and the people in the rural districts will have to walk many a day before they can ride at my expense."

### Couldn't Fool Him. Old Boy--Thomas, if my wife asks you where I am, tell her I have gone to the opera.

### Servant--Certainly, sir, certainly; but where are you really going in case anybody else should want to know?

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# SEGELBAUM BROS.

## Nicollet Av., Corner 3d St., Minneapolis, Minn.

### Champions of the CHOICEST & CHEAPEST SEASONABLE DRY GOODS

### IN THE NORTHWEST.

## SILK DPT. Cloak and Suit DEPARTMENT.

### LADIES' NEWMARKETS, WRAPS, JACKETS AND SUITS.

5 pieces Black Gros Grain Silk, 20 inches wide, never sold for less than \$1 per yard.

10 pieces Heavy Black Faille Francaise, warranted not to slip or pull in seams, equal to anything offered in this city at \$1.35 per yard.

For this sale, only 97c per yard.

### COLORS SILKS. Special.

50 pieces Colored Faille Francaise Silk, 21 inches wide, sold every where at \$1.25 per yard, 25 different shades.

For this sale, only \$1 per yard.

### BLACK GOODS. Special.

10 pieces 48-inch All-Wool, Silk-Finished Henrietta, regular \$1.25 quality.

For this sale, only 75c per yard.

### COLORS DRESS GOODS. Special.

25 pieces 38-inch Wool Mixtures in new fall and winter shades, very desirable and serviceable, worth 45c per yard.

For this sale, only 39c per yard.

### COLORS HENRIETTAS. Special.

50 pieces All-Wool, Silk-Finished Colored Henriettas, 48 inches wide, embracing all the latest Paris shades, better quality than offered by our competitors for \$1.25; our price, \$1.00.

For this sale, only \$1 per yard.

### AMAZON OR BROADCLOTHS. Special.

The greatest variety of qualities and shades to be found in the city, 54 inches wide, prices ranging from \$1 to \$3 per yard.

### Special. COLORED CORDUROYS.

25 pieces Two-Toned Corduroy Velvets, full 27 inches wide, specially adapted for Ladies' and Misses' and jackets, sold elsewhere for \$1.75 per yard; our price, \$1.25.

### IMPORTED DRESS PATTERNS. Our Own Direct Importations.

We earnestly ask all ladies to call and see the broken novelties we are showing. Our display of Dress Patterns is the richest and most elegant ever exhibited in the Northwest. Put our claims to the test.

### MILLINERY. MILLINERY. Special.

150 pieces Glace Ribbons in all the latest fall and winter shades, regular price 25c per yard.

For this week only 12c per yard.

100 pieces Velvet Ribbon, satin back, Picot edge, all newest shades, regular prices 40c and 50c per yard.

For this week only 28c per yard.

### WINGS. WINGS. Special.

Three immense lots of WINGS in all desirable colors, worth 25c, 35c and 40c each.

For this week only 5c, 10c and 15c each.

### OUR DRESSMAKING PARLORS. Our Dress and Cloak-Making Parlors are now in charge of Miss Lansworth, a modiste favorably known by a host of ladies in this city and St. Paul. Those requiring the services of a dressmaker will do well to give Miss L. a trial. We have engaged a large corps of able and competent assistants, thus assuring expedition, which, together with moderate charges and guaranteed fit, will, we are confident, make ours the most popular Dressmaking Parlors in the Northwest.

### Special. HOSIERY. HOSIERY.

The following items are a few of the many special bargains we shall offer this week. Ask to see them before purchasing elsewhere:

50 dozen Ladies' Double Fleece Hosiery, in black and unbleached, very cheap at 35c per pair.

This week only 25c per pair.

65 dozen Ladies' Extra Heavy Double Fleece Hosiery, in black, seal and navy, modes, slates and unbleached, would be a bargain at 65c per pair.

This week only 50c per pair.

85 dozen Ladies' Merino Hosiery, in black, seal, navy, wine and scarlet; the best bargain in the city.

This week only 12c per pair.

36 dozen Men's Natural Wool Seamless Socks, double heel and toes, very cheap at 35c.

This week only 25c each.

### Special. PLUSH GARMENTS.

Our Exhibit of Plush Garments excels in artistic and variety of selection and values offered anything of the kind ever seen in Minneapolis. We shall continue to offer immense values in Plush Suits at \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$37.50, \$40, \$45, \$50 and \$55 each.

This week only \$3.50 each.

### Special. LADIES' DRESSES.

100 Ladies' Serge Dresses, neatly made, in navy blue and brown, our regular price \$3.50 each.

This week only \$7.98 each.</