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WAS HE NOT RIGHT?

The Portugal students are still amusing themselves with throwing stones at the British Embassy in Lisbon and huzzaing through the streets: "Pinto and Portugal forever." The Republicans and Monarchists joined issue on the English question. The Republicans threatened the King that bending to Salisbury's dictation would be the death blow to monarchy in Portugal.

Yet when all is said, a calm, disinterested spectator will be inclined to think that King CARLOS has shown himself a very decent sort of a fellow for a King, and has conducted himself in this trying situation with wisdom and dignity. He declared to the body which protested against ceding an inch of Portugal's African possessions to England that the country was not in a position to go to war with England, and that it was better to secure peace at the price of concessions which would not touch the honor of the nation than to precipitate a needless and unprofitable blood-shedding.

A slight move in a kaleidoscope sends the bits of glass at once into little groups. The war-like move of a European Power has something of the same effect in causing the other powers to gravitate to one or the other of the belligerents. Even a valuable stretch of African territory is not worth disturbing the peace of Europe over.

But, of course, the vital point is the principle involved in this difficulty. If Portugal has a just tenure of the section in question it is the most arrogant and bullying high-handedness for England to crowd her to the wall in this way because she is small and weak. If the claim is doubtful and cannot be proven to the satisfaction of England by Portugal's representations, arbitration by a neutral power would seem the proper course of international courtesy and dignity. Eng'and has acted in a way to apparently justify the reclamations of several European papers.

SO FAR, SO GOOD.

The Committee of Five appointed by the Bar Association to investigate Judge BOOKSTAVER's conduct in the Flack business has reported on the facts which it has discovered. The Committee declined to recommend any action on its report, holding this neither necessary nor proper.

The Bar Association, upon receiving the report, framed a resolution to the effect that the facts reported were such as to call for inquiry by the Assembly of the State of New York. This resolution was carried and a committee of five appointed to take the report to Albany and lay the matter before the Assembly. The gentlemen appointed to the committee are ELIHU ROOT, GEORGE DE FOREST LORD, STEPHEN A. WALKER, LEWIS C. LEDYARD and FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON.

The Bar Association has vindicated its own dignity by this action in regard to Judge BOOKSTAVER. The Judge is not a member of the Association, and although this action expresses with sufficient clearness the opinion entertained by that body, it has felt that it did not behoove it, either in the report or in the resolution, to advise the Assembly to impeach Judge BOOKSTAVER.

That the Assembly will impeach him, and that his indictment and punishment may follow with an edifying promptness is earnestly to be wished. Vile, ignoble criminality in those whose office is to uphold rectitude and the observance of the law should be punished as severely as the law allows.

JOHN WESLEY ELKINS, a twelve-year-old boy, has confessed to the deliberate murder of his father and mother. He planned and executed the horrid deed with the most chastly calmness. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. One would fancy he was old enough and bad enough to be hanged like older but less brutal murderers.

Several officers of the Czar's body-guard have lately killed themselves. It is said that they were implicated in a plot to assassinate the Czar. A terrawhile the poor man will look upon his wife with suspicion and fear to play with his children. Is there unhappier greatness on the earth than that of ALEXANDER the Third?

A well-dressed young man recently passed a counterfeit one-dollar bill on a blind pencil-seller, receiving 95 cents in change. When arrested for the offense the young man poisoned himself and will die. He was not utterly dead to decency after all. He felt that he was too vile to live.

A most sensible bill will be introduced in the Legislature to the effect that druggists be obliged to put upon the label which is pasted on bottles containing poison the name of the poison's antidote. People will then promptly learn what to get in cases of accidental poisoning.

SPOTLETS.

An actress put her jewels and best frocks in a hamper and the driver took them out. He didn't want her to be hampered with jewels.

∴

Who would think a man as familiar with the town as Imre Kiralfy would go around looking at the sites?

∴

King Carlos has recovered from the Russian grip. He is still suffering from England's, however.

∴

Mrs. Page recently presented her husband with four little girl Pages. Mr. Page will soon have family enough to make a book.

∴

Chicago has got the grip, and the Windy City has lost its wind under the blow of the Russian malady.

∴

Senator Plumb says Senator Call is a coward and a liar. Senator Call says Senator Plumb is a friend of boodlers. How unparliamentary! Which is the worse insult to a Senator?

∴

Of the much-dreaded ailments of Winter,
Such as fever, pneumonia and cough,
There is none so off-coming and catching
As that New Year's disease—swearing off.
—*Texas Siftings.*

∴

A jealous colored lady banged her fair rival with her parasol till she was parasolized. Ditto, her husband.

∴

A man of this town was one of those in "The Charge of the Six Hundred." He has been sick, and he says his doctor's charge is worse than that at Balaklava.

∴

A Western doctor, not satisfied with the field for killing afforded by his practice of medicine and business as a druggist, recently shot three men. This is greediness and should not be encouraged.

∴

Gov. Stanford says the stallion Ansel has a "strong countenance." The price that Bonner gave for him was as strong a countenance as any well-bred stallion could desire.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

B. C. Williams is one of the prominent athletes of the New York Athletic Club. He is an excellent judge of boxing, among his other accomplishments. He is the new President of the resuscitated National Cross County Association.

Eberhard Faber, President of the Staten Island Athletic Club, is pretty nearly as popular an officer as ever ruled over the destinies of a club. He has made his lead pencil mark on amateur athletic history.

E. C. Tuttle is a delicate little sprite who scales only 190 pounds. He is a Junior in Columbia College. Last Fall he was like unto a Samson in the college football team, and is a candidate for the 'Varsity eight-oared crew of this year.

Col. Samuel Augin is one of the best-liked athletes of this vicinity. A few years ago he was a champion amateur walker. Formerly he was the head and front of the old Brooklyn Athletic Association. He is a recognized authority on all sporting and athletic matters. He is of imposing, though not hirsute, appearance. His title of Colonel was not won in the civil war, but is none the less deserved.

LA MODE.

Plain, straight skirts are waning, and it's too bad. Another moon will see full draperies and good material dragging through the mud and dust of the public streets.

The "faint, sweet smell" that hangs about the finished toilet is no longer a distinct, decisive perfume. Fashion calls for perfect harmony, and if the tulle is yellow, orange, daffy-down-dilly or buttercup should lend its sweetness; poppy, damask and Jacqueminot rose go with crimson; blue bells of Scotland compliment the ciel shades; geranium and mignonette, the green tissues, and lilac, heliotrope, lily of the valley are thought to be the correct odors for white effects.

It is expected that the feather waistcoat will make a tremendous hit next Spring. Trinidad, blue and little black birds are being slaughtered by the million, and their plump, soft breasts worked into vests for the coming under-coat.

WORLDLINGS.

Jennie June, the noted newspaper writer and correspondent, is sixty years old, although she looks much younger.

St. Louis has two very wealthy colored people. Mrs. Amanda Labadie pays taxes on $100,000 and Alfred White, a caterer and confectioner, has made $75,000 at his business.

Secretary Proctor has a fortune of nearly $200,000 and some valuable marble contracts that bring him in $10,000 a year besides his official salary.

STOLEN RHYMES.

The Drum Major.

With martial tread and haughty mien he leads
The big brass band.
No ruler half so proud as he, no potentate so grand.
The shopgirls gaze in wild amaze upon his stalwart charms,
And his fierce glance fills the small boy's soul with wild and vague alarms.
When the big parade is over, and silenced each blaring horn,
He comes downtown in a $10 suit, which is somewhat faded and worn,
And a meeker, milder-mannered man it would be hard to meet
For fifteen blocks in either direction upon the crowded street.
—*Terre Haute Express.*

The Sausage Question.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. Pompous—Are you sure, sonny, that there is no trichina in these sausages?

New Boy (who is humorous)—Trichina? Oh our horses don't have no trichiny.

A Long Visit.

[Fresh Life.]

Stranger (to small boy)—Is your father home?

Small Boy—No, sir. He went to the cemetery this morning.

Stranger—When will he return?

Small Boy—How yer talkin'. He's there now.

Let Down Gently.

[From the Epoch.]

He—What do you break the engagement?

She—Because you hit me a lick on the last night and I wouldn't run the risk of bringing a black eye into the family for the whole world.

NELL NELSON.

SOME PATRICIAN PARLORS.

Where Dames of the Four Hundred Receive Their Guests.

Elegant and Gorgeous Interiors of Palatial Fifth Avenue Homes.

Mrs. Paran Stevens's "at homes" and levees are held in a square parlor hung with dark green, every inch of wall being covered with a picture or portrait of some person or scene, a life-size figure of the fair mistress filling an entire panel. Except on ceremonial occasions the furniture is covered with silver linen, stamped with laurel and clover leaves, and the windows looking over Fifth avenue are draped with as many folds of lace as a première danseuse has skirts.

The shelves of the mantel cabinet, half a dozen tables and the ledges of pedestals are loaded with bric-a-brac and applique; on bannerettes and screens are hundreds of crests, coats of arms and decorations, the gifts of royalists and noblemen, while numerous mesalliances set in jewels represent the crowned heads, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses of some of the most powerful courts of Europe. The wealth of the room is overpowering.

Infinitely more magnificent is the grand hall, with its marble floor and beautiful rugs, its quaint old furniture framed in Irish oak and covered with French impression cloth, and its lofty walls, over which a fortune is stretched in old Gobelin and German tapestries.

Here and there are pieces of statuary, and at the foot of the staircase and the entrance to the dining parlor are sturdy palm trees on garden boxes of glazed china.

Mrs. Orme Wilson's guests are received in a lofty and beautiful room that impresses one with its elegance and simplicity. The floor is laid in marquetry, and scattered with low-toned rugs; the ceiling is done in cream, with a cove of gold, and the walls are draped with custard-colored silk. Sconces of carved silver hold burning white candles, and the beauty of warmth, color and light from the open fireplace is one of the charming features of the room.

All the furniture is after the style of the French court, framed in gilt or enamelled wood, and upholstered in the most delicate tints of brocaded silk. Near the fireplace is a small teakwood stand, covered with miniature models in carved silver. Another thing of beauty is a potted fan-palm that grows in beauty near the window.

The stuffiness characteristic of so many parlors is absent from this reception room, which has light and atmosphere, without which no interior can be beautiful.

Mrs. Jaffrey's house in Fifth avenue, while richer in appointment, is less artistic than her home in Sleepy Hollow. Her visitors are received in a prune-walled room, wainscoted with bookcases, along the top of which rare and beautiful pieces of decorative art and faience are displayed. About the open fire low couches, piled with pillows of down and talsam, and easy chairs are drawn, and in between are footstools and hassocks, making a real family circle.

Pedestal lamps, with bright silk shades, and statuettes in marble and bronze, lend their charm to the interior, and under foot are a few rugs too beautiful almost to tread upon.

Mrs. Jaffrey is partial to harlequin studies in sculpturing, and for a cardreceiver she has a small Mephisto standing at the door, tray in hand, as true to life as Goethe could have desired.

Miss Sallie Hargous, the millionaire belle and beauty, lives in a pretty house in East Fiftieth street, overlooking the Archbishop's palace. Her admirers, who are legion, enter a small reception-room, beyond which is a suit of drawing-rooms that seem doubly enchanting viewed through the Japanese portieres that drape the doorways.

All the floors are laid in marquetry; the side doors are draped with rich brocades, and broken by transoms of carved wood, which give a touch of the Oriental to the scene. Velvet screens afford pretty and picturesque corner effects, in each of which some beautiful lamp is placed, shaded with crimson, gold, white or rose, the colors to which the famous beauty is partial.

During her season in town Miss Hargous is constantly in receipt of floral offerings, and so abundant is the supply that the roses never fade. There isn't time, for as soon as their fragrance is exhausted the parlormaid carries them down to the servants' hall.

Mrs. W. W. Astor's reception-room is hung and furnished with turquoise blue impression cloth. All the ornaments represent the Dresden school, and in porcelain chariots, vases, jardinieres and wall pockets are nosegays, posies and bouquets of French flowers, absolutely perfect in color and design and wanting only in fragrance to be recognized as the handiwork of nature.

Perhaps the most valuable work of art in the room is a small piano, boxed in old mahogany and inlaid with carved silver.

Mrs. Willie Astor's callers are received in a long, narrow apartment done in Pompeian red, and Mrs. Roger Pryor's are seated in a similar room, the prevailing tint of which is a warm magenta.

The friends of pretty Miss Cora Davis, who lives in an old mansion not five hundred feet west of the future Washington Memorial Arch, are ushered into a drawing-room that a princess might be proud to own. All the furniture and woodwork are of antique oak, black with age and glossy as onyx from constant polishing. Old gold brocaded satin covers the wall s, against which lovely background some valuable plaques of onion blue china are hung.

Pieces of ecclesiastical embroidery and precious tapestries cover the long, straight-back couches, which are so high that pillows are placed along the floor for foot-rests. The doors are hung with veritable Gobelins. A fortune in rugs covers the floor and drapes a folio stand, and it would be hard to guess which is the most valuable specimen of art work, the quaintly carved escritoire, the beautifully mounted writing-set, or the old candlesticks that stand eighteen inches above the blotting-pad.

Adjoining is a Louis XVI. drawing-room, done in cream and gold, with garlands in the decorations and brocades. Here Miss Davis has a grand piano, and here she studies sometimes and entertains her friends with vocal and in instrumental music.

NELL NELSON.

FOR SPORT OR WARFARE.

American Gunmakers Lead Their Craft the World Over.

Superb and Perfected Weapons at Prices in the Reach of All.

"Johnny, get a gun," but get an American-made one. A week's wages will buy a good weapon. A few dollars will purchase a useful sporting weapon, and no man who requires it need go without a shotgun or rifle. Thousands of them are made and sold every year and the industry thrives and extends. The development in the manufacture from the flint-lock queen's arm of our grandfathers to the magazine rifle of to-day is simply marvellous.

One would imagine from the great improvement that has been made in the manufacture of guns, rifles and firearms of all kinds that the price of these death-dealing weapons would have advanced accordingly.

Such is not the case, however. As a matter of fact, the prices of guns and rifles have receded so much during the last few years that a good weapon can be purchased for a fabulously low price, when one considers the workmanship and care necessary to construct a proper gun or rifle. The reasons can be summed up in one word—competition. That seems to be the only cause that can be assigned. Workmen's wages are no lower than they were three years ago, nor has the price of material decreased to any great extent.

Still, guns are cheaper than they ever were before, and better, so far as workmanship and material go.

The competition in the gun trade is confined almost exclusively to this country. England cannot hold a candle to America when it comes to making a fine gun. American guns are more accurate and trustworthy than those made by our English cousins, and English sportsmen, when a good gun is wanted, always send to America.

In proof of the above statement it need only be said that one firm in this city was awarded the contract to supply the English army with rifles of this particular firm's make.

AMERICAN DOUBLE-BARREL SHOTGUN. FLOBERT RIFLE.

English gunsmiths only receive from 80 cents to 50 cents per day for their work. The same men come over here and are paid from $3.50 to $4 a day.

The well-known accuracy of guns of English make no doubt contributes largely to the success which American marksmen have achieved on the other side.

Three years ago a first-class breech-loading shotgun could not have been brought here for less than $32. The same gun, improved, with top snaps, low circular hammers and nailed ribs, can now be purchased for $22.

Probably the cheapest thing in the "shootin' iron" style is the little Flobert, or parlor rifle. It seems absurd to say that these can be bought for $2.25. The retail dealers purchase them by the dozen at $1.70 each.

Three years ago there was a great demand for guns of foreign make fitted with side snaps. A side snap, it may be explained, is a small lever attached to a breech-loading gun. By pressing this down the breech opens and the shells are thrown out at the same time.

The American manufacturers, however, rose to the situation, and invented a top snap, which has completely supplanted the English make.

A good, breech-loading gun, with top-lever action, back-action locks, rebounding hammers, block strikers, oiled walnut stock, pistol grip, checkered grip and fore end, case-hardened frame and blued mountings, rubber butt, twelve gauge, can be purchased for $15.

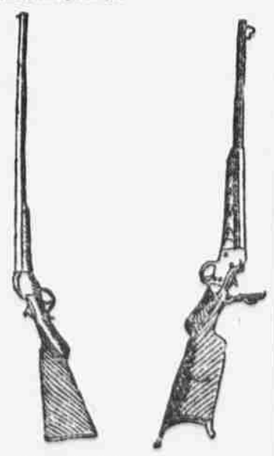
Then the prices vary. There are some as cheap as $9, and there are others which the fancy sportsman can pay $300 for if he wishes.

Imported guns run as high as $700, but are no better, and in fact not so good as the $300 American breech-loader.

"It is very seldom that this price is paid for a gun though," said the gun expert who was giving THE EVENING WORLD man his information. "Most people buy guns varying in price from $15 to $40."

"Muzzle-loading shotguns are not made any more, are they?" asked the reporter.

"Oh yes; we make and sell a good many. They are used, however, almost exclusively by the negro hunters in the South. You see, they cannot afford a breech-loader and can get a good muzzle-loader for $4 or $5.



BREECH-LOADING SINGLE GUN. MATCH RIFLE.

"In what way have guns and rifles improved during the past two or three years?" said the reporter.

"Chiefly in the weights. The lighter the gun the better, of course, you know."

"How much does a medium-sized gun weigh?"

"About six and a quarter pounds," the young man replied. "Formerly they weighed from eight to nine and sometimes ten pounds."

"What other improvements have been made?"

"Very few. The side snap has given way to the top lever and the low circular hammers have replaced the high curved ones. This gives the marksman a clear sight along the barrel. To further improve the sight the nailed ribs were put on the barrels."

The nailed ribs, he explained, were small cuts across the top of the barrel, extending its entire length and giving a dead finish to that part of the gun.

"Have many improvements been made in rifles?"

"No; nothing more than lessening the weight. Several different kinds of mechanism have been adopted for throwing out empty cartridges, but the changes have not been important."

"America, then, holds the palm for turning out the best guns?" said the reporter.

"Yes. No other country in the world can make a gun as good and as cheap as we can here."

"How about repeating rifles?"

"Not much has been done with them save to lessen weight. That seems to be the main idea with most manufacturers just at present. The mechanisms remain the same."

The young man said that the competition in the trade had extended even to cartridges, and that sometimes they had to coax customers to take them away for nothing.

"BLUEBEARD, JR."

Base insinuations have been made to the effect that "Bluebeard, Jr.," the spectacle now running at Niblo's, was a Chicago production. Vigorous denials have been made of this statement. It is not known whether Chicago resents the accusation of "Bluebeard" responsibility. But it is quite possible. Still, in order to prevent jealousy, I may say that I don't think New York will fight for the honor of being known as "Bluebeard, Jr.'s" father. Though the scenery was painted here, the costumes designed in London, and the armor made in Birmingham, there is a gaudiness about the extravaganza that is certainly not Eastern. Straws tell. "Kalanka," with all her London-ness, bore signs of the strict economy practised in Columbus, O.

"Bluebeard, Jr.," however, casts "Kalanka" far into the shade. Money has been most lavishly spent, not always to the best advantage, either. Better effects, from an artistic point of view, could have been obtained with a far smaller expenditure. There are points in the money question that are always worth remembering; one is, possessing it; the other, knowing what to do with it when possessed. "Bluebeard, Jr." glitters, but many eyes would be offended by its unrelieved tawdriness. It is a very mild imitation of a London pantomime, but it is not nearly as good as even the pantomimes in the English provinces.

So much for the spectacle. Of the company many kind things may be said. Miss Topsy Venn easily carries away the honors. Her part is not a good one—the "book" of "Bluebeard, Jr.," is no better than others of its kind—but Miss Venn's vivacity is persistent. She is a very clever actress, worthy of better things. Miss Alice Johnston looks charming as Selini, and little Miss Edith Murilla is quite a pleasant feature of the performance. Frank Blair, in the title role, is sedately effective, and Edwin Foy is a conventional comedian in the same category with Mr. Jimmy Powers, minus a great deal of Mr. Jimmy Powers's aggressive vulgarity. Miss Kate Uart, who appeared in a silver scarf and a contralto voice, did rather nicely.

"Bluebeard, Jr.," has not many musical attractions. To be sure, there is that little peach that in the orchard grew. But it strikes me that by this time the little peach must be slightly mildewed. A trio entitled "When Johnny Gets His Gun," is the best thing in the entertainment. ALAN DALE.

ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

The success of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has given a boom to his former work, "Six to One." Mr. Bellamy can take a hopeful look forward now that he has scored a bull's-eye with his retrospective intuition.

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Lord Ashburnham's library will come into the London market again for a second sale very soon. It is a valuable collection of works, and bibliophiles can probably pick up volumes that will greatly add to the interest of their own libraries.

∴

Mr. Rider Haggard has gone to Athens in search of suggestions. He meant to have investigated Persia, as an eminently congenial field, but the cholera anticipated him. Eugene Sue has anticipated Mr. Rider in writing up the cholera in a lurid way.

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Prof. Tyndall in his *Fortnightly* paper on Thomas Carlyle describes his transit thus: "So passed away one of the glories of the world." Prof. Tyndall is not as scientific as he is rhetorical in his literary work. Carlyle was a strong crabbed thinker, but hardly a "glory." Naturally enough Tyndall does not find that Thomas treated Mr. Carlyle in a manner deserving much censure. It is a bad thing for the public to have too ardent an admirer write on the subject of his enthusiasm.

About Pearline.

Every one knows about Pearline, almost every one uses Pearline, but we wonder if all the housekeepers who use it know half that can be done with it. We wonder if they all know what some of the bright ones have discovered, that those mountains of dish-washing—the greasy pan and kettle—may be reduced to molehills of the smallest size by the judicious use of Pearline. Fill the roasting-pan as soon as the gravy is poured from it with cold water, shake in a little Pearline and set on the stove. By the time the rest of the dishes are washed all the grease is dissolved and the pan can be washed as easily as a plate. Treat the kettle in which anything greasy has been boiled in the same way, and besides clean utensils you will have a clean sink, the use of the Pearline rendering it safe to pour such dishwater into it. Sinks regularly treated to a bath of Pearline and scalding water will seldom need the services of a plumber.—*Watchman, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1889.*

A Wise Lover.

[From the Epoch.]

Ted—What are you doing peeping around the corner?

Ned—Why, my best girl lives across the street, and I'm trying to see if she's looking out of the window for me. As soon as I find out she doesn't do that any more, I know it's time to look around for a new girl.

Too Cheap.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Dealer—Here, that poem I paid you to write about my one-dollar hats is no good. You don't seem to have had the divine afflatus.

Poet—Naturally not. You gave me only $1; and the divine afflatus, like the hats, cannot be left for any such money.

After Pneumonia

And attacks of la grippe, typhus fever, scarlet fever or diphtheria, the patient recovers strength slowly, as the system is weak and debilitated and the blood poisoned by the ravages of the disease. What is needed is a good reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has just the elements of strength for the body, and vitality and richness for the blood which bring back robust health and make the weak strong.

"After recovering from a prolonged sickness with diphtheria, and needing something to build me up, I took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I felt good results from the first dose. It seemed to go from the top of my head to the ends of my toes. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good thing."—G. H. STRATTON, Druggist, Westfield, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

SCHOOLMA'AMS' POPULARITY.

Miss Liebman Still Leads in the Race for the $400 Watch.

Votes Coming in by Thousands in the "Evening World" Election.

Fifteen thousand, six hundred and fifty-nine is the total vote with which Miss Ida Liebman leads THE EVENING WORLD Lady Teachers' Contest to-day.

Miss Caffarata continues second with 11,545, and Mrs. Agnes G. Burns third, with 8,831. Miss Jarecki keeps in fourth place with 7,253. Miss Rudischhausen is fifth with 3,578, and Miss Rose Mayer sixth with 2,915.

Any lady teacher in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut can be a candidate in THE EVENING WORLD'S contest. The teacher receiving the largest number of votes will be presented with an elegant gold watch, purchased from Edwin A. Thrall, of No. 3 Maiden lane. Mr. Thrall thus describes the prize:

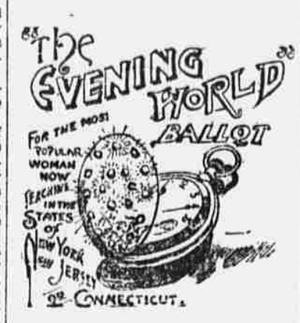
The watch is one of the finest of movements. It is full-jewelled, with rubies, lever escapement and nickel finish. The cases are hunting cases, 18 carats fine, and very heavy.

They are made from nugget or antique gold, with twelve pigeon-blood rubies, twelve fine sapphires and twelve fine diamonds imbedded in the gold of the case. The price will be $400.

The watch is now on exhibition at Brentano's, 5 Union Square.

In all cases, where possible, indicate the number of the school, as well as city, with which the candidate is connected.

All votes must be on the ballot printed below. Cut out the blank, properly fill out and sign it, and send it to THE EVENING WORLD.



My choice is—

.....

In school—

.....

.....

Signed—

.....

Address—

.....

Conditions.

Any reader of THE EVENING WORLD *may vote once only.*

The vote must be upon the ballot printed in THE EVENING WORLD.

Only women who are actively engaged in teaching may be voted for.

The voter should give the full name of the teacher voted for, the school in which she is engaged and its location.

The candidate must be now engaged in teaching somewhere in the State of New York, New Jersey or Connecticut. She may be engaged in any school. There is no restriction as to grade.

Envelopes containing ballots must be addressed to Watch Contest Editor, EVENING WORLD.

Following is the vote of each candidate who has received over 25 ballots:

Adams, Lizzie, Fourth Ward, Astoria, N. Y.	208
Allen, Eva B., No. 98 Ridgewood, N. J.	1,509
Atkinson, Teresa L., Prim. No. 19, N.Y.	181
Atlee, S. ra, No. 41, N. Y.	4
Allen, Grace, Oakside No. 8, Peekskill, N. Y.	30
Benjamin, M. L., No. 40, N. Y.	690
Burns, Mrs. Agnes G., No. 38, N. Y.	8,831
Butler, Miss J., No. 9, Brooklyn.	492
Britton, Miss V. H., Academy st., Trenton, N. J.	50
Beecher, Jane E., No. 31, N. Y.	105
Bogue, Annie M., No. 34, N. Y.	65
Boyle, Teresa M., No. 34, N. Y.	757
Babcock, Miss, No. 32, N. Y.	55
Bartell, E. E., Normal College, N. Y.	33
Bates, Mrs., No. 10, N. Y.	92
Besselievre, Miss L. M., No. 35, N. Y.	41
Baird, Miss E. K., No. 38, N. Y.	25
Bliss, Lena, No. 7, Jersey City.	472
Boyd, Miss H. W., No. 4, Jamaica, L. I.	102
Betker, Miss, No. 37, N. Y.	50
Brautigam, Ida M., No. 30, N. Y.	50
Brooks, Fanny, North Castle, N. Y.	41
Baum, Sara, No. 52, N. Y.	26
Barrett, Agnes, No. 7, N. Y.	71
Briggs, Fanny, No. 12, N. Y.	57
Brown, Lucie S., No. 32, N. Y.	26
Byrne, Mrs. Sarah, No. 35, N. Y.	30
Bowling, Emma, No. 12, Jersey City.	29
Butler, Jane, Primary 19, N. Y.	71
Barrett, Hannah, Primary 40, Brooklyn.	28
Cafferata, Fanny, No. 1, N. Y.	11,546
Curtis, Lilly, No. 44, Brooklyn.	627
Carolan, May, No. 69, N. Y.	1,777
Cassell, Miss S. E., No. 49, N. Y.	408
Cohen, Grace S., No. 78, N. Y.	117
Cohen, Emily, No. 23, N. Y.	134
Canter, Frances, No. 28, N. Y.	135
Cohen, Ella C., No. 1, Nichols, N. Y.	1,477
Callahan, Annette V., Primary 1, N. Y.	41
Cleary, Kate F., No. 1, Brooklyn.	2,215
Cull, Miss, No. 14, N. Y.	35
Carroll, Elizabeth, No. 77, N. Y.	35
Cleming, Julia C., No. 77, N. Y.	35
Coghlan, Maggie, No. 3, N. Y.	1,199
Clark, Miss M., No. 37, N. Y.	37
Coales, Sarah E., No. 47, N. Y.	78
Chapman, Jennie A., No. 10, N. Y.	30
Cassidy, Miss, No. 49, N. Y.	37
Cowles, Mrs. Sarah C., No. 47, N. Y.	30
Curry, Ellen, Drum Hill, No. 7, Peekskill, N. Y.	100
Curatto, Rita V., Hoboken.	25
Carlin, Elizabeth H., No. 59, N. Y.	38
Daly, Miss, No. 21, N. Y.	197
Dunne, Anna C., No. 68, N. Y.	618
Dillon, Mary E., No. 12, N. Y.	288
Donnelley, Annie, No. 67, N. Y.	200
Downing, Annie, St. Matthew's Academy, Broome st., N. Y.	112
Devine, Maggie, No. 41, N. Y.	45
Dillon, Annie A. A., No. 1, New Rochelle, N. Y.	76
Dougherty, M. E., No. 14, N. Y.	40
Dandon, Katie A., No. 77, N. Y.	42
Dempsey, Elizabeth, Primary No. 41, N. Y.	97
Dalton, Miss, No. 56, N. Y.	27
Dowling, Frances A., No. 67, N. Y.	54
Dean, Miss M. M., No. 3, N. Y.	62
Dugan, Annie, Drum Hill, Peekskill, N. Y.	48
Dugan, Josie, Drum Hill, Peekskill, N. Y.	128
Daly, Miss M. A., No. 40, N. Y.	37
Dannenberg, Annie, No. 1, New Brighton, N. Y.	26
Eng, Mrs. L. H., Home Industrial School, N. Y.	137
Fay, Miss, No. 10, Hoboken.	120
Fine, Clara, Washington School, Rahway, N. J.	78
Egan, Annie A. C., No. 44, Brooklyn.	578
Egan, Miss Lila, No. 27, Brooklyn.	203
Ecker, Miss C., No. 11, N. Y.	27
Foley, Miss A., No. 69, N. Y.	97
Finn, Alice M., No. 3, N. Y.	600
Fuller, Nellie, No. 27, N. Y.	85
Fisher, Sophie, No. 4, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	153
Flynn, Miss M. C., Fifth Ward, Astoria, N. Y.	66
Fox, Christabel, Normal College, N. Y.	57
Finley, Margaret, No. 60, N. Y.	37
Fraser, Isabella, No. 58, N. Y.	30
Fowler, Emma, No. 7, Brooklyn.	28
Gorman, Carrie A., Cottage Place Mission, N. Y.	36
Farmer, Miss A. J., Primary No. 21, N. Y.	33
Green, Agnes, No. 10, Newark, N. J.	87
Gardner, Miss, No. 26, N. Y.	36
Hayes, Frank E., No. 39, N. Y.	28
Howard, Charlotte F., No. 7, N. Y.	2,139
Hieronbottom, Anna, Normal College, N. Y.	38
Hobie, Sarah, Primary 19, N. Y.	535
Heffman, Annie, No. 60, N. Y.	272
Haw, Rebecca H., No. 34, N. Y.	70
Harris, Flora, No. 7, N. Y.	72
Haight, Miss E., West Side School, N. Y.	161
Hagman, S. S., No. 25, N. Y.	101
Haley, Miss, No. 14, N. Y.	71
Hart Lizzie, No. 3, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.	20
Hurley, Annie C., 33, N. Y.	171
Hunter, Miss A., No. 22, N. Y.	30
Harvey, Annie, U. F., No. 8, N. Y.	38
Hartedy, Mary E., No. 19, N. Y.	30
Hartman, Miss, No. 13, N. Y.	31
Jarecki, Hannah, No. 1, N. Y.	7,253
Jury, Maria E., No. 68, N. Y.	1,778
Johnston, Jeannette, Port Richmond, S. I.	600
Jennett, Myra L., Primary 19, N. Y.	200
Johnson, Emma L., The Home House, N. J.	110
Johnson, Miss M. A., No. 3, Brooklyn.	134
Jacobs, Miss L., No. 69, N. Y.	65
Klapper, Jennie, No. 22, N. Y.	508
Kerland, Miss K., No. 34, N. Y.	8
Kely, Anna C., No. 50, N. Y.	65
Kerr, Miss M., No. 38, N. Y.	28
Knapp, Lina R., No. 64, N. Y.	401
Kelly, Nellie, No. 44, N. Y.	30
Kelly, Kate, No. 3, Brooklyn.	30
Kely, Isaline E., Div. 33, Hamilton, N. J.	28
Kumer, Miss, No. 10, N. Y.	48
Keenan, E. L., No. 22, Brooklyn.	49
Killeen, Miss, No. 2, N. Y.	27
Leslein, Matilda B., No. 7, N. Y.	2,160
Lawlor, Mamie, No. 33, N. Y.	104
Lindberg, Miss H. D., No. 57, N. Y.	1,063
Lee, Miss R., No. 15, N. Y.	92
Leack, Theresa S., No. 7, N. Y.	108
Liebman, Ida, Primary, No. 71, N. Y.	15,659
Lynch, Margaret S., Primary 1, N. Y.	70
Lyles, Mary J., College Point, L. I.	67
Liebers, S., No. 39, N. Y.	95
Lawlor, E. L., No. 43.	40
Maxwell, Ida, No. 34, N. Y.	350
Meyers, Rose, Primary No. 4, N. Y.	33
Mandelbaum, Julia E., No. 6, N. Y.	1,174
McCabe, Miss, No. 34, N. Y.	253
Mooney, Kate C., Primary 10, N. Y.	23
McManus, Miss, No. 44, N. Y.	185
Molloy, Miss M., Training School, Albany	108
Mason, Mamie, No. 34, N. Y.	108
McAdam, Minnie, No. 41, N. Y.	1104
Mayer, Rose, No. 1, N. Y.	2,915
Mcfadden, Miss M., No. 20, N. Y.	101
Mooney, Julia, No. 25, N. Y.	50
Mayer, Maria, No. 25, N. Y.	50
McMahon, Miss A., No. 27, N. Y.	70
Michel, Sarah, No. 1, Hoboken, N. J.	38
McHugh, Mary A., No. 70, N. Y.	138
McMahon, Miss A., No. 27, N. Y.	41
Meagher,