The World

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OF COURSE.

It is no fault in a corporation or an individual to wish to accumulate wealth. Poverty is everything that is bad except sinful, and it is only reasonable to endeavor to escape from it. But it is a hard thing for the rich to get richer at the expense of the poor. Helpfulness is the corner-stone of the brotherhood of man, and where justice and humanity obtain the rich, corporately or individually, may add to their wealth while assisting the poor to increase their paltry store.

One or two corporations have uttered a discontented growl over the proposed weekly payment to the wage-earner. "We will have to hire more clerks, and this increases our expenses." Bah! Have some decency, and don't flaunt a meanness which everybody will despise you for. You give employment to more hard-working men; you ease worried toilers of a galling, irksome load, to which they are unreasonably subjected, and you make a few hundred dollars less.

You complain at this? Bah! Give the workers their hard-earned wage every week, and don't whine.

THE POLICE TO HELP.

The captains and the patrolmen have been ordered to keep a sharp lookout on any violations of the ordinances against dumping refuse in the streets. Ignorance of the law will not excuse the offender. Fining him will be a good jog to his memory, and the police justices are prepared to give him the advantage of this. The laws which deal with throwing refuse into the streets are so clear, explicit and detailed that there is no room for misconception of their violation by the police. Hence it is safe to empower them to arrest for all violations of these laws.

People may be a little surprised at first to find that they are hauled up for doing what they have so often done before with impunity. But they will soon get on to the new order of things, and when each and every citizen contributes to the cleanliness of the streets by not depositing refuse matter in them the labors of the Street Commissioner will be materially lightened.

UNPLEASANT.

At the dinner of the second panel of the Sheriff's jury, given last night at Delmonico's, the present incumbent of the Sheriff's office received a slight which must have taxed even the pachydermatous covering of Mr. FLACK's feelings. Several of the judges present, and many other guests, refused to rise or touch their glasses when the one formal toast of the evening was proposed: "The Sheriff."

Mr. FLACK's presence at hangings may have been good training for him. He maintained as stolid an air of apathy as if he were only looking at a man strung up by the neck, instead of being, figuratively, hung up himself. Public opinion is a strong rope.

STRONG STREET-CLEANERS.

Mr. LOOMIS seems to have grasped the fact that the streets are so dirty that to keep them clean means work, and muscle-taxing work at that. He has ordered that the street-cleaners be subjected to a physical examination, and that their work be looked into. Small biceps, flat chests and narrow shoulders are not wanted. Stout fellows, well equipped with force, and who put it into their work, are what Mr. LOOMIS is looking for.

The new Commissioner says he will have no politics in the Department. Altogether, Mr. LOOMIS is starting in very well. He is a new broom. Let him keep these qualities when he is an old one and he will do. He is there to keep the streets clean.

The Porte has prohibited the Greek language in the Cretan courts. What will they talk, as they do not know the Turkish language? Many a young collegian who has spent several years trying to master the language which HOMER and ARISTOTLE spoke so well will wish the Porte's veto could reach the American college.

A maiden lady fearing burglars got two boys to stay at her home. Then, in the night, she was prowling around, it is supposed in a somnambulistic "go-as-you-please," when her young defenders mistook her for a burglar and shot her dead. This seems to have been a case of too much protection.

Two farmers quarrelled over a farm and one was shot and the other is imprisoned. The farm will do to bury the shooter in if he is hanged.

SPOTLETS.

Capt. Van Gele is putting a stop to the Congo slave trade. This Gele-faction will make things hot for the slavers.

A lady advertises two "business horses" for sale, but neglects to say what their business is. If they are good draught horses, perhaps an architect would take them into his office.

If the circus and menagerie business continues to lose its Forepaughs it won't have a leg to stand on.

They say Sam Randall has become a Presbyterian. It is true they try to make John Wanamaker responsible for it.

A man who burgled and who beat his wife unmercifully was loved passionately by her. If this isn't funny, weep over it.

A fuse was being lighted when a spark fell on the powder. There was a badly confused party of workmen immediately after.

Somebody talks about the naval orange. They can be called naval oranges only when they are shipped.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

There is nothing later in confections for fashionable dogs than the silver wire muzzle.

None but lustreless woollen fabrics with crape trimmings are allowed in fashionably deep mourning.

Mourning prayer-books are bound in black morocco; the book-marks are embroidered in black silk and silver; the cover or case in which the hymnal and prayer-books are carried should be black or purple, embroidered with silver threads. All this may seem trifling, but real feelings show themselves even in the most trivial minutiæ.

Among the ultra who mourn no flowers, no perfumes are allowed in the private apartment save the odor of violets and a few bunches of white flowers fit emblems of departed souls.

Among the higher classes she who sorrows loves to adorn every trifle with ribbons of purple or mauve, her lingerie, lapdog, scent bottles, paper-cutter, hand-glass and chair cushions being so decorated. Fashion demands that her gold watch be encased in ebony or exchanged for blackened silver, and that her purse reticule, umbrella, fan, card-case be dead black. The tint of gloom borders her letter paper and cards, and bonbonnieres and vinaigrette should be fashioned in steel with repousse worked passion flowers, bleeding hearts or forget-me-nots.

A famous hair-dresser prescribes sun baths for women in middle life. Sit for an hour with the hair hanging and the sunlight streaming through it, and "its golden glory will melt away the growing silver," this authority claims. At all events the suggestion is worth heeding.

WORLDLINGS.

The majority of the successful business men of Pittsburg were country boys who left the farm to go into the city in search of fortune.

Ellen Terry arrises at 7 o'clock every morning, no matter how late she may have been detained at the theatre the night before. Then she takes a cup of tea and sets to work to answer her letters.

Mary Anderson is of Scotch and German descent. She was born in California.

The world's supply of human hair comes chiefly from Germany, Switzerland and the French provinces. It is bought up by drummers from the European capitals who attend the country fairs for that purpose.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Walter Dohm, the brilliant short-distance runner, is captain of the intercollegiate athletic team of Princeton College this year.

G. A. Avery, the noted timer of the Manhattan A. C., is conversant with all the rules of amateur athletics as is vogue during the past twenty years. He has won a reputation in Great Britain as well as America for the accuracy with which he keeps time. He is rather a large man, with a pleasant manner and a comfortable-looking waistcoat.

Julius D. Mahr, President of the Metropolitan Rowing Club, is a self-sacrificing sort of individual. He devotes a great deal of his time to the club, its welfare being a prime object with him.

Peter F. Trolan dons the colors of the Manhattan A. C. He is clever with his hands, being one of the best boxers at his weight in this vicinity. He spars easily at 120 or 125 pounds.

STOLEN RHYMES.

Why?

I saw her strolling by the sea,
A sweet, a shy and winsome miss;
And, as she shyly glanced at me,
I threw her stealthily a kiss.

She looked around, the winsome miss;
No prying eyes were there to see;
Responding to my wasted kiss,
she waved her handkerchief at me.

ENVOI.

We're married; she's no more a miss;
And oft I ask myself in grief,
Why did I throw that fatal kiss,
Why did she wave her handkerchief?
—*Boston Courier.*

Wanted—Snow.

Oh, for a fall of the beautiful snow
Straight down upon all the earth below,
To cover our streets with a mantle white
And bury the mud clear out of sight.

Oh, for a fall of the beautiful snow,
With them coaster down to zero below;
A chill to make our gas fires glow,
And a Winter such as we used to know.
—*Bradford Era.*

Why the Average Man Is a ——.

"What is your party faith?" quoth I.
The young man promptly answered me.
"And why do you so proclaim your fealty?—
"It was my father's faith," said he.
—*Judge.*

Kansas Never Does Anything by Halves.

[From Puck.]

Fair Bostonian (instructing her Kansas cousin)—Always sip soup from the side of the spoon.

Kansas Cousin (desperately)—Yes; but I can't get it in sideways.

Would Make a Good Short Stop.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Of what nationality is your friend—a Brazilian?"

"Well, I guess he's half Brazil and semi-Colon."

Chilblains subject to diarrhœa and dysentery cured by Mendell's Soothing Oil. Price 25c. *

HOW WOMEN ACT AT A BANK.

Nell Nelson Witnesses the Vagaries of a Pretty Girl.

Whims and Oddities of Many Feminine Depositors.

She was a pretty, brown-eyed creature in a brown cloth suit, with a brown shell lorgnette in one hand and an order for $50 in the other. She had just entered the ladies' room in the Garfield Bank, and stood at the window peering through the brass rods at the money men and their stock of gold and greenbacks.

Raising the glasses to her eyes, she drew a shy-faced cashier into her visual angle and merrily asked: "Won't you please cash this check for me? I'm in a great hurry."

"Certainly," glancing at the face and reverse side of the check. "Indorse it, please."

"Oh, yes," she said, with an air of wisdom, and some hesitancy.

"You'll find a pen and ink on the desk there," pointing to one of the pretty little writing-tables.

"Thank you," she said with a smile, and turned away thoughtfully.

A few thousand dollars had been passed over the glass plate to the male patrons standing in line outside, when again the pretty face framed itself at the window adjacent and a sweet, beseeching voice asked:

"What shall I do, did you say?"

"Just write your name across there."

"Oh, yes."

Again she appeared, blowing the writing.

"It's wet; be careful or you'll get ink on your cuffs. Can you read it? It's awful, I'm sure; I wrote with my gloves on."

"What's your first name?"

"My first name? Sir, you are impertinent. My name is Miss D——," laying great stress on the "Miss."

"This check is made payable to Louise D——, is that your name?"

"I'll not tell you, and I'll have papa report you to the President of the bank as soon as he comes home."

"Miss D——, your name is of no interest to me, but I can't give you the money unless you sign your name properly. Are you Louise D——?"

"Yes, I am!" her eyes snapping gloriously, and the color fairly flaming in her cheeks.

"Well, just write it there," drawing a pencil mark through the conservative signature.

Again she went to the desk, rubbed her scolding locks up, pulled her Redfern turban down over her forehead, took three dips into the ink-well, and, rolling her tongue out and round the corner of her mouth, she wrote as directed.

When the cashier received it he remarked: "That's all right," which brought the sunshine back to her face, and he counted out five crisp banknotes.

She smiled when he laid them on the small glass tray, moistened her gloved index-finger on her tongue, and, after counting them, cocked her head, canary-bird fashion, and asked:

"Couldn't you give me gold, please?"

"Certainly; what denomination would you like?"

"Oh, some of each, if it isn't too much trouble."

"Not the least," laying a $20, two $10, one $5 and two $2.50 coins on the glass.

"Thank you so much. How much are these little ones?"

"Those are $2.50 pieces."

"Are they?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"There're not much bigger than a silver quarter, are they?"

"Slightly smaller I think."

"Are they? I never saw one before that I remember. Do you have many?"

"Oh, yes, quite a number," paying a $1,200 check in the mean time.

"Could you give me an envelope please. I'm afraid they'll tear my purse[illegible]down: silk is not very strong, you know."

"No, it isn't," with the ghost of a smile and the suggestion of a frown as he told his assistant to go for a bunch of envelopes.

Fifteen checks were presented and cashed when again she turned away with a bewitching smile, and for the third time seated herself at the writing table. The yellow coins were carefully examined, dropped in the envelope, sealed, and put in her little beaver muff.

Spying a rack of note-paper she seized a sheet, loosened her fur cape and proceeded to make out a shopping memorandum.

After ten minutes writing and thinking, lip biting and tongue-rolling and the destruction of six sheets of paper, she laid the pen down, fastened her cape, took up her muff and rose to go; but catching sight of the premeditated treachery of a hairpin in the long, narrow mirror that paneled an angle, she halted.

Down went her muff, off came hat, cape and gloves and up went her hands to her soft brown coiffure. Hairpins were pulled out and put in again, and, skewering her hat with four long pins, she took out her handkerchief and vinaigrette and proceeded to give her pretty face a cologne bath.

Round and round she went with the cambric and cologne, pinching her eyebrows into heavy lines and brushing her lips with her tongue. Then she donned her cape, buttoned her gloves, took up her muff, and with a reassuring glance in the mirror, opened the door, tripped past the long line of men and messengers at the payer's window and left the bank through the Twenty-third street door.

"Oh, I don't mind a little thing like that," the cashier said, in the hall. "I rather like it when I am not rushed. It varies the monotony of routine work.

"We expect to give the ladies more attention than the men, because they know less about banking. Many of them are very business-like; but the women, who come in for the first time, like that one, for instance, amuse us.

"It's odd, the reluctance women have of giving their name. In answer to the question five out of one hundred will say *Miss* Brown or *Mrs.* Smith, and regard as impertinent further inquiry, as that young lady did, although the order is made payable to Susan Brown or Sarah Smith.

"Then there is always a demand, polite enough, but a demand nevertheless, for new money. Men will take in payment any bill or coin that is neither torn nor mutilated, but the ladies want good money. To save delay we always pay them bills fresh from the mint and in small denominations; for limited as they are in the supply of pockets, the average woman prefers twenty one-dollar bills to one or two of equal value. Men take the large bills, and so things balance themselves.

"Another slight annoyance comes from the bad arithmetic of women in general.

"Few of them count their money when they get it. It is jammed into a muff or handbag, the receiver goes off shopping, and when she gets home her cash and expenses won't balance. Sometimes she comes back in the afternoon and 'wants a little mistake rectified'—that's the average woman's way of putting it.

"But we don't 'rectify.' We count too much money to make a mistake. We are polite about it, although often treated to a blowing up. Most women are handsomest when angry, and new beauties are seen in every change of the face.

"Women are most troublesome as depositors for the reason that their accounts are largely fractional.

"Instead of drawing out a sum to shop with they go out with a bank book and pay with a check. Next day an order comes through a dry-goods house for $7.00, another from a candy shop for $1.25 and one perhaps from a glover for $2.00.

"What do we do? Honor them, of course, with as little grumbling as possible.

"There is a good deal of the miser in women, as observed in the safety department. Hundreds of ladies have boxes, keep their own key and visit the vault at pleasure. Like the male hoarder of gold, they very soon become attached to their wealth, and spend hours counting it over, changing it from one envelope to another, or distributing it through a series of envelopes, each carefully dated. Of course I have no means of knowing how much their deposits amount to, but from the frequency of their visits I should judge that they made a trip to the vault to add dimes to the little fortune.

"But they are not all frivolous. We have about 200 ladies who keep their jewels here. We always know when a big event is on the carpet. The ladies begin to come in about 10 o'clock in the morning, and from that hour until late in the evening the entrance bells keep up a regular tink-a-tink-a-link. Some of them come in carriages, but the majority walk in. No, they don't send their maid. The box is the exclusive property of the lady, and no one can have access without an order from her.

"I am not in a position to tell you how many or how valuable the jewels are, but I fancy they belong to very charming women who properly appreciate them, for they are carried home under cover of a hand-bag of some sort. The next day they are brought back, locked up, and when another brilliant party or ball is announced the ladies come back.

"Progressive women are in and out of the vault every week and often several times a day to consult private papers, some of them legal documents, bonds, insurance policies, leases and the like.

"After a wedding season, brides become our patrons, depositing valuable presents, silver ware, furs, laces and dowries which bring them to the vault to look at quite frequently.

"In the Spring, the European tourists come trooping in with valuables which are left here for years at a time."

NELL NELSON.

ABOUT BOOKS.

Russia is a country that can be written about indefinitely without palling on the public. That vast territory, with its millions of subjects and its one supreme ruler, is full of interest to the thinkers of to-day. Nihilism is a latent force which is likely to break out at any moment. "Russia in Central Asia in 1889, and the Anglo-Russian Question" is a volume by an Oxford Fellow of All Souls' College, the Hon. George N. Curzon, M. P., brought out by Longman, Green & Co. Mr. Curzon vouches for the accuracy of his statements. Russia is a country which changes "not daily, but hourly," as Skobeleff said. This volume is an interesting contribution to the literature of Russia.

The *Equitist* is the title of an English monthly which has been started in Rome. It will treat of Italian things for English readers.

It may be a relief to some readers to be informed that the Queen Isabella Association, of Illinois, is not in honor of the fat grandmother of Alfonso XIII., but of Isabel of Aragon, who was surnamed the Catholic, which the other Isabella is not.

ANTIQUITY OF MASSAGE.

Origin of Shampooing Traced to Ancient Hindoos and Chinese.

It is said that one of the best massage manipulators in this city is a Chinaman, says the St. Louis *Republic*, who has a very limited patronage, confined only to ladies, to whose houses he goes as a peddler of Chinese notions. As the Chinese and Hindoos date back to the method of healing disease by mechanical means, it is best fitting that the Orient should have a representative of the art in our fast becoming great metropolis.

The oldest book of the Chinese, the "Choug-Foug," contains detailed accounts of medical gymnastics, illustrated by drawings, which show that this ancient nation had correct ideas on mechanotherapy.

The Hindoos called this mechanical treatment "shampooing," and to this day it is in use as a domestic remedy for the relief of pain in all the islands of the Ind an Archipelago.

The Hindoos and Chinese transmitted the knowledge of mechano therapy to the Greeks and Romans, who practised and perfected the art until they obtained and taught nine different kinds of massage.

When the Christianity of the Middle Ages turned its back on all Roman customs, gymnastics and massage as practised in Rome were banished, and not until Bacon, Descartes and Newton gave learned teacher to the world in 1660, which opened many new pathways to the science of medicine, was there any return to the practice of mechano-therapy, while we of to-day rejoice and grow strong under its practical applications of massage.

English Criticism.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Halford A. R. Linwood-Baker, Esq.—Ah, I say, Algy, isn't rum to hear the Americans say "I guess?"

Don't Feel Well

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will soon lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable and dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in such cases as yours.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER.

MOST PERFECT MADE.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the strongest, purest and most healthful. Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
New York. Chicago. St. Louis.

BALLOTS BY THE BUSHEL.

Exciting Phase of the Contest for the Teachers' Watch.

Prospect of a Close Finish Among the Leading Candidates.

People who have been watching THE EVENING WORLD Lady Teachers' Contest from day to day are becoming more and more interested. The contest has now assumed an exciting phase and a close finish may be expected.

While Miss Liebman is first with 31,844, Mrs. Burns is a good second, with 28,910. Miss Cafferata still sticks in third place, with 26,134, but is crowded by Miss Jarecki's 25,774. Miss Rose Mayer is still fifth, with 12,633, and Miss Alyea sixth, with 8,152.

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, Asteria, N. Y.	305
Alves, Eva D., No. 255, Kingsland, N. J.	4,192
Atkinson, Teresa L., Prim. No. 10, N. Y.	151
Allen, Sara, No. 44, N. Y.	67
Allen, Grace, Oakside No. 8, Peekskill, N. Y.	39
Adams, Gertrude, No. 12, Brooklyn.	25
Arnold, E. A., Annex No. 2, Bolton, N. J.	57
Anthony, Ella, No. 30, N. Y.	87
Allen, Anna A., No. 16, Brooklyn.	36
Dunnagan, M. H., No. 40, N. Y.	874
Burns, Mrs. Agnes G., No. 38, N. Y.	28,910
Butler, Miss J., No. 9, Brooklyn.	612
Benton, Miss V. H., Academy st., Trenton, N. J.	175
Beecher, Jane E., No. 31, N. Y.	25
Bayne, Anna M., No. 31, N. Y.	63
Boyle, Lizzie M. 34, N. Y.	1,088
Babcock, Miss, No. 32, N. Y.	108
Bentell, E. E., Normal College, N. Y.	64
Biden, Mrs., No. 10, N. Y.	161
Bassalere, Miss L., M. No. 35, N. Y.	42
Baud, Miss E. F., No. 38, N. Y.	54
Bell, Lulu, No. 42, Jersey City.	29
Boyd, Miss H. W., No. 4, Jamaica, L. I.	72
Becker, Miss, No. 30, N. Y.	111
Blackstone, Ida M. No. 35, N. Y.	71
Brooks, Fanny, North Castle, N. Y.	73
Baum, Sara, No. 32, N. Y.	26
Barrett, Agnes, No. 34, N. Y.	4
Briggs, Fabyr, No. 72, N. Y.	178
Brown, Lucie S., No. 32, N. Y.	29
Boling, Mrs. Sarah, No. 35, N. Y.	70
Bowling, Emma, No. 12, Jersey City.	35
Butler, Jane, Primary 16, N. Y.	71
Barrett, Hannah, Primary 46, Brooklyn.	71
Burke, Sarah J., No. 4, N. Y.	101
Butler, Emily, No. 4, Jersey City.	134
Barnes, Jeanie, No. 14, Brooklyn.	84
Brown, Miss A. O., No. 36, N. Y.	26
Boughton, Annie M., No. 25, Brooklyn.	31
Burnett, Ida, No. 69, N. Y.	37
Bon Ik, Ida, No. 3, Rahway, N. J.	100
Bruder, Martha, 4th Ward, Astoria, N. Y.	31
Brown, Sara, No. 73, N. Y.	30
Black, Anna A., No. 68, N. Y.	30
Breen, S., No. 61, N. Y.	30
Bacon, I. Belle, No. 73, N. Y.	27
Brethedon, Lily, Primary 41, N. Y.	40
Burcher, Miss J. A., No. 17, Elmira.	38
Byrne, Miss E. A., Prim. No. 14, Brooklyn.	37
Bo a, Mrs. Jane, No. 40, N. Y.	30
Cafferata, Fanny, No. 9, N. Y.	26,134
Curtis, Lilly, No. 44, Brooklyn.	749
Carolan, Mrs. Ann A., Paterson, N. J.	2,060
Castell, Miss E., No. 40, N. Y.	4
Cohen, Grace M., No. 78, N. Y.	318
Cohen, Ida G., No. 20, N. Y.	651
Canner, Frances, No. 28, N. Y.	319
Cohen, Ella G., No. 7, Nichols, N. Y.	2,318
Calleson, Annette V., Primary 1, N. Y.	208
Cleary, Kate F., No. 1, Brooklyn.	3,460
Cull, Miss, No. 15, N. Y.	40
Carroll, Elizabeth, No. 20, N. Y.	30
Cowin, Julia C., No. 9, N. Y.	4
Coghlan, Maggie, No. 2, N. Y.	1,274
Clark, Miss M., No. 32, N. Y.	28
Chipman, Jennie A., No. 19, N. Y.	55
Coombs, Mrs., No. 40, N. Y.	55
Cowles, Miss Sarah E., No. 4, N. Y.	271
Carry, Mrs., Grove Hill, No. 2, Penacook, N. H.	29
Clarkson, Eliza V., Hoboken.	74
Cadin, Elizabeth K., No. 30, N. Y.	100
Cotton, Miss M., No. 61, N. Y.	80
Cranston, Miss, No. 17, N. Y.	51
Charlton, Laura, No. 53, N. Y.	26
Crawford, Isabella, No. 3, Bowery.	36
Church, Emma E., No. 38, N. Y.	25
Cooper, Miss, No. 18, Brooklyn.	25
Doyle, Miss, No. 30, N. Y.	100
Dugan, Annie E., No. 128, N. Y.	347
Dillon, Mary E., No. 128, N. Y.	347
Donnelson, Addie, No. 67, N. Y.	356
Dunning, Annie, St. Matthew's Academy, Brooklyn.	31
Devine, Maggie, No. 91, N. Y.	201
Dong, Annie E. A., No. 1, New Rochelle, N. Y.	77
Dougherty, M. E., No. 14, N. Y.	117
Dunham, Kate, Prim. No. 4, N. Y.	108
Dunham, Ella, Primary No. 41, N. Y.	108
Davidson, Miss, No. 32, N. Y.	118
Dowling, Theresa, No. 32, N. Y.	105
Dolan, Mary E., No. 32, N. Y.	105
Dugan, Annie, Primary 10, N. Y.	43
Dugan, Kate, Prim. No. 10, N. Y.	43
Dugan, Jennie, Drew Mil. Peekskill, N. Y.	913
Daly, Miss M., No. 40, N. Y.	54
Dobson, Mrs., No. 3, New Brighton, N. Y.	501
Davis, Miss B., Normal College, N. Y.	79
Donovan, Mary J., Notre Dame, L. I.	41
Donnelly, Sarah, 11th Ward School, N. Y.	37
Dolan, Nellie, No. 59, N. Y.	31
Dougall, Agnes, No. 39, Brooklyn.	34
Francis, Ida A., No. 7, N. Y.	34
Egan, Miss, No. 10, Brooklyn.	121
Ellis, Clara, Washington School, Rahway, N. J.	110
Egan, Annie A. L., No. 40, Brooklyn.	2,008
Egan, Miss Ella, No. 27, Brooklyn.	705
Ecker, Miss C., No. 11, N. Y.	27
Fay, Mrs. L. B., Home Inf. sch., N. Y.	27
Frazee, Miss M. L., No. 8, Jersey City.	70
Fallon, Annie, No. 7, N. Y.	27
Fuller, Miss A., No. 68, N. Y.	150
Flynn, Alice M., No. 1, N. Y.	1,183
Ford, Nellie, No. 27, N. Y.	113
Fisher, Sophie, No. 4, Dorchester, N. Y.	105
Flynn, Miss M. C., Fifth Ward, Astoria, N. Y.	339
Flood, Christine, Normal College, N. Y.	91
Finley, Margaret, No. 98, N. Y.	92
Fraser, Isabella, No. 59, N. Y.	78
Fowler, Emma, No. 1, Brooklyn.	40
Forman, Clara A., Cottage Place, Mission, N. Y.	47
Farmer, Miss A. J., Primary No. 41, N. Y.	44
Field, Miss H. V. R., No. 47, N. Y.	44
Fitzgibbons, Mrs. Mary, No. 31, N. Y.	31
Farrell, Annie, No. 26, N. Y.	28
Fassin, Josephine L., No. 50, N. Y.	28
Florence, Miss, No. 20, N. Y.	26
Foote, Miss A. R., No. 28, Brooklyn.	29
Fagan, Miss, No. 10, Brooklyn.	26
Gerstz, Mary, No. 53, N. Y.	26
Gottlieb, Annie, St. John's Parish, Port Richmond, S. I.	28
Germain, Miss M. K., Grammar School, Mount Vernon, N. Y.	175
Greenhood, Minnie L., Normal Col., N. Y.	31
Gibbs, Miss H. G., No. 61, N. Y.	28
Green, Jennie, Brooklyn.	25
Greenslade, Mary J., Normal Col., N. Y.	25
Greer, Agnes, No. 10, Newark, N. J.	138
Gardner, Miss Ne., 55, N. Y.	57
Gaynor, Jennie W., No. 1, Jersey City.	148
Gilbert, Mrs., No. 48, N. Y.	304
Griffin, Fenella R., No. 47, N. Y.	35
Grundy, Miss L. A., Normal College.	142
Greeley, Miss W., No. 1, Irvington.	72
Good, Mary, No. 30, N. Y.	30
Gulick, Miss L., Home Inf. School No. 5, N. Y.	60
Haynes, Frank E., No. 30, N. Y.	60
Hoffman, Charlotte F., No. 19, N. Y.	2,015
Hickenbottom, Anna, Norm. College, N. Y.	158
Hubie, Sarah, Primary 15, N. Y.	575
Hoffman, Annie, No. 30, N. Y.	305
Haw, Rebecca B., No. 34, N. Y.	147
Harris, Flora, No. 72, N. Y.	204
Haight, Miss F., No. 9, Ninth Side School, N. Y.	185
Heyman, Ida, 3 No. 30, N. Y.	113
Hanley, Miss, No. 14, N. Y.	54
Hart, Elizabeth J., Hoboken, N. Y.	78
Haley, Annie C., 131 st., N. Y.	271
Hunter, Miss A., No. 72, N. Y.	53
Harvey, Annie, 19 E. 3., Rye, N. Y.	53
Hartshorn, Mary E., No. 30, N. Y.	53
Hartmann, Miss, No. 14, N. Y.	53
Hall, Mary A., No. 74, Brooklyn.	26
Harvey, Agnes, No. 34, N. Y.	26
Hoelme, Louisa, No. 1, Hoboken.	179
Hackley, L. J., No. 7, N. Y.	43
Hawthorne, Eva, Normal College, N. Y.	50
Butler, Miss, No. 57, N. Y.	35
Hapgood, Miss K., Matteawan, N. Y.	47
Hoffman, Miss, No. 38, N. Y.	29
Hoffman, Ida, No. 38, N. Y.	29
Hill, Miss A. M., 111 W. 18th st., N. Y.	61
Hearn, Hetty, 4th Ward, Astoria, L. I.	44
Huberman, Maggie, St. Patrick's, N. Y.	26
Holt, E., Brooklyn Grammar School, Norwich, Conn.	30
Hall, Mrs. Geo. S., Normal College, N. Y.	30
Ebel, Miss C. I., No. 7, Brooklyn.	27
Hegeman, Hannah, No. 1, Brooklyn.	23,744
Jury, Maggie, No. 68, N. Y.	2,744
Johnston, Jeannette, Port Richmond, S. I.	267
Jenner, Marie L., Primary 15, N. Y.	126
Johnson, Emma L., White House, N. J.	124
Johnson, Miss M. A., No. 3, Brooklyn.	121
Jacobs, Miss L., 26 do. 30, N. Y.	30
Jackman, E. M., No. 30, N. Y.	47
Johnson, Miss E. B., N. Y.	48
Johnson, Julia A., Parkville, L. I.	61
Jackson, Isabella, No. 9, Hoboken.	30
Jay, Lucy, No. 34, N. Y.	28
Jackson, Ella, No. 28, N. Y.	226
Keeland, Miss K., No. 74, N. Y.	1,660
Kelly, Annie, No. 43, N. Y.	121
Kerr, Miss M., 74, N. Y.	121
Knapp, Ida R., No. 30, N. Y.	319
Kelly, Nellie, No. 44, N. Y.	31
Kohl, Kate, No. 9, Brooklyn.	75
Kelly, Isabella F., Dix Hills, Huntington, N. Y.	75
Kimes, Mrs. M., No. 10, N. Y.	142
Kaufman, Ida, No. 76, Brooklyn.	143
Killeen, Mrs., No. 2, N. Y.	30
Kerby, Miss H. A., No. 28, Brooklyn.	31
Kane, Miss H., No. 41, N. Y.	30
Kennedy, Daisy E., No. 1, Jersey City.	29
Kelsey, Miss, No. 43, Brooklyn.	29
Lane, M. A., No. 28, N. Y.	29
Lonergan, Matilda S., No. 77, N. Y.	34
Lawlor, Mamie, No. 33, N. Y.	3,153
Ludwig, Miss D., No. 57, N. Y.	1,984
Lee, Alice R., No. 7, Newburg Acad., Newburg, N. Y.	249
Leach, Theresa, No. 9, N. Y.	31,844
Lehman, Ida, Primary, No. 9, N. Y.	31
Leach, Jacqueline S., Primary 1, N. Y.	121
Lyon, Mary, College Point, L. I.	40
Lebers, F., No. 20, N. Y.	40
Lewis, Ella, No. 40, N. Y.	119
Latham, Emma A., No. 28, Brooklyn.	74
Leech, Theresa, No. 9, N. Y.	25
Le Roy, Ida C., Newburg Acad., Newburg, N. Y.	65
Lewis, May, No. 63, N. Y.	65
Langdon, Mary, No. 28, Brooklyn.	37
Lewis, Helen, No. 40, N. Y.	37
Maxwell, Ida, No. 84, N. Y.