The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including Postage):
PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....$3.50

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,409

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

☞ BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

SO FAR, SO GOOD.

The people have spoken and PLATT has come down. This has not saved PLATT, for the people will not forget that if the Owego man was not as mean as he wished to be he was as mean as he dared to be. But it has given New York a good chance for the Fair.

The PLATT incubus is removed from the swelling breast of New York. ELIHU ROOT's head has gone into the basket, bitten off by the vindictive click of "Me Too's" teeth as they snapped together in assent to CHAUNCEY DEPEW's masterly suggestion, made known at Cooper Union last night. But there is hope for the Fair and Mr. ROOT is a martyr.

After this, the jocund and helpful DEPEW may talk without censure about what "I and COLUMBUS have done for America." What a simple yet effective move this was of his in making a two-thirds vote of the Commissioners of the World's Fair essential for every contract, every committee—in fact, for all important measures.

CHAUNCEY, your salary should be raised.

BENJAMIN'S LITTLE GRAB.

Mr. HARRISON may be surprised that the country should say "Ugh!" like a disgusted Apache, over his little $2,500 plum from an indulgent Congress. If Mr. HARRISON had more statesmanlike insight he would realize that the American people would never distress itself over a mere bagatelle like that, in or out of his purse. It is the principle, Mr. President, the principle. Evil example has greater force, according to the prominence of its giver. When the Chief Executive plucks $2,000 from the surplus in such a way that many people think it should be spelled "filch," what can be expected of those with more itching for the surplus and less dignity of office to restrain them? Ugh!

GOOD-BY, KILRAIN!

The Californian, J. J. CORBETT, bested JAKE KILRAIN in six rounds for scientific points only. CORBETT won the fight and the Southern Athletic Club's purse of $3,500, while KILRAIN lost an immense amount of reputation. After this he may quietly subside into the rank of a third or fourth class fighter. CORBETT blackened both his eyes; hit him whenever he wanted to; chased him all around the ring, and came out unscathed, barring a slight sprain on the knuckle of his left hand. Step down, JAKE.

Eight unwedded maids of St. Louis have sent a tearful protest to the Mayor, asking him to enjoin widows from captivating young bachelors. The maids declare that the more forward wiles of the relicts do discountenance their modest sheep's eyes so greatly that the swains pay them no heed. The Mayor says he cannot help the girls. Too bad. But when you are widows, girls—oh, my!

If the report of the Kara horror in Siberia be true, then is Russia entitled to the contempt of every civilized nation of the earth. The horror of a Government authorizing a prison official to lash the bare back of a refined woman until she faints with pain, and finally dies of the shock, is so great that the wide, wide world should howl with detestation at the deed.

CARNOT has decided to simply walk young ORLEANS over the frontier. If they would gently but firmly spank the dapper young Duke he might be still shyer of trespassing on French soil.

SPOTLETS.

A farmer smeared a bull with petroleum; a playful hind touched him off with a match, and the animal set fire to the barn. The story would be a happier one if something had happened to the hind. The devil take the hind most, say we.

An organ-grinder played "Home, Sweet Home" and fell dead. As an example worthy of imitation, allowing great latitude as to the tune to be played, this cannot be praised too highly.

A woman has just wedded her ninth husband. Whatever she got by signing with the nine, it was not what she wanted apparently.

For one year a dog has followed a street-car day and night under the impression that his master is inside. This is a Western lie, and, though crude, is beautiful.

Sir Arthur Sullivan says he sold "The Gondoliers" to Carte. No wonder it didn't go. Gondoliers ought not to be fastened to a cart.

William Collins felled a tree over a fall and then got a fall over the tree felled over the fall. Fol-de-rol.

A Connecticut girl got caught on the brake of a horse car and was dragged several blocks. She says it is the first time she ever rode on a "break," and she doesn't like it.

Some Italian has set the influenza to music. The influence of music is nothing to the music of influenza.

The Pope wants an urn for his monument. The best earned monument is the one built by the living person.

Willing to Wait.

(From the Yankee Blade.)

Father (to daughter's affiance)—Young man, let me tell you that my daughter will go to you with no fortune whatever. She is a poor girl until I die.

Young Man—I don't mind waiting. In the mean time I'll do my best to support her.

GIRL TOILERS.

(Continued from First Page.)

want of a woman factory inspector, or a woman commissioner to report their actual condition, and by publicity and intelligent, earnest agitation, secure for them the protection they deserve.

IN THE CARPET MILL.

We went through the Higgins carpet mill—the manager, the artist and the undersigned. The business was established in 1849 and gives employment to 1,800 operatives, of whom 1,000 are females. The visit is a hurried one, for Manager Tibbitts has an engagement.

The scouring-room is visited first, where 300 women and girls are reeling the soft wool on flying wheels or swifts. The workshop is dark, but fingers are deft and the busy people seem to depend more on touch than sight; the flying particles from the woollen thread make the air suffocating, and the rumble of the machinery and the whirr of the flying swifts and spools make the head ring. There are little, skinny girls scarcely in their teens at the spindles; growing girls of sixteen and eighteen, young women with hard hands and wrinkled faces, mature women stooped and emaciated, and old women with sad eyes, forbidding manners and shrivelled forms. All are in work-a-day dress which couldn't be much poorer and be intact.

Old shoes cased by wear are the rule. There are plenty of good shoes but necessity and economy have removed them. Here and there is an operative in her stocking feet and bare toes are by no means uncommon. Soft words with nothing in them and sweet tunes improvised at the spindle and swift are the songs heard above the hubbub of industry. There is no opportunity for a chat with any of the brave but none too happy singers, and we pass along to the printing-room.

THE PRINTING-ROOM.

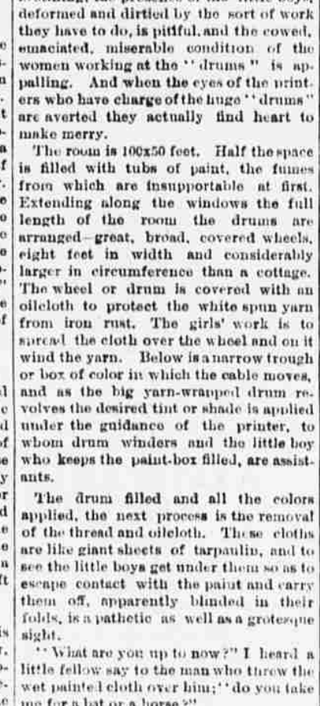
The scene here is startling. The deafening noise would alarm any one not accustomed to the place, the mingled smell of the paints, dyes and machine oil is stifling, the presence of the little boys, deformed and dirtied by the sort of work they have to do, is pitiful, and the cowed, emaciated, miserable condition of the women working at the "drums" is appalling. And when the eyes of the printers who have charge of the huge "drums" are averted they actually find heart to make merry.

The room is 100x50 feet. Half the space is filled with tubs of paint, the fumes from which are insupportable at first. Extending along the windows the full length of the room the drums are arranged—great, broad, covered wheels, eight feet in width and considerably larger in circumference than a cottage. The wheel or drum is covered with an oilcloth to protect the white spun yarn from iron rust. The girls' work is to spread the cloth over the wheel and on it wind the yarn. Below is a narrow trough or box of color in which the cable moves, and as the big yarn-wrapped drum revolves the desired tint or shade is applied under the guidance of the printer, to whom drum winders and the little boy who keeps the paint-box filled, are assistants.

The drum filled and all the colors applied, the next process is the removal of the thread and oilcloth. These cloths are like giant sheets of tarpaulin, and to see the little boys get under them so as to escape contact with the paint and carry them off, apparently blinded in their folds, is a pathetic as well as a grotesque sight.

"What are you up to now?" I heard a little fellow say to the man who threw the wet painted cloth over him; "do you take me for a bat or a horse?"

I can't approximate the weight of thirty-odd yards of oilcloth, but, wrapped



THEN GIVING HER HEAD A TOSS AND HER SHEARS A CLICK, "AH, WELL; WHAT DOES IT MATTER? NOBODY CARES FOR THE MILL GIRL."

"Who? I'd like to know. Tell me who cares whether she lives or not?"

I had nothing to say, and as we moved away I heard a derisively merry, triumphant "high diddle, dee dee, di do!"

WORK STOPS.

Then came a sudden suspension of the din and rumble, an unexpected rest of shafts and harness, and an oppressive silence that produced momentary consternation.

The air seemed sighing; sad faces became sadder; quiet, firm lips were set a little tighter; small, hard, patient, honest hands dropped wearily, and the pose into which enforced illness settled was one of involuntary dejection. Now and then some such pertinent remarks as these were heard as we passed along:

"Gear broke, hey? It's a poor lie that don't stretch."

"Just 11 o'clock."

"Four hours' pay."

"It's good we have to knock off without any say of our own. I'm ready to drop, it's that tired I am."

"Let's have a time—will you?"

"Where to?"

"Bowery museum."

"No. I'm broke."

"I'll lend you."

"Naw. I can't; have to get my brogues mended."

Many of the old women sit on the foot rests, grim models for the Genius of Misery, with their bare arms folded on their knees, reluctant to withdraw while there is the possibility of resuming work.

The children, glad of any chance that liberates them, eat their beggarly lunches

DRUM WINDERS.

about the child, it seemed a pall under which he struggled with all his might.

WORN OUT BY THEIR WORK.

The physical condition of the girls who assisted the drum-spinners was just what would be expected from confinement in this chemically charged atmosphere—sallow, sunken cheeks, wan faces, bent figures, rough skin and a chronic hacking cough. Considering the fact that their earnings never exceed $6, and more often amount to but $4, their toil and the bodily injury incurred are truly lamentable.

THE SETTERS.

Overhead we meet the setters, so called because they set the threads in place, arranging the various reds to make roses, the blue to suggest forget-me-nots or violets and the greens to mimic the foliage of garden and forest.

They sit at the long frame with the design printed on a platform under the loom and a bank of 200 spools of thread to manipulate. Fancy the nicety of touch and the delicacy and agility required at this setting of the pattern. It seemed like play to the looker-on, but it was one of those games at which the back sorely aches, the eyes grow dim, the arms lame, the cheeks pale and the spirits heavy. There is, too, no little tragedy in it, for long practice must precede the skill for which capital pays $6. The average earnings are a dollar less, and only the seamstress who bends over her work all day, months and years through, can really fancy the strain on their nerves, body and brain.

WAGES FOR TWO WEEKS.

The manager gave the wages of these girls as varying from $7 to $9, but from a "setter" now at work in this department I learn that he meant for two weeks. In the weaving-room I met "Maggie," who said that she could make sixty yards of carpet a day, running two looms, one

SETTING THE DESIGN.

being a fair quality and the other a very poor grade of tapestry.

The manager volunteered the information that the prices paid varied from 3¼c. to 2 1-10c. per yard. Supposing an average from these figures of 2 7-20c. per yard, running full time she could average $9, or $36 a month. There are, however, at least two full months of lost time, which would reduce her yearly earnings to a paltry $360. Poor girl!

A STORY SHORT BUT SAD.

Her story is short and sad enough.

"I began work in the mill at fourteen years of age; got $3 a week as a bobbin winder. Three years ago I married one of the mill hands, and—and"—her lip quivers—"he left me. I have a baby seventeen months old, and I'm back again."

Then giving her head a toss and her shears a click, "Ah, well; what does it matter? Nobody cares for the mill girl."

"Yes, somebody does," I replied with idiotic haste.

"AH, WELL; WHAT DOES IT MATTER? NOBODY CARES FOR THE MILL GIRL."

nagging that makes me crazy. Of course, every operative understands that I am getting a 'blow up,' and that's worse than the scolding, a good deal. A forewoman thinks she is kind, but she's cruel a great many more times than a foreman.

ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD.

"Talk about myself, well, let me see," crossing her beautiful eyes in fancy, "I am alone, all alone, in the world. I board with Lucy and Jane; pay $4 a week and put my savings in the banks.

"When I started out to make a living for myself I was apprenticed to a dressmaker. She was a pretty hard taskmaster. In the busy season she kept me at work until 9 or 9 o'clock and never paid me anything extra. I couldn't stand it; it was too hard work for the salary. I wanted to be free when 6 o'clock came, and that's why I came to the mill.

"The training I got, though, paid for the hardship I endured. I worked on waists, and now I make all my clothes, everything—cloaks, dresses and hats—so that I can dress better, and for less money, than most girls.

"I sew evenings. Of course I'm tired when I get home, but a change of work is rest."

"What do you do Sunday?"

"I sleep, rest, read, walk and do a lot of things that I can't do through the week. But I'm not a Sunday-school girl. I'll tell you that much, and that's all I will tell you," and with a merry laugh she bounded off to join a couple of friends who were waiting for her at the end of a long aisle of looms.

Twenty or thirty girls were at work in the finishing-room examining the new, clean, gaudy breadths of carpet in search of uncut stitches, knots and ends. They sat at long tables, scissors in hand and needle within reach, dragging miles and miles of heavy velvet, brussels, tapestry and ingrains across the board, carefully searching for the possible defects of the loom.

HEROISM AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

If the histories of these carpet critics could be written more than half them

TWO BRIGHT GIRLS WHO WEAVE CARPET.

would be stories of sufficient heroism, self-sacrifice, hardship and sadness to win your admiration and merit your pity. One rough sketch will show the vagaries of fortune.

Twenty years ago two little sisters entered the mill, where they grew in beauty and blossomed into perfect womanhood. They married, the elder bestowing her heart upon the foreman and the younger sister blessing with her love a skilled weaver. To the first couple fortune was very kind. The young husband prospered, beauties succeeded the comforts and luxuries the conveniences of the pretty home. Children were born to them of such marvellous beauty that even the proprietor of the mill became interested and enthusiastic.

At the end of one year the weaver sickened and died. The doctor pronounced it a case of quick consumption, the result of the bad air he had been inhaling so many years. The young mother, left with an infant son to support, returned to the mill, and there she has remained ever since. Her face is sad and careworn, her form is bent, and in the iron gray of her hair traces of brown still remain.

For the skill, industry and fidelity of almost a quarter of a century this patient, noble woman received an average per year of $322.

I want to say for the protection of this faithful servant and to secure her against the possibility of a suspicion that would result in her dismissal, that my information was obtained from the United States Commissioner of Labor, whose report has just been submitted to the House of Congress. The woman could not be induced to talk in the presence of the manager, nor would she give me permission to visit her home or even allow me to mention her name.

TIME LOST.

I know from the statistician employed by United States Commissioner Carroll D. Wright that in 1888 the average time lost by twenty-four girls in the Higgins mills was 50½ days, and their average earnings for the year $322.24. To do her justice, this helpless almost hopeless widow said she was treated well enough, that the work was not especially hard and that her earnings were good.

Her elder sister, whose children are senior students in the Normal and New York colleges, has never lost sight of her. It is her love and generosity that makes existence for the widow and orphan boy endurable.

A GLANCE AT THEIR HOME LIFE.

And now for a glance at the home life of these industrious daughters of Poverty.

In a room on the top floor of a Tenth avenue tenement a girl of twenty was found. She had been pretty, but her face was now pale and thin and her form shrunken. She had just returned from a carpet factory, and shreds of colored wool clung to her shabby gown. There was no covering on the floor, and a few chairs and a table made up the furniture. In an adjoining windowless room was a bed and a bureau. It looked an unhappy abode. The girl looked frightened when questioned about her work and pay at the factory.

"Where do you come from?" she asked. Satisfied as to the identity of her visitor she became confidential.

"If you will promise me that you will not use my name I will tell you all I know," she said. "For if they should find out that I had spoken I would be thrown out of the factory.

UNCERTAIN EARNINGS.

"How much do I earn? When work is steady, from $28 to $30 a month. I am a picker, and a picker's wages are uncertain. It is something of a lottery. The pieces of carpet after they leave the weaver's hands are numbered, and each picker is required to draw a number. She gets the piece of carpet to which the number drawn corresponds. If the piece is badly woven it may take her fifteen or sixteen hours to pick it clean."

"How long does a well-woven piece take?"

"From five to six hours. But the pain of it is that we get 85 cents a piece no matter how long it takes us to pick it. Think of 85 cents for nearly two days' work."

The girl's life outside of the factory was little more cheerful than the hours spent within it. Day after day compelled to get up at 6, prepare her frugal breakfast and reach the factory at 7. Home again at 6.30, tired and heartsore, with no desire for anything but the oblivion of sleep.

LITTLE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR LIVES.

In this and other tenements other unfortunate mill operatives were visited. Their home life was about the same. One girl of eighteen, whose beauty was fast fading, told this story, which will apply to many:

"I left school at thirteen," she said, "and went to work in the carpet mill. The work was hard at first and I got used to it. I was fresh and strong, and evenings used to go out and frolic. But this strength did not last, and now when I get home I want only to rest."

HOW THEY ARE PAID.

The weavers are about the best paid people in the place. The women earn from $20 to $32 a month. The latter sum is the maximum. All weaving pays by the yard, the scale varying from 3 1-5c. to 1 1-8c., or $5 to $7, according to the length of the piece. If weavers get through six pieces a month they do extra well, but have to slave.

In the picking department the pickers average from $25 to $30 a month. Only two or three ever make $35, and that by very hard work.

Girls who scrape the worsted after it has been printed, so as to prevent the colors from "running," average $4 a week.

In the spinning-room the winders consider themselves in great luck if they earn $8 a week. Most of them average $5 the year through.

The "doffs," who take the full bobbins off the spinning-frames, are little girls ranging from twelve to fourteen years, who earn $11 a month. Older girls employed at the same work for the "setters" make $14.50 a month.

This is tedious work, but a good "setter" can earn $6 a week. The majority $4.

These are all the departments. Every person must be in the buildings by 6.45 in the morning. They work until 6.15. On Saturday they get off at 3.30. Three-quarters of an hour is given for lunch. The gates are closed at 7.15, and late comers must pass through the office, where their names are taken. If this happens three times the offender is discharged.

Wages have been reduced four times in the past four years. The first time ten cents, the second time ten cents, the third five cents, the last five cents. The girls live in tenement-houses and have no pleasures. Their work is slavish and tiresome. Their homes are bare of comforts, and many gray-haired women are working for the pittance they get to support large families.

NELL NELSON.

NEWS FROM LABOR'S WORLD.

Brewers' Union No. 1 has asked Tailors' Union No. 2 to move from their present quarters as the proprietor is now selling "pool" beer.

The result of the elections to the German Reichstag will be announced at the concert to be held next Thursday evening in Webster Hall.

Brewers' Union No. 1 has levied another assessment upon all its members to assist the men locked out by the Knickerbocker Brewing Company.

Portland Cement Masons' Union No. 1 has elected H. Heberman, J. Stern and H. Moore delegates to the Building Trades' Section of the C. L. U.

The Socialists of New York and Brook'n are making their usual arrangements for their annual celebration of the anniversary of the Paris Commune on March 18.

Five new members joined the German Painters' Union at its meeting yesterday evening. All members have been asked to pay their arrears, as the admission fee for those failing to pay will be raised to $12.50.

A conference of painters and decorators belonging to the K. of L., as well as to the different open unions, will be held on Monday, Feb. 24, at Clarendon Hall, to consider uniform measures in the interest of all concerned.

C. Cath has been elected Business Manager by the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Labor Lyceum. The new Treasurer of the Association is William Raffa, who was elected in the place of John Fabis, who resigned.

Schwab Brothers have granted an increase of wages to twelve of the striking contractors, but the latter refuse to advance the pay of the two hundred cloak-makers working for them, and the strike of the latter consequently continues.

The men working in the factories of Bosses Haeussler, Forty-fifth street and Eleventh avenue, and Geist, Ninth avenue, near Forty-third street, will be organized by the Journeymen Bakers' Union during the course of the present week.

About 150 cigar-makers went on a strike yesterday at Seidenberg's factory, 327 East Sixty-third street, their wages having been reduced about 15 per cent. The strikers meet at Manhattan Hall, East Sixty-third street, between First and Second avenues.

With their flags flying, and accompanied by a band of music, the members of Furniture Workers' Union No. 7 and of Progressive Furniture Workers' Union No. 1 will march this evening from 385 Bowery to Clarendon Hall to celebrate the amalgamation of both unions.

The Williamsburg Clothing Cutters' Society Progress is negotiating with Local Assembly 2,994, K. of L., whose members desire to leave the Order for the purpose of joining the open Union. A conference of both organizations has been called for Feb. 23, at Humboldt Hall.

The newly-elected board of officers of Bakers' Union, No. 87, is composed as follows: Chris Weber, President; John Enteman, Vice-President; R. Geyer, Recording Secretary; Wm. Lanwell, Financial Secretary; Assistant Secretary Frank Wohlfel; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. Hall and J. Libby, Trustees, E. Smith and Albert Schroder; Delegates to the L. U. C., Anthony Fisher and L. Friedman.

The new central body created by the labor organizations of Newark, N. J., is composed as follows: Delegates of Bakers' Union No. 2, Brewers' Union No. 2, Pursemakers' Union No. 1, Cigar-Makers' No. 138, Carpenters' Nos. 22 and 119, Laborers' Nos. 1 and 2, Painters', Iron Moulders', Granite Cutters', Early-Closing Association, Typographical Union No. 103, Typographia No. 6 and Newark City Musical Union. The Organization Committee is composed of delegates Laske, Lutz, Reisinger, Cochlin, Campbell, Geyer, Dietz, Clunk, Pacher, Lampe, Ludwig, Schnei, Cury and McCue.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

H. W. Slocum, the champion lawn-tennis player of America in 1889, is married and domiciled on Staten Island.

W. B. Curtis, of the New York Athletic Club, has met with much success as referee of athletic events. He is continually in receipt of many requests to act in this capacity, which he cannot accept, as if he accepted half of them it would result in his being constantly travelling.

J. B. Keating, who is looming up as one of the fleetest of pedestrians, has an attractive manner about him that makes him a favorite in all his contests. He owns allegiance to the Pastime Athletic Club.

WORLDLINGS.

The Mikado of Japan is described as a corpulent man, about five feet seven inches tall. He is forty-five years old.

When Ezra Cornell opened his first telegraph office in New York he was so poor, it is said, that he could afford but one meal a day.

Miss Annie Harrison, who died in Louisville recently, was a relative of the President.

John D. Williamson, who is at the head of the Chattanooga, Rome and Columbus Railroad, is the youngest railway President in the country.

STOLEN RHYMES.

Regret.

'Twas after the ball,
'Twas dark in the hall,
Her "good night" was not very emphatic;
'Twas such a good chance
For sweetest romance,
And I linger'd with longing ecstatic.
'Twas dark in the hall,
'Twas after the ball.

'Twas after the ball,
'Twas dark in the hall—
Such a chance for a parting romantic!
And—she was not cold;
Why was I not bold?
When I think of it now I am frantic.
'Twas dark in the hall,
Just dark—that was all.

—Morgan MacKnight in Judge.

Nature Is Wise.

'Tis said that thirty inches span
The average woman's waist,
And just so long the span of man,
So, when 'tis sought, 'tis placed
Around the damsel whom one treasures,
There is no infirmity of measures.

How admirably are they works,
On Nature, kind and dear!
For, spite of all the kinks and quirks,
And various doings queer,
Thou mouldest waists of proper bias,
With arms to fit thou dost supply us.

—Chatter.

A Sweet Miss.

Mamma Mr. preserves one day.
"I'll see," her little boy said.
"Why, Peter," said mamma, "what a!"
And then she St. Peter to Bed.

—Puck.

THE regular use of MOSELL'S TEETHING COMPOUND during teething starts the diarrhœa. 25c.

VOTE, AND VOTE QUICKLY.

The Lady School Teachers' Watch Contest Ends Friday.

Order of the Leaders Unchanged—Booming a Jersey Candidate.

THE EVENING WORLD Lady Teachers' Contest will close at 5 P. M. Friday, and after that hour no votes will be received. This will give voters three more days in which to send in their ballots for their favorite candidates.

Miss Jarecki still leads the contest with 65,418 votes to her credit. Mrs. Burns is second with 59,279, and Miss Cafferata third with 55,585. Miss Liebman is a close fourth with 55,234, while Miss Mayer and Miss Eagan still hold fifth and sixth positions, with 41,841 and 6,715, respectively. Miss Kate Weekes, of Trenton, N. J., is another possible "dark horse," and is a good seventh with 6,615.

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 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 in the show windows of the well-known jewelry firm of C. C. Adams & Co., 474 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

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 must be engaged in our schools. 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 200 ballots:

Adams, Lizzie, Fourth Ward, Astoria, N. Y.	235
Alyea, Eva B., No. 30, Kingsland, N. J.	4,337
Atkinson, Jennie L., Prim., No. 119, N. Y.	210
Anthony, Ella, No. 40, N. Y.	307
Benjamin, M. B., No. 40, N. Y.	174
Burns, Mrs. Agnes G., No. 38, N. Y.	59,279
Butler, Miss J., No. 9, Brooklyn	870
Britton, Miss V. H., Academy st., Trenton, N. J.	262
Beechel, Jane F., No. 41, N. Y.	430
Boyle, Lizzie, No. 34, N. Y.	1,114
Blau, Lulu, No. 12, Jersey City	1,[illegible]
Bogg, Miss H. W., No. 53, Jamaica, L. I.	220
Briggs, Fanny, No. 20, N. Y.	265
Bayliss, Mrs. Sarah, No. 55, N. Y.	220
Butler Emily, No. 4, Jersey City	224
Cafferata, Fanny, No. 9, N. Y.	55,585
Curtis, Lilly, No. 44, Brooklyn	240
Carolan, May, No. 69, N. Y.	4,908
Castell, Miss S. F., No. 40, N. Y.	703
Cohen, Grace M., No. 78, N. Y.	342
Cohen, Emily, No. 33, N. Y.	601
Canter, Frances, No. 28, N. Y.	377
Callahan, Annette V., Primary 1, N. Y.	407
Cleary, Kate F., No. 1, Brooklyn	5,005
Cuff, Miss, No. 13, N. Y.	201
Coghlan, Maggie, No. 7, N. Y.	3,559
Cowles, Mrs. Sarah E., No. 47, N. Y.	416
Curry, Ellen, Drum Hill, No. 7, Peekskill, N. Y.	251
Carlin, Elizabeth R., No. 50, N. Y.	224
Cotton, Mary, No. 111, N. Y.	236
Dunne, Anna C., No. 68, N. Y.	2,410
Dillon, Mary E., No. 12, N. Y.	366
Demerlein, Annie, No. 182, N. Y.	357
Downing, Annie, St. Matthew's Academy, Broome, N. Y.	289
Davidson, Miss, No. 58, N. Y.	220
Downing, Frances A., No. 47, N. Y.	220
Dean, Miss M. M., No. 3, N. Y.	380
Dugan, Josie, Drum Hill, Peekskill, N. Y.	1,181
Dobson, Mrs., No. 3, New Brighton, S. I.	206
Dunn, Emma A., No. 1, Brooklyn	410
Eagan, Annie A. L., No. 46, Brooklyn	6,715
Egan, Miss Ella, No. 37, Brooklyn	240
Ecker, Miss C., No. 11, N. Y.	470
Ely, Mrs. L. B., Home Ind. Sch., N. Y.	253
Fuller, Miss A., No. 68, N. Y.	306
Flynn, Alice M., No. 1, N. Y.	2,066
Ford, Nellie, No. 27, N. Y.	303
Fisher, Sophie, No. 4, Portchester, N. Y.	257
Frank, Mamie C., Fifth Ward, Astoria, N. Y.	787
Good, Jennie W., No. 1, Jersey City	237
Gilbert, Mrs. M., No. 48, N. Y.	253
Gundlach, Anna C., Normal College	237
Greeley, Winnie, No. 2, Irvington	301
Green, Agnes, No. 10, Newark, N. J.	203
Howard, Charlotte F., No. 7, N. Y.	3,223
Hobbs, Sarah, Primary D, N. Y.	624
Hoffman, Annie, No. 69, N. Y.	262
Harris, Flora, No. 72, N. Y.	218
Haight, Miss K., West Side School, N. Y.	374
Hall, Lizzie, No. 3, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.	374
Hurley, Annie C., No. 33, N. Y.	323
Hartnedy, Mary E., No. 12, N. Y.	275
Hoelzle, Louisa, No. 5, Hoboken	268
Hawley, May, Katonah, N. Y.	241
Joyce, Mary, District No. 4, Castleton	244
Jarecki, Hannah, No. 74, N. Y.	65,418
Jury, Maria E., No. 68, N. Y.	3,450
Johnston, Jeannette, Port Richmond, S. I.	275
Jenusti, Marie L., Primary 15, N. Y.	208
Johnson, Emma L., White House, N. J.	222
Klapper, Jennie, No. 25, N. Y.	1,110
Kerland, Kate, Primary 6, N. Y.	2,397
Kerr, Miss M., No. 72, N. Y.	1,397
Knapp, Eliza R., No. 54, N. Y.	1,235
Kelly, Sallie E., Dist. 32, Trenton, N. J.	208
Ketcham, E. L., No. 78, Brooklyn	254
Keyes, Alice B., No. 41, N. Y.	308
Lemoin, Matilda B., No. 77, N. Y.	3,720
Lawler, Mamie, No. 33, N. Y.	318
Lindt, Mrs. H. D. M., No. 57, N. Y.	2,360
Lee, Miss R., No. 15, N. Y.	1,612
Leick, Theresa S., No. 38, N. Y.	300
Liebman, Ida, Primary, No. 71, N. Y.	55,234
Lyles, Mary L., College Point, L. I.	201
Liebers, S., No. 29, N. Y.	351
Lloyd, Hattie, No. 70, N. Y.	254
Merritt, Theresa E., No. 20, N. Y.	253
Maxwell, Ida, No. 34, N. Y.	250
Mandelbaum, Julia F., No. 40, N. Y.	1,358
McCabe, Miss, No. 19, N. Y.	196
Mahony, Kate C., Primary 19, N. Y.	304
McManus, Miss, No. 44, N. Y.	321
Mulow, Miss M., Training School, B'klyn	430
Mason, Mamie, No. 24, N. Y.	314
McAdam, Minnie, No. 41, N. Y.	414
Mayer, Rose, No. 41, N. Y.	41,841
McCullum, Miss M., No. 20, N. Y.	1,185
Murphy, Julia, No. 23, N. Y.	1,007
Michel, Sarah, No. 1, Hoboken, N. J.	306
Sullivan, Mary A., No. 70, N. Y.	3,004
McMahon, Miss L. A., No. 7, N. Y.	250
MacDonough, Lillie, No. 48, N. Y.	384
Miller, Miss M., No. 15, Brooklyn	201
Moorcroft, Nellie, No. 20, N. Y.	1,577
Murphy, Miss Anna H., No. 11, N. Y.	2,170
Mintz, Sara, No. 14, Brooklyn	270
Murray, Miss A. A., No. 26, N. Y.	204
Murphy, Miss J. L., No. 18, N. Y.	243
Neligan, Bridget E., No. 20, N. Y.	248
Newton, Emily, No. 28, N. Y.	285
Olmsted, Miss H. E., No. 5, Auburn, N. Y.	4,300
O'Donnell, Mary A., No. 25, N. Y.	240
O'Brien, Libbie, No. 33, N. Y.	2,086
Ormsby, Mrs. M. L., Seabury Sem., N. Y.	1,092
Patient, Miss M. J., No. 34, N. Y.	1,068
Person, Mary J., No. 23, N. Y.	1,083
Poll, Mrs. E. S., No. 18, N. Y.	388
Post, Clara, No. 13, Jersey City, N. J.	1,[illegible]
Pendleton, Lola J., No. 67, N. Y.	1,302
Peterson, Miss A., No. 10, N. Y.	345
Paycken, Bertha, Germ. Am. N. Y.	687
Porter, Theobia, Mattewan, N. Y.	424
Piatte, Virginia, No. 11, N. Y.	248
Price, Miss E., No. 72, N. Y.	301
Perley, Miss M. F., No. 70, N. Y.	1,417
Payton, Nellie, No. 14, Jersey City	200
Rudischhauser, Miss E., No. 30, N. Y.	3,710
Richman, Julia, No. 77, N. Y.	4,019
Reed, Miss A. C., No. 17, N. Y.	1,[illegible]
Riley, Susie, No. 31, N. Y.	337
Rouget, Miss S. V. R., No. 10, Brooklyn	458
Rodney, Anna F., No. 110, Brooklyn	274
Rogers, Anna F., No. 97, N. Y.	237
Sullivan, Mamie, Transfiguration, N. Y.	985
Sharpe, Marie, Grammar School, Arlington, N. J.	317
Shoemaker, Miss M., No. 43, N. Y.	830
Sparge, Carrie, No. 8, Jersey City	402
Scherzinger, Minnie, No. 18, N. Y.	422
Shepard, A. T., No. 69, N. Y.	395
Springer, Adeline, No. 10, Brooklyn	314
Schroeder, Miss, No. 1, N. Y.	301
Swartz, Annie, No. 46, N. Y.	338
Solomon, Lizzie, New Brighton, S. I.	755
Tyrrell, Lillie, No. 7, Jersey City	700
Thwing, Grace, No. 2, Port Chester, N. Y.	1,062
Tait, Annie, No. 20, Brooklyn	3,060
Tobias, Miss E., No. 35, N. Y.	218
Ure, Jennie, No. 30, N. Y.	1,238
Wilson, Mrs. M. A., No. 42, Brooklyn	1,800
Walsh, Miss S. V., No. 3, N. Y.	308
Whittier, Rowena I., No. 31, Brooklyn	317
Washburn, Mary E., No. 31, N. Y.	2,708
Wright, Miss J. F., Academy st., Trenton, N. J.	244
Weekes, Kate, Grant ave., Trenton, N. J.	6,615
Young, Anna, No. 34, N. Y.	594

EVERY Housewife
EVERY Counting Room
EVERY Carriage Owner
EVERY Thrif