



"ME POSED TO THEM. NOT AMERICAN DANCE, COMPRENEZ, BUT ORIENTAL DANCE."

ber Corner on the night of December 19, 1896, the same night that you went to Sherry's? A. No, I did not. I know of nothing of what was going on at the Chimney Corner that night. I heard no complaint against the Chimney Corner that night.

Q. Did you put Moore under oath at the station house that night? A. No, sir. I did not. I did not put Moore under oath at the station house that night.

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"ME SAY ME DO WHAT EES PROPER FOR ART SAKE."

Colonel James—You know what the Captain's version of it was before you came here?

Detective Caddell—No, I didn't. The subject has been talked over on and off at the station house.

Colonel James, mark you, is supposed to represent Chief Conlin in this trial. Chief Conlin, who brought the charges against Chapman, but Colonel James has been the prop and support of the Seeleys. His cross-examination of Caddell was fierce. Caddell was unhappy. He was not nearly as good a witness as Walters.

Q. Now, what was the color of this garment that Miss Cova Bunt wore? A. With an insinuating smile, he said, to the best of my belief, it was white.

Q. Who would not swear it was black? A. No, sir, I would not.

Q. Who were in that dressing room when you entered it? A. (After some hard thinking) Seven women, four men, one girl and a colored lady.

A Pious-Looking Witness. A very pious-looking man was the first witness, the curtain raiser, James T. Armstrong, of No. 10 Union square. He looked like an exhorter, a revivalist, a preacher. He said he has been a theatrical agent and manager for sixteen years. Armstrong is the partner of William S. Moore, the other theatrical agent, who is the step-father of Annabelle, the cause of it all.

Young Mr. Hart began to question Mr. Armstrong as to a conversation with Phipps, rival of Armstrong and Moore in the theatrical agency business. Up jumped Colonel James, cocked and primed. He vowed that any such collateral testimony had nothing to do with the main issue, whether Captain Chapman was justified in raiding Sherry's. At the start Colonel James mentioned "Captain Seeley," which again proves there is some cloudiness as to who is on trial.

"Let this fishing business end," cried Colonel James. "Let us no longer go

learned that the solemn Mr. Armstrong, who was always inclined to be a Sunday school fellow, had himself supplied Little Egypt to entertain a private company at the Lexington Opera House. But only once, only once, had he supplied Little Egypt. When speaking of "Little Egypt" under Phipps' management, Armstrong spoke of her as that person. Under his own management the woman became to Armstrong, "Miss Egypt" and "the lady."

Last of all, and out of the usual order of procedure, came the musician, yesterday, Colonel James called them in rebuttal, after Captain Chapman's defence, and the prosecution, so far as it concerns Mr. Seeley, rested.

William B. Farmer, No. 221 Eighth avenue, was first of the musicians. "I played the banjo at the dinner," said Mr. Farmer, a young man with gray hair. "I got there at 9 p. m. and got away at 2 a. m. 'Little Egypt' danced on the stage for two or three minutes and then jumped to the floor. She passed within two feet of me. She wore gauze bloomers and under those fleshings, she wore a sash and a bolero jacket. She wore a veil over her face."

"This banjo player particularly emphasized the close attention he paid 'Little Egypt' during that dance. Her costume was entirely proper, he declared. Armstrong, the strict agent, might have had her at one of his Sunday school entertainments.

Farmer thus described Captain Chapman's entry into the dining room: "Mr. Rich said: 'Here's the Captain of this precinct, and he's come here to pull the crowd.' No," said Chapman, "I didn't come here to pull the crowd. I heard there was going to be an immoral performance here. I hope you are all gentlemen here, and I leave it to you as gentlemen that nothing will happen after I've gone. There is a mistake of some sort here, and I don't know whose mistake it is—whether it's yours or mine."

Q. Just before Chapman's entrance did you see Mr. Seeley and Mr. Harper busy into the dressing room? A. Yes, sir. Dan Quinn, a singer who was there, came to me and said, 'Captain Chapman is here, and he's going to pull the whole crowd.' Just before that I saw Mr. Seeley and Mr. Harper leave the dining room.

Q. What did you write on your photograph? A. Just what I write on all of them: 'Commitments of George S. Chapman, Captain of the Nineteenth Precinct.'

Colonel James carried the Captain through Sherry's again. "I saw you," he said. "Before you went away you cooled down, didn't you? A. There was no cooling down about it. I wasn't mad. I was indignant."

Q. Didn't you tell the guests you had made a mistake? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you not apologize to the guests for intruding on them? A. No, sir; I didn't intrude upon them.

Q. With much emphasis, did you see anything objectionable there that night, except the condition of the woman in the dressing room, when you suddenly opened the door? A. Nothing.

Q. You felt rather apologetic when you found you had intruded on the guests? A. Yes, sir. I was very sorry, Mr. Sherry; this is all a mistake!" A. No, sir. I said I was sorry for him.

Then the gallant captain listened to the recital of the detectives who were with him on the fateful night. John W. Walters wanted one of them.

Walters's story was an echo of that of his superior. Walters was positive that when he entered the dressing room four men were in—Seeley, Harper, Rich and Phipps. Mr. Seeley and Mr. Phipps have positively denied that. While Walters told his glib story, Captain Chapman sat next to him, his eyes closed, his head leaning against the back of the chair. He was perfectly stilled and happy. Colonel James wanted to show Walters that he has long associated with Captain Chapman.

Q. You have been long intimate with the captain, haven't you? A. Yes. So long as I do you're right.

Q. You've talked over with Captain Chapman what happened at Sherry's that night? A. I made a statement about what I saw there.

Q. And he made a statement, and you compared statements, didn't you? A. Yes, but that's the change you made. I said I saw nothing. Colonel James—Well, I haven't said it would, have I?

Detective Walters (with some heat)—No, but that's what you're trying to get at.

Q. You found the doors of Sherry's locked, and when you were opening you rushed in? A. No, sir; I walked in nice and easy, first.

Colonel James took very voluminous notes. Sometimes he seemed to waste time, when he wrote down the truly important questions and answers:

Q. Did you know those men in the dressing room? A. No, sir.

Q. And they were strangers to you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. The captain was not angry, in any way, that night? A. No, sir. I never saw Captain Chapman angry.

Colonel James cross-examined Walters with the utmost particularity. It was plain he intended to compare the testimony of Detective Walters with that of Detective Caddell, yet to come.

And Francis E. Caddell followed his comrade. His story was another echo of what Captain Chapman had spoken.

Colonel James (concluding)—Now, haven't you and Chapman and Walters talked all this over together?

Detective Caddell (indifferently)—Not particularly.



"LITTLE EGYPT" TELLS WHAT PART SHE TOOK IN THE SEELEY SHOW.

After this musician came William G. Rush, who also twanged the tuneful banjo at this dinner that has provoked such violent indignation. Mr. Rush said that the dancing woman did not go among the diners. He described her costume as follows: "Last of all for the day was Harry Bennett, No. 1498 Third avenue, a pianist, who accompanied the banjoists at the dinner. Again that costume was described. Perfectly proper, perfectly proper. Mr. Bennett played the piano for Little Egypt at the Gaiety Theatre on Broadway. That was a year ago. The woman was applauded by the audience of 'ladies and gentlemen,' as Colonel James observed.

Mr. Bennett declared with emphasis that "Little Egypt's" bloomers were so thick that one, looking closely, could scarcely detect the fleshings through them. But he was not so certain of that when Commissioner Parker questioned him.

For This Escape—Thanks. It must be gratefully stated here that a long suffering public narrowly escaped a new expert yesterday—the expert policeman, Young Mr. Hart wished to call Deputy Chief Cortright. He wished to put to him a hypothetical question that would enhance what has been learned of the Seeley dinner and ask him, "presupposing that to be true," as the lawyers say to the all-knowing, what he would do to the Captain who would countenance such goings on. Of course, Mr. Hart expected the Deputy Chief to answer, "I would prefer charges against him." But Mr. Hart could not find the Deputy Chief when he wanted him, and Colonel James exclaimed: "Think of the door you will open; I will

call expert policemen, too. I might call Byrne."

The "trial" will continue at 10:30 a. m. to-day. Then will be called, in rebuttal, the unhappy guests at this dinner, the gay fellows, young and old, who for four miserable days have been corralled in a room out of earshot of the witnesses.

Now back to Little Egypt for one moment. If you please. The woman did not arrive at the trial as early as she was expected. Mr. Howe arose and mysteriously announced that, "after consultation with her on immunity should she see fit to turn State's evidence. He is paying close attention to the evidence brought out at the trial, he said, and has arranged for a copy of the testimony from the stenographer's minutes."

"When it reaches me I shall go over it carefully," he said, "then turn it over to one of my assistants, who will edit it and submit such portions as we see fit to the Grand Jury, providing we decide to have it go to that body at all. Nothing will be done, however, until after the conclusion of Captain Chapman's trial. I have a well-defined idea what will be done, but do not think it proper to speak about it at present."

During the afternoon John Malone and P. J. Reynolds, president and secretary respectively of the Actors' Society of America, called on District-Attorney O'cott and submitted a resolution bearing on the Seeley case adopted by the Board of Directors of the society an hour earlier. They said the society they represented, which comprises some 1,200 of the foremost members of the theatrical profession, were anxious that the Seeley dinner be investigated thoroughly, and if it was found that any one who claimed to be a member of the theatrical profession had acted in an immoral manner that the individual be punished. The society is willing to aid

the prosecution in every manner in their power. The District-Attorney thanked them and assured them that he would give the matter careful attention.

Late in the afternoon it was rumored in the Criminal Courts building that "Little Egypt" had been taken into Part I. of the Criminal Court. In less than twenty minutes the court and hallways were crowded with curious people, anxious to catch a glimpse of the woman who has suddenly become notorious. The innocent cause of the rumor was an Italian woman of short stature and heavily veiled who had been subpoenaed as a witness. "Little Egypt" had not been in the building.

Mr. Howe, later, said he would not permit "Little Egypt" to testify before the Grand Jury unless he had a pledge of immunity for her from the District Attorney.

many for him." This is how it was done—though it is a pity to tell it, considering the number of young people in New Jersey who are willing to wed.

Early Saturday afternoon young Secor drove over to Westwood in his new buggy, behind his lively-footed mare. He drove boldly up to Mr. Snyder's house. Mr. Snyder is quoted as remembering that the young man looked as cool and unconcerned as possible. From all outward appearances but one he would not have melted in his mouth. He asked Mr. Snyder in an off-hand way, as though it were really of no consequence to him, whether he might take Etta for a little ride.

Mr. Snyder had no objection. He looked at the new buggy and admired the lively-footed mare. While he was thus engaged young Secor said he would pick up his sister, who was visiting a little further on. Mr. Snyder made some observation regarding the advisability of young people enjoying themselves while they are young—according to current reports of the affair—and continued his inspection of young Secor's turn-out.

It is said of Mr. Snyder that he does not like to remember that he was so interested in the new buggy and the lively-footed mare that he did not see his daughter walk deliberately out of the house and hand her lover a large bundle of clothing, which the latter calmly stowed away under the buggy seat. That, however, is what the very young woman did. Then she got into the buggy—and the lively-footed mare did the rest.

All Married and Happy. The lovers picked up May Secor, according to schedule—her handie being already in the buggy—and drove complacently on to Montvale. There they took in the elderly Mr. Jones, and for the first time the lively-footed mare was put to her pace.

A very few minutes later the party pulled up before the door of Rev. Mr. Ware, pastor of the Montvale Methodist Episcopal Church.

The pastor at first demurred when he acquainted with the "Miss G."—the new, new, new. He thought the girls too young, new, new, new. He thought the girls too young, new, new, new. He thought the girls too young, new, new, new.

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"ZAY TOOK ME UPSTAIRS IN A PRETTY LITTLE BLUE ROOM. ZAY BROUGHT ME MUCH WINE."

One of the Girls Runs Away With a Six-Year-Old Sweetheart—All Four Happy.

An elopement epidemic seems to have broken out in New Jersey. The towns of Westwood and Montvale are the latest to furnish that sort of sensation. The four principals, divided equally between the two places, turned out to have been conspirators in a deep-laid matrimonial plot.

Westwood was first to discover its affliction. Last Saturday Philip Snyder, who deals in fish and vegetables, missed his daughter Etta, who is sixteen years old and pretty. He had his suspicions, and started immediately for Montvale to verify them. Mr. Snyder has his special reasons for feeling annoyed. On the way he met relatives of May Secor, also a pretty sixteen-year-old girl, who it appeared, was missing, too. This news was not of a nature to quiet Mr. Snyder's suspicions.

A few hours later there was not an inhabitant of either town who did not know that their section of the country

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