"LAW'S WITH ME," CRIES CHAPMAN.

Everyone Else Concerned in the Raid on Sherry's Exclaims "Outrage!"

Soubrettes, Who Sang, Ingenuously Describe the Captain's Intrusion.

ey Reassu e Groom, Guests and Ushers at Mr. Seeley's Wedding at Trinity To-day.

A STRANGE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS.

To Cap This Mystery Mr. Seeley Receives a Mocking Anonymous Note, "How Did You Like the Entertainment?"

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN—Here's the law! Here's my reason for entering Sherry's. Read it. It is section 282 of the Consolidation Act and Rule 414 of the Police Manuel. Read it:

It is hereby made the duty of the police force, at all times of day or night, and the members of such force are hereby thereunto empowered, to especially preserve the public peace, prevent crime, detect and arrest offenders, suppress riots, * * * protect the rights of persons and property; * * * carefully observe and inspect all places of public amusement, all places of business having excise or other license to carry on business, * * * lottery offices, * * * all gambling houses, Cock-pits, rat-pits and public common dance houses, and to repress and restrain all unlawful and disorderly practices therein.

EVERY ONE EXCEPT POLICE CONCERNED.

SHERRY—An outrage. I will bring suit for damages. I want not money, but vindication.

THE MESSRS. SEELEY—A violation of private right.

CHORUS OF ARTISTS—Awful! Shocking! Unheard of! Insulting! Preposterous! What, we—

Clinton Burton Seeley's wedding to Miss Florence Tuttle, at Trinity Chapel to-day should have been one grand, sweet song of youthful happiness. And it would have been. But Hubert B. Seeley gave that bachlor dinner to his brother at Sherry's, of which the Journal has told. And, besides, Mr. Seeley tried to rival his grandfather, P. T. Barnum, and gave a show with the dinner, and Captain Chapman, of the Tenderloin, walked in on the show, just as if it was a gambling place or a dance hall.

Consequently, the wedding bells jangle to-day. The groom must try to say "Yes" in a firm voice, although he knows every woman in the place is looking at him, and ing to herself, "I wonder what he ly did see at Sherry's?" The ushers gallantly escort fashionables to the pew, perfectly conscious that those of society are thinking, "Was that proper or wasn't it? Could we have there?"

It will reassure these matrons and the oom and the ushers to learn here that all e young women, who were, in effect, the ses at the feast, the spice in the wine, deare that the same exhibition was given on every roof garden in the city nearly every night last Summer.

It must be understood that a stage was especially erected in Sherry's big dining room and that the dressing room for the artists was a room opening by one door upon the dining room and by another upon the stage. There is a third door, through which stalked Captain Chapman and his wand detectives, none of whom wore his uniform. All these doors are hung with portieres. It must also be understood that Theodore D. Rich, a guest at the dinner, was manager of the vaudeville show. Mr. Rich is a publisher, at No. 188 Fulton street, and, needless to say, has the highest reputation.

Speaks Well for the Show.

Miss Cora Routt addressed herself to these anxious matrons yesterday, and to the groom and ushers. Miss Routt is a sprightly young woman, who was born in vington, Ky. She lives at the Metropolin Hotel, and with her is her sister, Goldie, who is twelve years old. She took Goldie with her to this show, now so famous, and that, to begin with, speaks well for the show.

"I visited my lawyers, Friend, House & essman to-day," said Miss Cora Routt, o sings ballads, "and with one of them I all go to Police Headquarters to-morrow d prefer charges against that man Chapman for conduct unbecoming an officer."

When Miss Routt said "that man" her e eyes flashed fiercely.

"If those charges are sustained, she continued, "I shall sue that man for defamaon of character. He insulted me as I ver have been insulted, and I want to see there's any protection for a decent girl no's trying to make her living. I had just ome my turn and was undressing—Goldie was taking off my slippers—when three men walked into the dressing room.

"'This is outrageous,' I exclaimed. 'Are we to have no privacy here?'

"'Who spoke, did you?' said that man. I said, 'Yes, I did. You go out of this dressing room.' He answered in the most insulting and bullying tone, 'Shut up. I know what you're here for. I'm the captain of this precinct. I've come here to arrest every one of you people. As for you,' speaking to me, 'you're not fit to be called a woman.'

Her Modesty Saved Him.

"I had jumped behind the portiere, and with it covered my shoulders, which were bare. If I could have appeared before him, I would have picked up a chair and oralned that man. I began to cry, and a gentleman, a perfect gentleman, whose name I learned was Harper, ran in and caught that man by the throat. I was crying bitterly, and I have a very indistinct idea of what happened then. But I know that when that man came out of the dining room again he said to me: 'You've got too ilip a tongue. I'll see you outside some time and run you in.'"

Miss Routt, after searching her memory, added:

"There were no men in the dressing room. Mr. Rich had been in once or twice to give directions. Mr. Phipps, the stage manager, stood on the other side of the portiere nearer the stage, and once in a while poked his head through the curtains and gave his orders. I was asked to do my ordinary turn—nothing else. I sang 'Somebody Has My Heart,' 'Pebbles on the Beach,' 'Things That Cannot Be Explained' and 'Little Tottie.' I sang them just as I always sing them. Only one woman there was in ballet attire. She was Miss Renwood, and in the dressing room she wore a big opera cloak. Mr. Phipps rushed up to her and said to that man:

"'If you think there's anything improper here, look here. She's the only one in ballet attire,' and drew aside Miss Renwood's cloak. 'That's all right,' said that man; 'I would like to stay here myself and see her go on.'"

There can be no doubt of the propriety of stating here that the costume Miss Renwood wore was pink and that she wore one tattered red stocking, run down to her ankle. She wore, too, a Trilby costume. She was introduced to Mr. Seeley and his ushers and his friends as Santa Claus brought up to date. There was a Christmas tree on the stage laden with gifts for the revelers that by the time coffee was served seemed appropriate. Miss Renwood distributed the gifts, which were numbered.

Dr. Irwin got a coffin with a skeleton in it. A young man who had "sworn off" and who did not seem to be having as much fun as every one else got a parchment covered with seals. A box of blocks was to have been given to one man, who is now blessing his luck that he could not go. Goldie Routt got the blocks and the Christmas tree and its decorations.

One Fact to Consider.

It is a singular coincidence that at the last French ball Miss Annabel, the dancer who raised this row, took the first prize, a diamond crescent, for the best costume as Trilby.

Yet another young woman who appeared at the show of the grandson of Barnum was really very indignant yesterday. She is Miss Kathleen Warren, who sings and dances. She, too, lives at the Metropolitan Hotel.

"When I was engaged by Mr. Phipps to go to Sherry's," said Miss Warren, "he said to me: 'Play up your dances.' That's all. 'Play up your dances; put ginger in 'em.' You see, he didn't want a lot of corpses on the stage. That's all. I had done a turn at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club that night, and then I put on my street clothes and went to Sherry's."

"In all my experience on the stage—and I've been with the French Folly Company—I never heard a man speak to a woman like Captain Chapman spoke to Miss Routt. His language was unfit and his manner much worse. I was so shocked that I said to Cora, 'If you allow that man to talk to you in that way, I'll never speak to you again.'

"'Who spoke? Did you?' Captain Chapman asked, turning on me.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'I hear there's a couchee-couchee dancer called Little Egypt here,' said he, sneering like. 'I guess you're Little Egypt.'

"'No I'm not Little Egypt,' said I, indignantly, 'and you're the most contemptible brute I ever seen.'

"'You shut up,' said he, 'or you'll get run in.'

"Then," said Miss Warren, "I went to comfort Cora, who was crying. There was no earthly reason why Chapman should have done what he did. When I got in the cab to go there I asked Mr. Phepps's manager, Mr. Duchemin, what am I expected to do there. He said, 'Do your straight act, and be sure to be sprightly.' I sang just the songs I would have sung at Proctor's next week. But it's the holidays, and they wanted me to go in four times at Proctor's instead of three, and I'm not strong enough to do that."

Bearing comfort and assurances that all was eminently correct at Sherry's comes Miss Lillian Mortimer, too. Miss Mortimer is a little brunette from the provinces, who is singing and dancing in Jersey City this week. She was at Mr. Phepps's office yesterday. Miss Mortimer took her colored maid with her to Sherry's.

Never Heard a Man Talk So.

"I was dressing when the three men walked in," said Miss Mortimer. "My maid immediately jumped in front of me. I heard Captain Chapman speak to Miss Routt. I never heard a man talk so to a woman. She had a right to change her clothes, hadn't she? I guess yes. There's no excuse for him.

"When I went to Sherry's I was told I was to amuse a party of gentlemen. I was told not to be tart. I was to go there and sing songs. 'No,' said Miss Mortimer, smiling rather wearily; 'they are not Sunday-school songs. If they were, I wouldn't be in this business. My songs are—well, a trifle suggestive. I sang 'Pebbles on the Beach,' 'Elsie from Chelsea' and 'Phoebe Johnson,' a negro song I've often sung in Evangeline. I am singing those very songs in Jersey City this week."

Miss Edna Leigh and Miss Stella Leigh, theatrically known as the Leigh sisters, live at No. 122 West Sixty-third street. They are tall, slender brunettes, who introduced a barefoot dance, in which umbrellas figure. They were intensely indignant.

"We had done our turn," said Miss Edna; "there was not the least cause nor provocation"—

"For Captain Chapman to speak as he did"—

"There was nothing improper"—

"Or we wouldn't have stayed there"—

"We did our act"—

"Our barefoot dance"—

"Every one was most polite, and"—

"The gentlemen said 'good evening' as we passed them"—

"It was the biggest outrage to go to work and talk to any woman so"—

"No matter who she is."

Think of all this to do at Sherry's, sacred to afternoon teas and after midnight cotillons. Try. If you are very fashionable to think of Sherry's and the police in the same day. Yet Chief of Police Conlin yesterday received statements touching the raid from Herbert B. Seeley, James H. Phipps, William S. Moore, and Captain Chapman, and to-day Miss Annabell, who is daughter or stepdaughter of Moore himself a theatrical agent, will make affidavit as to the costume she was asked to wear at the Seeley continuous performance that ran one night, and will give the affidavit to the Chief.

There is also in the Chief's hands a letter which Mr. Phipps says he received from Miss Annabel, who was so much shocked, and who told her papa-in-law, Moore, and back of the letter are some entertaining facts, instructive to young men who wish to give a professional vaudeville show in a private way.

Herbert Seeley has had in mind for some time this entertainment for his brother and his friends. Mr. Seeley went to George Liman, a theatrical agent, No. 104 East Fourteenth street. By way of introduction Mr. Seeley took with him the card of Mr. Blal, of Koster & Bial. It has not yet eventuated how that fine young man, Mr. Seeley, well knows that the old man, Mr. Bial, Mr. Seeley told M. Liman he wished him to arrange for a first-class vaudeville entertainment, and to spare no expense. Mr. Liman promptly engaged for last Saturday night seven vaudeville performers, including James Thornton, agreeing to pay them in all $275. But on that Friday Mr. Liman received this telegram:

"Very sorry, but developments have compelled me to abandon my original idea for a vaudeville, and am afraid you can do nothing for me."

It would seem as if this unlucky vaudeville night not have been given. Then the wedding bells would ring loud and clear to-day. Mr. Liman was greatly disappointed, but dismissed the matter from his mind until Saturday morning, when into his office walked Mr. Phipps.

Sensational Dancer Wanted.

"Liman," said Phipps, "where can I get a sensational dancer for to-night? I want something out of the ordinary, understand."

Liman sent for Miss Annabell, who showed Mr. Phipps pictures of herself in her dance.

"It would be livelier," said Mr. Phipps, "if you danced like Eunice danced on the roof gardens last Summer. How much do you want to dance?"

"Twenty-five dollars," said Miss Annabell.

"Oh, no," said Phipps, "I wont pay more than $15, and, besides, your dance is not sensational enough."

Then, still searching for that spice for the urn, Mr. Phipps went to the office of James L. Armstrong, theatrical agent in Union Square. Mark this: the office of James L. Armstrong is also the office of William S. Moore, whose daughter or stepdaughter had just been rejected by Mr. Phipps. Learning that Mr. Phipps sought a truly sensational dancer, Mr. Armstrong said:

"I guess Little Egypt will about suit you."

Mr. Phipps took Little Egypt's address and went away. Perhaps he found Little Egypt ultra-sensational, for that afternoon he wrote to Miss Annabell that he would pay her $15 to dance her neigt dance. About 5:30 p. m., Phipps declares, he got a return note from the dancer, saying in effect:

"I will dance to-night for $15. But you should get more. It would be better for you and me."

That note Chief Conlin has. Phipps, happy at last, thought he had secured his dancer. But, he vows, at 9:30 p. m. a young man came to him at Sherry's and told him Annabell could not dance; she was ill.

Now, strangely enough, Mr. Moore said yesterday that he rode down town on a Broadway cable car on Saturday night, and that Little Egypt was in the car. She alighted at Thirty-seventh street, Moore said, and walked eastward toward Sherry's. So there is a remarkable sequence of events.

Miss Annabell says she will dance, and refuses to because she is ill. That, according to Phipps.

Moore rides down town in a cable car with Little Egypt, who goes toward Sherry's. That, according to Moore.

Moore informs Captain Chapman that Miss Annabell has been insulted and that an improper entertainment is about to be given. That, according to Chapman.

Captain Chapman raids Sherry's looking for Little Egypt. That, acording to all the artists.

And on Sunday morning Mr. Seeley received an anonymous note which asked:

"How did you like the performance I gave you last night?"

Chief of Police Conlin will, probably, submit the result of his investigation to the Police Board at their meeting next Monday.

Sherry consulted his lawyer, Thomas Thatcher, yesterday. Mr. Thatcher is looking up the law to see if an action for damages would lie against the city. And Sherry, almost frantic, exclaims:

"I want not the money, but the vindication!"

SOUBRETTES WHO DANCED IN MR. SEELEY'S "SHOW" AT SHERRY'S.

HOTEL WALDORF UNSOLD.

Old Rumor Was Revived, but Manager Boldt Says There Is Nothing in It.

The old story that William Waldorf Astor means to dispose of his large real estate interests in New York and quit the country was revived by a morning newspaper yesterday, with the alleged foundation that he had already sold the Waldorf Hotel to his cousin, John Jacob Astor.

George C. Boldt, manager of the Waldorf and lessee of the hotel which John Jacob Astor is building, adjoining, said yesterday:

"It seems to me that if Mr. Astor had sold the Waldorf Hotel I should be quite apt to know it, and I assure you I have heard nothing of such a transaction beyond what I have seen in the newspapers."

William Waldorf Astor's plans for improving his real estate in New York have been noted in the Journal from time to time within the past few months.

CLUB FUNDS SAID TO BE GONE.

Continued from First Page.

creased, and the payment of the policy when due would be assured.

The plan was favored by many, and the Washington Irving Union was formed. Then arrangements were made with the Manhattan Life Insurance Company whereby the concern agreed to issue policies on the lives of the members, the club to pay the premiums. On account of the large number of applicants a specially low rate was agreed upon per thousand dollars. All of the members then took out policies for at least $1,000, some of them insuring their lives for much larger amounts. The premiums on these policies were made part of the fixed expenses of the club, and a portion of each member's dues went toward defraying the cost of his insurance.

To avoid all complication, it was arranged that the money should be paid to the insurance company by the financial secretary of the club. This plan worked admirably for many years. Recently new officers were elected, and when the accounts of the outgoing men were audited they were found correct. The present officers are: President, Gustav Frey; Treasurer, M. Hall; Secretary, J. Haas; Financial Secretary, I. C. Northschield. These, with A. S. Rosenthal and Julius Sarner, formed the Board of Directors.

For years the premiums on the policies on the lives of the club members were paid promptly. Last June, however, the officers of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company noticed that some of the policies had been allowed to lapse. They thought it strange, but said nothing. Then others lapsed, and on looking up the matter they found that for some time no money had been received from the officer of the club who usualy sent it.

At last, as policy after policy was becoming worthless on account of the nonpayment of the premiums, the insurance company decided to notify the officers of the club, thinking that something might be wrong. A list of the policies that had been forfeited was made out and sent to the secretary. Then it was learned that the members had paid their dues promptly to the financial secretary and thought that the money had been used as they had intended it should be. The amount of money thus paid in as premiums for insurance and, it is said, diverted from this purpose, is estimated by members of the club at $3,500.

A meeting of the club was held and efforts were made to reach some understanding with the insurance company by which the policies taken out by the club members could be revived. This has proved ineffectual so far. For weeks the members of the club have been meeting and trying to find some way out of their difficulties. None of them was willing to pay the premiums on his policy, when he had already paid the amount to the club, and the man whom they blamed for the matter was financially unable to make good the amount.

At last some of the members grew tired of constant talking about the matter without accomplishing anything, and several of them, headed by Levi Weingarten, of Newark, went to the District-Attorney's office and asked that the affair be investigated. They charged Isaac C. Northschield with the shortage. Assistant District-Attorney Unger, to whom they made their complaint, was unable to do anything for them, as the money belonged to the club, and the club would have to appear as the complainant in any action. Thus the matter rests pending the action of the Board of Directors tonight.

Mr. Northschield, the financial secretary of the club, is a well-known insurance man in this city, where he has been associated for years with his father, both having offices at No. 156 Broadway. He is married and is the father of four children and lives in Harlem. He was not at his office yesterday, nor could he be seen at his home last night. He was in the city on Monday.

Secretary Elmer E. Frazee, of the Manhatan Life Insurance Company, said yesterday:

"Of course, I can only speak of the matter from the stand of this company, knowing little of the affairs of the Union, which, I understand, includes among its members some of the best-known men in the community. An arrangement was made by the Union, whereby it was to insure its members, but not being in the insurance business, it was necessary that some company should do the insuring. So the officers of the Union came to us. All we had to do with the individual members was to examine them, so as to see they were proper persons to insure.

"As I understand it, the union increased the duce of those who became insured. At any rate, we never received our premiums from the individuals, but they were paid by an official of the union, in whose charge the matter was put.

"About six months ago we noticed that some of the policies had been allowed to lapse because of the non-payment of the premiums. This sort of thing continued, and it was surprising, inasmuch as some of the persons whose policies had lapsed were known to be amply able to pay their premiums over and over again. And with each month more of the policies were allowed to lapse, until there were about 100 or more that were valueless.

"Last week we thought it would be a wise procedure to acquaint the union with the fact that these policies had lapsed, and a list was prepared and forwarded. As I understand it, this was the first that the union knew of the matter, and then an investigation was instituted. What they have ascertained I do not know, but an officer of the union who called on me to-day told me it was likely the whole matter would be rectified within forty-eight hours. The company wants to do what is right, and if these policies were allowed to lapse through no fault of the persons insured, who were regularly paying their premiums with the understanding that this company received the money, it would not be fair to make them suffer for the negligence of another. So upon the receipt of the premiums which are due and unpaid, the policies will become active again, and no one will be the loser."

Died Far from Home.

Captain D. E. Taylor, of No. 307 Eleventh street, Brooklyn, was yesterday notified that his son, Robert M. Taylor, chief officer of the steam yacht Reva, had died Saturday at Brazos, Santiago, Texas. The young man was only twenty-three years old.

BANKER IS GONE; BANKS ARE CLOSED.

Big and Little Italy Mourn the Flight of Marcello Henry Barlati.

Ruined by "Good Nature," He Writes to His Friend and Principal Creditor.

Raphael Massini's Savings for Eight Years and Hopes of Independence Swept Away.

BANKER CONTI'S QUEER DISCOVERY

Loaned $5,000 to His Former Clerk on Monday, Learned of the Flight That Night and Now Knows the Money Was Cabled to a Friend in Italy.

Marcello Henry Barlati owned two banks on Monday. He had interests in $250,000 worth of Harlem real estate, and owned soap works at Port Richmond, S. I. One of the banks was in the Italian settlement at No. 50 Mulberry street; the other was in "Little Italy," at No. 337 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street. Both were closed yesterday and six detectives, employed by Caesare Conti, a banker, at No. 135 Broadway, could find no trace of Barlati.

The bank failures are not of importance to the financial world. Such failures occur in and out of season. Great crowds surrounded the broken banks last night. The failure and flight of Barlati had not been learned until after the men who deposited their earnings with him had gone to work yesterday morning. When they returned to their homes in the evening they did not stop for supper, but hung hungrily about the banks' doors, cursing the man to whom they had intrusted their money.

The wildest of all was Raphael Massini, who had $1,500 on deposit in the One Hundred and Thirteenth street bank. He was ready to return to Italy. Next month Massini, his wife and five little ones were going back to the hill country to buy a vineyard and live happy ever afterward. He had struggled eight years for that $1,500. All of his children had been born in America; they had never seen Italy.

It was after receiving this that Conti sent out six men to find Barlati.

Yesterday Conti saw Lawyer Louis Steckler and got attachments against all of Barlati's money in bank, goods and chattels. He found that all the furniture, save a locked safe, had been removed from the Mulberry street place, and neighbors say this was done late on Monday night. The safe left there, and the one in the One Hundred and Thirteenth street place, will be broken open by the Sheriff to-day.

Until then no definite statement of assets and liabilities can be made, but the deposits are thought to amount to nearly $70,000, and the accounts run from $25 to Massinis's $1,500. Few accounts are more than $500, and the assets are thought to be nearly equal to the liabilities.

Mr. Conti felt very easy yesterday until he discovered that the $5,000 he loaned Barlati had been cabled to a friend in Italy on Monday and collected immediately. Depositors will not hear of any other explanation than that Barlati has fled to Italy with their money. His friends say they believe he is merely hiding until Conti makes arrangements with the creditors, because the latter are excitable and fond of ending arrangements with knives.

Mrs. Barlati is a pretty German woman. She is at No. 214 Pleasant avenue with her two children. She is in despair.

"I do not know where my husband is," she said. "I have not seen him since Monday morning. I knew nothing of his business, and he was frequently away for a day or two at a time without telling me, so I was not alarmed until men came here asking for him. They said the police were looking for him. What has he done that he should run away?"

On Monday Barlati transferred to Lena Barlati, his wife, for $11,000 the property at Nos. 302 and 304 East One Hundred and Eleventh street, No. 418 East One Hundred and Twelfth street, No. 337 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street, and No. 553 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street. These are the Harlem holdings, valued at $250,000. These are mortgaged for $138,000.

POET T. B. ALDRICH.

Continued from First Page.

000; to the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, $20,000; to the Children's Hospital on Huntington avenue, Boston, $20,000; to the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, $20,000; to the New England Hospital for Women and Children, $20,000; to the Home for Aged Men, on West Springfield street, Boston, $20,000; to the Home for Aged Women at No. 108 Revere street, Boston, $20,000; to the Home for Aged Couples, on Walnut avenue, corner of Seaver street, Boston, $20,000; to the Home for Aged Colored Women, Myrtle street, Boston, $5,000; to the Channing Home, on McLean street, Boston, $5,000; to the Boston Home for Incurables, on Dorchester avenue, $20,000; to the Boston Children's Aid Society, $5,000; to the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, in Cambridge, Mass., $20,000; to the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, $20,000; to the Boston Lying-in Hospital, on McLean street, $20,000; to the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, $5,000.

Dividing the Residue.

Any of the residue that may remain after paying all the legacies is to be divided equally among the Museum of Fine Arts, the president and fellow of Harvard College, the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital.

To Mr. Pierce's brother, Ward L. Pierce, and his brother's family, which includes eight children, amounts aggregating a million and a half dollars have been given.

Not even after all these generous remembrances did Mr. Pierce's generosity stop, for his fine farm on the southern side of the Blue Hills reservation of the public park system is given, subject to certain life estates, to the Metropolitan Park Commission, to be added to the city's park land. This system already includes a large tract which Mr. Pierce gave during his life.

The farm contains about 400 acres, part of which is under cultivation and part heavily wooded.

"SPEAK EASIES" VS. SALOONS.

License Movement in Hammonton to Be Resisted by Prohibitionists.

Hammonton, N. J., Dec. 22.—Ever since the raid upon the many "speak easies" in this city, when many prominent residents were, with much difficulty, served with subpoenas to appear as witnesses before the Grand Jury against these places, a large number of business men have been endeavoring to have saloons licensed. It is believed the agitation will result in favor of the Anti-Prohibitionists.

The movement in favor of saloons has caused considerable feeling in the city, and the churches and the W. C. T. U. are preparing to resist the attempt to the last.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.—Adv.