POILLON SISTERS FOUND GUILTY, JUDGE BARLOW DENIES THEIR CHARGES

Accused of Beating Hotel Bills, Katherine Says Magistrate Borrowed $25,000 from Her and Agreed to Pay Them.

(Continued from First Page.)

fully, she folded her hands and began in a full, pealing voice:

"I was not aware that I owed any hotel bill. I was told by Judge Peter Townsend Barlow, who had borrowed $25,000 from me to help buy his son a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, I was told——

"Stop, stop," interposed Justices Mayo and Olmstead, banging the bench with their gavels. "Strike that out, stenographer," cried the two Justices. But Justice Zeller smiled and nodded encouragement to the young woman.

"I was told," ran on Katherine in a voice that drowned the gavel tattoo, "that Judge Barlow had paid the bills. I went to the King Edward Hotel in April, 1906, and owed there a bill of $100. I told the proprietor that I could not meet the bill, and that he could hold my trunks—trunks filled with good gowns and jewelry—not a theatrical trunk. We are not theatrical women, with all due respect to the profession.

Called Them "Perfect Ladies."

"We had always paid our bills before in that hotel, and the manager said when we left in June: 'I am sorry that you are going. We have never had two more perfect ladies than you are as guests of the hotel.'

At this juncture Assistant District-Attorney Keogh interrupted. Katherine waved her gloves at him and caused an outburst of mirth when she said airily:

"Take your time, boy. I am my own Portia here."

Then Justice Zeller asked: "How much did you owe at the Grenoble?"

"I was not aware that I owed anything," she responded. "I was told by Judge Barlow (again she vain gave tattoo) that the bill had been paid by his probationary officer, Edward Leigh, now a detective sergeant."

"Strike that from the record, stenographer," gasped the breathless Justice Olmstead. Katherine smiled and paused. Justice Mayo asked:

"Why did you leave the Grenoble?"

"The manager told me," she responded sweetly, "that he didn't want women there who returned from auto rides at 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Yes, indeed, that's just what he said, and he locked us out of our rooms. We went across the street to the Wellington Hotel, and a few days later to the King Edward; thence to the St. Charles."

Magistrate Mayo—Was your sister with you at all these hotels?

"Yes, as my guest."

"You owed a bill at the King Edward?"

"I didn't know I did. I was told by Peter—pardon me, Judge Barlow—that he had paid it. He had given me tickets for abroad and California, which the King Edward people wanted. But I refused to give them up."

"Did you leave the Albany owing a bill?" asked Justice Mayo.

"Not as I know—Judge Barlow"——

"Stop! Stop!" thundered Justices Olmsted and Mayo in chorus.

"Truth Must Come Out."

"The truth must come out," cried the young woman, springing to her feet and bending over to the gavel-drumming justices. "I insist upon it."

"Give the woman a chance," said Justice Zeller, gallantly.

"Yes, give me a chance," she whispered, and then getting her full voice, ran on: "It was my custom, when bills were rendered me by the hotel to put them in an envelope and send them to Judge Barlow. He paid them—usually."

"Why did you leave the Albany?" interrupted Justice Mayo, huskily, laying aside his gavel.

"Judge Barlow told me it was not a respectable hotel."

"When did Judge Barlow tell you this?"

Katherine put both hands up to her eyes and burst into tears; then dropped her hands to her lap and wringing them dramatically, in a voice broken by sobs and with tears streaming down her cheeks she hurried on:

"It was a terrible mistake. He owes me $25,000. I let him have $500 to bring back his dead child from Washington. He was the cause of my divorce. He promised to" (Justices Olmstead and Mayo were again ineffectually breaking splinters out of the bench with their gavels) "he promised to pay all my hotel bills.

"If I thought he had not paid them I would have paid them. I am an honest woman. Give me a chance—a few days. I will pay them all, whether they are right or not.

"I have been persecuted for two years and I demand now to be heard. It's my right—my constitutional right—I insist upon it. I"— Her voice broke again as the sobs choked her, but she struggled to her feet, cleared her throat and cried:

"Yes, he owes me money. I have letters to prove it."

Afraid of Sister Charlotte.

Justice Olmsted desperately attempted to switch the line of testimony and asked about the Poillon's visit to the St. Francis. Katherine said that at 1 o'clock in the morning, after she and Charlotte had been at the hotel for ten days, the clerk and two policemen came to their rooms and asked them to get out. The clerk said the guests had complained of their presence and he feared there would be trouble. He was afraid of the athletic Charlotte so had brought the policemen.

"I called up Peter—I beg pardon, Judge Barlow," continued the young woman, "and he said over the 'phone not to worry, that I had better go up to the Sterling. He would pay the bill. He said, 'I will send Leigh up at once with some money.' I met the Judge later that night and he told me the bills were paid."

"Why did you leave the Sterling?" asked Judge Zeller.

"Judge Barlow told me," replied Katherine, smiling through her tears, "that the Sterling was too far uptown. It was all right while he was sitting in the Yorkville Court or the West Side Court. But when he was downtown it took him too far out of his way. His man Leigh brought me money to the hotel."

Locked Out of Hotel.

She denied that when she left the various hotels that accused her she said she was just going to Philadelphia for a few days. She said that she had been locked out of the Bristol.

"Did you pay your bill?" asked Justice Mayo severely.

"They rendered me no bill."

"They didn't have to," snapped the justice. "Did you make any effort to pay it?"

"I paid all my restaurant checks."

"Didn't you know you owed $35 for service?"

"I do know," was the defiant response, "that the Hotel Men's Association tried to prosecute me for a bill for $290 they claimed I owed the Endicott. But when I showed them a receipted bill they apologized."

Says Inspector Struck Her.

Again she rose to her feet and, with a sweeping gesture that embraced the audience, said:

"Judge Barlow got me into this. I am persecuted because of him. He met me on a subway train and told me to meet him at Thirty-fourth street at a certain time. I went with Charlotte. Leigh, this detective sergeant, who was his man, was there and arrested us. Just think of the indignity! He took us to Police Headquarters and Inspector McCafferty struck me across the face. He said he wanted Judge Barlow's letters to me, and when I refused to give them to him he struck me across the face.

"I loaned Judge Barlow $25,000—my inheritance and my sister's inheritance. When he was first introduced to me he called himself Mr. Stewart. I have known him ten years. Now because of his high position I am here a prisoner. My sister is innocent. She has suffered for me."

"How old are you now?" asked Justice Mayo.

The young woman hesitated a moment, smiled at her sister, and replied:

"Between twenty-eight and thirty."

"You were then only eighteen years old when you first met Judge Barlow?"

"About that." Glancing at Detective-Sergeant Leigh Katherine pointed to him and said scornfully:

"That man Leigh there was promoted because of the private work he did for Judge Barlow."

"Have you any witnesses?" pursued Justice Mayo.

"Yes. I want a subpœna for that person, Judge Barlow," and turning to the crowd in the courtroom she shouted at the top of her voice:

"Is Peter Townsend Barlow here?"

There was no sound for a moment. Justice Olmsted broke the tense silence by smashing his gavel on the bench. This excited the young woman, and, bending over toward the Justice, she said:

Puts Leigh on the Stand.

"Do you think of the indignity I have suffered? Think of that man McCafferty slapping me in the face because I would not tell where Judge Barlow's letters were. But I have them. They can't get them. They——

Justice Olmsted interposed. "You have characterized Detective-Sergeant Leigh as a bearer of messages to you from Judge Barlow. He is in court. Do you desire to call him as a witness?"

"Yes," said Katherine, "if I can submit a letter."

Then standing up again she shouted: "Take the stand, please, Officer Leigh."

Leigh was sworn by Clerk Fuller. From her bag Miss Poillon produced several letters. Selecting one, she handed it to Leigh and asked:

"Is that your signature? Did you write that letter?"

"Yes," sheepishly replied Leigh.

"Did you send that letter to me?"

"Yes," admitted the detective in a meek voice.

Tossing a card to the witness, Katherine asked:

"Did you give me that card?"

"I did," gasped Leigh in a voice scarcely audible.

"That is all," shouted Katherine triumphantly. "All I wanted was to have this identified."

"Have you any more questions?" asked Justice Olmsted.

"Must I offer Judge Barlow's letters in evidence?" inquired the defendant.

"What we want to know," said Justice Olmsted, "is if you have any evidence to show that this Magistrate paid your bills personally."

Examined by Court.

"Yes," she replied quickly. "He told me so in the presence of my sister."

"When and where did he tell you so?" asked Justice Zeller.

"He told me so at dinner, two hours before I was ordered out of the Hotel Bristol. He told me the bill was paid and that he would send money to me by Thomas Leigh."

"Where was that dinner?" asked Justice Zeller.

"It was at two or three places. We always ate at different places."

"But this special time?" asked Justice Olmsted.

"Must I tell?" pleaded Katherine.

"You must." She named the three places.

"Well, if I must tell, I will. It was a supper at the Geneva Hotel, in Fifty-second street."

Only one "BROMO QUININE". That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c. 22

STAKES LAST CENT ON LOSER'S LUCK, THEN ENDS LIFE

Little Hoard Gone and Wife's Jewelry Pawned, Gas Brings Oblivion.

Herman Lancut, a violinist living at No. 280 East Houston street, was found dead in bed to-day by a neighbor, who noticing an odor of gas, had traced it to his room. Gas flowing from two jets and the stuffed window sashes and door jams left no doubt that he had intended to end his life.

Along "Goulash Row," as the line of cafes between Avenues A and B on East Houston street is called, Lancut was a familiar figure. Over stuss and pinochle he would sit long after he had got through playing in an uptown restaurant orchestra.

But he never seemed to have much luck and lately his companions along the "Row" noticed that he was playing with feverish excitement that showed he had more at stake than the excitement of the game. He wasn't as good a loser as he was four or five years ago, when he first appeared in New York from Poland.

Lancut's friends did not know that when he found his little fortune growing smaller he had induced his wife to allow him to draw their last hundred dollars from the bank on the plea that he needed it for back dues in the union. It was all gone at stuss in a few nights. His wife forgave him and pawned her jewelry and borrowed right and left and raised another hundred. This went the same way as the first.

Even this did not discourage his wife, and it was not till two days ago, when he tried to kill her and his two children with a razor, that she left him and returned to her mother's home.

Alone, Lancut last night must have gone deliberately about his plans. He left no letters, but the rooms were all in order and he had carefully undressed himself, and arranged the bedclothes. Julius Lewiski, the neighbor who found him, said that when they broke in the door they thought at first he was asleep. A Maltese kitten, a pet his wife had left behind her, was alive.

MAY WHEAT SLUMPS ON HEAVY SELLING.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 14.—May wheat this morning sold at $1 on the local Exchange. This is the lowest price that any wheat has sold at on the 1907 crop.

The market opened with the wheat pit filled with selling orders. The cables showed the biggest decline that has been recorded this season. Shipments from Argentine, the principal cause of the smash, amounted to 7,600,000 bushels. This is the largest movement ever recorded from that country.

Deputy Fire Chief and Chief, and Ruins of Building in Which Former Went to His Death

CHIEF CROKER. DEP. CHIEF KRUGER

CHIEF KRUGER KILLED AT CANAL ST. BLAZE; SIX MEN OVERCOME

(Continued from First Page.)

him for years. Hergenrother worshipped the chief and Kruger never went into a dangerous place without his driver at his heels.

With Kruger leading the party went down into the pitch-black basement of No. 215. Gas pipes had been either melted or broken by the heat in the adjoining basement and deadly fumes mingled with the dense smoke.

"Follow me, men," cried Kruger, when they reached the dark basement. "Be careful there, boys, for this is a dangerous hole."

With nothing but the light of their lanterns to guide them the men crept through the basement over piles of debris. In this fashion, with Kruger leading, his driver just behind him, the men made slow progress.

Just in the middle of the cellar there was a small trapdoor leading into the sub-basement. Kruger stepped upon this, it gave way, and before the men following could even realize what was happening he shot down into the pit. Hergenrother also slipped partly through the opening, but he managed to twist himself around as he fell and his body caught, giving him a hold. He pulled himself out until he was sitting on the edge of the opening with his feet dangling into the sub-basement.

In the darkness the other firemen were not aware of what had happened and almost fell over the driver into the hole. The gas was suffocating and the smoke blinding. Hergenrother, the first to come to himself, bent down into the hole. He called to Kruger:

"Chief, Chief, for God's sake, where are you? Shall I come down?"

"Save Me," He Calls.

Just then he heard the voice of Kruger calling from below:

"Save me, Andy! Save me!"

On the impulse of the moment the driver started to lower himself through the hole when he felt Kruger grasp him around the legs.

"Hang on and I will support myself by holding onto you," said Kruger. "This place is filled with water." Water which had been poured onto the fire filled the basement to a depth of six feet.

The driver shouted for help. Some of the firemen ran back and shouted to the men in the street to send help. Others of the firemen in the basement laid flat on their stomachs around the hole. But none of them could reach Kruger.

All this time the cellar was filling with gas fumes from the leaking and broken pipes. Would-be rescuers were overcome and toppled on their faces as they crawled in the darkness. Hergenrother became dizzy and felt Kruger's hold slipping. He choked out:

"Hold on, Chief. The men are coming with ropes and ladders."

But Kruger lost his grip and slipped back into the water. His frantic driver tried to follow him, but was gripped from behind and dragged unconscious to the street.

Meanwhile Battalion Chief Galvan had groped his way in, fresh from the open air. He heard the shouts and cries of "Save the Chief," and, without a moment's hesitation, sprang down through the trap and into the sub-basement beside Kruger. The Deputy Chief had just loosened his hold and dropped senseless into the water. Galvan lifted the heavy Deputy Chief in his arms and held him up until ropes were lowered. Fully a dozen men were dropped by the gas before Kruger was finally carried out to the street.

Surgeons Archer and Reiss, of the Department, and Dr. Bennett, of St. Gregory's Hospital, instantly began working over the unconscious Chief.

Oxygen was administered, but there was no sign of life. For half an hour the doctors worked without result. Then one of them stepped back and said:

"He is dead."

Chief Croker raised his hat. Firemen begrimmed with smoke, their clothes wet and muddy, raised their hats and many of them sobbed. They carried the dead chief to a nearby firehouse and the six firemen who were the worst injured were bundled off to the hospital. The twenty others staggered to their quarters, and the fight to subdue the fire was continued.

Tried to Save Chief.

Andrew Hergenrother, after he was removed to headquarters, said:

"Though I was not ordered by the Chief to follow him when he went into the basement, I followed. I was with the six other firemen when they entered the cellar and when I got my lungs filled with gas I rushed forward to see what the Chief was doing. I heard him call for the men to back out. He had struck a stone wall, which made it impossible for us to go forward and open up the front, which was his plan.

"The men began backing out of the basement. I was alongside the Chief when I suddenly missed him, and then I heard a splash. The next instant I had stepped into a hatchway, or a sort of an elevator shaft. My legs went down, but I caught myself and held. Then I felt the Chief holding to my legs. He pulled off one of my boots. In some way I reached down and managed to hold his wrist. He called out to me:

"Save me, Andy! Save me!"

"I was so weak from gas and smoke that I could not drag him through the hole. I began yelling for help, and the men started toward us, but they fell from gas. All this while the cellar was filling with water and the gas was getting worse. I felt the Chief when he became unconscious and his head dropped back. I held on as long as I can remember. Then I lost consciousness."

Dangerous Place Known.

Battalion Chief Norton came up as Hergenrothen was telling his story.

"Do you mean to say that Chief Kruger was killed in that same hole which came near killing a lot of firemen seven years ago last election day?" he exclaimed. "Why, that hole is a menace to any house in New York. I know it well.

"When there was a fire there seven years ago the basement filled with gas and a number of men were overcome. Fred Lear fell unconscious through that same trap door and he would have drowned had there been water in the sub-cellar. Lear has never been a well man since. That hole should never have been left there a day after it was discovered at the first fire.

"Foreman Fancroft, of the Eldridge street station, discovered the fire, and sent in the alarm. The fire burned through the factory as though it were so much paper, and when the engines rolled up a second and then a third call was sounded.

The fire spread quickly to No. 215, then to No. 213, and was soon threatening the Harry Howard Hotel, at the northeast corner of Canal and Baxter streets.

Rushed to Church.

Directly in the rear of the burning buildings is the Church of the Most Precious Blood. Sparks from the fire ignited on the roof of the church. The sparks found their way to the tenement-houses in Mulberry street.

"Clear those tenements!" was the order issued to the police.

The tenements accommodate thousands of foreigners, and when the police began running through the halls and beating on the doors panic ensued. The frightened men and women ran to the street half clad and screaming. Some had heard that the church was about to be destroyed and rushed there to save the sacred vessels. Inside the church, guarding these vessels, were the pastor, Father Benedino Polizzo and his two assistants, Bigilius Gold and Romanus Simoni. The crowd heard that their pastor had been killed by flames and then their excitement rose to a point of madness.

The reserves came from the precincts and with clubs fought the crowd from the church. The men and women came on again and brushed the police aside. Only when Father Polizzo appeared on the church steps and spoke to them did they become quieter.

Then the crowd thought themselves of their homes and their possessions that were in danger. Again they tried to rush the police lines to reach their homes, but were kept back by the use of clubs.

In Harry Howard Hotel were seventeen lodgers. Fifteen of these escaped to the street without harm, but two, John J. Sweeney, a life-saver, and Tom Carroll, a laborer, were made groggy from smoke. They were trying to get to the street when Carroll fell unconscious. Sweeney, although weak, managed to drag Carroll to the door, and there fell over his body. Both were saved by the firemen.

Caught by Back Draught.

When the flames began spreading Battalion Chief Galvin with the men of Engine Companies Nos. 29, 7 and 31 entered the hallway and attempted to climb a side stairway to the first floor. Suddenly there came a stillness so well known by firemen, and then followed the dreaded back draught. The men were thrown from their feet down the stairs and on top of them came a door. Fireman Tierney was caught under the door and knocked unconscious. He was got out by his comrades, but was badly cut about his head and face.

It was after this that Kruger went to Chief Croker and asked for the assignment which resulted in his death.

For more than three hours the firemen continued to pour water on the blaze. Then Chief Croker said there was no further danger of the blaze spreading, and the people were allowed to go back into their homes.

When Chief Kruger's body arrived at his old headquarters, at No. 155 Lafayette street word was sent to his wife and his two sisters, Mrs. Voltzing and Mrs. Friend, and his brother, William Kruger.

Mr. Kruger was not told the full truth until she came to the fire-house, and then the grave looks of the men were enough. She swooned and was carried to the home of one of her sisters-in-law.

For thirty-six years "Charlie" Kruger has been a member of the New York Fire Department, and in all that time there has never been a man who has seen him waver when duty called, nor has there been a charge of any kind against him.

By the rank and file he was loved. Every green fireman looked upon the Deputy Chief as his friend, and he was always ready to listen with interest to any complaint or trouble any man had.

Kruger was appointed a fireman in January, 1872, when he was eighteen years old. He was assigned to old Hook and Ladder Company No. 9, in Elizabeth street. His first promotion was when he was made assistant foreman. Then he began working harder than ever. Later he was made foreman.

They used to say of "Charlie" Kruger in those days that his work was his dissipation and that his greatest love was the fire department. He never seemed to want days off and he seemed unhappy unless he was hanging about the fire engine house or fighting a blaze.

Kruger was a Republican in politics, but promotions that came to him were earned by hard work and completely. He rose to be a battalion chief and later to be Deputy Chief.

NEW ORLEANS ENTRIES.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 14.—The entries for to-morrow's races are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Three and a half furlongs; purse.

427	Eustacian	100
394	Alice	105
(369)	Union	105
—	Sing H.	107
(343)	Nasturtia	105
—	Cunning	105
413	Galta	108
(11[illegible])	Joy	110
—	Westmore	103
411	Lilian Ray	105
441[illegible]	Tom W.	105
(441)	Horse Abe	121

SECOND RACE—Six furlongs; selling.

442	*Florence N.	95
442	Listerine	105
—	Trues	107
408	Blue Lee	110
443	*Linda Lake	100
442	Queen's Souvenir	105
407	Waterlock	107
391	Albert Star	110
—	*Prince Howling	105
385	Hostile Hyphen	105
444	Fairone	110

THIRD RACE—Six furlongs; selling.

444	Panrida	95
438	*Financier	105
422	Bitter Sir	107
403	Bellwether	110
352[illegible]	*Melange	100
453	Ethel Carr	105
450[illegible]	E. T. Shipp	107
418	*Dew of Dawn	100
443[illegible]	Mae Hamilton	105
432[illegible]	Ketchemike	110

FOURTH RACE—Two and one-quarter miles; the Bush Cup; $5,000 added; handicap.

381[illegible]	Sea Salt	87
423	Alma Dufour	109
420[illegible]	Donna	98
423[illegible]	**Yankee Girl	108
—	Red Gauntlet	103
138[illegible]	**Tomaceo	119

**Ellison entry.

FIFTH RACE—One mile and seventy yards; selling.

426	*Halbard	103
—	Kawkama	107
438[illegible]	Adesso	112
398	Warner Griswell	106
410	Druid	107
447	John Smulski	112
439	*Heart of Hyacinth	107
445	Granada	112

SIXTH RACE—One mile and seventy yards; selling.

440	Denigre	97
439	*Tinker	102
384	Nancy	104
447	Bestering	109
333	Jungle Imp	112
389	*Lily Marie	99
352	Lightbury	[illegible]
—	Mr. Peabody	104
440[illegible]	Creel	[illegible]
422	*Pinsicker	99
440	Katie Powers	102
452	*Dr. Reaske	107
407	Clifton Forge	112

SEVENTH RACE—One and a sixteenth miles; selling.

400	Jersey Lady	97
384	Ivanhoe	106
431	Sir Toddington	109
406	La Jamesia	102
439	Dr. McCleur	106
303	*Zipango	104
432[illegible]	Keator	108

*Apprentice allowance.

No use theorizing as to whether coffee is harmful.

Stop it and use

POSTUM

10 days to get facts.

"There's a Reason."

BIGGEST RUSH EVER KNOWN TO BUY THE CITY BONDS

Morgan Syndicate Bids 103 377 for the $47,000,000 of Fifty-Year Bonds, but There Are Many Proposals Above That Figure.

The city's new bond sale was pronounced by Comptroller Metz to-day to have been the most successful ever held. The fifty millions' worth of 4 1-2 per cents. were overbid many times. The prices ranged from par to 106, and the excitement attending the opening of the bids was intense.

The Comptroller's Office, which is well filled when one hundred persons are within its walls, was packed to the suffocation point, and hundreds of would-be investors and clerks from banking houses crowded the halls of the old Stewart Building and stod on the window ledges outside.

The total number of bids was 1,103, which is the highest record in the city's finance. The next highest number was 896, which were opened at the issue of the $40,000,000 bonds last September.

City Chamberlain Bernard F. Martin was beside the Comptroller when he opened the first bid. There was perfect stillness as Mr. Metz read:

"Watson & Kelly bid 103 3-4 for $75,000 worth."

He laid the bid aside and took up the second, which was that of the Morgan syndicate.

The Syndicate Bid.

The Morgan syndicate consisted of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., the First National Bank, the National City Bank and Harvey Fisk & Co. The bid for $47,000,000 of the issue, which runs for fifty years, was 103.377. For the $3,000,000 improvement five year bonds the bid was 100.377.

The price offered by the syndicate seemed to please Mr. Metz. He smiled as he took up the next bid. The crowd in the room gave a half-suppressed cheer and some commotion was created by the many bankers' runners who attempted to leave the room.

These men were anxious to get the news to their offices. One enterprising clerk went to the window and passed out the figure on a slip of paper to a fellow clerk who made his way to the nearest 'phone.

U. S. Trust Company's Offer.

The bid of the United States Trust Company created a buzz of excitement. It was for twenty-five millions and was a shade higher than that offered by the Morgan syndicate. The figure was 103.5. The company also bid for seven millions more at from 103.57 to 103.97.

The next bid was that of Hallgarten & Co. for $1,250,000 at from 102 to 104 1-2.

The Kuhn, Loeb & Co. bid was for ten millions at from 101.65 to 103.875.

J. & W. Seligman & Co. bid for thirteen and one-half millions at figures ranging from par to 104.63.

Some of the Bids.

Following are some of the bids above the Morgan syndicate figure:

H. W. Wilson, No. 106 West Eighty-second street, $100,000 at 106.

J. & S. Wormser bid for $100,000 at 103.54.

S. W. Savin & Co., $50,000 at 103.75.

E. H. & F. W. Pelzer, $10,000 at 104; $10,000 at 103.75; $10,000 at 103.50.

D. & H. Lindman, $10,000 at 104.005; $10,000 at 103.88; $20,000 at 103.75; $20,000 at 103.63; $10,000 at 103.505; $10,000 at 103.38.

Dick Brothers Company, Philadelphia, $50,000 at 103.50.

Frank C. Cahn & Co., $50,000 at 103.50; $25,000 at 103.75.

L. Levy & Co., $100,000 at 103.50; $50,000 at 104; $1,000 at 104.50.

Barrett Brothers, $200,000 at 104; $100,000 at 104.25; $100,000 at 104.50.

Cuyler Morgan & Co., $150,000 at 104.25.

Watson & Kellogg bid for $75,000 at 103.75.

Fred C. Edson, $50,000 at 103.275.

National Park Bank, $10,000 at 103.50 and $10,000 at 104.

C. I. Hudson & Co., $33,000 at 103.63.

Birnen & Co.—$75,000 at 104 1-8; $110,000 at 103 5-8; $100,000 at 102 7-8.

Merrill, Olden & Co.—$10,000 at 104.39; $10,000 at 104.14; $10,000 at 103.89; $10,000 at 103.64; $10,000 at 103.39.

National Park Bank—$2,000 at 103.75; $2,000 at 104.

Liebman, Alexander & Co.—$100,000 at 103.75.

Perry, Coffin & Co.—$50,000 at 103.50.

Second National Bank, Boston—$100,000 at 103.54.

First National Bank, New York, $50,000 at 104; $10,000 at 103.

R. L. Day, $100,000 at 104.18; $20,000 at 104.18; $75,000 at 103.84; $440,000 at 103.75; $100,000 at 103.75; $415,000 at 103.68; $460,000 at 103.58; $415,000 at 103.35.

Farmers Loan and Trust, $1,300,000 at 104.

Thomas A. Reynolds bid for $702,000 at rates ranging from 102.15 to 104.80.

Eugene Meyer, jr., $250,000 at 103.25, $25,000 at 103.50, $50,000 at 103.56, $10,000 at 103.625, $250,000 at 103.75, $150,000 at 103.875, $75,000 at 104.125, $75,000 at 104.25.

Thomas Denny & Co. bid for $270,000 at prices ranging from 102 3-8 to 104 5-8.

Mealey & Co., $1,050,000 at from 102.51 to 104.26.

Herzfeld & Stern, $1,000,000 at from 102 to 103.

M. E. Hardy, $45,000 at 103.663.

N. W. Harris & Co., $8,000 at from 102.00 to 104.189.

United States Trust Company, $25,000 at 103.50, $1,000,000 at 103.57, $200,000 at 103.75, $200,000 at 103.87, $200,000 at 103.875, $200,000 at 104.07, $200,000 at 104.27, $200,000 at 104.17, $25,000 at 104.50, $200,000 at 104.01.

Ariel & Co., $200,000 at 104.02, $400,000 at 103.66, $200,000 at 103.77, $200,000 at 103.65, $200,000 at 103.54, $200,000 at 103.41.

VOORHEES PLEADS MONDAY.

Ex-Governor of New Jersey and Combes Arrange for Surrender.

Counsel for ex-Gov. Foster M. Voorhees, of New Jersey, and Frank J. Combes, who were indicted yesterday by the special Grand Jury for perjury in connection with the Bankers' Life Insurance Company, arranged with District-Attorney Jerome to-day to surrender the two men in court next Monday and answer the indictments.

The charges in both indictments are based on reports to the State Insurance Department during the regime of ex-Gov. Voorhees as president and Mr. Combes as secretary.

Order by Telephone

A large department store advertises in connection with a special sale that telephone orders will be filled as promptly as orders given in person.

Order by Telephone

NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO., 15 Day Street

No Extra Charge for It.

Advertisements for The World may be left at any American District Messenger Office in the city until 9 P. M.

CANDY

PENNY A POUND PROFIT

A TONIC CANDY CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT ICE CREAMS. Nothing is more healthfully stimulating to the membrane of the stomach than a little pure peppermint extract; it tones up the system and invigorates the digestive functions and is prescribed by the most eminent physicians. When combined with our chocolate ice creams in delicious candy form, it is tonic added to a delightful and rich dessert food. Most stores charge from 50c. to $1.00 a pound. You had better order two or more boxes—fine to have around the home. POUND 15c

SPECIAL FOR THIS FRIDAY
FRENCH PEPPERMINT CREAM WAFERS...POUND 10c

SPECIAL FOR THIS SATURDAY
VIRGINIA PEANUT CARAMELS.....POUND 10c

SPECIALS FOR THIS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
Special Assorted Chocolates (20 Kinds) POUND 19c

MAPLO CREAMED WALNUTS....POUND 19c
MILK CHOCOLATE WALNUTS....POUND 29c

High Grade Assorted Chocolates, Pound 25c

Park Row Store open every evening until 11 o'clock.
Barclay street and Cortlandt street stores open Saturday evenings until 11 o'clock.

WE DELIVER FREE

PURCHASES OF ONE DOLLAR AND OVER BETWEEN BATTERY AND 200th STREET; also all Brooklyn proper. We deliver 1 to 10 lbs. for 20c. to points in Manhattan above 200th St., Hoboken and Jersey City. No goods sent C. O. D. Candies for our out-of-town customers carefully packed and shipped from our special mail order department.

Loft 3 STORES
54 BARCLAY ST. COR. WEST B'WAY.
29 CORTLANDT ST. COR. CHURCH ST.
PARK ROW & NASSAU ST. COR. SPRUCE ST.

DIED.

DONAHUE.—On Feb. 12, 1908, at her residence, 404 West 26th st., MARY DONAHUE, beloved daughter of Mary and Bernard Donahue.

Funeral Saturday, Feb. 15, at 9 o'clock; thence to St. Michael's Church. Interment Calvary.

DIED.

Brooklyn.

DOWDING.—On Wednesday, Feb. 12, after a lingering illness, GEORGE DOWDING, beloved husband of Nanny M. Dowding.

Funeral services on Sunday, Feb. 16, at 1.30, No. 28 Weirfield st., Bklyn.

Help Wanted To-Day!

As advertised for in The Morning World's Want Directory.

FRIDAY, FEB. 14, 1908.

Agents	10	Ironers	13		
Alteration Hands	1	Janitors	13		
Bakers	2	Janitresses	4		
Bartenders	6	Managers	1		
Bookkeepers	1	Manicures	2		
Boys	26	Milliners	8		
Boilermen	1	Nurses	3		
Butchers	18	Operators	13		
Buttonhole Makers	1	Painters	2		
Canvassers	14	Photographers	1		
Carpenters	3	Plumbers	3		
Cashiers	6	Polishers	1		
Chambermaids	11	Porters	3		
Chefs	1	Presses	11		
Cigarmakers	1	Pressmen	6		
Chauffeurs	1	Salesladies	3		
Collectors	1	Salesmen	20		
Compositors	3	Seamstresses	1		
Cooks (Male)	3	Shipping Clerks	4		
Cooks (Female)	10	Sign Painters	2		
Cutters	7	Sleeve Hands	1		
Day's Work	1	Solicitors	1		
Dentists	5	Sailmen	2		
Drivers	7	Stenographers (Male)	7		
Drug Clerks	1	Stenographers (Female)	6		
Elevator Runners	5	Tailors	3		
Engineers	1	Trimmers	7		
Engravers	1	Tinsmiths	1		
Farm Hands	2	Typewriters (Female)	3		
Feeders	5	Upholsterers	2		
Finishers	1	Waiters	7		
Firemen	1	Waitresses	15		
Folders	2	Watchmen	1		
Foreladies	1	Miscellaneous	24		
Gardeners	1				
Girls	13				
Housework	44				
Total			639		

The World printed 639 Help Ads. to-day—302 more than all other New York papers combined.