CHATS WITH PUBLIC OFFICIALS---MAYOR M'CLELLAN.

Chief Executive Would Go to the Mountains and Stay There.

LOVES ARMY LIFE.

Wanted to Go to West Point—His Admiration of Root and Lamont.

A STRONG PERSONALITY

Pen Picture of the "Man at the Throttle"—His Sincerity a Marked Characteristic.

THE MAYOR AT HIS DESK IN THE CITY HALL.
(Photographed Expressly for The Evening World by Staff Artist.)

MAYOR G. B. McCLELLAN.

It isn't every day that one can get the chance to put himself in a seat in the cab of this great New York of ours and talk to the man at the throttle of things that have naught to do with shop. Mayor McClellan is an engineer who believes in keeping the interests of the stockholders in the Knickerbocker Municipal Corporation ever in mind and his eye on the rails ahead. So if you would talk to him while he is on duty, wait till he takes a siding. That is not an easy thing to do for he seldom leaves the main line, not more than once or twice in a week, perhaps. He took one to-day and Roadmaster John O'Brien, who, everyone knows as a most worthy assistant to the chief executive of Greater New York, in the capacity of private secretary, kept a signal set against the man in the cab long enough to get this interview.

"I'll shunt you right in here for a few minutes between a special meeting of the Rapid-Transit Commission and a Civil-Service conference," said Mr. O'Brien. "Of course, you will keep an eye open for semaphores," and he ran his thumb over the face of his watch.

No engine ever had such a cab so spick and span as the Mayor's private office, nor was ever an engineer on duty so free from oily smudges and blackened countenance as George B. McClellan, who is pleased to call himself "the man at the throttle."

Has Strong Hand Clasp.

"How do you do?" he asked, and with the salutation went a good strong hand-clasp that told of muscle above the wristband.

In place of blue dungarees Mr. McClellan wore a well-fitting cutaway coat, with vest of the same black serge and striped trousers of very dark gray. His collar was a white wing, his scarf a black silk four-in-hand, with a small figure in it. He had a tie pin and thin gold watch chain. This was all of his jewelry visible, except his cuff links, and they were most unobtrusive. Withal the Mayor was a well-dressed American, as he stood beside his desk and motioned his visitor to a seat. And he did not take his own until the guest had settled back at ease, which is not a difficult thing to do in his presence. He is a past-master of the art of making one feel at home.

"It's not to be about shop, Mayor."

A smile and a twinkle in the Mayor's blue-gray eyes said, "Well?"

"It's to be about yourself."

"But I'm shopworn."

"Not yet."

"Very well, then, you may have it your own way," and again there was a smile. Perhaps that is an art with the Mayor, too; it is infectious.

"Mayor, what would you do with yourself if it were possible to put everything away as it exists now; the obligations you owe your party and the scheme of living that has been cut out for you?"

Loves the Mountains.

Mr. McClellan swung round in his chair and his eyes went out through the window that gives light on the Broadway side of the City Hall. They went through everything in that busy, thronging thoroughfare and saw something away beyond. He was silent for a half minute or more, and then, still looking out of the window, he answered seriously and very slowly, "I'd go into the mountains." There was another pause, and then he added, "Yes, I am sure I would go back to the mountains and be content to stay there.

"But what is the use of dreaming?" and he turned again toward his desk, his voice more hopefully toned. "It is not to be, and I suppose I must be content. Every one of us has a little unattainable dream and, perhaps, it is just as well that we should never come into a realization. I shall see the mountains now and then and"—

"And?"

"Well, I am going to try to go next September. Since I came into office I haven't been able to get further away from it than the Jersey coast, but I'm going to try to get up into Maine in September; into the woods and the mountains."

"Hunting?"

"No; I haven't had much hunting since I was quite a lad. I like fishing—fly-casting. It's bully sport."

"Other distinguished Democrats have made it a famous pastime."

"It was a fishing expedition, wasn't it?" and the Mayor laughed heartily, possibly thinking of a November not long ago, but with never a thought of a renowned resident of Princeton.

A Determined Personality.

A lull came in the conversation which was filled in by a buzz of the telephone bell, a courteous, crisp "Yes; this is he," followed by a recognition of the voice at the other end and the making of an appointment for a later hour in the day. While this was happening there was an opportunity to study the hand that held the telephone receiver, and the side face. The hand was well-bred and strong in conformation; the nails well manicured. The jaw has a powerful hinge and is sharply set, of the type that belongs to a man who fights well in a crowd and won't let go until more than fists have made it quit.

That jaw brought to mind the features of Mr. McClellan's father, and then began the process of measuring the son of a great man against the accomplishments of his sire, which is a very bad habit of this old world. In most cases it is unfair to both, but in this the comparison was gratifying and—

The Mayor had hung up his telephone and turned quickly.

"You will pardon me, won't you," he said. "That was just a bit of shop that belongs to the man at the throttle."

"One often hears the wonder expressed, Mr. McClellan, that you did not follow in the path of your father and become a soldier."

Had Soldierly Ambitions.

It was a sudden way to go on that ground, but time was pressing.

"Yes, I know," came the answer, and again the Mayor's eyes went out into Broadway and beyond. "I wanted to go to West Point very much," and the words came with an almost imperceptible sigh.

"Do you know if I had, and if I had graduated at the bottom of my class, that I would, following the regular line of promotion, just now be coming into the command of a battalion or squadron? I know I should. And in these days I think an officer of such a rank holds a most enviable position.

"I have always taken a great interest in military affairs. When I was in Congress I was on the House Committee, and I was forever, during that time, getting mixed up with the army in one way or another. I feel quite lost now because that work is gone, but I still follow the army and the staff, and in my opinion things are not what they should be. The United States is forgetting the lesson she learned in the war with Spain, just as England is forgetting the Boer war. Nations which have had such lessons cannot afford to forget."

The Mayor warmed to his subject and spoke of many men who at one time and another have held the portfolio of Secretary of War. He thinks that Elihu Root was one of the best Secretaries of War that the nation has ever had.

"Root Kept 'Em on the Jump."

"Root kept them on the jump," said he, "and that is what the staff needed when he took the helm. He put himself to the task of getting the army out of politics and when he got through he had a staff of which the nation could be proud. The army needs a man like Root at the head of it, every day, every hour, but Roots are hard to get.

"An instance of the way he struck terror in the men who have never been of credit to the service concerns a little door which is in the Secretary's office. It was what might be called a side entrance, and through it all the big nobodies used to go in and out when they wished, and so the Secretary didn't meet those who should have had his ear. That door lasted about a week with Mr. Root. He shut it up and locked it from the inside."

Daniel Lamont won the McClellan admiration for the policy he followed when he was Secretary of War. The Mayor doesn't think he had the opportunity that came later to Mr. Root, for during the first two years of Mr. Lamont's term there was a Democratic Congress that wanted to steer just as far away from doing anything for the Army as possible, and in the next two years there was a Republican Congress that was bound to undo everything that the Democrats had accomplished. The consequence was that politics ruled again in the establishment and made Russell Algers possible.

An Appreciated Compliment.

"The greatest compliment I think I ever had paid me came from Gen. Corbin not long ago," continued the Mayor. "It was at a dinner, and he referred to me as the father of the general staff bill. It is true I did fight for it, and the measure as it exists to-day, with the exception of a few changes, is mine. I know my father would like it, and I am rather proud that I had a hand in making the law."

The Mayor likes to talk of the years he spent in Congress, but there is one troubled hour that stands out in all that time. It was the day before his maiden speech, which was on the Pension bill. President Cleveland desired that he should speak on the act, because he thought it would be a most fitting thing for the son of Gen. McClellan to do.

"But it was the hardest thing I ever had to do," laughed the Mayor. "It wasn't stage fright, but after Hoke Smith had looked over what I had prepared and taken a couple of whacks at it he told me that I would have to sit down and learn that speech by heart. I did it, but no one will ever know what a dreadful task it was. It took only an hour and a half, yet it seemed like a year. Never did any man feel so hopeless.

"And how do you do now?"

"There is a lot of talking work in the Mayor's office, but I don't learn any speech by heart. I think over what I am going to say, make a note or two and then fire away. The other morning while walking down from home I caught myself talking over a speech that I intended to make and I've been wondering ever since how many times I have made dear old Church street or Green street look askance."

The minute hand of the Mayor's desk clock was rapidly taking the proportions of a huge semaphore signal.

"This is the station, Mayor."

"Is it?" and he smiled and held out his hand. "I'm glad you dropped in," and as the office door closed noiselessly one felt that Mr. McClellan meant that. It is the sincerity of the son of "Little Mac" that men give as their first and best reason for liking "the man at the throttle."

TRYING SLOCUM INSPECTORS

Prosecution Opens Against Fleming and Lundberg—Former Is Taken ill and Case Is Adjourned.

The trial of John W. Fleming and Henry Lundberg, former United States inspectors of boilers and hulls of steam vessels, for manslaughter in connection with the loss of life on the burned excursion boat General Slocum, was commenced to-day before Judge Thomas and a jury in the criminal branch of the United States Circuit Court. The Government has subpoenaed over fifty witnesses to testify against Fleming and Lundberg, and the alleged defective life-preservers, rafts and fire hose will be exhibited by Special Assistant United States District-Attorney Baldwin, who is prosecuting the case for the Government.

Before putting the first witness on the stand, Mr. Baldwin described the duties which under the law the accused inspectors were expected to perform.

"It was upon the report of these men," said Mr. Baldwin, "of the examination of the General Slocum, to the effect that the equipment was perfect, the license was granted by Messrs. Dumont and Barrett. This inspection was a joint one, and, being a negligent one, Lundberg and Fleming were equally guilty. We will show during the progress of the trial that since 1891 only 250 new life-preservers were supplied, yet the Slocum was licensed to carry 2,500 passengers, and that the life-preservers were not made of block cork, which the law requires, but were filled with granulated cork, and in some instances only the pulp of rushes."

The prosecutor described the fateful trip of the General Slocum, on June 15 last, with over a thousand women and children aboard. He said also that at that time the Slocum carried hundreds of life preservers absolutely inadquate for the purpose of saving life. Mr. Baldwin said the Government was prepared to prove that some of the Slocum's drowned passengers wore fake life preservers when their bodies were recovered.

Robert Rodie, who was Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels for the Second District in May, 1904, was the first witness. He identified the instructions given Fleming and Lundberg in May, 1904, to inspect the General Slocum, then in the Erie Basin, and the reports made by the accused inspectors.

During the examination of Rodie former Judge Tompkins informed the court that his client's attack of acute gastritis had returned, and that Fleming was too sick to remain any longer in the courtroom. As the trial could not proceed without the defendants being present, Judge Thomas adjourned court until Monday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

GIRL'S CRYING SAVES THE LIVES OF THREE.

Awakens Brother, Who Finds Children Almost Overcome from Gas in Their Room.

Gas escaping from a leaky jet in the apartments of Louis Needleman, at No. 204 Sixth street, to-day rendered three of the nine children of Needleman nearly unconscious. The children were Israel, seventeen years old; Abraham, eleven years, and Ruby, five years. They were attended by Ambulance Surgeon Hooker, of Bellevue Hospital, and remained at home.

The three children sleep in the front room of the four-room apartment with a young brother and sister. In an adjoining room sleeps a son named Max, the eldest of the children.

Max awoke early to-day and, hearing his little sister crying, went into her room. Soon after another member of the family smelled gas and threw open the windows in the apartment. Max then ran out on the street and told a policeman, who sent in a call to Bellevue Hospital for an ambulance.

TWO KILLED IN FIGHTS OVER WOMEN

Quarrels over women were responsible for two heavy sentences imposed in General Sessions Court to-day. Jesse Pittman, of No. 350 West Thirty-ninth street, was sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for the rest of his life by Judge Cowing. Pittman, who is only thirty-five years old, shot and killed George Johnson on Oct. 17 last, because Johnson had "interfered" with his sweetheart.

Judge Foster sentenced Herman Miller, aged twenty-two, convicted of manslaughter for having shot and killed John Martin at Second avenue and One Hundred and Sixth street on July 23, to twenty years' imprisonment. Miller's common-law wife claimed to have been insulted by Martin and three companions. Miller went out gunning for the four men, killed Martin and wounded the others.

WOMAN DIES FROM DRINKING POISON.

Mrs. Jane Hussey, fifty-five years old, of East Thirteenth street and Shore Road, Sheepshead Bay, died to-day from the effects of swallowing disinfecting material, which, members of her family say she took accidentally. Her son-in-law heard her groaning shortly after daylight and found her unconscious in bed. She died while two doctors were working over her.

One of Mrs. Hussey's daughters was arraigned in Coney Island Police Court yesterday on a charge of intoxication, and the mother felt the disgrace keenly. She cried and lamented all of yesterday afternoon, but when she retired last night it appeared to her family that she was more composed. The poison that killed her was in her room. She drank it some time during the night.

MRS. MAYBRICK VISITS SING SING

Sees the Death Chamber, Workshop and Cells in Collecting Data for a Book.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 20.—It became known to-day that Mrs. Maybrick, who was confined many years in British prisons on a conviction for poisoning her husband, paid a visit to Sing Sing Prison on Wednesday last. It is said that she is writing a book on prison life and that it was in connection with this work that the visit was made.

She was accompanied by Superintendent of Prisons Collins, and was shown through the workshops, where hundreds of convicts were busily employed.

She also visited the death chamber and was shown the working of the electric chair.

TOOK THE PREACHER'S HAT.

But the Minister Did Not Prosecute and Shea Was Set Free.

John Shea, of No. 244 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, a character typical of the occupants of the cheap lodging houses in that neighborhood, was arraigned in Harlem Police Court to-day by Policeman Scully, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, on the complaint of Rev. Selon Fairbanks, of No. 263 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street. Mr. Fairbanks is one of the speakers in a series of revival meetings being held at the Beacon Light Mission, at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Third avenue. The preacher charged Shea with taking a new hat from a seat in the mission hall and leaving in its place his own old battered headpiece. Shea admitted the charge.

"I was sitting in a back seat in the hall last night," he said, "then I found the hat there. It wasn't much better than the one I left. It was only a hat anyway."

As the minister did not appear to press the charge Magistrate Baker discharged Shea after lecturing him on the sin of mistaking other people's hats for his own.

NEW MESSENGER COMPANY.

Brooklyn Men Get a Charter to Do Business in That Borough.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 20.—The Brooklyn Telegraph and Messenger Company of Brooklyn, was incorporated to-day with a capital of $100,000, to maintain in that borough a telegraph, telephone and messenger service.

Th directors are M. K. MacDonald, A. E. Grignell, E. W. Hunt, L. MacDonald, Albert T. Leonard and A. F. Kelley, of Brooklyn, and M. G. Clum, of Yonkers.

TUCKER TRYING TO PROVE ALIBI

Defense in Page Murder Case Introduces Evidence Showing Accused Man Was Not Near Scene of Crime.

(Special to The Evening World.)

EAST CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 20.—Charles Tucker began in earnest to-day his attempt to prove an alibi in the Page murder trial by calling several witnesses, who testified that they had either seen him a distance from the Page home in Weston at the time Mabel Page was slain, or were at the scene of the crime and had not observed him there.

Of these the most important was Daniel Connolly, who said that at 10 o'clock on the day of the murder he was at work in the orchard of Mr. Cutter's place. He left there at five minutes to 12, carrying his lunch and went down to the cider mill on West Newtotn street to eat it. It took him only a few minutes and he then went to the barn for a few minutes and smoked. He looked at his watch when he left the barn, as he had to be at work at 1 o'clock.

"When you went out from the barn did you see any one on East Nowton street."

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"Charles L. Tucker."

"Where was he?"

"About 50 feet from Cutters corners down East Newton street."

"Now, give me your best judgment as to the time you saw Tucker."

"About 20 to 25 minutes past 12."

This is the first time that Tucker has been traced around Cutters Corners.

Connolly saw no one crossing the meadows from the direction of the Page house, but did see a man going along Ridgeway road whom he did not know.

Came the Other Way.

Mr. Parker cross-examined the witness. He asked him if he had not said he did not look at his watch on the day of the murder between five minutes of 12 and five minutes of 1. The witness said he didn't look at his watch between the times named. As a matter of fact, Connolly had already said he looked at his watch at 12.30.

He could not say whether the man he saw on Ridgeway road was Tucker. He wasn't near enough. He was sure it was Tucker he saw on East Newton street. He came from the direction of Auburndale.

"How do you know he didn't come from the direction of the Page house?"

"He couldn't have. He would have had a long sweep around the corner to get on the other side of the street, and I would have noticed it."

The importance of Connolly's testimony to the defense is to show that Tucker came direct from Auburndale and turned the corner away from the Page house and one-third of a mile away within eighteen minutes of the time he left Weston bridge.

Attorney-General Parker attacked Connolly mercilessly, trying to make him say that he was not sure about the time he saw Tucker.

Arthur H. Wiggin, a court officer in the Cambridge Court House, testified he lives next to Tucker's house on Bourne street. He said he had known Tucker since he was a little child. He saw Tucker on March 31 at 9 o'clock raking his lawn, and later, at 10 o'clock, still working.

A. L. Ballou, a rural mail carrier, testified that he had a route through some parts of Wellesley and Weston. He left the mail at the boxes at the gates of the estates on the road. He remembered March 31 last; he passed the Page house about 12 o'clock, and saw nothing unusual to attract his attention.

After passing the Page house he turned down Ridgeway road to Wellesley. He saw no one on Ridgeway road. He had a clear view of the fields between the Cutter house and the Page house. He got back to Wellesley at 1 o'clock.

The purpose of this testimony is to show that Tucker was not seen near the Page house during the noon hour.

Pin Again Identified.

The brother of the defendant, Walter F. Tucker, was called and testified that his brother had a Canadian pin and one had a Spanish coat-of-arms on it. He saw the disputed stickpin in his brother's possession one night when they were bowling, the night after he was released. Since my brother's arrest he had procured in Montreal a pin similar in size and shape to the disputed pin. He had seen his brother wear repeatedly a pin very similar to the disputed one.

Miss Ethel Osborne, a sister of Tucker's dead wife was next called. The witness testified that she had seen Tucker wearing a pin shield, shaped and with a crown at the top.

"Did your sister give it to Tucker?"

"Yes."

"Where did she get it?"

"She found it in Portland, Me., in the summer of 1902."

Charles L. Tucker, the defendant, will go on the witness-stand as the last witness for the defense. It was decided by his counsel this afternoon to put him on.

Search for Mabel Walker.

Charles A. Sadler was the next witness. He is in charge of the B. A. A. Grounds at Riverside. The witness saw Tucker with a young woman on the afternoon of the murder. He was strolling leisurely in front of the Gun Club traps.

William O. Gould, employed by the Pinkerton Detective Agency, was called and asked if he had made a search for Miss Mabel Walker, the young woman Tucker was with on the day of the murder. The Attorney-General would not permit the witness to tell in detail of his search for the young woman.

"You searched and could not find her?" asked Judge Sherman in settling the dispute.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"That is all."

WOMEN HURT IN CROWD AT FIRE.

Knocked Down and Trampled Upon in Nassau Street—Windows Broken and Trucks Upset.

A fire at No. 75 Nassau street this afternoon resulted in a jam of pedestrians in which women were knocked down and trampled upon, men had their coats torn off, windows were broken and trucks were overturned. The blaze in itself was inconsequential.

The alarm was given at a time when the street was crowded with clerks and stenographers returning to their offices in the Wall street district from luncheon. Two engines, with their tenders, a hook and ladder truck and a water tower effectually blocked the street, and police lines were formed to turn the current of traffic to Broadway and William street.

But the crowds overwhelmed the police and in a few minutes progress for two blocks was impossible. Not until the fire had been extinguished and the apparatus had been fairly squeezed out of the neighborhood could the police get the blockade lifted. Many young women were forced to go to their homes to nurse bruises and repair torn clothing.

FOUND DEAD BY HIS STENOGRAPHER.

Business Man Expires from Heart Disease a Few Minutes After Reaching His Office.

Oswald Samuel Asch, fifty-five years old, president of the Asch Manufacturing Company, No. 274 Church street, was discovered by his stenographer, Miss Smith, lying dead in his office to-day. He had entered the place alone in apparently the best of health a few minutes before. Dr. Long, of the Hudson Street Hospital, pronounced heart failure the cause of death, and the Coroner's office was notified.

Asch was a Grand Army veteran, having entered the Union army as a drummer boy at the age of fifteen. He lived at the Hotel Brunswick, Eighty-ninth street and Madison avenue, and leaves a widow.

SAYS SISTER IS KEPT PRISONER.

Mrs. Witt Charges R. H. Hall with Keeping His Dying Wife from Relatives to Influence Will.

Charging that her sister, Amelia, is being kept a prisoner by her husband, Robert H. Hall, of No. 969 Trinity avenue, Bronx, Caroline Witt secured a writ of habeas corpus for the production of Mrs. Hall before Justice Scott in the Supreme Court to-day.

Ex-Justice Alfred Steckler, of the Supreme Court, stated in behalf of Mrs. Witt that Mrs. Hall was operated upon for cancer last July, after having made her will, by which the children of her sister, Mrs. Witt, were chief beneficiaries, and that her husband was keeping her in seclusion from her relatives with the purpose, Mrs. Witt believes, of procuring a new will, making himself the beneficiary and disinheriting the Witt children.

The ex-Judge recited that Mrs. Hall had already transferred most of her property, about $70,000 in value, to her husband.

Mrs. Hall is dying of cancer, and the writ was sworn out at the only way to preserve the interests of Mrs. Witt's children.

Counsel for Robert H. Hall stated that Mrs. Hall is too far gone to be brought to court in obedience to the writ, but that Mrs. Witt's allegations were without merit.

Justice Scott adjourned the hearing until Monday, saying he would send a physician to see Mrs. Hall and report on her condition.

SHELDON WANTS HIS ACTS LEGALIZED

"What's the Constitution Among Friends?" Assemblyman Asks When Objection Is Made.

ALBANY, Jan. 20.—James C. Sheldon, a member of the Assembly from Gov. Higgins's county, held two State offices last year in violation of the Constitution. He was an Assemblyman and a notary public at the same time. To-day a bill to legalize his acts as notary came up in the Assembly, and Minority Leader Palmer objected to its advancement on the ground that Sheldon in holding two offices had violated the Constitution and that his acts could not be legalized.

"What's the Constitution among friends?" protested Sheldon.

Assemblyman Palmer refused to withdraw his objection, and the bill was put over till Monday night.

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Watch Them Next Sunday.
WORLD WANTS.

THE table below shows the number of positions offered and sought in New York's great "House, Home and Business Guide"—the Sunday World Want Directory. In addition thousands of other advertisements—Real Estate offerings, chances to buy or sell a profitable business, opportunities to obtain a mercantile, academic or musical education, including varied announcements of furnished-room and boarding house. In all 5,334 advertisements were printed in last Sunday's World Want Directory.

	Help Wanted	Sits Wanted		Help Wanted	Sits Wanted
Agents	103	—	Improvers	6	—
Bakers	5	14	Janitors	11	34
Bartenders	2	47	Laundresses	—	20
Binders	14	2	Machinists	6	16
Boys	101	49	Men	17	20
Bookkeepers	11	20	Millinery	43	—
Cashiers	4	3	Neckwear	10	—
Canvassers	26	—	Operators	124	—
Carpenters	—	26	Painters	3	34
Compositors	14	17	Pressers	16	—
Collectors	10	5	Pressmen	5	13
Cook	9	52	Porters	8	19
Cutters	11	2	Salesladies	17	1
Dentists	5	6	Salesmen	76	5
Designers	12	2	Shipping Clerks	1	3
Day's Work	—	63	Stenographers	4	27
Dressmakers	24	52	Tailors	4	1
Drivers	14	23	Tinsmiths	4	3
Druggists	12	38	Trimmers	11	—
Engineers	2	26	Tuckers	16	—
Embroiderers	7	—	Upholsterers	—	7
Errand Girls	8	—	Washing	1	69
Feeders	3	5	Waist Hands	10	—
Foreladies	7	—	Waiters	4	10
Girls	62	—	Waitresses	6	2
Housekeepers	2	37	Laundry	17	—
Houseworkers	76	72	Miscellaneous	723	493

On last Monday morning the number of answers received from Sunday World "Wants" in the previous Sunday's World Want Directory was 8,069, or 1,457 more than on corresponding Monday last year.

"World Readers Answer Ads."