# PULL OF THE HON. WM. MAGEE

### THIS POLITICAL BUSINESS ISN'T ALL HARDWARE.

**Here's a Girl Might Have Been Cutting Up Sausage to This Day for All Tim Finn Did About It—The Hon. William Works the Oracle and Gets a Vote.**

The Honorable William Magee when once he has something on his mind does not brook interruptions. He likes to tell the story himself:

"This ain't no chinning match," he remarked one day. "If you want to hear what I've got to say you've got to tie a string to your face and let me buzz away for myself. Sure, I'll have one. Thanks!"

Then he began to blow rings into the air, with the implication that presently he would reveal his well ordered thoughts.

"Before I take the drop," said he, after he had launched the third ring, "I want to tell you this. If a fellah's my friend he's my *friend*, and if I find that he's in wrong I'll get on a train at midnight and travel until to-morrow night to lift him out. But say——" and he paused for the space of half a dozen rings—"if a fellah hands me one—good-night! It's all over with him. Sure it is. I'll skin a crook if it takes a week—two weeks!

"Well. You know my district? It's the helofagood district, and I'm it. I'm It. Take a squint at the line of dead ones that hang around these political headquarters. At home they don't count one, two, three. And what do they land here? Nix. But I'm in right. And why? That's easy. In my district I cut ice.

"What? How do I do it? Well, say. Take a guess at that yourself."

The Honorable William paused, in order doubtless to give an opportunity for guessing. Then he went on, and in the corner of his eye there was something to indicate that he might not tell after all.

"I had a story up my sleeve that I was going to spring on you. Do you want to hear it or don't you? You do? Huh!

"There was a fellah over in my district named Murtz!—Jack Murtz. He used to train with Tim Finn. You know Tim Finn? What? You don't know Tim Finn? Well, that ain't no shock to me. I'm glad you don't. He's the Democratic leader in my district. He's a good man all right, but he ain't good *enough*. That is, he's a good man, considering what he is. Between you and me, he's the helofaman. But that's part of the story.

"It was with him that Jack used to run around, as I was telling you, and for about a year he was one of Finn's captains. But that was a while ago, and Jack was pretty young, anyhow.

"Well, say, Jack got in a mess one night when he was out with Tim Finn, and he got pinched for it. It was such a helofa mess that they put him away for two years. What was it that he got jugged for? Huh? Well, it wasn't for speeding no automobile.

"Now, you know that when a fellah gets put away for something like that, when he comes out again he can't vote. Sure, he loses his citizenship. He's just like a kid or a dip or a new dago. Sure, that's it—or a woman.

"Well, it was up to Tim Finn to square him up and get back his right to vote, especially when it was Tim that helped him get snitched. No, it ain't much of a trick—not when you're in right. That is, it didn't use to be. It's the Governor what does it.

"But you see Tim wasn't in right, being what he was. There hasn't been a Democratic Governor of this State for a helofawhile, and of course Tim didn't stand strong with a Republican Governor. That was in the days when a leader had a chance. It's different now. Good night! Tim Finn would get chin with Who's Who just as easy as the Honorable William Magee. But in the time I'm telling you of it was a helofalot different. A helofalot.

"So Jack, when he came home, blew into my house one night and had a buzz with me. Sure he does. He tells me how it happened, what a young fellah he was when he did it, and how he just fell in headforemost and didn't know. I could see Tim Finn's funny business all the way through, but he didn't say anything about him. I was sorry for Jack, and when he went away I told him I was his friend.

"What's that? What are you wanting to know now? Say, who's motorman on this trolley car? You or me? There's two parts to this story, and I know where I'm going better than you.

"A couple of nights after that I was in a sausage store around the corner from my house. Sure it was a sausage store. What you doing, kidding me? The fellah that runs it was one of my captains, and yet. One of the best in the world. The best in the world.

"I says to him, 'Bob, whatinhell's the trouble?' softly, like that. 'You look as though you had lost your district.'

"'Bill,' says he, 'come in the office a minute. I've got someting on my mind.'

"Say, that office was about as big as a cigar as you enter telephone booth. I sat down and he stood with his back to the door. There wasn't room for him to sit down too. Then he says, pointing behind him:

"'Look out there.'

"I took a squint through the door as best I could and saw his daughter out there sawing up some sausage. I asks, 'Well?' I asks again.

"'I'm sorry for the girl,' says he.

"'Ain't,' says I, 'because I don't know what the trouble is.'

"'It's the helofamess,' says he, and there he puts me on.

"'You know this fellah Jack Murtz?'

"'Sure,' says I, 'he's my friend.'

"'Him and the girl,' says he without coming up for wind, 'used to run around together—before they put him away. When he went I told her that I'd never let him in my house again. She didn't say anything. She never does, but I thought after a while that she'd forgot about him.

"'She hadn't. The other day, just after he'd got out, she was standing there where you see her now and she saw him cross the street right here in front of the store and then go up the sidewalk on the other side. I thought she was going to fall over in a faint. A couple of women pointed after him, and then she looked worse. But she didn't say a word.

"'Bill,' says he after a while, 'that kind of got me. I went out and began to sound around to find what people thought of him. And you've heard the stories about how Tim Finn put him up to it, and all that sort of thing.'

"'Sure,' says I. 'I've heard 'em, and I believe 'em.'

"'You do?' says he. 'Then so do I.'

"He didn't say anything for a minute or two, and I heard his watch ticking and the noise of people coming and going in the store. Then he says, 'But, Bill, I won't have a man in my family that ain't a voter. That's the hell of it.'

"'How do you know that Jack wants to be a member of your family?' I asks right away.

"He wrote a letter to me about two weeks ago, when he was still up the state. And I answered it, but I haven't told her what I wrote.'

"Then I said I had to beat it, but I stopped to say good night to the girl as I went through the store. 'She's the helofamice girl. You'd like her yourself.

"It was to Albany for me. I couldn't get there fast enough. That was about the middle of December. I saw the Governor a couple of times—had a nice little chin with him—and he said that he guessed it would work out all right. I came back to my district, but I didn't say a word, and as for that sausage store—well, not for me. You see I wasn't sure.

"Say, the postman got to thinking I was going bugs. I used to watch for him and then go up the street to meet him. It was the 24th of December that I got a letter from Albany, but I didn't have anything to offer about it until along toward night."

The Honorable William paused for a moment.

"No," said he, "I didn't send for the girl or her father. I sent for Jack Murtz. He blew in about 7 o'clock.

"'Jack,' says I, 'I've got a job I want you to pull off for me. Are you on?'

"'Yes,' says he, 'I'm on.'

"'Are you sure?' says I, beginning to laugh at my joke.

"'Yes,' says he, 'I'll do it.'

"'I've got a couple of letters here that I want you to deliver. You know where they go to? One of them is to the old man. When he gets through reading it tell him I said for him to read it to you. Then tell him he's to come over here and to come quick. The other letter is a Christmas card to the girl. I'm in a hurry.

"'Good night,' says he, going out.

"'Good night,' says I."

The Honorable William blew a great number of rings with every evidence of satisfaction. He was thinking in his own way doubtless about the Christmastide.

"I suppose you'd like to be sure what was in those letters. Well," said he, "I'm not going to tell. It was a Christmas gift to a lady."

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of Havana in packings
especially prepared
for the Holidays.
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### E. F. C. YOUNG'S WILL.

**None of Jersey City Banker's Estate Bequeathed Outside the Family.**

The will of Edward F. C. Young, the Jersey City banker who died two weeks ago to-day, was admitted to probate yesterday at the office of Surrogate John P. Egan of Hudson county.

By the terms of the testament, which was executed on September 25, 1902, Mr. Young gave $100,000 outright to each of his children, Mrs. Hattie L. Smith, wife of George T. Smith, and Edward L. Young. He bequeathed $25,000 each to his granddaughters, Miss Natalie Y. Smith and Miss Sibyl E. Young, payable when they become of age, and left his interest in the coal business of Mackey, Young & Co. to his son, Edward L. Young. He also provided the payment of $100 a month to his brother-in-law, Joseph W. Strober, for life.

The balance of the estate was devised to the executors in trust to keep up the homestead at Glenwood avenue and the Hudson Boulevard, as in the testator's life, for the benefit of Mrs. Young, paying all the expenses and in addition thereto paying to Mrs. Young the sum of $15,000 a year. All the furniture, household goods, horses and carriages were given outright to Mrs. Young.

It was provided that upon the death of the widow the residuary will be equally divided between Edward L. Young and Mrs. George T. Smith, the testator's children.

In the will proper Mr. Young named his wife, son and daughter as his executors and trustees, but in a codicil which he signed on November 30, 1908, six days before his death, he revoked "the appointment of my dear wife and daughter as executors and trustees, as I wish to relieve them of all the burdens of the management of my estate," and named Edward L. Young, George T. Smith, his son-in-law, and Edward I. Edwards as executors and trustees. He provided that Mr. Edwards shall receive $100 a month for keeping the books of the estate. The others will serve without pay. Mr. Edwards is cashier of the First National Bank of Jersey City, of which the testator was president for nearly thirty years.

Full powers were given to the executors for the benefit of the widow and children, indicating Mr. Young's desire to keep his estate intact and to continue his large investments in local institutions.

Mr. Young made no bequests to charity. It was said by William D. Edwards, his counsel, that the banker had impressed upon his family that he wished his regular contributions to charities and institutions continued by them.

### REENTER ROSEY THE LAWYER.

**Scavenger of the Sad Sea Wall Interrupts a Soul Bath.**

It was because he wished to steep his soul in quietude that Rosey the Lawyer, head of the Essex Market Bar Association, strayed yesterday from the pleasures of Christmas shopping down to Battery Park. Once seated on a bench, he took from his pocket a cigar a policeman had given him and lighted it. He had taken no special notice of the man who sat beside him on the park bench, but the latter now made himself heard.

"Sump'n burnin', boss?"

Rosey glared at the speaker. His bench mate laughed, and with a wave of his hand knocked the cigar from Rosey's mouth; it fell to the ground and lay sputtering in a pool of melted snow.

"I'll have you arrested," said Rosey.

"Aw, close yer trap. You'd be scared to let a cop take——"

The stranger interrupted himself by slapping Rosey in the face. Indignation struggled with surprise and put it to the mat. The ready orator of Essex Market court was for the moment mute. Thoughts came and went in his mind. Finally they issued forth in yells for help.

The victor of the struggle yawned easily.

"Keep it up; nothin' ud please me better. I haven't had a bite for nearly two days and have been waitin' fer a chance to hit some grub. We'll wait until a cop beats it this way—can't get the mad bee buzzin' in my head long as I smell food in the distance."

With his clothing awry Rosey fled from the scene. He looked at his mussed attire.

"And I might have been saved all this," he said to himself, "if I'd given the man a quarter."

And then Rosey discovered that he had been robbed of $1.15.

### IDEAL CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

**Winners of the Preliminary Straw Vote of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn.**

These were the fifteen leaders in the vote taken on Friday night at the Bedford Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn out of a list of forty-five prospective Mayoralty candidates: The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Justice Joseph Aspinall, William Berri, Joseph H. Choate, George B. Cortelyou, R. Fulton Cutting, Judge Norman S. Dike, Justice William J. Gaynor, William M. Ivins, Darwin R. James, Jr., Martin W. Littleton, Seth Low, Comptroller Herman A. Metz, Theodore Roosevelt and ex-Mayor Charles A. Schieren.

Altogether 480 votes were cast, but the number of votes received by each of the fifteen leaders was not disclosed.

On New Year's Day the fifteen names will be submitted to a general vote, and the winner will be hailed as the ideal candidate.

# NEW EVIDENCE IN HAINS CASE

### COUNSEL HOPE TO GET COOKS' AFFIDAVITS IN.

**They Purport to Tell of the Relations of Annis and the Captain's Wife—State Has 13 More Witnesses—Unofficial Test of Gun Like Capt. Hains's.**

There being no session of the trial of T. Jenkins Hains yesterday the lawyers on both sides spent the day going over the week's accumulation of testimony and planning the work for this week. The first witness to be called to-morrow probably will be Fred Leavitt, superintendent of the Bay Side Yacht Club, where Annis was murdered. Mr. Leavitt already has been on the stand for a few minutes. Louis Harway, who was in the boat with Annis at the time of the shooting, will be another leading witness to take the stand for the State either to-morrow or Tuesday, and Mrs. Annis, whom Mr. Darrin called for a moment on Thursday to complete his corpus delicti, will take the stand again early in the week.

The prosecution still has some thirteen witnesses on its list, and their examination, it is expected, will continue well into this week. With the score or more witnesses whom the defence will call it now does not seem possible to finish the trial before Christmas even if night sessions are held.

Both sides profess themselves pleased with the headway so far made and confident of the ultimate result.

Gen. Hains yesterday received a letter advising him to look up William Garvan, a former steward of the yacht club who was discharged and whose discharge rumor attributes to Mr. Annis.

Among the pieces of testimony which the defence holds regarding the relations of Mrs. Peter C. Hains, Jr., and Mr. Annis, and over which a strong fight will be made regarding its materiality as evidence, are affidavits made by two former cooks in Capt. Hains's household at Fort Hamilton. These women are Minnie Rohne and Emma Leavell. The latter took Miss Rohne's place for five days in the month of December, 1907. Both women allege having seen evidences of very much undue familiarity between the dead man and the wife of the army Captain while Capt. Hains was in the West. Each affidavit is written out in great detail.

The struggle to get these and other testimony regarding the relations of Mrs. Hains and Annis and also regarding the moral character of Annis will be severe, as Justice Crane has shown that he is greatly opposed to the admission of such testimony and will not wait for the District Attorney to act before ruling it out if he believes he can do so without error. Mr. McIntyre says that he believes he has two or three ways in which to get the stuff on the record.

The prosecution plans this week to introduce letters alleged to have been written to Editor Ripley of *Recreation* by the defendant and also a letter alleged to have been written by him to Mr. Annis.

Arrangements have been made for the testing of a Colt's automatic pistol like the one used by Capt. Hains in killing Annis. The tests will be made at Schuetzen Park, Astoria, probably on Monday by Major John P. Hains, brother of the accused, who is said to be regarded as something of an expert with small arms.

The desire for the test arises from the conflicting statements of witnesses regarding the duration of the firing on the yacht club float. Some of the witnesses have testified that the shots came so quickly that they could scarcely be distinguished one from the other, while others noticed a distinct pause between certain shots. The defence contends that a revolver such as was used on that day cannot be handled so as to give irregularities of intervals between shots. Invitations have been sent to newspaper men to attend the tests at Astoria.

### CARTAGO HERE TO BE MENDED.

**She's the Million Dollar Tropic Steamship With Cool Air on Tap.**

The Cartago, the United Fruit Company's million dollar ship fitted with press the button appliances by which passengers conquer whatever temperature, from freezing to tropic heat, they may desire in their berths, came in yesterday under escort of the Merritt-Chapman wrecking steamer Relief. She has never been in this port before, and she is here now to have herself made shipshape by the Morse Iron Works. When she smashed into Utilla Reef in the Bay of Honduras while on a trip from New Orleans to Porto Barrios there was a general impression that she was going to be a total loss. But the wrecking steamer Fremler helped to float her, and she was pumped out and patched up so that she could venture north. She came here under her own steam convoyed by the Relief. She will return to the New Orleans service after she is made as good as new.

### OFFICE FOR R. W. SHERMAN.

**Report That He Is to Be Appointed a State Highway Commissioner.**

UTICA, Dec. 19.—The report comes from Albany that the Hon. Richard W. Sherman, formerly Mayor of Utica, a brother of Vice-President-elect Sherman and a Democrat, is to be appointed by Gov. Hughes as one of the three State Highway Commissioners, who after the new year will have charge of the good road construction and maintenance. One of the commissioners must be a civil engineer and one must be a Democrat. Mr. Sherman is both. He is well qualified for this important position.

When spoken to this afternoon in regard to the report from Albany, which appears to be based on excellent authority, Mr. Sherman said that he had no definite information on the subject. He added that he had made no application for any appointment and had no knowledge concerning the Governor's intentions. Beyond this he did not wish to discuss the matter.

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that will not only help to make this a merrier Christmas, but will give pleasure to all members of the family throughout the coming years. Nothing that you could think of will mean more as a source of pleasure to all members of the family at all times.
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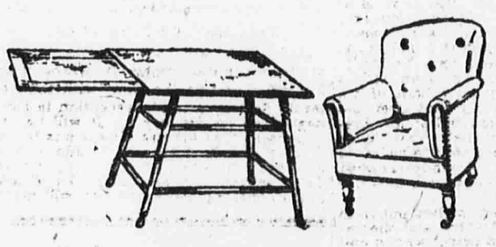

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| **Neck Ruches** in a variety of furs | $5 to $25 |
| **Mungava Seal Coats,** 26 to 50 inches long | $25 to $55 |
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Handsome imported broadcloth coats, lined with all the better furs, with collars and facings of contrasting furs, also fur caps and gloves, at
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*Angora Mittens* ..... 85c. & $1.25 pair
*Misses' and Children's Angora Gloves* ..... $1.35 pair
*Boys' Heavy Wool Gloves* ..... 50c. pair
*Fur and Fur Lined Gloves.*
*Gloves* for Dress, Street and Evening Wear.
*Children's Fur Sets* of White Thibet flat muff and stole ..... $4.25
*Children's Fur Sets* of Iceland Fox flat muff and stole ..... $6.50
*Children's Fur Sets* of Nutria flat muff and collar ..... $7.50
*Infants' Carriage Robes* of sheepskin; double size ..... $6.25
*Infants' Go-Cart Carriage Robes* of sheepskin ..... $7.00
*Children's Coat Sweaters* with pockets; 1 to 3 yrs ..... $1.50
*Boys' Coat Sweaters* of fine worsted; various colors; 26 to 34 ..... $2.85
*Children's Galatea Rompers* in various colorings; 1 to 8 yrs ..... $1.00
*Children's All Wool Flannel Rompers* in red, navy or tan ..... $1.85
*Boys' Tan Khaki Rough Rider Suits;* 4 to 12 yrs ..... $1.25
*Boys' French and Folded Four-in-Hands,* all silk, pretty colorings ..... 39c. & 50c
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10 to 18 ..... $1.00
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2 to 8 yrs ..... $2.25
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*Misses' Pajamas* of fine quality flannelette, fancy colorings;
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*Girls' Raincoats* of Cravenette; new model full box, double breasted; colors: green, brown and navy; sizes 5 to 15; values up to $13.50 ..... $7.50

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*Anchor Stone Building Blocks at special prices.*
*Mechanical Trains* running on tracks ..... *from $1.00 up to $5.50*
*Loaded Trucks* with horse attached ..... $1.25
*Milk Wagon* with horse attached ..... $1.25
*Horses on Platforms,* fine quality $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $3.50, $7.50
*Cows,* leather covered ..... $1.00, $2.00, $2.75
*Horse and Wagon,* attached ..... $1.00 up to $3.50
*Trolley Cars on Tracks* ..... $1.25, $2.00, $3.50
*Dolls* in large variety, dressed and undressed.
*Washable Dolls,* best for young children, with sheepskin wig;
8¾-inch ..... 30c
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12 " ..... 75c
14 " ..... $1.00
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11-inch ..... $1.00
13 " ..... $1.25
15 " ..... $1.50
*Fine Dolls* with Dresses, white organdie, prettily trimmed;
10½-inch ..... $3.25
13 " ..... $4.00
17 " ..... $6.00
19 " ..... $6.75
21 " ..... $8.00
23½ " ..... $9.50
*Dolls' Beds,* made of brass, complete with mattress, bolster and pillows ..... $2.00 up to $12.00
*Trousseaux for Dolls* in baskets ..... $3.25, $4.00
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Few in the larger sizes.
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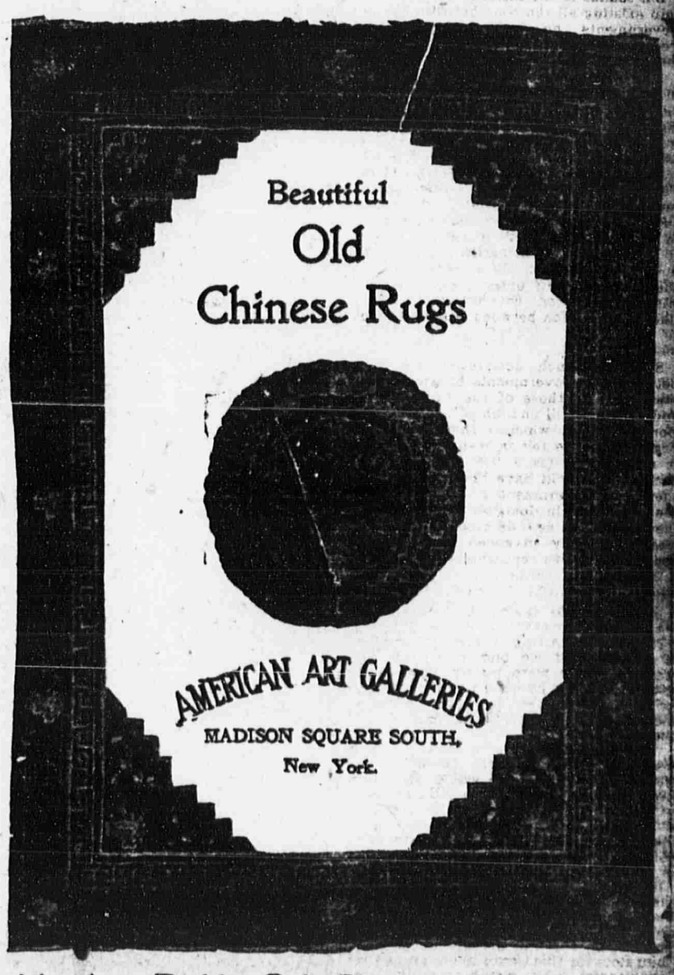

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