

BULLET ENDS LIFE OF GRACE VAUGHN

Actress Escapes from Muldoon's Sanitarium and Fires Two Shots Into Head.

HAD STARRED IN OPERA.

Theatrical Manager Bothner, Her Husband, Was Near When She Used Pistol.

Actress Who Ended Her Life by Shooting Herself in Head



Grace Vaughn, an actress, the wife of Gus Bothner, a prominent theatrical manager, committed suicide today at the home of her sister, Rose Gibbs, at No. 248 West Forty-sixth street, under remarkable circumstances. Because of the peculiar manner in which the woman killed herself, Bothner, her husband, Frank Hollingsworth, her brother, and Arline Bennett, an actress, who had been nursing her, were taken into custody and held until discharged by Coroner Dooley, who satisfied himself that the case was one of suicide.

Shot Herself Twice. Miss Vaughn shot herself twice. There was an interval of at least four minutes between the first shot and the second. Bothner was taking a bath in an adjoining room when both shots were fired and heard neither of them. The first shot was heard by Miss Bennett, who started to investigate, but was reassured by a sight of Miss Vaughn walking about in the hallway outside the room.

The unfortunate actress yesterday got away from Muldoon's rest cure institute in Westchester County, where she had been a patient, and turned up at her home late in the evening.

Mr. Bothner says she kept him awake all night, talking about her fear that she would become permanently insane.

She asked repeatedly if I thought she would get well, Bothner told the police. "I reassured her as best I could. She appeared to be asleep when I went to the bathroom at 5 o'clock. I turned on the water and the sound drowned out the report of the pistol. I went back to the room and had happened until Miss Bennett told me."

Miss Vaughn and her husband occupied a room on the third floor. Before retiring last night Miss Vaughn asked Miss Bennett to sit up and talk to her, but Mr. Bennett dissuaded her from pressing her request. Miss Bennett slept in a room on the fourth floor.

Woman Heard Shots. "I heard what I thought was a pistol shot," Miss Bennett says, "shortly after 5 o'clock. I ran into the hall and on the landing I met one of the roomers in the house. She, too, had heard the sound and I spoke to her of it. She said it was a blast set off at Forty-sixth street and Broadway, and I thought so, too."

"While we were talking on the stairs just below the landing the door of Grace's room opened and she stepped into the hall. She was in her nightgown and very pale. Her left side was toward us. We could not see the right side of her face or her right hand, which appeared to be wrapped in the folds of her nightgown."

"I called out to her, but she did not reply. As I was starting down the stairs she took a few steps in the hall and then backed to the room again. I started upstairs and had just reached the door of my room, when I heard another shot."

"This time I knew a pistol had been fired in the house. I ran down to Grace's room and tried the first door. I came to it. It was the door of the bathroom. I heard Gus splashing around in the bathtub and went to the door of the room proper."

Alarms Husband. "As I entered I saw Grace lying on the floor on her right side. I spoke to her and went over to try to get her to get up. As I approached her I saw blood on the floor and on her face. I screamed, and Gus came running out of the bathroom. Mr. Hollingsworth and the rest were soon on the scene."

Miss Bennett says that Miss Vaughn bought a revolver about a month ago and showed it, announcing that she intended to kill herself with it. She was persuaded to take it back to the store where it was purchased and secure the return of her money. The revolver with which she killed herself belonged to her husband and was

Lumus Zeigler, of Geneva, N. Y., who is a guest of the Everett House, in Union Square, was held up and robbed by three highwaymen in Fifth avenue early today. The attack occurred near Fifteenth street.

One of the three asked Mr. Zeigler for a match, and as he reached in his pocket for it they set upon him, held him and took his watch and pocket-book.

Releasing him, they started to run. Mr. Zeigler's cries brought Detectives Scott and Forbes, who gave chase and captured the accused. They also were Benjamin Stern, No. 143 Clinton street; Harry Schwartz, No. 236 East Twelfth street; and John Adams, No. 119 East Nineteenth street.

kept in a drawer in a dresser in the room.

Coroner Dooley thinks that the first shot fired was deflected by the bones of the head and did not reach a vital spot. Half dazed, Miss Vaughn went into the hall, still carrying the .45-caliber pistol. The sound of the voice of Miss Bennett aroused her and she went back and fired another shot at her temple. This reached her brain and killed her.

Miss Vaughn had been an invalid for two years. Some twelve years ago she was treated in insane asylums in Illinois and Ohio and the fear that she would eventually lose her mind preyed upon her.

About the middle of August she was sent to Muldoon's Farm near White Plains, for treatment. She was practically under restraint there, but succeeded in escaping late yesterday afternoon with the assistance of a sixteen-year-old boy whose acquaintance she had made.

Seemed Rational. When she left the Muldoon place she wore a sweater and a short walking skirt and was bareheaded. The boy guided her to the trolley line and rode with her to New York. She had a bill, which she had concealed upon her arrival at Muldoon's. Upon reaching the home of her sister Miss Vaughn gave the boy who had accompanied her the sweater and all the change she had.

After the husband and relatives were warned when she walked in upon them bareheaded and disheveled.

She appeared to be rational, however, and it was decided best to allow her to have her way for the time. Mr. Bothner and all the others who talked to her last night agree that she gave no intimation of her intention to end her life. They knew, however, that she had been suffering from insanity for some three years ago.

Investigation Clears Husband. The pistol with which she killed herself was a five-chambered affair with a

Three Thieves Choke and Rob Man in 5th Av.

Suspects Captured After Chase by Two Detectives.

Hurt by Auto.

Farmer Run Down by People Who Do Not Stop and Care for Victim.

Own Your Own Boat and Have Fun

self-cocking attachment. Four of the chambers were empty, but two had not been loaded recently. There was but one round apparent. It both struck the woman in the head and into the same spot.

Dr. Pierson, of No. 712 West Forty-ninth street, and Dr. Sutton, of Roosevelt Hospital, reached the scene at the same time. Both agreed that the woman shot herself, pulling the trigger close to her temple. Then Detective-Lieut. Joseph Donohue arrived for investigation.

Grace Gibbs, a niece of the dead woman, told him a story that prompted him to take Mr. Bothner and the others into custody. The girl said she had a room below that occupied by the Bothners, and that there was an interval of at least four minutes between the two shots.

Bothner, the husband of Grace Vaughn, is one of the best-known managers in the theatrical world. In the days when Hotis' farces were all the rage, Mr. Bothner managed "A Bunch of Keys," in which Ada Bothner, then his wife, starred.

After Ada Bothner died Mr. Bothner married Grace Vaughn. She was an actress and had been with the McCalla Opera Company, the Spencer Opera Company and in various comedies.

Number of Asylums. In 1893 she married Andrew Rawson Jennings, of Cleveland, a relative of the Standard Oil Jennings. They separated soon after and Jennings had her placed in an insane asylum at Cleveland where she remained seven months. A few months after her release from the Cleveland institution she was committed from Chicago to the insane asylum at Elgin, Ill., from which she was discharged as cured.

Her last engagement was with "The Great Gatsby" at the Elgin institution, the rights of which Mr. Bothner purchased from Charles Frohman. Her brother, Mr. Hollingsworth, was also connected with the enterprise.

Mr. Bothner is a wealthy man. Of Mrs. Chapman's last night's flight in Long Island real estate, besides her own, she is interested in "Sherlock Holmes" and "The Slave" with Sanger & Jordan in New York. Her husband, Mr. Bothner, has a large estate in New York at No. 422 Broadway. His partner, who has been greatly worried of late about the mental state of his wife,

Joseph F. Norton, a discharged fireman, is under observation in Bellevue Hospital today, following his effort to give an imaginary comrade from death. His peculiar action at Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue yesterday attracted a large crowd, and came at the same time that Chief Bonner in his findings recorded that Norton was dishonorably discharged.

Young Norton is a stepson of Battalion Chief Thomas E. Norton. He is upward as he ran to an "L" car yesterday, he should to those who had stopped to watch him.

Follow me, men, and save Jack. He's up there in the flames. Let's save him!" Those nearest Norton saw that there was a strange light in his eyes as he reason had fled. He appeared to be held by an illusion that a comrade was in peril. He started to climb the pillar and was exerting his utmost strength when he was later arrested. Appeared in response to Norton's appeals for assistance.

Jack has been saved. Come down and comfort him."

Kentucky Prosecutor Refutes Story of Attempt to Bribe.

RATES TO EUROPE CUT STILL LOWER IN WAR OF LINES

White Star, Red Star, American and Atlantic Transport Make Cuts.

STRIFE ISN'T ENDED.

Reductions Started by French Company May Be Further Sliced.

The International Mercantile Marine Company, which controls the White Star, American, Atlantic Transport and Red Star lines, entered the transatlantic rate war today with substantial reductions in the passage rate from New York to Europe on seven first-class ships. The reductions take effect immediately.

This is the opening gun of the battle from this side of the water, and it will undoubtedly be met by a slashing of rates on the part of the other lines. Experienced sea sharps see a big battle ahead, and it might be well for those contemplating a trip abroad to wait until the rival companies get right down to gouging and killing tactics.

The Cunard line is accused by the other steamship companies of opening the way by reducing its rates from New York to Paris by way of Liverpool. Then the big German lines jumped in with announcements of reductions. The White Star line is accused by the other steamship companies of opening the way by reducing its rates from New York to Paris by way of Liverpool.

The first-class rate from New York to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton on the Cunard line is cut from \$100 to \$85, and on the White Star line from \$100 to \$85. The rate on the American line is cut from \$100 to \$85. The rate on the Atlantic Transport line is cut from \$100 to \$85. The rate on the Red Star line is cut from \$100 to \$85.

In rate war it is customary for the contenders to meet every cut with a greater reduction. The British companies, which have heretofore claimed to know no such thing as a "rate war," will make every body with a few dollars saved want to take an ocean voyage.

FOUR GIVE BLOOD TO SAVE HER LIFE

Brother of Mrs. Chapman Has Veins Tapped for Pint of Life Fluid.

A fourth volunteer has given his life-blood to keep the flickering spark of life in Mrs. Chapman. Her brother, Charles Chapman, of the Prospect Heights Hospital, who has been unconscious for a week in the hospital, has given a pint of his blood to the sick woman.

As a result Dr. Campbell announced today that although Mrs. Chapman was still unconscious, an analysis of her blood showed an improved condition.

Blood-poisoning had resulted from a small operation and the hospital, where she became unconscious, last Sunday. Dr. Campbell informed her relatives that the transfusion of her blood might save her.

Mr. Livingston Chapman, the husband's well-known cigar baritone, was first to transfuse a pint of blood into his wife's wrist. This was followed by the blood of the third volunteer, and the brother, who had been summoned from Cape Cod, furnished the fourth pint.

HOTEL CLERK IS HELD FOR THEFT

Night Watchman of the Empire Causes Arrest of New Man at Desk.

Edward S. Baker, of No. 667 Sixth avenue, was charged with the theft of \$111.15 from the cash drawer of the Empire Hotel. Sixty-third street and Columbus avenue, of which he was night clerk in the West Side Court today.

William J. Cosgrove, cashier of the hotel, testified that Baker had his position only two weeks when the alleged theft occurred.

On the night Baker had his position left his desk, saying he wanted to see a telegram. The night watchman, Mr. Andrew, became suspicious when he did not return in a half hour and called in the cashier. The theft was at once discovered.

Baker was found, intoxicated, at the home of his mother at No. 211 South Ninth street. She says that she has been repeatedly warned by friends to keep out of the reach of her husband, as he has repeatedly avowed his intention of getting revenge on her for the publicity she has given to his family affairs. He is worth about \$6,000, having inherited real estate worth that amount on the recent death of his father.

PRINCESS WHO IS TO WED SON OF THE KING OF GREECE



PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE.

COPENHAGEN, Aug. 31.—Official announcement is made of the betrothal of Prince George, of Greece, and the Princess Marie Bonaparte.

Prince George is the second son of King George, of Greece, and is thirty-eight years old. He ruled Greece for some time as High Commissioner of the Powers, and is a Vice-Admiral in the Greek and Danish and Russian navies.

The Princess Marie is daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte and of Marie-Felix Blanc, daughter of the Monte Carlo Casino proprietor, and is twenty-five years old.

Inheriting a vast fortune from her maternal grandfather, Marie is said to be the richest Princess in Europe.

TROUBLE WITH WIFE MAY LAND HIM IN PRISON

Mrs. Sommerkorn's Lawyer Asks to Have Him Sent to Jail for Contempt.

Ferdinand Sommerkorn, of No. 207 Jefferson street, Newark, has been summoned to appear before Vice-Chancellor Frederick W. Stevens next Tuesday and show cause why he should not be sent to jail for contempt of court.

The case first came up before Vice-Chancellor Stevens on July 10 and after hearing evidence on the application for temporary alimony pending the final disposition of the case he ordered Sommerkorn to pay his wife \$6 a week and to deposit \$500 with the ordinary of New Jersey for the faithful performance of the Court's order.

Sommerkorn has not given the necessary bond, neither has he paid his wife. He wrote to his wife that if she wanted the money she must come and bring her infant child with her. But the wife refused to do so, as she alleges that her husband has threatened both herself and child with bodily harm when he meets them.

She wrote her husband to turn the money over to her lawyer. This he has refused to do. Hence the contempt proceedings.

Vice-Chancellor Stevens commanded the wife to allow her husband to have possession of the child every Tuesday pending the trial. The Court ordered him not to remain in the neighborhood of his wife's home at any time longer than necessary.

In his application for a writ of attachment Lawyer Otto alleges that the husband has positively refused to pay the alimony and that he says he "will go to jail first." Sommerkorn is now under \$500 bonds to keep the peace.

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Why Should a Woman Be Compelled to Tell Her Years to Any One?

Until Her Sex, Like Wine, Improves With Age, There Can Be Neither Rhyme Nor Reason in It.

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

"I SHALL not tell my age, so there!" exclaimed Mrs. Ella C. Highland when asked to do so in a Columbus (Ohio) court-room.

The attorney insisted. "The Court fails to see that the question is pertinent. It need not be answered," ruled the presiding judge, and thereby enshrined himself in the hearts of women.

Why should a woman be compelled to tell her age in court or anywhere else? There are always enough other people, from her little brother to her dearest friend, ready to tell it for her.

No matter how fresh and charming she may appear, there is always some one to say, "Yes, she looks twenty-one or two; but to my positive knowledge she's at least thirty!"

If women, like wine, were supposed to improve with years, then there might be some reason for one telling one's age. But as age, on the contrary, is believed to have an immediate and deleterious effect on the life, liberty and the pursuit of matrimony guaranteed to us as American citizens, any woman is justified in denying all information on the subject.

In court she may readily refuse to answer, on the familiar plea that to do so would tend to incriminate and degrade her.

WOULD BE FOLLY IN THE BUSINESS WOMAN. The business woman is particularly foolish if she tells her age. The commercial world requires youth, freshness and vigor of its women as well as of its men.

The pitiful figure of the man employee dyeing his hair that his employer may not note the silver record of years has its feminine prototype in the elderly working woman affecting the sprightly gait and wearing the giddy garments of an eighteen-year-old girl.

The wise woman—employed or otherwise—does not tell her age, but lets concealment and the masseuse feed on her damask cheek and keep it rosy and round and recordless of years.

It may take time for her to learn this reticence. She may start by proclaiming her age from the house tops. If she does she will discover that though by her ingenuous arithmetic she was twenty-three last year, it is twenty-four this year, and will be twenty-five the next, her friends grow old by no such simple method, and the girl who was two years older than she last year may blushing admit to-day that there is only three months difference in their ages.

I have passed several lonely companions in this way myself, and know the bitterness thereof.

THE WIVES OF THE WIDOW. A woman's actual age has very little to do with her attractiveness these days.

The idol of my soul—if I had one, ah, me!—would be kept carefully out of reach of all ambitious ladies from thirty-five to fifty. He could see all the young girls he wanted to, provided he forswore the elderly siren and her allurements.

For what a woman loses in wrinkles she gains in experience of the heart of man, and the most furrowed widow is, in my mind, more to be feared than the freshest primrose dame of them all.

But her age is her own secret, which she should jealously guard from every one—most of all from her own mirror.

GIRLS' FUSS TIES UP 'PHONE WIRES. One Will Lose Job for Claiming Coat Which Belonged to Another.

Maybe the patrons of the Seventy-ninth street Telephone Exchange will get better service to-day. Magistrate Corrigan did his best to untangle the trouble which has been swirling up the wires when today, in Harlem Court, he heard the complaint of Margaret Minkay, eighteen years old, of No. 225 East Eighty-fourth street, against Elizabeth Downing, sixteen years old, of No. 167 East Eighty-fourth street.



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At a preliminary hearing Miss Highland seemed quite anxious to push the charges. It was then that the publication of a number of names. It was said that he would drag a famous young millionaire, who is married, into the case.

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ACTRESS FAILS TO PUSH CHARGE OF EXTORTION

Case Involving Threats Against Rich Men Allowed to Drop.

Because the young actress who accused them declined to appear to testify and undergo cross-examination, Magistrate Brown today in the Central Street Police Court discharged Jennie Pearlmutter, a maid, and Henry Steiner, a furrier, who had been arrested last week on the charge of extortion.

When the case of the pair were called to-day Attorney Daniel O'Reilly, representing the original complainant, Miss Susanna Halprin, stated that his client had left town and that he did not know when she would return. The Magistrate indicated the papers "refusal to prosecute."

The Pearlmutter girl was employed as a maid by Miss Halprin. It was said that after she left the actress's employ she took to Steiner a list of the names of well-known men who, she claimed, had called upon her former mistress. It was alleged that an attempt was made to blackmail the men in question. Miss Halprin was also asked for a list of names, according to her story to the police, of men who she arranged to meet with Steiner at the Hotel Rand, in West Forty-ninth street. Exclusively were in waiting and at the proper time they stepped out and arrested the furrier. Later Miss Pearlmutter was looked up.

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STUMBLING HORSE KILLS POLICEMAN

Mounted Officer Wallace Dies of Injuries Sustained in Race.

Mounted Policeman Thomas Wallace, of the Speedway Squad, died today in the Washington Heights Hospital as the result of injuries sustained yesterday when he was thrown from his horse while racing.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon the six horses of the squad met as usual for their evening dash to the West One Hundred and Fifty-second Street Station. The spirited dash of the platoon, which usually becomes a nip-and-tuck race, was one of the picturesque evening sights of the Speedway.

Wallace on his mount, Ballot, led easily through the fancy rigs to One Hundred and Fifty-second street. He seemed little danger. Policeman McKean, on Pepper, forged past Wallace and was a length ahead when Ballot stumbled and fell, throwing Wallace. As the policeman lay stunned the horse rolled on him and one of the sharp points of the saddle struck his head, fracturing his skull.

The five policemen were quick to go to the aid of their stricken comrade. While they were disentangling horse and rider several hundred well-known spectators gathered about the doctor, then James Murphy and Henry Stoughton, both millionaire drivers.

Wallace was taken to the hospital, married and leaves four children. His home was at No. 1719 Amsterdam avenue. He was a member of the Police Commissioner's First Deputy Police Commissioner's staff. His work was so important that the Commissioner had him detailed to the Speedway squad in 1905.

At 5 o'clock this morning Dr. Strang at the Norwegian Hospital reported the arrival of a dilapidated citizen with a gunshot hole in his back.

After watching the doctor for a few minutes, the man, who is about thirty-two years old, of No. 26 Fifth street, was taken to the police along with the man who brought him to the hospital, John G. Brady, of No. 119 East Nineteenth street. Both were intoxicated. Brady told Magistrate Geismar, in charge of the Police Court, that he had nothing more, except that he was running a saloon. The Magistrate sent him home in a cab.

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Advertisement for Grape-Nuts cereal, featuring the text "Good Digestion" and "Waits on Appetite".