

WOMAN NEMESIS RUNS DOWN MAN SHE ONCE LOVED

Nathan Liskind, Accused of Bigamy, Finds There's No Fury Like Woman Scorned. SHE PLAYS DETECTIVE. Then Sacrifices Self to Law to End Meteoric Career of Auto-Riding Bookkeeper.

The four-speed forward, brightly illuminated and somewhat pyrotechnical career of Nathan Liskind came to a sudden and calamitous collapse to-day when he was arraigned in the West Side Court to face charges of grand larceny, bigamy and wife desertion. He was committed to jail on the grand larceny charge to await a hearing Monday, by which time the other multifarious charges will be piled up against him.

His alleged betrayal and artless treatment of a young woman for whom he is accused of deserting his first wife led to the downfall of handsome and scintillating Nathan. To revenge herself upon him, the woman, Miss Emily Shutter, a young Canadian trained nurse, has put her own liberty in jeopardy by confessing she pawned a ring Liskind is alleged to have stolen from Miss Cassie Vickers of No. 120 West Sixty-fourth street. Miss Shutter worked up the bigamy case, she says she found a deserted wife, Mrs. Lillian Liskind, on Harriet avenue, Moscone, N. J., and a bride of a few days, Mrs. Lillian Koch, at No. 977 Union avenue, the Bronx.

WON BRIDE BY AUTO COURTSHIP, 'TIS TESTIFIED. Nathan Koch, father of the bride, appeared in court to-day and told of Liskind's automobile courtship of his daughter, who recently inherited \$50,000 from a relative. Because Mr. Liskind made about in high-powered automobiles he wooed the Kochs before he was rich. Instead of being rich Nathan was working at a humble wage as bookkeeper for the firm of Blaine & Shutz at No. 42 Fifth avenue.

According to the story told by Miss Shutter, who made her home with Liskind for four years notwithstanding he scolded her with extreme brutality. She loved him, she swears, and continued to love him until she was divorced. He took her to Canada and abandoned her on the streets of Montreal. She alleges he took her there to get rid of her so he could marry the Bronx heiress.

Miss Shutter admits it was in order to catch her revenge that she told the detectives where the stolen ring was pawned an often to-day confessed having pawned it herself for Nathan, thereby bringing about the arrest on a charge of grand larceny. She declares Nathan stole the ring from Miss Vickers to finance his project of getting rid of Miss Shutter. Miss Vickers was an old friend of Miss Shutter's.

DESERTED, SHE RAN DOWN MAN SHE HAD LOVED. "He took me to Montreal," said Miss Shutter to-day, "and deserted me. I left me absolutely penniless. It was only recently that I was able to get back to New York and set on his trail." One of the first things Miss Shutter learned, she says, was that Liskind was living with a bride in the Bronx. Then Miss Shutter went to Moscone, N. J., where she says she found Mrs. Lillian Liskind and her eight-year-old child. From her, she says, she learned the first Mrs. Liskind had never been divorced. Miss Shutter next went to the home of Mrs. Liskind, N. J., but she refused to believe the bigamy story. Nathan appeared and ordered Miss Shutter out of the house. She went to the Harlem Police Court then and laid her case before the authorities. Liskind was arrested yesterday and locked up in the West Forty-seventh street station.

Liskind is a son of the late Nathan Liskind, a jeweler, who left a fortune when he died, ten years ago. The son inherited \$10,000. Soon after his father's death Mrs. Ida West Haines of Tenafly, N. J., who obtained a divorce from him.

OWN RAT TRAPS GOT HIM; PEDDLER IN AWFUL TANGLE. Snared Snipped Rochester Man and Police Found Him Helpless and Badly Hurt.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Anthony Hassel, a peddler of rat-traps, presented one of the queerest cases to the police last night the local officers had to deal with in a long time. Hassel carries his stock in trade upon his back, and yesterday, while interviewing prospective customers, traded traps for intoxicating liquors.

Late last night a patrolman found him fixturedly mixed with the traps. The officer was unable to free the man from the steel grips and a call was sent for a hospital ambulance. At the hospital the surgeons had a hard time in removing the traps, which had settled themselves to all parts of the peddler's body. The man was badly bruised and cut and was still under treatment to-day.

Waite Sam's Carfare Severe. WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—Carfare is scarce in the government service. Instructions have been issued in all the departments to division and bureau chiefs to hold carfare expenses down to the absolute minimum. In many of the last session slashed the estimate for carfare of messengers and others compelled to travel between departments and about the city. As a result there will be a lot of walking on short legs.

WHAT IS THE IDEAL HUSBAND? Seventh Article of a Series.

His Friends Consider Him Henpecked And Spiritless if He Is in Existence

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"The Ideal Wife Is a Widow," Writes a Bachelor, Who Declares "They Study Men, They Seek Out Their Whims, Know Their Follies, Treat Them as if They Like Them, Even if They Don't."

BY NIXOLA GREELY-SMITH.

As though trying to equal in originality the Bayville, L. I., matron who observed the other day that the ideal husband can be found only among the ranks of the old bachelors, a self-confessed bachelor informs us to-day that the ideal wife is a widow.

"Widows study men," observes this reader of The Evening World. "They seek out their whims, know their follies, treat them as if they liked them, even if they don't. Then presto, we read that the dashing Mrs. So-and-so was married yesterday to the well-known banker or broker. The secret is that if you show a man you like him, he'll like you."

Now, if a man's notion of the ideal wife is that of a comfortable, patient soul, who dishes the vegetables while he carves and hangs upon the story of the day's triumph or disaster when he smokes the after-dinner pipe of peace, he cannot do better than take this astute bachelor's advice.

In each case it lasted until the person failed to show me the proper respect. In one case only was I to blame. Why do widows make ideal wives? Why do they marry so successfully? Simply because they have had experience. They study men, find out their whims, know their follies, treat them as if they liked them, even if they don't. Then, presto! the dashing Mrs. So-and-so was married yesterday to the well-known banker or broker.

WITH THE ACCENT ON THE POOR. A TALE OF AN IDEAL HUSBAND. When T. S. takes to himself a wife, Love, for him, is a short-lived dream; Of the passion that glows at the heart of the man who is married to-day.

HE GETS BUT A PASSING GLANCE. Romance grows stale in a Harlem flat; And when the first child is born, A mere nonentity after that. He smiles—but feels forlorn.

But chains hold fast—he is duty-tied. And hasn't much time to fret; "One darned thing after another" is tried; But dollars are hard to get. He hustles, and joins in the downtown rush. And strives of his best to give! But he feels the passive resistant push Of millions trying to live.

The kid grows up—but a discontent. Marred a face that some charms possessed, As she more and more realized what it meant To be socially assessed. No autors came—she paled and paled, And her lips grew a curl of scorn; She blames her father for having failed; He smiles—but feels forlorn.

Thus pass the years—life and death between. Dead hopes in their graves are laid; He sighs when he thinks of what might have been. If single he had stayed, For such mean thoughts he deserves disgrace. You think? Well, if thoughts are sin— But the better is that in any case. He would never have scored a win. MODERN FATALIST.

Irish Potatoes Banned. WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—Real Irish potatoes from Ireland will not be eaten in this country hereafter. The Department of Agriculture to-day issued an order prohibiting importation of Irish potatoes from Ireland, England, Germany and Austria. The department's action was caused by the discovery that the potatoes grown in these countries are infested with "potato wart," which makes them unfit for human consumption.

Red Cross-Cough Drops. Make the throat feel glad. 5c. per box.

Ex-Empress Eugenie Horrilled by Cost of Modern Gowns; Couldn't Have Bought Them Herself Even When on Throne.

PARIS, Sept. 21.—Empress Eugenie, says the Cri de Paris, has all of woman's interest in the latest fashions, despite her age. During her recent stay at the Capital she greatly admired some of the smartest dresses worn by the French nobility, but when she was told what they cost she held up her hands in horror. "When I was on the throne," she said, "I never paid more than \$120 for a gown. Even then I was accused of extravagance. If I had had to pay what you ladies pay I should never have been able to make both ends meet."

FIRE CHIEF LEAPS OUT OF HIS WRECKED AUTO, BARELY SAVING HIS LIFE

Guerin and His Chauffeur Nearly Buried Beneath Machine in Crash. Deputy Fire Chief William Guerin, head of the Fire Prevention Bureau at Fire Headquarters, and his chauffeur, John Corrigan, had a narrow escape from death at the corner of East Sixty-seventh street and Park avenue to-day when an auto delivery wagon belonging to the Vantine Company of No. 879 Broadway struck the department auto in which they were riding and smashed it into a hopeless wreck.

The delivery auto was being operated by Patrick McCallum of No. 36 Third avenue, and with him on the driver's seat was a helper from the store. The machine was being driven at a rate of between eighteen and twenty miles an hour down the hill on Park avenue toward Sixty-ninth and Sixty-seventh streets. Deputy Chief Guerin's auto was going west on Sixty-seventh street. Just as the department auto came into view from behind the railing of the boulevard the chauffeur struck the delivery wagon and his helper was thrown down the hill.

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The Deputy Chief called a policeman and made a charge of reckless driving against the driver of the Vantine wagon, who was locked up in the East Sixty-seventh street station, and later arraigned in the Harlem Court.

Brewer Glad to Get Back. A. A. Busch, head of the St. Louis beerage, was a passenger on the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, which arrived to-day. He has been spending several months in his castle on the Rhine. The millionaire will go at once to St. Louis and then to Pasadena, Cal., where he spends his winters. Mr. Busch said he had no fault to find with Germany, but was mighty glad to get back to America.

Training Ship at Bermuda. The training ship Newport arrived at Bermuda, Bermuda, to-day with all on board well, according to a cablegram received by Michael J. Sullivan, chairman of the Executive Committee on the Naval School of the Board of Education.

Police Capture Fleeing Auto After Race Through Bay Ridge. Daniel Brophy, an ironworker, of No. 67 Sixth street, Brooklyn, was thrown from an automobile at Eleventh street and Third avenue in which he and four companions had been carousing about Bay Ridge and Flatbush early to-day. The other four, who had been fighting with him, ordered Chauffeur Richard Burke of No. 23 Fifty-sixth street to drive on, though Brophy was yelling in agony caused by a broken leg.

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DEATH STILL TRAILS ARMY AVIATORS; TWO MORE KILLED

Third Double Fatality in a Month Recorded in Fall of German Officers.

FREIBURG, Saxony, Sept. 21.—Two German military officers were killed while flying near here to-day. This makes the third double fatality in which members of the army flying corps were the victims to occur in Europe within the present month. The machine, which was of the monoplane type, was being piloted by Lieut. Berger, who was carrying Lieut. Jungmann as a passenger, in a flight from Chemnitz to Berlin. When passing over this city the machine suddenly plunged from a high elevation to the ground. The aviators were instantly killed and the monoplane was smashed to bits. The cause of the accident is not explained.

On account of the recent casualties to aviators of the British Army Flying Corps, in which six aviators all lost their lives, the British War Office recently suspended the use of monoplane in the service.

FIGHTING STARLING WHIPS A GAMECOCK, PECKS OUT HIS EYE!

Darcy, Hotel Man, Who Tells Story, Says He Will Get Rooster a Glass One. A brutal and bloodthirsty starling attacked a gamecock in the yard of Darcy's Hotel, Springfield, Staten Island, at daybreak to-day. Mr. Darcy heard a great chattering in a peach tree near his window and a following squawking of his own poultry. He climbed out of the window and saw that a flock of starlings was fluttering through the branches in wild excitement watching the attack of their comrades on the rooster.

The chickens had deserted the rooster and had run under bushes and into coops. The starling did not alight, but made short circles about the rooster's head, darting in with beak and claws whenever the gamecock's head was thrust out in an attempt to drive him off. Now and then the rooster would jump into the air and try to snuff his tormentor. Mr. Darcy watched the outcome calmly until he saw that the rooster was becoming uncertain and frightened and that its head was bloody.

He ran out in his night clothes and caught up the gamecock. He found that its right eye was gone. As he walked to the house with the rooster in his arms the starling flew in his face and began striking at his nose and eyes. Mr. Darcy laid down his fowl, picked up a stick and batted the tiny warrior into Kingdom Come.

The flock of starlings flew away uttering cries of rage and grief—according to Mr. Darcy. The chickens came shamefacedly out of their hiding places. Mr. Darcy says he is going to get the gamecock a glass eye and change his name from Bob Fitzsimmons to that of Andrew Carnegie or some other renowned peace advocate.

Another Dynamite Indictment. BOSTON, Sept. 21.—Another indictment was returned to-day by the Suffolk County Grand Jury, which has been investigating the alleged illegal distribution of dynamite in Lawrence during the textile strike last January. After reporting to Judge John H. Hardy the Grand Jury was excused until Sept. 30, when it will resume the investigation.

BRITISH COUNTESS, WHO WAS FASCINATED BY SKYLINE HERE.



COUNTESS MELLO

Among the passengers aboard the incoming White Star steamship Baltic, which arrived to-day, were several titled English folk, some of whom were making their first visit to this country. These said that more and more the custom is growing in British society of touring the United States and Canada instead of the Continent, and they believed that before long almost as great a tide of tourists would set out from England for these shores as leaves America each summer for Europe.

The Countess Mello of London was one who had not been to America before. She was travelling with Mrs. J. Muir, formerly of Chicago, but now a resident of England. The Countess found the sky line of New York even more fascinating than she had anticipated, and during the trip up East River she clung to the rail, exclaiming with wonder at the cliffs of steel frowning over the river.

Lady Sybil Cutting and her son were also aboard the Baltic. Lady Sybil is the daughter of the Earl of Desart and the widow of the late William Bayard Cutting Jr.

OLD MAN, LATE FOR LINER, DASHES AFTER HER ON TUG. Victor Watteyme Runs So Hard Down Pier After Her That He Collapses. Fifteen minutes after the Red Star liner Vaderland had left her pier to-day, a taxicab roused up to the dock and an old man with a long gray beard jumped out.

Half a dozen hands snatched at his luggage, piled it on a truck and the road was started at breakneck speed for the end of the pier, where the tug Doves was waiting. As the old man ran he held his hand over his heart. His breath came in gasps. Customs inspectors sought to stop him, for he did not appear like a man of means. Beneath the eyes of the inspectors the old man flashed a big roll of bills and ran on.

Just as he reached the tug he fell. Dockhands dragged him aboard and the craft went puffing out toward the Vaderland, then in midstream. Watchers on the dock, who had identified the old man as Victor Watteyme, chief menu inspector for the Belgian Government, saw the tug's crew working over him. He finally was revived and was able to ascend the ladder hung down from the Vaderland's deck.

BABY GOES ON COOING AFTER RUNAWAY HITS HER LITTLE GO-CART

Small Brother Also Escapes Injury, but Older One is Trampled Under Hoofs.

"No school to-day," said Mrs. Martha Pfeiffer to her ten-year-old son, Paul, this morning, "so you can take the babies for an airing." So right after breakfast the boy started out from their home, No. 215 Suydam street, Williamsburg, with his baby sister, Dorothy, lying in the go-cart, while Benny, the three-year-old brother, sat on the dashboard.

Paul wheeled the children up and down in front of the home for some time and then decided a change of scene would be helpful. He was crossing Knickerbocker avenue when he was startled by the clatter of horse's hoofs and warning shrieks. Down Knickerbocker avenue came a horse attached to a peddler's wagon in full gallop. There was no driver on the seat, and Paul seemed paralyzed with fear. Persons continued to shout, but the boy stood stock still. Before those who had seen the children's peril could reach their side the horse tore into the boy, go-cart and all.

BABY NOT INJURED BY THE RUNAWAY. The baby and Benny were tossed out. Paul was knocked down and the horse sped on. Spectators who rushed into the street expecting to find the babies killed were surprised to find Dorothy cooing as if nothing had happened, while Benny whined a little over trifling scratches. The younger children had not been touched by the wheels or the horse's hoofs. Paul was not so fortunate. He had been trampled on and sustained concussion of the brain, a deep cut on his face and internal injuries. Mrs. Pfeiffer had reached the scene when Dr. Jaeger arrived from German Hospital. The woman was hysterical and needed treatment. She refused to allow Paul to go to a hospital. The mother insisted on carrying both Dorothy and Benny in her arms.

The runaway horse didn't slacken speed after striking the children, but a block further Policeman Hart grabbed it around the neck. It missed the bridle and the horse dragged him another block before it was stopped.

Advertisement for Fatima Turkish Marmettes, featuring a woman's face and the text 'Distinctive individual' and '20% 15'.

Stern Brothers are arranging for Monday, September 23d, An Extraordinary Sale of a large European Purchase of

French Lace Curtains At Less Than the Usual Cost of Importation West 23d and 22d Streets

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To rent your business or residential property by Oct. 1, New York's great Moving Day. Advertise in the Big Sunday World To-Morrow 23,061 World "To Let" Ads. Last Month—13,525 More than the Herald

Advertisement for Horlick's Malted Milk, featuring the text 'Avoid Impure Milk For infants and invalids' and 'Get HORLICK'S It means the Original and Genuine MALTED MILK'.