

Maniac Murders Nurse to Prevent Her from Leaving

Ghastly Crime of Life Prisoner in a New York Asylum—Victim Warned, But Takes No Heed—Slaying Is Carefully Planned.

Fishkill, N. Y.—Lizzie Halliday, a life prisoner at the state hospital for the insane, has added the fifth murder to her record by killing with awful cruelty and cunning a girl nurse who had won her friendship by unvarying kindness.

Her victim was Nurse Nellie Wickes, aged 24, who was about to leave the asylum to take up professional nursing. It was the fear of losing her friend that prompted the maniac to take her life.

A week ago the nurse told the woman she soon would leave her. The murderess was downcast. She regarded the nurse for a moment, and then, in a tone of cold deliberation, exclaimed:

"If you try to leave me I will kill you."

"Oh, no, I guess not," said Miss Wickes, laughing. "You wouldn't harm me."

From that moment the maniac planned the deed. She watched every movement of the nurse. Once she warned her not to leave. As the days passed a cruel gleam settled in her eyes.

Early the other morning Nurse Wickes approached and slipped her arm about the woman's waist.

"I'm going to leave you to-day," she said. "I want you to remember me, and not make any trouble."

"Mrs. Halliday turned away. Tears came to her eyes. Then she drew herself up to her full height, her lips moved convulsively, and she remarked in a low tone:

"You'd better not try it."

Miss Wickes left the corridor a few minutes later and went into a dressing room adjoining. The maniac followed her. In a moment she flung herself upon the nurse, pinned her to the floor, while she locked the door.

Miss Wickes, alone in the room with the murderess, made a desperate fight for her life. But she was no match for the maniac.

Throttling the nurse, Mrs. Halliday snatched a pair of scissors from Miss Wickes' belt. Screaming, she sank the sharp blades again and again into the nurse's face and throat.

More than 200 times the scissor points were plunged down before nurses and attendants succeeded in breaking down the door. On the floor lay Miss Wickes, gasping her last breath. Mrs. Halliday stood at a window, calmly watching the death struggle. A maniacal smile of triumph lighted her face.

"She won't leave me now," she said, and laughed as she spoke.

Miss Wickes was hurried to a cot, but died within an hour without recovering consciousness. Mrs. Halliday laughed gleefully when told she was dead. Superintendent Lamb had Mrs. Halliday locked in a room and placed under special guard. She sat



Screaming She Sank the Scissors Again and Again into the Nurse's Face.

gazing with amused interest out of the window. She seemed to know precisely what she had done, but was indifferent.

When Coroner Goring asked her why she had committed the murder, she replied:

"She tried to leave me."

Mrs. Halliday will not be placed in a cell. Superintendent Lamb says she will be carefully guarded, but there will be no punishment for her.

"We have always watched her closely," he said, "but of late she has seemed so cheerful that we never dreamed her murderous impulse would return. She was fond of Miss Wickes. They used to talk together for hours, and Mrs. Halliday would take much delight in telling the nurse of her life."

"She would never mention the murders she had committed, but would dwell upon her childhood days. Mrs. Halliday was regarded by us as a trusty. She is entirely rational upon every subject. The homicidal mania is her only trouble. She has on different occasions struck some of the nurses and patients, but these attacks have not been vicious."

ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

ODD CHARACTERISTICS OF A WISCONSIN MILLIONAIRE.

Laid Foundation for His Wealth in Chicago After Great Fire—Eats at a Three-Cent Lunch Counter and Wears \$6 Suit of Clothes.

Madison, Wis.—The spectacle of a millionaire being arrested for alleged violation of the city ordinances in leasing property for disorderly purposes has called attention to the unique personality of Frank A. Ogden. The capital city of Wisconsin cannot boast many millionaires. It is a city of sturdy, well-to-do people, who point with pride to Robert M. LaFollette, a type of poor man who has remained poor despite his extraordinary success in politics.

But Frank A. Ogden is another type, and it is probable that no city in the country possesses a citizen who has such a quantity of contradictory habits as Mr. Ogden. His leading characteristic is his eccentricity. If he were not worth a million it would attract but little attention, but in some ways he emulates the late Russell Sage.

Ogden was one of the men who got a start in the big Chicago fire of 1871. It may be said that his prosperity dates from that tragic episode. With the natural acumen of the business man Ogden saw his opportunity and made the most of it. He decided that he could make a fortune if he made the proper use of his money, and scarcely before the embers of the fire had died down Ogden was negotiating for leases on all the buildings he could get hold of. Possessing ready money, this was an easy task at that time. He immediately re-leased the buildings at greatly advanced figures, and to this is due his rise in fortune.

Right after the fire property commenced to soar in value, and money commenced to flow in a steady stream into the Ogden coffers. Well placed investments increased his income, and he soon was known as one of the city's wealthy men. For years Ogden has lived a quiet life in Madison, occasionally coming into the limelight on account of his well known parsimonious habits. He is one of the most abstemious of the inhabitants of this city, and says he does not know how much he is worth.

Eating his meals at a 3-cent counter, spending a considerable portion of his time in the capitol park in a rustic seat reading the daily papers which others have discarded, Frank A. Ogden, the citizen, wearing a \$6 suit, has long been stigmatized in the town for his frugality. Ogden, the business man, sweeps out his town hotel office, shaves himself, and keeps business notes on the back of envelopes.

To those who inquire his business he replies that "he is a retired lumber

merchant, reasonably successful and satisfied." Ogden was born at Painted Post, N. Y., somewhere about 1830. He declines to give his exact age, but some time ago, in response to an inquiry, said, playfully: "If any young girl wants to get married, I am old enough."

Another peculiarity of his in this respect is to give his age as 40. He is, however, more than 70, as he entered the University of Wisconsin with the first class in 1850, 56 years ago.

The Ogdens left New York in 1836, starting overland for Wisconsin. They passed through Chicago and Frank Ogden says of the incident: "That part of the city of Chicago west of



FRANK A. OGDEN. (Wisconsin's Most Eccentric Millionaire.)

the river was a wet marsh and valued at \$15 an acre. I had just \$15 then, but did not conclude to invest."

Ogden's first real estate venture was in Madison. He had \$30 and borrowed \$20 more of his mother to make a payment on four lots which he bought near the state university ground on time payment. Before the next payment became due he sold one lot for more than the four cost.

Mr. Ogden is said to be worth a million or more. Besides his two hotels in Madison, he has big holdings of immensely valuable lake front property in Chicago, property in Superior, Wis., in Kansas, and in the state of Washington, where he recently sold a township of land at a handsome profit. Some time ago he said he owned a hundred farms in Wisconsin, and at one time owned many more in Kansas. A Madison man who knows him well says: "He has the instinct of buying right. A man can easily get broke on land, but Ogden is too sharp."

Ogden got a big start by deals in Kansas. Without seeing the land he bought a big belt which some company offered to unload on him at a big figure. Ogden has faith in the future. He buys on a 15-year basis. He says every 15 years each section, and particularly each pioneer section, takes a big fresh start. He is willing to wait his 15 years to double his money.

GRASSES FOR PASTURAGE.

I have seeded considerable land the past ten years and will give briefly my experience and observation, writes a correspondent of Farmers' Review.

In Mercer county, Illinois, the blue grass (and red-top in the lowlands) will supplant all other grasses in a short time when used either as meadow or pasturage, especially the latter. My plan of getting a good pasture is as follows: I seed in either spring or autumn; if in spring, with oats, in autumn with rye. With oats I go through with seeder and sow one bushel of clover seed to ten acres of ground, then I sow three bushels of oats, disk thoroughly, harrow once the same way, then sow one peck of timothy seed, then cross harrow and leave until oats are ready to harvest, and almost invariably have a good stand. If on low ground I add a little red top which is easily grown and yields a bountiful supply of both hay and pasture. I sow clover first, as it roots deepest. The following year I have an excellent crop of hay pasture in the fall. At this time blue grass appears, and in two or three years is firmly set. After the first year the land may be pastured steadily and soon forms a firm sod.

Rye is an excellent crop with which to seed. I plow the land about four inches deep as soon as oats are out of the way, enough to cover all trash. I then sow my rye at the rate of one and one-half bushel per acre, and one-tenth bushel clover seed, harrow once and then apply one peck of timothy and low-land red top and harrow thoroughly. This should be done by September first; it then gets all the fall rains. After October first it may be pastured in dry weather. In the spring it may be pastured without injury to either crop until June first. Rye always shells out some and will re-seed itself and makes excellent pasture of meadow. Whether seeding with rye or oats I always cut the stubble high to protect from the hot sun. In the past ten years I have never yet missed getting a good solid stand for pasture or meadow.

OIL IN MACADAM HIGHWAYS.

Experiments Being Conducted in This Country to Test Their Value.

Road experts are more or less interested in the use of oil on highways. In Chicago, says the Prairie Farmer, what was known as the old "Midway" in 1903 has been converted into a boulevard connecting Washington and Jackson parks. On the south drive of the old "Midway" the park commissioners have applied oil to the drive, with the result that it has become hard and somewhat unsafe for horses. Consequently, drivers of fine horses are avoiding this thoroughfare and taking the other which is macadam, but unrolled. It is reported that the oiled side of the boulevard is in high favor with automobilists.

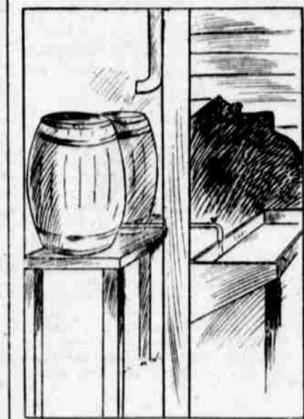
When oil is applied to earth roads the effect is not so marked. In portions of southern California, for instance, where the seasons are mild, the use of oil is regarded as highly beneficial to earth roads.

The department of agriculture is working on the oil road proposition and is hopeful of results. In Europe oil highways are spoken of very highly by writers who have inspected them, but it is evident that if oil is used in this country to any great extent it must be applied in a combination which will not be either risky or injurious to horses.

RAIN BARREL AND SINK.

Arrangement Which Will Provide Convenient Washing Facilities.

Here is the sketch of a handy arrangement by which a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer has connected his rain barrel on the outside of the house under the eave with a sink in the wood house where the men wash



Connecting Rain Barrels with Sink.

before meals. The plan is well illustrated in the cut.

One large barrel may be used, or two may be connected as shown. During the season where there is plenty of rain there is little trouble in keeping the barrels filled and ready for use.

Treatment of Old Harness.

An old harness can be kept looking like new by using a dressing made from three ounces turpentine and two ounces white wax dissolved and mixed over a slow fire. Then add one ounce ivory black well pulverized. Wash the leather clean and when dry apply the dressing.

We need to pay more attention to the fertilizing of our land.

THEY CURE ANEMIA

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Most Successful Remedy for All Forms of Debility.

Anemia, whether it results from actual loss of blood, from lack of nutrition due to stomach trouble, or whatever its cause, is simply a deficiency of the vital fluid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They do that one thing and they do it well.

"As a girl," says Mrs. Jessie Pink, of 190 East Mill street, Akron, Ohio, "I suffered from nervous indigestion and when I was eighteen years old I was reduced in weight to 98 pounds. I was anemic, nervous, couldn't eat or sleep, was short of breath after the least exertion and had headaches almost constantly. I had a doctor, of course, but I might as well have taken so much water for all the good his medicine did me. Finally my vitality and strength were so reduced that I had to take to my bed for several weeks at a time. I could not digest any solid food and for weeks I did not take any other nourishment than a cup of tea or beef broth."

"While I was sick in bed I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I stopped all other medicine and began to take the pills. Soon my improvement was very noticeable. My strength began to return, my stomach gave me no pain and just as soon as I began to take solid food I gained in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly saved my life. I am now perfectly well, have regained my normal weight of 120 pounds and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine."

These celebrated pills are recommended for stubborn stomach trouble, for all cases of weakness and debility, such as result from fevers and other acute diseases. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

If you want to make Money send for my Illustrated Catalogue, Free to You. Bargain House of Chas. Lubrecht, P. O. Box 1164, N. Y. City.

Repertee Won Healers.

A good story is told of Frances Lady Wadegrave, who long since paid her debt to nature. She was a woman of quick repertee and many husbands. It was soon after her fourth matrimonial venture with Chichester Fortesque, an Irishman, that she appeared in a Dublin theater with the bridegroom. From the gallery a man shouted down to her: "And which ivy the four do you like best?" From her box her answer rang out: "The Irishman, of course." And the Irish people house rang with applause.

Longest and Oldest Tunnel.

The near completion of the Pennsylvania tunnel reminds the American Israelite of the oldest known tunnel in the world, that of Shiloh, near Jerusalem. It was used as an aqueduct. The famous inscription, discovered a few years ago, celebrates the first meeting of the diggers from both sides. Newspapers did not appear in those days, and so the event cannot be exactly dated, but it most probably took place under King Hezekiah, about 700 B. C., and is an interesting testimony to the high state of civilization among the Jews at a time when Europe was inhabited by savages.

Round and Square Balls.

A few years ago there was a ball in Chelsea, Mass., a semi-political organization, and after a few meetings it was decided that a ballot box and ballots were needed. A brother made a motion that a committee be appointed by the chair to procure the same. A brother who was always suggesting amendments moved an amendment that the committee be instructed to procure round white balls and square black balls. Another brother asked him to describe a square ball, which brought the house down and caused the mover of the amendment to ejaculate: "You think you are d-d smart, don't you?"

A FOOD CONVERT.

Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an adv. I tried Grape-Nuts food, and after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved.

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way.

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Wife with Whip Gets Gems Given by Spouse to Rival

Ho'ing Weapon Over Trembling Husband She Compels Him to Bring Back Her Diamonds Bestowed Upon Widow.

Los Angeles.—Holding a horse-whip over her cowering husband, Mrs. George A. Gill, wife of a rich Pasadena man, compelled her spouse to go back into the cottage of Mrs. Maurice Walker, a widow at Redondo, which he had just left, and get diamonds worth several hundred dollars and return them to her.

Armed with the whip and accompanied by a detective, Mrs. Gill patrolled the street in front of the Walker cottage all night awaiting the appearance of her husband, whom she knew to be inside. At seven o'clock

Gill obediently entered the cottage and returned, bearing the pieces of jewelry, which he handed over to his wife. Then Mrs. Gill led her husband, pale and trembling, to the car and started for home.

Principals in the affair were reluctant to discuss the case. Mr. Gill even declared he had not been in Redondo, and that he did not know Mrs. Walker.

Mrs. Walker refused absolutely to talk.

"I have nothing whatever to say on the subject," she said.

The affair has created a tremendous sensation in society in Pasadena, Redondo and Los Angeles. Mrs. Walker is a widow of a former Los Angeles banker. She owns a beautiful summer home at the seashore city.

Mrs. Walker and Gill became acquainted when the former lived in Pasadena a few years ago.

Girl Sees Fifteen-Foot Snake.

Pelan, Minn.—Miss Lena Mathieson, the 29-year-old daughter of a farmer, was driving a yoke of oxen mowing hay, when the biggest snake ever seen in Minnesota appeared. The oxen bellowed in terror and ran away, while the girl was thrown from the mower and severely injured. Miss Mathieson declares the snake was 15 feet long, and that its body at the largest place was as big as the Pelan mill smokestack. The young woman's veracity has never been doubted, and a large party of men has started in search of the reptile, intending to kill it and send the body to the Field museum, in Chicago.

Ferret Attacks Baby Girl.

Hartford, Conn.—Mrs. Gus Pickett, of this city, discovered a ferret sucking the blood from the body of her two-year-old daughter, whom she had placed on a bed on the floor. The infant was almost dead when found, and when the mother picked up her baby the animal still clung to its hold and had to be killed before it could be made to let loose. The child may die.

BOY GUARDED LIKE TREASURE.

Rockefeller's Grandson Is Carefully Protected Against Kidnapers.

Cleveland, O.—No youthful monarch ever lived under stricter surveillance



Fowler McCormick.

of an armed guard than little Fowler McCormick, who is visiting his grandfather, John D. Rockefeller, at his Forest Hill home. This young heir of the money king has not been left unguarded for a moment during his week's stay at the Rockefeller place.

Fowler, a bright, promising lad of nine years, is the son of Harold F. McCormick and Edith Rockefeller McCormick. At his Chicago home, a French maid is considered sufficient to protect the young millionaire against any danger of kidnaping.

Since his arrival at Cleveland, the watchful eye of the French maid has been reinforced by the keen, sharp, practical eyes of two stalwart guards, who are always within easy reach of the boy as he plays about the grounds, takes a hand at golf with his grandfather, or drives or rides on the country roads.

Fowler McCormick will be one of the richest men in the world, for he will not only inherit the millions from his grandfather, Rockefeller, but will also share with his little sister, Marjorie McCormick, the fortune of his father, who inherited his wealth from his father, Cyrus McCormick, who laid the McCormick fortunes in the great reaper machine industry in Chicago. The death of little "Jack" McCor-

mick, the favorite grandson of John D. Rockefeller, in 1901, was one of the great sorrows in the life of the money king.

Edith, another child of Harold McCormick, died about ten years ago.

AN IMPOSING MEMORIAL.

Monument Erected by State of New York at Lookout Mountain.

New York.—New York's beautiful monument on Lookout mountain speaks for itself in the picture herewith. The memorial is now finished, with the exception of the bronze work, which is to be very elaborate and artistic and will require much care and time to finish.

As for the site—it is one of the finest in the country. "There is nothing like it in all America," said Prince Henry, when he stood on Lookout mountain during his inspection of the battlefields on his visit to this country.

The jutting promontory of the historic peak gives a marvelous view extending into seven states. On a sunny afternoon or in the early gray of the morning dawn or at sunset when the sky for hundreds of miles flames in every color from fiery red to soft pearl and the deep green of the sea, the scene is one never to be forgotten.

New York's memorial is by far the most imposing of all the many monuments of the other states marking one



(New York's Memorial on Lookout Mountain.)

of America's most picturesque battlefields.

Though New York had no troops at Chickamauga in 1863, still she claims one of the greatest heroes of the conflict—Gen. Gordon Granger, a native New Yorker.

Blacking from a Flower.

Juice from an Australian flower, gau hibiscus species, is used for blacking shoes.



"Go Back and Get Those Diamonds!"

Mrs. Gill entered the cottage and attempted to use the whip on her husband, but the officer restrained her. In a few moments the three emerged from the cottage—Gill appearing in a disheveled state—and a further scene was enacted on the porch.

"Go back into that house and get those diamonds—my diamond pin that you gave to that woman," cried the infuriated woman.