OPIE READ DESCRIBES THE SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACE

WEATHER—Fair to-night and Saturday.

NIGHT EDITION

The World. EVENING EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All."

"Circulation Books Open to All."

EXTRA

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1903. PRICE ONE CENT.

NORDICA IN DIVORCE SUIT NAMES SINGER

Noted Prima Donna Said to Be Jealous of Another of World-Wide Fame Who Will Be Made Co-respondent in Action Against Doeme, the Tenor.

While Nordica Was Singing with Duss Concerts in This Country Her Handsome Husband Is Said to Have Been Too Attentive to Her Rival in Paris.

The musical world, already greatly shocked by the news that Mme. Lillian Nordica has sued her husband, Zoltan Doeme, a famous Hungarian tenor for divorce, will be still more surprised to learn that the principal co-respondent named in th case is said to be one of the most celebrated singers who ever appeared in opera or concert in this city.

Because of the prominence of this woman in the world of music and art, and her conspicuous position before the public at the present time, every effort is being made to keep her name out of the case.

Mme. Nordica is indifferent to these labors for secrecy, but her friends, the friends of Herr Doeme, and more especially the friends of the singer in question, are moving heaven and earth to prevent her name being dragged into the case.

WERE FORMERLY FRIENDS.

Mme. Nordica and the co-respondent were formerly great friends. Under Maurice Grau they shared honors at the Metropolitan Opera-House for several seasons, and their attachment for one another was a matter of remark.

It was a year ago that Mme. Nordica first noticed the growing friendship between her husband and her friend. For awhile she thought nothing of it; then, when further evidence of an intimacy between them came to her, she could no longer stave off the inevitable, and confronted her husband with her suspicions. Herr Doeme denied the charge, declaring that it was a libel on a good woman; but when Mme. Nordica presented her proofs her husband shrivelled up, and was next heard of singing in Paris.

Mme. Nordica never had a chance to face her rival, for that woman, warned, it is said, by Doeme, soon went to Paris herself. In Paris the intimacy between Doeme and the woman was a matter of comment. They were seen much together, and made very little secret of their close friendship. Mme. Nordica had kept her secret pretty well to herself, but her friends heard from abroad what was going on, and asked her about it. Then they learned for the first time of the situation.

Mme. Nordica's furious jealousy, which developed when she first discovered the truth, gave way to an immovable resolution to be free at any cost, even the cost of her husband's and her former friend's reputations.

NAME WILL BE REVEALED.

It is not likely that the name of the co-respondent will come out at once, but there is little doubt that it will be revealed ultimately and that the co-respondent herself will make a bitter fight in the courts.

There was a good deal of interest in Herr Doeme in the fall of 1894, when the news reached this country from London that he was to marry Mme. Nordica. He had never been here himself and all that was known of him was that he was a young tenor who, with Gruening, of Hanover, and Binkenkomen, of Hamburg, had been engaged as tenors for the tenth Wagner festival at Bayreth. He met Mme. Nordica in the house of the Duchess of Manchester and, although Doeme was younger than Mme. Nordica, it was a case of love at first sight. Mme. Nordica came here before the marriage which took place at Indianapolis, Ind., May 26, 1896.

APPEARED TO BE HAPPY.

Doeme and his wife appeared to be a very happy couple. Mme. Nordica seemed proud of his good looks and his fine voice, and he seemed very proud of her. Their domestic life was said to be ideal and was the admiration of the Metropolitan Opera-House set for several seasons.

Several years ago he was the central figure in some incidents. His goulash war with the management of the Hotel Majestic, where he lived with his wife, was a very interesting one. The Majestic goulash didn't suit the fastidious Doeme, so he sent outside for some. The management stopped it at the door when it arrived. Doeme telephoned for more, and when it came went out in the street and got it from the messenger himself, carrying it in triumph to his room.

Doeme was also considerable of a sport. He played the races pretty consistently while in this country, at one time winning a lot of money.

Herr Doeme arrived here ten days ago from Paris, when he was served with the papers in the divorce suit. He was followed within a few days by the woman whom Mme. Nordica will claim, under the guise of friendship, wrecked her home.

Mme. Nordica left the city immediately after her husband's arrival, and is now stopping with friends who have a county place near by.

It was on her return from her six weeks' tour with the Duss Band that her lawyer began the preparation of papers in the suit for divorce.

Herr Doeme is Mme. Nordica's second husband, her first having been Frederick A. Gower, to whom she was married in 1882 in Paris. He was a wealthy electrician.

Three years after their marriage Mme. Nordica began a suit for separation. Before a decision was reached in the suit Mr. Gower was reported to have lost his life while attempting to cross the English Channel in a balloon. His body was never recovered, and it was a question for the courts to decide whether or not he was legally dead. The courts so decided finally, and his estate, valued at $500,000, was divided among the heirs. Mme. Nordica settled her claims for $40,000.

Mme. Nordica has cancelled the few engagements she made for private entertainments and will not appear in public during the winter.

Herr Doeme, it is believed, will not contest the suit, although it is said he came to this country to effect, if possible, a reconciliation with his wife.

FIRE HORSES RUN AWAY.

Driver Dragged 50 Feet and Hurled Into Plate Glass Window.

A team of horses attached to a heavy truck belonging to the Telegraph Bureau of the Fire Department, ran away this afternoon in Spring street, between Crosby street and Broadway.

Le Grand Singleton, the driver, who was assisting in repairing wires in the street, ran after the horses and caught one by the bridle with his right hand. He was dragged 50 feet to the corner of Spring and Crosby streets, where the horses dashed into a plate glass window. Singleton's shoulder was dislocated and he was badly cut, but he refused to go to a hospital.

Father John's Medicine Cures colds, prevents pneumonia and consumption.

RESULTS OF RACES AT NEW ORLEANS

OVER AGAIN IS WINNER OF FIRST

Bettors Did Not Figure Horse a Winner, but He Gets Home in Front of His Field at Odds of 5 to 1.

LITTLE JACK HORNER TAKES SECOND EVENT.

Fine Weather and a Good Card Attract Big Crowd to Crescent City Jockey Club's Course.

THE WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Over Again (5 to 1) 1, Sid Silver (2 to 1) 2, The Pride of Surrey 3.

SECOND RACE—Little Jack Horner (4 to 5) 1, Ivernia (9 to 1) 2, Eva Russell 3.

THIRD RACE—Leo Dorsey (even) 1, Lampoon (7 to 1) 2. Mauser 3.

NEW ORLEANS, La. Dec. 11.—Perfect racing weather and a fair card was responsible for one of the best off-day crowds of the meeting being present at the track to-day. The track dried out thoroughly and the races were run in fast time.

FIRST RACE.

Five and a half furlongs.

Starters, wgts. jockeys.	St.	Hlf.	Fin.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Over Again, 122, Troxler 5	53	11	9-2	8-5	
Sid Silver, 109, H. Phillips 4	1h	2²	13-5	4-5	
The Pride of Surrey, 114, Landry 3	2½	3³	13	5	
Onyx 11, 109, Robbins 1	7¹	4h	40	15	
Siah, 114, B. Davis 10	10¹	5¹	40	15	
L. Contrary, 114, Austin 6	3¹	6h	30	10	
Burgoyne, 114, Donegan 11	11	7h	20	3	
Weideman, 109, Travers 7	6h	8¹	40	15	
Mollie T., 114, Lindsey 2	4²	9¹	8	3	
Main Guy, 114, Pritchard 9	8²	10¹	60	20	
Aiflo, 107, W. Fisher 8	9h	11	11-5	4-5	

Start good. Won driving. Time—1.00 1-5.

Sid Silver looked in a soft spot in the first race. He was the favorite and was well backed by the public. Sid Silver had speed and set the pace for the first half and then tired. In the run home Over Again came strong, but after catching the leaders he hung back, and Troxler had to hustle him along at the end to get the Savannah wonder to last long enough to win by a head.

COLOMBIA CALLS BACK HER TROOPS

Washington Hears that Forces Landed for March Overland to the Isthmus Have Been Withdrawn.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—Information has reached the Navy Department to the effect that the Colombian troops which were said to have landed at the mouth of the Atrato river to march on the Isthmus have been withdrawn.

Such action seems probable in view of a cable received from Colon which read:

"A decree signed by Gov. Insignares, dated Cartagena, Dec. 2, says: 'By virtue of instructions received by way of Port Limon from His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Atlantic and the Pacific, it has been resolved to give preference to diplomatic methods in dealing with the Government of the United States in regard to the efforts made to defend our sovereignty and national integrity, diminished by the secession of Panama.

"Therefore, the causes which determined this Government to adopt measures to prevent communication with the rebel department having ceased, it is now proposed that all citizens may travel freely, without the obligation of obtaining passports, and it becomes incumbent on the civil and military authorities to give all the necessary guarantees to those entitled to the same. Consequently it is decreed that Article II. of Decree No. 46, of Nov. 13, prohibiting all communication and commerce between this department and Panama is temporarily suspended.'"

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Saturday for New York City and vicinity: Generally fair to-night and Saturday; minimum temperature to-night 10 or 12 degrees below freezing; fresh westerly winds.

SPECIAL EXTRA.

LATE SCORES IN THE GREAT CYCLE RACE

Scores of leaders in the six-day bicycle race at 6 o'clock:

	M.	L.
LEANDER AND BUTLER	1,902	7
WALTHOUR AND MUNROE	1,902	7
NEWKIRK AND JACOBSON	1,902	7
J. BEDELL AND M. BEDELL	1,902	7
FLOYD KREBS AND PETERSON	1,902	7
CONTENET AND BRETON	1,902	7
BOWLER AND FISHER	1,902	7
KEEGAN AND MORAN	1,902	6
SAMSON AND VANDERSTUYFT	1,900	9
GOUGOLTZ AND FRANZ KREBS	1,898	2
DOVE AND HEDSPETH	1,868	5

The world's record for 114 hours is 2,203 miles and 8 laps.

LATE RESULTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Fourth Race—Ascension 1, Malster 2, Frank Bell 3.
Fifth Race—Charlie Thompson 1, Attila 2, The Bobby 3.
Sixth Race—Agnes Brennan 1, Mordella 2, Sextette 3.

MABEL PARKER, FORGER QUEEN, REPORTS HER TRIAL

This Remarkably Clever Young Woman Describes Minutely the Proceedings in Court, Where She Is Charged with the Crime of Forgery.

Mabel Parker, who is now on trial in the Court of General Sessions for forging a check on the Lincoln National Bank for $250, is a remarkable young woman in many ways. She is very pretty to start with.

She is a clever writer and has contributed many articles to magazines here and in Canada. She is an artist of no mean ability. Her impressions of her trial, written and illustrated by herself, are presented to the readers of The Evening World as a unique feature in the news happenings of the hour.

BY MABEL PARKER.

This is the day of my trial for forgery—a crime, a felony that carries with it as punishment long years in prison. The early morning hours in the Tombs are filled with preparation. Then they lead me swiftly and silently over the Bridge of Sighs.

After a distressing wait in the prison pen—a little box-like room, a niche in one of the gloomy corridors that branch away from the Bridge of Sighs, I was gruffly commanded by a greasy deputy sheriff to "get a move." All of these heavy shadowed halls are permeated with that musty and suffocating odor of prison mould, a depressing, fearsome atmosphere.

It was a struggle, but I stepped forward buoyantly, smiling to suppress the shudders the soft, pounding echoes my footfalls made.

In the Light of the Court.

Finally I am in the light, open courtroom. It is hard to hold that smile against the sea of peering faces, the raucous whispers and the busy shuffling of preparation about the Judge's bench. It is worth the effort, however, and I mould my features into as winning a grin as nature allows.

After a sharp banging of gates and the sandy shuffling of many feet I glide to my seat.

Coming as I did out of the dimly lighted prison pen into the bright daylight of the court room I was naturally a trifle nervous at first, but after I had passed through the little gate and taken my place at the table beside my counsel the uneasy feeling soon left me and I felt as natural as I ever did in my life.

Confidence in Her Counsel.

This was undoubtedly due to the close proximity of my counsel, Mr. Le Barbier, in whom I have all the confidence in the world, for I am convinced that if it is possible for any one to establish my innocence he will assuredly do it.

I was agreeably surprised to find Assistant District-Attorney Train such a pleasant-faced little man, as the cognomen of District-Attorney has always suggested to my mind a most formidable creature. Judge Cowing was not at all what I had pictured a Judge to be, but looked very kind and sympathetic.

Mr. Train, the Assistant District-Attorney—a keen-faced little lawyer, a little puffy with importance—I understand he married into the Vanderbilt family—recited the charge against me in quiet, even tones. With many, soft and sometimes shrill words, he told the jury that he was going to prove I had forged the name of Alice Kouser, of No. 1432 Broadway, to a check drawn on the Lincoln National Bank.

The Jurors Scan Her.

I faced his fusillade of accusations as demurely as possible, though those twelve pairs of eyes from the jury box seemed to scorch in their inquiry as they examined me feature by feature, criticised my eyes, my hair, my burning cheeks, my simple black and white striped shirt-waist and my little blue braided jacket, as tidy looking as I could make it. They never bent their eyes to my plain black skirt that I had smoothed out in careful folds.

Not Opposed to Bald Heads.

I see by the morning newspapers that I refused to have any bald-headed men in my jury. This is not so for I do not care particularly about the condition of the outside of a man's head. If the inside contains a sufficient quantity of gray matter that is, I think, all that is necessary. I selected my jurors after looking carefully at their faces and not at the top of their heads, and those who impressed me as being sympathetic, honest men were the ones that I chose.

I earnestly hope that they will exonerate me of this crime—and I don't see how they can fail to do so when they have heard my side of the story.

I do not think that I could have selected a better jury. I feel certain that each and every one of them is the right man in the right place, and I think that they will consider the facts of the case very carefully and if by an unlucky chance they convict me I shall be [illegible].

Enter Mr. Shakespeare.

Little Mr. Train dragged poor old William Shakespeare into his opening address, quoting vaguely about poor little me robbing some one or other of their good name, while, as it looked to

(Continued on Second Page.)

Piso's Cure—40 years on the market, and still the best for Coughs and Colds. All druggists. *.*

GROUT MAY STOP BRIDGE OPENING

"What's the Use?" Comptroller Asks, and Mayor Low's Celebration Scheme May Come to Naught, After All.

STRUCTURE CANNOT BE MADE READY FOR YEAR.

Would Be a Waste of Money, the Comptroller Thinks, to Have a Costly Function on a Nominal Opening.

Unless Comptroller Grout changes his mind, the whole elaborate programme for the opening of the Williamsburg Bridge may come to naught. Inasmuch as the bridge is not nearly completed and will not be fully open for traffic for at least a year, Mr. Grout says that he will not vote for the $20,000 appropriation for fireworks, music and banners.

As the $20,000 appropriation calls for a bond issue, the vote of the Comptroller in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment is required to provide for it. The charter specifies that bond appropriations must have the unanimous approval of the board.

Mayor Low is extremely anxious to have the bridge opened on the date set, Dec. 19. Contracts have been entered into for the electrical decorations and the fireworks and workmen are already busy with the preliminaries. Probably 200 civic bodies of this Borough and Brooklyn have arranged for parades. When it was suggested to the Comptroller that Mayor Low was interested in opening the new bridge, he said:

"[illegible] to keep clear about what the Mayor wants, but I don't see any use in spending $20,000 for nothing.

"I intend to investigate this matter thoroughly," he continued. "I don't see any sense in opening the bridge for one day and then closing it. Unless the bridge authorities can satisfactorily demonstrate to me that the bridge will be kept open permanently I will not vote for the bond appropriation. It would be almost a useless expenditure of money, because I might be called upon next year for $20,000 more for another celebration."

The Mayor's friends are unable to conceal their irritation over the stand taken by Comptroller Grout. They assert that the Comptroller is holding up the celebration so that the bridge may be opened by Mayor McClellan and Tammany may take the credit for the improvement.

DECEIT CHARGED TO BRYAN IN WILL CASE

Counsel for Mrs. Bennett Say He and His Wife Kept Purpose Secret in Order to Benefit Themselves.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 11.—Counsel for Mrs. Bennett, widow of Philo S. Bennett, to-day filed a long statement of the reasons for the appeal recently taken from the decision of Judge Cleaveland in the Probate Court in relation to Mr. Bennett's will.

In the formal notice of appeal it was briefly announced that objection would be taken to all of the bequests in the will providing for trust funds for educational purposes to be administered by Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bryan and also to the appointment of Mr. Bryan as executor and trustee.

That statement was elaborated in the document filed to-day which, after repeating the clauses of the will to which objection is taken, says in effect that Mr. and Mrs. Bryan "induced and persuaded" Mr. Bennett to sign a paper addressed to William J. Bryan and to copy a considerable part of another paper, the said copy to be addressed to Mrs. Bennett.

The papers referred to are the sealed letter by which Mr. Bryan and family were to be given $50,000 by consent of Mrs. Bennett, and a letter similar in purport which Mr. Bryan produced in court.

The formal appeal says it was then the intention of Mr. Bryan and his wife that only the sealed letter addressed to Mrs. Bennett was to be brought to her knowledge, "and that was for the purpose of inducing her to permit William J. Bryan to get the $50,000." It is also declared to have been the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan not to make public the other paper addressed to Mr. Bryan as "My Dear Mr. Bryan," or to have it brought to the knowledge of Mrs. Bennett.

"NO QUARTER" BATTLE CRY OF SIX-DAY RACERS

Heartless Grind at Madison Square Garden Eating Away Vitality of Human Wrecks Pedaling Around the Dish-Shape Bowl—Woman Faints in Box.

BRETON, CRAZY WITH "DOPE," RUNS AMUCK WITH PISTOL.

Tries to Shoot Leander and Butler—Management Denies That Police Have Been Investigating Violation of Laws Governing Race—Great Crowd Packs the Garden.

THE SCORE AT 5 O'CLOCK TO-DAY.

113TH HOUR.

	M.	L.
Leander and Butler	1,893	4
Walthour and Munroe	1,893	4
Newkirk and Jacobson	1,893	4
J. Bedell and M. Bedell	1,893	4
Floyd Krebs and Peterson	1,893	4
Contenet and Breton	1,893	4
Bowler and Fisher	1,893	4
Keegan and Moran	1,893	3
Samson and Vanderstuyft	1,891	2
Gougoltz and Franz Krebs	1,889	5
Dove and Hedspeth	1,854	6

Record for 112 hours, 2,182 miles 3 laps, made by Miller and Waller in 1899.

WHAT "DOPE" FOR BIKE RACERS IS MADE OF.

FIRST STAGE—One-fortieth grain of strychnine; one ounce sarsaparilla soda. Take every hour.

SECOND STAGE—One-thirtieth grain of strychnine; one ounce distilled water. Take every hour.

THIRD STAGE (or for the finish)—One-twentieth grain of strychnine; one ounce of pure alcohol; one-quarter ounce of sugar syrup or glycerine.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, Dec. 11.—Seven teams are still tied for first honors in the terrible six-day bicycle grind that is tearing the vitality out of twenty-two half-crazy racers madly circling the dish-shaped track for the greed of gold.

It is a race to the death; a bitter, heartless fight that is grinding the very lives out of these human wrecks.

"No quarter," is the battle cry of the racers.

"Thumbs down," the bloodthirsty sentiment of the thousands upon thousands who pack the arena.

WOMAN FAINTS IN BOX.

The aunt of Franz Krebs, Mrs. Lucy Streicher, visited the track to-day and was so overcome when she saw the terrible condition her nephew was in that she fainted and fell from a box onto the track.

The management of the race absolutely deny the story to the effect that the police were invesigating an alleged violation of the law compelling each man to ride no more than twelve hours each day.

BRETON TRIES TO KILL.

The training camp of the racers was thrown in a turmoil of excitement to-day by a crazy Frenchman running wild with a loaded revolver.

Breton, full of "dope," driven to the point of frenzy by the fearful strain of the week long grind, went to his quarters from the track this afternoon and, grabbing a revolver which was lying on a shelf above his bed, rushed from his quarters shouting:

"The track is on fire. Burn 'em up; burn 'em up."

Flourishing the revolver he ran for the trainers of Leander and Butler. They fled for their lives. A policeman jumped down the stairs, four at a time, and landed on the crazy Frenchman, burying him under his great weight.

Others hurried to the assistance of the policeman. Breton was overpowered and disarmed and carried back to his quarters. There a doctor gave him an injection of morphine and he went to sleep.

Franz Krebs was permitted to steal a lap this afternoon.

A woman dressed all in black with a great hat and occupying a box on the south side of the Garden reached far out of the box this afternoon and handed Menus Bedell a roll of money. On the next trip she handed a bunch of money to Floyd Krebs. Then Jacobson got a roll, and the negro, Hedspeth, came in for a bill of money. The whole attention of the Garden was attracted to this, and Samson, taking advantage of the other riders' efforts to reach the woman in the box, tried to steal a lap, but failed.

Christmas Number of the New York Herald will be out Sunday, December 13, 1903. Three splendid art sections. A "Four Seasons" Calendar, in colors. Two superb full-page pictures. Stories and articles for young and old. Order from newsdealers now. *.*

REVIEW OF THE SIX-DAY RACE ON PAGE 12 BY FAMOUS AUTHOR OPIE READ.