

GIRL FORGER NOW FEARS CONVICTION

She Discovers that She Has Nerves, but Has Managed to Get Along Quite Well in Her Little Box-Like Cell.

HAS DODGED PRISON PALLOR

Mrs. Parker Discovered a Way to Retain the Color in Her Cheeks by a System of Regular Breathing Exercises.

BY MABEL PARKER.

It is a relief, and it isn't, to get back to my cell.

It is a relief to escape from the hundreds of accusing eyes that constantly shifting from the prosecution's witnesses to me, and it is a relief to rest from the continued rapid-fire of question and answer that seemed to pound into my brain.

It is a struggle, however, to steady my nerves against the anxiety to save it all over with, to know finally whether I am going to be a free woman again, or branded as a felon, to spend long years in jail.

I have spent just 121 days in this little box-like room with its iron-barred door and the damp gray light that fills these prison corridors. By reading and writing and sketching I have managed to while away the hours and ease the awful strain.

Lived "Without Herself."

I have practiced mentally living without myself, and until my trial began had succeeded wonderfully. Many have remarked that notwithstanding my long confinement my cheeks have none of the prison pallor in them.

In fact, some have said that I have maintained my color by the practice of those delicate little arts which are so well known to some women, but that is not true. I have kept up my color through the practice of a breathing exercise. I found that the early days of my confinement that I felt better in every way if I devoted thirty minutes every morning and evening to continuous deep breathing.

Toward the end of the exercises I feel the blood flowing hot and fresh through all my veins, and when I finish I am stilled from head to foot.

I am much elated over the break made by Mr. Corvallo, the handwriting expert. This "infamous" man when shown a slip of paper containing a number of signatures, testified that they were all in the same handwriting (mine), although a few minutes before Detective Sgt. Peabody had said on the stand that he had written two of the signatures on that sheet.

Little Mr. Train is my ideal of what a prosecutor should be. He is courteous and gentlemanly and never uses any of the brutal methods employed by other public prosecutors. He has heard of me making an awful strong case against me, however, and I begin to tremble for the outcome.

BURGLARS RETURN POLICEMEN'S SHOTS

Three Men Seen Running Away from a First Avenue Saloon Fight Desperately When Driven to a Vacant Lot.

Three policemen and as many alleged burglars fought desperately for a quarter of an hour early to-day in a vacant lot in First avenue, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth streets, after an exciting chase. The shots of the armed tenants in the surrounding buildings and frightened men ran to the street to learn the cause of the disturbance.

The alleged thieves were finally overpowered and taken to the Fifth street police station, where they described themselves as John Anderson and John McLaughlin, both of No. 629 First avenue, and John Johnson, of No. 400 East Twenty-first street. They are charged with breaking into the liquor store of Patrick J. Grace, at First avenue and Twenty-fifth street.

A milkman on his early rounds heard a crash of falling glass and saw three men breaking into the liquor store. He attracted the attention of Roundsman Station, who, with Policemen Levy and McConnell, started for the store. When a block away they saw three men coming out and gave chase.

The fugitives ran up First avenue, and, coming to the vacant lot, turned in. The space was littered with piles of debris and with broken bottles. The policemen, groping among the wagons, finally came upon the alleged thieves and the fight followed.

The policemen started to fire when the men made a break for liberty and the shots were returned. Being totally dark their aim was poor and no harm was done. Each policeman picked out a man and finally overcame him.

When the men were taken to the station-house the policemen went back with lanterns to search the lot. They found several bottles of whiskey, five boxes of cigars and a box of chewing tobacco, that had been taken from the saloon.

BROKE GLASS, STOLE GARB.
Burglar Smashes Window of Broadway Clothing Store.
A burglar hurled a rock through the show window of E. N. Vincent & Co., corner of Broadway and Twenty-second street, to-day and carried off two overcoats and a pair of trousers.

There is a restaurant below the clothing store and it was open for customers when the crash came. The proprietor heard the noise and rushed upstairs, but the burglar had vanished. Even the switchman who sits in the middle of Broadway not fifty feet distant from the smashed window knew nothing of the robbery.
The damage to the window is \$100. The clothes were valued at \$25.

MR. TRAIN QUOTES SHAKESPEARE; MRS. CREIGHTON ON THE STAND.

(Drawn in court by Mabel Parker, on trial for forgery.)



SET HOUSE ON FIRE TO KEEP OUT COLD PET DOG'S BARK SAVES A FAMILY

Intoxicated Wanderer Was Enjoying the Heat When Policeman Spied the Flames and Turned In an Alarm.

The foolishness of Michael McDonough placed in jeopardy the lives of scores of men and women and children in the tenement-house at No. 224 East Twenty-second street to-day. In his desire to keep warm he built a fire on the wooden floor of the doorway of the house, and had it not been for the appearance of Policeman Levy, serious results might have followed.

The policeman found McDonough, who says he has no home, fanning the flames. He had gathered paper and pieces of wood together and the pile was burning briskly. The woodwork of the building and the floor were already ablaze, and the man was making himself comfortable in the heat.

The man was evidently intoxicated, as he himself declares when taken to the station-house, and the police do not believe that he had any other idea than to get warm. He was looked up, falling to realize the seriousness of his act.

Before the policeman took him to the station-house, and the police do not believe that the smoke had all the time gone up through the other floors and awakened the tenants, who fled to the street, half-dressed. The fire was put out with some difficulty.

When McDonough was arraigned in Yorkville Court to-day he said that he had no intention of burning the building but merely built the fire to warm himself. Deputy Fire Marshal H. W. DeMaignon told the Magistrate that he did not believe McDonough entered the house with any malicious intent, and the prisoner was accordingly discharged.

FLAMES MENACE RICH PAINTINGS
Fire in Quarters of American Fakirs' Society Does \$2,000 Damage and Destroys Valuable Mementoes.

Fire in the American Fine Arts Building, at No. 215 West Fifty-seventh street, to-day destroyed property of the American Fakirs' Society, valued at \$2,000, and for a time threatened the destruction of the handsome building and its valuable contents.

The fire started in a closet on the fourth floor, in quarters occupied by the Art Students' League. Its origin is unknown. The flames had gained considerable headway, when Janitor Raymond, smelling smoke, traced it to the closet. He turned in an alarm, but before the fire had been extinguished all the property of the American Fakirs' Society had been ruined. These belongings included costumes, musical instruments, valuable papers and catalogues that were greatly prized. The firemen confined the blaze to the top floor.

On the lower floors of the building many studios and a large number of valuable paintings, including those that are on display at a water-color exhibition, none of which was damaged.

VIOLINIST SUES LEADER.
Bendix Sues Wetzel Because Contract Because of Dispute.
Civil Justice Roesch, of the East Side Municipal Court, reserved his decision today in the suit of Jacob Schneider, an assessor, of the claim of Max Bendix to \$100 from Herman Hans Wetzel, for his services as violin soloist at the fourth in a series of concerts in Carnegie Hall as \$100 each.

It is alleged Wetzel broke the contract for four concerts because Bendix refused to play a phrase in Mozart's Symphony in the manner ordered by Wetzel. He said it was inartistic and that he never heard it played that way by any orchestra.

WED IN THEIR OLD AGE, THEY GO ADRIFT

Carl Buser, Stricken with Pneumonia During His Honeymoon, is Now Threatened with Eviction by His Landlord.

It is a sad honeymoon that aged Carl Buser and his more aged spouse are spending in a little one-story brick house in Liberty street, New Durham, a settlement on the flats back of Hoboken. Buser has pneumonia, and Frank Bloom, who owns the land on which the little house stands has brought dispossession proceedings.

Buser is sixty-three years old. He had been a widower twice when he met Mrs. Mary Kiebel, of the Hudson Boulevard, West New York. Mrs. Kiebel is sixty-five years old, and her matrimonial experience had been gained in two marriages.

Buser called on Mrs. Kiebel last Wednesday evening. Outside the rain fell in torrents and the wind dashed if against the windows. The fire was so cheerful that Buser contemplated with dismay a return to his lonely quarters alone and popped the question. He was accepted on the spot. Justice of the Peace Albert Stein, of North Bergen, was called and the marriage ceremony was performed.

Caring nothing for the rain, the couple tramped to Buser's dwelling, the next morning the old man was unable to get out of bed. Before the day was over he had developed pneumonia.

Mr. Bloom, to whom is owing considerable money on the leasehold, heard of the marriage of Buser, and was not pleased. A constable called at the little Buser house last night with a notification to Buser and his child wife to vacate forthwith. Friends of the pair are engaged to-day in taking up a subscription to keep a roof over their heads.

GIRL OVERCOME BY GAS.
Flora De Seio, twenty years old, of No. 165 West Houston street, was overcome by gas to-day at her home. The police report the case accidental.

UNITED CIGAR STORES CO.

That Xmas box of cigars

CAPT. MARRYAT (Invincibles), \$1.50 a box (25)
a full-sized, 5 1/2 inch Invincible, all Havana filled, in Sumatra wrapper, hand-made—the kind that ordinarily brings two for a quarter in high-class mild domestics.

PALMA de CUBA (Londre Grande), \$3 a box (50)
a clear Havana, Cuban hand-made, full size 4 1/2 inch—a cigar that costs the jobber the price you pay. We make the cigar ourselves—nothing wasted between the plantation and you.

GEN. BRADDOCK (Diplomaticos), \$1 a box (25)
a mild domestic, wrapped in Sumatra leaf, made by hand—a sweet, pleasant smoke. At retail you would do well to get such a cigar three for a quarter.

FELIX GARCIAS, \$1.50 a box (50)
a remarkably good smoke—in fact, the high grade nickel cigar, usually sold for \$2.50 a box. By cutting out the old-time selling expenses we save you the difference.

PORTO RICO BREVAS, \$1.25 a box (50)
a cigar that sells everywhere else at 5 cents each and for \$2.00 a box—worth the money, too—but as we handle half the tobacco product of Porto Rico we simply give you the benefit of our purchasing power.

CONTRACT: This advertisement is a contract absolutely guaranteeing these cigars to be as represented, and carries the positive obligation on our part to please you or return your money.
United Cigar Stores Company

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Will be held on MONDAY, December 14th.

Eighteenth St., Nineteenth St., Sixth Avenue, New York.

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Story of a Little Armless Girl who Lives in New Jersey. How She Sews, Writes, Plays the Organ, Eats, Opens the Door, Plays with Her Dolly and Goes to School. A Beautiful True Story, with Photographs Specially Taken for The World Magazine.

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Fashions, Home Hints and Puzzles. Bright Humor and Miscellany.

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