

# STRIKING POINTS IN EVELYN THAW'S TESTIMONY TO-DAY.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw on witness-stand said:

That while a mere child of sixteen and in short dresses she was stupefied with champagne; her life wrecked by Stanford White and,

That she told the whole story to Harry Thaw when he asked her to marry him; that Thaw declared she was not to blame, that he loved her and insisted on making her his wife.

That after the shooting Thaw said to her: "It's all right, dearie, I've probably saved your life."

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1907.

# MRS. EVELYN NESBIT THAW DESCRIBES HOW STANFORD WHITE WRONGED HER

### How Stanford White Made Elaborate Plans to Accomplish Her Ruin in One of His Many Retreats.

### SPECTATORS WEEP AS SHE TELLS OF POVERTY

A pale, slim little woman on the witness stand this afternoon laid bare the horrors of a life such as few women have led, in her effort to save Harry Thaw from the electric chair. The woman was his wife. For nearly two hours during the morning session and for an equal length of time in the afternoon she traced her history from childhood.

Men and women wept as this life-story was unfolded, sometimes artlessly, sometimes with thrilling dramatic force and fervor.

Harry Thaw sobbed unrestrainedly as his wife half-whispered the story of her degradation when she was a slip of fifteen. It was a public rending of a woman's soul, but a powerful argument to substantiate the claim of the defense that brooding over the wrongs his girl wife had suffered shifted the mental balance of Harry Thaw.

The news that Evelyn Thaw was on the witness stand spread over the city during the morning session and the fragmentary reports of her testimony aroused intense interest. While the court was resting at noon a crowd of probably 10,000 persons gathered around and inside the Criminal Courts Building.

### RIOTOUS SCENES IN THE CROWD.

There were riotous scenes as the tide of humanity beat against the immovable police lines. A few slipped through—a sufficient number to fill the court-room to the limit of its capacity. Those who gained entrance heard a story confirming all the rumors that have gained currency about Evelyn Nesbit and Stanford White since the night Harry Thaw ended the architect's life on the roof of Madison Square Garden.

Evelyn Thaw held nothing back; she told it all. How as a child, hungry for childhood's playthings, she had carried the weight of a whole shiftless household on her shoulders; how, with all the wiles of the serpent, her elderly seducer had brought hideous shame to her; how, when the chance of honorable wedlock came to her, she bared her secrets to the young lover; how the dreadful news had maddened him; how finally she had seen Stanford White, the seducer, slain by Harry Thaw, the husband.

### SHE IS CALLED TO THE STAND.

"Call Mrs. Evelyn Thaw," said Mr. Delmas, chief counsel for the defense of Harry Thaw, as soon as the trial was resumed to-day.

She came, white and cold and outwardly calm, in her little, plain blue frock, her white turn-down collar, her big, schoolboy tie and her black velvet hat. A court officer led her in by the side door, and she slipped down the panelled aisle back of the jury-box and halted alongside the witness-chair and put one of her small hands, with a yellow glove, upon the book that the usher held out to her. She was sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help her God.

The biggest scene in New York's biggest murder trial was at hand. She slipped into the big oaken chair yawning for her and nestled herself there almost like a tired child. Her hands dropped into her lap. There was something pitifully small and paltry and weak about the girl sitting there ready to crucify herself for the sake of her husband.

He was twenty feet away from her, directly in front of her, with his elbows on the counsel table. He never looked her way. Sweat was dripping in big soggy drops off the ends of his stiff hair.

In a low, sweet voice, plaintive but perfectly steady, she made her first answers to Delmas's smoothly modulated questions.

"You are the wife of the defendant, Harry Thaw?" asked the counsel for the prisoner.

"Yes."

"When were you born?"

"December 25, 1884."

The witness said that she and her husband went to the Madison Square

## EVELYN NESBIT THAW ON THE WITNESS STAND TELLING HER REMARKABLE STORY



Roof Garden on the night of June 25. They got there after 9. They had left the Cafe Martin shortly after 5.

"While you were at the Cafe Martin did you see Stanford White?"

"Yes."

"When did you see him?"

"Shortly after we arrived."

"He came in and you saw him merely pass through the Fifth avenue entrance?"

"Yes."

The witness described the way she and Harry Thaw and their two guests in the Cafe Martin were seated. Her face was to the left, where White was with his son and the son's friends.

"Did you ask for a pencil while at the table?"

"Yes."

"Then you wrote something on a paper?"

"Yes."

"What did you do with the paper on which you wrote?"

"I passed it to my husband."

Was there anything visible in your appearance to denote emotion?"

This question was ruled out.

"Without asking you for the contents of the paper which you wrote, I will ask you if the writing referred to the presence of Stanford White?" said Mr. Delmas softly.

"Yes."

### NOTE REFERRED TO WHITE.

The witness responded in the affirmative, but the question was ruled out.

The witness then told of driving from the Cafe Martin in a cab to the Madison Square Garden. Harry Thaw stopped by the aisle. Almost immediately after sitting down, the prisoner got up and walked out. He was away from his wife about five minutes. He returned and sat talking with the witnesses for half an hour.

"Describe how the party left," requested Mr. Delmas.

"We did not go directly after I suggested going. We sat chatting a little longer."

"What did you see then?"

"I saw Stanford White seated at a table towards which we were going."

"Did you see your husband then?"

### Thaw's Letters Admitted—One Accused Evelyn Nesbit's Mother of Being Negligent in Her Care of Her.

### GREAT CROWDS FLOCK TO THE COURT-ROOM

"He was behind me. I saw him a moment before I saw Mr. White."  
"Did you see a revolver?"  
"I heard three shots."  
"What did you do?"  
"I cried to Mr. McCaleb, 'My God, he has shot him!'"  
"Describe his manner as he approached you."  
"I cannot. All I remember was that he was toward me."  
"What did he say?"

"HE KISSED ME AND SAID, 'DEARIE, I THINK I HAVE SAVED YOUR LIFE.'"

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Harry, oh Harry, why did you do it? What have you done?'"

"HE ANSWERED, 'ALL RIGHT, DEARIE, I HAVE PROBABLY SAVED YOUR LIFE.'"

"I was taken away in a cab and do not remember much of what happened after that. I remember Mr. McCaleb or somebody saying he must have been crazy. It was all confusion."

Well as the girl wife bore up under the beginning of the ordeal, she made you think of some weak-trapped creature whose frightened heart jumped inside lets-like a brown hare in a deadfall or a bird in a net that is still only because it has worn itself out with hopeless struggling.

The way she patted her bracelet watch—the only jewel she wore—alone betrayed the lightheadedness of the grip she had upon her tortured nerves.

### THE REAL SECRET OF THE TRAGEDY.

A deep frown made a cleft in her forehead. Never until she reached the recital of the tragedy itself did the telltale tremor creep into her sweet voice. As soon as Delmas had caused her to tell the story of the shooting he switched away abruptly on a new tack, taking up the subject of the marriage of the girl and thus getting close to the real kernel of his defense.

She said she had been married to the defendant in Pittsburg in April, 1903. Josiah Thaw and Mr. Holman, Mrs. Thaw's stepfather, were present. Mrs. Thaw said that Thaw had first proposed to her in Paris in June, 1902. She had refused to marry him at that time.

Mr. Delmas asked with solemn emphasis:

"In stating your reasons to him, Thaw, why you would not marry him, did you state a reason based upon an event earlier in your life as a basis for refusing him?"

### THE MARRIAGE REQUEST.

"I SAID JUST 'BECAUSE.' HE REPEATED THE REQUEST, 'WHY DON'T YOU MARRY ME?' AGAIN I REPLIED 'BECAUSE.' THEN HE CAME OVER TO ME AND PLACED HIS HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS AND LOOKED ME STRAIGHT IN THE EYES. HE SAID 'EVELYN, IS IT BECAUSE OF STANFORD WHITE?' I SAID 'YES.' THEN HE SAT DOWN AND TOLD ME HE WAS MY FRIEND, AND THAT IF I DID NOT MARRY HIM HE WOULD NEVER MARRY ANYONE AT ALL. THEN I CRIED."

Mr. Jerome agreed that Mrs. Thaw in telling of her relations with Stanford White should omit the names of all persons involved in her relations with the architect except Stanford White himself. Then Mrs. Thaw went ahead and told of her meetings with White.

"It was a girl friend who first introduced me to Stanford White. When she first came and told me Mr. White wanted to meet me I objected at first. I said my mother wouldn't let me. But she came again and again, and told me Mr. White wanted to meet me, and that he belonged to one of the best families in New York."

### HOW SHE WAS LURED TO MEET WHITE.

"IT WAS IN 1901 WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN YEARS AND SOME MONTHS OLD. THIS GIRL FRIEND AND I GOT IN A CAB AND DROVE TO THE WALDORF, WHERE I HAD AN ERRAND. THEN WE DROVE TO A DINGY DOORWAY IN WEST TWENTY-NINTH STREET, AND THE GIRL TOLD THE DRIVER TO STOP AT THIS DOOR. WE GOT OUT, MY GIRL FRIEND LEADING THE WAY."

"When was this?"

"In August, 1901."

"You were how old?"

"Sixteen years. My hair was down my back and I had on short dresses."

"You say that your mother dressed you on this occasion?"

"Yes."

### THE TRAP WAS ALL SET.

Mrs. Thaw described her climb up the steps. She said the wide door slammed behind them as they climbed the stairs. The girl said she halted twice, alarmed, but her friend reassured her. At length they came, she

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