

STRIKING FEATURES IN EVELYN THAW'S TESTIMONY GIVEN TO-DAY

Stanford White tried to poison her mind against Harry Thaw with false stories. He took her to "Abe" Hummel, who she says drew up false charge with idea of driving Thaw out of town. He pursued her after her marriage to Thaw. Thaw Had Been Excited and His Animosity Toward White Increased by Stories of Other Girls Ruined by the Architect as Was Evelyn Nesbit. Hummel, She Says, Urged Her to Bring Suit Against Thaw for Breach of Promise.

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Weather—Cloudy, with snow; Saturday cloudy.

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FULL STENOGRAPHIC REPORT OF TESTIMONY IN THAW TRIAL

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1907.

AFTER MRS. THAW MARRIED WHITE KEPT UP ATTENTIONS

Another Telling Point Is Made by the Witness on the Second Day of Her Defense of Her Husband.

ARCHITECT FOLLOWED HER IN CAB ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Again to-day—for several hours—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw continued to add to the fabric of her extraordinary story of the lustful, cunning love of a roue and the wild passion of a youth overendowed with the gold of his father, but weak in the qualities that make men strong in the game of hearts as well as life. She told how Stanford White, owner of many queer haunts disguised as studios and apparently established but for one purpose, the enjoyment of his sensual desires, had literally snapped his fingers at the sanctity of the marriage bond and pursued her with his attentions even after she had become the lawful wife of his rival, the erratic Harry Thaw.

This testimony was the clincher needed to give the prisoner the benefit of the appeal to the so-called higher law.

This was followed later in the afternoon session by the allegation that she was not the only girl led to ruin by Stanford White. A great fight was made by Mr. Jerome to keep this out "in the interests of the fame of the dead architect," but Mr. Delmas, for Thaw, was not disposed to deal lightly with the character of the victim of his client's revolver, and while the counsel were still arguing on the admission of this line of testimony Justice Fitzgerald adjourned the court until Monday.

THE ELEMENT OF COMEDY.

Immediately after the opening of the session in the morning a new element was injected into the case—that of comedy. It was not to be calssed in any of the established schools of humor, but might fittingly be termed criminal comedy. Mrs. Thaw, with the same young but quaintly old glance in her eye, with the shrinking, yet confident pose of a child whose mind has gained precocity through adult surroundings, took the stand.

At once the narrative that has shocked a world, was resumed. The tragedy of it all was set aside for the moment while she told how White had hired Abe Hummel to carry on the bitter campaign of calumny he desired to prosecute against Thaw. Her testimony placed the lawyer, who is under conviction for subornation of perjury in the Dodge-Morse divorce suit in an even worse light than he appeared during the revelations when he was on trial in that case. She told how Harry Thaw referred to him as a "blackmailer and a shyster" and warned her to beware of him, and how White had described him as the "slickest lawyer in New York" and a "little man with a big head and warty face."

All of this seemed to amuse the court, particularly when it was alleged that "Abe" had squeezed \$1,000 from White "and threatened to get another."

THE RECESS FOR LUNCH.

And so it went for two hours when the welcome of recess was announced and Mrs. Thaw left the stand. She held her poise, pushing back her hair from her forehead and stepping out firmly almost buoyantly. She greeted May McKenzie in the ante-room adjoining the Justice's chamber with a bright smile and kissed her. None of Mrs. Thaw's party went out to lunch, but ate sandwiches and drank coffee in the ante-chamber.

The defendant also seemed to have gathered courage and aplomb from the progress of the day's proceedings. He left the court-room with a long swinging stride and an alert, hopeful look in his eyes. In the tribunal there was noticeably absent the strain and tension of yesterday.

THE AFTERNOON SURPRISE.

The afternoon session brought with it a tedious argument over the admission of a will or wills made by Thaw, designed by the defense to show the crazed condition of the prisoner's mind when they were drawn. Mr. Jerome succeeded in keeping them out for the present.

Then another ripple of sensationalism was injected into the case

EVELYN THAW TELLING HER LIFE SECRETS IN COURT

Sketched Especially for The Evening World by Artist Perley.



which had been dragging somewhat when Mr. Delmas started in to prove that Stanford White had lured other young girls to their ruin. He was getting well on in this direction when Mr. Jerome gave a yawn and with a what's-the-use expression in his voice objected to such testimony as "mere Tenderloin gossip."

Mr. Delmas was visibly shocked—as a lawyer can appear to be shocked when it suits. There was a flash of the great American "con" in his eyes, however, as he said he regretted he "did not know what Tenderloin gossip meant, but presumed the learned District-Attorney referred to some disreputable district."

And while Mr. Jerome was turning it over in his mind the case adjourned.

Garish Clad Women at Morning Session

In striking contrast to the unobtrusive simplicity of Mrs. Thaw's dress, was the glaring raiment and lurid headgear of the women who

wriggled their way into court and sought for seats from which to crane their necks and bore the little woman on the stand with their curious eyes. Feathers of brilliant rainbow hues, rakish and draggled plumes, waved and trembled over the little sea of heads. The creations with which these women adorned themselves, from outspoken yellow and green spats to ward-lacework about the throat, were correspondingly garish.

THE LINES OF THE DEFENSE.

Immediately after Mrs. Thaw resumed the witness stand Mr. Delmas continued the introduction of the defendant's letters, by which it is hoped to establish two points.

FIRST, THAT THEY SHOW THAT THE DEFENDANT'S REASON HAD BEEN SHATTERED.

SECOND, THAT HE HAD HEARD FROM EVELYN'S OWN LIPS THE HEART-RENDING STORY SHE RELATED ON THE STAND.

Several of these letters had been scribbled on odd pieces of paper—the sort of stationery purchased in drug stores and little shops—with a pencil. In one of the three letters written by Thaw to the then chorus girl and artists' model, at the time he was begging her to marry him, he wrote that he would willingly sacrifice everything for her—"give up everything if she would only marry him." This missive was inclosed

Love Letters Written by the Priscner Are Admitted in Evidence as Tending to Show His Mind Was Unbalanced.

ABE HUMMEL IN THE PLOT TO HELP WHITE

with a letter to Mr. Longfellow, who was then Thaw's counsel. The lawyer was requested to carry it to Evelyn.

In his letter to Longfellow the slayer of Architect White referred to his wife in this manner:

"THE POOR, HE ADVISED ANGEL MEANT TO DO RIGHT. SHE WAS RIGHT AND GOOD AND PURE UNTIL SHE FELL INTO THE HANDS OF A POLLUTED, SMOOTH-TONGUED, BLACK-GUARDLY, HARD-HEARTED, CRUEL, MONEY-GRABBING PROFESSIONAL DECEIVER."

Further on in the rambling, incoherent document is this isolated sentence: "I have nothing to live for, but it is so much to love life."

MRS. THAW AGITATED BY LETTERS.

While these letters were being read and the tender phrases and words of endearment emphasized by Mr. Delmas, Mrs. Thaw displayed a tremulousness that revealed how far her nerves had suffered from yesterday's ordeal. Crimson flushes played on her cheeks and mounted under the two little curls parted on her forehead. Her answers were clear and firm, but she continually worked together the fingers of her hands and picked at her gloves.

All of the letters of Thaw to Evelyn breathed a sincerity of affection and a depth of sentiment that few have ever given the young man credit for. Time and again he endeavored to impress upon her that he held the highest respect for her, disregarding the shame and ruin White had brought upon her. Even reverence for the beautiful child who had been sullied by "a monstrous deception" breathed in all of the missives, and the "ill-advised angel" was often repeated.

"He frequently called you that in letter and speech?" said Thaw's chief counsel.

CALLED HER ANGEL VERY OFTEN.

"Yes, very often," replied the witness, with a long sigh, tending over and glancing directly at her husband, whose chin lay in the yoke of both hands, bent forward within a few inches of the table.

As Mr. Delmas read this sentence "In eight months you may be in the gutter, morally, mentally and dishonorably," the young woman's back arched with a gesture eloquent of the force of her husband's argument. He had prophesied that if she persisted in her refusal to marry him she would descend into hopeless depths of disgrace and shame and woe.

The letters were read with great deliberation by Mr. Delmas. In fact, he endeavored to get as much pathos and dramatic effect out of them as possible. There was a great deal of the trivial and disconnected in the missives, however, and their reading dragged painfully.

Speculation was now centering in Jerome's cross-examination. Would he be a wise general and treat this torn, distracted girl gently? Or would he go at her like the savage black panther that our District-Attorney can be on occasions, at bared teeth and unsheathed claws and throaty snarl, snapping and flashing and shaking the bars of his cage of legal limitations in an effort to get at the opposition and eat 'em up?

THE TASK BEFORE JEROME.

So far, he had been all courtesy and consideration in his treatment of Harry Thaw's wife. What would he do now that she was about to be delivered over to his professional consideration?

Any way you look at it, you were bound to figure it out that the feline Mr. Jerome had ahead of him a path as delicate as spinning spider silk into cables. There was no doubting one thing, this girl's story had carried conviction with it. Had she done it better or done it worse, it would have been artificial, it would have been a tragedy.

Looking back on her testimony in getting, as it were, a thorough perspective of its aspect, one could pick out points of it that had bored home to the hearts like diamond drills. When the moment came for her to speak the crowning brutal details of the horror in Stanford White's Room of Many Mirrors she was not acting a part—she was tearing her own heart to pieces with her own hands; she was feeding her soul to the flame of vitriol before an audience of strange morbidized, even hostile eyes, for Jerome's hired alienists had sat watching her as veteran vivisectionists might watch the dismemberment of a quivering living carcass.

She could never have counterfeited it—the tortured twitch of the red, vibrant lips literally shrinking away in physical repulsion from the words they must frame, the eyes crying out of their glazed depths with a mute appeal for mercy, the gasp and the choke and shudder that shook the childish voice.

COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ACTED.

The best emotional actress in America couldn't have done it as well. Just as effective were the little touches of instinctive feminine vanity, with