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THE RELIABLE STORE Thomas Stone & Son THE RELIABLE STORE

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## EVELYN THAW LAYS BARE SAD SECRET OF HER LIFE

With Quivering Lips She Tells Of Meeting Stanford White

**WHY THAW SLEW WHITE**

Story of Young Wife's First Affair With The Lascivious Architect—The Sequel

New York, Feb. 8.—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw told her story yesterday. To save the life of her husband, charged with murder, she bared to the world the innermost secrets of her soul—a portrayal for which a sanctuary was a more fitting place than the crowded, gaping court room. It was the same story she told Harry Thaw in Paris in 1903 when he had asked her to become his wife—the confession of a woman who felt there was an insurmountable barrier to her ever becoming the bride of the man she loved.

In the big witness chair she appeared but a slip of a girl and she told



EVELYN NESBIT THAW.

the pitiful story of her eventful young life in a frank, girlish way. When tears came unbidden to her big brown eyes and slowly trickled their way down scarlet cheeks, she strove in vain to keep them back. Though the lump in her throat at times seemed about to choke her, she uttered the words from trembling lips and in a marvelous display of courage which took her willingly to her struggling ordeal, she shook off a depression which once threatened to become an absolute collapse.

**Thaw Cried.**

In its absorption in the sympathy-impelling story of the girl and the fascination of a voice of softest quality, yielding clear in enunciation, the court room forgot the prisoner. But when there came a halt in the girl's fight against her tears, they saw Harry Thaw again.

With his whole frame shaking, he sat with his head buried in his hands. A handkerchief covered his eyes. Bent over the table as he sobbed he could not be seen by the jurymen at all. Thus he sat for many minutes, and when he finally lifted his head his eyes were red and swollen.

**Mrs. Thaw On the Stand.**

Harry Thaw smiled at his wife as she walked to the witness-stand, but she apparently did not see him at the time. After she was seated, however, she smiled faintly at the prisoner.

Mrs. Thaw, in answer to Delmas' first question, said she was born Dec. 25, 1884. She told of her going to the Cafe Martin to dinner on the evening of June 25 with her husband, Thomas as McCaleb and Truxton Beale.

While you were at the Cafe Martin did you see Stanford White? A—Yes. At what time did you see him. A—Yes. I don't know, it was sometime after we arrived.

Did you see him leave? A—Yes. I saw him come in from the balcony and go out of the Fifth avenue entrance.

Wrote Note to Husband. While you were in the Cafe Martin did you call for a pencil? A—Yes.

Did you write a note? A—I did. On what? A—A slip of paper. I think Mr. McCaleb gave it to me. What did you do with it? A—I passed it to Mr. Thaw.

What did Mr. Thaw do? A—He said to me: "Are you all right?" I said, "Yes."

Mrs. Thaw, have you that slip of paper now? A—I have not. How far had you gone when some thing unusual attracted your attention? A—We almost reached the elevator when I turned round to say something to Mr. Thaw and he was not there.

**Saw Stanford White.** Who did you see when you turned around? A—I saw Stanford White. Where was he? A—He was seated at a table.

How far were you from him? A—About as far as from here to the end of the jury box.

Mrs. Thaw indicated the distance—about 25 or 30 feet.

When you saw Stanford White there did you see Mr. Thaw at the same time? A—No. I did not see Mr. Thaw until a moment or two later.

Where was he? A—He was standing directly in front of Mr. White, about 15 feet away.

Your husband was directly in front of Mr. White? A—Yes.

What was his position? A—He had his arm out like this.

Mrs. Thaw indicated the gesture of a man about to fire a pistol. Then what happened? A—I heard three shots.

Did you exclaim anything? A—Yes, I think I turned to Mr. McCaleb and said, "My God, he has shot him." Mr. Thaw walked toward me.

"My God, He Must Be Crazy." What did you say to him? A—I said, "Stanford, what are you doing, and why have you done it." He came up to me and kissed me, and said, "It's all right; I have probably saved your life." Then I heard Mr. McCaleb (I think it was), say, "My God, he must be crazy."

Mrs. Thaw remembered going down in the elevator.

She and Thaw were married on April 4, 1905, in Pittsburg.

Where was the ceremony performed? A—At the residence of the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

Who was there? A—My mother and her husband, Mr. Holman; and Mr. Thaw's mother, and his brother Joseph.

When did Mr. Thaw first propose to you? A—It was in 1903, in Paris.

Did you refuse him when he proposed to you? A—Yes.

Did you tell him why you refused? A—Yes.

Was it because of any event in your life? A—Yes, sir.

**The Incident in Paris.** In stating your reason to Mr. Thaw, did you say it was because of an incident in your life connected with Stanford White?

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald warned Mrs. Thaw that she should tell only what she told Thaw at the time of his proposal.

What did Thaw do after the refusal? A—He came over to me, and said he loved me and wanted to marry me. I told him I could not. He asked me why. He said "Don't you love me?" I said "Yes." Then he said, "Why?" I said "Because."

"But tell me why," he said, "Give me a reason." I said "Just because." He came over to me and put his hand on my shoulder and looked straight at me and said "Is it because of Stanford White?" I said, "It is."

What was Mr. Thaw's manner toward you. A—He was kind and nice and looked straight at me. He said he would never love or marry anybody else.

What did you do? A—I cried.

**Her Meeting With White.** Did you tell Mr. Thaw how you first met Mr. White? A—Yes. I told him that at the theatre a girl named Edna Goodrich—

## The Man Whom Evelyn Nesbit Thaw Pictured As Blackest Of Villains

At the time he was slain by Harry K. Thaw, Stanford White was 52 years of age and was perhaps the best known architect in the United States, having designed the principal buildings in many leading cities. He made the designs for the Pershys which was projected for Belle Isle, at the time of Detroit's bicentenary.

In New York White moved among aristocrats when he was not browsing about the Tenderloin district. He was a leader of a circle of men-about-town who frequented the stages of the leading theatres and wine and dined the footlight beauties.

Stanford White was one of the designers of the Madison Square Garden, where he lost his life. In the tower of this building he established his "Snuggery" far away from the rest of the world of gaiety. It is related that many lively entertainments took place in these quarters with White and some kindred spirits and stage beauties as the participants.

Stanford White's widow and son have deserted their fine New York and Long Island homes and are now living in seclusion in the suburbs of Boston.

## Even Jurors' Eyes Were Wet As Evelyn Thaw Told Story

New York, Feb. 7.—When Attorney Delphin M. Delmas called Evelyn Nesbit Thaw to the witness stand to-day she came in white and cold and outwardly calm. She wore a little plain frock, with plain turndown collar, big, schoolboy tie, and a black velvet hat. A court officer let her in by the side door, and she slipped down the paneled aisle back of the jury box and halted alongside the witness chair.

She had put one of her small hands, with its yellow glove, on 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 me God."

She slipped into the big oaken chair yawning for her and nestled there almost like a tired child. Her hands dropped into her lap. There was something pitifully small and pithy and weak about the girl sitting there ready to crucify herself for the sake of her husband. He was 20 feet away from her, directly in front of her, with his elbows on the counsel table. He never looked her way. The sweat was dripping in big, soggy drops off the ends of his stiff hair.

As Evelyn walked from the witness chair when court adjourned at noon, she felt along the wall of the passageway back of the jury box with the finger tips of her left hand, as if about to faint. From scarlet her face had paled to the whiteness of a sheet. Except when she broke down when going into the details of her experience with Stanford White, the girl spoke in a clear, soft voice.

On the witness stand she appeared for the first time in court unveiled, and her beauty was remarked on all sides. It is of a girlish type, a mass of black hair framing a face of daintily moulded features. She was accompanied to court by Mrs. George Carnegie, the defendant's sister, and May McKenzie.

White Evelyn was testifying nearly everyone in the courtroom was in tears and the witness herself wept pathetically. Even the eyes of several jurors were dimmed by tears.

Mrs. Thaw here was admonished not to use any other names than Stanford White's and Thaw's.

"This young woman," said Mrs. Thaw, "said she wanted me to go to dinner with some friends. I said my mother would not let me. She invited me again a few days later, but my mother refused. Then the young woman and her mother came and asked me to go to luncheon. The girl's mother said the people giving the luncheon were in New York society, and were all right, or she would not let her daughter go with them. My mother consented. The young lady called for me in a hansom. My mother had dressed me."

How old were you? A—Sixteen. When was this? A—In August, 1901.

"When I got into the hansom," resumed Mrs. Thaw, "I remember wishing we would go to the Waldorf, for I had never been there. Instead we drove down on West 24th street and the cab stopped in front of a dingy looking house. Then I was terribly disappointed, but got out when the young lady told me to. We went up two flights of stairs and through two doors which seemed to open by themselves. I hesitated but the young lady said to come along and up a third flight of stairs. I heard a voice call 'Hello.'"

Did you see the man who said 'Hello'? A—Yes, when we got to the head of the stairs.

**Stanford White, Big and Ugly.** Who was he? A—Stanford White. We went into a room where there was a table spread for four. The room was very pretty with rugs and pillows. Mr. White was very big, and I thought very ugly.

Mrs. Thaw told in much detail of the luncheon and of what followed. The two girls went with White to an upper room, where there was a red velvet swing, in which they were pushed up by White until their feet crashed through a large Japanese umbrella on the ceiling.

After several of these parties, White sent a carriage for her and she went to a studio and had many photographs taken in a gorgeous kimono. She was very tired and after one glass of champagne White sent her home. Continuing, she said:

**Lured to Lonely Room.** The next night I had a note from Mr. White, asking me to a party. He sent a cab for me after the theatre and I went to the 24th street house. When I got there there was no one there. I asked him where the party was. He said "What do you think, they have turned us down." "I said 'Oh, I am so sorry; now there'll be no party.'"

"But he said we would eat alone and we did. After supper Mr. White went out for a few minutes, but came back. Then I said it was time for me to go home, but he said there was a part of the house I had never seen and he took me to see it. One room was a bedroom with mirrors all around the walls. He told me to sit down and he poured out a glass of champagne, which he told me to drink. It might have been a minute or two later when something began pounding in my ears and the whole world seemed to go around and then everything got black."

"When I woke I sat up and screamed and screamed and screamed. There were mirrors all around the room and on the ceiling. Mr. White told me to keep quiet. I don't remember how I got home. I sat up all night."

The next time I saw Mr. White he told me that he had not hurt me a bit. He made me swear I would never tell my mother."

**Thaw Sobbed Over Story.** "What was the effect on Mr. Thaw when you told him this story?" interrupted Mr. Delmas.

"Terrible," she replied. "What did he do?"

"He sobbed and walked the floor. It was not crying, it was sobbing. He knelt beside me and picked up the edge of my skirt and kissed it. He stayed there all night and we just sat and talked and talked. He said mamma was very foolish and should have known better than to let me go around with a married man. He asked me if I had ever told mamma and I said no. She, like many other people, thought Mr. White was a great good man and he said that he loved me and any decent person would know it was not my fault."

**Thaw Renews Proposal.** "Did he renew his offer of marriage?" asked Mr. Delmas.

"Not that night. But about two months afterwards he again asked me. He said it was not my fault and he loved me better than ever."

"I told him I could not marry him, for if I did White would know and he would laugh at him and talk. And then I told him I could not marry him because of his family. I said if I had met him before I came to New York it might have been different."

Mrs. Thaw at this point recovered her composure somewhat, and detailed the events of her early life and their struggles with poverty, after the death of her father, a Pittsburg lawyer, when she was eight years old.

She had been sent to school in New Jersey in 1902 by Stanford White, became ill there, and had to submit to an operation, the nature of which the doctors did not tell her. Thaw came to see her at the hospital, and

Continued on Page 4.

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