

EVELYN THAW TELLS LIFE STORY

FINE LOGS ARE CARRIED TOWARD SEA

Flood Breaks Paper Mill Boom and River Hurries the Timbers Through Harbor

Bridges Not Endangered, as Logs Come Singly—Crest of High Water Passes Salem, and Will Be Here Tonight or Tomorrow Morning.

Unable to withstand the terrific onslaught of the rising river, the immense log boom of the Willamette Pulp & Paper company went to pieces this morning at Oregon City and is now drifting toward the sea.

A telephone message from the paper company was received here at 10 o'clock by the Diamond O Steamboat company asking for tug to control the runaway logs and an effort is being made to get boats together to save at least some of them.

Booms Close to Pieces. Fearing that the boom would remain intact and land the Madison street bridge's death blow, Superintendent Kelly had ropes stretched across the entrance to the bridge at about 10:30 o'clock, suspending traffic for about 15 minutes.

A telephone message from Milwaukie, however, announced that the boom had broken up and was proceeding down the river in small sections.

The logs passed through the harbor about 11 o'clock and only a small percentage of them lodged against the bridge piers.

Crest Passes Salem. The Willamette is now rising slowly at this point and will probably reach a maximum height of 2 1/2 feet. District Forecaster Beals says the crest of the flood will pass Portland late tonight or early tomorrow morning.

River Will Fall Saturday. The government gauge in the harbor showed a height of 21.6 feet at 10 o'clock this morning. Indications are that it will rise from 8 inches to a foot further and then remain stationary until Saturday when it will begin to fall slowly.

Some of the merchants on First street feared that the water would enter their cellars, but so far they have been on the safe side. Mr. Beals has been besieged for information since the river

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FOUR THUGS MUST FACE GRAND JURY

Suspected Robbers of Postoffices Have a Hearing Before Commissioner M'Kee

While Bryant, Government's Star Witness, is Telling of Deeds of Former Pals, Anderson Glares Malevolently at Him, Longing for Vengeance.

United States Commissioner Edward McKee has ordered that Anderson, Kelley, Carter and Hankins, arrested for complicity in the robberies of the Bellwood and Mr. Johns postoffices, be held to the federal grand jury and fixed the prisoners' bail at \$2,000 each.

Commissioner McKee's decision disposed of the remaining four members of the gang of desperadoes who have carried out their operations in Portland for the last few months, and came as a climax to the interesting proceedings that have marked affairs around the federal and municipal courts in Portland since the men were arrested.

Perhaps no hearing that has ever come up before a federal commissioner in Portland has attracted so large a crowd as that present at the hearing before Commissioner McKee yesterday afternoon. The deeds of the gang had been given great publicity, and because of the numerous holdups and robberies that have occurred in Portland, the crowd that gathered to be implicated brought forth a great crowd to see the proceedings.

Women Are Interested. Many women were present, some as witnesses, but a number as spectators. Denizens of the north and helped to fill the throng that crowded into the courtroom. Every seat was taken and men elbowed one another to obtain a better view of the prisoners and to hear the proceedings.

Assistant United States District Attorney James Cole did not mince matters once the hearing was started, but announced to the outset that it was to be against the four prisoners who sat silent and sullen beneath the watch of the deputy marshals. He called his witnesses rapidly and questioned them sufficiently to reveal the facts, which was sufficient ground for suspicion on which to hold the prisoners for robbing the postoffices.

Enough Evidence Held Back. The federal attorneys drew out this testimony without showing the full strength of his case and stated after all the evidence was in that he was satisfied that the men should be held to the grand jury. Mr. Cole said that he had further evidence against the men but that it was not necessary to disclose.

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JUSTIFIES MURDER OF ARCHITECT

Evelyn Thaw's Story Is Master Stroke for Defense in Famous Case on Trial

Conception of More Dramatic Scene Impossible—Terrible Tale Calculated to Stir the Soul of Any Man and Fill Him With Loathing for Architect.

(Journal Special Service.) New York, Feb. 7.—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw told her story today. The narrative contained the "justification" which Delmas promised to furnish the jury for the killing of White by Thaw. It was the story of the ruin of an innocent child by a human vulture. Evelyn Thaw confessed herself the victim.

A conception of a scene more dramatic than that enacted in the famous trial today would be impossible. The frail little wife of femininity, whose physical charms cost one man his life and his place another in the shadow of the electric chair, was the first witness called to the stand today. It was a crisis in her life. She faced it with that bravery which fires the woman serving the man she loves.

Looks Appealing as Jury. The blue veil, which has not been lifted since the opening of the trial was thrown back when she stepped into the witness chair and prepared for one of the most trying ordeals a woman ever faced. Her cheeks were pale and tear-stained, but her eyes were clear, and she looked appealingly at 12 men to whom she was to tell the story. There were no preliminaries. Under the questioning of Judge Delmas the details of the tragedy were recited. Then came the story of her life, her meeting with Thaw, his proposal, her refusal to marry him and her confession of the reason—Stanford White.

Judge Delmas then asked her to repeat to the jury the confession she made to Harry Thaw. She did so. It was a terrible tale, calculated to stir the soul of any man and fill him with loathing for the man who executed its details. It was punctuated with tears wrung from the heart of the witness, but was devoid of hysterics. Throughout the entire course the jury sat transfixed.

Thaw Weeps During Tale. Harry Thaw hid his face in his hands and wept. Evelyn related her first meeting with White in one of his so-called studios in Twenty-fourth street, one which was later to be the scene of his ruin. Then came the supper in the famous tower of the Madison square garden. At each of these was manifest the sham paternal attitude of the plotting hypocrite. Then came the meeting of White alone

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PRISONER'S WIFE REVEALS STANFORD WHITE'S SPERFIDY



PHOTO BY MARCEAU

EVELYN NESBIT THAW

To Save Husband From Electric Chair, Architect's Victim Tells Heart's Secrets Showing Murdered Man a Moral Monster and Villain, Deserved Fate

(Journal Special Service.) New York, Feb. 7.—Today Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, wife of Harry Kendall Thaw, and star witness for the defense, took the stand to lay bare the secrets of her life to save the life of her husband. When she took the stand she raised her veil for the first time in the courtroom since the trial began, showing a face pale and emaciated from worry and care, her beauty faded in studio and on the stage marred by suffering undergone in the last half year.

There is something infinitely pathetic and pleading in her manner and her voice, as in response to Attorney Delmas' pleading she tells the story of the events preceding the murder of Stanford White, the first meeting with White, and how Thaw came into her life. Her petite figure, her crushed beauty, appeals to both jury and auditors. She is of pronounced brunette type, but with the unusual combination of blue eyes. Her hair is thick, black and heavy, with that dull gloss that lends itself to every pose, and she knows how to pose to best advantage. Her eyebrows are heavy and arched—strikingly arched, her nose is "pert," and her mouth a model of that of Venus de Milo. Her figure is not as plump as in the days when she had not a care in the world, and a pallor has replaced the once brilliant complexion, though blushing colored her cheeks as she related the story of her downfall through Stanford White, though she suggested rather than told it. Her answers were firm, though sometimes so low that only those sitting near could hear them.

MAN'S VILLAINY AND WOMAN'S FOLLY. It is evident that Mrs. Thaw is suffering keenly in thus having to bare to the world her girlish folly and White's villainy. Only the love she bears her husband and the hope thereby of saving his life could induce her or any woman to thus reveal the secrets of her heart, of her disgrace—secrets hitherto revealed to but one person, her husband, at whose mind they gnawed until they unbalanced it and caused the murder of the cause of it all.

It is the old story—the story enacted every day in the metropolis and scores of other places—of the pretty maid whose beauty causes snares to be laid for her ruin; of the young woman of schoolgirl age, forced by a needy mother into a life every step of which is beset with temptation; of a child whose head is turned by adulation and flattery, without the guidance of a mother that should have kept her in other paths; of a mother more at fault than the child. It is the story of the well-to-do, and prosperous erstwhile respectable man of affairs amusing himself during his leisure hours by crushing the fair flower that bloomed beside his path; of the man that plots to gratify his lust, even though it destroys the soul of a maid; the story of the millionaire rake and rone seeking fresh diversion among schoolgirls.

As Evelyn Nesbit Thaw told her story there seemed to be but one opinion among the auditors—that the architect deserved his fate; that, as the common expression is, "the game law was up on Stanford White." It was not a murder, but a killing.

During the telling Evelyn Thaw shed many bitter tears—tears which tore at the heart-strings of her auditors and filled many a sympathetic eye among her listeners.

THAW HAS UNEASY NIGHT. All night long Harry Thaw paced nervously up and down his narrow cell, waiting for the time when he should be called again to the ordeal of the courtroom. Until midnight he held a conference with his attorneys and others, and during the remainder of the night he lay at times on his cot in a fitful sleep. He did not remove his clothes, and the guard at the Tombs said he slept but a few minutes during the entire night.

As Thaw entered the courtroom this morning his face was ghastly. Dark blotches on his cheeks only accentuated the whiteness of the skin and intensified the lines of suffering and mental agony so plainly marked. The skin on his face is drawn taut over the cheekbones, tense lines encircle the mouth, and there are dark circles under the prisoner's eyes.

More than an hour before court convened this morning Evelyn talked in the prisoner's pen to her husband in the presence of the court officers and attendants at the Tombs. Thaw, weakened as he is by the terrible strain of the trial and the uncertainty of the outcome, and the results upon his wife and relatives, mustered every effort to encourage the white-faced, weeping wife who anticipated the ordeal through which she passed this morning on the witness-stand.

EVELYN THAW IS CALLED. When court finally convened the courtroom was packed with scores of women. The room resembled more that of a women's congress than a place of trial for a man charged with murder, and long before court was in session women jostled each other in the corridors and out in the street for an opportunity to get near the door in order to be admitted. The crowd in the courtroom was held at tension pitch. Every muscle in every face, whose eyes and ears lost nothing of events transpiring, was strained to that limit of nervous endurance which quivered simultaneously at the sound of names and swayed sympathetically when with the completion of the preliminaries Delmas' loud voice said: "Call Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw."

A second afterward, through a side door, came Thaw's wife, slight but erect, head bowed, the face pale and figure trembling. She was dressed in the same suit of blue she has worn during the early days of the trial, and as she took her oath and mounted to the witness-stand her veil was lifted for the first time and a silent, eager court-room saw a face on which was written deeper than words can express a story of wrong and mental suffering which almost passes the limit of human endurance.

In a voice almost firm she gave her name in response to the inquiry and said she was born in 1884. "Where were you the night of June 25, 1906?" asked the attorney. "At the Cafe Martin, with my husband, Thomas McCaleb and Truxtun Beale. We sat on the Twenty-sixth street side," she replied. "Where did you go after that?" "To the Madison Square roof garden." "What time was that?" "I don't recall."

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CHOKES LUMBER INDUSTRY

Car Shortage Throws Thousands of Men Out of Work—Railroads Confident of Getting Business Later Make No Efforts

While farmers, manufacturers and shippers in all lines are suffering heavy losses for lack of cars to market their products, or to receive goods from eastern markets, the lumber manufacturer in Oregon is the most conspicuous loser, for the reason that large numbers of working men lose with him. More than 2,000 men, it is estimated, have been thrown out of employment all or a part of the time in the last six months by the lumber car shortage.

In a list of 75 Oregon lumber mills that have been closed all or a portion of the last six months a great many men were regularly employed at good wages. Many of these mills are located on the small railroads or branches that feed the Southern Pacific and O. R. & N. lines. The bulk of their products move over the Southern Pacific to California and the southwest or over the Union Pacific system to the middle west.

Branches Have No Cars. The small branch railroads on which many of the mills are located have never had cars nor pretended to own enough equipment to handle their business. They are tied up to the Harriman lines in traffic agreements and their products go to market in cars

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DRIVING SPIKES INTO G.O.P. COFFIN

Republicans Vote to Destroy Statement Number One, Depriving People From Selecting United States Senators.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Salem, Or., Feb. 7.—The Republican party has put its last nail in its coffin by this act. It will have a greater effect in urging the election of Governor Chamberlain as United States senator than anything that could have been done," said Senator Bingham this morning when the senate, under the guise of preserving party integrity, put itself on record for the practical abolition of statement No. 1, by a vote of 15 to 10, and adopted a favorable report on Bailey's bill amending the statement to have candidates pledged to vote for the party choice as senator.

In debate on the floor of the senate Bingham opposed amending the statement. He said: "Every Republican in this senate has urged the election of senators by popular vote. If you pass this bill and take this privilege from the people I warn Republicans now if you pass this law you will have to answer to the people for it."

Both said that had a Democrat been the popular choice at the last election legislators would have interpreted statement No. 1 differently than they did.

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Miller of Linn demanded to know if Gearn would not have received the statement unchanged were Bingham, Caldwell, Cole, Coahow, Hedges, Miller of Linn, Mull, Nottingham, Smith of Umatilla and President Haines.

Those favoring Bailey's amendment were Booth, Beach, Bailey, Cole, Hart, Johnson, Kay, Laughery, Laycock, McDonald, Marion, Schofield, Richel, Smith, Matton and Whealded.

The senators voting to leave statement one unchanged were Bingham, Caldwell, Cole, Coahow, Hedges, Miller of Linn, Mull, Nottingham, Smith of Umatilla and President Haines.

Those favoring Bailey's amendment were Booth, Beach, Bailey, Cole, Hart, Johnson, Kay, Laughery, Laycock, McDonald, Marion, Schofield, Richel, Smith, Matton and Whealded.