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VOL. II. NO. 243

SAYRE, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1937

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EVELYN ON THE RACK

Thaw's Wife Breaks Down Amid Storm of Tears.

JEROME LAYS BARE HER PAST LIFE

Prosecutor Digs Deep Into Relations of "Flordora" Girl With White. Her Brother Howard Won Over—Story Not Upset.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—District Attorney Jerome at the roof garden murder trial got nothing out of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw except tears. He could not tear down the story she had told on the stand in her husband's trial for murder. So, by dint of merciless badgering, by pressing demands for all the smaller hideous details of her alleged wrong at the hands of Stanford White, he at length forced her into an outburst of sobs.

For tenderness and for tragedy it was the biggest moment of this big, tense, tragic trial.

All the session he dug away with prying, pitiless hands at the very foundation of the young wife's shame, doing his lawyer-like best to rack down the fabric of her tale which is Harry Thaw's link of defense. He didn't succeed. Not for a minute did he come anywhere near succeeding. In the minor shadings and turns



of the serpentine liquidation Evelyn Thaw held her own with him well, parrying his questions with seemingly candid answers, having about them every element of innocence, yet such answers were that Jerome found himself not balked, but actually checked.

His persistence brought tears from her—that was all. It was a big day for the defense, for certainly the sight of Evelyn Thaw crying didn't hurt her husband's cause in the eyes of the jury, and certainly she suffered in no other regard.

The pathetic story told by Evelyn Nesbit Thaw on the witness stand has won over her brother Howard.

In a statement made in court to press representatives Howard Nesbit said:

"Much has been said and much has been written about what I am going to do if I am called to the witness stand in the trial of Harry Thaw, but you can say for me through your paper that if I take the stand I will not say anything to hurt or injure my sister or against her."

Mrs. Thaw as she came to the witness chair seemed even more confident than when she faced the first real stress of the ordeal.

She had wrestled with Jerome, her wit against his, her air of sincerity against his front of intimidation, her faulty memory against his unapproachable curiosity—and she had not suffered.

Thaw looked as if he might have been combing his hair with a knife and fork as he came into the rear corridor. The stiff scalp lock at the top of his skull stood out stiff and straight. His tie was badly knotted, but evidently nervousness had not been responsible for his toilet, since he seemed entirely at his ease as he found his customary place.

Mrs. Thaw was still costumed in the girlish blue frock said to have been patterned and conceived by the ingenious Miss McKenzie. When she turned to the witness stand at the summons of Clerk Penny, immediately after the crier had dropped his announcement of the court's convention, her face showed an added pallor, and her eyes looked tired. It developed that she had been sick through the night and that she still felt very badly when she came to the criminal courts building.

Mr. Jerome asked her if it was not the realization of a wrong that was the reason for the renunciation of Thaw's love. Mrs. Thaw created some surprise by saying: "Not exactly. It was because I had been found out." Then she told of how one man, a friend of White's, had known of her relations with Stanford White and had told of it. There was a sharp conflict between counsel as to whether or not the man's name should be given out in open court, but the name was withheld.

It was at this point that Mr. Jerome came down to the meetings of Evelyn Nesbit and White after his attack upon her. Mrs. Thaw apparently knew what was coming and answered the first question unflinchingly. She admitted that she called at the Twenty-second street house, the Twenty-fourth street house and the room in the Madison Square tower to see White on many occasions between the latter part of 1901, when the attack was made, and January, 1902. She could not remember how often she saw him. Ordinarily, but without anything that

could be termed ferocity. Mr. Jerome put question after question to the witness, and her agitation began. She told of meeting White after the theater, of how on going to his rooms she was again plied with wine. On these visits she declared she was always placed under the influence of wine, although never again drugged. During this period her mother was at home, and she had not told her of what was going on.

"I would rather have died than told her," said the witness as her tears began to flow.

"At first she seemed as if she was making every effort to keep from crying, then sobs shook her frame, and she held her handkerchief to her face. She went on to tell brokenly that when ever White asked her to meet him it seemed as if she had to go. Through her sobs she told the details of her meeting. Then came the break in her examination. Mrs. Thaw held her handkerchief to her eyes and wept. There was a strained feeling in the courtroom, and no one stirred.

Back in his chair Thaw, whose face had become ashen, was sitting, and soon his face was buried in the handkerchief which he held in his hands. An almonst to the right of him put his arm around the prisoner's shoulder in a comforting fashion and tapped him gently once or twice.

"When did you first meet Stanford White?" interrogated the district attorney, turning to the witness after his fruitless passage with the lawyer.

"In 1901, when I was playing in the 'Flordora' company."

"Who introduced you?"

"Edna Goodrich."

"Where did you meet him?"

"In the tower of Madison Square Garden."

"How did you happen to go there?"

"At Miss Goodrich's invitation."

"Did your mother know you were going?"

"Yes."

Evelyn said Edna Goodrich told her White was a very nice man, interesting and a fine entertainer. She (Miss Goodrich) said he was a great society man.

"He seemed very fond of Miss Goodrich," said Mrs. Thaw, "and I asked her if she and Mr. White were engaged."

"You didn't know he was a married man?"

"No."

"Did you know that he was a married man at the time of the drugging?"

"Yes."

"Did anything wrong ever happen when White took you to the photographer's in Twenty-fourth street to be posed?"

"No. The photographer's was a very proper and nice place."

After meeting White in the tower Evelyn said she and Edna Goodrich went for a ride in the park in a cab and discussed the architect at length as they drove along.

"Were there any improprieties at this first meeting in the tower?" queried Jerome.

"Mr. White kissed us. At the theater he used to go up to the girls and rub their arms and shoulders" (describing the White caresses with a gesture), "and that time we went to see him he also hugged us."

"This didn't offend your maidenly modesty at that time?"

"I don't remember. I know now that it was not right. He seemed very kind and fatherly. He always treated me just like a father except in the way he took advantage of me. Outside of this one awful part of his life he was very nice, very kind, and except in one way he was always very good to me."

In reply to another of Jerome's interrogations the witness said, leaning forward in her chair, marking time with her forefinger and talking with almost shrill emphasis: "Outside of that one terrible thing Stanford White was a very grand man. He was kind and considerate. He acted toward me like a father. He was much more thoughtful than others. I told this to Mr. Thaw—about Mr. White's kind and fatherly manner—and he said that it only made him all the more dangerous. Harry said that his being so kind and considerate only made him the more dangerous to the community."

"Can you tell me the names of any other girls toward whom White behaved in this fatherly, affectionate manner?"

She whispered to the district attorney by way of an answer.

"Now, then, how did he treat those girls?" asked Jerome.

"One of them he treated just as he did me. He was fatherly to her and called her 'little girl,' just as he did me. I know, too, that he would never let her drink more than one glass of champagne. He put up the same bluff with her that he did with me."

"Did you, after being wronged, continue to go out to dinner and to dinner parties with Stanford White?"

"Often. Sometimes every day; sometimes two or three times a week."

"So he called on you at your home and at the theater often?"

"Yes. He came nearly every day."

"How long did that continue?"

"Well, for nearly a year, I guess. From the winter of 1901 until I went to Pompton to school, in the fall of 1902."

"How did he treat you when in company—kindly?"

"No. I cannot say that it was kind. He was constantly coaxing me to go with him to his rooms alone. That wasn't right."

"When was it that you refused positively to continue the practice of going to his room or of seeing him alone?"

"It was in January, 1903, I think."

"Did he coax you often?"

"Yes, very often. He would scold me and grow very unpleasant if I tried to refuse."

"Did he continue to give you money during the period that these improper

relations between you were maintained?"

"Yes, he gave me money a number of times during 1901, during 1902 and once or twice, I think, early in 1903, over a year in all, I think."

Mrs. Thaw said that at many of the parties she attended in the tower in 1901 and 1902 there were lots of women present.

"At any of these parties," asked the prosecutor, "did you ever see any acts of impropriety?"

"Yes. There was a lot of drinking."

"Is that all?"

"No. There were bad stories told. One woman in particular used to tell bad stories."

"One of the guests told particularly rank stories?"

"Yes, but I didn't know anything against her character. I only know she told stories."

"Did White tell obscene stories?"

"Yes."

"Did any of the others?"

"No, I think not."

"Why do you remember about White's particularly?"

"Because Mr. White told me he heard all of them at a certain club," she answered innocently.

Mrs. Thaw in answer to Jerome's question said that on Christmas eve, 1903, she spent the night in Thaw's apartments in New York.

Mr. Deinas of the defense, who had been sitting close to the witness chair, got up in protest and said something in a husky voice about "the impropriety cruelly." The district attorney had been asking the questions as if driven to it by a stern necessity. His tone had been as moderate as possible under the circumstances.

A few more questions of Mr. Jerome and the story was over. Then the district attorney took Mrs. Thaw back again to her Paris trip and read to the jury a letter which she had written there to a girl friend then playing in London. It was not long before Mrs. Thaw revealed her composure to a degree, but tears remained in her eyes for quite awhile before she became easy again under the questions.

Before the recess hour came Mr. Jerome asked her about one of the letters she had received from Stanford White. She said that she had given it to Mr. Hartridge, and Mr. Jerome called on Thaw's lawyer for the epistle. Mr. Hartridge refused to give it up, and Mr. Jerome called him as a witness. On the stand he said he would not give up the letter, basing his grounds on the relationship between counsel and client.

Mr. Jerome seems to have been able to trace Mrs. Thaw's every step, and this seems to have been largely due to the typewritten statement of the mother which he nearly always holds in his hand while hurling telling questions at the daughter. In single spaced typewriting the statement seems to cover fully seventy-five pages.

At the close of the most eventful day of the trial Mr. Jerome announced that he probably would keep Mrs. Thaw under fire two days more. Adjournment was taken until Monday morning.

HIT HOOK OF HOLLAND

Liner Berlin Wrecked While Entering Port.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO LOST

Captain Parkerton, a Passenger, the Only Survivor, Tells of Horror in Howling Gale While Clinging to Wreck Timbers.

LONDON, Feb. 22.—The worst disaster for many years in the history of the busy cross channel traffic between England and the continent occurred during a violent gale shortly before 9 o'clock in the morning, when the Rotterdam mail steamer Berlin, from Harwich to Hook of Holland, having safely weathered the hurricane, was suddenly wrecked as she was entering port. With one single exception all her passengers and crew, numbering altogether 143 persons, lost their lives.

The terrible seas broke up the steamer with such awful suddenness that all efforts to save life appear to have been utterly hopeless. At a late hour it was reported that some few survivors were still clinging to the wreck, but as the heroic efforts all day long of the lifeboat crews had failed to reach them little hope that they will be saved remains.

The story of the disaster is told with dramatic intensity by the following brief but pregnant messages reaching Harwich from the agent of the Great Eastern Railway company at Hook of Holland. The first message handed in at the Hook ran as follows: "The Berlin is stranded at the north pier, and there is a heavy gale blowing. She has broken in two."

"It was impossible to reach the Berlin to save the passengers."

"The Berlin is a total loss, with all her crew and passengers."

A terrific southerly gale was blowing right inshore and drove the steamer on a sand bank close to the northern jetty as she was trying to enter the new waterway. Heavy seas quickly pounded the vessel to pieces. She broke in two, her forepart sinking immediately, while the doomed passengers and crew could be seen for a brief space clustered on the afterpart. Then the latter slipped off the ledge and disappeared in the mountainous waves. Tugs and lifeboats put out to the assistance of the Berlin, but the violence of the gale and the heavy seas made it impossible to approach the wreck, and the helpless would-to-be life savers saw the steamer break up and the crew and passengers washed away without being able to render the slightest assistance.

The only person to reach land alive was Captain Parkerton of Belfast, Ireland, who was thrown upon the shore by a giant wave. He was unconscious when taken to a hotel and is now in a high fever as a result of his experience.

Twenty-five bodies have been washed ashore.

Among the steamer's passengers were nineteen members of the German opera company who had just completed their season at Covent Garden and were hurrying home to Germany.

With the exception of the members of the German opera company, there were only four women and two children among the passengers, the other travelers being chiefly business men, many of them natives of Holland, returning home after visiting England. Among the latter were several diamond merchants, who doubtless carried valuable parcels of diamonds, and, besides, the purser had in his safe packages of diamonds valued at several thousand pounds sterling.

Arthur Herbert, the king's foreign service messenger, who was drowned by the wreck of the Berlin, was a grandson of the third Earl of Powis and was on a mission to the courts of Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Teleran, bearing important dispatches to the heads of the foreign offices at those capitals.

No cause yet has been assigned for the terrible accident, and it probably never will be known how the steamer came to miss the channel, which, although 300 yards wide and well buoyed and lighted, is always difficult of access in rough weather. It is conjectured that some derangement of the engines or steering gear may have rendered the vessel uncontrollable. Captain Precious of the Berlin had a good record of fourteen years' service. The list of passengers on the fated steamer was lost, and all the names of those who were on board have not yet been learned, but as far as has been ascertained there were no Americans among the passengers.

Captain Parkerton when the ship struck and broke in twain hurried to the bridge to offer Captain Precious his help, but just as he put his foot on the ladder he saw the captain and the pilot swept away by the seas.

Of what followed Captain Parkerton cannot give a clear account. When he recovered himself he was in the water surrounded by floating timbers. One of these he seized, and he succeeded in keeping himself afloat until he saw the lifeboat. His cry for help was heard, and he was picked up and brought ashore.

Saw Negro Soldiers Shooting.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 22.—Herbert Elkins, clerk in the Leaky Pen at Brownsville, testified in the Penrose court martial that he heard a negro say that night, "I'll come back and finish the — whites." He told how, from his room in the rear of the Leaky hotel on the second floor, he saw negroes come up the alley and fire into the Coven house. He positively identified them as negro soldiers. He saw from the window of the room next to his negroes firing from the barracks' galleries and heard the roll call of Company B. Under cross examination he repeated his direct testimony.

New York Actor Found Dead.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Frank MacViears, a well known actor, who for some time had been playing the lead part in "The Man of the Hour" at the Savoy theater in this city, was found dead in the arway leading to the basement of the Hotel Rivoli. His skull had been fractured, presumably by a fall from the stone steps leading up to the first floor on the outside of the building. It is supposed that MacViears, who was a very large man, slipped and fell into the arway. The police are investigating.

President Gets Big Silver Cup.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—President Roosevelt was presented with a splendid cup of honor two feet high, a sample of Slavonic art. The cup was given by General Count Arthur de Tcher-Spiridovich, the president of the Slavic society of Moscow. The cup is of gold and silver, with an incrustation of enamel handwork. It is of old Slavic style, standing on three low legs and is capped with a helmet. Inside is a cylinder, designed for holding parchments and other papers.

Roosevelt Leaves For Boston.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—Because of the general holiday, George Washington's birthday, there was no meeting of the cabinet. The president, however, was in his office the greater part of the morning attending to public business. Later, with Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Longworth and Miss Ethel Roosevelt, he left for a two days' visit to Boston and vicinity.

Styer Tried to Kill Himself.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 22.—The story in circulation in the United States that the recent general manager of the Mexican Central railroad, E. E. Styer, had been murdered by a member of the anti-American society is without foundation. No such society exists here. Styer is lying at the point of death in his home here as the result of self inflicted wounds.

Shea Not Guilty.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—After being out nearly four hours last night the jury in the Shea trial returned a verdict of not guilty.

Weather Probabilities.

Fair and cold; west winds.

OUR GREAT ANNUAL SALE

Fine White Undermuslins

Drawers

Children's Muslin Drawers with cluster tucks, good material, all sizes worth up to 25c. Choice of table full 15c.

Children's Cambric Drawers with ruffle, all sizes, worth up to 50c. Special 29c.

Ladies' Drawers

Open and closed 25c, 29c, 37½c, 45c and 75c.

Corset Covers

Lace trimmed, all specially priced, 15c, 25c, 35c, 45c, 55c, 65c.

Gowns

50c kind, special35c
75c kind, special55c
85c kind, special65c
\$1.00 kind, special75c
\$1.25 kind, special95c
\$1.45 kind, special\$1.15
\$1.65 kind, special\$1.35
\$1.75 kind, special\$1.45
\$2.00 kind, special\$1.65

Ladies' Skirts

75c kind, sale price65c
\$1.25 and \$1.35 values, lace insertions or Hamburg Ruffles, sale price95c
\$1.75 same as above\$1.35
\$2.00 same as above\$1.45
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\$3.00 lace only\$2.45
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An 18c value for 12½c and plenty of it.

Waist Linen

36 in. pure linen85c
40 in. pure linen\$1.15
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Sold elsewhere for 60c the yard. Sale price 39c.

Pure Linen, Grass Bleached Damask, 72 in., worth 90c to \$1.00. Special 75c.

Long Cloths

Real Marquise, 10c or 12 yds. \$1.00
English Marquise, 12½ or 12 yds. \$1.25
English Brighton, 15c or 12½ yds. \$1.50
Finer one up to 25c the yard.

Persian Lawns

44 to 48 in., 18c, 25c, 35c, 45c, 55c, and 65c.

French Lawns

44 to 48 in., 18c, 25c, 37½c, 45c, 55c.

Bappa Cloth

36 in. white, worth 15c, sale 12½c.
36 in. waisting, a trifle lighter in weight, sale price 12½c.

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