ASSASSIN DECLARED HE HAD NO ACCOMPLICES.

All Efforts to Have Him Implicate Others Were Futile.

SUPT. COLLINS'S EFFORTS

Prisoner Declared He Did Not Wish to Be Freed—"The People Would Kill Me," He Said.

(Special to The Evening World.)

AUBURN, Oct. 29.—The assassin was a carefully secluded prisoner during all his confinement in Auburn Penitentiary.

State Superintendent of Prisons Cornelius V. Collins was determined that the prisoner, despite the enormity of his crime, should gain no undue notoriety and issued strict orders for his complete seclusion.

These orders were carefully carried out, and from the time the prisoner entered the prison he was practically out of public view.

The rule of silence as to the prisoner was broken that he might prepare himself spiritually for his death, and the priests who gave him the ministrations and consolation of religion in his final hours came and went as he willed.

Trying for a Confession.

The rule was also broken in a final effort to secure a confession from the condemned man. The prison officials felt that it was their duty to again seek to ascertain if others plotted with him or abetted him in the murderous plan that he carried out at Buffalo, and early in October Supt. Collins had a lengthy interview with him. Night was chosen for the inquiry, and at 9 o'clock the Superintendent called upon the prisoner.

The prisoner was transferred to another part of the prison where there was no one to overhear the conversation.

Had No Handkerchief.

The most important statement he made was one in which he absolutely denied that he had a handkerchief tied about his hand or that the pistol was concealed in any other place than his coat pocket. The Superintendent said:

"Now, I want you to talk to me. I'm the only one that can do you any good, and if you tell me all I may help you to get out of here."

"I don't want to get out of here. They'd kill me outside," was the reply.

"Who'd kill you?"

"Why, the people."

"You mean the men who told you to kill the President?" asked Mr. Collins.

"No; nobody told me to kill the President. I mean the people."

Alone in the Plot.

"Who gave you the money to get to Buffalo?"

"No one. A man in Chicago wanted to see me, and I went there from Cleveland."

"Who was the man?" pursued the Superintendent.

"I don't remember his name."

"Do you remember where he lived?"

"No, I don't know the names of the streets there."

"How did you get to Buffalo from Chicago? Did this man pay your fare?"

"No, sir. I had some money I earned at painting and carpenter work.

"Didn't this man in Chicago and some others tell you to kill the President?" asked Mr. Collins.

"No, they didn't. I thought it out myself."

"Did you first follow the President to San Francisco to kill him?"

"That's a lie," responded the prisoner. "I did not. I didn't make up my mind till I'd been here a few days."

"You say you worked for your money? Your father says you never had any money and that you wouldn't work."

"He's no good. He married a woman who made me cook my own food in the house, although I had bought it."

Why He Killed McKinley.

Supt Collins at intervals repeated the question as to who sent him to kill the President, but to each query he would respond, "Nobody. I did it myself."

"You know Emma Goldman says you are an idiot, and no good, and that you begged a quarter of her?"

"I don't care what she says. She didn't tell me to do this."

"That ain't so, sir," he answered earnestly. "I didn't have no handkerchief. I just had the pistol in my pocket."

"Do you know where you are now?"

"Yes, in prison."

"Do you know where the prison is?"

"No," was the reply.

"You know that you are going to die?" asked Mr. Collins.

"Yes, I suppose so. I expected it," and he answered the question in the same categorical way that he had answered all the rest.

"What did you kill the President for?"

"He wouldn't give me any work."

"Did you ever ask him for work?"

"Yes, at Canton once, and he turned me down."

"Did you ever ask anybody else for work?"

"Yes, lots."

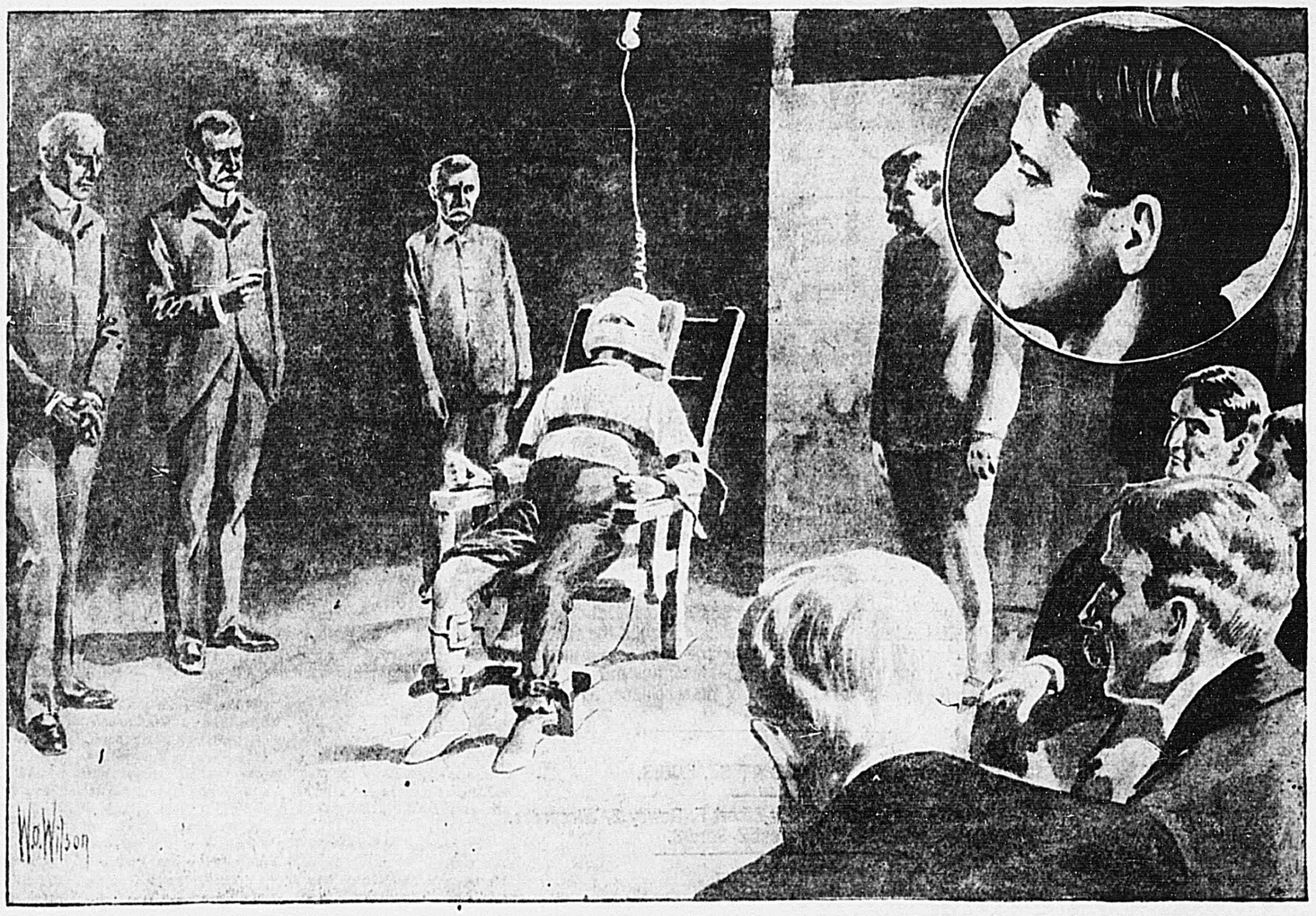
"Why didn't you shoot the people who refused you?"

"They weren't like Mr. McKinley. He could have fixed me."

"Who helped you tie up your hand in the handkerchief?"

"Nobody. I never had a handkerchief on my hand. Anybody that says so lies. I had the pistol in my coat pocket, and when I got near the President I pulled it out and fired."

SCENE AT THE EXECUTION OF M'KINLEY'S ASSASSIN.



This picture is made from actual photographs taken in Auburn Prison, which give the precise location of the death-chair, the witnesses' seats and all of the grim accessories of the electrocution. The artist, with these data to aid him, has produced the scene with photographic accuracy.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ASSASSIN WHO WAS ELECTROCUTED TO-DAY.

Date of Birth—October, 1873.
Birthplace—Detroit, Mich
Birthplace of Father—Poland.
Birthplace of Mother—Germany.
Residence of Family—Cleveland, O.
Height—Five feet eight inches.
Weight—One hundred and fifty pounds.
Figure—Erect and solid.
Head—Round and large at apex.
Nose—Prominent.
Hair—Light brown and wavy.
Eyes—Blue-gray and sharp.
Chin—Receding and pointed.
Forehead—Narrow but high.
Teeth, good; mouth, well curved; jawbones, not prominent.
Temperament—Highly emotional.
Voice—Low; speaks with an accent.
Habit—Inveterate smoker.
Occupation—Wire-worker.
Religion—None—an Anarchist.
Education—Slight. In Catholic parochial school until his eleventh year.

BRAIN ABOVE THE NORMAL; ASSASSIN PERFECTLY SANE.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF AUTOPSY ON THE ASSASSIN.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 29.—At noon the autopsy surgeons issued the following brief statement:

The autopsy was made by Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, of New York, under the immediate supervision and direction of Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, of New York, and Dr. John Gerin, prison physician. The autopsy occupied over three hours and embraced a careful examination of all the bodily organs, including the brain. The examination revealed a perfectly healthy state of all the organs, including the brain.

All of the physicians who attended the execution were present at the autopsy and all concurred in the findings of the examiners.

J. GERIN, M. D., CARLOS F. MACDONALD, M. D., E. C. SPITZKA.

(From a Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

AUBURN, Oct. 29.—The assassin of President McKinley had a perfectly normal brain, above the average in weight and formation.

That was the discovery made by the physicians who finished the autopsy on the body at 10.30 o'clock this morning.

Dr. Edward H. Spitzka, of New York, a celebrated alienist, who performed the autopsy and made a microscopical analysis of the brain of the assassin Guiteau, was the operating surgeon. He was assisted by Dr. Carlos MacDonald, the New York alienist, and Dr. John Gerin, the prison physician.

Besides these there were present Dr. W. H. Howe, of Phelps; Dr. H. O. Ely, of Binghamton; Dr. N. R. Trowbridge, of Buffalo; Dr. W. D. Wolff, of Rochester, and Dr. Hunt, of the prison staff.

Dr. Spitzka removed the scalp of the assassin, sawed off the top portion of the skull and removed the brain. Later an incision was made in the assassin's body and his internal organs examined.

The autopsy was held in the execution chamber. An operating table was carried in and the assassin's body lifted to it from the death chair.

Brain Above Normal.

Dr. W. H. Howe, of Phelps, was the first to leave the prison at the conclusion of the autopsy.

"The examination showed that the assassin was a fine, healthy fellow," he said. "All his organs were in good condition. I confess we were astounded when we examined his brain.

"It was a perfectly normal brain, large and healthy. The convolutions were splendidly defined. Every formation was distinct. There was not the symptom of a lesion anywhere.

"Not one peculiarity was detected, the skull was not thick nor hard, the sutures were normal. There was nothing to indicate criminal degeneracy—in fact, there was nothing to suggest degeneracy."

"What was the weight of the brain?"

"I am not at liberty to disclose that fact. If Dr. MacDonald will he can tell you. I can say, though, that it probably weighs more than mine or yours. The weight is above the normal—not excessively so, but enough to make it a remarkable circumstance in connection with the man and his existence.

Man Perfectly Sane.

"Our examination was very thorough, but it did not reveal the slightest pathological symptoms. It was entirely healthy. The autopsy triumphantly confirms the decision of the alienists who said after the assassination that the prisoner was perfectly sane."

Drs. MacDonald and Spitzka are preparing the brain for microscopical analysis. This will be a matter of some days and it is the impression they will remain here at the prison until it is concluded, as Superintendent Collins will not allow the minutest portion of the body to be removed.

"I have given instructions to Dr. Gerin," said Superintendent Collins, "to allow no part of the assassin's body to be taken away by the doctors. I have been beset with requests for his brain from medical men and colleges all over the country. I have given Drs. MacDonald and Spitzka permission to examine it in the prison, but when they are through it will be buried like the rest of the body, in quick lime. Not a vistage of the assassin must remain."

DETECTIVE DEAD.

Thomas Madden Succumbs to Bright's Disease in Hospital.

Detective-Sergt. Thomas Madden died at the New York Hospital early this morning from Bright's disease, after an illness of three months. A wife and two children, residing at No. 123 East Ninetieth street, survive him.

He was born Oct. 24, 1857; appointed to the Police Department April 17, 1886, and for a time served as wardman in the Tenderloin under Capt. McLaughlin, now Inspector. For some time past Madden had been detailed in the jewelry district along Maiden lane.

Madden is the second detective-sergeant to die within a week. Charles Wade, also connected with the Central Office, died on Sunday of apoplexy.

YOU CAN QUICKLY FIND SOMEbody to buy your camera or kodak if you advertise it in the Sunday World.

WRETCH DEFIANT TO LAST MOMENT.

(Continued from First Page.)

historical incident this morning's electrocution was remarkably lacking in dramatic detail.

It was a marvel of expedition. A minute after the assassin entered the death-chamber he was dead.

After the twenty-four witnesses were seated the door leading from the condemned cells swung open. Warden Mead entered. Followig him was the assassin, with a guard on either side. Two other guards followed.

The assassin was dressed in the suit he wore during his trial at Buffalo. His trousers were drab-colored and shoddy. His gay flannel shirt was open at the neck, so that the stethoscope could be applied. Contrary to the usual custom he wore shoes. The right leg of his trousers was slit up to the knee. He wore no underclothes.

I had expected him to die like a craven, but he surprised me. He entered the room erect, steady, motionless.

There was nothing hangdog about his looks. He stared coldly into the faces of the men who were waiting to see him die.

When his eyes had swept across the crowd they fell on the death chair. Without a suggestion he walked to it and seated himself.

Warden Mead's four assistants began at once to bind him. His right leg was slipped into a metal casing filled with an electrode that rested against the calf of his leg. His wrists were strapped down to electrodes on the arms of the chair. A metal cap was fitted on top of his head, with a retaining band about his forehead. His legs were pinioned at the knee and straps about his waist and abdomen held him tightly in the chair.

It was while this preparation was being swiftly done that he made his offensive declaration. His voice was full and clear and even.

He spoke slowly, so slowly that to me it seemed he was thinking out his words in Polish and translatng them into English. It was not a prepared speech.

It is a hard thing to feel resentment for a dying man, but every feeling of pity was crushed out by his declaration that he was not sorry for his crime.

Not a word was spoken by any one in the death chamber, as the Warden had asked that there be no conversation; but there was a stir in the room and I seemed to feel that every one was stirred by the same angry feeling of resentment I felt.

The assassin had hardly finished speaking when the work of the deputies was done. As they stepped back Warden Mead dropped a handkerchief and the current was turned on. A contraction of the muscles told that the assassin was dead. He had closed his eyes and there was nothing unsightly.

The current was kept in his body for a full minute, raised and lowered. Then Drs. MacDonald, Spitzka, Gerin and myself stepped forward. Dr. MacDonald applied the stethoscope and I felt for his pulse. The man was dead.

In less than a minute after the man entered the death chamber the current was applied. One minute was consumed in the electrocution and one minute in the physicians' examination. Five minutes after the witnesses entered the room to witness the execution of President McKinley's assassin they were leaving it; and meanwhile the ends of justice had been accomplished.

It may not have been a dramatic scene, but it was humane, decent, orderly and, above all, expeditious.

ASSASSIN'S TRIAL BROKE SPEEDY JUSTICE RECORDS.

Assassination of the President, September 6.

Death of President McKinley, September 14.

Assassin indicted by Grand Jury, September 16.

Trial of assassin opened, September 23.

Assassin found guilty, Septemtember 24.

Sentence of death passed, September 25.

Assassin lodged in death cell, September 27.

Assassin electrocuted, October 29.

Time between commission of crime and conviction of assassin—Eighteen days.

Time between President's death and conviction of murderer—Ten days.

Time between commission of crime and execution of assassin—Fifty-three days.

EXECUTION WAS QUICKEST OF ALL.

BY WARDEN W. D. THAYER, OF DANNEMORA.

(Who Has Officiated at Fifteen Executions.)

(Special to The Evening World.)

AUBURN, Oct. 29.—This was the quickest and most successful execution I ever assisted in. We were just thirty seconds in binding the man in the chair and preparing him for the death current.

When that work was done, I stepped back behind the partition with State Electrician Davis.

The first shock put 1,700 volts into the assassin's body. That killed him outright.

Then the current was reduced to zero. The next shock was 200 volts, then 1,700 and 200 again.

As the last was turned off the minute allowed by law, was up, but Davis said:

"I'll just plump him one more for that speech of his," and he got 1,700 more volts.

It didn't do any harm, as the fellow was out after the first contact.

He was a cool chap. I didn't look for him to die game, but he walked in without a tremor. When he made his talk his voice was as clear and even as if he were at his own dinner table. I had just fitted his right leg into the electrode when he began speaking. His exact words were:

"I DID THIS FOR THE LABORING PEOPLE OF ALL COUNTRIES. I AM NOT SORRY FOR MY CRIME. I AM SORRY I DID NOT SEE MY FATHER."

There was a pause between each sentence as though he were thinking out his words. He might have said more, but the second we were through binding him the Warden gave the signal to the electrician.

Several versions of what he said have been given out, but the words I have quoted are exactly what the assassin said. I stood directly in front of him while he was speaking.

BODY BURIED IN ACID GRAVE.

(From a Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

AUBURN, Oct. 29.—The assassin of President William McKinley paid the death penalty for his crime in the electric chair at the Auburn Prison at 7.12.30 this morning.

An autopsy was completed by 10.30 o'clock. The body was placed in a black-stained pine coffin, every portion of the anatomy being replaced under the supervision of Dr. Gerin and Warden Mead.

Shortly afterward it was taken to the prison cemetery, where extraordinary precautions were taken to completely destroy it.

A carboy of acid was obtained and poured upon the body in the coffin after it had been lowered into the grave.

Straw was used in the four corners of the grave as the earth was put in to give vent to such gases as might form. It is the belief of the physicians that the body will be entirely disintegrated within twelve hours.

During that time and as long as deemed necesary, a guard will be kept over the unmarked grave.

Did Not Break Down.

Contrary to expectations the condemned man did not break down.

The prisoner was given three contacts of electricity before he was finally pronounced dead.

Half an hour before the execution the prisoner sent for the Superintendent and Warden and said:

"I want to make a statement before you kill me."

"What do you wish to say?" asked the Warden.

"I want to make it when there are a lot of people present. I want them to hear me," said the prisoner.

"Well, you cannot," said the Superintendent.

"Then I won't talk at all," said the prisoner sullenly.

He changed his resolution, however, and did break the rule of silence in the death chamber.

Defiant to the Last.

Supt. Collins was the first of the witnesses to leave the death chamber. He did not wait until the prisoner was pronounced dead. He was feeling ill and did not care to see the execution through.

The assassin was shocked to death by 1,700 volts of electricity. He went to the chair showing no particular sign of fear, but, in fact, doing what few of them have done—talking to the witnesses while he was being strapped in the chair.

"I killed the President because he was an enemy of the good people—of the good working people. I am not sorry for my crime."

These were his words as the guards hurried him into the chair.

A moment later, mumbling through the half-adjusted face straps, he said:

"I am awfully sorry I could not see my father."

Another moment and the assassin was dead.

Death Warrant Read.

At 5.15 o'clock the guard brought him a pair of dark trousers, with the left leg slit so as to allow the free application of the electrode, and a light gray outing shirt. He was told to get up and put these on, which he did.

Contrary to the usual custom, he was given a new pair of shoes. When dressed, he lay down on the cot again and stayed there until 5.30 o'clock.

A prison official took from his pocket the death warrant and read it slowly and distinctly to the assassin, who hardly raised his eyes during the perfunctory ceremony.

The assassin's breakfast consisted of coffee, toast, eggs and bacon, and he ate with quite a deal of relish.

While he was partaking of this the witnesses were gathered in the office of Warden Mead, and at 7.06 o'clock the procession passed to the death chamber, going through the long south corridor.

In the chamber Electrician Davis and ex-Warden Thayer of Dannemora, had arranged the chair test, placing a bank of twenty-two incandescent lights across the arms and connecting the electrode wires at either end.

Testing the Apparatus.

The witnesses were ordered seated and then Warden Mead briefly addressed them, saying:

"You are here to witness the legal death of the assassin. I desire that you keep your seats and preserve absolute silence in the death chamber."

The prison physician, Dr. Gerin, and Carlos F. MacDonald, of New York, took a position to the left of the chair, Warden Mead directly in front, and Electrician Davis retired to the little room containing the electrical switchboard.

Ex-Warden Thayer, of Dannemora, gave the signal and the current was turned through the electric lights, flooding the chamber with brilliant light and dramatically showing the power that was used to kill the prisoner.

The March to Death.

Warden Mead gave the signal to have the prisoner brought in, and at 7.10½ o'clock Chief Keeper Tupper swung open the big steel door leading to the condemned cells, and, as the steel bars behind which the assassin had been kept were swung aside, two guards marched the prisoner out into the corridor, two others following behind, and the chief keeper walking in front.

The guards on either side of the prisoner had hold of his arms, either as if to support him or to keep him from making a demonstration.

As he stepped over the threshold he stumbled, but they held him up, and as they urged him forward toward the chair he stumbled again on the little rubber-covered platform upon which the chair rests.

His head was erect and his gray flannel shirt was turned back at the neck. He was intensely pale, and as he tried to throw his head back his chin quivered very perceptibly.

Talked as Death Came.

As he was being seated in the death chair he made his speech as quoted above.

His voice trembled slightly at first, but gained strength with each word, and he spoke perfect English.

"I am not sorry for my crime," he said loudly just as the guard pushed his head back on the rubber headrest and drew the strap across his forehead and chin. As the pressure on the straps tightened and bound the jaw slightly he mumbled, "I'm awfully sorry I could not see my father."

Warden Mead raised his hand, and at 7.12.30 Electrician Davis turned the switch that threw 1,700 volts of electricity into the living body.

Shocked Three Times.

The rush of the immense current threw the body so hard against the straps that they creaked perceptibly. The hands clinched suddenly and the whole attitude was one of extreme tenseness.

For forty-five seconds the full current was kept on, and then slowly the electrician threw the switch back, reducing the current volt by volt until it was cut off entirely.

Then, just as it had reached that point, he threw the lever back again for two or three seconds.

The body, which had collapsed as the current was reduced, stiffened up against the straps. When it was turned off again, Dr. MacDonald stepped to the chair and put his hand over the heart.

He said he felt no pulsation, but suggested that the current be turned on for a few seconds again. Once more the body became rigid.

At 7.15 the current was turned off for good.

From the time the assassin left his cell until the full penalty was paid less than four minutes had elapsed.

The physicians present used the stethoscope and other tests to determine if any life remained, and at 7.17 the Warden, raising his hand, announced:

Assassin's Life Insured.

The brother and brother-in-law of the assassin called at the prison at 1 o'clock this afternoon and told Warden Mead that they wished to see the body.

The Warden told them that the body had been buried for more than an hour and that if they wished he would send a guard to guide them to the grave. They said they did not care to go to the cemetery, but that they were anxious to arrange for the collection of the insurance on the life of the dead murderer, and asked for a certificate of death. The Warden promised them a certificate ad they went away.

The insurance abot which they talked is supposed to be in a fraternal society to which the mrudered beloged.

DUKE'S SCRIBES DISPLEASED

London Newspaper Makers Did Not Like Buffalo and Tell Why.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—Newspaper correspondents who were with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's party contribute some remarkable letters to their papers here, highly appreciative of Canada. But they do not like the glimpse which they got of the United States. Thus the Morning Post correspondent writes:

"Some of us crossed to Buffalo to see the exhibition, which was disappointing. When we got across the American border we appeared to have suddenly got out of a region of wholesome, fresh-complexioned people into a land of a meagre, pallid race like one sees in some of our manufacturing cities, an active, brisk people, lacking the courteous manners of the Canadians."

The correspondents also took exception to Buffalo newspaper criticism of the royal party.