

THORN TOLD HOW HE SLEW GULDENSUPPE.

His Friend Goltha Repeats the Details of the Assassination.

DECEYED THEIR VICTIM.

Mrs. Nack, He Says, Took Guldensuppe to Where Thorn Waited.

HEAD IN THE EAST RIVER.

Murderer Cut Up the Body and the Murderess Helped Pack It and Scatter It.

BLOOD ON THORN'S UNDERSHIRT.

He Had Stripped Off His Other Clothes to Keep Them Clean—What Seems to Be a Bullet Hole Found.

The arrest of Martin Thorn is the climax of the story of the murder of William Guldensuppe.

A week ago yesterday the Journal identified the dismembered victim as Guldensuppe, told of his relationship with Mrs. Nack and the enmity that existed between him and Martin Thorn, his successor in the regard of the midwife.

The subsequent developments culminated in the arrest of Thorn on the actual results of the Journal's discovery.

On the facts laid before the police authorities by the Journal Mrs. Nack was arrested and the search for Thorn inaugurated. The tracing of the crime to the Woodside cottage and the discovery of certain evidence of murder there were the necessary and logical outcome of an intelligent following up of the clues presented to the Detective Chief.

Now the police have not only the murderer and his woman accomplice in custody, but have a consecutive account of the murder, horrible in its perfect details, that is said to have come from the lips of Thorn himself. The story comes from John Goltha, the intimate of the murderer, who finally delivered up his red-headed friend to the police and repeated to them the awful tale Thorn told him when he asked his help.

The murderer himself has told the police absolutely nothing. He knows the traps that are thick on the easy path of garrulity into which Acting Inspector O'Brien would beguile him.

He refuses to even attempt to account for his whereabouts on the day that Guldensuppe was murdered. He refuses to be drawn into a conversation regarding the murder, and declines to make any statement in his defence.

A Murderer's Confidence.

The manner in which the police came into possession of Thorn's story of his crime was as follows:

John Goltha was brought to the District-Attorney's office yesterday and for two hours was closeted with District Attorney Olsott and Assistant Mitchell and Roalsky. At first he refused to tell what he knew, but was reasoned with by Mr. Mitchell until he finally consented to talk. Every word he uttered was taken down in shorthand by a stenographer, and the more damaging parts of his statement he was made to repeat that there might be no inaccuracies in it.

Goltha related how he had known Thorn for years, knowing him as a barber and working with him in various shops, and how, after the newspapers had published the name of the murderer he had wondered what had become of him. He then told of their meeting after the murder.

"On Saturday night last," said Goltha, "Thorn came into the shop where I was working. He talked to me and said he was tired out. I did not speak of the murder to him, and he did not mention it to me. He left and said that he would return on the Fourth. On Monday he returned and I trimmed his hair. He said he would see me later. So I met him at a saloon between One Hundred and Twenty-eighth and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth streets, on the west side of Eighth avenue, two doors from the barber shop where I work. We had a couple of drinks and I said to him: 'You made a bum job of that thing.' He said:

"I know it myself. But it was all the woman's fault. I ought to have looked about the place myself. If I had examined the house and seen where that drain led to it would never have happened that way. I was a fool every way. To show you what a fool I was, one piece of the body was found fifteen minutes after it was thrown in the water."

"I looked at him, and he said: 'You are the only friend I've got, and I am going to tell you all about it. I expect you to keep a close mouth.' It is for that reason," continued Goltha, "that I don't wish to talk."

"But if you don't talk you will never have any peace of mind. You are an honest man. Your conscience will eat your heart away," said Mr. Mitchell.

A Tale of Horror.

"Well, then he told me," said Goltha. "He spoke about Guldensuppe and said that they wanted to get rid of him and that the only way to do it was to kill him, that Mrs. Nack and himself might be alone. He said that Guldensuppe had done him once and he owed him one."

"He said: 'We talked the matter over and decided to kill him. We looked about and rented the house at Woodside. I rented it and we drove over to it. We thought it was far enough out of the way and decided to do the thing on Friday.'

"She bought the oilcloth at that place on Astoria the Journal discovered, and bought the cheese cloth at Ehrlich's, on Sixth avenue."

"Thorn told me that he reached the house at five o'clock and waited for Guldensuppe and Mrs. Nack to arrive, as she was to bring him over. While waiting for them to come he took off all his clothing but his undershirt and a pair of socks, as he did not want to get them blood stained."

"About 11 o'clock he said he saw Mrs. Nack and Guldensuppe come up to the front gate. They entered the house and,



Martin Thorn, Sketched from Life.

according to the plan agreed upon, Guldensuppe came upstairs to inspect that portion of the house. Mrs. Nack either went outside or remained downstairs. Guldensuppe came into a room off the bathroom, where Thorn was waiting for him in a closet. Before he had a chance to say a word, Thorn shot him. The bullet hit him in the head. He was not dead and Thorn dragged him into the bathroom and put him in the tub. While he was in the tub, Thorn cut his throat with a razor he had ready. He nearly severed the head from the body with the razor. He then went downstairs where the woman was waiting for him, and he said to her that 'he was out of the way.' He told her to go away and come back at 5 o'clock that evening."

"When did he say the body was cut up?" asked Mr. Mitchell.

"That day. He told me it took him nearly all day to saw it up," was the reply. "He said he had some plaster of paris ready, and as soon as the head was off he rolled it in the plaster, which set, and then the head was like a block of stone. He said it was a fool not to have shaved off the mustache, but they will never find the head."

"Did he say what was done with the head?"

"Yes, he said it was thrown in the river," and then Goltha proceeded to tell how, so far as Thorn had told him, the body had been cut up and disposed of.

"He said he had bought the saw," said Goltha, "and when he had finished the work the saw was burned. The razor, he said, he threw away. When the head was cut off he undressed the body and proceeded to cut it up. When Mrs. Nack returned they did the pieces up in parcels. He took Guldensuppe's watch and chain and said he pawned it for \$8, and threw away the ticket."

"He told me about cutting off the tattooed picture of the woman on Guldensuppe's breast, and said he made away with that piece of flesh. He did not tell me how."

Disposing of the Body.

"He said very little to me about taking the body away, except that the first pieces of it they took away between Mrs. Nack and himself. They brought it over on the ferry."

"They had the piece found at East Eleventh street on the ferryboat. As the boat neared the slip the passengers walked to the front of the boat. Thorn remained behind with the bundle, and at a signal from Mrs. Nack that everything was all right, and as the boat was entering the slip, the bundle was tossed overboard from the stern. He said that fifteen minutes afterward it floated to shore and was taken out by the boys."

"He said he and Mrs. Nack were going to live together and that he had rented a room for that purpose at No. 235 East Twenty-fifth street. He said that after their return to this city Mrs. Nack gave him the clothes of the dead man and he pawned them and torn up the ticket. He did not say how much he got for the clothes. He shaved off his mustache on Wednesday, after the Journal printed the story of the identification, and intended to leave town, but had no money. Mrs. Nack had all the money, and when she was arrested he could not leave."

"Did he say what he had done with the bloody clothes of Guldensuppe?" Goltha was asked.

"I think he said he burned them," was the reply.

Goltha was questioned about whether Thorn remained in the house Friday night, but could not say. He knew only Thorn said they had thrown the trunk away Saturday afternoon before 2 o'clock, coming into the ferry slip at Tenth street and East River, and that there was no vehicle used for the part of the work, according to Thorn.

This point was dwelt on at length by the District-Attorney, as the connection has now been made for the morning and afternoon work of the pair. The authorities believe the pair made the trip to the cottage at Woodside in the morning and disposed of the head and trunk, and in the

afternoon hired the surrey to take away the part of the body found in Ogden's Woods, and the legs found at the dock in Brooklyn.

Golga was questioned in regard to the story told him by Thorn about the tying up of the body in bundles, and said it was his impression that Thorn said, "We tied it up," meaning Mrs. Nack and himself. Goltha, after telling of Thorn's statement to him, said, "After he had told me all he said, 'I wish I had not told you this.'"

The police believe that Thorn intended to kill Goltha if the opportunity offered.

Thorn had made the appointment to meet Golga, saying he wished to see him. When searched a revolver—the same one used by Thorn on Guldensuppe—was found in his possession. This fact was learned yesterday at the District-Attorney's office. Also that Goltha himself was in some fear of violence from Thorn.

Trapping an Assassin.

Thorn and Goltha met yesterday morning before Thorn was taken to court. Until this time Thorn had not known that the police knew he had told Goltha the story of the murder.

When Thorn was about to be taken to court Goltha was placed in a chair near the door where Thorn would pass. He was apparently under arrest, and was supposed to be in conversation with his captors as Thorn came through. As Thorn entered the room Goltha said: "I don't propose to be locked up."

Thorn was allowed to hear fragments of conversation gotten up for his benefit while he stood and trembled at the sight of the man to whom he had confided his dread secret.

Blood on His Undershirt.

Thorn was not stripped at Police Headquarters until yesterday morning. It was not thought there would be any evidences of the crime left about the man after a week, and his stripping was done that he might be identified by certain marks upon his body.

He objected to taking off his shirt, but after he was told he must take it off, he made an attempt to shed both shirt and undershirt together, but the undergarment clung to his body.

As the outside shirt was raised the undershirt was shown to the assembled detectives, who cried out with excitement. On the sleeves and breast of the garment were big, dark patches of blood. The stains were seen and Thorn asked what they were.

He refused to answer and looked ugly, desperate and defiant.

The shirt was taken off his back and while he stood, silently refusing to say a word, it was carried to the light and examined. The fact that it had not been exposed to the air continuously made the stains seem ever fresher than they were. It did not need the services of an expert to determine that they were blood stains. The men about Headquarters, used to looking for blood stains, recognized the tell tale spots at a glance.

An hour later the story of the crime and the fact that when it was committed by Thorn he wore only an undershirt, was confided to the authorities, and they understood why this garment alone was bloody.

The shirt was taken from him and turned over to the District-Attorney's office to be used as evidence in the trial of the case. The stains upon it will be given to the chemist and microscopists so that they may swear to their character.

A Single Admission.

They did not get one admission out of Thorn yesterday.

It was after Acting Inspector O'Brien had Thorn under a severe two hours' cross-examination that he admitted it was he who drove the surrey.

"Yes, I drove the surrey and hired it. What of it?" he demanded.

This was after the Woodside witness who saw Thorn and Mrs. Nack in the surrey, and the man from whom the surrey was hired, confronted Thorn in Acting Inspector O'Brien's private room.

"Yes, that's the man," said Mrs. Hafften. "He is the Frank Braun who came with Mrs. Nack to hire the cottage. I would

know him among a hundred." Then, aside to O'Brien, Mrs. Hafften said, "I should like to hear his voice. Get him to talk. I spoke with Braun."

By asking some irrelevant questions Thorn was led into the trap. He had no sooner spoken when Mrs. Hafften again exclaimed, "Yes, this man is Braun, who drove to the cottage in the surrey. He is the man who helped the woman to carry the heavy bundle out of the house."

Mrs. Nunheimer and Mrs. McKenna and Mr. Wahle also, as positively identified Thorn, who stood during the ordeal near the westerly window of the apartment, where the light fell upon him.

When the witnesses had retired from the room Acting Inspector O'Brien turned to Thorn and, looking him squarely in the eyes, said:

"Now, did you or did you not drive the surrey?"

"Yes," promptly answered Thorn. "I drove the surrey and hired it, but what of it."

Acting Inspector O'Brien sought by every method to draw out Thorn, but the accused murderer of William Guldensuppe was not to be further entrapped, and settled into a doggedly stubborn silence, from which persuasive force and threat both failed to stir him. He positively refused to answer any questions or make any statements, and finally, he was sent to his cell in the basement of Police Headquarters.

Later in the day he was brought again into the Acting Inspector's room, when Assistant District-Attorney Roalsky and Coroner Tutthill were present. They sought to obtain a statement from Thorn, but he would not give one.

To Dredge for the Head.

Last night before leaving for his home Acting Inspector O'Brien was again closeted with Thorn, but the prisoner gave him no satisfaction.

"He says he doesn't fear death," said the Inspector, before leaving Headquarters. "He is a hard man to handle. We have learned that he was shaved in Brooklyn on Wednesday last, but he will not say why he shaved his mustache. The watch and chain, of which Thorn robbed the body of his victim, we are now trying to find. Acting on our informant's statement that Thorn used plaster of paris in disposing of the head of Guldensuppe, I caused the plumbing work under the bath tub to be removed and in the trap we found a quantity of plaster of paris."

Acting Inspector O'Brien knows the point on the East River where Thorn threw Guldensuppe's head overboard. Yesterday he conferred with Chief Conlin on a plan to recover the head, and suggested the use of the police boat Patrol and several police launches. It was decided to begin operations to-day, and the river bottom will be dredged.

THORN CALM IN COURT.

Carried a Fan Like Mrs. Nack and Seemed to Take It All as a Hum-Drum Proceeding.

Followed by a staring, whispering throng, Thorn, handcuffed to Detective Price, walked through the streets to Jefferson Market Court at a little before 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

The descriptions of Thorn, sent out broadcast by the police, have pictured him as thick-set, almost stout. The most sagacious of watchers would never have picked out this man to fit the description.

He is well-knit, but his face is sunken. The police say, upon Barber Goltha's authority, Thorn has lost twenty-five pounds since he and Mrs. Nack began setting the scene for the Guldensuppe tragedy.

He is an interesting man, this German who confesses the perpetration of the most shocking murder of the century. He has the smooth skin, the mild, half-lost expression of eyes, and the sinuous benignity of mouth which make a certain type of German peculiar. His mouth is wide, his forehead fairly high and smooth.

For a man with such a face to so kill, draw and quarter another man would involve a treachery such as makes Judas

Iscariot, even at his blackest, seem like a child.

For all the dove-like placidity of his face, there is the sign of resolution in his lean, muscular jaw, and courage in the open, straightforward look of his eyes.

All the way from Police Headquarters to the court he had smiled contemptuously at the people who blocked the way and looked at him with eyes of horror.

He was calm, too, when brought to the rail in the crowded court room. He seemed to take the whole proceeding as a tame matter of course.

He held in his hand and twirled slowly as he looked up at the Magistrate a dove-colored Fedora hat. Save for the soiled appearance of his linen and his white silk four-in-hand tie he would have looked altogether a cleanly and well-dressed fellow. His black cutaway coat and waistcoat were nearly new. With them he wore gray trousers of a fine striped pattern. He carried, just as Mrs. Nack had done, a Japanese fan of gaudy hue.

When the Magistrate ordered him to step up on the platform he did so with firm, quick steps.

At his elbow, when he leaned over the bar, stood Lawyer Friend, who had just come from a conference with Mrs. Nack in her lawyer's office.

"I understand," said Magistrate Flammer, that Mr. Friend has been retained as this man's counsel."

"I have been spoken to about it," answered Friend, "but before taking any action I wish an opportunity to discover if his interests clash in any way with those of Mrs. Nack."

Thorn, it seems, had already sent word, in answer to a message from Friend, that he did not care to see counsel.

"I request," then, said Detective Sergeant McAnley, "that the prisoner be remanded until Friday morning." Magistrate Flammer asked Thorn if he had any objection to the adjournment. The prisoner answered without a quaver or any sign of nervousness: "No, I have no objection."

And then they led him away, the coolest man in the whole court, and bundled him into a cab, to be taken back to Headquarters. The court policemen say he is the most unconcerned man who ever came into that court charged with so great a crime.

NEW YORK TO PROSECUTE.

Assistant District-Attorney Mitchell and District-Attorney Young So Decided Yesterday.

Assistant District-Attorney Mitchell and District-Attorney Young, of Queens County, held an hour's conference yesterday, at which the much-discussed question of jurisdiction was practically settled. The indictment of Thorn and Mrs. Nack will proceed to-day before the present Grand Jury of New York County. The facts brought to light yesterday in the murder give New York County certain jurisdictional rights which makes it the duty of the county to prosecute the pair instead of allowing Queens County to do so. The murder was planned in New York, and Guldensuppe was decaying from the city and murdered

in Queens County. The body was then brought back to this county, and the proceeds of the robbery of the dead man were disposed of in this city. The law giving either county jurisdiction, according to Mr. Mitchell, was framed for just such cases, and the matter will go before the Grand Jury to-day. The witnesses to go before the jury were present yesterday afternoon, and their affidavits taken. They were ordered to report to the District-Attorney this morning.

One of the witnesses, the one who will swear to the identity of the headless body, is Guldensuppe's nephew, August Peterson, of Philadelphia, who is now in the city. The others will be Goltha and the residents of Woodside. This will make a chain of evidence sufficient for an indictment.

District-Attorney Mitchell, speaking of the case yesterday, said:

"The only claim of self-defense that Thorn had was ruined by his robbery of the dead man. He stole his watch and clothing, and this, even if the crime was committed in self-defense, makes it murder."

The confession of Thorn to Goltha is more binding than if made to the police. He would not now, I think, be allowed to turn State's evidence against Mrs. Nack. Facts have already corroborated the statement made by Goltha in many important points. The story about plaster of paris used to seal the bath tub drain, the evidence of blood, found in the trap under the bath tub, and the fact that a pound of plaster of paris which had set in the trap and which the water had failed to wash out.

One of the witnesses, the only garment he wore when he committed the crime, is now in our possession covered with blood stains. The head will probably be found. I consider the work done by both police and newspaper reporters on this crime greater than anything I have read of in fact or fiction."

MRS. NACK GETS NEWS.

Her Fortitude Relaxed When She Looked at the Picture of Thorn as a Prisoner.

Mrs. Nack's counsellor, Emmanuel M. Friend, called on her yesterday, before the old newspaper dealer, who comes to the prison every morning had reached there.

Mrs. Nack had the placid air which impresses those who are sure that she is guilty as the face of a tragedienne not made up. There was no indication of trouble, or of anxiety even, in the lines of her eyelids, which were not weary.

Mr. Friend had not the appearance of one who brings bad news. While he was talking a woman passed with a copy of the Journal, for which Mrs. Nack gives an order every day.

He took the paper and placed its front page with its picture of Martin Thorn under Mrs. Nack's eyes. Then it seemed as if invisible hands had made up the tragedienne's face in a minute. Her pupils were dilated as if belladonna

had been thrown into them. Her eyelids were lined. Her face was whiter than the whitewashed wall of her cell. She said, in a whisper, "My God!"

The woman who had passed by, carrying newspapers, retraced her steps. Mrs. Nack's make-up had already vanished. She seemed to be as indifferent as the faces of statues that have looked for centuries at the dripping jets of water in fountains.

BULLET HOLE IN WALL?

Professor Witthaus Believes It Was Made by a 32-Calibre Projectile—Plaster of Paris Find Important.

Coroner Tutthill and Professor August B. Witthaus, who has been retained for the chemical and microscopical work of the murder case, found yesterday, in the washboard of an upper room in the Woodside house, what both believe to be a bullet hole, which seems to have hitherto escaped observation.

The room is in the front of the house, above the hallway, and directly opposite the bathroom. There is a projecting angle in the wall, immediately over the stairs, made to allow for them. It is about three feet in width, and a man hidden behind it would not be seen by one entering until the middle of the room was reached.

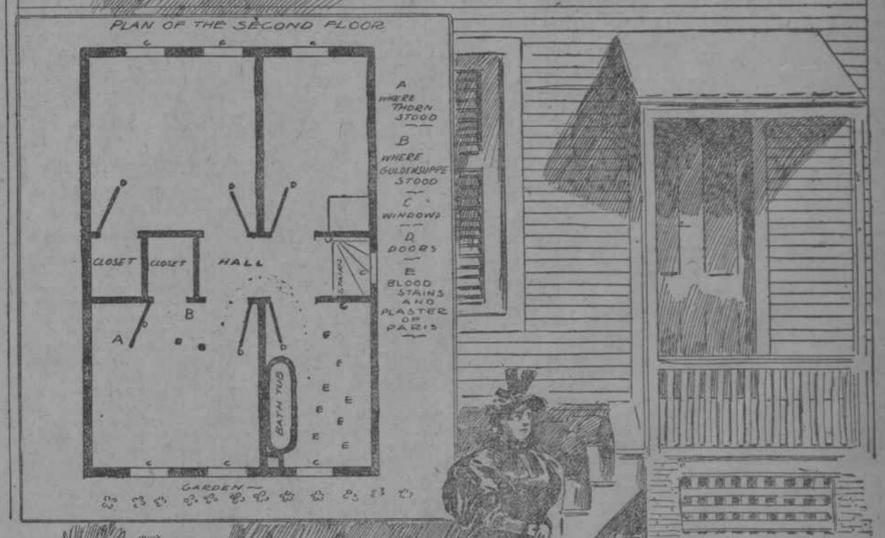
The hole seems to have been made by a .32 calibre projectile, and the angle of incidence is such that the pistol from which it was fired must have been pointed downward at forty-five degree or more, and from a point very close to the wall.

The bullet had passed entirely through the pine washboard, and lodged in the timbers under the "heading" over the stairs. If the weapon was not discharged by accident, or during a struggle, Coroner Tutthill said, it must have been fired by a person standing very close to another who was prostrate upon the floor, close to the corner. Professor Witthaus said the missile could not have been a bullet which had already passed through a human head or any other solid obstacle. Had it done so, it would not have retained sufficient force to carry it clean through the washboard.

On the wall, close to the hole, but on the other side of the angle, were large stains of some dark liquid, resembling blood. They were over the wall paper, and the stuff had run down over the moulding of the washboard. They were plain, but dimmed out, as though an effort had been made to erase them by washing. The floor, below this stain, seems to have been secured with some white powder.

The washboard and the woodwork over the stain will probably be removed to-day to determine positively whether or no the hole was made by a bullet, and if so, from precisely what point it was fired.

Professor Witthaus also secured scrapings



If the Story of Thorn's Confession Is True, This Is How Guldensuppe Was Murdered.

(From sketches made by a Journal artist at Woodside, L. I.)

The confession given out by Acting Inspector O'Brien states that Guldensuppe was decaying to the house in Woodside Friday morning, June 25, by Mrs. Nack; that Thorn was secreted behind a chamber door near a closet; that Guldensuppe went upstairs to look at the rooms, Mrs. Nack remaining outside in the cabbage garden; that as Guldensuppe looked into a closet Thorn, who was in his stocking feet, stepped out and shot him from behind; that Thorn dragged Guldensuppe, still alive, to the bath tub, where the body was subsequently cut up.