



FRONT VIEW OF THE SCAFFOLD.

IRA GREEN'S FINAL CONFESSION

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to get out, but never mentioned killing anyone.

Henderson said in a note that he "would be good for a long term in the penitentiary," as he did not know how to get out of the scrape for robbing the Julian store; and that if trouble arose in breaking jail we should "hit Condo with the irons if necessary". It was Henderson's plot that we followed to break jail; he persuaded Dillen first to do it. I did not want to be a coward, couldn't stand that, and joined in.

Making the Saw.

Livingstone brought an ordinary steel blade, table knife to our cell. Prior to that we had to eat our meals with wooden paddles; Jerry did not trust to let us have an ordinary knife in the cells. We did not like that. By hammering the edge of that knife blade against a thin strip of sheet iron on the bed were able to nick it with fine teeth like a saw. At meal times, when Pat Toner would go to his cell to eat, we would saw at the upright pivot in the upper hinge of our door. We were afraid he would tell the Sheriff if he saw us at this. All the other prisoners knew what was going on. It took about three days to saw the bolt almost off, but in all that time we did not work at it more than an hour or two; it was an easy job.

I think Henderson wrote the Sheriff a letter that we were trying to break jail, for he came in and searched our cell. When we were done sawing the bolt we went to the window of our cell and threw the hacked knife blade back over ceiling plate of the cell. There was a small space there between the plastering and the steel plate. In the search they reached in this opening and pulled out two other table knives that we never knew were there, but they never found our knife, as we threw it back too far, and is still there. Ed. McCullough brought the T iron to Henderson's cell and he sent it with George Kline over to our cell. The iron bar we broke off a bed in our cell. With these two irons we easily pried the hinge pin off the door. On the evening of July 29th we decided to break jail; all the prisoners knew what was to happen; but I never heard anyone say that the Turnkey was to be killed; no one made such a threat. A little after 8 p. m., Friday evening, we pried the door back at the top. When Dillen started to pry the hinge off the door I said we had better not do it; then he said I was a coward. Somehow that hurt me; I couldn't take that, and joined in. I crawled out first and Dillen next; we took the irons with us, and went to the bath room. While in there Geo. Kline was talking to a girl at the front iron door. He came in and said, "Bill, I glory in your spunk," and then went away.

Both Strike Condo.

In about a half hour Condo and McCullough came in. As they reached the steps we came out of the bath room, McCullough was ahead. When Condo was on the third step, Dillen came up behind in his stocking feet, carrying the T iron in his left hand, and I was close behind. Dillen quickly struck Condo on the back of the neck with his fist. Condo yelled, "What is up! What's going on!" At the same time Geo. Livingstone tore Condo's prison keys from him, and threw the bunch up on the platform. Dillen jumped back on the floor, Condo turned and struck at me with the chain hobbles in his hand; I dodged and struck him on the head twice with the bar of iron in the stocking. I said "Don't holler old man; I won't hurt you." He offered no resistance after that and I led him down the steps and set him on the floor in a squatting position. I struck him but twice and not hard enough to break his skull.

Henderson's Fierce Blows.

By this time Livingstone had opened Henderson's cell and some one unlocked the front door, and Dillen had put on the shoes he left in the bath room. Henderson next came down the steps carrying a broom stick about three feet long. At the end of it was a hard lump left from cutting the splints away, and it was wrapped tightly with the usual wire. When Henderson came down the steps to the first floor, Condo had crawled a short distance from where I left him. Henderson swung the broom in the air and raising on his toes came down with all his might with a crushing blow on Condo's head with the wire knob. He struck Condo twice in this way with all his might and knocked him flat on the

floor. These blows spattered his blood across on the side wall. Livingstone came after Henderson and picked up the T iron, dropped by Dillen at the foot of the stairway; he hit Condo once or twice on the back with it and then Dominick Constance jumped from the second step onto Condo's prostrate body. All five of us quickly passed out the front of the jail; Constance took the broom handle that Henderson used, and turned to the left of the jail, while we four went to the upper side and out East High street. Constance went alone; we did not want to travel with him.

Out in the Mountains.

(The course of the four until captured is uneventful and has been described in former articles and agrees with his version.) Out in the mountains, back of Mt. Eagle, we inquired for the way to Renovo, where we expected to board a train and get away; all were to stick together. Henderson was pilot. We got confused and wandered around until we came back to the starting point, loosing about a half day. From the mountains we could see down in the Marsh Creek road where a lot of men in a wagon, with guns, the barrels were polished, passed along. The others imagined they were hunters; I knew better, for it was out of hunting season, and then we knew they were after us. We were unarmed. We turned the other way and came out near Mt. Eagle, kept on down the road, crossed the iron bridge at Howard, passed through the main street of that town at midnight to the railroad, then turned down the track, took over to the mountains, on down near Mill Hall. We passed people, spoke to some, but no one seemed to know or suspect us. Livingstone strayed from us while in the mountains back of Mt. Eagle and after waiting an hour we went on. I think he was afraid to travel with a crowd, and wanted to be alone; he told me so before that.

Before the trial we decided that I was to take the most of the blame for what happened that night in the jail—expecting to clear the other boys, and then they could easily clear me. That is always my way, to let fellows talk me into things, and I willingly did it. If we had their, told all we knew the others would be in the same shape as myself and Dillen now are.

Henderson's Career.

Henderson told us that his real name was Arthur Lauber, and that he had "done time" in the Huntingdon Reformatory. I think he is a Frenchman; said he was born in the Old Country, his father was rich but he had forged a large note on him and for that had to skip, and brought his sister along to this country and she now is married and lives in a certain town near Niagara. He graduated from a college in Michigan as an electrician and made his home in New York state. He claimed to be an expert safe cracker. At Julian he had the lay of the town, and keys made to open different stores and the station. He thought he had things "dead easy" in robbing that country store, and carelessly lit a lamp, when he was shot and was easily captured. He left a kit of burglar tools hid somewhere about Julian, among them being a brace, bit, drills etc., which never were found.

Green's Record.

I am a son of Wm. Green, who is a sawyer, and my parents now live at Gum Stump, in Boggs township, was born in Elk county this state, and was 21 years old last August. When eight years of age we moved to Centre county—to Coopers town in Marion township. From there we moved to Zion, then to Milesburg, and then to Wallace's Run in Boggs twp. Four years later we went to Unionville and then back again to Wallace's Run. March 13th, 1904, I was married to Miss Gorgia Bruss, of Tyrone, and about three months ago a son was born to us. I worked for a time in the paper mill at Tyrone. I have followed farming and worked at stone masonry. I went to school very little, can read some and can write my name. Never was a member of any church.

Am told my great grandfather was a full blooded Indian, which I think accounts for my straight black hair and dark eyes.

I never had a thought of killing that old man; never was disposed that way. I know I was convicted in the courts and no hope now remains. I am sorry for what I have done. I bear no ill-will towards anyone and am ready to abide with the sentence of the Court.

(Signed) IRA GREEN.

Witness:
JOHN TRAFFORD, Guard.
H. W. SCHREFFLER, Turnkey.
Bellefonte Jail,
May 5, 1905.

Comment on the Confession.

According to the above statement there would have been only two long cuts or gashes in Condo's scalp. Instead, there were a half dozen, such as could be made by the edge of an iron bar. The attending physicians so testified. Two witnesses testified at the trial that the two men positively made threats, and Ed. McCullough, the only eye witness of the assault said Dillen struck Condo first and with the T iron.

When Ira Green was making the above statement, in mentioning that Condo cut off their grub, he turned to the present turnkey, H. W. Schreffler, and in a very emphatic manner he said: "Say, I warn you right here; men that are in jail won't stand for that. Don't you ever cut off their grub, that is the limit. It is a dangerous thing to do." The remark was tempered with so much feeling that it was startling; then and there the occasion for the fierce assault upon the Turnkey was plainly shown. Whether Ira Green tells the correct story the reader may decide. It does conflict severely with conditions and facts that can not be explained away.

He told the story in a rational, connected manner, and if he is mentally weak it was not perceptible to any one at this interview.

DILLEN'S STATEMENT.

During the past week Wm. Dillen has been preparing a statement for publication. We find that while the two men have been separated for months their account of the unfortunate affair is similar on all the important points. They tell practically the same story as to what happened in the jail, prior to the fatal night, and especially so about the killing of Mr. Condo. Dillen's statement was given to Rev. Cox, their spiritual adviser, and he kindly extended this paper an opportunity of securing the same but did not accept it after having Green's full and complete confession, as we did not have space for a repetition of the story.

William Dillen was born in Curwensville, Clearfield county, and is twenty years of age. When a child both his parents died. At seven years of age he went to the home of his brother John, at Hastings, who later was killed in the coal mines; lived there eight years. After that started out for himself and worked on the railroad, in a brick yard, and the coal mines. He attended school and has an ordinary education.

NOTES FROM THE JAIL.

Continued from Page 1.

could be back there again under that old tree today." The words came with a deep sigh.

SONG SERVICE AT JAIL.

Sunday afternoon Rev. Crittenden conducted a special song service in the prison, especially for the comfort of the two condemned men. The singing was by male voices and the music consisted of appropriate selections from the Gospel Hymns, interspersed with brief scriptural readings. The service was not public and at its conclusion the men shook hands with the two boys. Sunday afternoon found them in a much changed condition. The realization that the fatal moment was almost at hand, they devoted more of their time to reading their Bibles and both frequently broke down and wept. Green was the most affected and showed great distress, and for the first time, the guard saw him on his knees in a prayerful attitude by his bed. He had little to say to visitors, his rolicking boisterous manner was gone—he was downcast and broken hearted.

Dillen was in an easier frame of mind. He seemed confident that he had made peace with his God and was sure of the future. His greeting was kindly and cheerful.

All the local public officials and attorneys, publishers of the various newspapers in this and adjoining counties, all physicians of Centre county, received passes from the sheriff on Saturday to attend the execution, in case they desired to be there.

When about to take their usual half hour tramp around the corridors last Sunday, Dillen asked Green for his half hour, and in return would allow Green his time next Sunday. With a wink in his eye Green remarked, "Not much Bill."

Monday.

Dillen rose at 6:30 and inquired if the special judge had come; was nervous and appeared anxious. Green arose an hour later, ate a hearty meal and the half that Dillen did not eat. Then they smoked and were in good humor.

Rev. Cox accompanied by several other ministers called and held brief religious services. The boys took an interest and were affected. Both read their Bibles intently afterward and were engaged in prayer; Green prayed in fervent and audible tones for God to forgive his sins.

Perry Dillen and wife arrived at 10, and remaining for quite a time they greatly cheered the brother. As they left Dillen said he was prepared to die, but still hoped to be spared.

At noon Mr. and Mrs. Green called to see their son. Mrs. Jodon of Milesburg, accompanied them, being Mrs. Green's sister. While they were there Rev. Cox came in from the Court House at about 3 pm. Tears were in his eyes and in suppressed voice he announced the sad news that the Court had just refused the petition and now their doom was sealed. Dillen was pale, but remained firm, with

head bowed down. Green remained silent as stone; for a few moments the gathering was mute—dumb—buried in grief and sorrow. The pastor tried to console them and then left.

Mr. and Mrs. Green took their final departure soon after overcame with grief, Ira's parting words were, "I will be brave; don't cry." Next Dillen's friends left. He remained calm and cool and said: "I will be brave; I will not break down if I can help it."

THREAT AGAINST SHERIFF.

Sheriff Taylor received the following letter on Friday, which was mailed on train No. 50, between Tyrone and Lock Haven. It read as follows:

May 3 1905
Mr Sheriff teler—remBer if you hang them Boyes remBer you will Be moBed By my Croude of men just as Shure as youre ar Borne so i will wat and see wat you arguing fo doo with theBoys rmBer i have something to doo with them Boys
FROM A STRANGER.

The above is a correct copy of the note written with a lead pencil and the writing indicates a purpose to disguise, and misspell. It did not alarm the sheriff. It is pronounced to be a woman's writing, who does not reside many miles from Bellefonte.

Care of the Bodies.

Friends of both men made application to the Commissioners, and will take charge of the remains immediately after the execution. Dillen's body will be sent to Ansonville, Clearfield county, on the noon train. Green's body will be sent to Unionville.

Extra Copies.

Persons desiring extra copies of this issue of the Centre Democrat should notify the office at once. Several hundred extras will be printed and you can get them at 5 cents a copy while they last.

Hangman's Rope.

The ropes for the execution arrived on Saturday from Philadelphia and were supplied by a firm who make a rope especially for this purpose. It is one-half inch in diameter and of the best quality pure hemp. The knot is made in the form of a cylindrical coil four inches long, solidly wrapped, but allows the rope to freely pass through the centre of the coil so as to tighten the loop or noose. The ropes were carefully tested before they were sent and no preliminary sand-bag experiments were made here by the sheriff, to weaken them.

Prisoners Photos.

Many requests have been made to us for copies of the last photos of Green and Dillen secured by this paper for its illustrations this week. After the execution anyone can secure copies at Malloy's photograph studio, Crider's Exchange, for 30 cents a price.

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