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FULL CONFESSION OF H. H. HOLMES.

(Made to the Journal by the Condemned Man—The Only Authentic Statement of His Crimes.)

Most Appalling Record of Murder to Which Any Man Has Ever Affixed His Signature.

He Analyzes His Sentiments and Describes His Feelings While Doing Away with More Than a Score of Victims.

TORTURING HELPLESS MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO DEATH.

Some Died Easily from Suffocation or Poison, but Others Were Starved in the Secret Rooms of the Castle or Choked with Gas—Pitezel Was Burned Alive—A Pen Picture of the Multi-Murderer by Himself—He Says His Face and Body Have Taken on the Look of Satan and Treats Himself as a Psychological Phenomenon.

This is the story of a monster; a record of crime that will make a chapter in future histories as important as anything recorded by historians of civilization and morals. Written by the perpetrator himself while he waits for the summons to mount the gallows, it has a value apart from that pertaining to the ends of justice. In the commission of more than a dozen murders, this fiend has managed to violate almost every law of man or God. Originally he was merely a murderer for the incidental profit, but soon he began to look upon murder as simply an incident in combating the ordinary difficulties of life. He killed a woman because he was tired of her, or because he feared that her interest in another man would deprive him of that man's services. He found a man who had insured his life in favor of one of his victims, he killed the man to gather the insurance for himself. The third stage of his iniquity was murdering for the mere pleasure of seeing his victim die, and the grotesque horror of his murders is beyond belief. One man he made drunk, and while he had him helpless he bound him and burned him alive, though many easier and safer methods of bringing about his death were open to him. Another man he enticed into a furnace and turned the consuming heat on with as little compunction as if it had been the most ordinary of chemical experiments. He built a vault to make murder easier; he smothered children in trunks, merely to get them out of the way. He actually adopted murder as a profession in life and hesitated at nothing in the carrying on of his business. He never calculated on the possibility of being discovered, but thought to pursue his horrid occupation as long as the passion for blood lasted, or it would profit him to kill. This is the story as it came from his own pen; there is no remorse in it. He tells of murders that no one knew were murders. He admits his guilt of every one of the crimes of which he was suspected. He has even grown interested in the psychological study of his own motives, and the picture he has drawn of himself could gain nothing by fine writing or strong adjectives. He is a horror such as you read of in the pages of an alienist writer dealing with mental monsters of the Middle Ages. There is no danger that he will find imitators. A man born with the mental and moral twist of Holmes is a freak of nature as much as a four-armed woman or an elephant-headed boy. His purpose in telling the story is not born of any saving feeling of horror or repentance.

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HOLMES'S OWN STORY.

The Narrative in Full Exactly as Written by the Condemned Man.

During the past few months the desire has been repeatedly expressed that I make a detailed confession of all the graver crimes that have with such marvellous skill been traced out and brought home to me. I have been tried for murder; convicted, sentenced; and the step of my execution upon the 7th of May, namely, the reading of my death warrant, has been carried out, and it now seems a fitting time, if ever, to make known the details of the twenty-seven murders of which it would be useless to longer say I am not guilty. In the face of the overwhelming amount of proof that has been brought together, not only in one, but in each and every case, and because in this confession I speak only of cases that have been thus investigated, and of no other, I trust it will not give rise to a supposition that I am still guilty of other murders which I am withholding.

To those inclined to think thus, I will

say that the detectives have gone over my entire life. Hardly a day or an act has escaped their closest scrutiny, and to judge that I am guilty of more than these cases which they have traced out is to cast discredit upon their work. So marvellous has been the success of these men into whose hands the proving of my guilt was given, that as I look back over their year's work, it seems almost impossible that men gifted with only human intelligence could have been so skillful, and I feel that I can here call attention to what the prosecution at the close of my trial were denied the pleasure of stating concerning their ability, though no word but mine can fittingly express what the world at large owes to these impartial and untiring representatives, and more especially to Assistant District-Attorney Barlow, and Detective Frank Geyer, for it is principally owing to their unerring judgment, skill and perseverance that in a few days I am to be placed beyond the power of committing other, and perhaps, if possible, more horrid wrongs. Surely justice, if always attended by such

servants as these, could no longer, in the sense of making a mistake, be appropriately portrayed as being blind. I am moved to make this confession for a variety of reasons, but among them are not those of bravado or a desire to parade my wrongdoings before the public gaze, and he who reads the following lines will, I beg, make a distinction between such motives and a determination upon my part to enter plainly and minutely into the details of each case without favor toward myself; and having done so, I have chosen to make it public by publishing it in the Journal, of New York.

Why He Is a Murderer.

A word as to the motives or causes that have led to the commission of these many crimes, and I will proceed to the most difficult and distasteful task of my life, the setting forth in all its horrid nakedness the recital of the premeditated killing of many beings, and the unsuccessful attempt to take the lives of others, thus branding myself as the most detestable criminal of modern times. A task so hard and distasteful that beside it the certainty that in a

few days I am to be hanged by the neck until I am dead seems but a pastime.

ACQUIRED HOMICIDAL MANIA—No cause save the occasional opportunity for pecuniary gain occasioned my crimes, and in advancing it at this time, I do not do so with the expectation of a mitigation of public condemnation, or that it will in any way read in my favor. Had this been my intention, I should have considered it at the time of my trial, and had it used as my defence.

All criminalologists who have examined me here seem to be unanimous in the opinion that the crime these abnormal symptoms were not present, they commenced to develop after my arrest. Two years ago I was thoroughly examined by four men of marked ability, and by them pronounced as being both mentally and physically a normal and healthy man. To-day I have every attribute of a degenerate; a moral idiot. Is it possible that the crimes, instead of being the result of these abnormal conditions, are in themselves the occasion of the degeneracy? Even at the time of my arrest in 1894, no defects were noticeable under the searching Bertillon system of measurements to which I was subjected, but later, and more noticeably within the

last few months these defects have increased with startling rapidity, as is made known to me by each succeeding examination, until I have become thankful that I am no longer allowed a glass with which to note my rapidly deteriorating condition. Nature, ever kind, provides in this, as in the ordinary forms of insanity, where the sufferer believes himself always sane, that, unless called to his attention, he does not notice his infirmity nor suffer therefrom.

Hell's Marks on His Face.

The principal defects that have thus far developed, and which are all established signs of degeneracy, are a decided prominence upon one side of my head and a corresponding diminution upon the other side; a marked deficiency of one side of my nose and of one ear, together with an abnormal increase of each upon the opposite side; a difference of 1 1/2 inches in the length of my arms and an equally shortening of one leg from knee to heel; also a most malevolent distortion of one side of my face, and one eye, so marked and terrible that in writing of it for publication, Hall Caine, the novelist, although I wore a band at the time to conceal it as best I could, described that side of my face as marked by a deep line of crime, and being that of a devil. So apparent were these peculiarities that an expert criminalist in the employ of the United

States Government, who had never previously seen me, said, within thirty seconds after entering my cell: "I know you are guilty."

Would it not then be the height of folly for me to die without speaking, if only for the purpose of justifying the scientific deductions, and accrediting what is due to those to whom society owes so much for bringing me to justice; and also making it easy for them to convict certain ones alluded to herein, who at the present time they can do little more than suspect, in consequence of their frantic efforts during the past Summer to shield themselves at my expense.

The first taking of human life was a torturing thought. This, it will be understood, was before my constant wrongdoing. I had become wholly deaf to the prompting of conscience; for, prior to this, I beg to be believed in stating that I had never slinned so heavily either by thought or deed. Later, like the man-eating tiger of the tropical jungles, whose appetite for blood has once been aroused, I roamed about the world seeking whom I could destroy.

Think of the list that follows—men and women, young girls and innocent children, blotted out by one monster's hand, and you, my reader, of a tender and delicate nature, will do well to read no further, for I shall in no way spare myself, and he who reads

to the end, if he be charitable, will say in the words of the District-Attorney who, when the evidence of all these many crimes has been collected and placed before him by his trusty assistants, exclaimed: "God help such a man."

If uncharitable or only just, will he not rather say: "May he be utterly damned, and that it is almost sufficient to cause one doubt the wisdom of Providence that such a man should have so long been allowed to live?" If so, I earnestly pray that this condemnation and censure may not extend to those whose only crime has been that they knew and trusted; eye, in some instances loved me, and who to-day are more deserving of the world's compassion than censure. Dr. Russell was a tenant in the Chicago building recently renamed "The Castle." During the controversy concerning the non-payment of rent due me I struck him to the floor with a heavy chair, when he, with one cry for help ending in a groan of anguish, ceased to breathe.

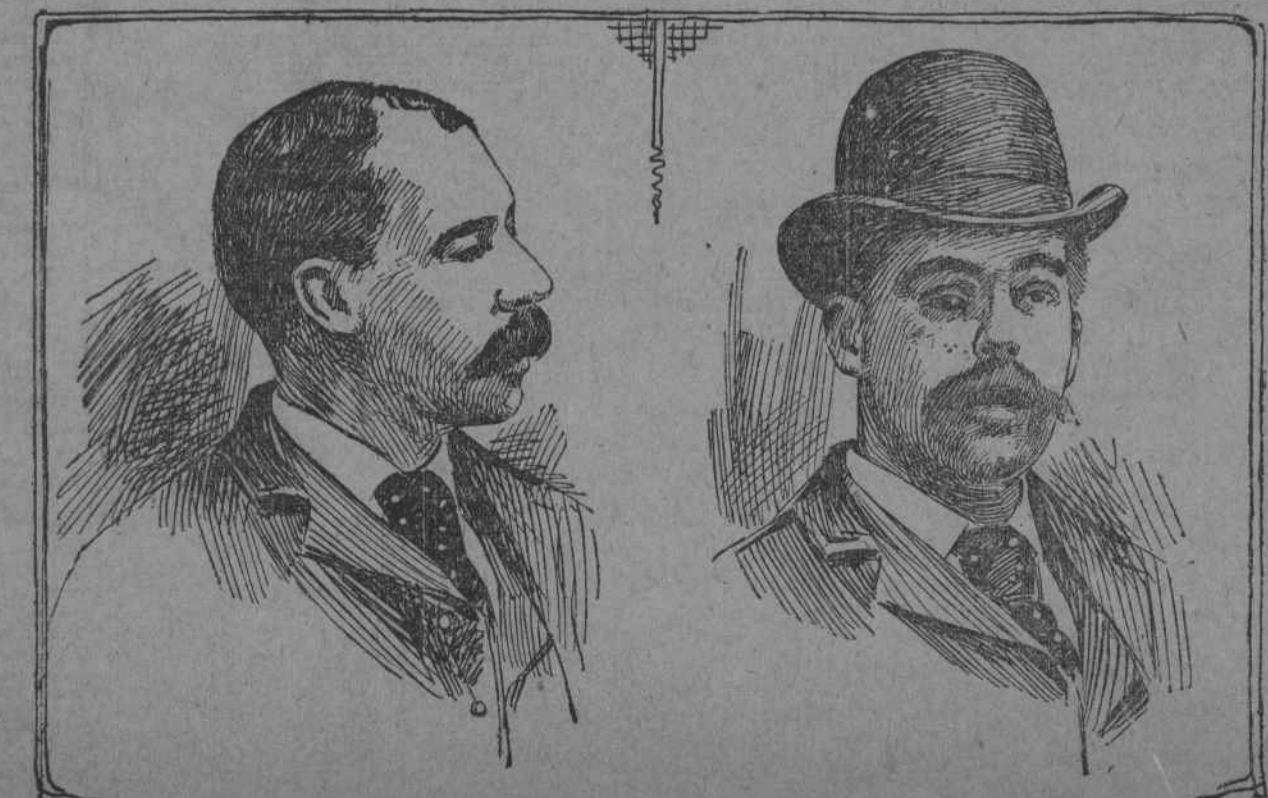
This quarrel and death occurred in small outer office, and as soon as I realize that my blow had been a fatal one, and had recovered somewhat from the horror having still another victim's blood upon my hands, I was forced to look about for some safe means of concealing the crime



H. H. HOLMES, THE ARCH CRIMINAL OF MODERN HISTORY.

From the latest photograph of the murderer. A flashlight taken in jail for the Journal.

To the New York Journal
I positively & emphatically deny the assertions that any confession has been made by me except one & which is the only one that will be made. The original confession is the one given to the New York Journal. It alone is genuine all others are untrue.
April 11th 1896 Signed H. H. Holmes



POLICE PHOTOGRAPHS OF HOLMES TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARREST.