

think of being accused of a heinous crime and a drunken negro—drunk on seven beers and wine, on his own testimony—a crap player a dishonest drunkard, hidden where he had every chance to kill little Mary Phagan and steal her silver mesh purse, while the other, a sober business man of unimpeachable character, attending to the business affairs intrusted to him, a man that the best business men of Atlanta trusted and honored, and who is believed to be absolutely innocent by his 250 employes. A man, they testified, who had but one thought—his work and his wife, to whom he is perfectly devoted and she equally as devoted to him.

There have been so many falsehoods told about this man that have tended to poison the public mind against him. One is that his wife was about to file a divorce suit when the murder mystery occurred and the Frank family paid her \$10,000 to stand by him until the trial was over.

I am in a position to nail this lie, and, on authority, denounce it as absolutely and unqualifiedly false and made up without the slightest foundation upon fact. Mr. and Mrs. Frank were and are perfectly devoted to each other.

Mr. Frank has a large following among Jews as well as Gentiles, who believe in his entire innocence, his unblemished and high character, and who believe him not only to be a moral man in every sense of the word, but an extraordinarily good and moral man.

The writer of this believes in his innocence and to my mind he is but another Joseph, cast unjustly into prison on false accusation.

A man that God is using in some wise and mysterious way. God never uses an unrighteous man to glorify Himself and show His might and power to the children of men.

People have said that Leo M. Frank is an iron man. Yes, truly, he has nerves as steady as iron, and why? Because he knows that he is innocent, and he has put his trust in God and feels sure that He who brings all things to light and rights all wrongs will in the end reveal his innocence to the world.

There is not a good citizen in the city who would have an injustice done any man, least of all send an innocent man ignominiously to the gallows under the stigma of a twofold crime of which he is in no wise guilty.

So let us pause and regain our mental poise and think how we would feel if we did hang this man and, after committing judicial murder, discovered this man was a victim of a pack of lies—conceived in the fertile brain of an atrocious reprobate, in trying to shift his dastardly crime on the head of an innocent man.

I believe, of course, that the Solicitor General did what he conceived was his painful duty, but Mr. Dorsey is an honest man and he would be the first who would ask to right a wrong if he once became convinced that he had, in his zeal to do his duty, as public prosecutor, sent an innocent man to an ignominious death.

FRIEND'S PLEA FOR FRANK.

Another Joseph, Unjustly Accused—
Negro Conley the Real Murderer.

By Rebecca C. Brannon, M. D.

From The Atlanta Saturday Night.

The pendulum swings high, swings low. Public opinion has reached that psychic stage that is sure to come after it has listened to passionate invective and denunciation of a man at the bar of justice.

Sober judgment and a demand that absolute fairness and justice shall be meted out unto the very least of our citizens accused of crime lest a greater crime be committed and an innocent man suffer the penalty of a crime of which he is in no way guilty.

As the atmosphere clears, after a great and fiercely fought battle in the Fulton County Court House, and as the days go by, Leo M. Frank, that patient, trusting man in the tower, gains friends. Day by day the number of them augment who believe that he is an absolutely innocent man, innocent of any and every crime of which he is accused.

There are so many good and brave men, who have known him intimately for years, who vouch for his good character and high moral standard, it is inconceivable, as Mr. Fehr, a writer on THE NEW YORK TIMES, and Mr. Frank's classmate and chum at Cornell University, says, that he should be convicted on circumstantial evidence and the perjured testimony of a lying negro, who gave four different affidavits and vitiated them all by subsequent lies as he evolved and elaborated a revolting story made to dovetail and suit the occasion in his desire to shield himself and escape the gallows for the crime that he had committed.

This is the first time that such credibility has ever been given to a negro's testimony against a white man in the South.

It has caused a howl of protest even in the North, where they have made protégés of the negro. Still you will hear men of all walks of life say they are surprised, especially as in this instance this negro Conley has served out seven sentences in the stockade for various offenses.

I have never heard of a white man being convicted on such flimsy and purely circumstantial evidence, and the testimony of a witness who, to say the least, had a better opportunity to commit the crime and a greater motive for doing it.

There is not one of them who has sworn this man's life and honor away who could obtain credit from any reasonably careful business man.

So why should the jury give undue credibility to their testimony?

Please place yourself in his place;