



# CONLEY TELLS OF DISPOSAL OF PHAGAN GIRL'S BODY Factory Sweeper Recites Details of Tragedy, Accusing Leo M. Frank

## NEGRO REPEATS CHARGE THAT ACCUSED MAN ASKED HIM 'WHY SHOULD I HANG?'

Continued From Page 1.

Georgia jury held a packed courtroom bound with horror and irresistible interest Monday.

Leo M. Frank, brilliant young superintendent of the National Pencil Factory, was pointed out as the brutal murderer of little Mary Phagan and a degenerate of the worst type.

James Conley, an illiterate negro leveled his finger at Frank in the prisoner's chair and said: "That's the man!"

It was Conley's story for which an eager public—a morbidly curious public, perhaps—had been waiting. The story came with an unexpected wealth of horrible detail.

The negro forgot nothing, omitted nothing that he had told before. If he was telling a black lie to save his own neck from the gallows, it was still more wonderful. He had a remarkably retentive memory or an imagination far beyond the normal even for his notably imaginative race.

Frank told him he had killed the girl accidentally. That was the negro's first and entirely new damning accusation against the young factory superintendent who sat eyeing him coolly and impassively. Conley followed this charge with a thrilling narrative of the gruesome events of that day at the factory in which he said he had a part.

"He said he had struck her too hard when she fought back at him and that she had fallen back and hit her head against something," was the negro's statement in effect.

As every spectator in the crowded courtroom hung on his words, Conley unfolded his dramatic story. He related the details already familiar to the public and added to them a story of revolting actions unpublishable in their nature which he ascribed to the young superintendent.

Glibly he recited his tale of horror. So fast the words fell from his lips that the stenographers were hard put to keep up with him and the jurors, straining forward in their seats, found difficulty in following his recital.

### Gripped Audience With Story.

He sat there, an uncouth, thick-lipped ignorant negro, but he told a story that gripped his auditors with a compelling interest that an eloquent-tongued orator could not have aroused.

Clad in a suit of clothes which the officers only recently got for him to take the place of those he had worn ever since the time he was arrested, he entered the courtroom with the shadow of a smile on his lips. He was pleased with the interest he was attracting. What did anything matter so long as he was the center of the white folks' interest now?

A blue shirt, newly laundered, but ill-fitting, was unbuttoned at the throat. He carried his old cap in his hands as he made his way half proudly to the witness box.

He detailed each move from that time until Frank went to Montag's and returned and carried his thrilling narrative along to the moment when Frank, he said, called him from the top of the stairs on the second floor and directed him to go back and get a girl whom he had struck too hard and who had hit her head against something.

From that point he related in minute detail a story of carrying the body, with Frank's help, to the front of the building and down the elevator.

### Tells of Disposal of the Body.

An audience split open as he narrated the ghastly story of bundling the limp body into some crooked bagging and starting on his trip to the basement. Unconcernedly, as though it were an everyday matter, he told of the burden becoming too heavy and of Frank coming with an oath on his lips to help him.

When he had finished this grisly portion of his testimony, he was asked concerning Frank's actions at other times. He responded with a revolting story on incidents which he said had occurred in Frank's office and in the metal room.

There was nothing lacking of the dramatic. The very cord that was found about the neck of the murdered girl was given the negro and he threw it about his own black neck. He showed exactly where it made its deep impress in the tender neck of the little factory girl.

He drew the noose tighter and tighter. Frank looked on quietly with never a quiver of his features. As he slipped it taut about his neck he demonstrated the exact position of the rope as it, so,

ording to the State's contention, strangled the life of the girl. Other Women Figure in Details.

He told of other times when he said Frank had made appointments with women at the factory. He told of alleged incidents in Frank's office at which the young superintendent's wife hung her head in momentary shame, her face bathed in crimson.

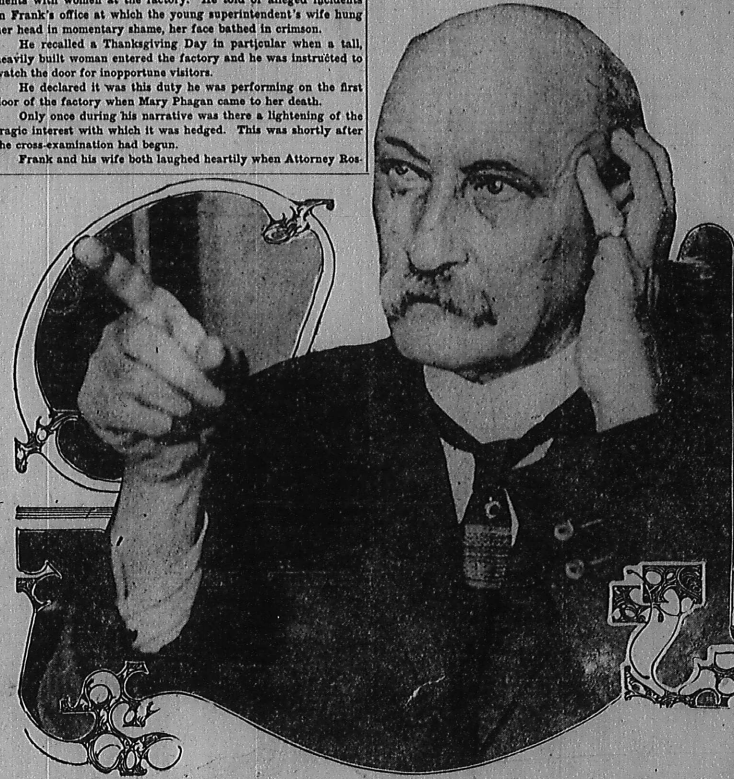
He recalled a Thanksgiving Day in particular when a tall, heavily built woman entered the factory and he was instructed to watch the door for inopportune visitors.

He declared it was this duty he was performing on the first floor of the factory when Mary Phagan came to her death.

Only once during his narrative was there a lightening of the tragic interest with which it was hedged. This was shortly after the cross-examination had begun.

Frank and his wife both laughed heartily when Attorney Ros-

### TRIAL JUDGE L. S. ROAN



ser facetiously referred to Frank A. Hooper, admittedly the Beau Brummell of the trial lawyers, as "that old weazened-up fellow with the gray hair."

Conley was trying to describe the color of the hair of Daisy Hopkins, one of the girls figuring in the testimony. He pointed out that of Attorney Hooper as most like that of the girl. A ripple of laughter arose in the courtroom in which the prisoner and his wife joined.

## Conley's Story In Detail; Women Barred By Judge

There was a murmur of excitement following the calling of Jim Conley; there was a wait of several minutes, officers having just left the police station with the negro a minute or two before he was called.

Judge Roan impatiently ordered the Sheriff to bring in the witness. A number of spectators who were crowded up too close to the jury box were moved back by the court deputies.

"The Sheriff hasn't got Jim Conley," said Attorney Rosser, after a statement from Deputy Sheriff Plennie Miner.

"Mr. Starnes will bring him in," returned Solicitor Dorsey.

"See if Mrs. White has arrived," then requested Dorsey. "She has a very young baby, and when I had her subpoenaed this morning she said that she would have to send to the factory and get her husband before she could come."

Courtroom Quiet as Conley Enters.

"You may call her later," said Mr. Rosser, "there won't be any objection."

Jim Conley was brought into the courtroom just at this time. He took the witness chair and was sworn in while in the chair. Solicitor Dorsey examined him and everyone leaned forward, while extreme quiet prevailed.

Q. What is your name?—A. James Conley.  
Q. Do you know Leo M. Frank?—A. Yes.  
Q. Point him out.—(Conley did so.)  
Q. Did you have any conversation with him on Friday afternoon before the murder of Mary Phagan?—(Conley's answer was indistinct.)  
Q. How long had you been working at the pencil factory?—A.

## JIM CONLEY'S STORY AS MATTER OF FACT AS IF IT WERE OF HIS DAY'S WORK

By O. B. KEELER.

Jim Conley, hewer of wood and drawer of water.

On the witness stand at the Frank trial this morning, Jim unfolded a tale whose lightest word—you know the rest. It was a story that flexed attention to the breaking point; a story that whitened knuckles and pressed finger nails into palms; a story that absorbed the usual courtroom stir and rattle, and froze the hearers into lines of straining faces.

And Jim Conley told that story as he might have told the story of a day's work at well-digging, or driving a drag, or sweeping up the second floor at the National Pencil Factory.

A Story In Menosilables.  
And the farther boundary of the tale slips very near as you listen to a matter-of-fact narrative, in words of one syllable, such as that Jim Conley told this morning.

A hewer of wood—and Jim Conley slipped the arranging cord over his own neck to show how he said he had found it about the neck of Mary Phagan. A drawer of water—and Jim Conley's work-worn hands were quick to twist and turn the burly, wrap-around lifting and bearing an ordinary burden.

True or false, Jim Conley told his tale as a part of the day's work. He spoke rapidly; very rapidly. His vocabulary was small, and he seemed to know all the words. Mr. Dorsey asked him few questions, once the real business was reached. The defense opposed fewer objections.

It was with Jim Conley.  
His Face Never Changed.  
Not a line of his face changed. His broad, low forehead was unwrinkled. He was prompt to acknowledge less descriptive powers with gestures of water—on the servants of the world.

"Mr. Frank, he set in his chair, and he twice about, like he was too far to the front, or too far to the back, or the chair was too big, or too little." "And then he do his hands this way (clapping them), and he look up at the ceiling, and he say: 'Why should I have? I got rich people in Brooklyn.'"

And what did Jim do then? "Mr. I look up at the ceiling, too. But I ain't see nothing."

And again, after the fearful visit to the basement:  
"Frank, he stumble like that when he get out of the elevator, and he wipe his face and he say, 'See, that was a awful hard job.' And I say, 'Tshaw, Mr. Frank, your job want nothin' like what mine was.'"

"And what time was it?" "I look up at the clock and the clock say 'no minutes of 2'."

Story Unfolds Like a Film.  
True or false, Jim Conley's story unraveled itself with all the speed and certainty of a picture film. He did not hesitate once. His narrative was packed with detail. But there was no emotion in the telling.

"I've see—I didn't want to go back there with them notes because I was scared," Jim said readily. But he might have been talking of not wanting to go down in a well on a "job of work," because the rope didn't look good.

And about this grim task of wrapping the dead girl in burial, "like you do up the wash in a sheet on a Monday morning," and the straining journey to the basement and the scrawled notes, and all the rest—why did Jim Conley do it?

"Mr. Frank, he tell me to do it." "True or false, there spoke the crude training of the century, the enduring command laid from near the beginning on the hewers of wood and drawers of water—on the servants of the world."

Q. Who was with him?—A. Miss Mattie Smith.  
Q. What was she doing?—A. She had a handkerchief as if she was crying.  
Q. What, if anything, did Miss Mattie Smith have in her hand?—A. She had a pocketbook, a handkerchief and an umbrella.

Q. Was she in a good humor or a bad humor?—A. She looked like she was crying.  
Q. How long did Miss Mattie Smith stay in the factory?—A. Just a short time.

Q. You promised me you wouldn't lead this witness," interrupted Mr. Rosser.  
"I promised you I would do the best I could," replied Dorsey.  
Q. Was this before or after you went to Nelson street?—A. It was after.

Conley then told of seeing a number of employees come in.  
Q. Who else did you see?—A. Miss Mary Perkins.  
Q. Who?—A. Miss Mary Perkins, I called her, the girl who is dead.

Q. What else did you hear?—A. I heard footsteps going back towards the metal room, and in a little bit I heard a scream.  
Q. What happened next?—A. Miss Monteen Stover came in. In a little bit she went out.

Q. What did you hear then?—A. Heard footsteps like somebody running on tip toes from Mr. Frank's office towards the metal room. In a minute I heard the steps running back to the metal room.  
Q. What happened after that?—A. I sat down on a box and went to sleep.

Q. What was the next thing you heard?—A. Mr. Frank stamping on the floor three times. Then he called me.  
Q. What did he say?—A. He asked me if I noticed a little girl go out. I told him I saw one, but didn't see the other.  
Q. How long was it before you heard the whistle?—A. Not long.

Q. What did you do?—A. I unlocked the door and went up stairs. Mr. Frank was standing at the head of the stairs shivering and shaking.  
Q. Did he have anything in his hand?—A. A cord.  
Q. What did he say?—He asked me if I noticed a little girl come in. I told him I saw two.

Q. Did you ever see any girls in Frank's office alone with him?—A. One day I saw him down on his knees in front of a girl in his office and she was striking his hair.  
Says Frank Said He Hit Girl.  
Q. When Frank called you upstairs that Saturday afternoon, what did he say?—A. He said he had struck a little girl with his fist and she had fallen against something and hurt herself.

Q. What did he say?—A. He told me he wanted me to help him carry her down stairs. He said there was money in it for me.  
Q. What else did you do?—A. I went back to the dressing room where he told me she was found a girl lying flat on her back with a cord around her neck.

Dorsey here interrupted the witness.  
Q. About where did you find this girl when you went back there?—Conley took a parcel and pointed out where he had found the girl, pointing the diagram to show it. A—It was right in front of the ladies' washroom.  
Q. What did Mr. Frank do?—A. He said 'shh, shh, shh.' I told him she was dead. He told me to get a piece of cloth out of a box but he never allowed me to wrap up her head.

Solicitor Dorsey had to admonish Conley not to talk so fast. A large piece of cotton lath wrapping was exhibited.  
Q. What is that, Jim?—A. That is a piece of cloth like I got out of the box and I rolled the girl's body into it.  
Q. Why did you do it?—A. Because Mr. Frank told me to.  
Q. How did she look?—A. She had her hands stretched out



"I WHIPPED HER BODY UP LIKE DIRTY CLOTHES," SAYS CONLEY
Whole Court Audience Keyed to Catch Every Word of the Witness

SWEETEST FIRST ADMITS HE SAILED GIRL VICTIM AT PLANT

(Continued from Page Two)

and cords around her neck. Q. How did you put her in the cloth?—A. I wrapped her up like you would dirty clothes, tying the cloth around her neck...

Says He Was Asked to Write Notes. Q. Did you hear anything while you were in the wardrobe?—A. Yes, I heard someone come in and say "Good morning, Mr. Frank..."

Q. Did you see Frank any more?—A. Between 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. He came to my table in the factory...

Q. When were you arrested?—A. On the first of May. Q. Do you remember the day of the week?—A. Thursday.

Q. Look at these notes (handing the negro the two murder notes found in the basket on the factory street). Yes, these are the notes fixed up in Mr. Frank's office...

Q. Did you notice the time that morning?—A. Yes, at Broad and Mitchell street it was 9 minutes past 10. Q. Who left the factory first?—A. Frank.

Q. Do you know the name of the man or woman up there with Frank Thanksgiving Day?—A. I don't know the woman, but the man's name was Dalton.

Q. What did Frank have on that Saturday morning?—A. A raincoat. Q. Where were you sitting?—A. Right here (indicating a spot in the first floor of the factory near the trapdoor that leads to the basement).

Q. Where did you work all the time?—A. Up until Christmas I worked on the elevator. After Christmas they took me off the elevator and put me to cleaning up on the fourth floor.

Q. Do you know Mrs. Arthur White?—A. No. At this point Solicitor Dorsey spoke to one of the deputies and said: "Mr. White has come, show her in."

Q. When you found the body, how did you know she was dead?—A. She was lying flat on her back with her arms outstretched and her eyes staring.

Q. What kind of a lady was it you saw in Frank's office Thanksgiving day?—A. She was a rather pretty lady, with a pink-dot dress and a white stock.

Q. Did you see anything that night?—A. He kept saying "It's all right, that's all right."

"I object to that as immaterial," said Dorsey. "I want to show that Frank knew this man could write, and that when Frank was under arrest he knew he could write. That Conley had told the police he could not write and Frank did not tell the police any better."

Judge Ross: "You can show that." Q. Did Frank know anything of that watch contract?—A. Yes, it was made in his presence. Q. Did you at first refuse to write for the police?—A. Yes, sir, I did.

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LEO FRANK AND FIVE LINKS IN CHAIN STATE HAS WOVEN FOR HIM

Vital points in evidence against Frank illustrated by artist P. A. Carter.



Q. How old are you?—A. 37. Conley then rapidly reviewed where he had worked for a number of years, giving himself a good record.

Q. What time did the night watchman come?—A. I don't know. I never saw him come. Q. Did you ever see the watchman there?—A. I saw the white watchman get his money there.

Q. Who was there before that?—A. No, sir, he ran a woodyard. Q. Do you remember any of the names of the white men who worked there?—A. Yes, Mr. Babe, I think.

Q. What time did he pay off on Saturdays?—A. Was it 12 o'clock? Sometimes 12, sometimes a quarter to 1 and sometimes at 11:30. Q. Now you said you watched for Mr. Frank, didn't you?—A. Yes.

Q. What time did he leave?—A. About 4:30. Q. What time did the people down stairs go?—A. I don't know exactly, but they came up and went to Mr. Frank's office.

don't know the name of the man?—A. Yes, the man was Dalton. Q. You don't know the name of the woman, do you?—A. No, but she lives on West Hunter street.

Q. Do you know the name of the woman who was with Frank?—A. Yes, her name was Daisy Hopkins. She worked on the fourth floor. Q. He asked you to watch?—A. Yes.

Q. What time was it?—A. 3 or 3:20. Q. What did Frank say to you?—A. He called me to his office and said: "You see that young lady go Hopkins come in."

Q. Did she see you?—A. Yes, sir. Q. Did anybody else come that day?—A. No, sir. Q. How long did she stay up there?—A. About half an hour.

Q. Did he give you any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar. Q. When was the next time?—A. I don't hardly remember; it was near winter.

Q. About what time?—A. About the middle of August. Q. I thought you said it was near winter?—A. Well, that's near winter. Q. Middle of August near winter? It might not then?—A. Yes, sir; it's pretty near winter.

Q. What did Frank say?—A. He said: "I'm going to put you to work." Q. That's what he said every time, was it?—I'm going to put you to work?—A. Yes, sir; something like that. But he said what he did in a funny way.

Q. Who was the woman?—A. I don't know who she was. Q. How did she look?—A. She had hair like Mr. Hoover. Q. How do you know Mr. Hoover so well? He has questioned you a lot, hasn't he?—A. No, sir; I never saw him but once before.

Q. What did she do?—A. He went to the front door and opened it and looked out. Q. What did he do then?—A. He went to the stairway door and he the woman out and walked to the front door with her. As she passed me the lady said, "Is that the negro?" and he said, "Yes, that's him. He had his hair cut."

Q. Did he walk out?—A. No, he just walked to the door with her and came back. Q. How was she dressed?—A. A blue dotted dress and a gray coat that looked like it was washed, white shoes and white stockings.

Q. What kind of a hat?—A. A big black hat with big feathers. Q. Did you see that woman in the office before?—A. I thought I saw her in the office sometime before Thanksgiving.

Q. What did she have on?—A. I don't know. Q. What kind of a looking girl was she?—A. A tall, heavy set girl. Q. Who else was there in the office?—A. Friends of Mr. Frank.

Q. What time was it?—A. About 5 o'clock. Q. What were you doing there at that time?—A. Stacking some boxes. Q. Any jewelry?—A. I didn't notice any.

Q. What was the next time after Thanksgiving?—A. Along after Christmas. Q. What time?—A. I don't know exactly. Q. What is your best guess?—A. It was some time during the first of January.

Q. When did Mr. Frank speak to you about it the first time?—A. I don't remember. Q. Yes, but don't remember anything about it except that you watched?—A. Yes, sir; I do remember one thing. I thought you said you didn't remember anything?—A. Yes, sir; Mr. Frank did not say I didn't remember anything, but he would be there and I might make a piece of change off of the man.

Q. When was that?—A. About 7:30. Q. I thought you said you didn't remember?—A. Yes, sir. Q. How long did it last?—A. About 17:30. That same Saturday morning.

Q. What did he say?—A. He said: "Well, you know what you did for me last Saturday?" "I said: "Yes, sir." He said: "I want to put you to work on this Saturday." Q. What happened after that?—A. After Mr. Holloway left, Miss Dwyer...

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# COONLEY TELLS STIRRING TALE OF EVENTS AT FACTORY

## Hearers Sit Spell-Bound at Unfolding of Details of Tragedy

### FRANK CALM AND UNBOUNDED CALM WHILE JURORS TELS HIS GASTRO TALE

During the long wait for Conley to appear, Frank, his loyal wife and his no less loyal mother gave no sign of fear. Accuser and accused were about to face each other, a dramatic situation which the authorities had sought to bring about since the negro made his third affidavit charging Frank with the terrible crime.

If Frank at last were on the edge of a breakdown his calm, unflinching features were most deceiving at first. He seemed no more concerned than when John Black, floundering and helpless on the stand, was making as good a witness for the defense as he was expected to make for the State.

When Solicitor Dorsey announced that Conley would be the next witness the courtroom was electrified with a shock of interest in which the only three persons who seemed not affected were the juror and the juror's wife and his mother.

Conley took the stand. He lifted his hand to be sworn. No sound but the Solicitor's words disturbed the little courtroom.

"Do you know Leo Frank?" was the first question asked at the negro.

"Yes, sir, I do," Conley replied. "Where is he?"

Negro Points Out Frank. "That there he is," said Conley, leveling his finger at the defendant. No other disturbed Frank's features as the negro pointed to the man in the crowd, breathless courtroom expected the checks of the young accused and to dash. If anyone expected him to quail and tremble under the damning, gilt accusation of Conley, that person was disappointed.

Frank spoke a few words to the jury. Whether they were words of defiance or not, they were not. Mrs. Frank replied with just the ghost of a smile and the long question of the negro was begun.

"Probably everyone in the courtroom was looking for some sign of collapse in the presence of the negro," Conley told his remarkable tale, more in detail, more elaborate, more interesting, than ever before.

Frank's story was breathless. Dramatic in its very gibes and unbecoming, Conley's story. If he failed to make a witness, Frank's heart had a wonderful impression upon each member of the jury. Conley told of seeing Mary Phagan enter the factory. This was the first time he had admitted to this, so far as the public knew.

Conley told of seeing a mild interest, but the jurors strained forward in their seats.

Conley told of hearing the footstep from his vantage point on the first floor, of two persons coming out of Frank's office.

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### JURORS STRAIN FORWARD TO WATCH CONLEY STORY; FRANK'S INTEREST MILD

Dramatic in its very gibes and unbecoming, Conley's story, if he failed to shake or disturb Leo Frank, at least had a wonderful impression upon each member of the jury.

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### HOUSE IS SCORPED FOR 'ROKE' TAX AMENDMENT

Representative Akin, of Glenn, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, bitterly scolded members of the House Tuesday morning for their opposition to a bill of the House which would amend the Federal income tax law.

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### DALTON TO CORROBORATE CONLEY'S STORY ON STAND

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"Do you know Leo Frank?" was the first question asked at the negro.

"Yes, sir, I do," Conley replied. "Where is he?"

Negro Points Out Frank. "That there he is," said Conley, leveling his finger at the defendant. No other disturbed Frank's features as the negro pointed to the man in the crowd, breathless courtroom expected the checks of the young accused and to dash. If anyone expected him to quail and tremble under the damning, gilt accusation of Conley, that person was disappointed.

Frank spoke a few words to the jury. Whether they were words of defiance or not, they were not. Mrs. Frank replied with just the ghost of a smile and the long question of the negro was begun.

"Probably everyone in the courtroom was looking for some sign of collapse in the presence of the negro," Conley told his remarkable tale, more in detail, more elaborate, more interesting, than ever before.

Frank's story was breathless. Dramatic in its very gibes and unbecoming, Conley's story. If he failed to make a witness, Frank's heart had a wonderful impression upon each member of the jury.

Conley told of seeing a mild interest, but the jurors strained forward in their seats.

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ROSSER FERCELY GRILLS CONLEY
Women Barred as Negro Unfolds Stirring Story

DENT HURLS FIRST GAME AT 'NOOGA'

Billy Smith's Men and Lookouts Clash in Opening Game of Series.

Score by innings: ATLANTA... 001 CHATTANOOGA... 000

THE BATTING ORDER. Crickets: Long, H.;... Williams, W.;...

FIRST INNING. Long fanned. After also fanned. Well...

SECOND INNING. Williams out. Blain out. Smith...

THIRD INNING. Dunn fanned. Blain fanned. Smith...

A, B, & A, Unable To Pay Outstanding Debts, Is Foreclosed

Failure to meet its outstanding obligations Monday, the Atlanta...

Woman Accused Of Deserting Bride

DURHAM, N. C., Aug. 4.—Police Sergeant J. M. Cagle has returned...

Pony Winners To Be Announced Tuesday

The winners in The Georgian-American Shetland Pony Contest will be announced in Tuesday's Georgian.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE. AT NASHVILLE—NASHVILLE... 00 BIRMINGHAM... 00

NATIONAL LEAGUE. AT PITTSBURG—NEW YORK... 000 001 100 - 2 7 1

AMERICAN LEAGUE. AT WASHINGTON—CHICAGO... 300 200 WASHINGTON... 020 010

EMPIRE LEAGUE. AT ALBANY—ALBANY... 000 010 010 0

SOUTH ATLANTIC LEAGUE. AT MACON—MACON... 010 0 JACKSONVILLE... 000 0

Official on Trial For Embezzlement. BRANDON, MISS., Aug. 4.—T. H. Turley...

Heat Record Likely To Be Set This Week. This week promises to be a record-breaker for heat.

Million and \$60,000 Year to Mrs. Brady. ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 4.—By the will of Anthony N. Brady...

Armless Girl Votes; Marks With Her Toes. MAYWOOD, ILL., Aug. 4.—Miss Kitty Smith...

RACING RESULTS

FIRST—AT TORONTO. Selling \$200. Second: Slevata 111 (McIntyre), 2 1/2, 1/2.

FIRST—AT SARATOGA. Selling \$250. Second: Klumpke 110 (Lusk), 2 1/2, 1/2.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Secretary of State Bryan...

BRUNSWICK, Aug. 4.—The regular day meeting which has been in this part...

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 4.—The Rev. E. E. Violett...

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Herbert Lay said today...

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Walter B. Palmer...

MOTHER OF ACCUSED IN THE PHAGAN CASE



This picture shows Mrs. Frank as she left the courtroom after a long session of the trial.

Slaton Refuses to Call Out Troops to Guard Grady Negro

Governor Slaton refused by wire Monday to call out the militia at Albany...

1,000 Ship Repairers Still Out at Mobile

MOBILE, Aug. 4.—The strike of 1,000 or more ship repairers and iron workers...

THE WEATHER. Forecast for Atlanta and Georgia—Fair Monday and Tuesday.

CROWD SPELL-BOUND AS NEGRO RECITES HIS DETAILS OF TRAGEDY

Jim Conley, the accuser of Leo Frank, was placed under the merciless fire of Luther Rosser's cross-examination Monday afternoon...

The attorney reserved his most powerful batteries for the time he should train his guns on the tale of the occurrences the day of the tragedy.

At first, in tones almost kindly, he asked Conley of a hundred intimate details of his life.

Conley repeated, under Rosser's questioning, the story of frequent trysts at the factory kept by other couples.

There were no women in the courtroom at the afternoon session, Judge Roan having issued an order barring them.

As black and revolting a story as ever told to a Georgia jury held a packed courtroom bound with horror and irresistible interest Monday.

It was Conley's story for which an eager public—a morbidly curious public, perhaps—had been waiting.

Frank told him he had killed the girl accidentally. That was the negro's first and entirely new denning.



# BOILED CABBAGE DIGESTS STAGE IN FRANK'S TRIAL

When a prospective juror is on his oath in a given criminal case, he is asked his mind to be perfectly impartial between the State and the accused.

If he answers yes, he is competent to try the case, so far as he is concerned. If he answers no, he is rejected.

How many people in Atlanta and Georgia, having heard part of the testimony in the Frank case, will feel that they are perfectly impartial between the State and the accused?

How many people, having heard part of the evidence, will have refrained from expressing an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Frank?

Not many, I take it—and that is the reason why the trial is being held in the State and the accused, standing the State's evidence thus far delivered, and the presumption of innocence legally established in behalf of the defendant.

I venture the opinion that nothing developing in the Frank trial last week so profoundly weighed upon the minds of the people over Sunday as the question of the digestibility of boiled cabbage—nice, greasy, palatable, often shunned, boiled cabbage.

It is rather curious that of all the mass of matter brought out last week this point should have furnished the greatest amount of food for thought in its aspects of mental indigestibility as boiled cabbage is in its physical aspect.

Everybody Has His Opinion.

Everybody has his own private opinion as to the manner and the odds whereby his, at least, stomach proceeds to the digesting and assimilating of the not too dramatic article of common, everyday consumption.

How many people in Atlanta Sunday forenoon their usual Sabbath day more or less elaborate program of digestion in the form of a plate of boiled cabbage—just to see what would happen, anyway?

"The jury must be perfectly impartial between the State and the accused." Perhaps an experiment with boiled cabbage may help you in arriving at a conclusion!

Remember, in judging Frank from the State's standpoint, there is nothing so vitally important as the time element.

If Mary Phagan were killed between 11:05 and 11:10, the time Frank is admitted to have left his office—which narrows the limit sharply as to whether he was in the room at the time she was killed.

Perhaps an experiment with boiled cabbage may help you in arriving at a conclusion!

# COUNSEL FOR THE STATE OF GEORGIA IN THE PROSECUTION OF LEO FRANK



Hugh Dorsey who has borne brunt of the work.

Frank A. Hooper, specially engaged for the State.

E. A. Stephens, Assistant to Solicitor Dorsey.

# ORDEALS BORNE WITH RESERVE BY FRANKS

Wife and Mother of the Accused  
Pencil Factory Superintendent  
Sit Calmly Through Trial.

By TARLETON COLLIER.

When brought into a court room, as all the world knows, for one of two purposes. Their presence may have a moral effect in softening the hearts of a jury, particularly if they be young, pretty or wifely of countenance. Or they may be there for the atrocious million who are bent upon encouraging a beloved defendant.

It is the latter class that Mrs. Frank brought through the hot, weary days of the trial. Her presence was not for the former or the latter.

Her mother was one of the two women who were with her when she was brought into the court room. Her mother was one of the two women who were with her when she was brought into the court room.

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# Envy, Not the Juror! His Lot, Mostly, Is Monotony

By L. F. WOODRUFF.

A policeman's life is not a merry one. The thought was expressed and even set to music in those dim days of the distant past when people heard the lyrics and listened to the charming lilts of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Instead of centering their attention on a whimsical young woman with a record in the divorce courts and not much else in either ability or raiment, Gilbert and Sullivan, now being tradition, can be considered authoritative. Wherefore the thought is repeated that a policeman's life is not a merry one.

But there are twelve Fulton county men who will say that he went too far in his statement in one way and didn't come within a mile of approaching the mark in another.

For after the serene singer "a policeman's life is not a merry one, the chorus of constabulary cant, "It ran, ran, ran, ran, ran," which sound rather joyous.

The jurors' dissent.

And the jurors with whom the fate of Leo Frank rests believe there is no more joy in the work which is imposed as part of their duty as citizens of Fulton County than there is in a man unaccustomed to using that method of transportation.

They would like to be included in the category of those persons whose existence is as far removed from the paths of primrose as pole as not, but they would voice violent protest against any "It ran, ran, ran, ran, ran," which sound rather joyous.

They would like to be included in the category of those persons whose existence is as far removed from the paths of primrose as pole as not, but they would voice violent protest against any "It ran, ran, ran, ran, ran," which sound rather joyous.

# Frank Witness Nearly Killed By a Mad Dog

Deputy Sheriff W. W. (Boomer) Rogers, witness for the State in the Frank trial, is taking the Pasteur treatment at the State Capitol Monday after being bitten half a dozen times on the right ankle by a rabid dog that pulled him from his motorcycle at Henderson's crossing on Capitol avenue, Sunday night about 11 o'clock.

After a battle of more than fifteen minutes Rogers finally drove the dog away, and though his right leg was badly torn and lacerated, two miles from the crossing to Grady Hospital. When he arrived at the hospital his leg had begun to turn black and was very painful.

Treated at Grady Hospital.

The Grady Hospital surgeons cauterized the wounds and gave him temporary relief. This morning the leg which the dog had gnawed was still swollen and painful, and Rogers decided to take the Pasteur treatment.

The dog was a big shepherd dog, attached to Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks.

"I noticed the road several minutes before he bit me," said Rogers Monday morning. "I had no idea he was mad. As I passed under the archway I heard a growl, and I turned my head and saw the dog standing in the middle of the road, looking into my right ankle."

Pulled from his motorcycle, Rogers was nearly killed by the mad dog.

# Opportunities Neglected Are Lost

There is no use talking about that house or lot you DID NOT buy yesterday. That particular opportunity to make money has been lost. Don't miss another. The Georgian (WANT AD) columns are alive with good Real Estate bargains at all times. Read them.

There is absolutely nothing to make the work one to relax. The judge, the lawyers, the detectives, the witnesses, all are more or less in a state of nervous tension. It is doubly difficult to find a man in Atlanta not intimately connected with the case who will take the twelve men on the jury.

They are not professional jurors who seek the \$3 a day because they are not in the habit of doing a day's work for a day's pay. They are men who are in a sense of duty to their country and to their fellow men. They are men who are in a sense of duty to their country and to their fellow men.

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# COOLEY TELLS STARRING TALE OF EVENTS AT FACTORY Hearers Sit Spell-Bound at Unfolding of Details of Tragedy

## FRANK CALM AND COURAGE TELLS WHILE COOLEY TELLS HIS GASTRO TALE

During the long wait for Conley to appear, Frank's loyal wife and his no less loyal lawyer gave no sign of fear. Another and second were about to face such a dramatic situation which the authorities had sought to bring about since the negro made his third affidavit charging Frank with the terrible crime.

Frank at last wore on the edge of a breakdown his calm, untroubled features were most deceiving at this time. He seemed no more concerned than when John Black, floundering and helpless on the stand, was making as good a witness for the defense as he was expected to make for the State.

When Solicitor Dorsey announced that Conley would be the next witness the courtroom was electrified with a shock of interest in which the only three persons who seemed not affected were this trio—Frank, his wife and his mother.

Frank spoke a few words to his wife. Whether they were words of assurance, no one will know. At any rate, Mrs. Frank replied in a quiet, calm voice to the question of the negro was begun.

Probably everyone in the courtroom was looking for some sign of collapse from the prisoner as the negro unfolded his remarkable tale, more incriminating, more elaborate, more in detail, than ever before.

Conley told of seeing Mary Phagan enter the factory, the first time he had admitted to this, so far as the public had known.

Some coarse begging, heavily stained with the blood of the child who had been displayed by the girl, and who had carried the body of the girl.

Conley told of hearing the footsteps from his vantage point on the first floor, of two persons coming out of Frank's office.

Conley told of seeing Mary Phagan enter the factory, the first time he had admitted to this, so far as the public had known.

A. I don't know. Part of that time I was in prison.  
Q. What time did you go to prison?  
A. I can't remember.  
Q. How long did you stay there?  
A. Two or three days.  
Q. How long were you there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Where you got out of your woman?  
A. Where?—At 117 Rhodes street.  
Q. Was it 117 Rhodes street?  
A. Yes.  
Q. Where was it?  
A. I can't remember.  
Q. Was it cold or hot?  
A. I can't remember.  
Q. How long were you there?  
A. About 10 days.  
Q. How many times were you in prison since you went to the pencil factory?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. You can't remember the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't tell how long you were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How long did you stay there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How long did you stay there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How long did you stay there?  
A. I don't know.

Frank still exhibited no sign of concern. Conley then related hearing the footsteps going back to the metal room and being started by the shrieks of a young girl.

Conley testified with dramatic rapidity the gruesome story he already told the police, changing it to other places and adding to it in others.

He repeated the thrilling incident of the youth with absolute nonchalance. He told of them in such a torrent of rapid words that the Solicitor had to caution him frequently to take his time.

He repeated the alleged conversation, with Frank verbatim. At no time did he display any uncertainty.

He made no allip while he was allowed by the Solicitor to proceed with his grim story.

Tells of Finding Body. After hearing the shriek of the little girl, Conley imperatively told that he heard some one lip-tapping back from the metal room and an instant later another came from the room.

Conley told of seeing Mary Phagan enter the factory, the first time he had admitted to this, so far as the public had known.

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## JURORS STRAIN FORWARD TO CATCH COOLEY STORY; FRANK'S INTEREST MILD

Dramatic in its very gibbness and unconcern, Conley's story, if it failed to shake or disturb Leo Frank, at least had a wonderful impression upon each member of the jury.

Conley told of seeing Mary Phagan enter the factory. This was the first time he had admitted to this, so far as the public had known.

Frank showed only a mild interest, but the jurors strained forward in their seats.

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Remember. Did you didn't you stop and get your pay?—A. I knew I wasn't going to get but \$25 and that watchman that was with me told Snowball to get it for me.  
Q. Where did he give it to you?  
A. At a shoe shining parlor near there.  
Q. How much did you get?  
A. \$25.

## Dramatic Moment of Trial Comes as Negro Takes Stand

Representative Akim of Glenn, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, bitterly scored members of the House Thursday morning after Representative Governor of Crisp had introduced an amendment to Mr. Akim's bill requiring a \$4 yearly registration fee from automobile owners, and which Mr. Akim contended was an effort to poke fun at the bill.

The amendment is absurd," declared Mr. Akim. "I hope the members of the House won't try to make a joke of tax revision and reform. The people of Georgia are looking to you for relief, and you are not giving it to them. You have forced down a tax equalization bill that would relieve the situation."

"You have refused to take the necessary steps, and now when you are given a chance to take the liberties of the rich man you don't want to do that either."

"For God's sake take something in the name of Jesus and get down everything that will bring more money to the State. Get rid of the automobiles that go to hurt the State. You have forced down a tax equalization bill that would relieve the situation."

"You have refused to take the necessary steps, and now when you are given a chance to take the liberties of the rich man you don't want to do that either."

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## Dalton To Corroborate Conley's Story On Stand

Continued on Page 4. then—A. You cut me on so sharp I didn't have a chance.  
Q. What did it do to you?  
A. Some time about 12:30 or 2 o'clock.  
Q. How were the women dressed?  
A. I don't remember.  
Q. How were the women dressed?  
A. I don't remember.  
Q. How were the women dressed?  
A. I don't remember.

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# CONLEY TELLS OF DISPOSAL OF PHAGAN GIRL'S BODY Factory Sweeper Recites Details of Tragedy, Accusing Leo M. Frank

## NEGRO REPEATS CHARGE THAT ACCUSED MAN ASKED HIM 'WHY SHOULD I HANG?'

Continued From Page 1.

accusation against the young factory superintendent who sat eyeing him coolly and impassively. Conley followed this charge with a thrilling narrative of the grisly events of that day at the factory in which he said he had a part.

"He said he had struck her too hard when she fought back at him and that she had fallen back and hit her head against something," was the negro's statement in effect.

As every spectator in the crowded courtroom hung on his words, Conley unfolded his dramatic story. He related the details already familiar to the public and added to them a story of revolting actions unprintable in their nature which he ascribed to the young superintendent.

Glibly he recited his tale of horror. So fast the words fell from his lips that the stenographers were hard put to keep up with him and the jurors, straining forward in their seats, found difficulty in following his recital.

### Gripped Audience With Story.

He sat there, an uncouth, thick-lipped ignorant negro, but he told a story that gripped his auditors with a compelling interest that an eloquent-tongued orator could not have aroused.

Clad in a suit of clothes which the officers only recently got for him to take the place of those he had worn ever since the time he was arrested, he entered the courtroom with the shadow of a smile on his lips. He was pleased with the interest he was attracting. What did anything matter so long as he was the center of the white folks' interest now.

A blue shirt, newly laundered, but ill-fitting, was unbuttoned at the throat. He carried his old cap in his hands as he made his way half proudly to the witness box.

He never was confused. While giving his sensational testimony, he rested his elbows easily on the arms of his chair. Now and then he arose to illustrate some movement of Frank or himself. He turned his face to the jury and talked to them fearlessly and rapidly. He never wavered.

Even when massive Luther Rosser began the grilling inquisition which was barely well started when the noon recess came, the negro maintained the same poise. He had a story to tell and he told it in his own way. He refused to be led by Rosser. At the attorney made a suggestion of what happened, Conley was very likely to reply:

"No; that ain't so; it was this way—" and then go on and relate the incident in his own way.

Conley began his testimony from early in the morning of the fateful Saturday on which Mary Phagan met her death. He told of going to the factory at 8:30 in the morning because Frank told him Friday that he wanted him there at that time. He testified that Frank had said he wanted him to be there to watch at the door, as he had been in the habit of doing on other occasions when Frank had women visitors in his office.

He detailed each move from that time until Frank went to Montag's and returned and carried his thrilling narrative along to the moment when Frank, he said, called him from the top of the stairs on the second floor and directed him to go back and get a girl whom he had struck too hard and who had hit her head against something.

From that point he related in minute detail a story of carrying the body, with Frank's help, to the front of the building and down the elevator.

### Tells of Disposal of the Body.

An audience spellbound as he narrated the grisly story of bundling the lump body into some crocus bagging and starting on his trip to the basement. Unconcernedly, as though it were an everyday matter, he told of the burden becoming too heavy and of Frank coming with an oath on his lips to help him.

When he had finished this grisly portion of his testimony, he was asked concerning Frank's actions at other times. He responded with a revolting story on incidents which he said had occurred in Frank's office and in the metal room.

There was nothing lacking of the dramatic. The very cord that was found about the neck of the murdered girl was given the negro and he threw it about his own black neck. He showed exactly where it made its deep impress in the tender neck of the little factory girl.

He drew the noose tighter and tighter. Frank looked on quietly with never a quiver of his features. As he slipped it tent about his neck he demonstrated the exact position of the rope as it, ac-

cording to the State's contention, strangled the life of the girl. Other Women Figure in Details. He told of other times when he said Frank had made appointments with women at the factory. He told of alleged incidents in Frank's office at which the young superintendent's wife hung her head in momentary shame, her face bathed in crimson. He recalled a Thanksgiving Day in particular when a tall, heavily built woman entered the factory and he was instructed to watch the door for inopportune visitors. He declared it was this duty he was performing on the first floor of the factory when Mary Phagan came to her death. Only once during his narrative was there a lightening of the tragic interest with which it was hedged. This was shortly after the cross-examination had begun. Frank and his wife both laughed heartily when Attorney Ros-



## TRIAL JUDGE L. S. ROAN

ser facetiously referred to Frank A. Hooper, admittedly the Beau Brummell of the trial lawyers, as "that old weasened-up fellow with the gray hair."

Conley was trying to describe the color of the hair of Daley Hopkins, one of the girls figuring in the testimony. He pointed out that of Attorney Hooper as most like that of the girl. A ripple of laughter arose in the courtroom in which the prisoner and his wife joined.

There was a murmur of excitement following the calling of Jim Conley; there was a wait of several minutes, officers having just left the police station with the negro a minute or two before he was called.

Judge Roan impatiently ordered the Sheriff to bring in the witness. A number of spectators who were crowded up too close to the jury box were moved back by the court deputies.

"The Sheriff hasn't got Jim Conley," said Attorney Rosser, after a statement from Deputy Sheriff Plennie Miner.

"Mr. Starnes will bring him in," returned Solicitor Dorsey.

"See if Mrs. White has arrived," then requested Dorsey. "She has a very young baby, and when I had her subpoenaed this morning she said that she would have to send to the factory and get her husband before she could come.

### Courtroom Quiet as Conley Enters.

"You may call her later," said Mr. Rosser, "there won't be any objection."

Jim Conley was brought into the courtroom just at this time. He took the witness chair and was sworn in while in the chair. Solicitor Dorsey examined him and everyone leaned forward, while extreme quiet prevailed.

Q. What is your name?—A. James Conley.  
Q. Do you know Leo M. Frank?—A. Yes.  
Q. Point him out.—(Conley did so.)  
Q. Did you have any conversation with him on Friday afternoon before the murder of Mary Phagan?—(Conley's answer was indistinct.)

Q. How long had you been working at the pencil factory?—A.

About two years.  
Q. Frank told me to come back.  
Q. What did he say to you on Friday?—A. He said for me to come back at 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning.  
Q. Did you go?—A. Yes, about 8:30 o'clock.  
Q. Who got there first, you or Mr. Frank?—A. We met at the front door.  
Q. What did he do?—A. He said I was too early for what he wanted me to do. I told him I thought he wanted me to do what I had been doing on every Saturday.  
Q. What had you been doing on other Saturdays?  
I object," said Rosser. "This witness should not be led."  
Q. What did you do this Saturday?—A. I watched the door while Mr. Frank said he was going upstairs for a little chat.  
Q. Was anybody else with him?  
I must object again," interrupted Rosser.  
Q. Who was that?—A. Well, girls would come up. One time another man and another girl come up.  
Q. What sort of looking woman was she?—A. She was a heavy woman.  
Q. What time was this?—A. Thanksgiving day, 1912.  
Q. What did you do?—A. I stayed down at the door and watched.  
Q. Now state all that Mr. Frank said to you that morning?—A. He said I was a little early, that he wanted me to do what I had done on other Saturdays.  
Q. What was that?—A. To watch while he went up and had a little chat.  
Q. What did Mr. Frank do then?—A. He went over to Mr. Montag's.  
Q. That is the corner of Nelson and Forsyth streets, isn't it? (Dorsey showed a rough sketch to the witness).—A. Yes.  
Q. What time did you get to Nelson and Forsyth streets?—A. Somewhere between 10 and 10:30.  
Q. Did you see Mr. Frank?—A. Yes, he passed me going toward Montag's.  
Q. What did he say?—A. "Ha, ha, you are here, are you?"  
Q. Did you see him later?—A. Yes, when he came back.  
Q. Did he say anything to you?—A. No, except to come over.  
Followed Him to Factory.  
Q. Did you go, and what way?—A. He passed Alverson's grocery store and bumped against a man.  
Q. What else?—A. He stopped at Curtis' drug store and drank something.  
Q. Did you follow him?—A. Yes.  
Q. When you got to the factory, what happened?—A. He opened the door and showed me how to lock the door. He said that he was going to have a young lady up there and he wanted me to lock the door. He said that he would stamp his foot and that would be a signal for me to come up.  
Q. What else?—A. He knocked me in the chest kind of playfully and said: "Don't let Darley see you."  
Q. What did he do then?—A. He went up to his office.  
Q. Who else did you see?—A. I saw Darley come in and c

## JIM CONLEY'S STORY AS MATTER OF FACT AS IT WERE OF HIS DAY'S WORK

By O. B. KEELER.

Jim Conley, hewer of wood and drawer of water. On the witness stand at the trial this morning, Jim unfolded a tale whose lightest word—you know the rest. It was a story that fixed attention to the breaking point; a story that whitened knuckles and pressed finger nails into palms; a story that absorbed the usual courtroom air and rustle, and from the hearers into lines upon lines of straining faces. And Jim Conley told that story as he might have told the story of a day's work at well-digging, or driving a dray, or sweeping up the second floor at the National Pencil Factory. Jim was matter-of-fact. A Story in Measurables. And the farther boundary of the hideous Alps very near as you listen to a matter-of-fact narrative, in words of one syllable, such as that. A hewer of wood—and Jim Conley slipped the straining cord over his own neck, to show how he said he had found it about the neck of Mary Phagan. A drawer of water—and Jim Conley's work-worn hands were quick to twist and turn the burip, wrapping and lifting and bearing an imaginary horrid burden. True or false, Jim Conley told his tale as a part of the day's work. He spoke rapidly; very rapidly. His vocabulary was small, and he seemed to know all the words well. Mr. Dorsey asked him few questions, and the real business was reached. The defense opposed fewer objections, and all the rest—why did Jim Conley do it? His Face Never Changed. Not a line of his face changed. His broad, low forehead was unridged. He was prompt to eke out his meager descriptive powers with gestures. "Mr. Frank, he set in his chair, and

down.  
Q. Who was with him?—A. Miss Mattie Smith.  
Q. What was she doing?—A. She had a handkerchief as if she was crying.  
Q. What, if anything, did Miss Mattie Smith have in her hand?—A. She had a pocketbook, a handkerchief and an umbrella.  
Q. Was she in a good humor or a bad humor?—A. She looked like she was crying.  
Q. How long did Miss Smith stay in the factory?—A. Just a short time.  
Q. You promised me you wouldn't lead this witness," interrupted Mr. Rosser.  
"I promised you I would do the best I could," replied Dorsey. "Was this before or after you went to Nelson Street?—A. It was after."  
Conley then told of seeing a number of employees come in.  
Q. Who else did you see?—A. Miss Mary Perkins.  
Q. Who?—A. Miss Mary Perkins, I called her, the girl who is dead.  
Q. What else did you hear?—A. I heard footsteps going back towards the metal room, and in a little bit I heard a scream.  
Q. What happened next?—A. Miss Monteen Stover came in. In a little bit she went out.  
Q. What did you hear then?—A. I heard footsteps like somebody running on tip toe from Mr. Frank's office towards the metal room. In a minute I heard the steps running back to the metal room.  
Q. What happened after that?—A. I sat down on a box and went to sleep.  
Q. What was the next thing you heard?—A. Mr. Frank stamping on the floor three times. Then he called me.  
Q. What did he say?—A. He asked me if I noticed a little girl go out. I told him I saw one, but didn't see the other.  
Q. How long was it before you heard the whistle?—A. Not long.  
Q. What did you do?—A. I unlocked the door and went up stairs. Mr. Frank was standing at the head of the stairs shivering and shaking.  
Q. Did he have anything in his hand?—A. A cord.  
Q. What did he say?—A. He asked me if I noticed a little girl come in. I told him I saw two.  
Q. Did you ever see any girls in Frank's office alone with him?—A. One day I saw him down in his knices in front of a girl in his office and she was stroking his hair.  
Says Frank Said He Hit Girl.  
Q. When Frank called you upstairs that Saturday afternoon, what did he say?—A. He said he had struck a little girl with his fist and she had fallen against something and hurt herself.  
Q. What else?—A. He told me he wanted me to help him carry her down stairs. He said there was money in it for me.  
Q. What else did you do?—A. I went back to the dressing room where he told me she was and found a girl lying flat of her back with a cord around her neck.  
Dorsey here interrupted the witness.  
Q. About where did you find this girl when you went back there?—A. She was lying on the floor in front of the door.  
Q. What did Mr. Frank do?—A. He said "eh, sh-h, sh-h." I told him she was dead. He told me to get a piece of cloth out of a box back there and wrap up her head.  
Solicitor Dorsey had to admonish Conley not to talk so fast. A large piece of cotton bale wrapping was exhibited.  
Q. What was that, Jim?—A. That is a piece of cloth like I got out of the box and tied the girl's body to it.  
Q. Why did you do it?—A. Because Mr. Frank told me to.  
Q. How did she look?—A. She had her hands stretched out

# COUNSEL FOR THE STATE OF GEORGIA IN THE PROSECUTION OF LEO FRANK

Frank A. Hooper, specially engaged for the State.



Hugh Dorsey who has borne brunt of the work.

E. A. Stephens, Assistant to Solicitor Dorsey.

## ORDEAL IS BORNE WITH RESERVE BY FRANKS

Wife and Mother of the Accused Pencil Factory Superintendent Sit Calmly Through Trial.

**By TARLETON COLLIER.**  
Women are brought into a court room, a full of the world knows, for one of two purposes. Their presence may have a moral effect in softening the heart of a juror, particularly if they are young, pretty or of unusual intelligence. Or they may be there on the witness stand to testify, and their testimony may be the deciding factor in the trial. It is the latter of the two which the wife and mother of Leo Frank have borne.

Their job was the one which is the more difficult, a study of these women was the never-ending thing which everbody knew that love and trust were the only things that were able to support her in the face of all that was being put upon her. Her mother was one of the two women who had a life in which there was much of grief, which she felt very much of loving and being loved.

It is the reserve that supported her through the trial, and she will be seen again on Friday and Saturday. The physical sufferings she has borne and which she said was not fit for casual consumption. Other women left the courtroom wearily and in tears, but she remained calm and dignified.

## BOILED CABBAGE BRINGS UP THE REAR IN FRANK'S TRIAL

By JAMES B. NEVIN.

When a prospective juror is on his voir dire in a given criminal case, he is asked if his mind is perfectly impartial between the State and the accused.

If he answers yes, he is competent to try the case, so far as that is concerned. If he answers no, he is rejected. How many people in Atlanta and Georgia, having heard part of the testimony in the Frank case, still feel themselves to be perfectly impartial between the State and the accused?

How many people, having heard part of the evidence, still have refrained from expressing an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Frank? Not many, I take it—and yet, that jury is supposed to be perfectly impartial and as yet impartial between the State and the accused, notwithstanding the State's evidence thus far delivered, and the presumption of innocence legally established in behalf of the defendant.

I venture the opinion that nothing developing in the Frank trial last week, has so profoundly "wounded" the minds of the people over Sunday as the question of the digestibility of boiled cabbage—nice, gracy, palatable, if often consumed, boiled cabbage.

It is rather curious that of all the lines of matter brought out here, on this point should have furnished the greatest amount of food for thought—food as difficult and as varied in its aspects of mental indigestibility as boiled cabbage is in its physical aspect.

Everybody Has His Opinion. Everybody has his own private opinion as to the manner and method whereby his, at least, stomach proceeds to the disposing and assimilating of this food. I have seen articles of common, everyday consumption. How many people in Atlanta Sunday forenoon, with their laboring program of diet in favor of popobian program of boiled cabbage—just as you would expect.

Remember, in judging Frank from the State's standpoint, there is nothing particularly important as to this element. If Mary Phagan were killed before it was finally established that Frank committed the deed, or may not be true. If Mary Phagan was killed after Frank left his office, of course the case against Frank falls to pieces entirely.

Miss Monteen Steyer swears that Frank was not, to the best of her knowledge and belief, in his office from 12:30 to 1:15—and there are five minutes, if the girl's testimony is conclusive, in which Mary Phagan's death might have been effected in respect of the digestibility of boiled cabbage.

It is a rather a strange thing that in so many cases depending upon circumstantial evidence in the witness stand, unexpected and seemingly inconsequential things should be actually controlled.

And yet, there has been nothing developed by the State, in the circumstantial evidence, not including Conroy, thus far shown, that is sensational as its point about boiled cabbage—nothing that does more to arouse and enliven the digestibility of boiled cabbage, in the average stomach, in Mary Phagan's stomach, in the weak stomach, in the strong stomach, in the thus equipped stomach and the otherwise equipped stomach—plainly one may anticipate a long, bitter, and badly fought battle between experts pro and con as to boiled cabbage inside the human stomach.

I suspect the Frank case now is getting to that stage wherein the hypothetical question will figure seriously and menacingly.

Already, of course, hypothetical questions have been asked, on both sides, but it is doubtful whether the case really has duly progressed to that point, wherein the real hypothetical question should be expected to make its appearance. But it is very, very probable.

In the famous trial of Harry Thaw, when there was no question whatever of who killed her, the jury was asked to pass on the truthfulness of the expert's often ran into the stomach of a witness, indeed, one question was asked, if I remember, one thousand that contained over five thousand words.

If the lawyers in the Frank case get to handling those sort of queries and—both sides likely will plunge heavily into the hypothetical question pool, the water being fine of no, as they individually may view the Frank case likely to be correct, very complex that ordinary folks will find it extremely hard to follow its movement.

It is a rather a strange thing that in so many cases depending upon circumstantial evidence in the witness stand, unexpected and seemingly inconsequential things should be actually controlled.

The courtroom is not the most pleasant summer resort in the world. Atlanta has been in the throng of a hot spell constantly since the opening of the trial, and then hundreds of humans are packed in a space where only scores should be. The result is that the ventilation of the courtroom is bad. The atmosphere is oppressive.

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**Frank Witness Nearly Killed By a Mad Dog**  
Deputy Sheriff W. W. (Poster) Rogers, who testified for the State in the Frank trial, is taking the "Boster" treatment at the State Capitol Monday after being bitten half a dozen times on the right ankle by a rabid dog that pulled him from his motor cycle at Henderson's crossing on Capitol avenue, Sunday night about 11 o'clock.

The "Boster" hospital surgeon cauterized the wounds and gave him ten "pore" relief. This morning the leg which the dog had gnawed was still swollen and painful, and Rogers decided to take the Pasteur treatment. The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was walking up the street. Rogers was crossing the railroad tracks.

**Bed Is Exciting Climax.**  
When bedtime comes they are usually fairly well ready for the mattress.

**That's their day, and there is a word in it for those serving courtship to them at the end of the trial, whenever it is.**

**Chief Deputy Penning Minor, who is one of their most zealous guardians, was asked.**

**Minor smiled. "I don't know what they have any. They talk among themselves, but they are not allowed to read any newspaper, by strict order of the court. A few carefully-censored magazines were doled out to them for Sunday recreation."**

**"They smoke a good deal, and, well, they talk pretty much all the time, but one is allowed to communicate with them in any way. Every letter they receive has to be inspected by me before it reaches them, and if a juror can read it," he said.**

**"Accordingly," the juror got few letters, even though they are married men as a rule. A wife would hardly like to have a deputy pursue the intimate secrets of family life, nor is he made familiar with the pet names reserved alone for her husband.**

## Envy Not the Juror! His Lot, Mostly, Is Monotony

By L. F. WOODRUFF.

A policeman's life is not a merry one. It is a life of duty and of interest. They are a security call of the rest of the world as a whole. They are a security call of the rest of the world as a whole.

They are quartered together in the Kimball House, and they are gathered as closely from the intrusion of outsiders as the members of the panel are taken to the hotel, where they bathe and sleep in silence.

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## Opportunities Neglected Are Lost

There is no use talking about that house or lot you DID NOT buy yesterday. That particular opportunity to make money has been lost. Don't miss another. The Georgian 'WANT' columns are alive with good Real Estate bargains at all times. Read them.

# JIM CONLEY'S STORY IN FULL

## Witness Against Frank Gives New Details of Tragedy

### FRANK CALM, JURORS TENSE WHILE CONLEY TELLS GHOSTLY TALE

During the long wait for Conley to appear, Frank, his loyal wife and his no less loyal mother gave no sign of fear. Accused and accused were about to face each other in a dramatic situation which the authorities had sought to bring about since the negro made his third affidavit charging Frank with the terrible crime.

If Frank at last were on the edge of a breakdown his calm, untroubled features were most deceiving at this time. He seemed more concerned than when John Black, floundering and helpless on the stand, was making as good a witness for the defense as he was expected to make for the State.

When Solicitor Dorsey announced that Conley would be the next witness the courtroom was electrified with a shock of interest in which the only three persons who seemed not affected were this trio—Frank, his wife and his mother.

Conley took the stand. He lifted his hand to be sworn. A loud sound but the Solicitor's words disturbed the little courtroom.

"Do you know Leo Frank?" was the first question shot at the negro.

"Yes, I do," Conley replied.

"Where is he?"

Negro Points Out Frank. "Right there he is," said the negro, waving his finger at the defendant. Not a quiver disturbed Frank's features as the negro's accusing finger pointed him out. If any one in the crowded, breathless courtroom expected the cheeks of the young superintendent to blanch, if any one expected him to quail and tremble under the damning, glib accusation of Conley, that person was disappointed.

Frank spoke a few words to his wife. Whether they were words of assurance, no one will know. At any rate, Mrs. Frank replied with just the ghost of a smile and the long question of the negro was begun.

Probably everyone in the courtroom was looking for some sign of collapse from the prisoner as the negro unfolded his remarkable tale, more incriminating, more elaborate, more in detail, than ever before.

Frank listened breathlessly. Dramatic in its very gibbousness and unbecoming, Conley's story, if it failed to shake or disturb Leo Frank, at least had a wonderful impression upon each member of the jury.

Conley told of seeing Mary Phagan enter the factory. This was the first time he had admitted to this, so far as the public had known.

Frank exhibited only a mild interest, but the jurors strained forward in their seats.

Conley told of hearing the footsteps from his vantage point on the first floor of two persons coming out of Frank's office.

**A Dwarf on a Giant's Shoulders**  
 - Sees Farther of the Two

Comparatively speaking, the "Want Ad" is but a dwarf in size but, carried upon the shoulders of a giant circulation, it is certain to reach and see more people than any other way. When you want what you want when you want it, use Georgian WANT ADS to secure it.

**Pony Winners To Be Announced Tuesday**

The winners in The Georgian-American Shetland Pony Contest will be announced in Tuesday's Georgian.

### MOTHER OF ACCUSED IN THE PHAGAN CASE



Mrs. Bea Frank, mother of Leo M. Frank.

This picture shows Mrs. Frank as she left the courtroom after a long session of the trial.

The aged parent of the prisoner does not make a session of court.

**HEARS NEW TRIAL MOTION.**  
 VALDOSTA.—A motion for a new trial for L. B. Hall, found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang in 210 County, was argued here before Judge W. E. Thomas of Superior court. Judge Thomas reserved his decision until next Saturday.

**DO YOU KNOW?**  
 THE DEEPEST WELL IN THE WORLD  
 SEE PAGE 15

### FRANK ADMITTED HE HIT GIRL, SAYS NEGRO; SAW HER ENTER PLANT

As black and revolting a story as ever told to a Georgia jury held a packed courtroom bawled with horror and irresistible interest Monday.

Leo M. Frank, brilliant young superintendent of the National Pencil Factory, was pointed out as the brutal murderer of little Mary Phagan and a degenerate of the worst type.

James Conley, an illiterate negro, levelled his finger at Frank in the prisoner's chair and said: That's the man!

It was Conley's story for which an eager public—a morbidly curious public, perhaps—had been waiting. The story came with an unexpected wealth of horrible detail.

The negro forgot nothing, omitted nothing that he had told before. If he was telling a black lie to save his own neck from the gallows, it was still more wonderful. He had a remarkable retentive memory or an imagination far beyond the normal even for his notably imaginative race.

Frank told him he had killed the girl accidentally. That was the negro's first and entirely new damning accusation against the young factory superintendent who sat eyeing him coolly and impassively. Conley followed this charge with a thrilling narrative of the gruesome events of that day at the factory in which he said he had a part.

"He said he had struck her too hard when she fought back at him and that she had fallen back and hit her head against something," was the negro's statement in effect.

As every spectator in the crowded courtroom hung on his words, Conley unfolded his dramatic story. He related the details already familiar to the public and added to them a story of revolting actions unprintable in their nature which he ascribed to the young superintendent.

Glibly he recited his tale of horror. So fast the words fell from his lips that the stenographers were hard put to keep up with him and the jurors, straining forward in their seats, found difficulty in following his recital.

**Gripped Audience With Story.**  
 He sat there unconvincing, thick-lipped, ignorant negro, but he told a story that gripped his auditors with a compelling interest that an eloquent-tongued orator could not have aroused.

Glad in a suit of clothes which the officers only recently got for him to take the place of those he had worn ever since the time he was arrested, he entered the courtroom with the shadow of a smile on his lips. He was pleased with the interest he was attracting. What did anything matter so long as he was the center of the white folks' interest now.

A blue shirt, newly laundered, but ill-fitting, was unbuttoned at the throat. He carried his old cap in his hands as he made his way half proudly to the witness box.

He never was confused. While giving his sensational testimony, he rested his elbows easily on the arms of his chair. Now and then he arose to illustrate some movement of Frank or himself. He turned his face to

### JURORS STRAIN FORWARD TO CATCH CONLEY STORY; FRANK'S INTEREST MILD

Dramatic in its very gibbousness and unbecoming, Conley's story, if it failed to shake or disturb Leo Frank, at least had a wonderful impression upon each member of the jury.

Conley told of seeing Mary Phagan enter the factory. This was the first time he had admitted to this, so far as the public had known.

Frank showed only a mild interest, but the jurors strained forward in their seats.

Conley told of hearing the footsteps from his vantage point on the first floor of two persons coming out of Frank's office.

Frank still exhibited no sign of concern.

Conley then related hearing the footsteps going back to the metal room and of being startled by the shrieks of a young girl.

Mrs. Frank bowed her head, but gave no other sign. Frank still was the personification of coolness and composure.

the jury and talked to them fearlessly and rapidly. He never wavered.

Even when massive Luther Rosser began the grilling inquisition which was barely well started when the moon recess came, the negro maintained the same poise. He had a story to tell and he told it in his own way. He refused to be led by Rosser. If the attorney made a suggestion of what happened, Conley was very likely to reply:

"No that ain't so; it was this way—" and then go on and relate the incident in his own way.

**Details Tragic Day in Order.**

Conley began his testimony from early in his morning of the fateful Saturday on which Mary Phagan met her death. He told of going to the factory at 8:30 in the morning because Frank told him Friday that he wanted him there at that time. He testified that Frank had said he wanted him to be there to watch at the door, as he had been in the habit of doing on other occasions when Frank had women visitors in his office.

He detailed each move from that time until Frank went to Montaga's and returned and carried his thrilling narrative along to the moment when Frank, he said, called him from the top of the stairs on the second floor and directed him to go back and get a girl whom he had struck too hard and who had hit her head against something.

From that point he related in minute detail a story of carrying the body, with Frank's help, to the front of the building and down the elevator.

**Tells of Disposal of the Body.**

An audience sat spellbound as he narrated the ghostly story of bundling the limp body into some croons bagging and starting on his trip to the basement. Unconcernedly, as though it were an every day matter, he told of the burden becoming too heavy and of Frank coming with an oath on his lips to help him.

When he had finished this grisly portion of his testimony, he was asked concerning Frank's actions at other times. He responded with a revolting story on incidents which he said had occurred in Frank's office and in the metal room.

There was nothing lacking of the dramatic.

The very cord that was found about the neck of the murdered girl was given the negro and he threw it about his own black neck.

He showed exactly where it made its deep impress in the tender skull of the little factory girl.

He drew the noose tighter and tighter. Frank looked on quietly with never a quiver of his features. As he slipped it last about his neck he demonstrated the exact position of the rope as it, according to the State's contention, strangled the life of the girl.

**Other Women Figure in Details.**

He told of other times when he said Frank had made appointments with women at the factory. He told of alleged incidents in Frank's office at which the young superintendent's wife hung her head in momentary shame, her face bathed in crimson.

He recalled a Thanksgiving Day in particular when a tall, heavily built woman entered the factory and he was instructed to watch the door for inopportune visitors.

He declared it was his duty he was performing on the first floor of the factory when Mary Phagan came to her death.

Only once during his narrative was there a lightening of the tragic interest with which it was hedged. This was shortly after the cross-examination had begun.

Frank and his wife both laughed heartily when Attorney Rosser facetiously referred to Frank A. Hooper, admittedly the Beau Brummell of the trial lawyers, as "that old weakened-up fellow with the gray hair."

Conley was trying to describe the color of the hair of Daisy Hopkins, one of the girls figuring in the testimony. He pointed out that of Attorney Hooper, as most like that of the girl.

# JIM CONLEY TAKES THE STAND

EXTRA

## THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN.

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VOL. XII, NO. 1

ATLANTA, GA., MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1913.

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### 2 POSSEMEN SHOT FOR NEGRO

#### Assault on Bodiford Family Near Cairo Surrenders—Safe In Albany Jail.

CAIRO, Aug. 4.—Ed LaConte, the negro who attempted to kill George Bodiford, his wife and five children at their home eight miles from Cairo, in Grady County on Friday night, is today safe in the Dougherty County Jail at Albany. He gave his way on Sunday at Whigham and was rushed to the DeKalb County Jail at Albany by Sheriff Emanuel, of DeKalb County, to prevent mob violence. LaConte's wife is in jail here, being held as an accessory.

All members of the Bodiford family are still alive and hope today are entertained for their recovery.

Member of posse killed. Harry Rogers, a member of the posse that searched for LaConte, was mistaken for the negro by Leonard Singletary, another posseman, who shot and instantly killed him. Singletary then ran and was also mistaken for the fugitive. Another posseman shot him down, but he is not seriously wounded.

LaConte gave no reason for his attempted assassination of the Bodiford family, nor did he explain why he surrendered. Poses scoured Grady and DeKalb counties all of Sunday afternoon searching for Sheriff Emanuel and LaConte, but he safely eluded them and made his way to Albany. Sentiment ran high here Sunday night and there were threats of the jail being stormed to get LaConte's wife. She is said to have been in the yard at the Bodiford home when the negro brandished the seven members of the family with an ax. She dashed this.

LaConte employed by a turpentine firm lived near the house to which Bodiford had moved a few days ago. He claimed a half interest in the garden on the place and visited the garden several times for vegetation. When Bodiford refused him further admittance he became enraged. The attack on the family followed.

The last girl did not being rendered entirely unconscious, began screaming and the negro returned to the house and choked her into insensibility and probably would have completed the killing of the whole family, had it not been for the fact that he saw a light approaching along the road.

A neighbor named Stotts had been attracted by the screams of the girl. As he approached the house the negro ran. Stotts seeing him by the light of his lantern, but not having a weapon of any kind, was unable to give chase. He immediately gave the alarm and aid was sent for.

The negro spent the balance of the night at a negro cabin, the home of his mother-in-law, and left there about daylight Saturday. The negro woman was found washing blood spots from the shirt he had worn.

### 20 Perish in Fire in Colliery in Scotland

Special Cable to The Georgian. GLASGOW, Aug. 4.—Twenty miners are known to be dead, many are fatally injured and a number are entombed as the result of a terrific fire which is raging in the Cadder colliery. All mine ponds have been fringed. Desperate attempts to rescue the entombed miners have been frustrated.

### Paderewski Revels In Ragtime On Birthday

Special Cable to The Georgian. ST. PAUL, Aug. 4.—Paderewski, who will again be heard next season in America, celebrated his birthday at the Berlin country home, which was turned into a bower of flowers. A feature of the celebration was the performance of ragtime by six famous pianists.

## COUNSEL FOR THE STATE OF GEORGIA IN THE PROSECUTION OF LEO FRANK



Hugh Dorsey who has borne brunt of the work.

Frank A. Hooper, specially engaged for the State.

E. A. Stephens, Assistant to Solicitor Dorsey.

### Royalty Gathers to See Cowes Regatta

Special Cable to The Georgian. COVERS, ENGLAND, Aug. 4.—Simultaneously with the opening of the Cowes regatta today announcement was made that Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous yachtsman, had donated a magnificent silver trophy for the winner of the hydro-aeroplanes race Wednesday. The trophy is three feet high and of splendid workmanship.

### American Princess Has Laundress Rival

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Aug. 4.—U. S. secret service men are searching for Stanislaus Bukowski, the young Austrian nobleman, who last Monday married Miss Marie Louise Pressa, a society girl, of Los Angeles.

### Turks Ready to Die To Retain Adrianople

Special Cable to The Georgian. CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 4.—Turkey intends to hold Adrianople at any price. This was made plain today by Minister of the Interior Talaat Pasha, who declared that the entire Ottoman army would be sacrificed if necessary to hold the captured city.

### 3 Sunday Schools in Hot Attendance Race

The First Christian, the Second Baptist and the First Methodist Sunday Schools ran a close race Sunday for first honors in increased attendance. Each more than doubled last year's record.

### 2 Governors to Don Overalls and Work On Missouri's Roads

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 4.—Governor Hodges, of Kansas, is going to this week Missouri during the two-day road campaign in this state, August 20 and 21. This is how it happened.

### County to Give Cook Books to Newlyweds

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—County Clerk Switzer today presented to the county board a proposition to present a cook book with every marriage license issued at his office. The scheme was primarily for the benefit of new brides, but incidentally it would make Cook County \$10,000 richer every year.

### Cotton Exhibit Rests In Committee Hands

To determine whether Atlanta is to have the first and only permanent cotton and sort products exhibition in the world, the subcommittee appointed Saturday, with W. M. Hutchinson as chairman, will meet Monday in the chamber of commerce rooms.

### Whole Town 'Egged' Still Holds Its Nose

RINNSBAUER, IND., Aug. 4.—This city awoke with a foul odor attacking its nostrils. Hydrogen sulphide and carbon bisulphide permeated the atmosphere downtown.

### Full-Blooded Indian Gets Treasury Post

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—For the first time in its history the Treasury Department will have a full-blooded Indian for a department chief.

### The Weather Forecast for Atlanta and Georgia—Fair Monday and Tuesday.

Forecast for Atlanta and Georgia—Fair Monday and Tuesday.

### NEGRO SPRINGS NEW SENSATION, ADDING TO STORY.

James Conley, the negro sweeper in the National Pencil Factory, was called to the stand in the trial of Leo M. Frank, whom he accused of murdering Mary Phagan, at 10:15 Monday; under the skillful questioning of Solicitor Dorsey began the recitation of his sensational story.

The negro was taken to the court in Chief Beavers' automobile and was accompanied by his lawyer, W. M. Smith. It was learned for the first time Monday that Conley would swear that he saw Mary Phagan enter the factory just before Monteen Stover, and that she was there the first time the Stover girl was there. He will also swear that Frank admitted to him hitting Mary Phagan in the eye with his fist, and that after he helped him carry the body to the basement he promised Frank to come back at night and dispose of the body, but lost his nerve.

### Dorsey Tries to Prove Frank Had Chance to Kill Girl

James Conley, the negro sweeper about whose sensational statement accusing Leo Frank of the murder of Mary Phagan, the greatest fight of the trial will be waged, was summoned to court this morning. All the indications were that he would go on the stand this morning. The police were notified to bring him to the courtroom shortly after the trial was resumed.

Determined to make his chain of circumstantial evidence strong enough to resist the attacks of the defense, Solicitor General Hugh M. Dorsey Monday proceeded to call witnesses who will give additional testimony to show that Leo M. Frank had the opportunity to kill Mary Phagan at the time the State declares the crime was committed.

Street car men were summoned to show that the little girl had time to arrive at the factory at a time coinciding with the theory supported by the sensational evidence of Dr. Roy Harris that she was slain within forty-five minutes after having eaten her lunch of cabbage and bread.

### FRANK WITNESS NEARLY KILLED BY MAD DOG

Deputy Sheriff W. W. (Boots) Rogers, witness for the State in the Frank trial, is taking the Pasteur treatment at the State Capitol Monday after being bitten half a dozen times on the right ankle by a rabid dog that pulled him from his motor cycle at Henderson's crossing on Capitol avenue, Sunday night about 11 o'clock.

After a battle of more than fifteen minutes Rogers finally drove the dog away and though his right leg was badly torn and lacerated, rode the two miles from the crossing to Grady Hospital. When he arrived at the hospital his leg had begun to turn black and was very painful.

The Grady Hospital surgeons cauterized the wounds and gave him temporary relief. This morning the dog which the dog had gnawed was still swollen and painful, and Rogers decided to take the Pasteur treatment.

The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks. "I noticed the dog running along the side of the road several minutes before he bit me," said Rogers Monday morning, "but I had no idea he was mad. As I passed under the arc light at the crossing I heard a growl right behind me, and before I could turn I felt the fangs of the dog sink into my right ankle."

"I tried to kick him off and tried to get my revolver from his holster. My coat was buttoned and before I could reach my gun the dog had pulled me from my motorcycle. As I fell to the ground the dog got on my leg and leaped at my throat, and I struck him in the muzzle with my fist just in time to save myself."

"After about fifteen minutes of the dog's mad attack, he grabbed my leg again and he rolled me over several moments. The dog was trying to get at my throat. At length I managed to get my feet under me and I grabbed the throat of the dog. I grabbed the brute by the throat with my hands, but could not shake him loose."

"Then I began kicking at him with my other foot, all the time trying to draw him off. The dog was nearly caught on my coat and I could not draw it off. After about fifteen minutes of the hardest work I ever did in my life I managed to kick the dog off from my leg, and he ran. I was so weak that the light that I could see drew my gun and failed to get a shot at the brute."

Rogers was forced to lie in the road several minutes before he had strength enough to drag himself to the hospital. He had undergone surgery on his machine and started the motor. The doctor said that the dog's teeth had cut into the flesh of his leg and that he had nearly died when he got there.

It became known that the State had a number of new witnesses whose names were not included in the list made public to the defense at the opening of the trial.

At 10 o'clock a stenographer in the offices of the Atlanta and West Point railroad, was the first witness called. He said that he saw Frank on Monday morning after the murder and Frank attracted his attention by his undue attentiveness.

Once called he was on the way to the Terminal Station when he bought in a car, stating that a murder had been committed at the National Pencil Factory. He said he stopped by the pencil factory and saw eight men on the inside of the building.

None of these men attract particular attention, but one, Solicitor Dorsey. A two or three times Dorsey called.

Q. Who were they? A. When I went in the building District Black, whom I knew, was asking a great many questions.

Q. Did anybody attract your attention by their nervousness? A. Not really. This morning I went down through the basement and I saw through the back door. Then I was attracted by the nervous action of a small dark man. I did not know him.

Q. Is this the man? (pointing to Frank) A. Yes.

State May Rest Wednesday. The second week of the Frank trial opened Monday morning with the testimony of the witness who testified that the State could not conclude with the presentation of its case before Tuesday night at the earliest. In the event that the cross-examination of Jim Conley required the time the lawyers for the defense anticipated they would devote to it, there was a strong possibility that the prosecution would rest much before Wednesday afternoon.

Of the witnesses remaining to be called by the prosecution when Conley was called to order Monday morning, Jim Conley and his remarkable story of helping Frank dispose of his body of Mary Phagan were awaited with the greatest interest by the courtroom spectators and the general public. It was known that the negro would make a number of changes in his tale of the events of the fatal Saturday, although keeping intact the substance of his damning accusation against the young factory superintendent.

The opinion of the testimony of the prosecution was restated as of scarcely less importance than the story of Conley. Dr. Harris was on the stand Friday and created a new sensation by declaring that Mary Phagan could not have lived more than half or three-quarters of an hour after she ate her simple midday meal and started from home for the National Pencil Factory. It came to this determination from the fact that the cabbage she had eaten for dinner had undergone exactly any change from the digestive juices when she examined the contents of her stomach.

EXPECT STATE BAR CASE WEDNESDAY; CONLEY TO BE CALLED

Continued From Page 1. State's indictment charging strangulation by declaring that this was assured by the cause of her death, the flow of blood back to the head being insufficient to produce more than a temporary unconsciousness.

Envy Not the Juror! His Lot, Mostly, Is Monotony

A policeman's life is not a merry one. The thought was expressed and vent set to music in those dim days at the distant past when people heard the siren and listened to the blaring of the horns and the shouting of the men.

Only Rich Will Know Meat's Taste In 1937

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—There is to be no reduction in the price of meat in the United States within the next few years. On the contrary, in 1937 meat of all kinds will cost so much that none but the very wealthy can afford to eat it.

Mr. Barrett had not revealed all she knew of the day's events. There was another conference between the Solicitor and Mrs. Barrett. This time she is said to have made admissions which the Solicitor regarded of considerable importance.

LEO FRANK AND FIVE LINKS IN CHAIN STATE HAS WOVEN FOR HIM



It is simply trying to preserve the integrity of the laws of Georgia. Small wonder then that there are men who seek to evade jury duty by failing to qualify as an elector, who hide their names from the directory compilers, who serve in the militia to escape possibility of having to do the work that these twelve men are doing.

NINE ARE KILLED IN HOP PICKERS' STRIKE RIOT

WHEATLAND, CAL., Aug. 4.—Five companies of State troops were under arms here today to quell the expected rioting of hundreds of hop pickers who engaged in a battle with a sheriff's posse last night, killing nine and wounding 21 others.

\$300,000 Posted for Recovery of Necklace

Special Cable to The Georgian. PARIS, Aug. 4.—Three hundred thousand dollars has been placed in the hands of a Paris advocate for the recovery of the missing \$100,000 pearl necklace, stolen between Paris and London.

Joy for Naiads! Scant Suit Jails Man Bather

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—Women bathers of Chicago who have been called to add more to their bathing pleasure to satisfy the needs of the Lake Michigan bathing beach centers today were rejoicing at the arrest of Austin Qualey, who was charged with molesting a minor.

Fire in Jewish Club Causes \$500 Damage

Fire broke out in the Jewish Athletic Club at Capitol avenue at 2 1/2 o'clock Monday morning. Quick action by the fire department prevented serious damage from being done.

Kiss Causes Wreck Which Injures Forty

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—Forty persons are nursing bruises to-day—some of them very agonizing ones—but all are silent on the subject on which their injuries were inflicted. The kiss which did not kill the man, the girl who struck a bump, Martin whirled the steering wheel to keep from falling off the seat.

GLASS-OVEN BILL WILL MEET ITS FATE TO-DAY

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—The House Banking and Currency Committee will determine at its meeting to-day whether the Glass-Oven Bill shall be sent to the House Democratic caucus with a favorable report.

RECIPROCITY IS TRUE KEY TO TARIFF

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Senator Sherman of Colorado, who fought hard in caucus to prevent putting a tariff on the free list, but who will support the tariff bill in the Senate, says he is a firm believer in reciprocity.

Negro Thief, Roped, Gets Score of Life

COLUMBUS, Aug. 4.—Thinking he was going to be lynched when O. B. Grimes, a merchant of Columbus, tied a rope around his neck to prevent him from getting away, George Thomas, a negro, created a scene in front of Grimes' store, where he had stolen a pair of trousers.

Find Rich Man Dying In Home of Woman

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—An autopsy was ordered today by Coroner Dumm, millionaire president of the National Fuel Company, of Kansas City, who came to his death.

Mad Dog Creates Panic in a Church

LACROSSE, WIS., Aug. 4.—A rabid dog yesterday created a panic in St. Mary's Catholic Church here while services were in progress. As the dog appeared the worshippers dashed to the door.

Committee to Decide Report For the House Democratic Caucus.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—The House Banking and Currency Committee will determine at its meeting to-day whether the Glass-Oven Bill shall be sent to the House Democratic caucus with a favorable report.

HOPE FOR ACTION ON MEDICAL BILL

Special Effort Will Be Made to Get Vote On Measure This Week. Friends of the medical practice bill which has passed the Senate by the vote of 35 to 4 are making special efforts to get the measure up for action in the House this week.

TO-DAY'S MARKET OPENING

Table with columns for various commodities and their market prices, including Wheat, Corn, and Cotton.

NEW YORK COTTON

Table with columns for cotton market data, including Open, High, Low, and Close for various grades.