



# 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 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 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 ghastly story of bundling the limp body into some crevice begging 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 headed. This was shortly after the cross-examination had begun.

Frank and his wife both laughed heartily when Attorney Ros-

### TRIAL JUDGE L. S. ROAN



er 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 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 Pleno Minor.

"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?—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 say?—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?—A. 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?—A. I must object again, interrupted Rosser.

Q. Who was there?—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's the corner of Nelson and Forsyth streets, isn't it? (Dorsey sought 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 he say anything?—A. Yes, when he came back.

Q. Did he say anything?—A. No, except to come over.

Followed Him to Factory. Q. Did you go, and what way?—A. He passed Alvern'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 in the chest kind of playfully and said: "Don't let nobody see you."

Q. What did he do then?—A. He went up to his office.

Q. Who else did you see?—A. I saw Daisy come in and come

## 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 lightness, speed—you know the rest. It was a story that fixed attention to the breaking point; a story that whiplashed snatches and pressed finger nails into palms; a story that absorbed the usual courtroom air and ranks and trots 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 bus, 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 witness stand 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 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 turban, wringing and lifting and bearing an imaginary hoird 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 in the Dorrsey asked him few questions, once the real business was reached, the defense opposed fewer objections.

It was with Jim Conley. His Pace Never Changed. Not a line of his face changed. His broad, low forehead was unwrinkled. He was as prompt to obey with his simple, descriptive powers with the answer to Mr. Frank, he sat 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. Dorsey.

"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."

Q. Who else did you see?—A. Miss Mary Perkins.

Q. Who else did you see?—A. Miss Mary Perkins, I called her the girl who is dead.

Q. What else did you hear?—A. I heard footsteps going back toward the metal room, and in a little bit I heard a scream.

Q. What happened next?—A. Miss Montagu Stover came in. It's a little bit she was out.

Q. What did she say?—A. I heard footsteps like some body running on top of Mr. Frank's office toward 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 door three times. When 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 sniffling 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 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 and 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 when he got to Montag's house. "It was right in front of the ladies washroom."

Q. What did Mr. Frank do?—A. He said: "She's all right," he told him she was dead. He told me to get a piece of cloth out of a box back here and put it over her head."

Solicitor Dorsey had to admonish Conley not to talk too long. A large mass of colored handkerchiefs was exhibited.

Q. What was that?—A. That's a piece of cloth like I got out of the box back here. I told me he wanted me to help him put it over the girl's head.

Q. Why did you do that?—A. Because Mr. Frank told me to.

Q. How did she look?—A. She had her hands cramped tight

# BOILED CABBAGE BRINGS UP THE QUESTION OF STAGE 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 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 remained 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 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, green, palatable, or, if often abused, boiled cabbage.

It is rather curious that of all the matters brought out last week at this point should have furnished the greatest amount of food for thought about the State and the accused in its aspect of mental digestibility 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 not only the scientific article of common, everyday consumption.

How many people in Atlanta Sunday took their usual Sabbath day more or less elaborate program of boiled cabbage—but to see what would happen, anyway?

Is your mind 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 vital as important as the stomach.

If Mary Phagan were killed by the dog, it is not the fact that she was killed that counts, but the fact that she was killed by a mad dog.

Miss Mendenhall says that Frank was not to the best of her knowledge and belief, in his office at 11:05 to 11:10—and there are five minutes, if the girl's testimony is correct, which Mary Phagan's death might have been prevented by the Defense to Dispute Claim.

The defense, to be sure, has sought to show, and will seek to show even more definitely yet, that while Miss Phagan may not have seen the dog in his private office, she is detached from the main office, she still might have been there because of the arrangement of the two rooms and the furniture therein.

But if the jury accept Miss Stiver's testimony as conclusive, and agree that Frank was NOT in his office at the time noted, and in spite of the fact that Frank was stated, and presumably will state again, that he WAS in his office at that time, then Frank's full opportunity to have slain the girl will have been established.

In addition to this established fact—that it is established in the minds of the jury—will be the further testimony of Dr. Roy Harris to the effect that Mary must have been dead at least not later than 11:30, and that the earlier, as disclosed by Dr. Harris' satisfaction by the contents of her stomach, examined carefully after her death.

It looks as if the very heart and soul of the State's case against Frank is so far as its scientific, logical and circumstantial side is concerned, revolves very much about the question of how long boiled cabbage may have been in process of digestion in Mary Phagan's stomach on the day she was killed.

Trivial Things Control. It is rather a strange thing that in so many cases depending almost upon circumstantial evidence to sustain them, unexpected and seeming inconsequential things, almost eventually control.

When the Frank trial began, it was thought that the State's case would be made from the minds and opinions of the people—the jury. I suspect, however, included it was boiled cabbage.

# 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 courtroom, as all the world knows, for one of two purposes. Their presence may have a moral effect in retarding the heart of a juror, particularly if they are young, pretty or of a beautiful countenance. They may be there on the affectionate mission of cheering and encouraging the accused.

Two women sat with Leo Frank last week. Their object was the one of the latter. Which?

A study of these women was the answer. They were both young and beautiful. Whether Frank be innocent or guilty of the crime, it is said that he is loved by the women whom he has married.

His mother was one of the two. The other woman was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

# 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 words and listened to the charming lilt of Gilbert and Sullivan opera instead of centering their attentions on a witness young woman with a record in the divorce courts and not much else in either ability or talent.

There are three twelve-hundred county men who will say that he went too far in his halation in one way and didn't come within a mile of approaching the mark in another.

After the sergeant signs "a policeman's life is not a merry one," the chorus of constabulary cant, "is ran ra, is ran ra, is ran ra," which sounds rather raucous.

The Juror's Dilemma. The juror with him the fate of Leo Frank rests believe there is no more joy in the work which he imposed as part of their duty as citizens of Fulton County than there is in a regular job.

They eat their meals at the German Cafe in First Street. The juror has given orders that they be given every reasonable luxury.

They are under close guard. A deputy acts as a rear guard. Deputies flank them on either side.

Their Own Disposition. After breakfast they are allowed to take a walk—still under guard. This walk is their most relaxing moment. And on this walk they are taken up back against the wall. They can see nobody and nobody can see them. Imagine an Atlanta of this sort.

Mostly Monotony, Their Day. The members of the Frank jury are in much the same position. They merely get up, wash and go to bed, just like the added duty of sitting

your wife will quit you if you acquiesce. After this stroll they wand their way to the courtroom. They are seated before the spectators enter, the court orders all the spectators to remain seated until they are all seated.

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

Still the jurors seem to be hearing the ordeal bravely. There is always a look of relief on their faces when the court orders recess.

As the audience sits, their guard of deputies forms and they file out. A look of relief is seen on their faces when the court orders recess.

The same performance is gone through with in the afternoon. When adjournment for the day is taken, the members of the panel are taken to the hotel, where they bathe and clean their faces. Then they are either taken out for a walk or allowed to postpone that pleasure until after their supper.

Bed is the Exiling Climate. When bedtime comes they are urged to get very well ready for the morning.

That in their day, and there is a word of it for those services coming to them at the end of the trial, whenever it is.

What are their amusements? Chief Deputy Phillip Minor, who is one of their most zealous guardians, says that there is no sort of communication to them for Sunday recreation.

"They smoke a good deal; and well they take pipe and much all the time." "No one is allowed to communicate with them in any way. Every letter they receive must be inspected by someone from our office before the court can read it," he said.

Accordingly, the jurors get few letters, even though they are married men as a rule. A wife would hardly

# Frank Witness Nearly Killed by a Mad Dog

Deputy Sheriff W. W. (Boo) Rogers, witness for the State in the Frank trial, is taking the Pastor treatment at the State Capitol Monday after being bitten half a dozen times on the right ankle by a mad dog that pulled him from his motorcycle.

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.

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

"I noticed the dog running along the side of the road several minutes before he bit me," said Rogers Monday. "As I passed under the archway I saw the dog and started to turn behind me, and before I could turn I felt the dog's teeth in my leg."

"I tried to kick him off my motorcycle, but he was too fast for me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me."

"I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me."

"I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me."

"I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me."

"I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me. I was nearly thrown off my motorcycle when he bit me."

# 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 courtroom, as all the world knows, for one of two purposes. Their presence may have a moral effect in retarding the heart of a juror, particularly if they are young, pretty or of a beautiful countenance. They may be there on the affectionate mission of cheering and encouraging the accused.

Two women sat with Leo Frank last week. Their object was the one of the latter. Which?

A study of these women was the answer. They were both young and beautiful. Whether Frank be innocent or guilty of the crime, it is said that he is loved by the women whom he has married.

His mother was one of the two. The other woman was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

They were both in the courtroom to see the trial. The mother was the wife of the accused. They were both in the courtroom to see the trial.

# 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 always good. Read them every day at all Atlanta Real Estate offices.

"I WAS DROPPED" HER BODY UP LIKE DIRTY CLOTHES," SAYS CONLEY

Whole Court Audience Keyed to Catch Every Word of the Witness

SWEETEST FIRST ADMITS HE SAW GIRL VICTIM AT PLANT

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 in a knot...

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 in while we were sweeping...

Q. Who let 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 trap-door that leads to the basement.

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. I object to that as immaterial, said Dorey. I want to show that Frank knew this man could write...

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar...

FRANK'S FIRST ADMITS HE SAW GIRL VICTIM AT PLANT

Q. How did you put her in the cloth?—A. I wrapped her up like you would dirty clothes, tying the cloth in a knot...

Q. Did you see Frank any more?—A. Between 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. He came in while we were sweeping...

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour.

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

Q. How did you put her in the cloth?—A. I wrapped her up like you would dirty clothes, tying the cloth in a knot...

Q. Did she see you?—A. Yes, sir. Q. Did anybody else come that day?—A. No, sir.

Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Q. Who was the next time?—A. I don't hardly remember; it was the winter. Q. How did you put her in the cloth?—A. I wrapped her up like you would dirty clothes...

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Q. How did you put her in the cloth?—A. I wrapped her up like you would dirty clothes, tying the cloth in a knot...

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Q. How did you put her in the cloth?—A. I wrapped her up like you would dirty clothes, tying the cloth in a knot...

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Q. How did you put her in the cloth?—A. I wrapped her up like you would dirty clothes, tying the cloth in a knot...

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Q. How did you put her in the cloth?—A. I wrapped her up like you would dirty clothes, tying the cloth in a knot...

Q. Did you see Dalton?—A. Yes, I did. Q. How long did he stay up there?—A. About half an hour. Q. Did he have any money?—A. Yes, sir, he gave me half a dollar.

Are You Sick, Diseased, Nervous, Run Down? Have You Blood Poisons, Kidney Trouble, and Urinary Disorders? DR. HENRY D. HUGHES

SEASHORE EXCURSION AUGUST 7 Jacksonville, Fernbank St. Simon, Chimborazo, Atlantic Beach, 600—Limited 6 days. Tampa, Fla., \$8—Limited 8 days. TWO SPECIAL TRAINS 10:30 p.m. solid Pullman train 10:15 p.m. Coach train. Make Reservations Now. GOLDEN PINE COTTAGE

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

## FRANK CALM AND UNRORR CALM WHILE CONLEY TELLS HIS GASPING 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 breakdown his calm, unshaken features were most deceiving at this time. He seemed no more concerned than when John Block, 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 trio—Frank, his wife and his mother.

Conley took the stand. He lifted his hand to be sworn. Not a sound but the Solicitor's words disturbed the hushed courtroom.

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

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

Negro Points Out Frank. "I don't know where he is," Conley replied. "I don't know where he is."

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

He repeated the writhing incident of the day with absolute nonchalance. He told of his own frantic search for the body of the victim and of Frank's frequent to take his

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

He was asked if he knew anything about the body of the victim. He said he did not know anything about it.

He was asked if he knew anything about the body of the victim. He said he did not know anything about it.

A. I don't know. Part of that time was in prison.  
Q. What time did you go to prison?  
A. I don't remember.  
Q. What length of time were you there?  
A. Two or three days.  
Q. You can't remember what time you were there and got out?  
A. No.  
Q. When you got out, your woman may have been there?  
A. Yes.  
Q. Where?  
A. 113 Rhoads street.  
Q. Who were you living with?  
A. Leo Frank.  
Q. Remember Prison Terms.  
Q. Of the same one you were living with when you were arrested?  
A. Yes.  
Q. When were you in prison again?  
A. I don't remember.  
Q. Before or after Christmas?  
A. After.  
Q. Was it cold or hot?  
A. I can't remember.  
Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two or three days.  
Q. Were you in prison before that?  
A. Yes, I was.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.  
Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.  
Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

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

Dramatic in its very gibes 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. He said he did not know anything about it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## HOUSE IS SCORED FOR JOKE-TAX AMENDMENT

Representative Akin, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Thursday morning after Representative Gowen's speech, had introduced an amendment to Mr. Akin's bill requiring a certain registration for non-citizens and which Mr. Akin considered was an effort to poke fun at the bill.

The amendment is scored by the House. It is a joke tax amendment. It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States.

It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States. It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States.

It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States. It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States.

It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States. It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States.

It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States. It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States.

It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States. It is a bill to amend the tax laws of the United States.

went to the factory to work—A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

Q. How long were you there?  
A. About two years ago.  
Q. Do you remember the year?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. How do you know?  
A. I heard it on the radio.  
Q. How many times were there?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. What month?  
A. I don't know.  
Q. Sixth time?  
A. It was after that.  
Q. Seventh time?  
A. After that.  
Q. How many times altogether?  
A. Four or five times.  
Q. How long was the number of times?  
A. No.  
Q. Can you remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember the first time?  
A. No.  
Q. You can't remember any time at all?  
A. No.

## Dalton To Corroborate Conley's Story On Stand

Continued on Page 4.

between him and his lawyer.

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

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

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

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

## Conley Tells Serring Tale of Events at Factory

Hearers Sit Spell-Bound at Unfolding of Details of Tragedy

Frank Calm and Unruffled While Conley Tells His Gasp Tale

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

He repeated the writhing incident of the day with absolute nonchalance. He told of his own frantic search for the body of the victim and of Frank's frequent to take his

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

He was asked if he knew anything about the body of the victim. He said he did not know anything about it.

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

Cricket: Lookout-Lane, H.; ...

ANDREWS FIELD, CHATTANOOGA, TENN., August 4.—The Crackers and Lookouts clashed in the opening game of their series here this afternoon.

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

Failure to meet its outstanding obligations according to the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railroad under a recent order of the United States Court of Appeals, which allowed one month in which to settle was declared foreclosed.

Rome Man Accused Of Deserting Bride

DURHAM, N. C., Aug. 4.—Following Sturtevant J. M. Cagle has returned with H. A. Smith, of Rome, Ga., who has created three several days ago at the request of the local authorities.

Pony Winners To Be Announced Tuesday

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

SOUTHERN LEAGUE: NASHVILLE 00, BIRMINGHAM 00. Other games not scheduled.

NATIONAL LEAGUE: AT PITTSBURGH—NEW YORK 000 001 100 - 2 7 1, PITTSBURGH 000 000 010 - 1 3 1.

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

EMPIRE LEAGUE: AT ALBANY—ALBANY 000 000, BRUNSWICK 000 000.

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

Official on Trial For Embezzlement: BEAUNDON, MISS., Aug. 4.—T. H. Turley, formerly steward at the State House Hospital, is on trial here today, charged with the embezzlement of \$110.

Heat Record Likely To Be Set This Week: This week promises to be a record breaker for heat. The mercury, standing at 71 at 6 a. m. Monday, climbed steadily throughout the morning.

Armless Girl Votes; Marks With Her Toes: MAYWOOD, ILL., Aug. 4.—Miss Kitty Smith, who was born without arms, today went to the polls and marked her ballot with a pencil held between the toes of her right foot.

Million and \$60,000 Year to Mrs. Brady: ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 4.—By the will of Anthony N. Brady, merchant and traction magnate, who died July 28 in London, which was filed for probate here today, the estate is divided into six equal parts and distributed among his two sons, three daughters and grand-daughters.

RACING RESULTS

FIRST—AT TORONTO. ... AT BARABOZA. ... AT WASHINGTON. ... AT MACON.

LATEST NEWS

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Secretary of State Bryan this afternoon received the appointment of former Governor John Lind of Illinois as the United States representative of President Wilson in Mexico.

BRUNSWICK, Aug. 4.—The regular day meeting which has been in this port for the three days ended yesterday by General.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 4.—The Rev. E. W. Wilson, of Atlanta, Ga., today visited the headquarters of the National Association of Colored People in Chicago.

QUEBEC, Aug. 4.—Seven persons were burned to death by a fire in a building at St. John's, Quebec, near here.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—The Mexican navy is expected to be completed in the near future.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—William C. C. Barrow, of the Georgia Lumber Commission, today was reported to be on his way to California.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—John E. McCallister, Alderman from the Second Ward, who was elected to the House of Representatives, today was reported to be on his way to Washington.

MOTHER OF ACCUSED IN THE PHAGAN CASE



Mrs. 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 miss a session of court.

Slator Refuses to Call Out Troops to Guard Grady Negro

Governor Slator refused to give Monday to call out the militia at Albany for the protection of Dr. Lacombe, the negro, accused of trying to murder the Bedford family.

MOBILE, Aug. 4.—The strike of 1,000 ship repairers and iron workers of the city remains unsettled today.

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 in a determined effort to break down the sensational story he told the morning and to force confessions incriminating to himself.

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

Attorney Rosser started in slowly on his cross-examination of Conley in the afternoon, but gained momentum as he progressed.

If Rosser intended to use the ordinary leading tactics that ruffled and humiliated City Detective John Black, he did not evidence it in the early part of his questioning.

As he proceeded, however, his questioning gained in force and rapidity. The friendly, ingratiating attitude he had borne toward the negro fell from him and he stood a hostile and menacing figure before the witness chair.

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. The names of Daisy Hopkins and a girl Dalton figured prominently.

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.

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.



BOLTED CABBAGE STAGE 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 to state to the court impartially 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, still feel themselves to be perfectly impartial between the State and the accused? How many people, having heard part of the evidence, still feel free to express an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Frank?

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

Remember, in judging Frank from the State's standpoint, there is nothing so vitally important as the element. If Mary Phagan were killed between 11:30 and 12:30, and there are five minutes, if the girl's testimony is correct, then the State's contention that Frank committed the deed may or may not be true.

It is in other a strange thing that in so many cases depending upon circumstantial evidence to sustain their case, unscrupulous and unscrupulous trial lawyers should eventually corner.

point to testify—but beyond them, nobody else knew. When, as the case developed in its preliminary and before trial stages, newspapers were during daily to this and that direction for new lines of thought, for new circumstances and suggestions, calculated to throw light on the great mystery of Mary Phagan's untimely and most distressing death, when constantly it was being hinted that either the State or the defense had "something big and sensational up its sleeve, yet to come," was thought of as cabbage?

I confess unblinking and with no reservations or evasions of mind in me whatever that I never did not once. And neither did you, reader! And yet, there has been nothing developed by the State, in the circumstances, but the fact that Conley, thus far, one-half so sensational as its point about bolted cabbage—nothing that would not so surely and so completely break down and annihilate.

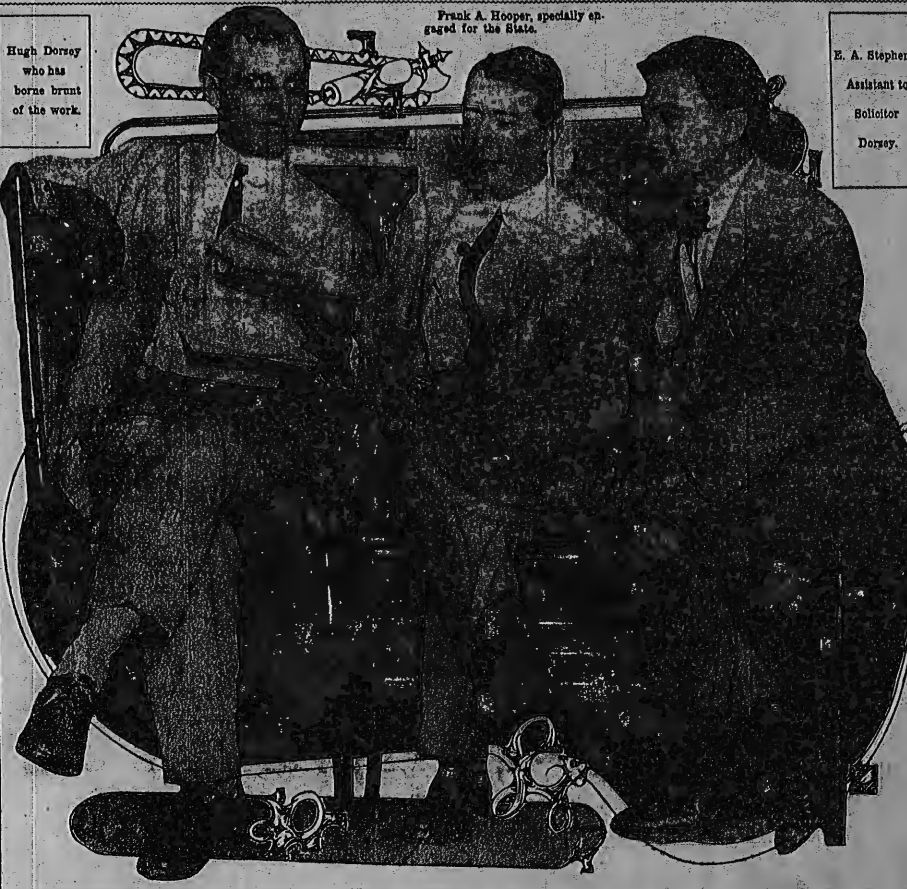
Clash Over Bolted Cabbage. Upon the yet mooted state of the digestibility of bolted cabbage, in the average stomach, in Mary Phagan's stomach, in the weak stomach, in the strong stomach, in the thus equipped stomach, and in the other equipped stomach, shall one may anxiously long, bitter, and badly bedeviled battle between experts pro and con as to whether bolted cabbage made the human physical make-up.

It is supposed the Frank case now is getting to the stage where the hypothetical question will figure as to and menacingly. A series of counter hypothetical questions have been asked, on both sides, but it is doubtful whether the result will be anything more than a point wherein the real hypothetical question should be expected to appear. But it is very near.

In the famous trial of Harry Thaw, who there was no question that ever of the killed Stanford White, the hypothetical question asked of the experts often ran into the thought of the digestibility of bolted cabbage. If I remember correctly, that contained over five thousand bolts.

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

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.

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 little 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 rise in either ability or attainment.

And the juror with whom the fate of Leo Frank rests believes 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 critic to a man unaccustomed to the path of primrose as pole in from pole, but they would voice violent protest against any man in the ranks of the law who would be included in the category of those persons whose existence is as far removed from the paths of primrose as pole in from pole, but they would voice violent protest against any man in the ranks of the law who would be included in the category of those persons whose existence is as far removed from the paths of primrose as pole in from pole.

Frank Witness Nearly Killed By a Mad Dog

Deputy Sheriff W. W. O'Boon.

Deputy Sheriff W. W. O'Boon, 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 bad 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 three 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 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 crossing the railroad tracks.

ORDEAL IS BORN BY FRANKS

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

By TARBLETON COLLIER.

Women are brought into a courtroom, as all 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 be young, pretty or wistful of countenance. Or they may be there on the strength of a million dollars worth of insurance, or they may be there on the strength of a million dollars worth of insurance, or they may be there on the strength of a million dollars worth of insurance.

His mother was one of the two women whose faces were written with the story of a life that was full of sorrow. She had seen her husband die, and she had seen her son die. She had seen her son die, and she had seen her son die. She had seen her son die, and she had seen her son die.

These are not women. In your opinion, they are not women. In your opinion, they are not women. In your opinion, they are not women. In your opinion, they are not women. In your opinion, they are not women.

You know that the presence of these women in the courtroom was not for their effect on the jury. You know that the presence of these women in the courtroom was not for their effect on the jury. You know that the presence of these women in the courtroom was not for their effect on the jury.

Opportunities Neglected Are Lost

There is no use talking about that house of lottery. DID NOT buy opportunity. That particular opportunity to make money has been lost. Don't miss another. THE GEORGIAN SWAN. AD columns are always good. Read them every day at all times. Read them every day at all times.



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

SWEETEST FIRST ADMITS HE SAW 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 in a knot. Q. What did you do with her then?—A. I tried to pick her up. She was so heavy I dropped her. I was nervous and scared and called Mr. Frank. He came and took her by the feet. When we started off he dropped her feet. I was backing back and Mr. Frank started off he dropped her feet. He let her feet drop when we were telling her. When we got to the elevator he tried it and found it was locked. He went into the office and got a key, came back and unlocked it, and when it started he said "Come on and get on here."

Q. Did you see him Monday?—A. No. Q. Why?—A. Because it was a holiday and I didn't go to work until Tuesday. After Mr. Frank spoke to me, somebody told me they were going to arrest Mr. Frank. Dorsy interrupted: "Never mind that, what somebody told you." Q. When were you arrested?—A. On the first of May. Q. Don you remember the day of the week?—A. Thursday. Q. Look at these notes (handing the negro the two murder notes found in the basement before Mary Phagan's trial). Yes, these are the notes I have at my office. This man right there (pointing to the defendant) took them off his desk and had me write them. Doesn't he know Mrs. White?

Q. Did you notice the date 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 at the time?

Health Restored by Eckman's Alternative. If you are a sufferer from Rheumatoid, Gout, or other forms of arthritis, Eckman's Alternative is the only medicine that cures these ailments. It is a natural, vegetable-based medicine that restores health and vitality. For more information, contact Eckman's Alternative, 1000 Peachtree Street, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia.

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

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



FRANK TELLS COURT HE SAW GIRL VICTIM AT PLANT. (Continued from Page Two)

Q. Did Frank know you could write?—A. Yes, sir. I signed a paper for a before him. Rosser objected, but was overruled. Puts Rope Around Neck. Probably the most dramatic moment in the direct examination came when Solicitor Dorsy handed to the negro the direct rifle which had been taken from the dead girl's neck, and the negro looked at the cloth which he had wrapped.

Q. How long did you work for Frank?—A. For two years. Q. What day did you work before that?—A. For Dr. Palmer. Q. Why did you quit?—A. Well, he got me fired. He said I had been slow to run it and I didn't see had to get another man.

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

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



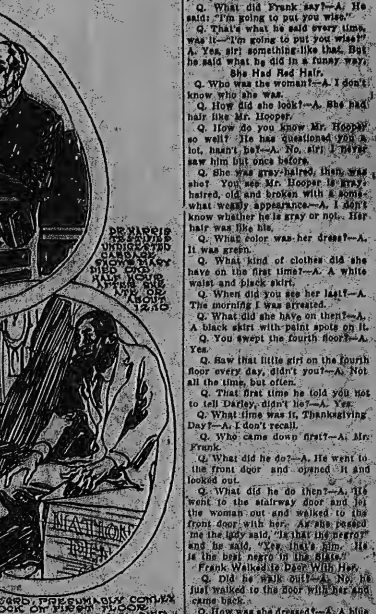
FRANK TELLS COURT HE SAW GIRL VICTIM AT PLANT. (Continued from Page Two)

Q. How long did you work for Frank?—A. For two years. Q. What day did you work before that?—A. For Dr. Palmer. Q. Why did you quit?—A. Well, he got me fired. He said I had been slow to run it and I didn't see had to get another man.

Q. How long did you work for Frank?—A. For two years. Q. What day did you work before that?—A. For Dr. Palmer. Q. Why did you quit?—A. Well, he got me fired. He said I had been slow to run it and I didn't see had to get another man.

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

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



FRANK TELLS COURT HE SAW GIRL VICTIM AT PLANT. (Continued from Page Two)

Q. How long did you work for Frank?—A. For two years. Q. What day did you work before that?—A. For Dr. Palmer. Q. Why did you quit?—A. Well, he got me fired. He said I had been slow to run it and I didn't see had to get another man.

Are You Sick, Disabled, Nervous, Run Down? Have You Had Rheumatoid, Gout, or Other Forms of Arthritis? Eckman's Alternative is the only medicine that cures these ailments. It is a natural, vegetable-based medicine that restores health and vitality. For more information, contact Eckman's Alternative, 1000 Peachtree Street, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia.





# 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?'

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, 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. His 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. 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 ghastly story of bundling the limp 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 oak on his hip 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 nose lighter and lighter. Frank looked on quietly with a quiver of his features. As he slipped it out about his neck he demonstrated the exact position of the rope as it, ac-

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

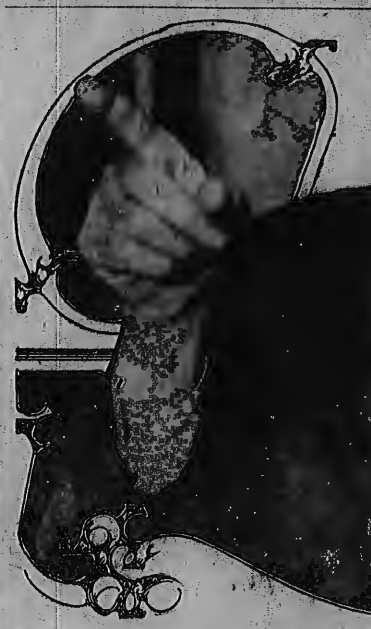
He told of other times when he said Frank had made appointments with women at the factory. He told of alleged incidents in Frank's office at which the young superintendent's wife hung her head in momentary shame, her face bathed in crimson.

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 lightning 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-



ser facetiously referred to Frank A. Hooper, admitted 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.

## 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.

## TRIAL JUDGE L. S. ROAN



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 say?—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?  
Q. 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?  
Q. I must object again," interrupted Rosser.  
Q. Who was and there?—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.  
Watched at Door.  
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 to ward 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?—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 playful like 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 come

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

By O. B. KRUEGER

Jim Conley, bawdy 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 seized attention to the breaking point; a story that whitened knuckles and panned finger nails into points; a story that absorbed the usual courtroom siff and rustle, and from the boresome line 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 wall-digging, or driving a nail, or sawing up the second floor at the National Pencil Factory.

And the fatherly boundary of the tedious slips very near as you listen to a matter-of-fact narrative, in words of two syllables, such as that Jim Conley told this morning. 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 made to twist and turn the burisp, wringing and lifting and bearing an imaginary horrid burden.

True or false, Jim Conley told his tale as part of the day's work. He spoke rapidly, very rapidly. His vocabulary was small, and he seemed to know all the words well. His Dorsey asked him few questions, the defense opposed fewer objections, and all the rest-when did Jim Conley do it?

Mr. Frank, he told me to do it. True or false, there upon the crude training of the confitures, the enduring command laid from near the beginning on the heavy end of wood and drawers of water—on the servants of the world.

Mr. Frank, he told me to do it. True or false, there upon the crude training of the confitures, the enduring command laid from near the beginning on the heavy end of wood and drawers of water—on the servants of the world.

Mr. Frank, he told me to do it. True or false, there upon the crude training of the confitures, the enduring command laid from near the beginning on the heavy end 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 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 before."

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 Steyer came in. In a little bit the work on.

Q. What did you hear then?—A. 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 shacking.

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 on his knees 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?—Conley took a parcel and pointed out where he had found the girl lying flat of her back (Dorsey showed a diagram to show it).—A. It was right in front of the ladies' washroom.  
Q. What did Mr. Frank do?—A. He said "sh, sh, sh, sh." I told him my wife was dead. He told me to get a piece of cloth out of a box there and wrap up her head and her hands.

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

BOILED CABBAGE BRINGS UP THE STAGE IN FRANK'S TRIAL

By JAMES B. NEVIN.

When a prospective juror in on his voir dire in a given criminal case 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.

Everybody Has His Opinion. Everybody has his own private opinion as to the manner and methods whereby his, at least, stomach proceeds to the disposing and assimilating of this not too aristocratic article of common everyday consumption.

Remember, in judging Frank from the State's standpoint, there is nothing especially important as the indictment. If Mary Phagan were killed before Frank left his office, of course the case against Frank falls to pieces entirely.

Defense to Dispute Claim. The defense to be sure, has sought to show that Mary Phagan was never definitely yet, that while Miss Stover might not have seen Frank in her private office, she was in the main office, which he still might have been there, because of the arrangement of the two rooms and the furniture therein.

But if the jury accept Miss Stover's testimony as conclusive, and agree that Frank was NOT in his office at the time stated, and in spite of the fact that Frank has stated, and presumably will state again, that he WAS in his office at that time, then Frank's only opportunity to have slain the girl will have been established.

In addition to this established fact it is established in the minds of the jury will be the further testimony of Dr. Roy Harris to the effect that Mary must have been dead at least not later than 12:30, and that Harris is a disinterested doctor, and his satisfaction by the contents of her stomach, examined carefully after her death.

It is rather a strange thing that in so many cases depending upon circumstantial evidence to sustain them, unexpected and seemingly inconsequential things should invariably control.

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



Hugh Dorsey who has borne brunt of the work.

E. A. Stephens, Assistant to Solicitor Dorsey.

ORDEAL IS BORN WITH RESERVE BY FRANKS

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

By TARELTON COLLIER. Women are brought into a courtroom, as all 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 be young, pretty or of noble countenance. Or they may be there on the grounds of some technical objection and accompanying a beloved defendant and his lawyer.

It is the reserve that supported her eyes as she looked on the faces of the jury and the faces of the State's lawyers and the faces of the accused. It was the reserve that supported her when she saw the faces of the jury and the faces of the State's lawyers and the faces of the accused.

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 the expert often ran into the "hot" line. Indeed, one question was asked, if he ever remembered that contained over five thousand words.

But there are twelve Fulton County men who will say that they were not a merry one. They are the twelve men who are the jury in the trial of Leo Frank.

An English humorist wrote of a young man who kept a diary and abandoned the pursuit when for three days this entry was repeated: "Got up, washed, went to bed." He was sensibly figured that his existence was entirely too colorless to necessitate recording of its details.

Your wife will quit you if you acquit!

After this stroll they went they to the courtroom. They are seated before the spectators. The court orders all the spectators to remain seated until they file out at recess.

Bed Is the Exciting Climax. When bedtime comes they are usually fairly well ready for the mattress. That is their day, and there is a reward of it for those services rendered to them at the end of the trial.

That One Disposition. After breakfast they are allowed to take a walk still under guard. They are allowed to communicate with their families and friends. They are allowed to receive letters that they receive has to be inspected by someone from our office before the court can read it.

Frank Witness Nearly Killed By a Mad Dog

Deputy Sheriff W. W. (Booster) Rogers, witness for the State in the Frank trial, is taking his present treatment at the State Capitol Monday after being bitten by a dog which he had been riding on his motorcycle.

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

He was barely able to drag himself into the office when he got there. He was barely able to drag himself into the office when he got there. He was barely able to drag himself into the office when he got there.

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 lawyers for the State, of course, knew that Dr. Harris was

# 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 concern 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, untroubled features were most deceiving at this time. He seemed more concerned than when John Black, blundering 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 Dorsay 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. Yet a sound but the Solicitor's words disturbed the little courtroom.

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

"Where is he?"

"Nero Points Out Frank."

### MOTHER OF ACCUSED IN THE PHAGAN CASE

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



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

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

HEARS NEW TRIAL MOTION.

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

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 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, 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 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

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

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

Conley told of seeing Mary Phagan enter the factory. That 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 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. 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 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 Montague and returned and carried his thrilling narrative about to the moment when Frank, having 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 ghastly story of bundling the limp body into some crooked bagging and putting it on his trip to the basement. Unconsciously, 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, the jury 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 taken by 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 calmly with never a quiver of his features. As he looked on about his neck he demonstrated the exact position of the rope as it was according to the State's contention, straightened 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 improper visitors.

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

Only once during his narrative was there a legitimate display of interest with which it was heard. That was when Frank's cross-examination had begun.

Frank and his wife both laughed heartily when Attorney Rosser facetiously referred to Frank A. Hooper, admitted the State's attorney, as "that old woman's lawyer."

Conley was trying to describe the color of the hair of the girl when she was killed. He said it was like that of Attorney Hooper, as most like that of the girl's mother.

# MICKEY TAKES THE STAND

## THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN.

Read for Profit--GEORGIAN WANT ADS--Use for Results

VOL. XLII, NO. 1

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

Copyright, 1913, by The Georgian Co. 2 CENTS. PAY NO MORE.

### EXTRA

## 2 POSSEMEN SHOT FOR NEGRO

### Assault on Bodford Family Near Cairo Surrenders—Safe in Albany Jail.

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

All members of the Bodford family are still alive and hope to be entertained for their recovery.

Hardly a member of the posse that searched for LeConte, was mistaken for the negro by Leonard Blagden, 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.

LeConte gave no reason for his attempted assassination of the Bodford family, nor did he explain why he surrendered. Poses scoured Grady and DeKalb counties all of Sunday afternoon searching for Sheriff Emanuel and LeConte, 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 free LeConte's wife. She is said to have been in the yard at the Bodford home when she heard the firing and the members of the family with an axe she doled this.

Garden Chase Trouble. LeConte, employed by a turpentine firm lived near the house to which Bodford had moved 8 days ago. He claimed a hand in the garden on the place and visited the garden several times for vegetables. When Bodford 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 her home and choked her to insensibility and probably would have completed the killing of the whole family, had it not been for the fact that she saw a light approaching along the road.

A neighbor named Simms had been attracted by the screams of the girl. As he approached the house the negro ran. Simms 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 the 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 skirt he had worn.

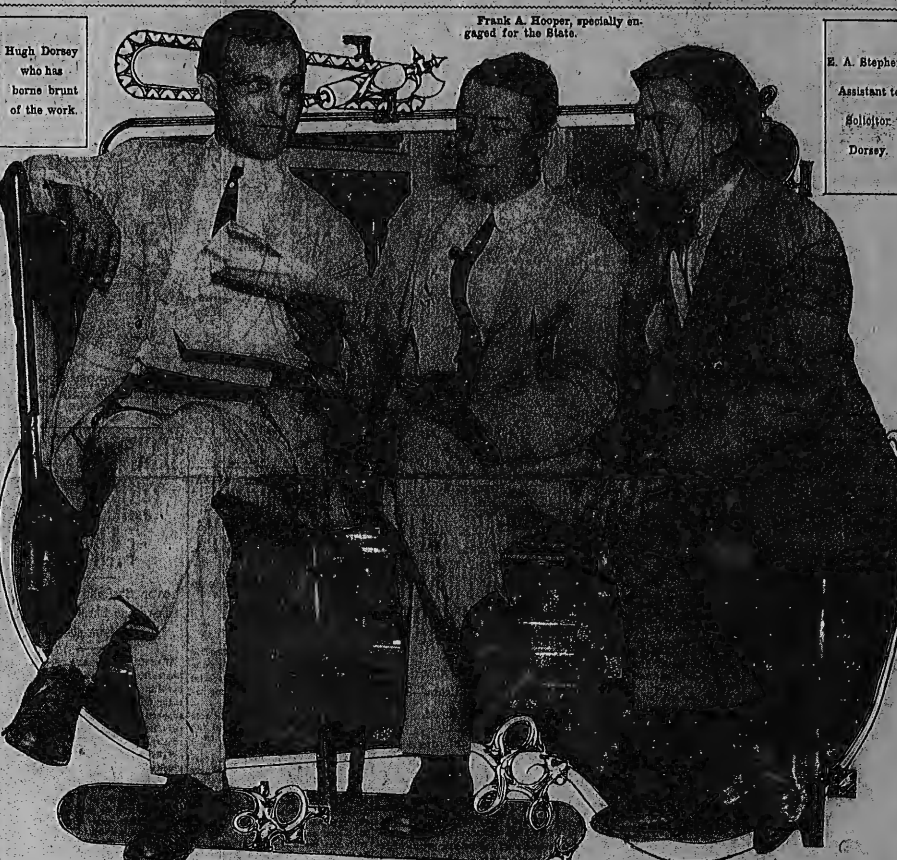
## 20 Perish in Fire in Colliery in Scotland

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

## Paderewski Revels In Ragtime On Birthday

Special Cable to The Georgian. PARIS, Aug. 4.—Paderewski, who will again be heard next season in America, celebrated his birthday at the Swiss country home, which was turned into a house 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



Frank A. Hooper, specially engaged for the State.

Hugh Dorsey who has borne brunt of the work.

E. A. Stephens, Assistant to Solicitor Dorsey.

## Royalty Gathers to See Cowes Regatta

Special Cable to The Georgian. COWES, ENGLAND, Aug. 4.—Simultaneously with the opening of the Cowes regatta today, an announcement was made that Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous yachtsman, had donated an insignificant silver trophy for the winner of the hydro-aeroplan 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 Niantula Bulwark, 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 Talat Bey said: "If we declare against the entire Ottoman army would be sacrificed in order to hold the capital city. It is a statement Talat Bey said: "The Balkan soldiers can only get Adrianople from us at an enormous price of blood, and the entire army is ready to die in defense of the 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 invade Missouri during the two-day road campaign in this state, August 20 and 21. This is how it happened: "Said the Governor of Missouri to the Governor of Kansas: "Head the call from Macedonia and come over and help us."

## 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.

## Whole Town 'Egged' Still Holds Its Nose

RENSSELAER, IND., Aug. 4.—This city awakes with a foul odor affecting its nostrils. Hydrogen sulphide and carbon bisulphide permeated the atmosphere downtown.

## Cotton Exhibit Rests In Committee Hands

To determine whether Atlanta is to have the first and only permanent cotton and corn products exhibition in the world, the subcommittee appointed Saturday, with W. W. Hudson, chairman, will report Monday to the Senate.

## 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 name of Gabe B. Turner, a Choctaw Indian from Okla., has been sent to the Senate to be confirmed as chief of the Treasury.

## 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 Penitentiary, was called to the stand in the trial of Leo M. Frank, whom he accuses of the murder of Mary Phagan, at 10:15 Monday; under the stiff 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 only 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 the stand this morning. All the indications were that he would go on the stand this morning. The police were notified to bring him to the courthouse 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 leaving her home.

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.

## 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 today after being bitten half a dozen times on the right ankle by a rabid dog that pulled him from the 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, where the physician arrived. There was an outdoor band concert in the public square. A party of young men, sought by the police now lodged in Justice department jail at the crossing, heard a growl behind him, and before he could turn he felt the fangs of the dog sinking into his right ankle.

"I tried to kick him off and tried to get my revolver from his holster, but 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 mouth with my fist just in time to save myself."

"The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks. We 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 behind me, and before I could turn I felt the fangs of the dog sinking into my right ankle."

"Pulled Frank from Motorcycle. "I tried to kick him off and tried to get my revolver from his holster, but 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 mouth with my fist just in time to save myself."

"The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks. We 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 behind me, and before I could turn I felt the fangs of the dog sinking into my right ankle."

"Pulled Frank from Motorcycle. "I tried to kick him off and tried to get my revolver from his holster, but 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 mouth with my fist just in time to save myself."

"The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks. We 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 behind me, and before I could turn I felt the fangs of the dog sinking into my right ankle."

"Pulled Frank from Motorcycle. "I tried to kick him off and tried to get my revolver from his holster, but 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 mouth with my fist just in time to save myself."

"The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks. We 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 behind me, and before I could turn I felt the fangs of the dog sinking into my right ankle."

"Pulled Frank from Motorcycle. "I tried to kick him off and tried to get my revolver from his holster, but 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 mouth with my fist just in time to save myself."

"The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks. We 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 behind me, and before I could turn I felt the fangs of the dog sinking into my right ankle."

"Pulled Frank from Motorcycle. "I tried to kick him off and tried to get my revolver from his holster, but 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 mouth with my fist just in time to save myself."

"The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks. We 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 behind me, and before I could turn I felt the fangs of the dog sinking into my right ankle."

"Pulled Frank from Motorcycle. "I tried to kick him off and tried to get my revolver from his holster, but 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 mouth with my fist just in time to save myself."

"The dog was a big shepherd and attacked Rogers just as the officer was crossing the railroad tracks. We 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 behind me, and before I could turn I felt the fangs of the dog sinking into my right ankle."

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



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

DRUG CASE WEDNESDAY; CONLEY TO BE CLAMAX

Continued From Page 1. State's indictment charging strangulation by declaring that this was assured the cause of her death...

Envy Not the Juror's 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...

Only Rich Will Know Meat's Taste In 1923'

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—There is to be no reduction in the price of meat in the United States within the next few years. On the contrary, in 1923...

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...

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...

380,000 Posted for Recovery of Necklace

Special Cable to The Georgian. PARIS, Aug. 1.—Three hundred thousand dollars has been placed in the hands of a Paris advocate...

Joy for Naiads Soant Suit Jails Man Bather

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Women bathers of Chicago who have been compelled to add more to their bathing attire to satisfy the laws of the Lake Michigan bathing beach...

Kiss Causes Wreck Which Injures Forty

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Four persons including babies to the number of 40 were injured when a truck was crushed against the curb of the city street...

Reciprocity Is True Key to Tariff

Senator Sharfath Declares All Democrats Should Support Its Principles. WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—Senator Sharfath of Colorado, who tonight has in a speech declared...

Find Rich Man Dying in Home of Woman

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—An Illinois man was found dead Monday by a woman in a rooming house. The man was found in a rooming house...

Mad Dog Creates Panic in Church

LATROBES, Wis., Aug. 1.—A mad dog yesterday created a panic in St. Paul's Catholic Church here when it entered the sanctuary and bit a young girl...

Committee to Decide Report on the House Democratic Caucus

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The House Banking and Currency committee will determine as early as possible today whether the Glass-Steagall bill shall be sent to the House Democratic caucus...

California Workers Attack Poss. Japs Given as Cause—Soldiers on Guard

WHEATLAND, Cal., Aug. 1.—Five companies of state troops were ordered here today to quell the expected rioting of hundreds of hup pickers who engaged in a battle with a sheriff's posse...

Fire in Jewish Club Causes \$500 Damage

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—A fire in the Jewish Athletic Club building at 27th and Franklin streets here Monday morning...

Joy for Naiads Soant Suit Jails Man Bather

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Women bathers of Chicago who have been compelled to add more to their bathing attire to satisfy the laws of the Lake Michigan bathing beach...

Mad Dog Creates Panic in Church

LATROBES, Wis., Aug. 1.—A mad dog yesterday created a panic in St. Paul's Catholic Church here when it entered the sanctuary and bit a young girl...