

SAVE BODY FROM MOB; HEELS MUTILATE FACE

Frenzied Man Makes Attack—Women and Babies View Hanging Corpse.

Special to The New York Times.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 17.—Leo M. Frank was found at 8 o'clock this morning, his body still warm, hanging by the neck to a tree near W. J. Frey's cotton gin, two miles from Marietta, on the Roswell Road, and almost 100 miles from the prison where he was seized last night.

The gin house is fifty yards off the Roswell Road, but not visible from the highway. The nearest farmhouse is 200 yards away. The place is just a mile and a half from the National Cemetery. Frank on his death ride was not even clothed. He was sleeping when the lynchers seized him, and when the throng from Marietta arrived the hanging corpse was clad only in a silk night-robe, with the initials "L. M. F." embroidered over the heart. His feet and legs were bare.

Frank's eyes were bandaged. His hands were cuffed behind him. A coarse sack had been tied about his hips. His feet were dangling about four feet above the ground. An oak tree was the gallows.

Not a shot had been fired, and there was no sign of mutilation. The wound inflicted by William Green, a fellow-convict, a few months ago, had been opened up on the left side of the throat by the contact with the grass rope that brought death.

At the instance of Newt A. Morris, formerly judge of the Blue Ridge Circuit and a prominent Marietta citizen the body was cut down and hauled to Marietta in an undertaker's wagon, but not until a frenzied man in the crowd at the tree had mutilated the face with his heel.

At the outskirts of Marietta Judge Morris overtook the undertaker's wagon in an automobile, lifted the body in a long basket from the wagon to the automobile and started with it to Atlanta at top speed.

Body Safe in Atlanta.

At the outskirts of Atlanta the body was met by an undertaker in an automobile ambulance and was again transferred and hurried to a secret spot, where it would be safe from either the curious or the vicious.

The final scene of the most notable tragedy that Georgia, the South or the nation has known was enacted soon after 7 o'clock near the isolated gin. So quietly was the work done that people in Marietta did not know of it for more than an hour. When the news reached the town, which is the county seat of Cobb County, a throng hurried to the gin where the body was still hanging to the tree.

The bringing of the body to Cobb County, where Mary Phagan was born and reared, was a demonstration of the purpose of the mob. As the leaders left the prison officials bound and handcuffed, they told Superintendent J. M. Burke that Frank's body would be found near the grave of Mary Phagan. To carry out this design without interruption by officers of the law, every telegraph and telephone wire out of Milledgeville had been cut, save one. This one wire, communicating with Augusta, flashed the news to the world in the early morning that Leo Frank was at last in the hands of men of whose vengeance he has been living in dread since the day he was arrested on a charge of murder.

Lynchers Warned.

That wire and the news it told prevented the lynchers from hanging their captive in Marietta. Every Sheriff in Georgia had been ordered to keep a vigilant watch on all automobiles, for it was reported that the lynchers and their victim were in eight cars, so long before daylight the Sheriffs had men guarding all roads.

The lynchers were evidently warned of this fact, for when they reached the swampy banks of Little River it was decided to run no risk of being balked by a rescue party. It was realized that to take their prisoner to the Marietta cemetery would be to invite a battle with law officers, so the Frey's gin was selected for the execution.

About 7 o'clock W. J. Frey, a former Sheriff of Cobb County, who lives two and one-half miles east of Marietta on the Roswell Road, saw four automobiles pass his house, going like the wind. In the second or third car he recalls seeing a man of Frank's description wedged between two men in the back seat. Half an hour later Mr. Frey drove into Marietta, and there learned that Frank's body had been found hanging to a tree in a grove two miles east. In company with Gus Benson, a Marietta citizen, and W. W. Yarn, a traveling man from Augusta, Ga., Mr. Frey drove back and found the body in a grove of young trees on land owned by himself, and within a stone's throw of his gin-house.

A number of persons had already arrived and were viewing the body. The news of the discovery spread rapidly, and soon the road was full of people coming from both directions.

It appears from the facts known, that Frank was hanged between 7 o'clock and 7:30. From the road the body was seen by the trees.

Scene Grows in Horror.

A horrible sight met the eyes of the first arrivals at the grove, and still more horrible was the spectacle that greeted later arrivals, who found not only the body swaying in the wind, with the gaping red wound in the throat, but surging around it a closely packed mass of men all but mad with excitement and hate.

A brown grass rope about half an inch thick had been thrown over the limb of an oak tree, near the trunk. One end of this rope was thrown around the neck of Leo M. Frank, tied with a hangman's noose, and the other was tied to the base of a sapling twenty feet away.

Frank hung with the top of his head near the limb, his feet about four feet above the ground. A white handkerchief was over his face, the corners knotted at the back of his head. The hangman's knot lay against his right jaw. The wound in his throat, where William Green attempted to kill him at the State farm a few weeks ago, was torn open.

The rope was above the wound, but toward the throat and where the wound ranged upward, the rope lay in the wound.

Frank's body from the waist up was clothed in a thin white pajama jacket. Worked in the left side of the chest were the letters "L. M. F." in red thread. The sleeves of the jacket had been clipped away with pocket-knives by souvenir hunters and both sleeves were gone as far as the elbows.

The arms, thus exposed, hung straight, with the wrists handcuffed in front. The arms, hands and fingers were blue, while the left thumb showed the healing cut where Frank had defended himself from Green's knife-attack at the State farm.

The body, from the waist down, was wrapped in a dirty piece of brown cloth that looked like khaki, stretched across the front like a skirt drawn tight, and tied by the corners behind. The edges of the cloth barely meeting on the left side.

Viewed by Women With Babies.

Around the ankles had been a piece of grass rope, but this rope was cut away by souvenir hunters, soon after the crowd gathered.

Before 8:30 o'clock the crowd at the scene had reached cat proportions, considering the isolated neighborhood, and more than 1,000 persons were there, including a number of women, several of whom carried babies in arms. Automobiles came careening, recklessly disregarding life and limb of occupants. Horse-drawn vehicles came at a gallop. Pedestrians came running.

The sight made some women sick. They would shriek or groan and turn their heads away. Others walked up to the packed mass of men and pushed their way to look at the body without the quiver of an eyelash.

As the crowd grew the excitement increased. One of the early arrivals was a man in a frenzy of passion. He was bareheaded, coatless, his eyes blazing like those of a maniac. He ran to the tree, threw up his hands, clinched his fists, and shook them at the body. His hands would open and his fingers would writhe; his fists would close again and he would shake them at the body.

"Now we've got you," he screamed. "You won't murder any more little, innocent girls. We've got you now. We've got you now."

His voice would rise to a shrill note, then become hoarse, as he chanted his words in sing-song, one imprecation after another.

Crowd All But Mad.

When he paused for breath some man in the crowd would yell and the throng would join and the shriek would grow and rise higher and higher till it filled the little grove. These demonstrations seemed to fan the fury of the man by the body. His gestures became more violent, his raving words came faster and faster, pouring out like a torrent.

"They won't put any monument over you, the cries. They are not going to get a piece of you as big as a cigar."

The crowd screamed in frenzy and packed closer.

With this demonstration at its height a short, thickset man, with blue eyes gleaming, ran into the crowd, jostled his way through, and pushed up to a place beside the man who was cursing the body. He stood on tiptoes to be seen. "Men, hear me," he said.

It was Newt A. Morris, former Judge of the Blue Ridge Circuit, who had just come in an automobile to Marietta with Attorney John Wood of Canton. They were attending Alpharetta Court, heard the news early, and came at top speed to the scene.

"Hear me men!" cried Judge Morris. The crowd became silent but for the undertone mumbling of the man beside the body.

"Citizens of Cobb County, listen to me, will you?" said Judge Morris. They gave a murmur of assent.

"Whoever did this thing—"

The man beside the body broke in with a shout: "God bless him, whoever he was!"

Judge Morris laid his hand on the man's shoulder and asked him please to be quiet for a few minutes.

"Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "did a thorough job."

The crowd applauded. They "shore" did, came in chorus.

"Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "left nothing more for us to do. Little Mary Phagan is avenged. Her foul murder is avenged. Now I ask you, I appeal to you as citizens of Cobb County, in the good name of our country, not to do more. I appeal to you to let the undertaker take it."

Plea for Father and Mother.

The man by the body broke in again.

"We are not going to let the undertaker have it!" he shrieked. "We are not going to let 'em erect a monument over that thing! We are not going to let 'em have a piece of it as big as a cigar, we are going to burn it. That's what we are going to do, we are going to burn it. Come on boys, lets burn the dirty thing."

Judge Morris raised his voice. "Men, I appeal to you!" he shouted. "Don't do anything to this body. Let the undertaker have it. This man has a father and a mother, and whatever we think of him, they're entitled to have the body of their son. Men, men, I appeal to you for the good name of our county. Let all who favor giving this body over to the undertaker say 'aye.' There was a chorus of "Ayes."

"Now let all who oppose it say 'no,'" said Judge Morris. The man beside the body, at the top of his voice, yelled "No!" "Let all who favor giving this body to the undertaker raise their hands," said Judge Morris. The hands of the crowd went up. "Let all who oppose it give the same sign," said Judge Morris. The hand of the man beside the body was raised aloft, trembling.

Judge Morris got down and ran back through the crowd and called for an undertaker. While he was calling, somebody laid a knife to the rope and Frank's body dropped to the ground with a thud, and the crowd packed around it in a solid mass, with the excited man standing at the head.

A negro ran up to Judge Morris. "Here I am, Judge," he said, "here's the wagon."

Judge Morris gave orders, and two negroes opened the back of the wagon and pulled out a long undertaker's basket, and started toward the body. "Bring the body on, men," shouted Judge Morris. "Bring it on. Quick, for God's sake."

Grinds' Heel Into Face.

But none of them would pick it up, and Judge Morris, beckoning to the negroes, wedged in and worked his way toward the body, until the negroes finally got it and started toward the wagon.

The man who voted "No" reached out and struck at the body, and the negroes dropped it. When it was on the ground the man stamped upon the face, and ground his heel into the dead flesh and stamped again and again, until the crowd, stricken silent and motionless by the horror of the sight, could hear the blows.

Again and again, as a man grinds the head of a snake under his heel, did the man in frenzy drive his heel into the face of Leo M. Frank, grinding the black hair into the black earth.

"Step him, for God's sake, stop him!" cried Judge Morris, and ran up to the man and begged him to stop.

While the Judge begged and pleaded, the negroes at an order from the undertaker seized the body again and ran with it to the basket, and then to the wagon, snapped down the door, leaped to the seat and drove toward Marietta, with the big horse on a dead run.

Judge Morris and Attorney Wood ran for their automobile and started after the undertaker's wagon. Several cars quicker than theirs got ahead of them, but they were soon passed with the crowd swarming along the road in the dust raised by the undertaker's wagon.

At the entrance to the National Cemetery, just inside the town of Marietta, Judge Morris caught up with the wagon, got out of his car, ordered one of the negroes to take his place and then climbed up himself to the driver's seat.

Riding for a few blocks, with Attorney Wood driving the automobile ahead, the Judge seized the first favorable opportunity and jerked the long basket out of the undertaker's wagon and laid it across the back seat of Wood's car. Then, jumping in beside the undertaker, Judge Morris said: "Now, John, drive like hell to Atlanta."

Race to Atlanta.

Thus the body was taken from the crowd, and thus began the automobile ride to Atlanta, the like of which was never seen before.

Opening wide the throttle, Wood poured into his motor everything it would hold. By his side, with drawn face and gleaming eyes, Judge Morris

strained forward, peering through the dust, waving his arms and shouting for automobiles to make way.

Crosswise of the tonneau, the end projecting a foot or more on each side, jostled and swayed the undertaker's long basket with the body inside. On the running board stood another man, hanging to the car with one hand, holding the basket with the other.

Down the road toward Atlanta sped the car, and in the rear toward Marietta sped automobiles loaded with men going like mad to the ginhouse to see the body.

The car with the body gave the cars with the sightseers just room enough for the end of the basket to miss a collision, and the cars with the sightseers gave equally little room.

Low over the road hung an endless roll of dust, and through this dust the three men in the death car would dimly see cars coming one after another, a procession of them all speeding like racers, and the death car would swerve a little to the right to pass, which made the basket jostle and sway, while the sightseers, flashing past, would wave their hands and shout, their wild eyes gleaming for an instant as they raced northward to Marietta, expecting to see the body hanging in the grove.

Undertakers Called.

At Smyrna the death car slowed down and the man on the running board jumped off and ran into a telephone booth and notified Greenberg & Bond, Atlanta undertakers, to meet the death car with their automobile ambulance, which they did at Ashby and Marietta Streets.

In haste the basket was shoved into the undertakers' funeral car and driven with all speed into the city, while down the road behind it came a racing procession of automobiles from Marietta and up the road toward Atlanta went a racing procession of sightseers, never suspecting that one by one they were whizzing past the object of their curiosity.

Crowds of people sought the chapel of Greenberg & Bond, thinking the body had been taken there, but when they arrived they found it wide open to inspection, but vacant.

Edward Bond informed inquirers that the body had been taken elsewhere, and declined to disclose its whereabouts.

Meanwhile Governor John A. South of Cobb County had ordered a jury at Marietta in the undertaking establishment of J. W. Black for the purpose of investigating the lynching. After two witnesses had been examined the jury took a recess until next Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. The witnesses were Clarence Kirby, a grocer of Marietta, and Deputy Sheriff George Hicks of Cobb County, who swore they had positively identified the body hanging in the grove as that of Leo M. Frank.



LEO M. FRANK VICTIM OF GEORGIA LYNCHING