

But the defense, on the other hand, were allowed to let down the bars and walk in.

That pencil factory was a great place for a man without a conscience. It was a great place for Frank, his handsome assistant, Mr. Darley, and the able Mr. Schiff. We find that Frank had coupled himself up for nightly meeting with Dalton, who now has, it seems, turned respectable. My friends, no doubt, will argue that it was strange a man of such business and social position should consort with such a character. It will be a good argument, likely, but probe a little deeper and see if Dalton was not the kind of man required by a dual personality such as possessed by Frank?

We all have dual personalities. There is not a man so good without evil, and no man so bad without good. But when the evil is predominant the man is bad. Vice versa with the good. A man may mingle with his varnished class by day, but when the shades of night are falling and the evil dominate, he doesn't go and get good men who can tell of his good character. He goes for his Dalton. We all are Dr. Jekyls and Mr. Hydes. There are two sides to each of us.

Dalton seems to have overcome this evil. He is apparently making good, as many substantial folks have told us on the witness stand. You can't blame Dalton so much.

This factory was under the control of this man Frank. It is a house of bad reputation. You find other acts of this sort committed therein. It is unsavory. Frank is its head. He contends he did not know Mary Phagan. Why, every day as he walked through the floor on which his office was situated, he passed by her at her machine. You find, gentlemen, that he often stopped at her place of duty to show her this or to show her that, to help her in her work. Not only that, but he followed her out of her beaten path—following like some wild animal, telling her of his superiority, coaxing, persuading, all the while she strove to return to her work at her machine. You will notice on this diagram that every time he crossed the floor he passed this beautiful girl, looking upon her with the eye of lust. The first indication of his attitude