

Truth is stronger than all the brains and ingenuity that can be collected in this whole town—this state, the world. How they did hate to give up the fight. They lost, and with the loss went the loss of their theory in whole.

When all was through, they were forced to sit and leave Jim's truth unscathed. How unfortunate! All they could say was that Jim had been a big liar. That is true. In his first two stories, he lied. But, if I had any comment on Jim Conley, it would be that if they had bored me as they bored him at police headquarters, they could have muddled me even more.

Suppose Frank's conduct in this case is shown as it has been. He is a smart man. There is no disputing that fact. He needn't have told you all the details on the stand of the amount of work he did that day. You can tell that he is smart, clever, ingenious.

Now, Jim, he comes back that Saturday morning by order of the brilliant Frank, his boss. There's no denial of this, so far. Other people tell you they have seen women enter the factory with men at suspicious hours. Jim tells you of watching for these folks. And there is this to reckon with: Providence has a way of revealing the truth at the final minute. At the eleventh hour we found two men yesterday who had been to the pencil factory at the noon Mary Phagan was murdered. They saw Jim Conley just as he tells you, sitting on the first floor, near the door where he watched for Frank. Mrs. White saw him, although she doesn't identify him perfectly. One thing true, she saw a negro in the position Jim tells us he was in. Now, for what purpose was he there? Waiting to do the same thing he had done before—to watch for his boss. They say he was drunk. Very well. But, did you notice how clearly he recited incidents and told the names of people he saw at the times they claim he was so drunk?

We are brought up to the time of the tragedy. Jim is still there. Everybody has gone, leaving him and Frank in the building. Frank knew that Mary Phagan was coming that