

[*Mr. Arnold* next described the horrible crime that had been committed that afternoon or night in the National Pencil Company's dark basement. He dwelt on the effect of the crime upon the people of Atlanta and of how high feeling ran and still runs, and of the omnipresent desire for the death of the man who committed the crime.]

There are fellows like that street car man, *Kendley*, the one who villified this defendant here and cried for him to be lynched, and shouted that he was guilty until he made himself a nuisance on the cars he ran. Why, I can hardly realize that a man holding a position as responsible as that of a motorman and a man with certain police powers and the discretion necessary to guide a car through the crowded city streets would give way to passion and prejudice like that. It was a type of man like *Kendley* who said he did not know for sure whether those negroes hanged in Decatur for the shooting of the street car men were guilty, but he was glad they were hung, as some negroes ought to be hanged for the crime. He's the same sort of a man who believes that there ought to be a hanging because that innocent little girl was murdered, and who would like to see this Jew here hang because somebody ought to hang for it.

I'll tell you right now, if *Frank* hadn't been a Jew there would never have been any prosecution against him. I'm asking my own people to turn him loose, asking them to do justice to a Jew, and I'm not a Jew, but I would rather die before doing injustice to a Jew.

This case has just been built up by degrees; they have a monstrous perjurer here in the form of this *Jim Conley* against *Frank*. You know what sort of a man *Conley* is, and you know that up to the time the murder was committed no one ever heard a word against *Frank*. Villainy like this charged to him does not crop out in a day. There are long mutterings of it for years before. There are only a few who have ever said anything against *Frank*. I want to call your attention later to the class of their witnesses and the class of ours. A few floaters around the factory, out of the hundreds