

arrest, as they say—held without the privilege of seeing friends, relatives or counsel. It was a deplorable state of affairs. What happened?

Haas went to the phone and called an older and more experienced head to battle with this police iniquity; Why shouldn't he? Dorsey sees in this harmless message a chance. He snaps at it like a snake. Dorsey is a good man—in his way. He'll be a better man, though, when he gets older and loses some of his present spirit and venom. There are things he has done in this trial that will never be done again. Gentlemen, I assure you of that.

Did Frank do anything else suspicious? Yes! Two others, according to Hooper from the Wiregrass. One of which was the employment of a detective agency to ferret out this horrible murder that had been committed in his factory building. Why? Under what circumstances? I'll tell you. Frank had been to the police station and had given his statement. Haas was the man who telephoned me and who employed me—not Frank. I went to police headquarters and was very much unwelcomed. There was a frigid atmosphere as I walked in. I saw Frank for the first time in my life. I said: "What's the matter, boys?" Somebody answered that Mr. Frank was under arrest. Black was there, Lanford was there. Neither took the pains to deny that he was under arrest. Somebody said they wanted Mr. Frank to make a statement, and I advised him to go ahead and make it. When he went into the office, I followed. They said: "We don't want you." I replied that whether they wanted me or not, I was coming, anyhow. I had a good reason, too, for coming. I wanted to hear what he said so they couldn't distort his words. While we were in the room a peculiar thing happened. Frank exposed his person. There were no marks. I said that it was preposterous to think that a man could commit such a crime and not bear some marks. Lanford's face fell. Why didn't Lanford get on the stand and deny it? Was it because he didn't want to get into a loving conflict with me? Or did he want to keep from reopening the dark and nasty history of