

facts are too firmly and too deeply rooted. Oh, yes, says Mrs. Small, I saw Frank up there on that fourth floor between eight and nine o'clock Tuesday morning, and the other lady saw him up there between nine and eleven, she wouldn't be sure the day he was arrested—I say arrested, according to Frank's own statement himself, they got him and just detained him, and even then, red-handed murderer as he was, his standing and influence, and the standing and influence of his attorney, somehow or other—and that's the only thing to the discredit of the police department throughout the whole thing, say what you may—they were intimidated and afraid because of the influence that was back of him, to consign him to a cell like they did Lee and Conley, and it took them a little time to arrive at the point where they had the nerve and courage to face the situation and put him where he ought to be.

Now, I'll tell you another thing, too, if old John Black—and Mr. Rosser didn't get such a great triumph out of him as he would have us believe, either. Black's methods are somewhat like Rosser's methods, and if Black had Rosser where Rosser had Black, or if Black had Rosser down at police station, Black would get Rosser; and if Black had been given an opportunity to go after this man, Leo M. Frank, like he went after that poor defenseless negro, Newt Lee, towards whom you would have directed suspicion, this trial might have been obviated, and a confession might have been obtained. You didn't get your lawyer to sustain you and support you a moment too soon. You called for Darley, and you called for Haas, and you called for Rosser, and you called for Arnold, and it took the combined efforts of all of them to keep up your nerve. And I don't want to misquote and I won't misquote, but I want to drive it home with all the power that I possibly can or that I possess. The only thing in this case that can be said to the discredit of the police department of the City of Atlanta is that you treated this man, who snuffed out that little girl's life on the second floor of that pencil factory, with too much consideration, and you