I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, that a smarter man than Starnes, or a smarter man than Campbell, a smarter man than Black, a smarter man than Rosser, in the person of Leo M. Frank, felt impelled to put there these letters, which he thought would exculpate him, but which incriminate and damn him in the minds of every man seeking to get at the truth. Yet you tell me there's nothing in circumstantial evidence, when here's a pad and there's the pad and there's the notes, which you must admit, or which you don't deny, old Jim Conley wrote, because you say in your statement you had got numerous notes from him, and yet, the very day, at the police station, according to your own statement, when you wrote that, you saw the original of these, and you didn't open your mouth, you didn't say a word, you didn't direct the finger of suspecion against this man Jim Conley, who had been infamously directed to keep quiet to protect you. Things don't happen that way, gentlemen, and you know it. There isn't an honest man on that jury, unbiased, unprejudiced, seeking to get at the truth, but what knows that these letters,—silly? Yes, silly, except you see the hand of Providence in it all—that don't know that the language and the context and the material out of which they are written were written for the protection of Leo M. Frank, the superintendent of this factory, who wired Montag to tell his uncle "if my uncle inquires about me state that I am all right, the police have the thing well in hand and will eventually solve the problem," and the girl was found dead, not in the factory, but in the cellar. The man who wrote the note, "nothing startling has happened in so short a time," wrote it with a knowledge and conscious of the fact that this poor girl's life had been snuffed out even at the time he penned the words.

You'll have this out with you, you look at them, if you can get anything else out of them you do it, and as honest men, I don't want you to convict this man unless you are satisfied of his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, but don't let that doubt be the doubt of a crank, don't let it be the doubt of a