

this pretty, attractive little girl, twelve months, and a man of your brilliant parts didn't even know her, and do you tell me that you had made up the pay-roll with Schiff fifty-two times during the year that Mary Phagan was there and still you didn't know her name or number? You tell me that this little country boy who comes from Oak Grove, near Sandy Springs in the northern part of this county, was lying when he got on that stand? I'll tell you no. Do you tell me that little Dewey Hewell, a little girl now from the Home of the Good Shepherd in Cincinnati, who used to work at the National Pencil Company, who probably has lost her virtue though she is of such tender years, was lying when she tells you that she heard him talking to her frequently,—talked to Mary frequently, placed his hands on her shoulder and called her Mary? You tell me that that long-legged man, Gantt, the man you tried to direct suspicion towards, the man Schiff was so anxious to have arrested that he accompanied the police, that you said in your telegram to your uncle, had the case in hand and would eventually solve the mystery,—do you tell me that Gantt has lied when he tells you that this man Frank noticed that he knew little Mary and said to him, "I see that you know Mary pretty well?"

I am prepared to believe, knowing this man's character as shown by this evidence, that way back yonder in March, old passion had seized him. Yesterday Mr. Rosser quoted from Burns, and said it's human to err; and I quote you from the same poem, in which old Burns says that "there's no telling what a man will do when he has the lassie, when convenience snug, and he has a treacherous, passionate inclination." There's no telling what he will do when he's normal, there's no telling what he will do when he's like other men, but oh! gentlemen, there's no telling what a pervert will do when he's goaded on by the unusual, extraordinary passion that goaded on this man, Leo M. Frank, when he saw his opportunity with this little girl in that pencil factory, when she went back to find out if the metal had come.

You tell me that all of these people have lied,—Willie Tur-