

in the way of the consummation of your diabolical and evil plans.

And you say that you and Schiff made up the pay-roll Friday, and I wouldn't be at all surprised that, after little Mary had gone and while you and Schiff were making up the pay-roll Friday afternoon, you saw little Mary's name and you knew that she hadn't been notified to come there and get her money Friday afternoon at six o'clock, and then, as early as three o'clock,—yes, as early as three,—knowing that this little girl would probably come there Saturday at twelve, at the usual hour, to get her pay, you went up and arranged with this man Jim Conley to look out for you,—this man Jim Conley, who had looked out for you on other occasions, who had locked the door and unlocked it while you carried on your immoral practices in that factory,—yes, at three o'clock, when you and Schiff were so busy working on the pay-roll, I dare say you went up there and told Jim that you wanted him to come back Saturday but you didn't want Darley to know that he was there. And I wouldn't be at all surprised if it were not true that this little Helen Ferguson, the friend of Mary Phagan, who had often gotten Mary's pay envelope before, when she went in and asked you to let her have that pay envelope, if you didn't refuse because you had already arranged with Jim to be there, and you expected to make the final onslaught on this girl, in order to deflower and ruin her and make her, this poor little factory girl, subservient to your purposes.

Ah, gentlemen, then Saturday comes, Saturday comes, and it's a reasonable tale that old Jim tells you, and old Jim says "I done it,"—not "I did it," but "I done it" just exactly like this brilliant factory superintendent told him. There's your plot. I'll tell you, you know this thing passion is like fraud,—it's subtle, it moves in mysterious ways; people don't know what lurks in the mind of a libertine, or how anxious they are, or how far ahead they look, and it isn't at all improbable, indeed, I submit to you as honest men seeking to get at the truth, that this man, whose character was put in