

like you, would have stormed the jail or done anything. It oughtn't to be, because that thing ought to be left to be threshed out before an upright Court and an honest jury.

But this man Frank knew,—he didn't expect her to turn him down, he paved the way, he had set the snare and he thought that this poor little girl would yield to his importunities, but, ah! thank God, she was made of that kind of stuff to which you are a stranger, and she resisted, she wouldn't yield, you couldn't control your passion and you struck her and you ravished her, she was unconscious, you gagged her and you choked her. Then you got Mrs. White out, the woman that saw you jump at 12:35 when you were there fixing to see about little Mary's pay envelope, which you never did give the poor child. And you fussed a good deal about that pocket book, that mesh bag; I wouldn't be at all surprised if old Jim's statement that Frank had that mesh bag, didn't keep that mesh bag from turning up in this trial, just exactly like that plant of old Newt Lee's shirt and just exactly like that club and just exactly like these spots these men found on May 15th around that scuttle hole. It worried you too much, it worried you too much, it disconcerted your plans. The thing had already been done when Mrs. White got back there at 12:35 and old Jim Conley was still sitting down there waiting patiently for the signal that had been agreed upon, waiting patiently for the signals that you had used when some other women from the fourth floor and other people had been down there to meet you Saturdays and holidays. And the first thing he did after he had gagged her with a piece of her underskirt, torn from her own underskirt, was to tip up to the front, where he knew the cords hung, and come back down there and choke that poor little child to death. You tell me that she wasn't ravished? I ask you to look at the blood—you tell me that that little child wasn't ravished? I ask you to look at the drawers, that were torn, I ask you to look at the blood on the drawers, I ask you to look at the thing that held up the stockings. And I say that as sure as