

At daybreak on August 17th, two miles northeast of Marietta, in Cobb County, Georgia, Frank was lynched by a mob. Mary Phagan's body was buried in the cemetery of this town. A number of men in automobiles arrived at the State Prison farm where Frank was serving his commuted life sentence, after dark on the evening of August 16th. These men cut the telephone wires, overpowered the guards, entered the hall where Frank was sleeping, carried him into one of the automobiles, and the journey was made during the night all the way to Marietta, Cobb County, a distance of some 125 miles. Frank was hanged to a tree by this mob. The mob was dissuaded from burning the body by some citizens who arrived on the scene after the hanging.⁴ The body

⁴ Marietta, Georgia. The scenes at the place where Leo M. Frank was hanged, were nerve wrecking. The crowd gathered with rapidity. They swarmed the road from both directions. They seemed to rise up out of the ground, so fast they came. The automobiles came careening, recklessly disregarding life and limb of occupants. Horse-drawn vehicles came at a gallop. Pedestrians came running. Women came, children came—even babies in arms. The sight of the body swaying in the wind with the red gaping wound in the throat, made some of the women sick, and they would utter little shrieks and groans and turn their heads away. Other women walked up to the packed mass of men, pushed their way into the pack and looked on the dead body without the quiver of an eye-lash. One of the first arrivals was a man in a frenzy of passion. He was bare-headed, coatless, his eyes blazing like the eyes of a maniac. He ran through the crowd, ran up to the body, threw up his hands, clinched his fist and shook them at the body. Then his hands opened and his fingers writhed. His fists closed again, and he shook them at the body. "Now we've got you," he screamed. "You won't murder any more innocent little girls. We've got you now. They won't put any monument over you. They are not going to get you. They are not going to get a piece of you as big as a cigar." The crowd yelled, and packed closer. At this juncture, a short, thick-set man ran up to the crowd, jostled his way through and pushed up to a place beside the man who was cursing the body. He climbed up on something so that he could see over the heads of the crowd. "Men, hear me," he said. It was Newton A. Morris, former Judge of Blue Ridge district, who had just arrived from Marietta, with Attorney John Wood, of Canton. They were attending at court, heard the news early Tuesday morning, and came at top speed to the scene. "Hear me, men," said Judge Morris. The crowd became quiet except for a mumbling by the man beside the body. "Citizens of Cobb County, listen to me, will you?" said Judge Morris. They gave a murmur of assent.