

was cut down and carried to Atlanta and from there sent to Brooklyn where his parents lived.

"Whoever did this thing—" The man beside the body broke in with a shout: "God bless him, whoever he was." Judge Morris laid his hand on the man's shoulder and asked him to be quiet for a few minutes. "Whoever did this thing did a thorough job." "They shore did," chorused the crowd. "Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "left nothing more for us to do. Little Mary Phagan is vindicated. Her foul murder is avenged. Now, I ask you, I appeal to you as good citizens of Cobb County, in the good name of our county, not to do more. I appeal to you to let the undertaker take it." The man by the body broke in again, "We are not going to let the undertaker have it," he shrieked. "We are not going to let them erect a monument over that thing. We are not going to let them have a piece of it as big as a cigar. We are going to burn it, that's what we are going to do. We are going to burn it. Come on, boys, let's burn the dirty thing." "Men, I appeal to you," he shouted, "don't do anything to this body. Let the undertaker have it. This man has a father and mother, and whatever we think of him, they are entitled to have the body of their son. Men, men, I appeal to you for the good name of the country. Let all who are in favor of giving this body over to the undertaker say 'Aye.'" There was a chorus of ayes. "Now, let all who oppose us say 'No.'" The man beside the body, at the top of his voice yelled "No." "Let all who are in favor of giving this body to the undertaker raise their hands," said Judge Morris. The hands of the crowd went up.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, August 18, 1915.