

Collection of Contemporary Newspaper articles about the Leo Frank/Mary Phagan from the *Atlanta Journal*, the *Atlanta Georgian* and the *Atlanta Constitution*

Atlanta Constitution

April 28, 1913

Girl is Assaulted and then Murdered in Heart of Town

Chum Identifies Victim Mary Phagan, of 146 Lindsay Street, Then Swoons. Girl Had Just Resigned From National Pencil Company, In Which Plant Her Body Was Found.

MOTHER AND FATHER STAY UP ALL NIGHT WAITING HER RETURN

While mother and father anxiously waited her return home Saturday night, pretty 14-year-old Mary Phagan lay dead in a corner of the dark basement of the National Pencil factory at 37-39 South Forsyth street, the victim of an atrocious murder, following a brutal criminal assault.

Her skull crushed and her neck horribly bruised where she had been choked to death, the body was found at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, several hours after the crime had been committed, and was unidentified until the arrival of a girl chum.

Two suspects are under arrest. One is Arthur Mullinax, formerly a street car conductor. The other is Newt Lee, negro night watchman of the factory building, who found the body and notified police headquarters. He [1 word missing] maintains innocence. Detectives believe he was implicated in the crime. A confession from him is expected to lead to the girl's slayer or slayers.

Mother Prostrated With Grief.

She was an employee in the pencil factory, but had resigned last Thursday. She was the daughter of Mrs. J. W. Coleman, of 146 Lindsay street. Her mother was prostrated with grief Sunday morning, and although physicians worked over her throughout the day, her condition was precarious last night.

Two notes were found near the body. Although they purport to have been written by the dead girl, the handwriting has not been recognized as hers. It resembles, however, that of the imprisoned night watchman. The theory of detectives is that both were written to mislead the police.

One note was penciled on order blank of the factory, read: "That negro hired down here did this. He pushed me down that hole. A long, tall negro, black that had it woke. Long, lean, tall negro." It is incoherent and hardly legible. The second was written on ordinary tablet paper: "He said he would love me." The rest of the note fails to make sense. Neither note was signed.

The pretty victim was first choked into insensibility, then beaten upon the head with a blunt instrument, presumably a [1 word(s) illegible].

Victim of Tragedy Terribly Bruised.

She was horribly bruised and lacerated upon the face. Both eyes were blackened and swollen. The hands and fingers were distorted, showing the agony in which she had died. She was attired in a fresh summer frock of pink, trimmed in lace, and wore silk stockings. A big bow of baby ribbon was caught in the single strand of hair arranged girlish fashion down the back.

The clothing was torn and bloody. Her pink parasol was found near the trap door through which the body had been lowered. A missing shoe and bloody handkerchief were found in a trashpile near the boiler in the basement. Following an investigation by members of Coroner Donehoo's staff the body was removed to the Bloomfield undertaking establishment on South Pryor street. An inquest will be held today.

Detectives are searching for a trio of men said to have been seen with Miss Phagan Saturday night about 10 o'clock. E. S. Skipper, of 224^{1/2} Peters street, told a reporter for The Constitution that he had seen a girl answering the exact description of the victim walking up Pryor street with three men, apparently youths. She was reeling slightly, as though affected by drugs or narcotics, and was weeping.

At the intersection of Trinity avenue she attempted to continue up Pryor street in the direction of Garnett, but was caught by one of her companions, who turned her steps toward Whitehall street on Trinity avenue. Skipper's attention was attracted by the girl's tears and unwillingness to accompany the men. She strove to resist them, he said, but appeared feeble. She did not seem intoxicated, he said, but sick and weak.

Detectives Rely on His Story.

At Forsyth street, the men and girl turned down toward Garnett and Mitchell streets. Skipper continued in the direction of the Terminal station for which he was bound. The reporter referred him to Detectives Black and Starner, who are in charge of the squad investigating the mystery, and he told his story to them. He is positive of his ability to identify either of the men, and gave the detectives accurate descriptions.

Adam [several words illegible], night watchman in the [several words illegible] livery stables at 35 Forsyth [several words illegible] three doors distant from [several words

illegible] building, told the detectives [several words illegible] o'clock, or later, he had heard [1 word illegible] screaming in the vicinity of the [1 word illegible] plant. The sounds lasted for several minutes. Suspecting the cries were from carousing girls on the street, he paid little or not attention to them.

That was within less than an hour after Skipper had left the mysterious quartet at Forsyth street and Trinity avenue. If they were the slain girl and her murderers, they walked directly from Trinity to the factory, into which she was lured to death. Detectives place strong faith in Skipper's story.

Miss Phagan left home Saturday at noon. She came uptown to see the memorial day parade and to draw her two days' salary due from the factory when she resigned. Telling her parents to expect her back for supper, she assured them she would return before nightfall. When she failed to appear at a late hour Mr. and Mrs. Coleman grew uneasy and began searching. Police headquarters were notified, and a lookout placed upon the bulletin board.

No Love Affairs, Say Her Parents.

She had never been known to stay away at night. Her father and mother declared Sunday that until Saturday night, they had always known where to find her. She was a model girl, bright, eager and cheerful. Her parents had never allowed her to have sweethearts, or to receive callers. She was not in love, so far as her parents know.

[1 word illegible] anxious father and mother were awake all night, awaiting news on the missing daughter. A daybreak a messenger came with word that she had been murdered in the pencil factory. Mrs. Coleman fell into a faint, from which she did not recover for an hour. She was prostrated and her condition necessitated the constant attention of a physician.

News of the gruesome discovery reached the police station about 4 o'clock Sunday morning, when the negro watchman called over telephone:

"Send the police to the National pencil factory right away," he said. "There's a dead girl down in the basement, and she's been murdered."

Two policemen and a Constitution reporter jumped into the automobile of Boots Rogers, which stood at the front of headquarters, and were rushed to the factory. The watchman stood at the Forsyth street entrance holding a lantern. He was trembling, his teeth chattered, and he was visibly excited.

"She's down in the basement. I'm scared to go. You all go first. I'll show you the way," he stuttered.

The building was [1 word illegible] and deserted. The footsteps of the policeman echoed from floor to floor, creating an uncanny sound that sent chills down the spine. The negro led the way to a small cubby hole near the entrance, just wide enough to admit a human body, and through which a ladder projected.

As the policemen pushed their way through the inky blackness, the negro chattered fearfully: "Lookout, white-folks, you'll step on her."

Negro's Manner Arouses Suspicion.

He was unable to readily locate the position of the body. His wild and excited manner instantly roused suspicion when the body was found. The limbs had not grown rigid, and the crimson mass over the wound in the head was still moist.

She had been placed in a corner of the basement, evidently with the intention of concealment. Face downward, the form partly covered by sawdust and shavings, was barely discernible from a distance. In the meager light shed by the lantern the body was hidden completely from view.

The negro, in custody of a uniformed policeman and under arrest, was carried to the office on the third floor. A thorough search was made of the basement. The two notes were first found. One lay within three feet of the corpse. The other some distance further. Both were plainly in view and lay upon the sawdust flooring. A man's handkerchief, crimson with blood, but with no identifying marks, was discovered near the first note.

The victim's handkerchief was found in the trash pile, forty feet away from the spot where lay the body. The hat and parasol were hidden in the pit of the elevator shaft. No marks of identification were found upon the dead girl. Her mesh bag, containing a few dollars in change, was missing, and has not yet been found. A plain gold bracelet adorned her left wrist. It was splotted with blood and was bent and battered. A girl's signet ring, engraved with the lone letter "W," was upon the little finger of the right hand.

The problem identifying the slain girl confronted the police. Rogers, in whose car they were rushed to the scene, volunteered to go for Miss Grace Hicks, an employee of the pencil factory, with whom he was acquainted, and to bring her to the place in the hope that she might recognize the body. Miss Hicks was found at her home, 100 McDonough Road. She got out of bed at 5 o'clock, dressed and came with Rogers to town.

Identifies Corpse and Swoons.

Instantly she viewed the corpse, she swooned. Upon being revived, she revealed the dead girl's identity:

“She is Mary Phagan, and she lives at 146 Lindsay street,” she said. “She and I have been working together at the same machine. She was the best girl I knew, and a purer child never lived.”

The negro watchman was brought to the basement. His story was to the effect that he had entered through the cubby hole at 3:15 o'clock on his hourly round. Usually, he said, he went into the basement but seldom. At the time the body was discovered, according to his story, he did not intend to go through the place, but only half way.

Going into a toilet, which is situated some twenty feet from the recess in which the body was discovered, he says he remained therein for several minutes, leaving his lantern sitting outside. Upon emerging, he declares the light fell upon the partly hidden form of the dead girl.

Elevating his lantern, the negro peered more closely at the object. Gradually, he discerned in the dim, weird light, the outlines of a human form. Thinking some one was trying to play a prank on him, he advanced upon the body. Still suspecting a joke, he reached down and caught an arm in his hand. It was limp and human. The negro screamed and fled for the ladder leading to the first floor.

He declared he had heard no screams at any time of the night, and that no one, of his knowledge, had entered the building since the closing hour. He stated further that he had made hourly inspection of the building.

Accused Negro Irritable.

Lee is a middle-aged negro, black, thick-lipped and hazy-eyed. All during the day he was nervous and irritable. He is married, and had been at work with the pencil factory for only three weeks. The charge against him at police headquarters is suspicion, under which he will be detained until the mystery is cleared.

He was forced to show his discovery in pantomime. All lights were cut out of the basement, the single entrance to the rear was shut tight, and the only illumination was the lantern he carried at the time. A detective was stretched upon the spot where the body was found. While a small assemblage of detectives, police officials and reporters stood about the basement in hushed groups, the negro, alone, descended the ladder from the cubby hole, swinging his lantern. His step was faulty, and he missed the lower rung.

Slowly and deliberately, he walked to the closet. Sitting the lantern outside the small inclosure [sic], he entered, emerging quickly. The rays of light barely fell upon the form of the detective lying in the sawdust. It was barely distinguishable. The watchman picked up the light, held it aloft and peered at the prostrate sleuth in exactly the manner he had previously described. With wavering step he advanced upon the spot, caught the detective's right wrist in a tremulous hand, and said:

“There now, white folks. That’s exactly how it happened.”

The belief of detectives is that the girl was drugged before being carried into the factory. Before returning home as she intended, they believe, she met with one or more acquaintances, presumably men acquainted with the pencil plant. She was enticed away, it is advanced, drugged, as is shown by Skipper’s story, and led in the direction of Forsyth street.

It is suggested that she was lured into the building from the Forsyth street entrance. The deed, apparently, was committed upon either the first or second floor. No blood or marks of scuffle can be found, however, on either. When the girl resisted the efforts of her captors, she was choked into submission.

Choked With Undergarments.

The detectives believe that it was at this point where the girl’s screams were heard by the Woodward negro. The garrote with which she was choked were two strips torn from her underclothing and knotted together. She was a strong girl, and undoubtedly fought tigerishly. Dr. John W. Hurt, who performed the examination upon her body, asserted his opinion that it was a task for more than one man to overpower her, which, to a degree, substantiates the theory that there were more than one connected with the crime.

Criminal assault was committed upon the victim. Such is the opinion of detectives and medical experts. The deed committed, according to the theory of the police, the fiends, anxious to seal their victim’s lips forever, choked her to death, made sure she was dead by the blow in the head, then secreted her corpse in the cellar.

The body was lowered through the hole by the rope found looped around the girl’s neck. This, also, was a task for more than one man. Her weight was estimated at 150 pounds or more. The form was dragged the distance of 100 feet from the ladder to the recess upon the face. A trail was in the sawdust showing the path made by the body.

The rear door, leading to an alleyway to which entrance is gained from West Hunter street, was forced open. The staple holding the lock was prized off. The murderers, upon ridding themselves of the body, were too frightened to return upstairs and to emerge from the factory through the Forsyth street entrance. Instead they fled through the safer exit in rear of the building.

The mystery is baffling. Chief Beavers, in a talk to each of the three police watches, instructed every man of the uniform department to lend his every effort in running down Miss Phagan’s slayers. A small army of detectives have been assigned to the case. Never before has such a dastardly crime stirred the city.

All day Sunday thousands flocked to the undertaking establishment to view the dead girl. The Constitution's exclusive story on the tragedy, told in an extra that was issued at daybreak, spread the news like wildfire. In every respect it is one of the most horrible crimes of local police records.

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Mullinax Held in Phagan Case

April 28, 1913

Atlanta Constitution

Former Street Car Conductor Arrested as He Leaves the Home of His Sweetheart on Bellwood Avenue.

As he was leaving the home of his sweetheart, Miss Pearl Robertson [sic], on Bellwood avenue, early last night, Arthur Mullinax, a strikingly handsome youth, was arrested by Detective Rosser and carried to police headquarters. He is being detained under suspicion of having been implicated in the slaying of Mary Phagan.

E. R. Sentell, a resident of 82 Davis street, came to the office of Detective Chief Lanford Sunday afternoon and was closeted with that official for considerable while. When he left the office it was learned that he had told the chief he had seen Mullinax and the dead girl together shortly after midnight Sunday.

Sentell's story, according to the detectives, was that as he was walking along Forsyth street about 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning, he encountered Mullinax and Miss Phagan walking slowly across Hunter street in the direction of the pencil factory in which she was killed. He recognized both, he said, as they crossed under the street lamps.

Mullinax Given Third Degree.

Chief Lanford also declares that he has other information to the effect that Mullinax was seen with Miss Phagan in the vicinity of the National factory near midnight. Mullinax was brought immediately to headquarters, and at 9 o'clock was subjected to a rigid third degree in the office of Chief Lanford.

First he was quizzed by the Detective chief, by Chief Beavers, then by a number of detectives acquainted with the mysterious tragedy. He told a straight-forward story throughout, however, maintaining that he had spent the early part of Saturday night in

company with Miss Robertson, the woman whose home he had just left when arrested, and that they had come uptown to a theater.

He and Miss Robertson returned to her home before 10:30 o'clock, he declared, following which time, he went to his boarding place at 60 Poplar street, retiring for the night. He knew nothing of the murder, he asserted, until reading of it in The Constitution's extra Sunday morning. He also stoutly maintained that he was not intimately acquainted with the dead girl—that he had never been introduced to her, and had spoken to her only once during his life.

[several words missing] who talked with him at police station, Mullinax told a story coinciding with the one he told the detectives. He had not been uptown after 10:30 o'clock Saturday night, he said, but upon leaving the home of Miss Robertson he had gone to his own residence.

She Was "Sleeping Beauty."

The only time he had ever been in Miss Phagan's company, he stated, was last Christmas, when she played a role in a holiday entertainment given in the Jefferson Street church, on Jefferson street. He also took part in the performance. The girl played "Sleeping Beauty." He was favorably impressed with her looks. She was adjudged the most beautiful girl of the neighborhood, and was a favorite among her friends.

"I couldn't keep my eyes off her," he said. "She noticed it, and, while I was standing near her, she remarked that I looked good with my face blacked. I played a black-face part. I turned to her and replied that 'I'd keep my face blacked all the time, then.'" That was all we said. I was never with her after that."

Mullinax is an ex-street car conductor. He was working as substitute conductor on the English avenue belt line which traverses the part of town in which the slain girl lived with her parents. Detectives aver that they have evidence to the effect that he was well acquainted with Miss Phagan, and that they were good friends during his street car career. Also, that they were often seen talking together as she rode his car to and from her house to her work in the pencil plant.

The prisoner is a frank, outspoken youth. He is 28 years old, dark-haired, quick-witted and straight-limbed. He is 6 feet tall, and rapid of speech. Since he was discharged from the street railway service because of injuries he received in a recent trolley car accident, he has been employed with the Merchants' Towel Supply company.

Shut Off From World.

He has been confined to a single cell. No one is permitted to see him and explicit orders have been given by Chief Lanford that he is allowed to communicate with no one. He is vindictive toward the men who accuse him of having been with Miss Phagan on the

night she was slain. Once he exclaimed bitterly to the reporters who questioned him, after he had emerged from the strenuous third degree:

“Anybody who says I was with her Saturday night, or any other night, is a d—d liar!”

He evidently is not perturbed over imprisonment. Sitting in the detectives’ quarters, he leaned his chair against the wall, rested a foot upon a nearby stool and expressed confidence that he would be freed. Not 20 feet away sat the negro watchman, also under arrest on suspicion of having been implicated in the murder.

Not a sign of recognition flashed between the white youth and negro. The latter sat silently, handcuffed to his chair, nervous, irritable, constantly tapping his fingers against the chair arm. He frankly answered questions put to him, reiterating over and over:

Negro Makes Denial.

“Honest, white folks, I don’t know nothing about it, except that I found the body. Honest to God, that’s all!”

Chief Lanford said to the reporters when he had finished quizzing Mullinax, that the youth stood the ordeal remarkably. “I’m not satisfied, one way or the other,” he asserted, “but I think it will be best to hold Mullinax for a more thorough investigation. Suspicion is very strong against him because of the testimony of the men who declare they saw him with the girl.”

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Coroner’s Jury Visits Scene of Murder and Adjourns Without Rendering Verdict

Atlanta Journal

April 28, 1913

Will Meet Again Wednesday Morning When Witnesses Will Be Examined—Five Hundred People Present When Inquest Was Begun

For an hour Monday morning a jury empaneled by Coroner Paul Donahue [sic] groped through dark basement passageways and first floor rooms in the factory of the National Pencil company hunting for evidence that would aid them in reaching a verdict as to who murdered pretty Mary Phagan. At the end of their hunt the body adjourned. They will meet again Wednesday morning at 9 o’clock to continue their investigation.

Many witnesses who can throw a light on the actual crime, the actions of the dead girl or of the suspects under arrest will be examined then. It is probable, also, that the prisoners now held in jail also will testify.

The jury met at P. J. Bloomfield's undertaking chapel, 84 South Pryor street, shortly after 10 o'clock. It was composed of these: J. C. Hood, Clarence Langford, Glenn Dewberry, Homer C. Ashford, John Miller and C. Y. Sheets. Mr. Ashford was foreman.

The first official act of the jury was to view the remains of the 14-year-old girl. Behind closed doors the coroner's talesmen inspected the fatal wounds and bruises on the girl's body.

No witnesses were called. One or two who had been told by the police to be present when excused and told to report again Wednesday morning. They and many others probably will be heard at that time.

A throng of 500 persons had gathered at the undertaking parlors to hear the inquest. They were excluded by the police and when the jury, headed by Coroner Donahue [sic], finally left the funeral parlors for the scene of the murder, the investigators had to elbow and shoulder their way across a crowdbanked sidewalk.

Every inch of ground, every thing that has been mentioned in connection with the case were examined by the jurors in the pencil factory.

They were accompanied by three or four policemen on their tour, and the many details of the mystery given them to unravel, if possible. Once in their investigation a lantern was placed on the spot on the basement floor where Newt Lee, negro night watchman, says another lantern was sitting when he discovered the body. Apparently there was doubt in the minds of some of the jurors as to whether or not it would be possible for one standing where the negro said he stood to see a body. What the consensus of opinion among the investigators was is not known, however.

Shovels, tools, pieces of wood and other objects lying in the basement were examined for evidence that there had been possible weapons in the attack upon the girl. The search along this line was fruitless.

The jury viewed the machine room in the second story, upon the floor of which blood stains were found Monday morning. They saw the lathe to which a few strands of hair were found clinging by a workman. They visited the lavatory and several other rooms in the building. At the conclusion of the search no juror expressed an opinion. They will reserve their judgment until the conclusion of the inquest. This probably will be on Wednesday. ^v vi

J. M. Gantt is Arrested on His Arrival in Marietta; He Visited Factory Saturday

Atlanta Journal

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Gantt Protests His Innocence, Declaring He Knows Nothing of the Crime — Says He Went to Factory Saturday to Get Pair of Shoes Left There—His Statement is Confirmed by Superintendent Frank

DECLARES HE KNEW MARY PHAGAN BUT HAD NOT HARMED HER

It Is Not Known What Was Purpose of His Visit to Marietta Monday —His Whereabouts Sunday Not Yet Explained —Story of His Arrest and What He Says

J. M. Gantt, who was discharged three weeks ago from the position of bookkeeper at the National Pencil company, was arrested shortly before noon Monday at Marietta in connection with the murder of Mary Phagan.

He is the man for whom the police were searching during Monday morning, but whose name they refused to divulge. He was arrested by Bailiff Hicks, of Marietta, just as he stepped from a street car in which he had come from Atlanta.

Gantt protests his innocence, and says that he knows nothing whatever of the murder of Mary Phagan. He admits having gone to the factory of the National Pencil company on Saturday afternoon for shoes that he had left there, but denies that he returned to the factory or was with Mary Phagan at any time during the day.

In a brief statement which he had made at Marietta he said that he knew the murdered girl, but that they were not intimate friends. He explained that after getting the pair of shoes from the factory, he went home and remained there during the night, and that he had no knowledge of the murder until Sunday morning.

It is not known what he did on Sunday, and his visit to Marietta is unexplained. He took the street car from Atlanta, and was arrested as he arrived at Marietta by Bailiff Hicks, who had been notified that Gantt was wanted by the Atlanta police.

Superintendent Frank, of the National Pencil factory, corroborates Gantt's story about the visit Saturday afternoon to the factory. He says that about 6 o'clock in the evening,

Gantt came to the factory and asked permission to get an old pair of shoes that he had left there before his discharge.

PERMISSION GRANTED.

The negro night watchman, Newt Lee, asked the superintendent whether Gantt should be permitted to get the shoes, and the permission was granted. But when the superintendent had reached home about 7:30 o'clock, he grew uneasy. He telephoned to the office to know when Gantt left, and Newt Lee, the watchman, answered that the bookkeeper took his departure immediately after getting the shoes.

This is all that officials or employees of the factory know of Gantt's movements, and the police gave little further information.

When they learned on Monday morning that Gantt had visited the pencil factory on the day of the murder and that he was an acquaintance of Mary Phagan's they immediately set out to find him.

Two detectives, accompanied by an employee of the factory who knew Gantt, went to the Terminal station searching for him, and the hunt for the bookkeeper was carried on in other parts of the city. But until he was arrested at Marietta by Bailiff Hicks, nothing had been seen of the bookkeeper who the police believe can throw light on the murder of the fourteen-year-old girl.

Detective Hazelitt has gone to Marietta to bring Gantt to Atlanta.

Following closely upon the arrest of J. M. Gantt, discharged bookkeeper of the National Pencil company, in Marietta, Monday morning, Deputy Sheriff Hazelett, armed with a warrant charging the man with the crime, took him in charge and placed him in the Marietta jail. The warrant was sworn out in Atlanta by Detective Ozburn, of the local police force.

While Gantt is incarcerated, Hazelett is making further investigations, the nature of which he declines to divulge. He intimated, however, that still further developments might be expected. When he has completed his investigation, he will return to Atlanta with the prisoner. ^{vii} ^{viii}

Man Held for Girl's Murder Avows He Was With Another When Witness Saw Him Last

*Atlanta Journal*Monday, April 28th, 1913*Arthur Mullinax, Trolley Conductor, Denies That E. L. Sentell Saw Him Saturday Night With Mary Phagan*

Arthur Mullinax, identified by E. L. Sentell, of 22 Davis street, clerk for the Kamper Grocery company, as the man whom he saw with Mary Phagan, the murdered girl, at midnight Saturday, vehemently denies any part in the atrocious crime, and declares that he will be able to prove an alibi. Subjected to a quizzing in the office of Chief of Police Beavers, he told an apparently straightforward story of his actions on the night preceding the finding of the body. Investigation of his statement by the police, however, developed discrepancies, they say. He is kept in solitary confinement on a tentative charge of suspicion.

Sentell, who was an acquaintance of the dead girl, told the police that he saw her at Forsythe and Hunter streets with Mullinax at 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning. He said he spoke to her and that the former street car man tipped his hat in response to the salutation.

In the presence of Chief Beavers, Chief of Detectives Lanford, Police Captain Mayo and Detective Black, the clerk and Mullinax were brought face to face. The clerk reiterated his identification. Pointing at the prisoner, he said:

"That is the man who was with the girl last night. I'm positive. There's no doubt about it."

"It's false! It's a lie!" cried the man accused. "I was at home asleep, and I can prove it."

Sentell never wavered in his contention, however.

"WAS WITH ANOTHER."

Mullinax told the police following his arrest Sunday, that he had called on a girl friend, Miss Pearl Robinson, who lives in Bellwood avenue, and later accompanied her to the Bijou theater.

"We came downtown on an English avenue car, got off at Marietta and Forsyth streets, and went directly to the theater. We arrived at about the middle of the first show and left about the middle of the second. Then we boarded a car and I took the girl home. The only time I was near the intersection where Sentell says he saw me with Miss Phagan was when I took the car with Miss Robinson."

A coincidence in the case is the fact that Miss Robinson wore the same kind of a dress and is of the same size and appearance as the murdered girl. Friends of Mullinax declare that this shows that Sentell is mistaken in his identification.

"When we arrived at Miss Robinson's house we talked for awhile," Mullinax said in his cell. "I guess I stayed there for fifteen minutes. Then I went home. I room at 60 Poplar street, in Bellwood. When I got there I gave Mrs. Emma Rutherford, my landlady, a dollar which I owed her. She slipped it under her pillow. I went to bed then, and didn't know of the murder until Sunday morning.

THE VITAL FLAW.

In this part of the suspect's statement the police believe they have picked a vital flaw. Mrs. Rutherford, they say declares that Mullinax did not come home Saturday night and pay her a dollar.

"He gave it to me Saturday at noon," she said.

In his cell at the jail Mullinax is denied to all callers. Although obviously perturbed over his arrest, he had remained cool and has told time and time again the same story of his actions on the night of the crime.

To reporters he said that he had known the murdered girl but casually. He denied that he had become acquainted with her on her frequent rides on his car between the pencil factory and her home. This, also, is in contravention of other testimony in the hands of the police, officials declare. It is said that witnesses have told of frequent conversations between Miss Phagan and Mullinax on the street car of which the suspect was in charge that would not come under the designation of casual acquaintance.

MET AT CHUCH SOCIAL.

"I met her at a social in Western Heights Baptist church last Christmas," said the prisoner. "That is the only time I knew her. Anybody that says I was a good friend of hers, lies. Why, I was never even introduced to the girl. We both took part in the entertainment. She depicted 'Sleeping Beauty' in a playlet. I did a black-face act and sang in a quartet.

"During the show I was standing in the wings waiting for my turn to go on. Miss Phagan came up to me.

"You look fine in black face," she said to me. Then I said, 'Then I'll keep my face black always.' It was a joke," added the alleged murderer as he smiled grimly.

Mullinax said that that was the last time he had seen the girl to talk to her.

“I haven’t been with her since Christmas. I never saw her Saturday night. My arrest is all a horrible mistake, but I’m not worrying much, because the police can’t hold an innocent man long—and I am an innocent man.”

Samples of Mullinax’s handwriting were compared with that of the notes found by the dead girl’s body in the pencil factory basement. The penmanship did not tally.

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Police Think Negro Watchman Can Clear Murder Mystery; Four Are Now Under Arrest

Atlanta Journal

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Developments in Case Have Come Thick and Fast Monday but No Evidence Has Yet Been Developed Which Fixes the Atrocious Crime — Mullinax Seems to Have Proved Alibi

SUPERINTENDENT FRANK AIDS POLICE IN TRYING TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY

He Was Closely Questioned for Several Hours Monday but Left Headquarters in Company With His Attorneys and Friends—Crime Was Committed in Metal Room on Second Floor—Sleeping Compartment Found in Factory Basement

Detectives expect to wring the secret of Mary Phagan’s murder from Newt Lee, negro night watchman at the National Pencil factory, 37-39 South Forsyth street.

Their theory is that he is innocent of the crime itself, but that he knows the murderer of the fourteen-year-old girl, and is shielding the man who strangled Mary Phagan with a piece of hempen cord on Saturday and dragged her body into the pitch black cellar of the factory.

The negro will tell nothing, but from him and from J. M. Gantt, the discharged bookkeeper, detectives expect to draw the story of how Mary Phagan was beaten into unconsciousness, assaulted, and then strangled to death.

FOUR ARE UNDER ARREST.

Four men are under arrest: Lee, the negro night watchman; Gantt, who was discharged three weeks ago by the company; Arthur Mullinax, of 62 Poplar street, and Gordon Bailey, a negro elevator boy at the pencil factory.

L. M. Frank, superintendent of the pencil factory, was questioned by the police, and spent the better part of Monday morning at [the] police station. But he was not placed under arrest, and at noon returned home.

An alibi has practically been established for Mullinax by Jim Rutherford, with whom he boarded, and the police have no direct evidence against Gordon Bailey, the elevator boy.

They are depending upon Newt Lee, the watchman, and upon Gantt, the discharged bookkeeper, for a solution of the mystery which brands the murder of the fourteen-year-old girl.

SLEEPING COMPARTMENT.

An improved cot, fashioned from wooden boxes pushed close together and covered with crocus bags, was discovered in a separate compartment in the basement at the rear end near where the dead body of the girl was found. The compartment which is about eight or ten feet wide runs about half the length of the building and the ground is soggy with dampness.

Just inside, and to the left of the door at the back end, is the cot. In the ground near it were discovered two small footprints, that are believed to be those of a woman. The belief is now that the girl was lured here, assaulted and then murdered and her body dragged to the spot outside where it was found lying face downward in a pool of blood.

Through the discovery of this cot the police are led to believe that it has been used as a place of rendezvous.

The watchman discovered the place Sunday and pointed it out to newspaper men who discovered the tell-tale footprints through the aid of lanterns in the ill smelling, damp and dismal place.

It is the theory of the police that the negro, Newt Lee, knew of the place.

The negro fireman, William Nolle, who has been in the employ of the company for two months, denied most emphatically any knowledge of the existence of the rendezvous.

Investigations Monday morning proved that Mary Phagan was murdered in the metal room, on the second floor of the factory, and that her body was lowered in the elevator to the basement, and was dragged across the oozy, slimy floor of the cellar to the corner where it was found lying face upward between 3 and 4 o'clock Sunday morning.

They are not sure of the time at which the child was murdered, but they believe that she met her death at midnight instead of Saturday afternoon or Saturday evening.

BELIEVES WATCHMAN KNOWS.

The negro night watchman was on duty during the later afternoon and throughout the night, and they are convinced that he must know how the crime was committed. As soon as he can be made to tell his story, detectives believe that they will have the full account of how the girl was murdered.

Blood upon the floor in the metal room, and strands of hair found in the machinery of a lathe, establish the fact that Mary Phagan met her death there instead of in the cellar.

With inhuman ferocity she was attacked, beaten into unconsciousness and her murder completed by the hempen rope twisted about her throat.

Newt Lee, the watchman, remained in the building throughout the night, but he says that he heard no screams, that he knew nothing of the murder in the metal room, and that he neither saw nor heard the murderer as the dead body of Mary Phagan was placed in the elevator, lowered to the cellar, and dragged across the wet damp floor to the corner where it was found.

The police place no belief in his professed ignorance. They think that he must know who murdered the girl and who bore the body to the cellar.

They are also entertaining the theory that the murderer must have had assistance in lowering the body to the basement, and that perhaps the negro watchman lent his aid.

NEGRO KEEPS HIS TONGUE.

The negro's silence has been proof against all questions, but the police are confident that he has the whole story at his tongue's end and that he will eventually clear the mystery.

The third degree for the watchman and an examination of Gantt, the discharged bookkeeper, are the means through which the police mean to discover the murderer of Mary Phagan.

Their efforts Monday morning bore fruit chiefly in the arrest of Gantt, and the discovery of facts which seem to tassure the negro's knowledge of the murder.

They first discovered that the girl had been murdered upon the second floor and her body lowered to the basement; they next found that Gantt had visited the factory on Saturday afternoon, and they finally effected his arrest at Marietta.

SUPERINTENDENT IS QUESTIONED.

Other developments of the day were chiefly random investigations. L. M. Frank, superintendent of the pencil factory, was questioned at [the] police station during the greater part of the morning and stenographic record was kept of his answers. So rigid was this examination that Mr. Frank employed Luther Rosser and Herbert Haas to represent him in his appearance before the police. But no charges were made against him, and at the conclusion of his examination, he returned home.

The coroner's jury met and made a personal investigation of the metal room where Mary Phagan was murdered and the cellar where her body was found. But the examination of witnesses was deferred until Wednesday.

FRANK LEAVES STATION.

At 12:15 o'clock Leo M. Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil company's plant in which fourteen-year-old Mary Phagan was murdered some time Sunday morning, left police headquarters in the company of his lawyers and a number of friends. Before leaving, he had confronted Arthur Mullinax, the street car conductor, whom the police were holding under suspicion, and had declared that he never saw Mullinax before that moment. Also, he had helped the police to clarify the recollections

POLICE THINK WATCHMAN CAN CLEAR MYSTERY

[Continued from page 1]

of Newt Lee, negro night watchman, relative to one incident upon the evening preceding the crime. Lee had told the detectives that J. M. Gantt, formerly a bookkeeper at the plant, calling there Saturday afternoon and being admitted, had stayed in the office only three or four minutes. Under questions by Mr. Frank, the negro said Gantt stayed inside longer than that—long enough to wrap up his old shoes that he had called to get, and to telephone to some girl.

SAW MAN WITH GIRL.

L. T. ("Charley") Hall, in charge of the automobile trucks of the city sanitary department, told the detectives that he took his brother-in-law to the corner of Forsyth and Alabama streets, a block north of the pencil factory, at midnight Saturday to put him aboard the last East Point car. After the car left, Hall entered the soda and cigar establishment on the opposite corner, west side of Forsyth, and while there, at about 12:05 o'clock, he saw a couple going down the street toward the pencil factory. The man, said he, seemed to fit the description given to him of Gantt. He had seen the man before around the plant, said he, when he went there with the sanitary trucks. He had looked on him as some sort of an official. Recently for couple of weeks he had not seen him. He was with

a girl, whose dress reached just to her shoe tops. Hall thinks the girl wore white shoes. He thought no more of it until he read of the murder.

A woman whom no one could identify, called detective headquarters upon the phone Monday morning and asked if Mullinax, the trolley car conductor, was under arrest. Detective Hollingsworth informed her in the affirmative, and asked if she knew anything of the case. She answered, "Yes," said he, but hung up before he could get any further replies from her.

FACTORY IS CLOSED.

Owing to the feeling of unrest and intense excitement that prevailed among the women employees at the National Pencil company's plant Monday morning while detectives were making further investigations into the brutal murder and assault of little Mary Phagan, Assistant Superintendent H. G. Schiff, ordered the machinery stopped and the place cleared for the day.

The girls and women lost no time in getting into their wraps and hats and leaving the scene of the mysterious tragedy that still baffles those investigating the case. All were told, however, to be sure and report on time for work Tuesday morning.

HAIR IS IDENTIFIED.

It is the belief of detectives that an important witness has been discovered in Magnolia Kennedy, the young girl who worked next to Mary Phagan in the metal or pencil tip room. She will testify that the hair found wrapped around a part of a lathe in this department of the factory was that of Mary. L. A. Quinn, foreman of the room, was also positive that the strands of hair had come from the head of the dead girl. Other operatives were of the same opinion but not being in the same part of the place were not so certain.

But the little girl who worked with Mary, said that she was not mistaken. She was asked point blank if she [was sure] the strands came from the head of her companion. "I am positive of it," she said, "and will swear to it if necessary."

While detectives, newspaper men and employees gathered about the lathe little Magnolia tiptoed up close to the machine and stared intently at the golden strands. She shuddered. Awe-stricken women stood away from her. Then her voice broke the silence, "It's Mary's hair," she almost whispered. "I know it."

BLOOD SPOTS FOUND.

Across the room from the lathe, spots of blood were found on the floor near a wooden closet built out from the wall near a door that opened into another department of the factory.

The largest spot was four or five inches in diameter and around it were smaller splatterings. Detectives and Chief of Police Beavers chiseled up shavings of the flooring to get a better light on the wood. An alcohol test was made by dipping the stained piece of wood into the liquid. It was not soluble [sic] as paint or grease would have been, and did not discolor the contents of the glass. This test satisfied the officers that the stains were blood from the body of the murdered girl.

Employers of the factory stated positively that the spots were not there Friday afternoon when the room was swept out.

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Strand of Hair in Machine on Second Floor May Be Clew Left by Mary Phagan

Atlanta Journal

Monday, April 28th, 1913

It's Discovery Leads to Theory That She May Have Been Attacked There and Then Dragged to Factory Basement

The finding of half a dozen strands of hair in the cogs of a steel lathe in the metal room on the second floor of the National Pencil company's factory and the discovery of blood splotches on the floor, early Monday morning, aroused the belief that this was the scene of the murder of fourteen-year-old Mary Phagan, Sunday morning. There were no other evidences of a death struggle here, but there was little in the room that could have been disturbed by a combat.

The hair is of the same shade as that of the murdered girl.

A cunning effort has been made to conceal the blood stains on the floor by the smearing of some kind of a powder over the surface. A single drop of congealed blood was found, however, by a Journal reporter, and a further investigation revealed more.

In the absence of contradictory evidence, it is now the belief that the girl was killed in this room and her body then dragged in the opening in the first floor, where it was lowered to the basement. This tends to implicate more than one murderer, as she weighed nearly 150 pounds.

CALLED THERE FOR PAY?

Miss Phagan formerly worked in the very room in which she is believed to have met death. She and four other girls were employed there in manufacturing the metal caps which fasten the rubber erasers to the ends of pencils.

On last Tuesday, because of a shortage in material, she and her companions were laid off by L. A. Quinn, foreman of the shop. They were to return to work when metal arrived.

On Friday, Foreman Quinn endeavored to locate Miss Phagan and her three companions. He wanted to tell them to call for their pay on Friday, as Saturday, the regular payday, was a holiday. Owing to the fact that the dead girl could not be reached by telephone, she was not notified of the change in payday, and on Saturday she went to the factory expecting to get her money.

What she did after her arrival has not yet been determined by the police.

Miss Phagan was the stepdaughter of J. W. Coleman. Her mother was prostrate with grief on Sunday when, after spending a sleepless night, worrying over her daughter's unexplained absence, she was told that the girl was the victim of one of the most atrocious murders in the criminal history of Atlanta. Sunday night she became hysterical, and physicians were summoned.

The girl also has three brothers. Two live in Atlanta, and one joined the navy but six months ago.

NEGRO FOUND BODY.

Newt Lee, negro night watchman, discovered the body of the girl at 3:30 o'clock Sunday morning. He called the police, who hastened to the scene [sic] in an automobile. The black met the machine and told an almost incoherent story of how he had stumbled on the body in the darkness of the basement. His manner aroused immediate suspicion in the minds of the officers, and he was later taken into custody. He denies knowledge of the crime, however.

The limbs of the corpse [sic] had grown rigid, but the blood which had flowed from the deep wound on the girl's head was still damp.

Other evidences of murder were all about. The handkerchief of the victim was found forty feet away. It was saturated with blood. Another handkerchief—a man's—was found beside the body. It too, was soaked in blood.

A hat and a parasol, later identified as belonging to the murdered girl, were found in the elevator shaft.

MESH HANDBAG MISSING.

Her mesh handbag, said to have contained a few dollars in cash and valueless personal effects, was missing, however, though she was said to have taken it from home with her.

On her wrist was a plain gold bracelet. It was bent, and was splashed with blood. Upon a finger of her left hand was a small signet ring upon which was engraved "W."

It was 6 o'clock Sunday morning before the girl was identified. Miss Grace Hicks, one of the girls employed in the factory, was brought to the scene in an automobile. She swooned as soon as she saw the senseless form and battered face of her former companion.

"It's Mary Phagan," she sobbed a moment later, "Poor Mary!"

A few hours later detectives reached the conclusion that the girl had been dragged before the murder, either while in the factory or before her arrival there. An examination showed that a criminal assault had preceded the homicide.

A crude garrotte, manufactured of two strips of underclothing torn from the girl's body, had been used to choke her. Apparently it had been placed about her neck and then twisted.

One of the theories of the police is that the girl and her later murderer (or murderers) entered the building through the Forsyth street entrance, and that the perpetrators of the crime left through a rear door. This theory is borne out by the fact that a door permitting egress through an alley to West Hunter street was forced open. The staple holding the lock was torn from the woodwork.

HANDWRITING NOT KNOWN.

Efforts to identify the penmanship of the notes found by the dead girl's side failed. Samples of her handwriting, of Mullinax's and of that of the negro watchman, all failed to agree with it. If either of the men wrote the messages they successfully disguised their handwriting; if the girl really did write the missives, she did so in the throes of approaching death. One of the notes was penciled on an order blank of the factory.

NEGRO'S STORY UNSHAKEN.

Newt Lee, negro nightwatchman, held as a suspect in solitary confinement, denied absolutely any knowledge of the crime. Without weakening or changing his first statements, in any way, the black stood several severe grillings at the hands of the police Sunday. His story was not shaken.

Accompanied by reporters and detectives, he was taken Sunday to the basement in the pencil factory where he discovered the remains of the pretty girl. In pantomime he reenacted the finding of the body.

A detective lay on the floor in the exact spot where the body was found. The lights were turned out and the negro told to depict his actions earlier in the morning. While the small audience looked on, the black descended the ladder through the trap door outside. He remained there a few moments and then walked over to the side of the detective.

“That’s the way it happened,” he said. The police admit that the negro’s tale of the finding of the body is plausible and possible.

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10,000 Throng Morgue to See Body of Victim

The Atlanta Georgian

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Coroner’s Jury inspects remains and scene of tragedy, then waits until Wednesday

Lying on a slab in the chapel of the Bloomfield undertaking establishment, with the white throat bearing the red marks of the rope that strangled her, the body of Mary Phagan was viewed by thousands this morning.

No such gathering of the morbidly curious has ever before been seen in Atlanta. More people were attracted than by any crime in the history of the city. The crowds came in droves, and a steady procession passed before the slab on which lay the little body. Old men and young men, women with babies in their arms and women who tottered with age, little friends of the dead child and little children who had been raised in the arms of their mothers before they could see the white faces of their dead playmate — crowded into the little chapel.

Crowd Before Daybreak

Long before daylight the crowd began to form in front of the undertaking establishment. By 6 o'clock several hundred had come, and were awaiting with tense eagerness for the opening of the doors. Factory girls and laboring men, passing on their way to work, were caught by the lure of the tragedy and crowded into the line. A number of fashionably dressed women alighted from their automobiles, and with veils drawn over their faces pressed against the plate glass windows of the chapel.

By 8 o'clock there were more than 1,000 persons gathered around the morgue. The jam at the doorway was so great that extra policemen were called. When the doors were opened the crowd was permitted to pass in one by one and view the form.

An old man, who had known the Phagan family for years and had rocked the dead child on his knees, was the first to view the remains. For more than three minutes he stood with bared head beside the body.

It is estimated that 10,000 people have viewed the body of the child since it was found in the basement of the building on Forsyth Street. All day yesterday thousands of people crowded into the little chapel, and P.J. Bloomfield declared that no less than 4,000 persons entered his place during the day.

This morning the crowd was even greater, and since 6 o'clock it is estimated that between 6,000 and 7,000 have passed in silent review before the dead child.

Inquest Is Begun

At 10 o'clock, when Coroner Donehoo began the inquest, the chapel was cleared of the spectators and the body of the child removed to a private room. The men impaneled to inquire into the death of the child were:

Homer C. Ashford, foreman; John Miller, J.C. Hood, C.Y. Sheets, Glenn Dewberry and Clarence Langford.

No witnesses were examined this morning by the Coroner's jury. The six men viewed the remains and were shown by physicians the manner in which the child met her death, after which they visited the plant of the National Pencil Company, where the murder occurred. There they made a thorough examination of the basement where the child's body was found, inspected the tip plant on this second floor, where the bloody strands of hair were found, and followed the trail of blood through the building to the scene of the crime.

At noon Coroner Donehoo dismissed the jury until Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, when the examination of witnesses will take place. The Coroner refused to give out a list of the persons he had summoned before the jury.

* * *

Arrested as Girl's Slayer

JOHN M. GANT [sic] ACCUSED OF THE CRIME; FORMER BOOKKEEPER TAKEN BY POLICE

Atlanta Georgian

Monday, April 28th, 1913

J. M. Gant [sic], arrested in Marietta for the murder of Mary Phagan, gave to a reporter for The Georgian his story of his actions that led to his arrest. He protested his innocence, and declared he was home in bed at the time the crime is supposed to have been committed.

In striking contradiction to this statement is the assertion of Mrs. F. C. Terrell, of 284 East Linden Street, where Gant said he slept Saturday night, that she had not seen Gant in three weeks.

"I watched the Memorial Day parade in Atlanta," said Gant, as he sat in the Marietta police station, "and after the parade was mostly over I went out to the ball game. After the game I remembered that I had left some old shoes at the pencil factory, and decided to go over and get them. I went over there at 6 o'clock and Superintendent Frank let me in.

"He told the negro watchman to help me find my shoes, and both of them saw me get them and also saw me leave the building.

"Then I went back to town and met Arthur White, who is employed in the pencil factory, O.G. Bagley, an employee of the Atlanta Milling Company, and Bagley's brother. With them I played pool in the Globe pool parlor on Broad Street until 10:30 o'clock, and then I caught a car and went home.

"Yes, I knew the girl. I knew Mary Phagan quite well, but I swear to you I had not seen her since I left the plant as an employee three weeks ago. I am innocent and developments will prove it."

Gant answers the description of the man Edgar L. Sentell says he saw with the Phagan girl shortly after midnight to a remarkable degree. He is about six feet tall, of slender

build and dark complexion. His hair is dark and inclined to curl, and he wore a blue suit and a straw hat. He said that he is twenty-four years old and that his name was James, and not John, as Superintendent Frank had stated.

Gant was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Hicks on the 1 o'clock car. He did not appear particularly nervous and was confident that he would be able to demonstrate his innocence, but the detectives with him were equally certain that the slayer had been captured.

Here is told in chronological order the story of the mystery:

1—Mary Phagan, 14 years old, was strangled to death in the National Pencil Co.'s factory, 37 South Forsyth Street.

2—Newt Lee, negro night watchman, found her body in the basement a little after 3 o'clock Sunday morning and notifies the police. He was arrested.

3—Arthur Mullinax, identified by E. S. Sentell, 82 Davis Street, as the man who was with Mary Phagan at 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning, was arrested Sunday afternoon and is held in solitary confinement at police headquarters.

4—Leo M. Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil Co.'s factory, was summoned to police headquarters this morning and detained there to tell what he knows of the girl and of her terrible fate.

5—Hair, tangled and matted, but identified positively as the dead girl's, was found clinging to a lathe on the third floor of the factory, which leads the police to believe that someone who had access to the factory is responsible for the crime.

6—Geron Bailey, the negro elevator boy employed in the factory, was also arrested.

7—E. S. Skipper, 224½ Peters Street, says he saw a girl answering the description of Mary Phagan being forced to accompany three flashily dressed youths, who took her to Whitehall, near Mitchell Street, at about 10 o'clock Saturday night. The girl was weeping and seemed weak and dazed.

8—When the girls employed at the National Pencil Co.'s factory assembled for work this morning they were so upset and excited from reading of the murder of Mary Phagan that the factory had to be closed.

9—J. M. Gant, former bookkeeper in the pencil factory, arrested in Marietta and accused of the murder.

10—Gant tells The Georgian he was home and in bed at 28 East Linden Avenue when the crime occurred. His land lady says he has not been there in three weeks.

* * *

Chief and Sleuths Trace Steps in Slaying of Girl *Atlanta*
Georgian

Monday, April 28th, 1913

In the room where Mary Phagan was attacked and paid out her young life to the brutality of her assailant, across the floor where her limp form was dragged, down the stairs and down through the square trap-door into the dirty basement where her body was found, Chief of Police Beavers and two detectives trailed, step by step, every move of the girl's murderer to-day.

Determined that not a clew should be overlooked in the efforts to fix guilt upon the man or men that took the young girl's life, the Chief and his aides began at the very spot in the tip plant in the rear of the second floor where the bloodstains and the strands of matted hair indicated that the girl had put up such a desperate fight for her life and honor.

Curious Crowd About Factory.

Meanwhile the surging crowd of curiosity seekers on the outside of the building would be restrained, and that with the excitement of the employees made it necessary to close down the factory for the day.

Excited men in the throng, morbidly curious or filled with wrath at the inhuman deed, forced their way into the building and refused to turn back. A detective had an encounter with one insistent man who would not leave the building.

Inside the building the nervous tension of the employees was apparent in every department. With the ghost of the terrible crime stalking about, they could not work. After several hours of ineffectual work, the foreman saw that the girls and other employees were so wrought up over the tragedy that it was useless to keep them in the building longer. They were told to go.

Chief Beavers and the detectives, confident that they had established beyond doubt that the crime was committed inside the building by some one who had access, continued their painstaking and minute inspection.

Bloodstains on Floor.

They demonstrated that the stains on the floor were not of red paint, but were of blood. Had the stains been paint, they would have been soluble in alcohol. But when the alcohol was applied the tell-tale splotches only grew the brighter.

Added to this convincing evidence, the Chief had the testimony of employees in the building that these stains were not there Saturday when the building was cleaned up for the week. They must have come some time between Saturday and the time that they were discovered this morning. For the purpose of conclusive analysis, the Chief had pieces of the floor chiseled up and taken to headquarters.

The detectives believe they have solved the manner in which the assailant made his escape from the building. A staple in the rear door of the basement was found drawn entirely from the wood. The door is a sliding affair and the way in which the staple was pulled out leads to the belief that it was accomplished from the inside.

The theory is still held that the murderer gained entrance through a regular doorway and that the night-watchman, Newt Lee, could tell something of the circumstances if he wished.

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Gant [sic] Was Infatuated With Girl; at Factory Saturday *Atlanta Georgian*

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Gant [sic] was arrested on a warrant sworn out, in Judge Powers' court, charging him with murder.

Gant was last seen before his arrest at 8:45 this morning by Herbert Schiff, assistant superintendent of the factory. A few minutes later he was on a car bound for Marietta.

The officers in Marietta were notified by telephone and were on the watch for a man answering Gant's description.

The detectives began to spread their nets for Gant on significant stories coming from half a dozen different sources.

All were to the effect that Gant had tried on many occasions to pay attentions to the little girl, and that his infatuation for her was evident even in the factory.

Gant was employed as shipping clerk for some time with the pencil company, but left three weeks ago Saturday. He was seen Friday and Saturday, the latter time by Superintendent Leo M. Frank, from whom he asked permission to go into the factory to get a pair of shoes he had left. Then he was seen again this morning near the factory, while the detectives were looking in another part of the city for him.

The fact that he had been seen about the factory Friday and Saturday was recalled by employees when his name was mentioned in the case.

Herbert Schiff, assistant superintendent of the factory, was sitting at his desk in a front office on the second floor to-day when he saw Gant come out of a near-beer saloon [1 word illegible]

GANT, SUSPECT, ENAMORED OF MARY PHAGAN

(Continued from Page One.)

the way and hurry down Forsyth Street toward Alabama Street. He was dressed in a blue suit and wore a straw hat. He carried a package under his arm.

Detective Starnes was notified, but by the time he had taken up the trail, Gant had disappeared. Officers were dispatched to the railway stations and to the Marietta Street cars to thwart him if he had any thoughts of escaping.

E. F. Holloway, timekeeper at the factory, said that he was aware of Gant's infatuation for the girl, but did not know that she accepted his attentions at all.

Gant had told him, he said, that he had been greatly attracted by Mary Phagan and had walked home with her and had been with her on other occasions.

Mary Pirk, a girl who worked near Mary Phagan in the pencil factory, said to-day that she knew the murdered girl well and that she had heard her girl companions talking a number of times of Gant's infatuation for the Phagan girl.

She had heard, she said, that Gant frequently walked home with her and paid her other attentions.

Police detectives, after an all-forenoon conference with Leo Frank, permitted the factory superintendent to go. One result of the conference, however, was to get an important admission from Newt Lee, the negro night watchman, who is being held as a material witness.

Gant Admitted to Factory Saturday.

Mr. Frank told the detectives that after leaving the factory Saturday evening he called up Lee and asked if Gant, who had asked permission of Frank a few minutes before to get his shoes in an upstairs room had left the building yet. The negro answered that Gant had obtained his shoes and left the building within ten minutes.

This noon, however, Attorneys Luther Rosser and Herbert Haas, who were representing Superintendent Frank, went to Lee's cell after the conference in the detectives' office had concluded and questioned him sharply in regard to Gant.

After catching him in a misstatement, they induced him to admit that his first testimony in regard to the time Gant was in the building was misleading. He thought that Gant was there 20 minutes or half an hour.

He added the remark, which is regarded as highly important that Gant, while in the building, called on and talked to some girl.

Recent Movements a Mystery.

The case against Gant is made stronger by the mystery surrounding his movements during the past three weeks. Mrs. F. C. Terrell, of 284 East Linden Avenue, with whom Gant has been boarding, told a Georgian reporter this morning that three weeks ago today Gant packed up all his belongings and left her house, telling her he had secured a good position in California and was going there at once.

Gant's object in telling the California trip story to Mrs. Terrell is unknown, but detectives consider his movements during the three weeks that have elapsed since then a strong link in the chain of evidence that is being woven about him.

Mrs. Terrell said she had not received any word from Gant, and supposed he was in California. She considered his silence unusual, because hitherto whenever Gant had been away from home, for even a day or two, he had always sent postcards or a letter.

Mrs. Terrell also declared that Gant had known the Phagan family in Marietta, where Mary Phagan lived for a number of years. Gant has been living with the Terrell family for seven years. Up to four or five years ago the Terrells were neighbors of the Phagans in Marietta, and little Mary often played around the Terrell home. It was there that Gant became acquainted with her, Mrs. Terrell said. Gant is about 22 years old.

Strange Notes Increase Mystery.

A few inches from the body were found two remarkably strange notes. These notes, incoherent and almost illegible, only serve to increase the mystery. Detectives declared there was no doubt that these notes were written by the murderer and were a feeble and tragically grotesque effort at a ruse. They purport to have been written by the girl,

and the wording would seem to indicate that she had written them after she was in the throes of death.

“A tall, black negro did this,” is the substance of the two notes.

The police were notified by the janitor, and several officers were quickly on the scene, immediately starting a thorough investigation.

After finding that all of the doors and windows to the building were securely fastened, the police took Newt Lee into custody on suspicion, believing that he could throw light on the tragedy. Lee carried the keys to the building, but protested that he had admitted no one to the building and that he had no idea that any one had been inside until he found the body.

Detectives are certain that the negro can explain the mystery of how the girl found her way into the building, even if he did not actually commit the murder.

Negro Pleads Total Ignorance.

The negro's sole statement to detectives since his arrest has been:

“I didn't know nothing about it until I found the body.”

Detectives, however, declare the locked doors and windows render this statement unreasonable.

The negro was put through a grilling examination time and again Sunday and last night, but no amount of questioning could induce him to change his “know nothing” statement. To every question he replied:

“I don't know nothing about it.”

Detectives are sure the negro has not told all he knows, and will hold him until the mystery is cleared.

The theory that the crime was the work of a negro held full sway and was assiduously followed by detectives until Sunday afternoon, when E. L. Sentell, of 82 Davis Street, a clerk for the Kamper Grocery Company, divulged the information that he saw Mary Phagan at Forsyth and Hunter Streets Sunday morning, about 12:30 o'clock, in company with Arthur Mullinax. He said they were walking in the direction of the pencil factory, which is but a few doors from this corner. Sentell knew the Phagan girl, and said he spoke to her as he passed.

Since then detectives have been working on both theories—that the crime was committed by a negro and that it was the job of a white man and that the negro watchman is an accomplice in that he knew of it.

This gave a new angle to the mystery and set detectives on the trail of Mullinax, who was found late in the afternoon and placed under arrest on suspicion.

Gant was arrested as he alighted from a street car from Atlanta, carrying a suitcase. He was taken by Deputy Sheriff Hicks, to the office of Sheriff Swanson, where he was questioned and the contents of the suitcase examined.

Chief of Police Goodson, of Marietta, said this afternoon that Gant expressed surprise when arrested, but didn't make a statement. Gant, it was stated, was extremely nervous when he got off the car, and was evidently expecting something to happen. When Hicks accosted him and placed him under arrest, Gant turned pale and stammered that there must be some mistake.

Gant in Saloon.

Charles W. McGee, of Colonial Hills, a bartender in the saloon of J. P. Hunter, at 38 South Forsyth Street, across the street from the plant of the National Lead Pencil Company, this afternoon said that Gant and another man, whom he did not know, came in his place Saturday night about 10 o'clock.

"Gant and the other man," said McGee, "walked back to the lunch counter and got something to eat, and then Gant came to the bar and said he wanted to leave a pair of shoes with us until Monday morning. I told him he could, and the shoes were placed behind the cigar counter in the front part of the saloon."

While in Hunter's place Gant and the other man appeared to be in a hurry and kept talking earnestly together as though they were planning something.

This morning at 8 o'clock Gant, looking like he had not had much sleep, came into the Hunter saloon and got his shoes. He talked to McGee for a moment at the cigar counter, and they discussed the Phagan murder. McGee jokingly said the police were looking for Gant, and the latter was excited. He stepped quickly to the door and glanced across at the National Pencil Company's building, and then looked hastily up and down Forsyth Street. He then told McGee he was going to Marietta and walked rapidly up Forsyth Street.

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Girl and His Landlady Defend Mullinax

*Atlanta Georgian*Monday, April 28th, 1913

Declaring her belief in the absolute innocence of her sweetheart, Arthur Mullinax, in the murder of Mary Phagan, pretty 16-year-old Pearl Robinson made a pathetic figure as she appeared before Chief of Detectives Lanford this afternoon and accounted for the whereabouts of Mullinax Saturday night up until about 10:30 o'clock.

With Miss Robinson were Mrs. Emma Rutherford, the landlady of Mullinax, and her two sons, Thomas and James, who took up the moves of Mullinax from the time he left Miss Robinson until the next morning, establishing what appears to be a complete alibi. In order to establish the alibi Mrs. Rutherford had to contradict entirely a statement she made last night to the police in which she had said that she knew nothing of where Mullinax was from noon Saturday until Sunday morning.

Call Mullinax "Good Boy."

"Arthur is a good boy," said his loyal little sweetheart.

"I know he would do nothing bad. He was too good and true. He was with me Saturday night from 8 o'clock until nearly 11 o'clock. We went to the Bijou theater together and left before it was over. We got home about 10:30 o'clock.

"Arthur stayed for ten or fifteen minutes, talking to me, and then he started for his rooming house, which is only a short distance from where I live.

"I stayed on the porch a few moments and I could hear him whistling as he went down the street and turned into Poplar Street, where he lives. When the whistle died out, I judged that he had reached home.

"I have known Arthur for about five months and have gone around to different places with him. He always has been kind and good, and a perfect gentleman. I never heard him mention the name of the Phagan girl, except the time he was in an amateur entertainment with her.

"I know he couldn't have committed the crime about which he has been questioned."

Landlady Changes Statement.

Veering directly from her former statements and, in conjunction with Miss Robinson, establishing an apparently unshakable alibi for Mullinax, Mrs. Rutherford told the police detectives that Mullinax had come to her home, 60 Poplar Street, where he roomed, Saturday night shortly before 11 o'clock. She said that she was asleep at the time, but

that her 15-year-old daughter heard Mullinax come in and saw him leave \$1 for a payment on some clothes he was purchasing.

He went to his room and a few minutes later her son, James Rutherford, came in and found him asleep in the bed which they both occupied, according to Mrs. Rutherford.

Thomas Rutherford, another son, went to Mullinax's coat about 11:30 o'clock to get a cigarette. Mullinax was asleep, he said, and he was still asleep at 5 o'clock in the morning, according to James.

Mrs. Rutherford said that her excitement at the presence of the detectives was responsible for her other statement in which she declared she had seen nothing of Mullinax from noon Saturday until Sunday morning.

"I was so confused that I didn't know what I was talking about," she said. In her first statement to the police she said that Mullinax paid her the \$1 Saturday noon and left the house. From this time until Sunday morning, she said, she knew nothing of his whereabouts.

Bed Found in Factory Wall.

Another important discovery was made this morning by detectives who continued their search of the basement of the National Pencil Company's building on Forsyth Street.

Built into the wall on one side of the basement, the police found a secret compartment, in which was a cot, improvised from old boards and a blanket. The footprints of a woman, found near the cot, is evidence that some woman had been in the small room recently. There were also signs of a struggle, the earth in front of the cot being disturbed. Several large footprints, presumably those of a man, were found near the cot.

The coroner's jury was shown this room when it made an investigation of the plant this morning.

Based on the finding of the cot in the secret room, the police have evolved a theory that the room has been used as a rendezvous, and that the negro janitor, Newt Lee, knew of any permitted its use.

Employees Severely Quizzed.

J. A. White, 59 Bonnie Brae Avenue, and Harry Denham, 660 East Fair Street, were put through a severe quiz to-day by the police detectives in an effort to find out if they had any knowledge of the circumstances leading up to the murder.

Both are employees of the pencil company and they were the only workmen in the building Saturday, so far as is known. The others were off because of Memorial Day.

They said they were working on the fourth floor from about 9 o'clock in the morning until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but that they saw no girls about the factory while they were there.

The police are investigating the statement of White, who said he had heard one of the girl employees say that the front doors of the building were seen open at 8:30 o'clock Saturday night. Newt Lee, the negro watchman, who is supposed to keep the doors barred and locked, will be asked to explain this if it is true.

They said they had talked with Leo Frank, the superintendent, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and that he had told them to go at 3 o'clock.

Man Forcing Girl Along.

Charles Hall, of 25 White Oak Street, a chauffeur for the sanitary department, believes that he saw the girl being led by a man toward the pencil factory at about 12 o'clock Saturday night.

He said to-day that he drove his brother and a friend to Alabama and Forsyth Streets at midnight, where they took an East Point street car. He went into a Greek fruit stand nearby and when he came out he was attracted by the sight of a man apparently having trouble in forcing the girl to accompany him.

Hall declares that he would know the man again if he saw him, and will go to headquarters to look at Gant this afternoon.

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Girl's Grandfather Vows Vengeance

Atlanta Georgian

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Standing with bared head in the doorway of his Marietta home, with tears falling unheeded down his furrowed cheeks, W. J. Phagan cried to heaven for vengeance for the murder of his granddaughter, fourteen-year-old Mary Phagan, and vowed that he would not rest until the murderer had been brought to justice.

In a silence unbroken save by the sound of his own sobs and the noise of the gently falling rain, the old man lifted his quavering voice in a passionate plea for the life of the wretch who had lured the little girl into the darkness of a deserted building and strangled her to death. It was an infinite grief—the grief of an old and broken man—that Mr. Phagan expressed when, with hands outspread imploringly, he invoked divine aid in bringing the murderer of the child to justice.

“By the power of the living God,” prayed the old man, his voice rising high and clear above the patter of the rain and the roar of a passing train, “I hope the murderer will be dealt with as he dealt with that innocent child. I hope his heart is torn with remorse in the measure that his victim suffered pain and shame; that he suffers as we who loved the child are suffering. No punishment is too great for the brute who foully murdered the sweetest and purest thing on earth—a young girl. Hanging cannot atone for the crime he has committed and the suffering he has caused.”

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Horrible Mistake, Pleads Mullinax, Denying Crime

Atlanta Georgian

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Arthur Mullinax, identified as the man who was with Mary Phagan at midnight Saturday, a few short hours before her dead body was found, and now a prisoner in solitary confinement at police headquarters, declared to a Georgian reporter that his arrest was a terrible mistake.

He declared that he had never seen the girl except as “the sleeping beauty” in a church entertainment in which both took part last Christmas. Here is his complete story:

“I had absolutely no connection with this affair and have been wrongfully accused. Sentell is horribly mistaken when he says he saw me in company with Mary Phagan shortly after midnight Sunday morning in Forsyth Street. I did not even know the girl—that is, never had been introduced to her—and had never been anywhere with her in my life.

“Sleeping Beauty.”

“I had seen her one time. That was last Christmas at an entertainment given in the Western Heights Baptist Church. We both took part in that entertainment. She played the part of ‘the sleeping beauty,’ and I did a black face act and also sang in a quartet.

“But I was not even introduced to the girl. During the entertainment the girl remarked to me that I was a good black face artist, but this was all that passed between us. I have never been with her at any time since then, much less at midnight.

“As to my movements Saturday night, I can easily explain them. After supper, I called on a girl friend, Miss Pearl Robinson, who lives in Bellwood Avenue, and we came down town on the English Avenue car. We got off the car at Marietta and Forsyth Streets and walked directly across to the Bijou Theater. We saw part of the first show and part of the second, leaving before the performance had concluded. We then boarded a car, and I took Miss Robinson directly to her home.

Slept Soundly.

“I talked with her there about fifteen minutes, I should judge, and, bidding her goodnight, returned to my boarding house at 60 Poplar Street, in Bellwood. On arrival there, I gave Mrs. Emma Rutherford, my landlady, a dollar, for some work done on my clothes.

“Mrs. Rutherford slipped the bill under her pillow, and I went on to my room and went to bed. And I slept soundly until late Sunday morning.

“The only time I was on Forsyth Street Saturday night was when Miss Robinson and I left the car at Forsyth and Marietta Streets and walked across to the Bijou.

“Horrible Mistake.”

“This is absolutely all I know of this affair. I had nothing to do with it, knew nothing of it, and, being a stranger to this dead girl, certainly had no motive for wishing to her out of the way. It’s all a horrible mistake. I’ll have no trouble proving an alibi and showing myself innocent.”

When Mullinax was locked in a cell at 10 o’clock last night, instructions were given that he not be allowed to communicate with anyone.

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“I Could Trust Mary Anywhere,” Her Weeping Mother Says

MRS. COLEMAN PROSTRATED BY CHILD’S DEATH

*Atlanta Georgian*Monday, April 28th, 1913

"No Working Girl Is Safe," She Sobs, Overcome by Her Sudden Sorrow.

Lying on the bed in her little home on Lindsay Street, prostrated with sorrow over the murder of her 14-year-old daughter, Mary Phagan, Mrs. W. J. Coleman sobbed out the pitiful story of how sweet and fresh her child had left home Saturday, and issued a warning to all Atlanta mothers to guard the welfare of their own daughters forced to work for a living.

"There are so many unscrupulous men in the world," she cried. "It's so dangerous for young girls working out. Their every step should be watched. Mothers should question them and ask them about their work and associates and surroundings. They should continually tell them what they ought to do, and how they ought to act under certain circumstances."

Girl Liked Work.

She declared that she never would have permitted Mary to go out to work at the age she did—12 years—if it hadn't been that there were five children in the family and it was absolutely necessary for all of them to earn something toward their support. That was before she married her present husband, Mr. Coleman.

"That was a year ago," said Mrs. Coleman, "and then it wouldn't have been necessary for Mary to work. But she had got into the habit of it and liked it, and I thought she could take care of herself as she always had."

"Oh, the poor baby!" she sobbed. "I did talk to her! I did tell her what to do! I was always telling her! And she took my advice, I know, because she was always so sensible about everything. Besides, she never was a child to flirt or act silly. That's why I know that when she went away with this man who killed her she was either overpowered or he threatened her."

Mrs. Coleman said that girls ought to look out for themselves, too, and never permit any familiarity from men.

"When a girl is pretty," she declared, "naturally she is attractive to men. Mary was pretty, too; and, besides that, she was always happy and in a good humor. She had never stayed out any night before in the two years she had been at work. I could trust her anywhere I knew because she was always so straightforward, and what I thought when she didn't come home was that she had met up with her aunt from Marietta, who was in town, and had gone home with her and had no way to let me know."

Too Young to Know.

She covered her face with her hands.

“And to think that at the time I was thinking that she was in the hands of a merciless brute! Oh, if only Mr. Coleman had happened along the street and found her! They tell me she was crying on a corner at 12 o’clock and this man she was with was cursing her when a policeman came up and asked her what was the matter. She just told him she had got dust in her eye. I guess the reason she didn’t say anything was because she was afraid the man would kill her, and, in fact, just didn’t know what to do. She was too young.”

But with everything, Mrs. Coleman said, it wasn’t possible for a mother to be with a child all the time or to stave off all harm that could come to her with advice.

“Even with the greatest care, it looks like things will happen anyway—we don’t know how or why,” she declared, weeping. “Oh, it’s terrible to think of a young girl coming to her death like that! And she had already started home when this man met her and made her come back to town with him!”

So Young and Bright.

“Often I watched Mary on the car when men would look at her,” Mrs. Coleman said, “but she never paid any attention to them. I think she must have made the man who killed her mad, and that’s why he did it.”

She said that when Mary left the house Saturday she had only intended to go to the pencil factory to draw the little salary that was coming to her—\$1.60.

“If you could only have seen her,” she told the reporter. “She looked so beautiful and so young and so bright! She said she was only going to see the parade before she came home. And look now! I am so sorry for all other young girls working everywhere! To think that they’re all open to the same things, and there is nothing to protect them; it’s so hard on mothers; it’s so hard on everybody. But there doesn’t seem to be any help for it, and that’s the worst part of it all.”

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Lifelong Friend Saw Girl and Man After Midnight *Atlanta*

Georgian

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Edgar L. Sentell, twenty-one years old, a clerk employed in C. J. Kamper's store, and whose home is at 82 Davis Street, was one of the first to give the detectives a hopeful clue to the solution of the hideous mystery.

Sentell, a well-known young man, had known Mary Phagan almost all her life. When she was just beginning to think of dolls with never a thought of dreary factories and the tragedies of life, he used to see her playing in the streets of East Point when her folks lived there. She was a pleasant, cheerful little girl then and her later years—tragically brief—had not changed her. Her light blue eyes laughed at the world in those days with all the roguishness a Georgia country girl's can, and the cares and worries that came when she had to make her own pitiful living had not obliterated their smile.

It was 30 minutes after midnight, when Sentell, going home from his work at Kamper's saw Mary Phagan coming down Forsyth Street near Hunter.

Outside of the stragglers about the cheap hotels in that district, there were few on the streets at that time. The intermittent lights of cheap fruit and soda water stands, the flickering flame of a whistling peanut roaster here and there, added enough light to the dull glow of the city lamps to make pedestrians easily distinguishable.

Mary Phagan, at that hour of the night, was a conspicuous figure. Fourteen-year-old girls on the streets of Atlanta at midnight are not so plentiful that they're not noticed.

Sentell, then, walking south on Forsyth Street saw Mary Phagan approaching him. She was walking at a medium gait on the inside of the pavement.

On the curb side of the pavement parallel with her, keeping step with her, but exchanging no words, walked a tall slender man.

Exchanged "Hellos."

Sentell looked at him more or less casually but sharply enough to describe him later to the detectives.

"Hello, Mary" said Sentell.

"Hello, Edgar" said Mary.

That was all. Sentell kept on his way. The couple, now behind him, were swallowed up in the gloom of Forsyth Street.

To Sentell, Mary Phagan looked as if she was tired or angry. That the man of mystery was her companion he had no doubt. As Sentell described him later to the police:

He was six feet tall or over.

His hair was black and curly and his face, not unattractive, was of dark complexion.

He wore a blue suit and tan shoes and a straw hat.

He was of slender build and appeared to be about twenty-five years old.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning Sentell was on a street car when he heard that a girl named Mary Phagan had been found murdered. He hurried to her home and found his fears were verified. With a boy friend of the victim's sister he hastened to Chief Lanford's office and on his clue the detective department got busy at once.

It is known that Mary Phagan came to the city a few minutes after noon on Saturday and left an English Avenue car at the corner of Broad and Hunter Streets. Motorman W. M. Matthews knew the girl from having had her as a passenger on his car a number of times and says positively that she left his car at the corner of Broad and Hunter Streets and that he saw her walking up Hunter Street in the direction of Forsyth. Conductor W. T. Hollis was in charge of the car that reached the corner of Marietta and Broad at 12:07 o'clock Saturday afternoon and says that he knew the little girl and that she was a passenger on the trip into the city. He was relieved at the corner of Marietta and Broad and does not know anything further about the movements of the child, although he says that he is sure that she was, still on the car when it left the corner going south on Broad Street.

Another Sees Companion.

It was reported to the detectives that Conductor Guy Kennedy of the English Avenue line had admitted having brought a young girl, answering the description of the little victim into the city on his car about 6:45 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and had later seen her in company with a man on the streets. He is said to have furnished the detectives with a description of the mysterious stranger but when seen by a Georgian reporter declined to make any statement other than that he had seen Chief Beavers and that the Chief had asked that he not say anything about it to anyone. He admitted, however, that he had seen the man again yesterday afternoon and the man had told him that he had been out with another girl Saturday night.

Having seen the man at least twice and talked with him once, Kennedy will undoubtedly be able to recognize him.

Neighbors of Slain Girl Cry for Vengeance

Atlanta Georgian

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Slaying of Mary Phagan Arouses Friends of Family to Threats of Violence.

"I wouldn't have liked to be held responsible for the fate of the murderer of little Mary Phagan if the men in this neighborhood had got hold of him last night," was the statement to-day of George W. Epps, 246 Fox Street, whose home adjoins that of Mrs. Coleman, mother of the slain girl.

By to-day the first hot wave of indignation that cried for the blood of the criminal had had time to subside, but the feeling still ran high in the neighborhood of the Coleman home.

The murder was the sole topic of conversation. Men who knew the family and others who had seen Mary go to her work in the morning congregated in excited groups on the street corners. At first they were not willing that the law should take its course. They feared that the murderer, if he were caught, might in some way escape the consequences of his crime.

Sympathy for Stricken Mother.

In the homes of the shocked community the women talked in hushed tones of the tragic end of Mary Phagan. Might not their own innocent little girls be in danger of the same fate? Was it safe to permit them to go alone about the city, even in the light of broad day? They were filled with gratitude that it was not any one of their homes on which the pall of the great tragedy had fallen, but their hearts went out in sympathy for the stricken mother.

Some of them were with their husbands in the first cry for vengeance that went up when the news of the crime was brought to the neighborhood. They saw the imminent danger hovering over the childhood of the city. They saw the peril of their own little ones. The author of the black crime must be punished as he deserved, and at once, they insisted.

To-day they are saying that the young working girls of the city are considered the rightful prey of the beasts in men's clothes that go about the city.

Tragedy Comes Home to Them.

"We are all working people out here," said Mr. Epps, who was standing in a group of his neighbors. "In half the homes the boys and girls do what they can to help in the support of the family. This means that our children are not safe on the streets, even in the daytime.

“The tragedy comes home to us all, for we are all in a little community here. It is a little village in itself, and every one knows every one else. It was a hard blow to us when we learned the terrible story of Mary Phagan’s death. Hardly a one of us but knew the little girl, at least by sight.

“The men here were aflame with indignation last night. It would have gone hard with the murderer of the little girl if they could have got their hands on him.”

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Negro is Not Guilty, Says Factory Head

Atlanta Georgian

Monday, April 28th, 1913

Superintendent Leo M. Frank Is Convinced Newt Morris Was Not Implicated.

Owing to a delay in receipt of metal shipment part of the plant of the National Pencil Company had been shut down for most of the week and Mary Phagan worked but part of the time. A few minutes after 12 o'clock Saturday she went to the office and drew her pay, which amounted to \$1.60.

A holiday had been given the employees on Memorial Day and there were but very few about the place. The day watchman left shortly before 11 o'clock, while clerks in the office left at noon. Two young men worked on an upper floor until a few minutes after 3 o'clock, while Superintendent Leo M. Frank was the only one connected with the firm, who was about the place during the afternoon.

Frank's Story.

“It was about 10 or 15 minutes after 12 o'clock when Mary Phagan came to my office and drew her pay,” said Mr. Frank. “The regular pay-day is Friday, but there are always a few of the 170 employees who do not call until Saturday afternoon. I was in an inner office on the second floor and handed the girl her envelope. She went out through the outer office and I heard her talking to another girl. While I could not swear that they went

out of the building I am quite sure they did for I would have noticed any one moving about the building.

“Shortly before 1 o’clock I went to the upper floor and told the two young men there that they had better go. They said they wanted to finish their work and I told them they would have to leave or I would have to lock them in. They asked what time I would be back and I told them 3 o’clock. They decided to continue their work and I left, locking the door behind me. I returned shortly after 3 o’clock and a few minutes later they left. Harry Denham and Arthur White were the two young men.

“The night watchman, Newt Lee, had been ordered to report about 4 o’clock as it was a holiday and the day watchman had been allowed to get off. He came in at this time and I told him he might go out and come back about 6 as I would be there until that time.

“He came back about an hour later and I prepared to leave. As I was leaving a former employee, John Gantt came in and wanted to get a pair of shoes which he had left on the top floor. I told Newt to go up with him and get them, and then left.

Check On Watchman.

“I have been in the habit of calling up the night watchman to keep a check on him, and at 7 o’clock called Newt. He said everything was all right. I asked him if Gantt had gotten his shoes and he replied that he had, and had left immediately afterward. I did not communicate with him any more.

“I thought I heard my telephone ring sometime about 3 or 4 o’clock Sunday morning, but decided it was a dream and did not answer it. It was some time later when the detectives called me up and informed me of the finding of the child. Since learning of the tragedy, I believe it was Newt attempting to get me over the telephone when I decided I was mistaken about hearing the telephone ring.

“That it was some one beside the negro who committed the murder is my belief, for the negro is a good man and I have never heard of him getting in any trouble or being offensive in any way to any of the employees.

“I am not very familiar with the employees in the shop, as there is a constant changing and I was not brought in direct touch with them. I did not recall Mary Phagan very well, but remember handing a pay envelope to her Saturday afternoon.”

L. M. Frank, Factory Superintendent, Detained By Police

Atlanta Journal

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Detectives Building Case on Theory that Frank and Negro Can Clear Mystery

Chief Lanford Believes That Testimony of the Superintendent and Negro Night Watchman May Lead to the Arrest of the Person Guilty of the Atrocious Crime That Has Shocked the Whole City—No Further Arrests Expected Soon

MRS. FRANK IN TEARS AT POLICE STATION WHILE HUSBAND IS UNDER EXAMINATION

Frank Was Confronted by Negro Night Watchman—His Attorney, Luther Z. Rosser, Present at Inquiry, Which Was Conducted by Chief Beavers, Chief Lanford and Detectives Behind Closed Doors—Conference Still in Progress at 2

At 1:35 o'clock Tuesday afternoon Chief of Detectives N. A. Lanford, announced that L. M. Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil company's factory, where Mary Phagan was found murdered early Sunday morning, would be detained by the police until after the coroner's inquest. The inquest will be resumed Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

Chief Lanford made this statement when he emerged from a conference which had been in progress in his office on the third floor of the police station since shortly after 1 o'clock.

Present at this conference were L. M. Frank, Chief of Police James L. Beavers, Chief Lanford, Luther Z. Rosser, Mr. Frank's attorney; John Black a city detective; Harry Scott, a Pinkerton detective, and W. G. Humphrey, chairman of the city finance committee and former chairman of the police committee.

For an hour or more Newt Lee, the negro night watchman at the factory, had been in the room, when he was returned to his cell at 1:30 o'clock.

THE ONLY WAY TO CLEAR IT UP.

Chief Lanford declared that the police were working on the theory that the murder mystery could be cleared up through evidence which they hoped to obtain from the negro night watchman and from Mr. Frank.

He said that the detectives had been unable to find any credible evidence to the effect that the girl ever had been seen since she entered the factory about noon last Saturday to get her wages.

Chief Lanford returned to the meeting.

Mrs. Frank, with a number of friends, was standing in the hall of headquarters at the foot of the stairs on the floor below that where her husband was being interrogated by the detectives. She was weeping.

MURDERED IN AFTERNOON?

Shortly before 2 o'clock the statement was drawn from Newt Lee, the negro nightwatchman [sic], that he made visits of inspection every half hour during Saturday night to the metal room in which Mary Phagan was murdered.

But he says that he was [5 words illegible] by Inspector Frank, and told not to [1 word illegible] until [1 word illegible].

If his statement is true the girl must have been murdered during his absence—that is, between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

Detective Starnes discovered a drop of blood near the elevator, which is taken as further evidence that the body of the girl was dragged from the metal room to the elevator shaft.

Chief Lanford seemed to regard the negro's statement that he visited the metal room every half hour during the night, as very important.

The police are now entertaining the theory that the murder was committed during the afternoon, and that Newt Lee probably was absent from the factory at the time that it was done.

NO FURTHER ARRESTS SOON.

Shortly after 2 o'clock Chief Beavers came from the meeting in Chief Lanford's office. He confirmed the statement of Chief Lanford that the police would detain Mr. Frank until after the coroner's inquest. He also said that no further arrests in the case were contemplated in the immediate future, indicating that he thought the detectives were now working on the theory that they hoped would clear up the mystery.

Attorney Luther Z. Rosser left the room. He made light of the evidence against his client, Mr. Frank and declared that the police could not hold him any longer than he, Mr. Rosser, was willing for them to hold him. By this it was believed Mr. Rosser meant he could obtain his client's release on a habeas corpus if he chose to take this procedure.

It was stated by the chief of detectives that Mr. Frank would not be confined to a cell at headquarters. He had employed a supernumerary policeman, said the chief, and would be allowed the freedom of headquarters under charge of that policeman.

Attorney Rosser declared that "all this talk about fear of violence to Mr. Frank is pure bosh."

At the request of the detectives, Mr. Frank copied the notes found by the dead girl's body, in his own handwriting.

Angry protest that emanated occasionally from behind the doors of the conference was not distinguishable as to the words, but the tones indicated unmistakably that the questions being plied by the detectives to Mr. Frank and the negro were arousing the opposition of his attorney.

Mr. Frank, emerging from the conference for a moment, unaccompanied, was as perturbed as a man might be under the circumstances. He seemed to be indignant. A Journal representative questioned him.

"They are asking me about things this negro has said," was Mr. Frank's answer. "And about statements other people have made."

"What has the negro said?" The Journal man asked.

"What he's said all along," returned Mr. Frank. "He hasn't said a thing that's new." He returned to the conference then.

Mr. Frank returned to police headquarters in company with detectives from the pencil plant Tuesday morning shortly after 11 o'clock. He and the detectives stated that he was not under arrest.

Newt Lee, the negro night watchman who had been awakened at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning by detectives and put on the griddle of questions once more, was taken into the room and confronted Mr. Frank shortly after the latter arrived at headquarters.

Conviction grows that the negro knows more than he has told. His own admission that the elevator could not have been moved Saturday night without his hearing it, is made absolute by the observation of detectives at the plant itself, it is reported. And the theory that the elevator must have been used to carry Mary Phagan's body from the second floor, where other evidence has shown that she was attacked, to the basement, where it was found, is said to have been better established by stains found along the floor leading from the machine room to the elevator shaft.

These appear to be blood soaked into the dirty wood of the floor. One of them was found Tuesday to have fallen upon a nail head, and the nail was pulled by Detectives Starnes and Campbell, the metal not having absorbed whatever was upon it. The analysis of that stain will be practically absolute. Yet nowhere upon the floor of the elevator, or upon the shaft, was a blood stain distinguishable.

L. M. Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil company's factory, where Mary Phagan was found murdered early Sunday morning, was taken to police headquarters again Tuesday morning shortly after 11 o'clock. Detective Harry Scott, of the Pinkertons, who are employed by Mr. Frank, and Detective John Black, of the city department, went to the factory in an automobile and Mr. Frank accompanied them to headquarters without any protest.

CONFRONTED BY NEGRO.

At 12:30 o'clock, after Frank had undergone an hour and a half of questioning behind closed doors, detectives sent for Newt Lee, the negro night watchman, and confronted him with Frank, the superintendent.

This meeting, like the first interrogation of the factory superintendent, was in the private office of Chief Lanford, from which all but the police, Frank and the negro night watchman were excluded.

The negro, wearing the same stone expression which has remained unchanged since the hour of his arrest,

Detectives Building Case on Theory That Frank and Negro Can Clear Mystery

(Continued from page one)

entered the office with detectives on both sides, the door shut and the police began the most important effort that they have yet made to force from him the secret of Mary Phagan's murder.

While the meeting between the negro and Mr. Frank was still in progress Attorney Luther Z. Rosser arrived and entered the room. Excited conversation could be heard through the closed door, but just what was said is not known. Mr. Rosser, it is understood, was present as the attorney of Mr. Frank.

As Superintendent Frank left the National Pencil factory in company with detectives, girls who were employed as operatives gathered at the windows and sobbed hysterically.

The working force at the plant is entirely demoralized; and, while an effort is being made to continue the daily routine of business, the one thought and topic of employes [sic] is the murder of Mary Phagan.

The girls employed as operatives are overwrought, and at the time when the superintendent was returned to [the] police station, they reached a state of hysteria.

In an effort to quiet their fears the factory has posted an order excluding newspaper reporters and visitors.

WAS QUESTIONED MONDAY.

Mr. Frank spent the greater part of Monday morning at [the] police station answering questions of the police. But about noon he was allowed to return home.

The police considered his questions of such importance that they made a stenographic record of them.

Mr. Frank employed Luther Rosser and Albert Haas as attorneys to represent him at this inquisition by the police.

Detective Chief Lanford announced at 10 o'clock that he will hold both Arthur Mullinax and J. M. Gantt without a preliminary hearing.

The statement was made to him by John R. Phillips, manager of the Forsyth hotel, at 67 1-2 South Forsyth street, that a man who seemed to resemble Gantt, and a girl who answers the description of Mary Phagan, came to his hotel at 11 o'clock Saturday night and asked for a room.

He inquired whether they were married and, upon the man's giving an indefinite answer, he refused to admit them to a room.

BEGAN BEFORE DAYLIGHT.

At 4 o'clock Tuesday morning Newt Lee, the negro, was waked by detectives, and the grilling was resumed which had continued through the day Monday.

In the early dawn detectives began taking turns in questioning the negro. As soon as one would exhaust a series of questions another would begin.

"I don't know," was the negro's only answer.

But now and then he seemed to hesitate, the detectives reported. It appeared that he was on the verge of varying that stolid answer with the information that the police seek. They believe that finally he will break down and tell the whole story.

CLEANED HIS NAILS.

The dirt has been scraped from under his finger nails, and will be examined for traces of blood. Meantime the most unrelenting "third degree" through which the police have ever put a prisoner is continuing.

Leo M. Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil factory, who was questioned during the greater part of Monday morning by the police, has employed Pinkerton detectives to aid the police.

Police are making two random investigations: One is that Mary Phagan was the victim of a white slave plot. The other is that she was taken for an automobile ride before her murder, and was either drugged or made drunk.

They have been informed of a girl, accompanied by a woman and two men, who was seen Saturday night near the National Pencil factory. The girl was sobbing and reluctant, and was being coaxed along by the woman and the two men.

The woman was heard to say:

"Come along dearie. Don't create a scene. You'll attract the cops."

The girl who was crying answered:

"I don't care. I don't care."

The four disappeared down Forsyth street.

ANOTHER IN DISTRESS.

Detectives Black and Rosser secured evidence Monday afternoon from R. B. Pyron a telegraph operator of a young girl, who was crying and in distress, whom he saw in an automobile with three men.

Pyron is a telegraph operator at the signal tower on the Central of Georgia railroad at the Whitehall street crossing. He says that the automobile came from the direction of

West End, and stopped on Whitehall street, just after passing the railroad. The girl was sobbing and pleading with the man sitting beside her, and another man standing on the running board was talking to her earnestly and trying to quiet her.

When the men saw Pyron approaching they made off with the car toward the city. Pyron says that the girl was hysterical, and seemed to be either drunk or drugged, but that he would be unable to identify either her or any of the men.

CATCHING AT STRAWS.

Investigations of such instances as this, however, are straws at which the police are catching in an effort to trace Mary Phagan's movements from the time she visited the National Pencil factory at 12 o'clock on Saturday, until she was murdered.

Only one individual has been found who says that he saw Mary Phagan after she entered the factory. This is E. L. Sentell, who insists that she was upon the street at midnight with a man whom he at first took to be Arthur Mullinax, one of the four men now under arrest.

He was brought face to face with Gant [sic] at [the] police station Monday afternoon, and said that Gant seemed to be this man. But he was not sure, and the police are not convinced that the girl he saw was Mary.

DID GIRL LEAVE FACTORY?

They are still doubtful whether Mary Phagan ever left the factory after going there at 12 o'clock on Saturday to collect wages for two days' work.

This is a question of great importance in the search for her murderer, and is one that the police are using every effort to answer.

They are endeavoring to settle this uncertainty, and to discover whether she was murdered in the afternoon, the evening, or late at night on Saturday.

The chief hope for solving all details of the mystery seems to be through a statement by Newt Lee or by J. M. Gant.

But the police are using also all material evidence in their search for the murderer.

BODY EXAMINED.

Dr. J. W. Hurt, county physician, made an examination Monday night of the body to determine the nature of the injuries, but he is reserving his report for the coroner's jury. The jury will meet at 10 o'clock on Wednesday to assume the inquest, which was begun

on Monday with an examination of the cellar in which the body of Mary Phagan was found and of the second story room where she was murdered.

After all, however, the chief hope of discovering the murderer returns to Newt Lee, the negro.

GANT'S VIGOROUS DENIAL.

Gant, who was arrested on Monday afternoon in Marietta and brought to Atlanta at 4 o'clock, was at first reluctant to talk. He first made a brief, non-committal statement in which he left the impression that he returned late Saturday night to the residence of his sister, Mrs. F. C. Terrell, of 284 East Linden street, with whom he made his home. In this detail his statement seemed to conflict with one made earlier in the day by his sister.

At police station, however, he made a vigorous defense of his innocence.

If Mary Phagan was murdered Saturday night, the statement by Mrs. Terrell, Gant's sister, would tend to furnish him with an alibi. The force of this statement, however, is lessened by the contradiction that he himself made.

SISTER GIVES ALIBI.

She says that Gant returned to her house early Saturday evening, ate supper there, and remained there throughout the night. But detectives may seek to offset this statement with Gant's own words that "he played pool until 10:30 o'clock." The inference drawn from his words is that it was some time after supper when he returned.

According to her statement he spent Saturday afternoon up town watching the Memorial day parade. But he returned to her house early in the evening and remained there until Sunday morning.

PLANS MADE EARLIER.

On Monday mornings, she says, he went to Marietta in pursuance of plans that had been decided upon several weeks ago. He had determined to return to the home of his parents in Marietta and to work there on the farm. A week ago his plans had been laid to go to Marietta, and he was following them out when he left Atlanta Monday morning. She insists that his departure for Marietta was not at all hurried, but was a step that had been prepared for well in advance.

On Sunday morning she discovered from the newspapers that a girl had been murdered, but the name of the girl was not known at that time. She says that she and her brother discussed the crime, and that afterward he left the house to go to Sunday school. Later in the morning he called up to tell her that the girl who had been murdered

was Mary Phagan, whom both knew and whose relatives live near the Gant family in Marietta. She says that he had heard the murdered girl's name mentioned uptown.

DECEIVED DETECTIVES.

Mrs. Terrell agrees with her brother in the statement that he had planned several weeks ago to return to his mother's home near Marietta, and that his trip to Marietta on Monday had been prepared for days in advance.

She admitted that detectives had questioned her on Monday about her brother and that she had pretended not to have seen him for three weeks. But she explained this deception by saying that she merely thought it was better to mislead them. She had a vague feeling that something was wrong, and that the answer she gave was the better course.

She insists that her brother was at her house through Saturday night, and could not have committed the murder.

BODY TAKEN TO MARIETTA.

The body of Mary Phagan was taken at 8:35 o'clock Tuesday morning from the undertaking shop of the P. J. Bloomfield company to Marietta for funeral and interment. The funeral services were held at about 9 o'clock.

At the time that the body was removed from the undertaking establishment, 200 to 300 curious people had collected in the street to stare at the white coffin. A few followed the funeral procession to the station.

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Three Handwriting Experts Say Negro Wrote the Two Notes Found by Body of Girl

*Atlanta Journal*Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Frank M. Berry, of the Fourth National Bank, Andrew M. Bergstrom of Third National, and Pope C. Driver, of the American National, Examined Notes at Journal's Request And Found Same Person Wrote Both

ALL THREE ARE EXPERTS AND MADE MICROSCOPICAL EXAMINATIONS

Their Investigation Shows He Wrote Both Notes and Seems to Prove Conclusively That Either the Negro Committed the Crime or Knows Who the Guilty Party Is

Through its own investigations The Atlanta Journal has proven conclusively that Newt Lee, the negro night watchman for the National Pencil company, either himself mistreated and murdered pretty Mary Phagan, or that he knows who committed the crime and is assisting the perpetrator to conceal his identity.

Locked in this negro's breast is the key to the murder mystery, which has shocked the entire south.

Three handwriting experts who Tuesday compared the notes found near the girl's body in the factory basement with notes written by Lee after his arrest and at the instigation of the city detectives are positive that the same hand penned them all.

The experts who made a microscopical examination of these notes and who are unanimous in declaring that the same person was the author of them all are:

FRANK M. BERRY, assistant cashier of the Fourth National Bank.

ANDREW M. BERGSTROM, assistant cashier of the Third National bank.

POPE O. DRIVER, chief bookkeeper and head of the mail department of the American National bank.

ALL AGREE THAT NEGRO WROTE BOTH.

These men have for years made a study of handwriting and they turn their knowledge to account in detecting all manner of forgeries. In examining the notes submitted to them Tuesday they employed powerful magnifying glasses and minutely analyzed the slant of the writing, the shape and size of the letters, the peculiarities of spelling, the method of expression, and the punctuation.

Two notes were found nearby the corpse of the mutilated girl. One of these, written on a yellow scratch pad, read as follows:

“Mam that negro fire down here did this I went to get water and he push me down thro hole a long tall negro black that hoo it woke long sleam tall negro I wright while play with me.”

The second note was written on a coarse-fibred pencil tablet, such as is used by school children. This note read:

“he said he wood love me (land dab n?) play like nigh witch did it but that long tall black negro did boy his slef.”

Shortly after Lee was arrested Chief of Detectives N. A. Lanford caused him to write the last line of the second note, dictating it to him word by word.

COULDN'T DISGUISE HANDWRITING.

Although the negro was very nervous and very naturally sought to disguise his handwriting he was unable to do so. With the exception of the use of four capital letters in the note written at police headquarters and the insertion of an extra e in the word negro this note was identical with the last two lines in the note found in the basement of the pencil factory.

The experts agreed that the size and slant of the writing was the same, that the mode of expression was identical, that there were characteristic peculiarities in the formation of the o's, y's, g's, t's, b's, k's, n's and other letters used in the two notes.

In both the negro writes boy for by and slef for self. These and a number of other similarities convinced the experts that Lee wrote the notes found beside the dead girl.

MARY PHAGAN DID NOT WRITE THEM.

They examined the handwriting of Mary Phagan and positively declared that she could not have written these notes, even while delirious and suffering great pain. She wrote smoothly, used good grammar, capitalized, punctuated and spelled properly, and it is pointed out that under no circumstances would she have lapsed into an illiterate style of writing.

It is plain that the notes found in the factory cellar were written by an ignorant and illiterate person. It is also plain that the person who wrote them sought to cast suspicion upon the fireman at the factory; and that they were very particular to describe the man which they alleged to have committed the crime, for in the same sentence of one of them the perpetrator is described as a long, tall, black negro.

The other refers to the intention of the perpetrator to fix the crime on the night watchman. It is believed that Lee deliberately described another negro and that he

endeavored to divert suspicion from himself by writing into one of the notes that the guilty man would “play like the nigh witch did it.”

Neither of these notes could have been written by Mary Phagan, even though she were still alive when dragged into the cellar, for the cellar was dark as pitch night. And it is not to be supposed that while in a dying condition she would have found it convenient to have obtained a pencil and two different kinds of tablet paper. Further than this she would not have written two notes.

The detectives are satisfied that Lee wrote both notes, but are of the opinion that he wrote them at different times. After writing the first he evidently thought of something else which he believed would divert suspicion from himself and then wrote the second.

Only one question now puzzles the detectives—

Did Lee murder the girl himself or did he undertake to dispose of the girl’s body and to shield some one else?

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Charge is Basest of Lies, Declares Gantt

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

John Milton Gantt, the accusation of a terrible crime hanging over him, from his cell at police headquarters, has made to-day a complete denial of any connection with the Mary Phagan murder in the first formal statement to the public since his arrest in Marietta yesterday afternoon.

The statement, which was given to a Georgian reporter, was said by Chief Beavers to be substantially the same as that taken by the police department stenographer last night for the use of the city detectives.

This remarkable denial, if it is to be given credence, sweeps away a whole train of circumstantial evidence that appeared most strongly to connect him with the brutal tragedy.

He is Contradicted.

E. F. Holloway, timekeeper for the National Pencil Company, told a Georgian reporter that he had it from Gantt's own lips that he had been out with the Phagan girl.

He never even walked home with the girl, he insists.

Mary Pirk, one of the girls employed with Mary Phagan, told the authorities that she had heard the girls at the factory say that Gantt was in love with Mary and waited to walk home with her frequently.

Gantt declares in his statement that he was at the home of his half-sister, Mrs. F. C. Terrell, 284 East Linden Street, the night that the murder was committed, going there directly from a pool room.

A woman describing herself as Gantt's half-sister, is said by the police to have told two plain clothes men that Gantt was not there when they went to look for him Sunday night; that he had not been there for some time and was on his way to California.

Reverse Statements.

To-day Mrs. Terrell reversed the statement that is said to have been made to the plain clothes men and declared that Gantt not only was there, but slept with her son, Will.

Gantt's statement in full follows:

"I do not deny going to the pencil factory Saturday afternoon. My purpose in going there was to get a pair of shoes I had left there when I quit work there about three weeks ago.

"After getting my shoes from the factory, I walked around town for a time and at about 7:30 in the evening met Arthur White, who worked for the pencil company. With him I went to the Globe Pool Rooms in Broad Street, near Marietta.

"I didn't play, but sat down and watched them for several hours, leaving there probably at 10:30 o'clock. I went to the home of my half-sister, Mrs. F. C. Terrell, 284 East Linden Street, where I have been staying and she let me in the house. Mrs. Terrell's husband is superintendent of the Forsyth Building.

Slept All Night.

"I suppose she let me in about 11 o'clock and I went directly to bed. I slept all night until Sunday morning.

"I didn't hear of the murder until Sunday night when I went to call on a young woman with whom I have been going. She is Miss Annie Chambers, of 18 Warren Place. I went there about 8 o'clock Sunday evening.

"Her brother Phillip, who works at the National Pencil Company's plant, rushed into the room and said that a girl had been murdered in the basement of the factory. He did not know who it was. That was the very first I heard of the crime.

"I did not learn the horrible details of the murder until I read them in the papers Monday morning.

"I was not trying to escape when I went to Marietta Monday morning. I had bought a crop near Marietta and was going up there to farm. I had made arrangements some time ago with my mother to see her Monday and my trip there was simply to fill that engagement.

Basest Sort of a Lie.

"I would not harm any girl, least of all the daughter of Mrs. Coleman. Ten years ago I knew Mrs. Coleman when she was Mrs. Phagan and lived near Marietta in Cobb County. Mary was just a little girl then about four years old. From the time I knew her then as little more than a toddler child until I went to work in the pencil factory last June I never saw her.

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Seek Clew in Queer Words in Odd Notes

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Who Would Be the Most Interested in Saying That the Night Watchman Did Not Do It?

While the tendency of the police straight through has seemed to be to doubt that Mary Phagan, the murdered girl, really wrote the small notes found beside her body purporting to give a clue to her murderer, the girl's stepfather, W.J. Coleman, thinks it possible that she may have written one of the scrawls.

That one is the note written on the little yellow factory slip—so faintly traced it is almost impossible to read it. It is the one that says:

mama that negro hired down here

did this I went to get water and he

pushed me down this hole a long

tall negro black that has it woke

long lean tall negro I write while

play with me.

“Somehow, it looks like her handwriting to me,” said Mr. Coleman. “But, of course I can not be sure. Now, about the other note I am doubtful. It seems to be written too well for the child to have done it in the almost insensible condition she must have been in at the time. Whether she wrote either of the notes of her own accord, though, or whether she was forced to do it by her murderer to turn suspicion from himself, of course is mere speculation. Only time can tell, if anything.”

Doubts Other Note's Authorship.

The other note whose authority Mr. Coleman doubts is the one scrawled on a notepad.

It reads as it was at first translated: He said he wood love me, laid down like the night witch did it but that long tall black negro did it by his self.

This note, however, brings up an argument advanced by several people who have studied it carefully. They have found that in some way, one word, “play,” was omitted in the first translation, and they think that instead of “night witch” the words were meant to mean “night watch,” which is relative to the subject. With these changes the note would read:

“He said he wood love me laid down play like the night watch did it, but that long tall black negro did it by his self.”

They ask: If the murderer told the child he was going to “play like the night watch did it,” and then the child goes on to explain that it wasn’t the night watchman at all that did it, but another negro, wouldn’t that appear that the child was endeavoring to shield the night watchman?

Argue Against Watchman.

They also ask: Would a child in the predicament Mary Phagan was supposed to be in, insensible and her mind wandering, be thinking of trying to shield a night watchman in her note, even before she described the man who had treated her so cruelly?

Again they ask: Who would be the most interested person in the world in saving the hide of the night watchman?

Did the child write the notes herself, was she forced to write them, or did somebody else write them? The notes are written to throw suspicion off of the night watchman.

Translated in that way, the argument would go to bear out the expressed belief of the girl’s stepfather that the negro committed the crime.

Ollie Phagan, the 18-year-old sister of Mary, said that, while she did not know, of course, she did not believe that Mary wrote either of the notes. She knew her handwriting well, and the rough letters did not look like hers, although they might possibly be.

Real Scene of Struggle Found.

Excitement prevailed to-day among those interested when it was found that the scene in which the fearful struggle between the dead girl and her assailant took place was not on the second floor of the pencil factory, as it was thought, where a few strands of her hair were found in the cogs of a steel lathe, but in the dressing room of the place. This was made certain by drops of blood all over the floor of the room, and a rag of her dress that was picked up and which showed that it had been used to gag her. The strip was of silk, and had been cut with a knife from the front of her lavender dress, which was new, and which the child was wearing for the first time.

It was said that the discovery was made by some of the girls employed at the factory, who slipped upon the blood which, in one place, had formed a small pool. They ran out excited by the appearance of the place. The dead girl’s hair had only caught in the steel lathe when her murdered had dragged her by it.

This would go to corroborate the belief of several persons acquainted with the tragedy’s various angles that Mary Phagan never left the building, or at least only for a short while from the time she entered it to get her money Saturday until her lifeless form was picked up and carried from the basement by the authorities. They say she might have either

been accidentally locked in, or purposely taken back in the building by her murdered, who obtained entrance either by a key or went in by prying off a staple from an alley door.

Logic Involves Negro.

In either instance, the assailant had been keeping close tab on her actions, and either procured a key for himself to go in, or bribed the watchman to pass him. This would also bear out their insistence that the negro Newt Lee, in jail, knows more than he pretends to about the tragedy. Certain it is that it seems strange, it is argued, that if a livery stable man next door to the factory could hear the girl screaming at midnight, any one in the building could have heard cries very clearly, unless he was asleep or away from his post, which the watchman does not claim he was. The livery stable man had paid no attention to the cries, as he thought it was negroes carousing.

The dead girl's sister said that the child's mesh handbag, which was of silver and which has not yet been found, did not contain any valuables and she had very little money in it. When she had started off to town Mary had told her mother she needed only a dime—that she was going to get her pay and wouldn't want any more. Her hair ribbon and other little belongings, along with her parasol, the child's sister had also seen and recognized.

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Factory Employee May be Taken Any Moment

Atlanta Georgian

April 29, 1913

A sensational arrest will be made in the Mary Phagan murder mystery within a few hours. It will be based on the firm theory of the police and detectives that the strangled girl was never outside the factory of the National Pencil Company from the time that she went in there for her Saturday pay until her dead and mutilated body was taken to the morgue early Sunday morning.

The detectives do not believe that Arthur Mullinax is guilty of the murder.

They do not believe that J. M. Gantt is guilty of the murder.

They do not place any dependence on the identific actions of Gantt and Mullinax made by various persons before Chief of Detectives Lanford.

They are confident that the author of the terrible deed was a person who is not under arrest at the present time. They know his name. They have talked with him. They have his story of what he declares is all he knows of the happenings Saturday night in the building of tragedy on Forsyth Street.

But they are not satisfied with his tale. It is known that they will have him behind the bars within a few hours. It is known that the signs of weakening on the part of Newt Lee,

the negro night watchman, have had a great deal to do with the pending sensational arrest. The negro's attitude all along has led to the belief that he was shielding someone.

One moment he has almost admitted that he is protecting a man who has befriended him and helped him and an instant later he has suddenly gone back into silence with the solution of the mystery trembling on his very lips.

In the still hours of this morning, unknown to anyone save the authorities, Newt Lee was put through a searching, grilling 'third degree' that left him weeping and nerveless.

Before the hangers on had congregated about the police and the horde of informers, witnesses and merely curious had swept upon the detective force, Detective John Black quietly made his way to the police station and into the cell of the bowed and almost broken negro.

It was hardly 4 o'clock this morning when Lee was startled to see the detective's form before his cell. Black walked in and sat down. From that time for two pitiless hours the detective plied the negro with questions.

A great fear appeared on the negro's heart. Not that he feared for himself or because of his own guilt, but that he was frightened at the terrors of the law which slowly were forcing him to open his lips and reveal the man who was hiding behind him.

Black tried to remove the terrors that oppressed the black man.

'We know you did not do the murder,' the negro repeatedly was assured. 'We know you are guiltless of the whole affair. But we know that you know exactly who did it and that you are protecting that person.'

Just as Lee was nodding his head in assent, he suddenly would straighten up in an affrighted manner and declare:

'No, no, boss, I don't know nothing about. I don't know nothing about it, sah. Before God, I don't.'

Then Black would begin his long line of questioning all over again and would have the negro just on the verge of the solution of the whole mystery when the great fear would sweep over him again and he would become silent.

What is regarded as a most important and significant circumstance in bearing out the newly developed theory that the girl never left the factory after she went in there to get her pay envelope Saturday noon is the fact that Lee will not swear that he saw her leave the building.

The Negro did not see her go out.

No reliable testimony has been produced that she was seen from the time she went in the building at noon, although she most certainly would have been had she followed out her announced intention of seeing the Memorial Day parade.

Leo Frank, superintendent of the factory, admits that he himself does not know positively girl's leaving the building.^{xlv}

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Factory Head Frank and Watchman Newt Lee are “Sweated” by Police

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Mysterious Action of Officials Gives New and Startling Turn to Hunt for Guilty Man—Attorney Rosser, Barred, Later Admitted to Client.

Has the Phagan murder mystery been solved? The police say they know the guilty man.

Chief of Detectives Lanford at 2 o'clock this afternoon told The Georgian:

“We have evidence in hand which will clear the mystery in the next few hours and satisfy the public.”

All the afternoon the police have been “sweating” Leo M. Frank, superintendent of the factory where the girl worked, and putting through the “third degree” Lee, the negro watchman at the factory.

[The statement came at the end of a second long conference between John Black, city detective; Harry Scott, Pinkerton detective, and Leo Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil Company factory.

Additional clues furnished by the head of the pencil factory were responsible for the closing net around the negro watchman.

With the solution of the mystery at hand came the further information that what suspicion had rested on Frank was being rapidly swept away by the damaging evidence against the black man. It was announced that he probably would be liberated to-night or in the morning.

“It looks a great deal better for Frank who has been detained only for his own protection and to furnish further information to the department,” said the detectives.

Two more arrests are likely in connection with the case. The detectives say that they have clues which make them certain that these two persons were connected in some manner in the crime or have knowledge of the details.

Gantt Gets *Habeas Corpus* Writ

J. M. Gantt, one of the five men held in connection with the strangling, was turned over to the Sheriff's office this afternoon by the City authorities on a writ of habeas corpus granted in the court of Judge Bell.

The warrant charging murder still holds, but the effect of the habeas corpus will be to enable Gantt to make bond.

Chief of Detectives Lanford in replying to the action for a writ declared that it had not been his intention to hold Gantt an unnecessarily [sic] length of time. He was kept in custody, he said, pending a preliminary hearing Wednesday afternoon in the court of Justice of the Peace Powers and the sitting of the coroner's jury Wednesday morning.

Judge George F. Gober, a relative of Gantt, applied for the writ, and E. A. Stephens, assistant Solicitor-General, defended the course of the Chief of Detectives.

"We have eliminated Mullinax, Gantt and Bailey from suspicion," said a detective.

The detectives are practically certain that Mary Phagan never left the pencil factory after she got her pay envelope from Frank Saturday noon.

With hours of ceaseless investigation and inquiry they have been utterly unable to trace her away from the factory after she entered there Saturday noon.

Every known acquaintance that she had has been interviewed. None of them saw her on the street Saturday night, although she said she was going to see the Memorial Day parade. — Paragraphs in brackets added from an "Extra" edition of this newspaper — Ed.]

A blood-stained shirt, which the detectives say they found at the home of Lee, was shown to the negro this afternoon in an effort to break him down.

The negro admitted the shirt was his, but declared that he had not seen it before for two years.

Lee was under a grueling fire of questions all day. Shortly before Superintendent Frank was brought to the station Detective Black came from the home of Lee. He carried a package under his arm. He would not divulge its contents, but very soon after it was obtained Frank was under arrest and Lee was confronted with the garment.

There was an unconfirmed rumor that Lee had broken down and given most important information to the police.

Detective Black and Harry Scott, Pinkerton man, left police headquarters at 2:30 for West End to arrest a negro woman friend of the black prisoner. The net was evidently being tightened about Newt Lee, the night watchman.

Superintendent Leo M. Frank, head officer of the National Pencil Company, was taken from the factory shortly before noon by Detective Black and Harry Scott, of the Pinkertons.

The police say that Frank is not under arrest, that he was put under police guard for his own personal safety, and that there are no charges against him.

Why, then, did the police act?

There must be some reason other than the man's personal safety, under consideration. Frank has not yet figured as of importance in the case.

Attorney Barred, Then Admitted

Luther G. Rosser, attorney for Frank, endeavored to see his client. The police refused to let him do so.

Why?

Lawyer Rosser retired hastily declaring he would apply to Judge Bell for a writ of habeas corpus for his client, and would thus take him out of the control of the police.

Later, when Rosser's determination to fight for Frank became known, Chief Beavers admitted that the exclusion of Rosser "was a mistake," that the police orders had been taken too literally, and Rosser was then permitted to talk to his client. Rosser abandoned his plan to sue out a writ of habeas corpus.

The police "explanation" only added mystery to mystery, and really explained nothing.

When Rosser reached the police station he was told that strict orders had been given against anyone seeing Frank.

If Frank was not under arrest, by what right was his lawyer forbidden to see him?

As soon as the police station was reached Frank was taken at once into the detectives' office and the doors were barred against all.

The detectives would say nothing of what took place behind the closed doors. The detective office is on the third floor. At the bottom of the stairs on the second floor Call Officer John West was stationed to bar all who attempted to go to the floor above.

Frank To Be Kept Under Guard

It was learned late this afternoon that Frank will be held on the technical charge of "suspicion." He will not be placed in a cell, but he will be under guard. An extra policeman will be employed to keep watch over the factory superintendent in the police station and Frank will pay for the services of the man.

Luther G. Rosser, counsel for Frank, would not make a defi-

FACTORY HEAD TAKEN INTO CUSTODY; LAWYER, BARRED, LATER ADMITTED TO CLIENT

Continued From Page One.

nite statement this afternoon as to his plans for obtaining the freedom of his client. He said that he would institute proceedings if he considered Frank was being held an unnecessarily long time.

At the same time that the Frank proceedings were under way Gober & Jackson, attorneys for J. M. Gantt, also in custody in connection with the crime, made formal application for a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Bell and a hearing was set for 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Frank previously had been questioned by the police. He was brought to the station Monday morning in company with his attorneys and there made a lengthy and detailed statement to the detectives.

The authorities had announced they believed Frank had not knowledge of the crime. Their sudden action to-day appears to be freighted with great significance in view of the fact that they have already quizzed him as to all he knew in connection with the affair.

At the factory of the pencil company reporters were suddenly excluded.

"We've been harassed enough by the reporters of the newspapers," was the explanation volunteered by Ed Montag, in charge. "This plant has had all the notoriety it wants."

In the working ranks of the National Pencil Company is believed to be the last hope of solving the great strangling mystery. If these workers are barred to the press and to the public and admission is denied to the factory, those in authority have effectually closed one of the most important avenues for the solution of the crime.

Frank Last in Building

Frank, to a Georgian reporter, just before his arrest, said:

“No one is more anxious to learn of the whereabouts of Mary Phagan Saturday afternoon and night than I am. The company is exerting every effort to get information and has employed a Pinkerton detective to work on the case. Officials of the company also thought it best to retain counsel to assist in the investigation, while every one of the foreman and head men about the factory is endeavoring to find out if any of the employees know anything.

“I deeply regret the carelessness shown by the police department in not making a complete investigation as to finger prints and other evidence before a great throng of people were allowed to enter the place.

“The affair is exceedingly embarrassing to me. To know that the authorities even felt that they should detain me for a while and question me leaves a bad taste, and I am doing everything possible to locate the guilty man.”

Arthur White and Harry Denham, the last two workmen in the factory plant the day of the tragedy, declared to The Georgian that when they left the building shortly after 3 o'clock in the afternoon Superintendent Frank was the only man remaining.

White's statement follows:

“Denham and I went to the factory to work on Saturday, although it was a holiday. We left shortly after 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

“We punched our time at exactly 3:10 o'clock.

“On our way out I stopped in Mr. Frank's office and borrowed two dollars of him. Denham went in with me. Neither of us saw anyone else in the building. When we left Frank was the only person remaining.

Saw Gantt in Pool Room

“Denham and I stayed together most of the afternoon, and in the evening we went to the Globe pool rooms on Broad Street, near Marietta. We had been in there a little while when I saw John Gantt come in. He did not play, but sat down and watched the game.

“In a little while we went out, but returned in a few minutes and stayed until after 10 o'clock. Finally he said that he guessed he would go home, and that was the last I saw of him.”

Denham's statement is substantially the same. He said that he saw no one else in the factory aside from his fellow workman, White, and Superintendent Frank.

Mrs. Leo Frank, wife of the superintendent of the pencil factory, declared to-day before the arrest that her husband was anxious to do everything in his power to clear up the Mary Phagan mystery and regarded the feeling against him as totally unwarranted.

"I do not care to go into any of the details of the crime," said Mrs. Frank. "My husband is at the office and is perfectly competent to give out all information. Any knowledge I have of the affair I got from him.

"All that I know is that he is doing everything to solve the mystery. He has engaged detectives and is personally investigating many of the clues."

An investigation was conducted at the plant of the pencil factory this afternoon in an effort to find some employee who positively had seen the Phagan girl after she drew her pay Saturday noon at the office of Superintendent Frank. The canvas of employees was made under the direction of Frank himself.

Mrs. Leo M. Frank, wife of the factory superintendent, his father and brother called at the police station this afternoon to aid the closely guarded Frank.

They were not given admittance at once, as Frank was undergoing an examination in the office of the detectives. They were taken to the office of Probation Officer Coogler, where they waited.

Restraining her tears with difficulty, Mrs. Frank declared her belief in the entire innocent of her husband. She preferred not to talk at length of the case and said that it had not been discussed in their home.

She broke down several times while talking and burst into tears, but recovered herself and continued the conversation.

"My husband is absolutely innocent and able to take care of himself in the matter," she said. "I would rather that any statements should come from him. We discussed the matter hardly at all in our home."

Mrs. Frank is a striking appearing woman of about 30 years. With her were her father, E. Selig, 68 East Georgia Avenue, of the West Disinfectant Company, and a brother-in-law, A. E. Marcus, of the Marcus Clothing Company.

Frank's Rise in Company Rapid

Frank is 27 years old and has been married three years. His wife was Miss Lucille Selig. Frank and his wife live with her father at 68 East Georgia Avenue.

Frank was induced to come to Atlanta about five years ago by his uncle, E. M. Frank, of this city. He formerly lived in New York, and was in the employ of the Sturdevant Fan

Company. He is an expert mechanic and his rise has been rapid with the National Pencil Company. Coming here in a minor capacity, he was not long in being promoted to a position of authority. A short time later he was made superintendent.

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Former Playmates Meet Girl's Body at Marietta

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

The little town of Marietta, Ga., where her baby eyes first opened upon the light of day scarcely fourteen years ago, will to-day witness the sorrowful funeral of Mary Phagan, the sweet young girl who was mysteriously murdered in the National Pencil Factory Saturday night and whose body was later found in the basement where it had been dragged by unknown hands.

The casket, accompanied by the girl's stricken family—her mother and stepfather, her sister Ollie, 18 years old, and her three brothers, Ben, Charley and Josh, all young boys, left the Union Depot at 8:15 o'clock this morning. Reaching Marietta, it was met by throngs of Mary's former playmates and friends bearing flowers to lay upon the young girl's grave after they have looked for the last time upon her face.

Simple Service.

She will be laid to rest in a little old-fashioned cemetery where numerous relatives have preceded her, and her body lowered into the earth after a simple funeral service. It will be preached in the Second Baptist Church, which stands on the cemetery grounds, the officiating minister being Rev. Dr. Lincus, pastor of the East Point Christian Church, of which the dead girl's mother is a member. Dr. Lincus will go direct from East Point to hold the service.

Besides the family, there were probably a dozen or more relatives and friends from Atlanta who will also go up to the funeral. In Marietta they were to meet relatives, gathered from several counties, where the news of the child's tragic death has been wired.

The body will be taken to the station in a hearse by the undertakers in whose shop it has lain for the past two days, while thousands of people came to look upon it. The coffin will be of pure white, befitting the innocent of the young girl lying within it, and only a simple plate with the child's name will appear on the top.

Throughout the day at the dead girl's home callers have gone to express their sorrow over the tragedy and their willingness to be of whatever service they might to the family. The same word met them:

"There is nothing that anybody can do—we must only bear it!"

Mrs. Coleman III.

From the moment she received the news of her child's death, Mrs. Coleman has been unable to leave the house. She has not even visited the undertaking parlor to see the body. It was not considered best for her in her weakened and nervous condition, caused by the shock of the murder. As it is, it is feared that she will break down at the funeral, and every care will be taken with her on the way to Marietta that she may be strong to face the ordeal. Although Mr. Coleman, the child's stepfather, had only known Mary since his marriage to her mother a year ago, he seemed stricken with sorrow over her death, and in speaking of her to a Georgian reporter almost broke down in telling the simple arrangements that had been made for her burial.

Great bouquets of beautiful flowers have been sent to the home by friends all over Atlanta, and the dead girl's bier at the undertaking shop was fragrant with masses of carnations and roses throughout Sunday and Monday. Hundreds of her boy and girl associates at the factory and friends of her neighborhood have gone to see her body. For, although she was such a young girl, she had made many acquaintances, and was widely loved.

Guilt Will Be Fixed Detectives Declare

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Has the murderer of pretty little Mary Phagan slipped the net that the police most carefully spread for him?

Is the author of the crime that shocked the city and State with its terrible brutality still at large?

Is the mystery, as baffling in its myriad conflicting elements as it is revolting in its details still as far from solution as it was when the beaten and bruised little body of Mary Phagan was found lifeless in a pile of trash and litter in a Forsyth Street basement?

When the city detectives and Pinkertons picked up the twisted skeina of evidence this morning they admitted that they were as badly tangled as when they laid them down after working incessantly upon them until long after midnight.

They are positive, however, that the guilt will be almost certainly fixed before nightfall. It only remains to follow each thread of evidence out to

“To what person will the damning thread lead?” is the question that is holding the entire city in suspense. No other tragedy in years has so gripped the people as this one of the laughing, innocent girl lured to her death.

When the final truth is known will the accusing finger-point of guilt be leveled at—

Newt Lee, the negro night watchman, against whom suspicion was strongly directed today, although he at first was held only as an important witness.

Or—

Arthur Mullinax, of 60 Poplar Street, formerly a street car conductor, who was the first man arrested and seriously regarded as the possible murderer. The evidence against him is slight.

Or—

J. M. Gantt, an employee of the National Pencil Company until three weeks ago, arrested as he got off a car in Marietta yesterday. The evidence against him is far from convincing.

Or—

Geron Bailey, negro elevator man in the pencil factory, who was arrested at about the same time as Mullinax and held as a material witness.

Or—

Some man whose name has not been previously mentioned in connection with the case.

Police Expect Results.

The police are confident that they will know in a few hours the identity of the slayer.

Chief Beavers, Chief of Detectives Lanford, Detectives Black, Starnes, Hariett, Rosser and Bullard and Pinkerton operatives were on the case again early this morning. Out of the many clues obtained yesterday they expected to get a definite lead and bring order out of the confusion that hampered the first two days' work.

They have everybody in custody against whom suspicion has been strongly directed. They have a mass of information and a mass of testimony, much of which is conflicting. From this they will eliminate the inaccurate and improbable and proceed carefully to weave the net of evidence.

No mystery in recent years has served to excite the public mind as the Phagan murder. Detective headquarters have been thronged with persons who have believed that they had clues to the perpetrator of the crime.

All day yesterday was a ceaseless procession going into the detectives' offices and another procession coming out. The officers were harassed as much as they were aided.

Many Worthless Clews.

Countless persons came to give general information about Mullinax, or Gantt, or Lee, or Bailey. Others came to identify Mullinax as the man they had seen with a girl on a certain street at a certain time Saturday night. Others were sure that it was Gantt they had seen.

Some of the information was absolutely worthless and some was regarded as furnishing possible clues.

While some of the officers were hearing the various tales of these people, other detectives were putting the prisoners through a grilling examination of their whereabouts at every minute of Saturday night.

Third Degree for Lee.

Newt Lee, the black night watchman, was given the "third degree" in the belief that he knew much more about the crime than he professed. He showed signs of weakening several times, but each time recovered before he had made any admissions seriously damaging either to himself or any of the other prisoners.

The shifting of suspicion to Lee was the most startling development of this forenoon, although what basis it had in actual evidence is hard to determine. It is known that the Coleman family are inclined to believe that he knows a great deal more about the crime than he has been pleased to tell. Screams in the building were heard by persons in the livery stable nearby, according to stories current to-day. How could Lee have made his rounds every half hour and not have heard them, members of the Coleman family ask.

O. I. Bagley, shipping clerk for the Atlanta Milling Company, was with Gantt Saturday night and left him a few minutes after 10 o'clock, according to a statement to a Georgian reporter. Bagley declared:

"Gantt is but a casual acquaintance of mine, though I have known him for about a year. I do not believe he is the kind of man who would have committed the crime.

"I met him early Saturday night in the Globe pool room and talked to him some time. My brother and a friend of Gantt's, named White, were playing a game of pool. Gantt does not play and we sat down and watched my brother and White. About 10 o'clock Gantt and myself strolled out of the pool room and walked around. We went a block or two out Whitehall Street, then turned and came back, walking back to Alabama Street and up Alabama to Broad Street. I told Gantt that I was going to catch a car and he said he would go back to the pool room. I noticed that he walked up Broad Street, my car came along and I went home. I caught the 10:30 o'clock car.

Had Started West.

"In the course of our conversation Gantt told me that he had left Atlanta to go to San Francisco and had gotten as far as St. Louis but had been held up there several days on account of high water. He said he then changed his mind and came back to Atlanta.

"He also told me that he probably would go to farming; that his mother had offered to give him a 500-acre farm near Marietta.

“That Gantt could have met the Phagan girl later in the night and committed the crime appears improbable to me, as most of his conversation was about him preparing to get married in August. He seemed to be very much in love with the young lady.

“Our meeting Saturday night was accidental. I had not seen him for three or four weeks and asked him where he had been. He then told me of going to St. Louis.”

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‘I Feel as Though I Could Die,’ Sobs Mary Phagan’s Grief- Stricken Sister

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Among all the hearts that are bowed down in sorrow over the murder of Mary Phagan, the 14-year-old factory child found dead in the National Pencil factory Saturday, there is none who feels the suffering and the anguish of the separation so keenly as her sister, Ollie, 18 years old, her companion since childhood.

For with her it is the suffering of youth, when the rose-veil of life has been lifted to show its tragic and terrible side in all its fullness for the first time. And it is all the more pitiful for her because it is the kind of suffering that brings to one that sense of despair and a later sadness that makes the whole world seem never quite the same again, no matter what happens. Something of its sweetness and joy has gone out to stay.

“Oh, I am so lonely without her,” the young girl told a Georgian reporter as the tears fell down her face unheeded. She was at her little home on Lindsay Street. “Mary and I were always together and we always told each other everything. We slept in the same bed at night; we had ever since we were little bit o’ kids; and we always talked after the lights went out. There wasn’t a thing that Mary wouldn’t tell me, and I would always advise her and tell her what I thought was right if little questions would come up between us. She was always such a good little thing, nobody could help loving her!”

She clasped and unclasped her hands in front of her as though she did not know what to do, and leaned upon the bureau as if she were tired.

“I Never Had But One Sister.”

“I don’t know what I’m going to do—I haven’t got anybody now,” she said. “I never had but one sister, and she’s gone.”

Her voice choked and she could not go on for a time. When she did it was to speak of how she was in Marietta when the tragedy happened and how the news came home to her mother on Sunday morning. She had not been home to go to the poor little body in the undertakers’ parlors shortly after it was taken there.

“The first mother knew of it all was a little before 5 o’clock Sunday morning,” she said, her lips quivering. “A girl named Helen Ferguson who lives near here and who has a telephone, was called up by Grace Hicks, the girl who identified Mary’s body. Grace told her to come right on over and tell mother what had happened.

Saturday night when Mary hadn’t come home they had all been worried. Mary had said she was coming right back after the parade, but didn’t show up. Then somebody remembered she had said she had heard the show at the Bijou was good—some of the girls had told her—and she would like to go, but she wouldn’t go without she had some one to go with her. When she didn’t come home a little later they all thought maybe she had found some of the girls anyway and gone, and so Mr. Coleman, her stepfather, went downtown to bring her home. He waited until the show was over and everybody had fled out of the theater, but Mary was not with the crowd. Mr. Coleman had returned home and found Mrs. Coleman and another woman, who had stayed with her while he had gone to town, still up and waiting for him. Then was when they decided that Mary had met up with her aunt from Marietta and gone home with her. She had intended going anyway Sunday.

“But I know Mary’s safe,” said Mrs. Coleman, and after a few minutes they all went to bed.

The Awful News.

When Helen Ferguson’s footsteps touched the front porch at 5 o’clock the sound waked her mother immediately.

“There’s Mary now!” Mrs. Coleman exclaimed as she sat up on the bed. “No, it isn’t either,” declared Mr. Coleman. “I feel it’s news for us, and bad news.”

Mrs. Coleman went to the door.

“Mrs. Coleman,” said Miss Henderson [sic], “did you know that Mary had been killed?”

“Oh, it can’t be possible!” her mother sobbed. “What do you mean? I don’t understand you. Tell me how. Maybe you’re mistaken—maybe it isn’t Mary.”

But Miss Henderson [sic] said that Miss Hicks was positive in her identification.

And then Mr. Coleman came out and brought her mother in the house, she was crying so, and then as quickly as he could be dressed and went downtown to look at the body. There was no mistake. It was Mary.

Her voice was pitifully like a child’s when she had finished, as she asked The Georgian reporter if he thought the man would be captured.

“If they get him they ought to treat him just like he treated her,” she declared. “Oh, my poor little sister! He had no pity for her, and they oughtn’t to have any for him. Oh, God, I just feel as if I could die.”

She will attend the funeral of her sister in Marietta, going up with the family Tuesday. She was formerly employed at a downtown department store, but recently gave up her position. She is very pretty and attractive, slenderly built and resembles her sister to some extent, it is said.

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Loyalty Sends Girl to Defend Mullinax

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Brave little Pearl Robinson!

Her loyalty and devotion to Arthur Mullinax, one of the four men held in connection with the brutal strangling of Mary Phagan, form the only bright feature in a sordid and revolting crime.

What did she care for the stares of the groups of people that hung about the detective headquarters when the life of her lover appeared to be in danger?

What did she care for the remarks that were directed at her when she pushed and shoved her way through the morbid crowds awaiting for a new sensation?

What difference did it make to her that her name instantly would be on the lips of everyone as the defendant of a man pointed out by one witness as the mysterious person with little Mary Phagan the last time she was seen alive?

Love Gave Her Courage.

It was the ages-old story of a woman's heart refusing to believe any ill of the man to whom it is pledged and devoted.

In the young heart of pretty Pearl Robinson was implanted that eternally feminine and eternally remarkable attribute as deeply as though she were twice her 16 years.

She knew Arthur Mullinax, liked him, probably loved him with the implicit trust of a woman. He had been good to her, kind to her and always gentle and courteous. That was enough. He could not have been guilty of the terrible deed that has shocked a community as it has not been shocked in years.

And she was not afraid to tell to the world her confidence in the innocence of the man toward whom the wavering and shifting finger of suspicion had pointed at various times since the authorities began following out the many clues of the baffling mystery.

She was astounded, overcome, when she read that Mullinax had been held in connection with the gruesome killing. How could they associate him with such an act—that of a fiend and beast? When the first shock had passed she was all action. She would tell the officers their mistake. She had no sooner made up her mind than she proceeded to carry out her intention.

“Arthur Did Not Do It!”

A few minutes later she was in the office of Chief of Detectives Lanford. She was surrounded by sharp-eyed and keen-minded detectives. That did not disconcert her in the least. She trembled from the thoughts of the terrible crime with which the name of her lover had been linked, but not from any fear of the guilt of him she had come to defend.

“Arthur did not commit that awful deed,” she told Chief Lanford, in a positive and not-to-be-contradicted manner.

That settled it. She had said the final word. Of course, she went on and told of his movements on the night of the tragedy, and with the aid of his landlady established a very strong alibi. But that was incidental in her mind. All that mattered and was of consequence was what her heart told her—"Arthur did not do it."

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Negro Watchman is Accused by Slain Girl's Stepfather

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

That Mary Phagan never left the factory after she entered it at 12:15 o'clock Saturday, the day of her murder, and that she was killed and her body dragged into the basement by the negro night watchman, Newt Lee, now in jail, is the firm belief of the child's stepfather, W. J. Coleman, and other members of her family.

As for Arthur Mullinax, former street car conductor, held on suspicion, Mr. Coleman told a Georgian reporter he thought him innocent of the crime. He was also very doubtful if J. M. Gant [sic], ex-bookkeeper for the pencil factory, where the girl worked, had anything to do with her murder or knew anything about it.

"If the negro watchman did not kill the child, how would it have been impossible for him to hear her screams going on in the building?" he asked. "A livery stable man next door heard them, and it would have been much easier for the watchman to. If the black did not do it himself, then he must have known something about it, and who the person was who did it."

Outlines Theory of Murder.

Then, in broken tones, for he had just returned from making all arrangements for taking the girl's body to Marietta, Ga., to be buried, he outlined his idea of how she met her death.

“When Mary turned from the window after receiving her money,” he said, “I think that, instead of going directly out, she went to the dressing room, perhaps for a drink of water, as one of the notes found said. Superintendent Frank, missing her when he came out and supposing she had left the building, locked her in. The negro watchman must have seen her go into the dressing room, and a little later seized her and gagged her.”

Later developments in the story go to show that the spot where the child’s hair was found caught on a steel lathe was not the scene of her struggle with her assailant. In the dressing room, it was said by a member of her family, there were plain evidences that the attack was made. She was also gagged in the room, for a strip of her new lavender dress was cut off from the front and bound around her mouth to keep her from screaming.

Ribbon Found Near Boiler.

Another bit of evidence, it was said, that went to throw added suspicion on the black was a bow of the child’s blue ribbon and a handkerchief found down near the boiler, where he constantly stayed.

“The negro evidently kept the child in the factory all day,” Mr. Coleman said, “and was afraid to attack her until midnight for fear she would scream or somebody would come. He may or may not have knocked her senseless from the first, or he may have tied her. I do not know, but when Gant entered the shop it is more than likely that he knew nothing of the girl’s presence there and simply went up and got his shoes, as he said, and went out again.

“All this about Mary having been seen on the street at midnight or at any other time after 12 o’clock in the day I do not think can be true. I believe she remained all day in the building. After the negro did the work, he was afraid to leave or not to notify the police, which would make appearances worse for him. Therefore, he called the officers.”

Now Clears Mullinax.

Mr. Coleman said he had at first given credence to a report that Mary had come home at 6 o’clock Saturday afternoon, and that Mullinax meeting her as she got off of the car, had taken her back to town with him. This report, Mr. Coleman said, turned out to be untrue. The conductor had made a mistake, and the girl Mullinax was with was Miss Pearl Robinson, of Bellwood, as he swore in jail.

This was corroborated by the conductor himself, J. C. Horne, 11 Coral Place, on whose car the reporter rode out to the Coleman home on Lindsay Street. The conductor said that Mullinax and Miss Robinson had taken his car out and, knowing Mullinax, he had talked with him and the girl, who at that time he thought was Mary Phagan. When Mullinax and Miss Robinson reached their corner Mullinax remarked that it was a bit

chilly and he was going home to build a fire. It was later that they returned to the theater, the conductor said, but on whose car he did not know.

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Pastor Prays for Justice at Girl's Funeral

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Mother and Aunt of Mary Phagan Swoon at Burial in Marietta This Morning.

A thousand persons saw a minister of God raise his hands to heaven to-day and heard him call for divine justice.

Before his closed eyes was a little casket, its pure whiteness hid by the banks and banks of beautiful flowers.

Within the casket lay the bruised and mutilated body of Mary Phagan, the innocent young victim of one of Atlanta's blackest and most bestial crimes.

The spirit of the terrible tragedy filled the air. An aunt of the strangled girl suddenly screamed, fell over in her seat and was carried from the church in a swoon from which she did not fully recover for hours.

The stricken mother collapsed and it was feared that her condition might become critical.

The scene was in the Second Baptist Church at Marietta, where Mary Phagan had lived when she was a child of only three or four years. An immense crowd was at the station when the funeral train arrived at 10 o'clock. Many of them were young people who had played about with the strangled victim when she had lived there years before.

Mother Collapses at Station.

Just as Mrs. W. J. Coleman, mother of Mary, was being helped into a cab, the pure white coffin was lifted from the car. Mrs. Coleman saw it and the single glance was sufficient to awake afresh the torrent of fearful memories.

She screamed and fell into the arms of her husband. It was some time before she could be taken to the church to witness the rites over her daughter whose life had been sacrificed to the brutality of some man.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," sang the choir when the little casket was borne into the church and carried forward, where it was covered with flowers.

Rev. T. T. Linkus, of the Christian Church at East Point, whose Sunday school Mary had attended in the earlier years of her laughing, happy childhood, was the minister.

"May God bring the man guilty of this terrible crime to justice," was the supplication of the minister as he raised his hands above him.

"May God aid the officers of the law in detecting and bringing behind the bars such a man," he continued.

Aunt Screams and Faints.

His words were interrupted first by the sobs of one member of the family and then by another. Miss Lissie Phagan, an aunt of the strangled girl, uttered a piercing scream. She was unconscious when those by her picked her up. She was taken home in a carriage and Dr. W. M. Kemp was called. He had great difficulty in reviving the griefstricken woman.

W. J. Phagan, the girl's aged grandfather, sat with his white head bowed in sorrow. The tears, ran down his furrowed cheeks unheeded. He was utterly broken and crushed by the calamity which had visited him and his family in his last years.

All the way from New York, where he was on board one of the United States battleships, came Benjamin Phagan to witness the tragic funeral of his innocent young sister. With him were his brothers, Joshua and Charles, and his sister, Ollie Phagan.

A sad procession moved to the little cemetery [sic] where the coffin was lowered into the grave that had been prepared. Mrs. Coleman collapsed again at the grave and it is greatly feared that she will be seriously affected by the ordeal through which she has passed.

“I Am Not Guilty,” Says John M. Gant [sic]

Atlanta Constitution

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

“I Was Not in Love With Mary and She Was Not With Me,” Asserts Man Accused of Murder.

“I did not kill Mary Phagan. I haven’t seen her within a month. They accuse me falsely. I’m innocent and will swear it by heaven above.”

John M. Gant [sic], the youthful bookkeeper arrested on the charge of murdering Mary Phagan, sat in the detective chief’s office at police headquarters last night, looked his questioners squarely in the eyes, and sweepingly denied all accusations.

“I went to Marietta to take charge of a farm I have bought. My folks live there. I had been planning to go for several weeks. Surely, the mere fact that I went to Marietta isn’t proof conclusive that I killed the girl.”

Faces the Detectives.

He talked frankly, never removing his gaze from the eyes of the detectives who quizzed him. He is a handsome youth, six feet and four inches tall, spare framed, active and supple limbed. His black, curly hair falls over the forehead, and is clipped closely in the back, while the forelocks are long and wavy.

An hour or so after he had been closeted with Chief Lanford and detective experts, he was admitted to the main room of the detectives’ quarters, where he was permitted to talk to the newspaper reporters. He conversed frankly, answering questions promptly and freely.

“I’m not guilty. I might be a victim of circumstance, but they can’t prove a thing on me. They might as well stop. It would save time and labor. If they’d devote the energy they’re devoting to me to hunting the real murderer, they’d catch him a whole lot quicker.”

There was a tone of sarcasm in his voice as he alluded to his accusers. He was not bitter, and seemed not the slightest perturbed over the predicament.

Saw Memorial Parade.

“Now, I’ll tell you exactly what I did Saturday. First, I saw the Memorial parade. Then I got with some friends and we walked over town a little, here and there, but to no particular place. I was intending to leave town Monday. A pair of old shoes I had worn a month ago were down at the penely [sic] factory. I used to work there, you know, and they were left on the first floor.

“I wanted to get them, and asked Mr. Frank, the president of the plant, if I could get into the building. He said I could, and referred me to the negro nightwatchman. I got into the building and found the shoes. I didn’t stay but a short while. About 7:30 o’clock I met two friends. We went to a pool room uptown and played pool until 10:30 o’clock. I didn’t play, but sat around and watched the other fellows. When I left the pool room, I went directly to my sister’s home on Linden street. She met me at the door. I went straight to bed and was asleep almost the moment I hit the mattress.”

Gant declares he did not see The Constitution’s exclusive extra Sunday morning, and that he did not know of a murder until informed Sunday night of the story in the extra.

“Where were you when told of the murder?” he was asked.

Learns of the Murder.

“I got up late Sunday morning. That night, I went to see Miss Annie Chambers, of 18 Warren place, with whom I have been going ever since Christmas. We were sitting in the parlor. Her little brother, Philip, came in and said he had read The Constitution’s story of a girl being murdered in the pencil factory.

“I was acquainted with most of the girls that worked there. I asked him what was the girl’s name.

“I don’t know,” he answered. ‘They haven’t identified her yet.’ It was about 8 o’clock at night, then. That was the first I knew of the killing. When I left Miss Chambers’ home I went to my sister’s house and to bed.”

Declaring that he had never gone with the Phagan girl, Gant ridiculed the rumor that he was infatuated with her. She was beautiful, he admitted, and a girl loved by every employee in the plant.

“When she was a little girl, about ten years ago,” he said, “I knew her in Marietta. They lived close to the home of my family in Cobb county. Then I knew her again when she worked in the pencil factory. I had never paid her any particular attention, and was not in love with her. I don’t guess she was in love with me. She never said anything, if she was, and she didn’t show any signs that would indicate it.”

Gant Retains Counsel.

“I could wring the neck of whoever accuses me of such a thing,” he blazed. “It’s the most atrocious crime I’ve ever heard of. I never could have conceived it, let alone commit it. The man is a murderer who would unjustifiably accuse another of such a deed.”

Judge George F. Gober, a distant relative of the suspected youth, and senior member of the firm of Gober, Jackson & Leag, has been retained as counsel for Gant. He made an immediate demand Monday night for preliminary hearing. Chief Lanford declined. Gober stated that he would take out habeas corpus proceedings instantly.

The warrant against Gant was issued by Justice F. M. Powers to Detective Osborne. It charges murder.

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* * *

Pinkertons Hired to Assist Police Probe the Murder of Mary Phagan

Atlanta Constitution

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

For Hours Detectives Labor With John M. Gant [sic], Former Employee of National Pencil Company and Alleged Admirer of Pretty Mary Phagan.

SISTER OF PRISONER ADMITS SHE DECEIVED ATLANTA DETECTIVES

Told Them Gant Had Not Been Home When He Declared He Was in Bed. Now Admits Story Untrue. Gant Caught in Marietta, With Suit Case Filled With His Clothes.

Despite the fact that four suspects in the Mary Phagan case are held at police station, two white men and two negroes, the detective department is not satisfied, and the city is being scoured for evidence that will lead to the arrest of the guilty party.

Last night the Pinkerton detective department was engaged by Leo M. Frank, president of the National Pencil company, to aid the local officers in the search for the man responsible for the brutal murder, committed Sunday morning in the plant of his company on Forsyth street.

All day Monday detectives worked diligently for evidence which would throw light upon the mysterious killing, and when night came they were baffled. The most careful investigation failed to show that any one had seen the girl since she left the factory, where she drew her pay Saturday afternoon. Several people said they thought they had seen her, but none were positive. All the evidence too, proved the good character of the victim. Members of her family, neighbors and her fellow workers united in paying tribute to her good qualities.

Gant Given Third Degree.

Desperately striving to force the confession that he is the murderer of Mary Phagan, third degree experts of police headquarters labored until midnight Monday with John M. Gant, the young bookkeeper arrested in Marietta yesterday afternoon on the direct charge of murder.

He stoutly protests innocence:

“I was at home Saturday night by 10 o’clock—in bed and asleep.”

His sister, Mrs. F. C. Terrell, of 248 East Linden street, with whom he lived, told detectives Sunday night:

“Mr. Gant left here a month ago for California. I haven’t seen him since. He has not been here at any time within the past four weeks.”

Sister Admits Deceiving Detectives.

Monday afternoon, however, she told a reporter for The Constitution that Gant had been at her home Saturday and Sunday nights. She also admitted having told the detectives a story to the contrary.

“I knew they were detectives—I lied. John was here Saturday night. He was here Sunday night, too. I didn’t want the detectives to know it, though.”

Gant left Atlanta early Monday morning. Police headquarters learned he had caught a Marietta trolley car. The police of that place was notified. He was arrested the moment he stepped from the car.

Detective Haslett rushed him to police headquarters at 4 o’clock in the afternoon. Immediately, he was closeted with Chief Lanford. A squad of detectives and criminal experts pulled off their coats, rolled their sleeves and prepared for a determined siege, which they vowed would not end until they had been convinced that Gant was either guilty or innocent.

They were still locked with the suspect at midnight. Evidently, he was undergoing the ordeal with fortitude. Had an admission been made, he undoubtedly would have emerged from the office. The charge against him is murder. He will not be allowed [1 word illegible] or communication with the outside world.

Developments in the [1 word illegible] mystery came thick and fast Monday, arrest followed arrest. Five were made in all. Three were made Monday. The first of them was the taking into custody of Leo M. Frank, president of the pencil factory.

His detainment was made in the nature of an [1 word illegible]. After an hour's interrogation, he was released. Upon his appearance at [1 word illegible], he was accompanied [2 words illegible] and refused to talk [10 words illegible].

It was [several paragraphs illegible].

They were being assisted by P. Y. Brent, of the W. E. Treadwell company. The negro [1 word illegible] was an employee of Mr. Brent's, who had volunteered to assist in the investigation.

After three hours of grueling third degree, Mr. Brent said to the prisoner:

"I know what's the trouble. Someone you are faithful to killed that girl. You know all about it. I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't have a hand in it yourself. You don't want to tell because you want to shield whoever murdered her.

"Your Loyalty Or Neck."

"I'm going to tell you this—it's just a question of loyalty or your neck. You can't keep but one."

"Yessir, Mr. Brent; that's a fact. I know that."

His lips were trembling and he shifted nervously. It was apparent that he was collapsing. His questioners waited eagerly for an expected confession. The negro checked himself, moistened his lips, realized the import of his words, and recovered.

"But I don't know nothing. I don't know a thing."

His replies to the thousands of questions hurled at him was an incessant reiteration of his first story—the story of the body's discovery. When this failed to check the onslaught of queries, he fell to answering them with the stereotyped reply:

"I don't know. I don't know a thing."

He was sent back to prison. Hereafter, he will be confined to the dungeon. The police are confident of their suspicion. The negro either was implicated in the murder, they say, or was acquainted with the slayer.

After an all-night hunt for Gant, police headquarters was notified early Monday morning that the hunted man was seen at an early hour, departing hurriedly from a saloon directly across the street from the building in which the murder occurred. Herbert Schiff, assistant superintendent of the plant, was sitting in his office when he spied the exbookkeeper hurrying from the saloon.

Schiff Calls Police Station.

Schiff called police station. The trail was lost, though, before sleuths could reach Forsyth street. Detectives were sent to every street and railway station, equipped with a description of Gant. An acquaintance notified the police that the wanted man had boarded a Marietta car at the Transportation building on Walton street.

Marietta was wired and ordered to arrest Gant by all means. He was caught and detained in the Cobb county jail until the arrival of Detective Haslett. He was equipped for a long journey, carrying a well-filled suitcase. He used it to shield his face from the battery of newspaper cameras that attacked him upon his arrival at police headquarters.

Mary Pirk, a girl employee of the pencil factory, said Monday that she had often heard gossip concerning Gant's infatuation for the Phagan girl.

The negro watchman told detectives that Gant had remained in the factory building twenty or thirty minutes Saturday night. While searching for the shoes, Lee said, he had gone to the office on the second floor, and talked over the telephone in low tones with a girl or woman. The conversation was a lengthy one, the watchman declared.

Mrs. Terrell told Detectives Luther Brooks and Y. T. Allen Sunday night that Gant had been to California for a month, and that she had not heard from him any whatever during that time.

Worried Over Failure to Write.

She expressed worry over his failure to write. Usually, she declared, he had always sent her weekly letters or postcards whenever leaving the city. The story she told The Constitution reporter Monday, though, is contradictory to the statement she made to the detectives.

Telling the reporter that she intentionally had misled the detectives, she said it was done because she did not want them to arrest her brother.

Another phase was added to the tragedy when a sleeping couch was discovered in the basement in which the girl's mutilated body was found. It is an improvised couch, constructed of boxes and covered with a number of cracker and tow sacks. Recent tracks of a woman's shoe were found nearby in the sawdust flooring.

The murder evidently occurred upon the first or second floors. Strands of bloody hair of a shade comparing with the hair of the dead girl, were found on a lathe machine on the second floor. The instrument was also spotted with crimson.

Because of the intense feeling and excitement, naturally prevailing among the hundreds of female employees of the plant, the management Monday morning deemed it prudent to shut down for the day. The doors were closed and a policeman stationed at both the Forsyth and Hunter street entrances. Until dusk, large crowds of the morbidly curious flocked around the place, discussing the murder and seeking entrance to the basement in which the corpse was discovered.

Inquest Set For Wednesday.

The only persons allowed in the basement, however, were those who accompanied the coroner's jury on its tour of investigation early Monday morning. Coroner Donehoo, after empaneling a jury, postponed the hearing until detectives were able to gather more definite evidence. The inquest will be held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock in the Bloomfield undertaking establishment.

Mrs. Coleman Better.

Mrs. Coleman, mother of the slain girl, although not entirely recovered from the shock of Sunday, was much improved Monday. She was feeble and had to be confined to her home. Pleading with her husband to escort her to the undertaking establishment to view her daughter's corpse, she insisted that she be carried there.

Her physician would not permit it. It is thought, however, that she will be able to attend the funeral today. Throughout Sunday and Monday neighborhood friends of the bereaved family flocked to the modest little home on Lindsay street, consoling the parents and brothers and sisters of the dead girl.

For a time Sunday afternoon and early that night fears were felt for the safety of the negro watchman suspected of complicity in the crime. Reports that a mob of white men was being formed, caused Chief Beavers to hold a reserve of a half hundred mounted policemen in headquarters until late at night.

The only trouble encountered, however, was by Chief Lanford, Detectives Starnes and Black, Boots Rogers, driver of the automobile in which the sleuths visited the factory, and a reporter for The Constitution who accompanied the party. It occurred shortly after daybreak.

The Constitution's exclusive extra had drawn a huge crowd of men and boys to the pencil factory. The negro was being taken from headquarters to the scene of the crime.

When he came from the building and was placed in the automobile, threatening remarks came from the crowd that thronged around the machine.

"He ought to be lynched," said a heavy-set man who edged close to the rear seat, in which sat the detective chief and his prisoner.

"Yes," said another, "and I'd help do it."

The engines were running. Starnes and Black had not climbed into the machine. Lanford called to Rogers to hurry away. Without waiting for the two detectives or the reporter, the machine rushed down Forsyth street.

White Slavery Theory Advanced.

Equipped with evidence indicating that Mary Phagan was the victim of a white slavery plot that was foiled only by her brutal murder, detectives have turned their investigation to an entirely new phase of the baffling mystery.

Police headquarters has been informed of a garishly attired woman seen shortly before midnight Saturday in company with two youths and a reeling, weeping girl answering the dead girl's description convincingly.

They were seen at Alabama and Forsyth streets, only a short distance from the building in which she was murdered. The girl was sobbing and was being led by the mysterious woman. The two youths followed close behind, murmuring coaxing words in her ear.

The woman was saying:

"Come along, now, dearie. Don't create a scene. You'll attract the cops."

"The girl was sobbing:

"I don't care! I don't care!"

The strange quartette turned down Forsyth street in direction of the pencil factory. They disappeared in the darkness of the plant building.

W. I. Gray, a conductor on the Buckhead trolley line, however, notified the detective department Monday afternoon of the mysterious quartette. Detectives were sent immediately to question him. Energy is being concentrated to investigation along this line.

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Was Victim of Murder Lured Off on Joy Ride Before She Met Death?

Atlanta Constitution

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

Evidence obtained by Detectives Black and Rosser Monday afternoon has led the detective department to suspect that little Mary Phagan was lured away by her murderer Saturday afternoon by the pleasures of a joy ride during which she was drugged or made drunk with whisky.

This new aspect of the case came from R. B. Pyron, telegraph operator at the signal tower on the Central of Georgia railroad at the Whitehall street crossing.

Pyron told the detectives Monday afternoon that about 10 o'clock Saturday night he was standing at the entrance to the signal tower when an automobile came from the direction of West End and stopped on Whitehall street just after it had crossed the railroad.

Sobbing and Pleading.

In the rear seat he saw a young girl answering the description of Mary Phagan. She was sobbing and pleading while a man sitting beside her and another man standing on the running board was talking to her earnestly [3 words illegible] trying to quiet her. A third man was at the steering wheel.

"I see many machines pass here of [1 word illegible]," said Pyron, "and never pay any attention to them. But the fact that a young girl was alone in an automobile with three men and was crying and apparently in trouble struck me as being so unusual that when the machine stopped I started nearer to it to investigate. But as soon as the occupants saw me they started the machine again and disappeared in the direction of the city.

"I had thought about it several times since but not seriously until I read in the papers of the murder of Mary Phagan whose description tallies with that of the girl I saw."

Mr. Pyron stated that he did not believe he would be able to identify any of the occupants of the car should he see them again.

Man on the Running Board.

The only description of any of the occupants he could give was that of the man on the running board who he declared was of rather slender build and medium stature wearing a dark suit and a low crowned straw hat.

The car, he said, was apparently a five passenger touring car and was black in color.

The detectives late Monday night had been unable to identify the car or any of its occupants.

Mr. Pyron said that the girl was hysterical and appeared to be either drunk or drugged.

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\$1,000 Reward

The Atlanta Constitution

April 29, 1913

The assault and murder of 14-year-old Mary Phagan comprise the most revolting crime in the history of Atlanta. Homicide is bad enough. Criminal assault upon woman is worse. When a mere child, a little girl in knee dresses, is the victim of

both there are added elements of horror and degeneracy that defy the written word.

This outrage with all its gruesome and pitiful settings, occurred in the very heart of Atlanta. It was committed by some human beast with more than jungle cruelty and less than jungle mercy.

The detective force and the entire police authority of Atlanta are on probation in the detection and arrest of this criminal with proof. To justify the confidence that is placed in them and the relation they are assumed to hold toward law and order they must locate this arch murderer.

All Atlanta, shocked at a crime that has no local parallel in sheer horror and barbarity, expects the machinery of the law to sufficient to meet the call made upon it. If ever the men who ferret crime and uphold the law in Atlanta are to justify their function it must be in apprehending the assailant and murderer of Mary Phagan.

Fidelity to oath and pride of reputation should be sufficient incentive to the detectives to insure their solution of this mystery, but as an additional incentive and in expression of what is really a community wide demand for justice in a particularly abhorrent case- lxvi

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Mother Prays That Son May Be Released

Atlanta Georgian

Wednesday, April 30th, 1913

Gantt's Mother, for Whom Mary Phagan Was Named, Weeps for Son.

In an easy chair in front of an open fireplace in a little Cobb County farm house, sat an aged mother, with lines of suffering marking her face and her white head bowed in sorrow, praying that her son may be found innocent of the terrible crime for which he is held by the Atlanta police.

For two days she sat in the same chair, staring constantly with dry eyes into the embers of the dying fire, seeing in the clouds of smoke as they swirl upward into the chimney, visions of her son caged in a felon's cell—her mind filled with terrible pictures of her boy struggling with the horrors of the “third degree.”

The mother is Mrs. Mary Lou Gantt. Her son is James Milton Gantt, the young bookkeeper who is held by the police as a suspect in the terrible murder of little Mary Phagan. Mrs. Gantt was prostrated when the news of her son's arrest was brought to her Monday morning. Her boy had been away from home for three long weeks, and during that time had narrowly escaped death in an accident at Copper Hill, Tenn., where he had been working.

Late Saturday evening she received a letter from her son, saying that he was coming home Monday. The letter was filled with messages of love that only a mother can appreciate, and the heart of Mrs. Gantt was filled with an unutterable joy. Eagerly she awaited the dawning of Monday morning, counting the hours which must elapse ere she could clasp her son in her arms. At the break of day she was up and preparing food that he had always liked. She baked a cake with which to tempt the appetite of the boy, and she donned the soft silk dress that he loved to see “mother” wear.

At the sound of every footstep, and every time the wheels of a wagon crunched upon the hard country road, the mother hastened to the door. But the hours passed and he failed to come. The warm food she had prepared got cold, and the cake, made as only a mother can make them, stood uncut upon the table. At length, as the hour of noon approached, a buggy came down the road. A man alighted and hurried into the house, where he told the mother that her son was under arrest, charged with the most terrible crime in the history of the State—the murder of little Mary Phagan.

The mother, stabbed to the heart by the message, swooned in the arms of her daughter, Mrs. George Blackwell, and was carried into the house. For hours she lay on her bed, moaning and sobbing with the pain that clutched her heart and scared her brain.

Mary Named for Gantt's Mother.

The grief of the mother that her son should be charged with such a monstrous crime is all the more bitter because she has been the life-long friend of the Phagan family. She was present when little Mary Phagan came into the world, and the little girl was named in honor of her—Mary Lou Phagan. [This is very important, because Mary Phagan being named after the mom of James Gantt makes it very probable that they were closely related. I have already documented other evidence of the relation of James Gantt and Mary Phagan elsewhere. -PB] She has rocked the dead child to sleep, soothed her in lighter moments.. She was inexpressibly grieved when she learned of the death of the child, and the arrest of her son has increased her sorrow a hundred fold.

When a Georgian reporter called at her home yesterday the mother, with all the power of a mother's love, protested the innocence of her son and declared that his arrest was a terrible injustice.

"I know my boy could not do such a terrible thing," she cried, her tried old body shaking with grief. "He was a good boy. I raised him right and nothing on earth could ever make me believe that he has ever done anything wrong. I know my boy as I know no one else on earth, and I swear that he knows no more about the terrible crime than I know myself."

Feeling High in Marietta.

Feeling against the man who strangled little Mary Phagan runs high in Marietta, while Gantt has the sympathy of many. The family stands high in the business and social circles of the little city, and not a man could be found by a Georgian reporter yesterday afternoon who would utter other than good about the young man. Prominent citizens declared that he was a young man of honor and could not possibly be connected with the crime. When the boy is released and fully exonerated of the crime, or of any connection with it, the citizens of Marietta are planning such a reception as will leave no room for doubt in the minds of the mother and of himself that the unfortunate circumstances that led to his arrest have not lessened their high regard for him or for his family.

Young Gantt has lived most of his life on a farm six miles from Marietta. He was raised to manhood there, and was and is considered one of the finest young men the County of Cobb has produced. For several years he taught school at the old Camp Grounds school house, and then came to Atlanta to learn bookkeeping. Three weeks ago he received an offer from California, and started for the West. He was held up by high water at Memphis and went to work at Copper Hill, Tenn., where he worked for a week. Then he was one of the victims of an elevator accident, and came home to recuperate. He had been staying at his sister's home on Linden Avenue, and was on his way to visit his mother when he was arrested.

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Sister's New Story Likely to Clear Gantt as Suspect

Atlanta Georgian

Wednesday, April 30, 1913

F. C. Terrell, 284 East Linden Avenue, told a Georgian reporter to-day that his wife had declared to him that she did not tell the truth to the detectives and Georgian reporters to whom she had said that she did not know where J. M. Gantt, accused of the murder of pretty Mary Phagan, was on Saturday night.

When seen soon after the discovery of the deed, Mrs. Terrell stated that Gantt, who is her half brother, had left her home where he had been for the past seven years, three weeks ago, presumably to go to California and that she had not seen him since.

"Most certainly he was in his room here Saturday night," declared Mrs. Terrell to a Georgian reporter to-day. "He came in at 11 o'clock."

"Slept With Me."

"I ate breakfast with Mr. Gantt Sunday morning," said a young woman, an inmate of the Terrell home.

"Yes," said little Willie Terrell, "Mr. Gantt slept with me Saturday night. And I had to wake up at 4 o'clock to get my little brother up to carry my papers and Mr. Gantt was still in bed."

"No, I had not seen Gantt for three weeks," declared F. C. Terrell, brother-in-law of the accused. A moment later, Mr. Terrell said that Gantt had been back in town for four or five days and that he was certainly in his house Saturday night.

"I heard my wife get up and let him in at 11 o'clock," declared Terrell.

A Georgian reporter called at the Terrell residence to find that Mrs. Terrell was in a state approaching a nervous collapse and much excited in her manner. She was vehement in her declaration that Gantt was in bed at 11 o'clock Saturday night.

In a few moments her husband, who is engineer at the Forsyth Building came in, and before seeing his wife was interviewed by a reporter.

Strange Contradictions.

"Yes," said he, "Gantt had been gone three weeks and I hadn't seen anything of him. He was a quiet fellow in his habits, always came home early at nights and we were surprised to hear that he is suspected of this crime."

“The first I heard of it was Monday morning when my brother-in-law, J. N. Gantt at Marietta called me up and told me they had arrested Gantt.”

“But did you not just say that the detectives were here at your house Sunday afternoon and had questioned your wife as to Gantt’s whereabouts,” asked the reporter.

“Yes,” was the reply, “but my wife did not tell me anything about the detectives being out here.

“You see my wife has not been well for a long time and she was very nervous and scared and she did not want the detectives fooling around here and she told them a story to keep them from coming again. She admitted to me that she had falsified to them.

“I heard my wife get up at 11 o’clock and let some one in, and she told me it was Gantt.”

“I thought you said that Gantt had left here three weeks ago and that you did not know anything about him,” volunteered the reporter.

Sure He Came In.

“Oh, no! He had been back here four or five days. He started to California, to Los Angeles, to take a position, but didn’t get any further than Memphis. He ran into the floods out there, got tied up and decided to come back.

“Yes, I am sure my wife got up and let him in; I was awake at the time. And I saw him Sunday morning too.”

Mr. Terrell declared that he had just left the police station where he had seen and talked with Gantt.

“He’s just as cool as a cucumber,” said Mr. Terrell, “and he laughs at the idea of his being accused of the murder. He is just as confident of being cleared as if it was already decided.”

Detectives Eliminate Evidence in Conflict with Theory that Phagan Girl Never Left Factory

Atlanta Journal

Thursday, May 1st, 1913

All Efforts Will Be Concentrated at Inquest Thursday Afternoon to Show That Testimony of Witnesses Who Claim to Have Seen Girl After She Entered Factory on Fatal Day is Vague and Indefinite and Contradictory

NIGHT WATCHMAN EXPECTED TO TAKE STAND AND GIVE INFORMATION HERETOFORE WITHHELD

This Intimation Came From Detectives Thursday Morning After the Watchman Had Been Vigorously Questioned Behind Closed Doors for More Than an Hour—Women Employees of Factory Will Be Called—Witness Admits Mistake

When the coroner's jury reconvenes Thursday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock the city detectives will endeavor to eliminate all testimony which tends to refute the theory that Mary Phagan never left the National Pencil company's factory after she went there to collect her two days' wages last Saturday about noon.

The testimony of Edgar L. Sentell, employee of the Kamper's grocery company, has been a stumbling block in the way of the case from the very first. The detectives have never believed that Mary Phagan left the factory, yet they were confronted with Sentell's positive statement that he saw and spoke to her between 11:30 and 1:30 o'clock Saturday night.

At Wednesday's inquest he said that he was positive that he saw the girl, and said that he believed her companion was Arthur Mullinax.

SAYS SENTELL WAS IN DOUBT.

Thursday, however, D. W. Adams, a trolley car motorman, came to Chief Beavers and told him that he heard Sentell say shortly after he had testified at the inquest, that he was not certain that the woman he saw was Mary Phagan.

"It might have been Miss Pearl Robinson," Adams quotes Sentell as saying just a short time after he swore positively that he saw and spoke to Mary Phagan. Miss Robinson,

was at the inquest, was wearing on Saturday evening a dress very much like the one Mary Phagan wore, and earlier in the evening she and Mullinax says they were together.

Detective Starnes and Campbell have convinced J. L. Watkins who testified that he saw Mary Phagan Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock that he was mistaken and that the girl he really saw was Miss Daisy Jones, who lives at the corner of Fox and Lindsay streets.

Miss Jones will be at the inquest Thursday afternoon and Watkins will take the stand to make the statement that his first testimony was in error.

In demonstrating to Mr. Watkins that he had seen Miss Jones instead of Mary Phagan, the detectives got Miss Jones to put on the same clothes she had on Saturday afternoon and took her out on the street where Mr. Watkins had seen her. Watkins was immediately convinced that Miss Jones was the girl he had seen.

Before the hour of convening of the inquest a number of detectives were engaged in talking to employees of the factory about general conditions, especially with references to the conduct of the men, employees and employers alike, toward the women who worked there.

A number of former employees were among the people who were in conference with the detectives.

SIXTH ARREST MADE.

A sixth arrest in the Phagan murder case was made by detectives at 2 o'clock Thursday. James Connally [sic], a negro "sweeper" employed at the National Pencil factory, was seen washing a shirt at a faucet in the rear of the building. Before he had completed the work detectives who had been phoned, walked in and placed the man under arrest. There were certain marks on the man's shirt. He claims that they are "rust" marks. The detectives will hold him, at least until a chemical analysis can determine for certain whether or not the stains were caused by blood.

The negro declared to the police that the shirt was the only one which he possessed and that he washed so he could appear in it at the inquest, to which he had been summoned. His statement is believed by the police.

NEW INFORMATION SECURED.

A report that Newt Lee, the night watchman, has given the detectives much additional information was current at police headquarters Thursday morning, and was not denied by the officials working on the case. Lee went through another hour's examination Thursday morning, and when he was locked in his cell again orders were given that he be allowed to communicate with no one.

It is now reported that he will go before the coroner's jury, when it convenes again at 4:30 in the afternoon.

The detectives intimate that Lee has given them new information which will materially help them in solving the mystery of Mary Phagan murder. It bears out the theory, they say, upon which they have been working for the past two days.

Shortly after 9 o'clock Thursday morning Lee was brought from his cell at the office of the chief of detectives. There he was examined for an hour by Chief Lanford, Chief Beavers, City Detectives Black and Rosser, and Harry Scott, the Pinkerton representative.

FACTORY GIRLS TO TESTIFY.

Coroner Paul Donehoo has announced his intention of summoning practically every woman employee of the National Pencil Factory, and many of the men, before the jury, which will resume the investigation of the death of little Mary Phagan on Thursday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

Trouble, expense and inconvenience cannot be considered in making an investigation in a case of such paramount importance, the coroner declares, and it is possible that some fact of the greatest importance may be developed by thoroughly examining the employees of the factory.

Probably some of the girls there have in their possession facts that would lead the detectives directly to the murderer, yet the girls holding this information may have no idea of its importance.

Coroner Donehoo told Chief of Detectives Lanford of his decision early Thursday and that official immediately offered the coroner two of his men who will serve the subpoenas.

According to the present plan the detectives will secure from the management a list of the employees. Their names will be written on the subpoenas, which the detectives will immediately serve.

Repeated rumors that employees of the factory know more than has ever been developed by the officers, has led, it is said, to the necessity of continuing the probe among them.

Of especial value is the coroner's inquest for when the witnesses go before it they are placed under oath, and if their stories vary at the trial of any party, who may be indicted for the crime, then the record of the coroner's investigation may be produced.

It is said that there are between sixty and eighty women and about 104 male employees of the National Pencil factory.

MAY EXHUME BODY.

Coroner Paul Donehoo is considering the advisability of having the body of Mary Phagan, interred at Marietta Monday, exhumed in order that physicians may make an examination of the contents of her stomach.

The coroner took the matter up, following a conference with D. G. Buchanan, formerly a sergeant of police at Augusta. Mr. Buchanan, who is now in business in Atlanta, advances the theory that Mary Phagan was drugged early in the afternoon, and that the tying of the cord and piece of her underskirt about her neck was either a simple "stall" or was done for the purpose of moving the body around by someone, who feared that he would bloody his clothing if he touched it.

FRANK REGRETS DELAY.

Leo M. Frank, when seen by a Journal reporter Thursday morning, said that he has no statement to make until his testimony is given before the coroner's jury, which will probably be at the afternoon session this Thursday.

Mr. Frank said that a complete stenographic statement had been dictated by him, and that he was anxious to have this before the jury.

He looked worn and tired, but declared that he regretted the delay and was anxious to have his testimony introduced as he was confident the coroner's inquest would completely establish his innocence.

UNCLE TO AID HIM.

It was learned Thursday that Moses Frank, one of the city's substantial citizens, is returning to Atlanta today to assist his nephew, L. M. Frank, in establishing his innocence of the crime with which his name has been linked by the charges of suspicion. Mr. Frank had started to Europe, but was reached by wire in New York and immediately started back here, giving up his journey. L. M. Frank is said to be a favorite nephew and the probable heir to his fortune.

The coroner's investigation of the murder of little Mary Phagan at the National Pencil factory Saturday or Sunday, will be resumed at police headquarters at 4:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon, and the principal witness is expected to be L. M. Frank, superintendent of the factory, who is being detained by the police.

When the inquest, which had been in session from 9 o'clock in the morning, adjourned for the day Wednesday at 6 o'clock, the mystery of Mary Phagan's death had not been solved, and the crime was far from fixed on any individual.

Coroner Paul Donehoo expects to hold a long night session Thursday. He fixed the hour for the re-convening of the inquest at 4:30 o'clock in order that the city detectives might utilize the entire day in their hunt for evidence which may tend to throw additional light on the factory tragedy.

WEDNESDAY'S SESSION.

G. W. Epps, a fifteen-year-old, [1 word illegible] boy, who says that he lives just around the corner from the dead girl's residence proved one of the most interesting of the witnesses heard by the coroner's jury at Wednesday afternoon's session. Epps, who rode to town with Mary when she went to the factory to get her earnings for two days' labor, was to meet her again at 2 o'clock at Five Points, and they had arranged to watch the Memorial day parade together.

Coming in on the car, he declared that Mary told him that Mr. Frank had winked at her and looked "suspicious." She requested him, he said, to meet her at the factory whenever he could.

Edgar L. Sentell, of 82 Davis street, was positive that he saw Mary with a male companion on Forsyth street, near the factory between 11:30 Saturday evening and 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning. They spoke to each other, he said.

Sentell was not quite positive that her companion was Arthur Mullinax, the former street car conductor.

Another witness, a neighbor, claimed to have seen her near her home at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, while still another witness who had told the detectives that he saw Mary the afternoon of the tragedy, appeared at the inquest and declared that he was mistaken. Miss Pearl Robinson, who had also been summoned as a witness, was the girl he saw, he declared.

FACTORY EMPLOYEES TESTIFY.

Three employees of the factory were among the witnesses of the session. One, R. P. Barrett, found the blood splashes near Mary's machine on the second floor, which show that there instead of in the dark basement she commenced her fight for life. Harry Denham and Arthur White, the two young men who worked on the fourth floor of the factory from 7:30 until 3 o'clock Saturday, were the other witnesses. Mr. Frank, they said, came up to their floor shortly afternoon and when told that they couldn't complete their work by 1 o'clock locked them in the building until about 3 o'clock, when they left him there.

J. M. Gant [sic], another of the men held by the police in the case, was on the stand, and he told on oath practically the same story that he has so often told to the detectives and reporters.

J. W. Coleman, of 146 Lindsay street, step-father of the murdered girl, told the pathetic story of the anxiety of her mother and himself when she failed to appear at home by dusk, Saturday evening. Coleman declared Mary Phagan would have been fourteen years old had she lived until the first day of June.

Frank M. Berry, assistant cashier at the Fourth National bank, was one of the important witnesses at the hearing, and he declared that in his opinion the notes found by the girl's body were written in the same hand as several other notes, which had been written at police headquarters for the detectives, by the negro watchman, Newt Lee.

WAS FACTORY A RENDESVOUZ.

Repeated questions from the coroner and the members of his jury attempted to bring from many witnesses the statement that the pencil factory had been visited often after working hours by men and women.

No witness before the jury admitted having seen couples enter the place after dark, but it is said that when the jury continues its investigation Thursday several persons who claim to have seen men and women enter the building at night, will be called.

Miss Pearl Robinson, of 133 Bellwood avenue, testified that Arthur Mullinax was with her the greater part of Saturday evening, and it is extremely probable that Mullinax will be released immediately upon the closing of the coroner's probe.

Expert embalmers from P. J. Bloomfield's establishment will probably be called before the coroner's jury Thursday afternoon, and they will give it as their opinion that Mary Phagan had been dead ten hours or more when they received the body.

The undertakers were called about half an hour after the arrival of the police at the factory, or shortly after 4 o'clock Sunday morning.

Leo Frank's Friends Denounce Detention

Atlanta Georgian

Wednesday, April 30th, 1913

Leo M. Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil Company and one of the central figures in the sensational murder mystery surrounding the death of little Mary Phagan, is well regarded by a host of friends in Atlanta, who scoff at the idea that he can in any way be implicated in the horrible tragedy.

His friends are all loud in their denunciation of the efforts that have apparently been made to drag his name into the affair as a principal.

Mr. Frank, 28 years of age, a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., came to Atlanta about five years ago to take charge of the plant of the National Pencil Company. Three years later he married Miss Lucille Selig, daughter of Mrs. E. Selig, of 68 East Georgia Avenue, and has since made his home with Mrs. Selig.

Mr. Frank is a mechanical engineer and a graduate of Cornell University, and prior to his coming to Atlanta held a responsible position with the B. F. Sturdevant Co., of Boston, Mass.

Shortly after he came to Atlanta Mr. Frank was sent to Europe to study the art of pencil manufacture and is considered an expert in his line.

Mr. Frank is popular in Jewish social circles and an interested worker in several Jewish charitable organizations, being president of the local order B'nai B'rith.

Several of his most intimate friends seen this morning, among them being Arthur Haas, of the firm of Haas & McIntyre; Isaac Haas, president of the Southern Spring Bed Co., and Arthur Heyman, of the firm of Dorsey, Brewster, Howell & Heyman, were highly incensed at the police actions. They were unanimous in their characterization of him as a clean-cut, manly man, with a zeal for doing good for others.

"The very idea that he could in any way be implicated in this horrible affair is simply preposterous," several of them said.

Among his employees at the pencil factory Mr. Frank was unusually popular and yesterday when he was taken to headquarters for further questioning by the detectives, several of the girls and women wept bitterly and protested loudly their belief in his absolute innocence of any complicity in the matter whatever.

Mr. Frank is held in high regard by the officers of the company and is admired and respected by those working under him and the belief of those at the factory is that he will be able to establish his absolute innocence of any connection with the crime.

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Newt Lee's Testimony as He Gave It at the Inquest

Atlanta Georgian

Wednesday, April 30th, 1913 Newt

Lee, the negro night watchman, was questioned as follows: Q.

What is your name? A. Newt Lee.

Q. Where do you live? A. Rear of 40 Henry Street.

Q. What do you do? A. Night watchman at the National Pencil Company.

Q. What kind of work do you do? A. Watch and sweep up the first floor.

Q. What time do you go to work? At what time? A. Six o'clock. If it is not quite 6 o'clock I go around and see if the windows are down. If it is at 6 I punch the clock and then go around.

Q. What else do you do? A. I go around all over the upstairs floors. If I have time I go in the basement, but if not, I go in the basement afterward. It takes me 25 minutes to make my rounds upstairs when I hurry. I punch every half hour.

Frank Sent Him Away.

Q. How many keys have you to the building? A. I had but one key which unlocks the building.

Q. What time did you get to the building Saturday? A. Four o'clock.

Q. Why did you get there at that time? A. Friday was pay day, and Mr. Frank told me to come at 4 o'clock Saturday, as it was Memorial Day. When I came in he sent me away again. When I went in he came out of the outer office, rubbing his hands, and told me he was sorry he had brought me down so early, as I could have been sleeping. He told me to go back out in town and not to get back later than the usual time of 6 o'clock. Q. What's on the first floor? A. Just boxes; they don't use it.

Doesn't Use Elevator.

Q. Where was the elevator when you went in at 4 o'clock? A. I don't know, cap, because the elevator doors were shut and you can't tell where the elevator is. But the elevator is supposed to stay on the first floor, they told me.

Q. Is there a door in the basement at the elevator? A. Yes. There's one that slides up, too.

Q. Do you ever use the elevator? A. No, sir.

Q. Does the machinery have to be used for the elevator to be running? A. I think so.

Q. When you went upstairs and opened the doors on the stairway you made some noise, didn't you? A. Yes.

Q. Where was Mr. Frank when you went in? Did you hear him come out of his office? A. I just saw him come out. I said, "All right, Mr. Frank," like I always do and he came out of the outer office.

Q. Could anyone be in the office and you not see them? A. Yes, sir.

Heard No One in Office. Q.

Did you hear any one talking in his office? A. No, sir.

Q. Where did you go when he told you that you could go? A. I went right down and out the door. I went up to Alabama Street to Broad, and over to near Decatur Street and Central Avenue and looked at a medicine show a fat man was giving for negroes. Q.

What time did you go back? A. Just a few minutes before 6.

Q. Did you punch at 6 o'clock? A. Just at 6. Mr. Frank came on out and put cards in the clock. He then went back in the office and I went downstairs.

"While I was there Mr. Gantt came from across the street and said he wanted to get a pair of shoes. I told him I couldn't let him in, and he asked if Mr. Frank was there. I told him yes, and that I would go get him.

Frank Looked Frightened.

"At this time Mr. Frank came down and looked a bit frightened. I think he looked that way because Mr. Frank had discharged Mr. Gantt and thought Mr. Gantt might start some trouble.

"Mr. Gantt told him he wanted his shoes and Mr. Frank, after talking a few minutes, told me to go up there with them. I did, and we found the shoes where he had said they were. He asked me for some paper and twine and wrapped the shoes up. He asked me if he could use the telephone. He called up some lady and said he wouldn't be out until 9 o'clock. He then went downstairs and out of the building. I locked the door behind him and saw him go up the street.

Watched Gantt Go Out.

Q. What did you do then? A. I watched Gantt as he went out and then I punched the clock for 6:30.

Q. Did you see Gantt at 4 o'clock? A. No.

Q. When Mr. Frank came and met Gantt, did you go right upstairs? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where was Mr. Frank? A. I don't know.

Q. Did you lock the door? A. I unlocked the door and let Gantt out.

Q. Where were you when Mr. Frank came? A. We were all on the outside when Mr. Frank gave Gantt permission and I went in with Mr. Gantt.

Q. Did you go to the toilet and machinery room at 4 o'clock? A. No, sir.

Q. Is there a carpet or a rug on the floor in Mr. Frank's office? A. No, sir.

Frank Was Rubbing His Hands.

Q. When you went upstairs at 4 o'clock and said, "All right, Mr. Frank," and Mr. Frank came out, was he excited? A. Yes, sir; he was rubbing his hands. Q. Was that unusual? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Have you ever seen him do that before? A. No, sir.

Q. When did Mr. Frank tell you to watch Mr. Gantt? A. When they turned him off.

Q. Did you know why Gantt was discharged? A. No, sir.

Q. How long have you worked in the pencil factory? A. Three pay days.

Q. How often do they pay you? A. Every Saturday.

Q.—Have you told me everything that was said by you and Mr. Frank before he left the factory? A.—Yes, sir; only I offered him some bananas and he wouldn't take them.

Saw Frank Leave Also.

Q.—How long did it take Mr. Gantt to find his shoes? A.—Very little time. He found his shoes and went out of the building after he talked over the telephone.

Q.—Do you know whether Mr. Frank left the building during that time? A.—He went outside. I don't know whether he came back in or not. Q.—Did you see Mr. Frank walk away? A.—Yes.

Q.—Where did he go? A.—He went up Forsyth Street toward Alabama.

Q.—How long have you worked for Mr. Frank? A.—Just three paydays.

Q.—How long have you known him? A.—Just since I have been there.

Q.—When did you see that all of the windows of the plan were drawn? A.—When I made the rounds just before making my 7 o'clock punch.

Gas Light Changed.

Q. What did you do then? A. I went into the basement a few minutes after 7 o'clock.

Q. What is on the top floor? A. A whole world of machinery.

Q. Where were Gantt's shoes? A. In the shipping department, near the front.

Q. How do you get to the basement? A. Through a scuttle hold.

Q. What part of the basement did you go to? A. To a light near the ladder only a few feet from the ladder.

Q. Did you light the gas in the basement? A. No, sir. It was lighted, but it wasn't like I left it that morning. It was turned down like a lightning bug.

Q. What time Saturday night did you get a telephone call? A. I don't remember the exact time.

Q. Who called? A. Frank.

Q. Was that the only call? A. Yes, sir.

Frank Telephoned Him.

Q. What did you do when the phone rang? A. I took down the receiver and said, 'Hello!' He said, 'Hello,' and said it was Mr. Frank. I said, 'Is this you, Mr. Frank?' Then he said, 'How is everything, Newt?' I told him everything was all right and he hung up.

Q. Had Frank ever called you before over the phone? A. No, sir, he never had.

Q. Did he say where he was? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you punch your clock every half-hour Saturday night? A. Yes, sir; every half-hour from 6 o'clock until I found the body.

Q. What did Mr. Frank say to you Sunday morning? A. He said the clock had been punched all right.

Q. Did he say the clock had been punched regularly? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You say you pushed the clock every half-hour? Did you go to the toilet that night? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where did you go? A. Upstairs.

Q. When did you go to the toilet again? A. Almost 3 o'clock. I waited because I wanted to go into the basement on my rounds, so I waited and went into the toilet in the basement.

Q. How did you get down into the basement? A. I went down the ladder and went back to the toilet. I set the ladder on the floor against the side of the toilet. I came out of the

toilet and stepped up a few feet. I don't know just how far. I looked to see if the back door was all right, and to see if there was any fire in the basement. Then I saw the body.

At this juncture Lee's testimony began to differ materially with that of the officers, who said that the body was lying face downward.

Thought It Was Trick.

Lee continues: "I thought it was something some devilish boys had put there to scare me. I went over and saw it was a body and I got scared. Then I called the police. I tried to get Mr. Frank."

Q. Whom did you call first? A. The police.

Q. What did you say? A. I was scared and I don't know what I said. I tried to tell them that I had found a dead body.

Q. How did you know the number of the police station? A. Mr. Frank gave it to me and told me to call it if anything ever happened around the plant.

Q. How was the girl lying when you found her? A. On her back. (Officers had testified that they found her on her face.)

Q.—How did you happen to see her? A.—I saw her when I walked out to look for a fire.

Didn't See Whole Body.

Q.—Did you walk beyond that partition in the basement? A.—No, sir. I just saw parts of her. I saw her legs.

Q.—Did you put your hands on her? A.—No, sir.

Q.—What kind of an examination of the body did you make? A.—None; I just looked and saw that it was a dead body.

Q.—Was her head toward you? A.—No, sir. I couldn't see her head until I had walked around.

Q.—Did you see any bruises on her? A.—No, sir, I just saw blood and lots of dirt.

Q.—How did you find her? A.—On the flat of her back.

Waited for the Police. Q.

How was the head? A. On one side.

Q. You didn't touch her or make any examination? A. No, sir; I didn't touch her.

Q. After you called the police, did you go down into the basement before they came? A. No, sir.

Q. How did you come to turn her over? A. I didn't turn her over.

Q. How did you know she was dead? A. I knew she was dead because she was there. There ain't no white woman going to be there if she ain't dead. She was all dirt and bloody. I knew she was dead, boss.

Q. Was Mr. Frank at the plant Sunday morning when the police took you back there? A. No, sir.

Didn't Come in at Once.

Q. Did he come after you got there? A. Yes, sir, they sent an automobile for him.

Q. Was he excited when he came in? A. He didn't come in right away.

Q. Who have keys to the plant? A. Me and Mr. Frank and Mr. Darley. I don't know who else.

Q. Did you ever let anyone in after 6 o'clock? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you lock the door at 6 o'clock? A. Yes, sir.

Q. When do the fireman and the elevator man leave? A. I don't know. They're all gone when I get there.

Q. Who stays in the plant from half past 5 to 6 o'clock when you're not there? A. Mr. Frank and the bookkeeper, and sometimes the lady who stays in the office.

No One There After 6 o'Clock.

Q. Was anyone working there after 6 o'clock Saturday night? A. Not that I know of. There were no lights and all the windows were like I left them.

Q. Did you see blood in the machinery room on Saturday night? A. No, sir; I had to go through the room where they say the lady was killed, but I never saw no blood.

Q. Where are the dressing rooms? A. Why, there's dressing rooms all over the building, boss.

Q. Did Mr. Frank say the clock was punched all right? A. Yes, sir; on Sunday morning he said I had never lost a punch.

Q. When did you first tell any one that Frank sent you away from the factory Saturday afternoon? A. I don't know when I told it, boss.

Went to Basement Every Hour.

Q. Did Mr. Frank ever tell you that the clock was not punched regularly last Saturday night? A. Yes, sir; he told me on Monday morning that the clock was not punched right.

Q. How often did you go to the basement Saturday night? A. Every hour, but only a few feet from the ladder.

Q. Could anyone have used the elevator and you not know it? A. No, sir.

Q. How was the body lying when you went back with the officers? A. Like I found it.

Q. On its face or on its back? A. The same way, boss.

Q. When did you turn out the gas? A. I didn't turn it out.

Q. Was it burning when the officers came? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What kind of a lantern did you have? A. Just an ordinary lantern, boss.

Q. Was the lantern dirty? A. Yes, sir.

Knew It Was White Girl.

Q. Could you tell by the light of the lantern whether the woman was white or black? A. Yes, sir; I could tell by the skin and by the hair.

Q. Was the head the only skin of the girl you saw? You didn't see her legs or her body? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you know any of the operatives? A. No, sir; they're always gone when I get there.

Q. What is the back door for—the one in the basement? A. I don't know.

Q. Did you ever see it open? A. Yes, sir; last Friday morning.

Had No Back Door Key.

Q. Did you have a key to the back door? A. No, sir; the fireman had one.

Q. Was the fireman supposed to be there at night? A. No; he leaves when I get there.

Q. What's his name? A. Knox.

Q. Is he a negro? A. Yes.

Lee was excused and J.M. Gantt, who was in the factory Saturday afternoon to get a pair of shoes he had left there, was called to be questioned by Coroner Donehoo and others.

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Frank Tried to Flirt with Murdered Girl, Says Her Boy Chum

Mary Phagan was growing afraid of advances made to her by superintendent of the factory, George W Epps, 15 years old, tells the Coroner's Jury

BOY HAD ENGAGEMENT TO MEET HER SATURDAY BUT SHE DID NOT COME

Newt Lee, Night Watchman, on stand declared Frank was much excited on Saturday afternoon-

Pearl Robinson testifies for Arthur Mullinax-Two mechanics brought by detectives to the inquest.

LEO FRANK REFUSES TO DISCUSS EVIDENCE

When a *Constitution* reporter saw Leo M. Frank early this morning and told him of the testimony to the effect that he had annoyed Mary Phagan by an attempted flirtation, the prisoner said that he

had not heard of this accusation before, but that he did not want to talk. He would neither affirm nor

deny the Negro's accusation that never before the night of the tragedy had Frank phoned to inquire if all was well at the factory, as he did on the night of the killing.

Evidence that Leo M. Frank, superintendent of the pencil factory in which the lifeless body of Mary Phagan was found, had tried to flirt with her, and that she was growing afraid of his advances, was submitted to the coroner's jury at the inquest yesterday afternoon, a short time before adjournment was taken until 4:30 o'clock today by George W. Epps, aged 15, a chum of the murdered victim. George rode with Mary to the city Saturday morning an hour before she disappeared at noon. He testified late Wednesday afternoon that the girl had told him of attempts Leo Frank had made to flirt with her, and of apparent advances in which he was growing bolder.

She said she was getting afraid,' he told at the inquest. 'She wanted me to come to the factory every afternoon in the future and escort her home. She didn't like the way Mr. Frank was acting towards her.'

[This is very important, because Mary Phagan was essentially 'predicting,' for lack of a better, a sexual attack against her by Frank. That is evidence that her murder is a hoax. Mary was going to collect a small paycheck from Frank, and she did it on a day that was both weekened and. Holiday, when Frank would have the most privacy with her. If she had gone on a non-holiday and non-weekend, far more people would have been at work, which would have made it virtually impossible for Frank to have privacy with Mary. That is evidence that Mary was 'predicting' a sexual attack against her because she was already planning to hoax her death and plant false evidence that Frank sexually abused her.]

Waited Two Hours For Girl

George had an engagement to meet the girl Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock he said. They were scheduled to view the memorial parade and tour the picture shows. He waited two hours for her, she had disappeared. The next known of her was when the lifeless form was found in the factory basement.

Frank was not present during the investigation but once. Detectives brought him before the jury for identification by E.S. Skipper, the man who saw the mysterious sextette of youths and girls Saturday night by Whitehall and Trinity. He remained but a moment.

Sensational developments were predicted shortly after the inquest was resumed at 2:15 o'clock, when Coroner Donehoo ordered detectives to bring to police headquarters the two mechanics who were in the factory building with Frank during the early part of Saturday afternoon.

They are Harry Denham and Arthur White, two youths who have been connected with the plant for several years. Detective Scott found them at work in the factory and escorted them to the inquest. They left the police station immediately after being examined. A mystifying phase was added to the progress of the inquest when Edgar L. Sentell, a clerk in Kamper's grocery, declared positively that he had seen Mary Phagan with Arthur Mullinax at midnight Saturday as they crossed the corner of Hunter and Forsyth Streets a few yards. Distant from the pencil factory.

Sentell had known the girl since early childhood. They were intimate friends, he said. Asserting that he had spoken to her, he stoutly maintained that she had answered the greeting.

J. L. Watkins, a neighbor to the home in which Mary lived, also testified that he had seen her Saturday afternoon, when she crossed Ashby street at Bellwood. She presumably was on her way home, he stated.

George Epps is a bright, quick witted chap and proved an eager witness. He was brought before the inquest following the examination of Pearl Robinson, the sweetheart of Arthur Mullinax, who testified in that youth's behalf.

'How old are you, son?' was the first question asked him.

'Fifteen, going on sixteen, he answered with alacrity.

'Do you work or go to school?'

'I work at a furniture store. In the afternoon I sell papers.'

His answers were clear and brief. He made a pleasing impression.

Lives Near Phagan Girl

'How far do you live from 116 Lindsay Street-the home of Mary Phagan?'

'Just around the block.'

'Did you know Mary?'

'Yes, sir; I certainly did. We were good friends.'

'When did you last see her alive?'

'Saturday morning, just before dinner, when we came to town together on a street car.'

'Did you arrange to meet her that afternoon?'

'Yes, sir! We were to have met at 2 o'clock in Elkin & Watson's drug store at Five Points. We were going to see the parade and go to the moving picture shows.'

'How long did you wait for her when she failed to show up?'

'Until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I stuck around two hours waiting for her. Then I had to go and sell my papers.'

'Did you inquire for her?'

‘Yes, I went to her house when I got through with my papers. She hadn’t got back. The folks were looking for her.’

‘When you and Mary were riding to town, did you talk any?’

She Wanted Money Mighty Bad

‘We talked a whole lot. She said she was going to the pencil factory, to draw the wages due her. She said she didn’t have but \$1.60 coming to her, but she wanted that mighty bad.’

‘How was she dressed?’

‘She had on a blue dress and a dark blue hat. I remember that hat mighty well, because I asked her why didn’t she buy a ‘stylish lid?’ “Umph!” she said, “I’m no stylish girl, I don’t need one.”’

‘Did you both get on the car at the same time?’

No! She was on first. When I got on she mentioned for me to come and sit beside her. While we were coming to town she began talking about Mr. Frank. When she would leave the factory on some afternoons, she said, Frank would rush out in front of her and try to flirt with her as she passed.

‘She told me that he had often walked at her and tried to pay her attention. He would look hard and straight at her, she said, and then would smile. She called him Mr. Frank, it happened often, she said.’

‘How was the subject of Mr. Frank brought up?’

‘She told me she wanted me to come down to the factory when she got off as often as I could to escort her home and Linder protect her.’

‘When did you hear she was killed?’

‘Sunday.’

Positive that he had seen Mary Phagan at midnight Saturday, Edgar L. Sentell offered to swear that it was the pretty victim whom he encountered with the suspected Mullinax at Forsyth and Hunter Streets. He was the first witness during the afternoon session.

'I met Mary Phagan and Mullinax at Hunter and South Forsyth Streets either between 11:30 and 12 or a little later. I am not positive which,' he stated.

'Were they standing together?' he was questioned.

'No. They were walking along.'

'Are you confident you knew both Mullinax and Mary?'

'I knew Mullinax at the car barns. I had known Mary all my life, I was born and raised with her.'

'When was the last time you saw her?'

'One week previous to Saturday night.'

'Did you speak to her?'

'I did. I said: "Hello, Mary."'

'Did she reply?'

'She did. She said: "Hello, Edgar."'

‘Were her parents accustomed to letting her go with boys?’

Amazed to See Her Uptown

‘No. They were not. It amazed me when I saw her uptown at such an hour with a man. She looked like she was tired and fagged out.’

‘What did she wear?’

‘A light purple dress, black shoes, with a light blue ribbon tied in her hair. She didn’t have a hat. An umbrella was in her hand.’

‘Can you swear that it was Mary Phagan you saw?’

‘I can and will. I am swearing now that it was Mary Phagan I saw.’

‘Can you swear it was Mullinax?’

‘I am not positive about him. If it wasn’t, it was his split and image.’

‘Did you know Mullinax’s name?’

‘No, not at that time. I had seen him so much around the car barns, though. I learned his name later.’

‘When did you first hear of Mary’s murder?’

‘Sunday morning on an English avenue trolley car?’

‘Who did you first tell?’

‘Mrs. Coleman, her mother.’

‘Did the paper tell who was killed?’

Went to Mother of Girl

‘No. I heard men at the car barn say the girl’s name was Phagan. I immediately remembered seeing Mary at midnight. I went straight to Mrs. Coleman, and learned that it was her daughter.’ ‘Where did you work before becoming connected with your present employers?’

‘I was in the navy.’

‘When did you leave?’

April 18, 1913.’

‘How long had you been there?’

‘Three months.’

‘Why did you leave?’

‘Because of eye affliction. I couldn’t read the targets on the rifle range.’

‘Is your eye-sight ordinarily affected?’

‘Not particularly so.’

‘Are you sure your eyes didn’t fail you when you saw this girl Saturday at midnight?’

‘I am positive they did not.’

‘Do you drink?’

‘Occasionally, but I never get drunk.’

‘Were you drinking Saturday night?’

‘Not a drop.’

At this juncture the clothing worn by the murdered girl was held to the questioned man’s gaze. ‘Is this the dress she wore when you saw her Saturday night?’

‘It is.’

Bloody Hairs are Found

The discovery of a dozen strands of bloody hair, identified by her sister workers as that of the murdered girl’s, was related by R.P Barrett, a mechanic in the pencil plant, who made the find.

He was placed upon the stand directly after it had been vacated by Policeman Lassetter. 'What is your employment?'

'I am a machinist with the National Pencil Company.'

How long have you been with them?'

'Seven weeks.'

'Did you know Mary Phagan?'

'Yes. She ran a pulling machine at the factory.'

ⁱ *Atlanta Constitution* April 28, 1913: [Girl is Assaulted and then Murdered in Heart of Town](#) *Atlanta Constitution*

[Girl is Assaulted and then Murdered in Heart of Town – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

ⁱⁱ Photograph of newspaper edition with article *Atlanta Constitution* April 28, 1913: [Girl is Assaulted and then Murdered in Heart of Town](#)

[girl-is-assaulted-and-then-murdered-in-heart-of-town-apr-28-1913.pdf](#) (leofrank.org)

ⁱⁱⁱ Mullinax Held in Phagan Case

April 28, 1913 *Atlanta Constitution* [Mullinax Held in Phagan Case – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{iv} Photograph of newspaper edition with article Mullinax Held in Phagan Case

April 28, 1913 *Atlanta Constitution* [pretty-young-victim-of-sundays-atrocious-crime-and-the-building-in-which-she-met-her-death-apr-28-1913.pdf](#) (leofrank.info)

- v Coroner's Jury Visits Scene of Murder and Adjourns Without Rendering Verdict

Atlanta Journal

April 28, 1913

[Coroner's Jury Visits Scene of Murder and Adjourns Without Rendering Verdict – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

- vi Coroner's Jury Visits Scene of Murder and Adjourns Without Rendering Verdict

Atlanta Journal

April 28, 1913

Photograph of newspaper edition with article [atlanta-journal-042813-april-28-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

vii J. M. Gantt is Arrested on His Arrival in Marietta; He Visited Factory Saturday *Atlanta Journal* Monday, April 28th, 1913

[J. M. Gantt is Arrested on His Arrival in Marietta; He Visited Factory Saturday – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

viii Photograph of newspaper edition with article J. M. Gantt is Arrested on His Arrival in Marietta; He Visited Factory Saturday *Atlanta Journal* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-journal-042813-april-28-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

ix **Man Held for Girl's Murder Avows He Was With Another When Witness Saw Him Last** *Atlanta Journal* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Man Held for Girl's Murder Avows He Was With Another When Witness Saw Him Last – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

x Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Man Held for Girl's Murder Avows He Was With Another When Witness Saw Him Last** *Atlanta Journal* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlantajournal-042813-april-28-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

xi **Police Think Negro Watchman Can Clear Murder Mystery; Four Are Now Under Arrest** *Atlanta Journal* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Police Think Negro Watchman Can Clear Murder Mystery; Four Are Now Under Arrest – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

xii xii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Police Think Negro Watchman Can Clear Murder Mystery; Four Are Now Under Arrest** *Atlanta Journal* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlantajournal-042813-april-28-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

xiii **Strand of Hair in Machine on Second Floor May Be Clew Left by Mary Phagan** *Atlanta Journal* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Strand of Hair in Machine on Second Floor May Be Clew Left by Mary Phagan – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

xiv Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Strand of Hair in Machine on Second Floor May Be Clew Left by Mary Phagan** *Atlanta Journal* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-journal-042813-april-28-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

xv **10,000 Throng Morgue to See Body of Victim** *The Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913

[10,000 Throng Morgue to See Body of Victim – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{xvi} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **10,000 Throng Morgue to See Body of Victim** *The Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))

^{xvii} **Arrested as Girl's Slayer JOHN M. GANT [sic] ACCUSED OF THE CRIME; FORMER BOOKKEEPER TAKEN BY POLICE** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913

[Arrested as Girl's Slayer – Leo Frank Case Archive](#) ^{xviii} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Arrested as Girl's Slayer JOHN M.**

GANT [sic] ACCUSED OF THE CRIME; FORMER BOOKKEEPER TAKEN BY POLICE *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))

^{xix} **Chief and Sleuths Trace Steps in Slaying of Girl** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Chief and Sleuths Trace Steps in Slaying of Girl – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{xx} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Chief and Sleuths Trace Steps in Slaying of Girl** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))

^{xxi} [Gant \[sic\] Was Infatuated With Girl; at Factory Saturday – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{xxii} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Gant [sic] Was Infatuated With Girl; at Factory Saturday** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))

^{xxiii} **Girl and His Landlady Defend Mullinax** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Girl and His Landlady Defend Mullinax – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{xxiv} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Girl and His Landlady Defend Mullinax** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))

^{xxv} **Girl's Grandfather Vows Vengeance** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Girl's Grandfather Vows Vengeance – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

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- xxvi Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Girl's Grandfather Vows Vengeance** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))
- xxvii **Horrible Mistake, Pleads Mullinax, Denying Crime** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Horrible Mistake, Pleads Mullinax, Denying Crime – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)
- xxviii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Horrible Mistake, Pleads Mullinax, Denying Crime** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))
- xxix **"I Could Trust Mary Anywhere," Her Weeping Mother Says MRS. COLEMAN PROSTRATED BY CHILD'S DEATH** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 ["I Could Trust Mary Anywhere," Her Weeping Mother Says – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)
- xxx Photograph of newspaper edition with article **"I Could Trust Mary Anywhere," Her Weeping Mother Says MRS. COLEMAN PROSTRATED BY CHILD'S DEATH** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))
- xxxi **Lifelong Friend Saw Girl and Man After Midnight** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Lifelong Friend Saw Girl and Man After Midnight – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)
- xxxii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Lifelong Friend Saw Girl and Man After Midnight** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))
- xxxiii **Neighbors of Slain Girl Cry for Vengeance** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [Neighbors of Slain Girl Cry for Vengeance – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)
- xxxiv Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Neighbors of Slain Girl Cry for Vengeance** *Atlanta Georgian* Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-](#)

[1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

^{xxxv} **Negro is Not Guilty, Says Factory Head**
Atlanta Georgian Monday, April 28th, 1913

[Negro is Not Guilty, Says Factory Head – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{xxxvi} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Negro is Not Guilty, Says Factory Head**
Atlanta Georgian Monday, April 28th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042813-april-28-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

^{xxxvii} **L. M. Frank, Factory Superintendent, Detained By Police** *Atlanta Journal*
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[L. M. Frank, Factory Superintendent, Detained By Police – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{xxxviii} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **L. M. Frank, Factory Superintendent, Detained By Police** *Atlanta Journal* Tuesday, April 29th, 1913
[atlanta-journal-042913-april-29-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

^{xxxix} **Three Handwriting Experts Say Negro Wrote the Two Notes Found by Body of Girl** *Atlanta Journal*

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

[Three Handwriting Experts Say Negro Wrote the Two Notes Found by Body of Girl – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{xl} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Three Handwriting Experts Say Negro**

Wrote the Two Notes Found by Body of Girl *Atlanta Journal*

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

[atlanta-journal-042913-april-29-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

^{xli} **Charge is Basest of Lies, Declares Gantt** *Atlanta Georgian*

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

[Charge is Basest of Lies, Declares Gantt – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

xlii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Charge is Basest of Lies, Declares Gantt** *Atlanta Georgian*

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913 atlanta-georgian-042913-april-29-1913.pdf (leofrank.org)

xliii **Seek Clew in Queer Words in Odd Notes** *Atlanta Georgian*

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

[Seek Clew in Queer Words in Odd Notes – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

xliv Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Seek Clew in Queer Words in Odd Notes** *Atlanta Georgian*

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xlv xlv Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Factory Employee May be Taken Any Moment** *Atlanta Georgian*

April 29, 1913 xlv **Factory Head Frank and Watchman Newt Lee are “Sweated” by Police** *Atlanta Georgian*, Tuesday, April 29th, 1913 [Factory Head Frank and Watchman Newt Lee are “Sweated” by Police – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

xlvii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Factory Head Frank and Watchman Newt Lee are “Sweated” by Police** *Atlanta Georgian*, Tuesday, April 29th, 1913 atlanta-georgian-042913-april-29-1913.pdf (leofrank.org)

xlviii Former Playmates Meet Girl’s Body at Marietta *Atlanta Georgian*

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913 [Former Playmates Meet Girl’s Body at Marietta – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

xlix Photograph of newspaper edition with article Former Playmates Meet Girl’s Body at Marietta *Atlanta Georgian*

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l **Guilt Will Be Fixed Detectives Declare** *Atlanta Georgian*

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913 [Guilt Will Be Fixed Detectives Declare – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

li Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Guilt Will Be Fixed Detectives Declare** *Atlanta Georgian*

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lii **'I Feel as Though I Could Die,' Sobs Mary Phagan's Grief-Stricken Sister**

Atlanta Georgian Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

['I Feel as Though I Could Die,' Sobs Mary Phagan's Grief-Stricken Sister – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

liii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **'I Feel as Though I Could Die,' Sobs Mary Phagan's Grief-Stricken Sister**

Atlanta Georgian Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

[atlanta-georgian-042913-april-29-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

liv **Loyalty Sends Girl to Defend Mullinax** *Atlanta Georgian*

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913 [Loyalty Sends Girl to Defend Mullinax – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

lv Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Loyalty Sends Girl to Defend Mullinax** *Atlanta Georgian*

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lvi **Negro Watchman is Accused by Slain Girl's Stepfather**

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[Negro Watchman is Accused by Slain Girl's Stepfather – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

lvii Photograph of newspaper edition with article ^{lvii} **Negro Watchman is Accused by Slain Girl's Stepfather** *Atlanta Georgian* Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

[atlanta-georgian-042913-april-29-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

lviii **Pastor Prays for Justice at Girl's Funeral**

Atlanta Georgian

Tuesday, April 29th, 1913

[Pastor Prays for Justice at Girl's Funeral – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

lix Photograph of newspaper edition with article ^{lix} **Pastor Prays for Justice at Girl's Funeral**

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Tuesday, April 29th, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-042913-april-29-1913.pdf](#)
([leofrank.org](#))

lx **“I Am Not Guilty,” Says John M. Gant [sic]** *Atlanta Constitution*
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[“I Am Not Guilty,” Says John M. Gant \[sic\] – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

lxi Photograph of newspaper edition with article **“I Am Not Guilty,” Says John M. Gant [sic]** *Atlanta Constitution*
Tuesday, April 29th, 1913 [atlanta-constitution-april-29-1913-tuesday-16-pages-combined.pdf](#) ([leofrank.org](#))

lxii **Pinkertons Hired to Assist Police Probe the Murder of Mary Phagan**
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lxiii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Pinkertons Hired to Assist Police Probe the Murder of Mary Phagan** *Atlanta Constitution*
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lxiv **Was Victim of Murder Lured Off on Joy Ride Before She Met Death?** *Atlanta Constitution*
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[Was Victim of Murder Lured Off on Joy Ride Before She Met Death? – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

lxv Photograph of newspaper edition with article ^{lxv} **Was Victim of Murder Lured Off on Joy Ride Before She Met Death?** *Atlanta Constitution*
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lxvixvi Photograph of newspaper edition with article [1000-reward-apr-29-1913.pdf](#)
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\$1,000 Reward *The Atlanta Constitution* April 29, 1913

lxvii **Mother Prays That Son May Be Released** *Atlanta Georgian*
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lxxviii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Mother Prays That Son May Be Released** *Atlanta Georgian* Wednesday, April 30, 1913 [atlanta-georgian-043013-april-30-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

lxxix **Sister's New Story Likely to Clear Gantt as Suspect** *Atlanta Georgian* Wednesday, April 30th, 1913
[Sister's New Story Likely to Clear Gantt as Suspect – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

lxx **Detectives Eliminate Evidence in Conflict with Theory that Phagan Girl Never Left Factory** *Atlanta Journal* Thursday, May 1st, 1913
[Detectives Eliminate Evidence in Conflict with Theory that Phagan Girl Never Left Factory – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

lxxi Photograph of newspaper edition with article lxxi **Detectives Eliminate Evidence in Conflict with Theory that Phagan Girl Never Left Factory** *Atlanta Journal* Thursday, May 1st, 1913 [atlanta-journal-050113-may-01-1913.pdf \(leofrank.org\)](#)

lxxii **Leo Frank's Friends Denounce Detention**
Atlanta Georgian Wednesday, April 30, 1913 [Leo Frank's Friends Denounce Detention – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

lxxiii lxxiii Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Leo Frank's Friends Denounce Detention**
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lxxiv **Newt Lee's Testimony as He Gave It at the Inquest**
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Wednesday, April 30, 1913 [Newt Lee's Testimony as He Gave It at the Inquest – Leo Frank Case Archive](#)

^{lxxv} Photograph of newspaper edition with article **Newt Lee's Testimony as He Gave
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