

PEOPLE THROG TO SCENE WHERE BODY DANGLES FROM ROPE

After Urging the Crowd Not to Indulge in Further Demon- strations, Judge Morris Hur- ries Frank's Body to Atlanta

Leo M. Frank's dead body, which is now in the hands of an Atlanta undertaker, was found hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree two miles east of Marietta at an early hour Tuesday morning, and the absence of gunshot wounds or other violence indicated that Frank was alive until hanged by the mob that took him from the state prison farm at Milledgeville Monday night.

At the instance of Newt A. Morris, former judge of the Blue Ridge circuit, and a prominent Marietta citizen, the body was cut down and hauled to Marietta in an undertaker's wagon soon after the crowd began to gather around it.

At the outskirts of Marietta, just in front of the National cemetery, Judge Morris overtook the undertaker's wagon in an automobile, lifted the body in the long basket from the wagon to the automobile, and sped with it to Atlanta at top speed.

BODY BROUGHT TO ATLANTA.

At the outskirts of Atlanta the body was met by an Atlanta undertaker in an automobile ambulance and was again transferred and rushed at top speed to a place which was not disclosed.

About 7 o'clock Tuesday morning W. J. Frey, a former sheriff of Cobb county, who lives two and one-half miles east of Marietta on the Roswell road, saw four automobiles pass along the road in front of his house. They were going like the wind. In the second or third car he recalls seeing a man of Frank's description, wedged between two men in the back seat of the car.

Half an hour later Mr. Frey drove into Marietta, and there learned that Frank's body had been found hanging to a tree in a grove two miles east of Marietta, near the road along which he had driven into town.

BODY IS DISCOVERED.

In company with Gus Benson, a Marietta citizen, and W. W. Yarr, a traveling man from Augusta, Ga., Mr. Frey drove back along the road, and found the body in a grove of young trees on land owned by himself, and within a stone's throw of his gin-house. A number of people had already arrived ahead of them and were viewing the body. The news of the discovery spread like wild-fire, and soon the road was full of people coming from both directions.

It appears from the facts known and stated by Mr. Frey that Frank was hanged between 7 o'clock and 7:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. That Mr. Frey did not see the body when he drove by, on his way to Marietta, shows that the men who hanged Frank had done their work and gone, and further shows that the body had not yet been discovered. From the road the body was screened by the leaves of the trees, so that it would not have been noticed unless a passerby had been looking for it.

CROWDS THROG TO SCENE.

A horrible sight met the eyes of the people who were first to arrive at the grove, and a still more horrible sight met the eyes of the later arrivals, who found not only the body swaying in the wind, with the gaping red wound in the throat, but surging around it a closely packed mass of men whose excitement was something fearful.

A grass rope, brown in color, about half an inch in diameter, was thrown over the limb of an oak tree, near the trunk of the tree. One end of this rope was around the neck of Leo M. Frank, tied in a hangman's knot, and the other end was tied to the base of a sapling some twenty feet away.

HANDKERCHIEF COVERS FACE.

Frank hung with the top of his head near the limb of the oak tree, his feet about four feet above the ground. A white handkerchief was over his face and the corners knotted at the back of his head. The hangman's knot lay against his right jaw. The wound in his throat, where William Creen attempted to kill him at the state farm a few weeks ago, was pulled open, underneath his left ear. The rope was above the wound underneath his left ear, but toward the front of his throat, where the wound ranged upward, the rope lay in the wound.

Frank's body from the waist up was clothed in a thin, white pajama jacket. Worked in the jacket on the left side of the chest were some letters in red thread, that looked like "L. M. F." The sleeves of the pajama were chipped away by souvenir hunters, wielding their pocket-knives, until both sleeves were gone as far up as the elbows.

HANDCUFFS BIND WRISTS.

The arms of the dead man, thus exposed, hung straight and stiff, with the wrists handcuffed in front, and the arms and hands and fingers were blue, while the left thumb showed the healing cut where Frank defended himself from Creen's knife attack at the state farm.

The body from the waist down was wrapped in a dirty piece of brown cloth that looked like khaki. It was stretched across the front like a skirt drawn tight, and tied together by the corners behind, somewhat toward the left hip. The edges of the cloth, just barely meeting on the left side, would flap open in the wind as the body swayed back and forth, exposing the leg of the dead man from the knee down, blue and stiff like the arm.

Around the ankles was tied a piece of grass rope, about the same size of the rope Frank was hanged with, and this rope was cut from around the ankles by souvenir hunters soon after the crowd gathered.

At the outskirts of Atlanta the body was met by an Atlanta undertaker

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SWELL THE THROG.

The crowd gathered with the rapidity that only intense curiosity and intense excitement can produce. They swarmed the road from both directions. They seemed to rise up out of the ground, so fast they came. The automobiles came careening, recklessly disregarding life and limb of occupants. Horse-drawn vehicles came at a gallop. Pedestrians came running.

The vehicles stopped in the road at the grove and soon packed the

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LEO FRANK HANGED TO TREE; HIS BODY BROUGHT TO ATLANTA

(Continued from Page One.)

road and overflowed into the fields. As the vehicles would stop, their occupants would jump out and run to the grove, bending forward, panting, wild-eyed.

Women came. Children came. Even babes in arms. The sight of the body, swaying in the wind, with the red gaping wound in the throat, made some of the women sick, and they would utter little shrieks and groans and turn their heads away. Other women walked up to the packed mass of men and pushed their way into the pack, and looked on the dead body without the quiver of an eyelash.

FRENZIED MAN SHAKES FISTS AT BODY.

Excitement began to manifest itself as soon as the crowd began to gather, and as the crowd increased the excitement increased.

One of the first arrivals was a man in a wild frenzy of passion. He was bareheaded, coatless, his eyes blazing like the eyes of a maniac. He ran through the crowd, ran up to the body, threw up his hands and clenched his fists and shook them at the body. Then his hands would open and his fingers would writhe, and his fists would close, again, and he would shake them at the body.

"Now we've got you!" he screamed. "You won't murder any more little innocent girls! We've got you now!! We've got you now!!!"

His voice would rise to a shrill high note, and then it would drop off and become hoarse, and he would chant his words in a kind of sing-song, repeating one imprecation over and over.

And every once in a while, when he paused, some man in the crowd would give a yell, and the crowd would join in the yell, and it would grow and get higher and higher, and the sound of it would fill the little grove and echo back and forth.

These demonstrations seemed to fan the fury of the man by the body. His gesticulations became more violent, his raving words came faster and faster from his mouth, pouring out of him like a torrent.

"They won't put any monument over you!" he cried. "They are not going to get you! They are not going to get a piece of you as big as a cigar!!"

The crowd yelled and packed closer.

JUDGE MORRIS PLEADS.

At this juncture a short, thick-set man, with blue eyes gleaming, ran up to the crowd, jostled his way through the crowd, and pushed up to a place beside the man who was cursing the body. He climbed up on something so that he could see over the heads of the crowd. "Men, hear me," he said.

It was Newt A. Morris, former judge of the Blue Ridge circuit, who had just arrived in an automobile from Marietta with Attorney John Wood, of Canton. They were attending Alpharetta court, heard the news early Tuesday morning, and come at top speed to the scene.

"Hear me, men," said Judge Morris. The crowd got quiet, except for a mumbling in an undertone by the man beside the body.

"Citizens of Cobb county, listen to me, will you?" said Judge Morris. They gave a murmur of assent.

"Who ever did this thing—"

The man beside the body broke in with a shout.

"God bless him, whoever he was!" shouted the man.

Judge Morris laid his hand on the man's shoulder and asked him please to be quiet for a few minutes.

"Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "did a thorough job."

The crowd whooped.

"They 'shore' did," chorused the crowd.

"LEFT NOTHING MORE TO DO."

"Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "left nothing more for us to do. Little Mary Phagan is vindicated. Her foul murder is avenged. Now I ask you, I appeal to you, as citizens of Cobb county, in the good name of our county, not to do more. I appeal to you to let the undertaker take it."

The man by the body broke in again.

"We are not going to let the undertaker have it!" he shrieked.

"We are not going to let them erect a monument over that thing! We are not going to let them have a piece of it as big as a cigar! We are going to burn it! That's what we are going to do! We are going to burn it! Come on, boys! Let's burn the dirty thing!"

CROWD VOTES ON QUESTION.

Judge Morris raised his voice.

"Men, I appeal to you," he shouted. "Don't do anything to this body. Let the undertaker have it. This man has a father and a mother, and whatever we think of him, they're entitled to have the body of their son. Men, men, I appeal to you for the good name of our county. Let all who favor giving this body over to the undertaker say 'aye.'"

There was a chorus of "ayes."

"Now let all who oppose it say 'no,'" said Judge Morris.

The man beside the body, at the top of his voice, yelled "no!"

"Let all who favor giving this body to the undertaker raise their hands," said Judge Morris.

The hands of the crowd went up.

"Let all who oppose it give the same sign," said Judge Morris.

The hand of the man beside the body was raised aloft, trembling with excitement.

BODY IS CUT DOWN.

Judge Morris got down and ran back through the crowd and began to call for an undertaker. While he was calling, somebody laid a knife on the rope and Frank's body dropped to the ground with a thud, and the crowd packed around it in a solid mass, with the excited man standing at the head.

A negro ran up to Judge Morris. "Here I am, Judge," he said. "Here's the wagon."

Judge Morris gave orders, and the negro and another negro opened the back end of the wagon and pulled out a long undertaker's basket, and started with it toward the body.

"Bring the body on, men," shouted Judge Morris. "Bring it on. Quick, for God's sake!"

But none of them would pick it up, and Judge Morris, beckoning to the negroes, wedged in and worked his way toward the body, until the negroes finally got hold of it and started toward the undertaker's wagon.

HEEL CRUNCHES INTO FLESH.

The man who had voted "No," reached out and struck at the body, and the negroes dropped it, and when it hit the ground the man stamped upon the face, and ground his heel into the dead flesh, and stamped again, and again, until the crowd, stricken silent and motionless by the horror of the sight, could hear the man's heel as it made a crunching sound.

Again and again, as a man grinds the head of a snake under his heel, did the man in the awful frenzy drive his heel into the face of Leo M. Frank, grinding the black hair of the dead body into the black dirt and dead black leaves.

"Stop him! For God's sake stop him!" cried Judge Morris, and ran up to the man and begged him to stop.

And while the judge begged and pleaded with him, the negroes at an order from the undertaker, seized the body again and ran with it to the basket, and seized the basket and ran with the body in the basket to the wagon, and shoved the body with mad haste into the wagon, snapped down the door, and leaped to the seat and drove towards Marietta with the big horse running on a dead run.

Judge Morris and Attorney Wood broke and ran for their automobile, and got in and started after the undertaker's wagon. Several cars, quicker than they, got ahead of them, but these they soon passed, with the crowd swarming along the road in the dust raised by the undertaker's wagon.

At the entrance to the National cemetery, just inside the town of Marietta, Judge Morris caught up with the undertaker's wagon, got out of his car and ordered one of the negroes to take his place, and then climbed up himself to the driver's seat of the undertaker's wagon. Riding for a few blocks, with Attorney Wood driving the automobile ahead, the judge seized the first favorable opportunity and jerked the long basket out of the undertaker's wagon and laid it across the back seat of Attorney Wood's car. Then, jumping in beside the attorney, Judge Morris said, "Now, John, drive like hell to Atlanta."

WILDEST OF RIDES BEGINS.

Thus the body was taken from the crowd, and thus began the automobile ride to Atlanta the like of which had never been seen before.

Opening wide his throttle, Attorney Wood poured into his motor everything it would hold.

By his side, with drawn face and gleaming eyes, Judge Morris strained forward, peering through the dust, waving his arms and shouting for automobiles to make way.

Crosswise of the tonneau, the end of it projecting a foot or more on each side of the car, jostled and swayed the undertaker's long basket with the dead body inside.

On the running board of the car stood another man, hanging to the car with one hand, holding the undertaker's basket with the other.

Down the road toward Atlanta sped

the car, and up the road toward Marietta sped automobiles loaded with men going like mad to see the body.

The car with the body gave the cars

with the sightseers just room enough for the end of the basket to miss a collision, and the cars with the sightseers gave equally as little room for the car with the dead man.

RACE WITH DEATH CAR.

Low over the road hung an endless roll of dust, and through this dust the three men in the death car would dimly see cars coming one after another, a procession of them, all speeding like racers; and the death car would swerve a little to the right to pass them, which made the basket jostle and sway and rattle; while the sightseers flashing past, would wave their hands and shout hoarse shouts, their wild eyes gleaming for an instant as they raced northward to Marietta to see the body hanging in the grove.

At Smyrna the death car slowed down, and the man on the running board jumped off and ran into a telephone booth and notified Greenberg & Bond, the undertakers, to meet the death car with their automobile ambulance, which they did at the corner of Ashby and Marietta streets.

In mad haste the basket was shoved into the undertaker's funeral car, and driven with all speed into the city, while down the road behind it came a racing procession of automobiles from Marietta, and up the road toward Marietta went a racing procession of sightseers, never suspecting that one by one they were whizzing past the object of their curiosity.

SWARM TO FUNERAL PARLOR.

Crowds of people sought the chapel of Greenberg & Bond, thinking the body had been driven there, but when they arrived they found it wide open to inspection, but no body was there.

Edward Bond, junior member of the firm, informed them that the body had been taken elsewhere, and declined to disclose its whereabouts.

CORONER'S JURY MEET.

Meanwhile Coroner John A. Booth, of Cobb county impaneled a jury at Marietta, at 12 o'clock in the undertaking establishment of J. W. Black, for the purpose of investigating the lynching. After two witnesses had been examined the jury took a recess until next Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. These were Clarence Kirby, a grocer of Marietta, and Deputy Sheriff George Hicks, of Cobb county, who swore they had positively identified the body hanging in the grove as that of Leo M. Frank.