

FRANK CONVICTED, ASSERTS INNOCENCE

WAITS WITH WIFE IN TOWER FOR NEWS FROM COURTROOM; FRIENDS TELL HIM VERDICT

"I Am as Innocent Today as I Was One Year Ago," He Cries—"The Jury Has Been Influenced by Mob Law"—"I Am Stunned by News," Declares Rabbi Marx, One of Prisoner's Closest Friends—Defense Plans to Carry Case to Supreme Court in Order to Secure New Trial—Judge Roan Will Defer Sentence For a Few Days.

OVATION FOR JURY AND SOLICITOR GIVEN BY CROWD WAITING ON STREET

Judge Roan Thanks Jurymen for Services During Four Long, Hard Weeks, and Tells Members He Hopes They Will Find Their Families Well—Courtroom Was Cleared by Order of Judge Before Jury Was Brought in to Give Its Verdict—"I'm Sorry for Frank's Wife and His Mother," Says Solicitor Dorsey.

Leo M. Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil factory; president of the B'nai B'rith, graduate of Cornell university, student of literature, and until recently regarded as a man of unblemished character and reputation, and a leader among his people, has been declared guilty of the murder of Mary Phagan, a 13-year-old employee of the factory of which Frank is the head.

At 4 minutes to 5 o'clock a jury of his peers filed slowly into the courtroom, which for four weeks has been the scene of the greatest legal battle in the history of the state.

The room had been cleared of the morbidly curious who for days have listened to the fierce fight for and against the young man. Only the newspaper men, Sheriff Mangum, his deputies, Solicitor Dorsey and Frank Hooper, a few lawyers and some close personal friends of the defendant were in the room.

VERDICT WAS EASY TO READ.

On the face of each juror was the drawn look of men who had been compelled, through duty, to do an awful thing—to consign a fellow creature to the gallows. There was no mistaking that look. The strongest of the men shook as if some strange ailment had stricken them.

It took no student of human nature to read that the verdict was the ultimate one of guilt.

A hush fell over the courtroom. The scraping of a chair across the floor, the rustle of a fan, the shuffling of a foot would have been welcome sounds. The silence was fearsome.

Slowly, with voice that trembled, Fred Winburn, foreman of the jury, read the verdict.

Immediately there was the hustle and bustle of reporters and strident voices calling out "guilty" over the telephones to Atlanta's three newspapers.

The sound reached the street below and a shout went up from the waiting mob outside.

The end had come to the longest criminal trial on record in this state.

JUDGE THANKS THE JURY.

Just after the ballot was polled Judge Roan said:
"Gentlemen, I am now taking leave of you. You have been here for a month, and it has been a hard and trying time for all of us.

"Gentlemen, I want to thank you for your faithful service and consideration of all details in this most arduous case."

The judge's voice broke at this point, but bravely collecting his composure, he continued:

"Gentlemen, I hope you find your families well."
Frank was not in the courtroom.

Luther Rosser, Reuben Arnold or Herbert Haas, attorneys for the defense, were not present when the verdict was read. Each was in his residence, recuperating from the weeks of terrific strain undergone in their masterful fight. They were represented by Stiles Hopkins, a member of Rosser's firm, and Luther Z. Rosser, Jr., son of the attorney.

The verdict was reached at 3:39 o'clock and was read in court at 4:56 o'clock.

FRANK HEARS FATE IN TOWER.

Over in the Tower, oblivious of his fate, sat Leo M. Frank, his arm around his faithful wife. His presence in court had been waived.

When, some three-quarters of an hour later, he learned the news, he bore up with fortitude. To a friend he said:

"My God! Even the jury was influenced by mob law."
"I am as innocent as I was one year ago."

His wife swooned away when she heard the awful news.

Judge Roan will not pass the death sentence on Frank for some days. He has not definitely decided when.

Attorneys Arnold and Rosser will make a motion for a new

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Frank Waits With Wife in Tower For News From the Courthouse

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trial on statutory grounds, and prior to the making of this motion sentence will be passed.

Judge Roan stated that he would not pronounce sentence until public feeling was more calm.

While the jury was out nearly four hours and each and every member was pledged to secrecy, it is definitely known that only one ballot was taken and that the verdict was reached in a comparatively short time.

BIG CROWD ON STREETS WAITS FOR THE VERDICT.

When the crowd that filled the courtroom was driven out Monday afternoon on the order of Judge Roan it flowed to the streets to await the verdict, increasing in size as the minutes passed.

A veritable honeycomb of humanity spread over the section from Whitehall to Central avenue, on Hunter street, and from Alabama to Mitchell on Pryor. Men and women clung to the walls of buildings and sat in doorways.

Windows were crowded with women and girls and children. It was as though a street audience had gathered to watch an eventful procession. The shrill orders of the mounted policemen arose over the hum of the crowd.

A knot of men clustered around the pressroom, the windows of which front Hunter street, just opposite the new courthouse building. As the reporters at the telephone shouted the verdict to their offices, the word came through the windows. It was received with a shout.

The cry of guilty took winged flight from lip to lip. It traveled like the rattle of musketry. Then came a combined shout that rose to the sky. Pandemonium reigned. Hats went into the air. Women wept and shouted by turns.

GREAT OVATION ACCORDED SOLICITOR GENERAL DORSEY.

As Solicitor Dorsey appeared in the doorway of the courthouse while the crowd yelled its reception of the Frank verdict, there came a mighty roar.

As expressed by one aged man, whose wrinkled face and empty sleeve proclaimed service in the days of civil strife, and who had stood in the mob to hear the verdict, "It was kinder like 'Dixie' ringing out in a place where you ain't known."

The solicitor reached no further than the sidewalk. While mounted men rode like Cossacks through the human swarm, three muscular men slung Mr. Dorsey on their shoulders and passed him over the heads of the crowd across the street to his office.

With hat raised and tears coursing down his cheeks, the victor in Georgia's most noted criminal battle was tumbled over a shrieking throng that wildly proclaimed its admiration. Few

will live to see another such demonstration.

Mr. Dorsey was carried in the elevator to his office, where he dropped limply in a seat, exhausted, worn completely out by strain and exertion. Friends besieged him. The stairway leading to the floor on which his office is situated was lined with men and women.

A Constitution reporter asked a statement.

"I feel sorry for his wife and mother," were his only words. He had nothing to say about the outcome, about the bitter fight that had been waged, nothing about the prospects of a new trial. His sympathy was for the two women who had been dealt a blow as mortal as the courts had dealt their son and husband.

MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL WILL BE MADE VERY SOON.

It will probably be tomorrow—at the earliest—before sentence is passed upon Leo Frank. Judge Roan stated last night that he would give time for feeling to diminish before calling the convicted man to court.

That the defense will make immediate appeal for new trial was stated by Attorney Luther Z. Rosser to a Constitution reporter last night. He would make no other statement regarding the verdict. Statutory grounds will be the basis for the plea. Excerpts from the evidence and declarations of Judge Roan, stated the attorney, would be the grounds.

Judge Roan will be notified of this appeal this morning. It will be promptly carried before the supreme court for consideration. It is legal for Judge Roan to grant the new trial. It is said, however, that the request will not be made of his court.

Attorney Frank Hooper, colleague of the solicitor in Frank's prosecution, declared Monday afternoon that he did not believe that the supreme court would either grant a new trial or reverse the jury's verdict. It has been a fair and impartial trial, he declared, and there will be no substantial grounds on which to base such a plea.

Solicitor Dorsey would not commit himself. Both Mr. Rosser and Mr. Arnold, however, seemed confident that the supreme court would act favorably upon their plea.

The sentence will be imposed in the same courtroom in which the case was tried.