

# Hopkins Woman Denies Charges Made By Dalton and Jim Conley; Is Forced to Admit Untruths

Daisy Hopkins, a resident of Redan, Ga., and the woman who Jim Conley and C. B. Dalton declare frequently went to the National Pencil factory with Dalton while Leo Frank was there and was aware of her presence, was the first witness called by the defense Friday morning.

The woman swore to a full and complete denial of every charge that the white man and the negro had made and declared that she only knew Frank by sight, as she had worked at the factory from October, 1911, until June, 1912.

When Solicitor Hugh Dorsey took her on cross-examination, however, he succeeded in trapping her into admitting that she had sworn to a lie on the stand when she declared that she had never been in jail. When confronted with a man who is said to have secured her release she admitted that she had been there on a charge of immorality.

The woman who was seen in the courtroom for the first time proved to be decidedly plain in features and angular in form. She had none of the pale appearance of a factory woman, but showed rather the complexion of a woman who has lived in the country. White shoes and stockings, a white dress topped by a light yellow straw hat of the "picture hat" variety completed her costume.

After the usual questions to establish her identity, Attorney Luther Z. Rosser asked her if she had ever been married. She said that she had.

"Did you ever work at the National Pencil factory, and if so, when?"

"I worked there from October, 1911, until June, 1912," she replied.

"What floor did you work on?"

"The second floor."

"How many other women worked there with you?"

"About ten, sometimes more and sometimes less."

**Denies Knowing Frank.**

"Do you know Leo M. Frank?"

"Only know by sight."

"Ever talked to him or he to you?"

"No."

"Ever drink beer with him in his office or anywhere?"

"No, I don't drink beer."

"Do you know C. B. Dalton?"

"Yes, I know him when I see him. He was at the house where I stayed once."

"Did you ever go to the factory with him at any time, during office hours or after?"

"Never in my life."

"Did you ever introduce him to Frank or Frank to him?"

"No."

"That's all," said Mr. Rosser.

Solicitor Dorsey then began to cross-examine her.

"You say you have been married?"

"Yes."

"When and where?"

"In Redan about three years ago."

"Who was your husband?"

"A. N. Sill."

"Where is he now?"

"He's dead."

"Aren't you under a physician's treatment?"

"Yes," replied the witness after a moment's hesitation.

"For what?"

(Mrs. Sill, or Miss Hopkins, as she calls herself, looked around the courtroom a moment and then replied, "For stomach trouble.")

"Anything else?" urged the questioner.

"No," she replied.

"How many times have you been in jail, Miss Daisy?" came the next question.

"I've never been in jail in my life," she replied quickly and with a show of anger in her manner.

**Trapped in Misstatement.**

"You've never been in jail, in this county or anywhere else?"

"I said I've never been in jail anywhere," she replied.

"Do you see this man here? Didn't he get you out of jail recently?" said Mr. Dorsey, indicating one of his deputies, N. A. Garner.

"No, he never got me out of jail; I've never been in jail."

"Do you mean to say that this man, N. A. Garner, never got you out of jail?" repeated the solicitor, while Garner sat and looked at the woman.

"No, he never got me out of jail?" she answered in a defiant tone.

"Well, who did then?" Mr. Dorsey fired back.

"Mr. Smith," the woman replied, giving herself completely away.

"Who is Mr. Smith?"

"He's the lawyer, W. M. Smith," she replied.

"You mean the one who is representing James Conley, the man sitting right over there?"

"Yes, sir; he's the man," the woman replied.

"What were you there for; wasn't it for immoral actions?"

"No, people told tales on me and that got me in jail."

"Weren't you there for reasons of immorality?"

"That's what they said," the woman replied.

"What jail were you in?"

"I don't know," the woman answered.

"You may come down," said the solicitor sharply.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Mr. Arnold.

"Where were you in jail; can't you tell us; we don't know?"

"It was in this county."

"How did you get out?"

"My lawyer got me out."

"Were you ever tried?"

"No, sir."

"Did you pay out?"

"I paid my lawyer."

She was then excused.