

# PRISON HEAD, IN IRONS, SAW MOB SEIZE FRANK

## Capt. Burke Handcuffed and Taken to Hospital to See Lynchers at Work.

*Special to The New York Times.*

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Aug. 17.—  
Captain J. M. Burke, Superintendent of  
the State Prison Farm, gives the follow-  
ing account of the seizure of Leo M.  
Frank.

I was called to the door just as I  
was preparing to retire, and following  
my usual custom I walked out. When  
I passed the threshold two strong men  
grabbed me and in an instant snapped  
handcuffs upon my wrists. Four oth-  
ers stood guard over me, two with  
shot guns and two with heavy pistols.

I remonstrated and they declared it  
was no use for me to squirm, as they  
had come for Leo Frank and were go-  
ing to get him. I told them that  
Frank was not at my house and they  
said they knew that, but they were  
going to take me where they knew  
Frank was quartered.

I was marched up to the penitentiary  
building by a guard, which was re-  
doubled as we proceeded. When we  
reached the building a demand was  
made for the gate to be opened and  
one of the men began cutting the  
wires and informed me that the  
prisoner would be killed as soon as  
an entrance was effected.

The gate was unlocked and Night  
Guard S. Hester came forward, but  
he was immediately covered and or-  
dered to throw up his hands. Half  
way up the steps I was halted, while  
half a dozen men rushed by me and  
made a dash for Frank's room. One  
of the prisoners who witnessed this  
scene declared that four men seized  
Frank by his arms and legs, while a  
fifth grabbed him by the hair and he  
was dragged out of the hospital and  
bumped down the stone steps with  
me looking on.

Frank never uttered a word, but apparently he was suffering intensely and groaned as from pain inflicted in handling him in his wounded condition.

The crowd informed me that they did not intend to harm anybody except Leo Frank and told me not to have any fear. The affair was completed within the space of five minutes, it seemed to me, and almost before we realized the enormity of the occurrence it was a written chapter.

During the entire performance I was handcuffed and under guard. When the crowd brought Frank down and started off I asked the fellow who had snapped the handcuffs to unlock them, but he latched and said that if I would accompany them they would take off the irons. I retorted that I'd be damned if I'd go anywhere with them.

The whole procedure was a well-timed and a well-ordered and methodical proposition and only a few words were spoken, it evidently being agreed for a leader to do the talking. Only two of the men were masked, but I did not recognize any of them. Then in less time than it takes to tell it, they were off and I could see the lights flashing as they went over the hill toward Meriwether, the road that leads to Atlanta.

#### The Warden's Story.

Warden James E. Smith of the State penitentiary system, described the attack as a very carefully planned affair. He said:

I was spending the night at my home adjacent to the main building, as I usually do under normal conditions. I had just gone in when I was called from the front. I inquired who it was, and then some name was given in a conciliatory tone, which I did not understand. But as my name was called familiarly I went to the door with a lantern in one hand and my other hand on my pistol.

When I opened the door half a dozen men confronted me with pistols and guns thrust into my face. They commanded me to throw up my hands, and there was nothing else to do. At this juncture my wife rushed up and fell swooning in my arms, and the men ordered me to come on and go to the camp.

My wife interposed and they told her they were my friends and her friends and for her not to be afraid, but she kept clinging to me. Then one of the men told them to go on, but he reconsidered and said one or two more of them had better remain with me. They kept me covered for probably five or six minutes, then took my pistol, jumped into an automobile passing by and were gone. The affair was finished so quickly it is hard to say how it was carried out and I am completely at my wits' ends in the matter.

## MORBID THROUNGS VIEW BODY.

### Thousands File Past Casket After Police Give Way to Mob Threat.

*Special to The New York Times.*

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 17.—Sent on viewing the body of Leo Frank to satisfy themselves that he was surely dead, several hundred men, when they discovered that it had been secreted in the automobile garage of Greenberg & Bond, the undertakers, in Piedmont Avenue, at Ellis Street, gathered and threatened to break down the doors unless permitted to enter.

When a window was broken by the mob plain clothes policemen under command of Captain L. S. Dobbs, who was in charge of the police squad that first visited the pencil factory to view the body of Mary Phagan, realized the danger that threatened. Accordingly, an ambulance hearse was summoned and, escorted by Captain Dobbs and the entire squad of mounted police, Frank's body, in the wicker basket, was removed from the garage to Greenberg & Bond's chapel, at Houston and Ivy Streets, and from 2:30 P. M. until 7 tonight thousands of persons filed through the chapel.

At 11 o'clock Chief of Police W. M. Mayo, to permit the undertakers to prepare Frank's body for shipment at midnight to Brooklyn, N. Y., doubled the cordon of police on guard and closed the front door.

—During the five hours that the crowds were allowed to view Frank's body thousands, including many women, girls in short skirts, boys yet in knee breeches, and barefoot lads, streamed in single file on either side of the casket. In the crush many women fainted.