

The Frank Case Brings in Another Horse—A Smaller One Than Usual.

Smith Defies Lynchers and All Other Low-Down Riff-Raff.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

number of people?" They deserve Smith's compassion, and he pours it over them with a samaritan liberality seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

"Many believe that I had my price, and got it"—says the brave and brainy Smith.

The wretches! How dare they think such a thing? And how did Smith know that many believed he had sold out? Did many go to him and tell him so?

Or did his troubled conscience tell him what the "many believe?"

Then Smith puts himself on a pinnacle, looks down upon less incorruptible mortals, moralizes upon human frailty, and says—

"The world is usually so sordid-minded that it is hard to understand that occasionally divine mercy does let a spark linger in some souls, and that there are men in the world who can rise to just such situations."

As an unworthy part of "the world" which Smith has such a poor opinion of, I take off my hat, right now, and apologise to Smith for being alive.

I don't feel that any ordinary human being has any real right to be inhaling the same air with Smith.

The divine mercy has let a spark linger in his soul, that never was intended for the sordid-minded world: he is the exceptional soul: he is the man "who can rise to just such situations:" he is the man whose gray matter is intact, and whose tigerish bravery flings defiance at the rabbits.

Heavens above! Where were Reub Arnold, Luther Rosser, and Haas, Haas & Haas, when Smith was giving out that idiotic "card?"

After having, most irrelevantly, mentioned the case in which the late Charles D. Hill prosecuted a negro to conviction, and then asked a pardon for him, this William M. Smith says—

"No young man could live daily under the holy impulse of the heroic Charlie Hill, the noblest Roman of them all, without receiving unconscious impress upon his own career."

The late Solicitor Charles D. Hill was a mental giant in his own peculiar field, and no man ever listened to him with an admiration more rapt than mine—an admiration not lessened by my delight in crossing swords with him in the court-house.

But did Charlie Hill ever enter upon a dirty deal, with a rascally detective, TO BETRAY HIS OWN CLIENT, and to save a filthy Sodomite from just punishment?

To act for the State, and to prosecute a citizen for violation of law; to convict him, and then become convinced that he deserves a pardon, is not an unprecedented case.

It occasionally happens that the grand-jury which indicted, the Solicitor who prosecuted, the petit-jury which convicted, and the judge who sentenced the defendant will all join in the petition for a pardon.

This not only occurs in the cases of white men, but also in those of negroes.

All honor to the big-hearted and whole-souled Charlie Hill who pitied where he had convicted, and asked that the black man go free!

But did Charlie Hill ever take a fee to defend a prisoner, and then try to betray him?

Did Charlie Hill ever take into his hands the life of a poor nigger, and then try to lose it?

The doctor's business is to cure, not kill:

the lawyer who, being employed to defend his client, deserts him and endeavors to help kill him, is in the same position as the physician who being called to your bedside in sickness, seeks to give you poison.

Can you imagine Charlie Hill acting as William M. Smith confesses that he did?

For more than a year he is "Conley's lawyer:" for more than a year he hears all the changes rung on all the evidence in the case: for more than a year, he is on the inside at every turn of the case. For more than a year he is with the State's theory of the case. He sees Leo Frank and Conley at every step in the progress of the investigation. He hears the ablest lawyers that money can employ discuss every detail of the testimony. He hears the sentences passed upon the accused. He hears the Supreme Court affirm the verdict and sentence of the lower court.

During all of that ordeal, William M. Smith makes no sign.

The divine spark does not flare up in his superior soul. During the whole of that long period he acted in unison with the "sordid-minded."

He did not "rise to just such situations."

The "holy impulse of the heroic Charlie Hill" was lost on William M. Smith, the brainy man whose "stock of folk haven't got much rabbit in them," and who now at this exceedingly late day declares,

"I thank God for my sainted parents!"

Frank was convicted and sentenced to be hanged: Conley was convicted and began to serve out his term. The rotten scoundrel, Burns, was hired to begin his jackass doings with the case. He came with a great blare of trumpets in the bought-up newspapers. He was "utterly confident" he would spot the guilty man.

The guilty man had never been arrested. The guilty man was one who had not even been suspected. The guilty man was in a distant city, and Burns would lay his hands on him, whenever Burns wanted that guilty man.

All this time, the rotten rascal Burns, was railroading here, there and yonder, fixing up the angles on this guilty man. Then at last, when the show-down came, it turned out that Burns and Lehon had been trying to bulldoze poor girls into denying their evidence; trying to hire a poor preacher to swear to a lie; trying to terrorize other girls into perjury to escape exposure of their private affairs.

A more shameful mess was never made. And it was made by a cowardly criminal who had passed himself off as "the Great Detective"—a criminal whose foul methods were so thoroughly exposed in the West that the U. S. Government pardoned some convicted persons, on the express grounds that Burns had bribed witnesses, and packed juries!

The reeking record of Burns and Lehon was exposed in this paper. Neither of the villains dared to say a word in reply.

The Ragsdale affidavit exploded in stench!

The Fulton County grand-jury got busy on the case; the whole State rocked with indignation—and Burns fled, to return no more!

Where, where, was William M. Smith? Where was his conscience, his grey matter, his bravery?

Where was that "holy impulse of the heroic Charlie Hill?"

Where was that sense of duty to those "sainted parents?"

Speaking of himself in comparison to the lamented and most honorable Charles D. Hill, this William M. Smith says—

"Oh, that this young man may yet prove that the divine mantle has really fallen upon this young Elisha of the law, as the sainted Elijah let it fall from his shoulders when Charlie Hill was gathered to the clouds.

I thank God for my sainted parents."

Oh, that this young man, William M. Smith

had thought of his sainted parents before the Nelms case bobbed up!

Oh, that "the divine mantle" had settled somewhat earlier upon the shoulders of "this young Elisha of the law."

After having returned thanks, tardily, for his sainted parents, Smith declares—

"I am not mad."

No indeed: William M. isn't crazy. He himself gives the reason: "I had too much sense," he says.

Considerately he adds—

"This is not bragging, but just a plain, cold statement of facts."

Since the coming of the Nelms case, and the trade which Smith confesses he made with Burns on that case, Smith has been receiving threatening letters—so he says.

In reference to this, the undaunted Smith speaks as follows—

"I am doing business—not much business—at the old stand, although I have taken the precaution to send my wife and children elsewhere, so as not to endanger them."

In other words, Smith has "prepared for action." Smith is ready for battle. Smith has sent the women and children out of the zone of hostilities, and is now ready to sell his life as dearly as possible.

He will die, it is true, but he will die game. His stock of folk haven't got much rabbit in them—and he sends his children to the rear, so as to perpetuate the stock.

However, like all truly brave men, Smith is considerate. He doesn't want "the mob" to rush into unnecessary slaughter. He puts "the mob" on notice that if he is attacked there will be gobs of gore all over the streets of Atlanta.

Says Smith—

"Whenever any of the boys start my way with the rope kindly suggest that they would do well to inquire as to my record as a sharpshooter from the Adjutant-General's office, or at any shooting gallery in the city of Atlanta, and ease it to them that my specialty is rapid-fire work at moving targets."

This is dreadful! Apparently William M. Smith knew that this deal between him and Burns, on the Nelms-Frank cases, was coming, and he has been practising at slaughtering the Atlanta mobs!

"Ease it to them that my specialty is rapid-fire work!"

Don't break it to them suddenly: don't be abrupt: don't jar anybody: just "ease it to them!"

"Whenever the boys start my way with a rope, advise them to look up my shooting record at the Adjutant-General's office!

Ease it to them that my specialty is rapid-fire shooting at moving targets!"

O the monster! In spite of his sainted parents, he has been preparing to kill us all!

Isn't it a crying shame that the mantle of Elisha should lodge on the shoulders of the sanguinary Smith?

Addressing an imaginary mob, coming to lynch him, Smith says—

"I am at your mercy. Come and get me. I'll die like the Saviour did, with some of the criminal element around me gasping for a little extra ozone."

Smith ain't mad, mind you. Smith says he will die like Jesus Christ, with some gasping criminals around him.

These gasping criminals will be the men that Smith will have shot, in his "rapid-fire work," which is his "specialty," as per page 1166 of the record at the Adjutant-General's office.

Smith says that what our people need is some straight talk. "Several men that have poked their heads up in this matter have had them knocked off, or have got a stiff punch and gone off in a corner and sat down. I do not intend to be disposed of that way."

Who were the unlucky citizens who had their heads knocked off?

Who are the unfortunates who got the stiff