

ACCUSES CITY OFFICIALS.

CITY MANAGER HORNE TELLS BEAUFORT CITIZENS OF HIS WORK.

Says That He Investigated Matters Thoroughly Before Taking Action—City Treasurer Says Mayor is Not Doing Duty by People.

Beaufort, Aug. 20.—A crowded hall listened with intense interest for an hour last night to the ex-city manager, R. C. Horne, Jr., give an account of his stewardship. In a conversational tone, with marked deliberation, without anything savoring of vituperation, and hardly, any comment on his facts, he delivered what was in effect a terrific arraignment of Mayor Danner and Councilman Marscher. He charged the latter with false returns of his banks' bond holdings, which would lay him liable to a fine of \$1,000, and with other false returns by which the town, State and county have lost taxes. He charged Mayor Danner with at first encouraging him with unsearching and exposing these conditions and then joining Councilman Marscher in dismissing him on the ground of friction between the councilman and the city manager. The recall petition will probably be sent to the governor at once.

The Rev. J. H. Noland opened the meeting with prayer. Chairman J. B. Dodd first called on City Treasurer Legare, who has directed Mr. Horne in his moves to collect the back taxes. The treasurer read a concise statement of his position. He recited the incidents of the attempt to collect from one of the local banks and Acting Mayor Marscher's interference in his own interest, and the appeal to Circuit Judge Rice and the court's decree in his favor. The concluding sentence sums up his position: "The mayor in dismissing the city manager in the midst of efficient financial service to the community, and while the claims against delinquents in which he is the principal witness are pending, to oblige one of the alleged delinquents, is not doing his duty to the people who have honored him with this high position."

The chairman then stated that the mayor and councilman referred to had been invited by letter to be present and called on them to come forward. Neither was present. Mr. Marscher paid no attention to the invitation. The mayor sent a communication that was read by the Rev. C. C. Brown. It was general in its terms. The most significant paragraph is: "I have felt for some time that the lack of harmony between the city manager and the council was detrimental to the successful carrying out of the commission form of city government with a city manager. It is my belief that Mr. Horne was influenced in his actions by advice of parties other than those who employed him, and I assure you that I do not propose to be a mere figure head in my position as mayor. This and other reasons have led me to the belief that the best interest of the town would be served by the removal of Mr. Horne."

Though the gathering was manifestly in sympathy with Mr. Horne and applauded him at several times, many friends of the mayor and councilman were present. It was a very serious and orderly meeting, in spite of the acute interest with which the whole community is following the situation, and the tense moments when the speaker made his specific charges. Mr. Horne began by deprecating the fact that he could not meet his accusers face to face and make his statements in their presence. "What I here charge is libelous if not true," he stated at one point; and at another that he went to the State treasurer, the comptroller general and the State tax commission to get many of his facts and they stand ready to back him.

The city manager pro tem., Mr. Otis, then took the platform and told the citizens that he approved Mr. Horne most heartily in every essential position that he takes, which statement was applauded.

Why Kansas is Prohibition.

There is nothing radical or unreasonable in helping a weak man to carry his week's wages home to his wife on Saturday night; there is nothing fanatical in enabling her to send her children to school with good clothes, good shoes, and a good dinner in the little basket.

Prohibition serves the child as well as the man. It is for the wife as well as the husband. It is for society as well as for the individual. It is for the government as well as for the governed. In Kansas it pays the doctor his bills, the lawyer his fees, the pastor his salary. It helps the milkman, the farmer, the baker, the butcher, the grocer, the newsboy, the dentist, the bookstore, the photographer, the tailor, the dressmaker, the merchant and the manufacturer. This is why the people of our State are so thoroughly committed to its support. Opposition to it has practically ceased in every quarter.—Gov. Stubbs.

MURDER OF LEO M. FRANK.

ASSOCIATED PRESS ACCOUNT OF RIDE BEFORE LYNCHING.

Narrator Describes Trip from Milledgeville to Marietta and Illegal Hanging of Prisoner—Frank Had Nothing to Say, Says Account.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 22.—The first actual story of all that transpired on the death ride of Leo M. Frank from Milledgeville to Marietta between midnight and dawn last Tuesday morning became available to the Associated Press today. The recital did not come through second or third hands, but in a manner which seemingly placed its authenticity beyond all question. The narrator, however, will not be a witness before the Cobb county grand jury which on September 1 will be asked to undertake a thorough investigation of the lynching of the man alleged to have been the slayer of little Mary Phagan. It became known today that Gov. Nat. E. Harris during the past few days has received several anonymous threatening letters purporting to warn him not to go "too far" in his investigation of the lynching. The governor is not inclined to take the letters at all seriously, but looks upon them as the outgrowth of the disturbed sentiment of the moment.

The "inside" story of the events which preceded the finding of Frank's lifeless body swaying from the limb of the biggest oak tree in the vicinity of "Bill" Frey's gin cleared up many phases of the tragic incident, which heretofore have been veiled in mystery.

First, Frank did not confess. He twice was asked if he had anything to say, but on each occasion replied "No." Asked pointedly if he killed the Phagan girl, he is said to have made no reply whatever.

Second, No attempt was made to force a confession. Frank's statement just prior to his death that he loved his wife and mother better than he did his life came unexpectedly and without questioning.

Third, Frank was not maltreated in any way prior to the actual lynching. Stories that he may have met violent death before hanged to the Frey tree are without foundation.

Fourth, Frank walked a distance of 200 yards from the automobile to the death tree without a faltering step without a sigh or semblance of a protest. Fearing perhaps that his body might never reach his relatives, he asked that the wedding ring he wore be delivered to a newspaper man with the solemn promise that it would be turned over to his wife. This wish was carried out.

Fifth, Frank was told from the start that he was to be "executed" as the courts had directed that he be and every effort was made to see that the "legal hanging," as the mob termed the lynching, was carried out in an orderly manner. Members are said to resent any intimation that Frank was "maltreated" while in their custody. They assert he was given exactly the same consideration usually given to a condemned man on the day of his execution. The rough handling of the body after it was cut down was a matter concerning which members of the mob feel they were not responsible.

Sixth, The members of the party felt they had a "sacred duty" to perform in "carrying out the mandate of the courts of the State and of the United States." There was no mob spirit, no demonstration, and there is said to have been no idea of hanging Frank in the public square at Marietta or in the cemetery where Mary Phagan is buried. There was, however, a determination that the "execution" should take place in Cobb county. Inasmuch as all the members of the party are said to be residents of Cobb county the reason for this is obvious.

Seven automobiles were required to transport the mob from Marietta to Milledgeville. Only four returned, including the car in which Frank rode. All of the machines were small cars of a popular make. These cars were specially selected because of the difficulty in identifying them. No car of conspicuous color or design was wanted. There were probably 28 men in the lynching party.

The machines left Marietta singly during the afternoon of Monday last and it was shortly after 10 o'clock when the prison farm was reached. After Warden Smith and Superintendent Burke had been called from their homes and handcuffed, the party proceeded to the prison house in which Frank was just recovering from the wound inflicted on his throat by William Green, a fellow prisoner, and was to have been returned to the regular sleeping dormitory on Tuesday night. On the night of his death, however, he was still living in the hospital room adjoining the warden's office.

When the lynching party had entered the prison and its members were disarming the outer guards, one of the "trusties" at the farm who was

also on guard duty quickly blew out an oil lamp burning just outside Frank's door. He also extinguished the dim light burning in the hospital room.

A member of the invading party was quick to see this. He hailed the "trustie."

"Come here with a match," he commanded.

"I have nothing of one," replied the convict guard.

"Well, you had better get one damned quick."

The guard saw the gleam of a revolver and lost no time in complying. So far as known this was the only semblance of an oath used in Frank's presence. This was in keeping with the determination of the members of the mob to give to their acts a consistent atmosphere of officiality.

Four men entered Frank's room. The noise at the outer door already had awakened the prisoner, but he was still lying in bed when his room was entered by the self-appointed executioners, who wore hats well pulled down to meet the automobile goggles which served the purpose of masks.

"We want you to come with us," Frank was told.

There was neither surprise nor terror in the look he turned upon the four determined men. In silence Frank arose and made as if to dress himself. He was still feeble from the loss of blood suffered in the Green attack and swayed perhaps a little dizzily.

"Don't bother with the clothes; come just as you are," he was commanded.

Unresistingly and without appeal of any sort for protection, Frank permitted himself to be handcuffed. Clad only in a sleeping garment he walked into the prison corridor, a member of the mob on either side of him and two bringing up the rear. The night was one of the warmest of the summer.

When the party had reached the prison porch the leaders thought the progress being made was entirely too slow. It was then Frank was picked up and carried down the concrete steps of the prison house. It is strenuously denied that Frank was dragged "or bumped" down the steps and it is also denied that one of the members of the party helped carry him by the hair. In substantiation of this it is pointed out that when Frank's body was cut down the only mark on it was a slight abrasion of the right arm just above the elbow. This, it is said, was caused either by striking the arm against the narrow door of the automobile as he was lifted into the machine at Milledgeville or it may have been due to swaying against the trunk of the oak tree as Frank was being lifted to his death.

The ghastly scarred wound in Frank's throat was not opened until the weight of his body had been thrown against the expertly tied hangman's knot placed beneath the right joint of the chin.

There apparently was no doubt in Frank's mind as to the meaning of his abduction as he was lifted into one of the machines waiting outside the prison farm. He had been fully aware of the threats that had been made against him and of the holding in readiness of the militia several weeks ago when there is every reason to believe the so-called "execution" list was planned.

Two men climbed into the back seat of the car in which Frank had been placed, one sitting on either side. Another was seated beside the chauffeur. There were seven cars in Milledgeville at this time. Only four got back to Marietta, the other three being left behind at Little River as a rear guard. These were the cars which successfully baffled those who first started in pursuit of the lynching party.

For seven long, momentous hours, Frank sat in the automobile which was carrying him to a death place of which he had no knowledge. It required this length of time to make the journey from Milledgeville to Marietta. The roads were often rough and bumpy but the party maintained a speed of about 20 miles an hour. There was but one delay, a puncture which was successfully mended.

Frank's hatless, white clad figure erect in the tonneau of the leading car was in striking contrast to the somber-hued men beside him. Although the roads were black and lonely the glaring electric headlights of the cars following kept the first car brilliantly illuminated. The highways were deserted, however, and the farm houses which were passed were mere shadows darkened as they were for the slumber hours. There were no passersby to witness the strange and tragic procession that sped steadily along in a race with the coming of the dawn.

During all this long journey only two syllables left Frank's lips. What his thoughts were can never be known. The men who had determined that he should die left him alone with his meditations.

Soon after he had been placed in

the automobile, Frank was told he was being taken to his place of execution.

"The courts of Georgia have sentenced you to be hanged and they never reversed that sentence. It has devolved upon us to carry out their decree."

Frank did not flinch. The wonderful stoicism which had marked his long confinement in prison and with which he had met all the reverses which followed his many legal attempts for liberty did not desert him in the last hours of his life.

It was well after the determination of his captors had been disclosed to him before Frank was asked the question:

"Is there anything you would like to say before your execution?"

At first there was no reply. Then slowly and perhaps painfully the recently wounded man shook his head.

"No."

The monosyllabic negative was scarcely audible above the throb of the racing engines.

For a long time following this the only sound was that of the plunging automobiles. Frank was again permitted the seclusion of his thoughts.

Then he was asked if he had killed the Phagan girl, and the captors say he made no reply. This question was not repeated until near the journey's end and again it is said there was no reply.

The final interrogation was:

"Is there nothing you wish to say?"

"No."

These four questions were the sole conversation in the death car as it sped along the miles which were steadily bringing Frank nearer to Cobb county and to his death. As daylight approached the speed of the cars drew up just below the gin house on the William Frey place and stopped at the edge of an oak thicket.

The door of the leading car was opened and Frank was told to step out. He arose with the knowledge that death was near at hand, but did not falter. The big tree which so soon was to be his scaffold loomed large above the other oaks in the thicket but Frank either did not see or attach any importance to it at first. He walked with firm steps between two of his captors, his eyes upon the ground.

It was while the silent procession was progressing thus that suddenly Frank spoke.

"I love my wife and mother more than I do my life."

The words were uttered more to himself than for any dramatic effect upon his hearers, but evidently Frank had been pondering that last question as to whether or not he had ought to say and this was his answer.

A few moments later the noose had been placed about the tender neck and throat, a handkerchief had been tied loosely about his eyes, there was a pull, a tautening of hempen rope and Frank's life fast was ebbing away.

It was half an hour after the mob had completed its work that the dangling body was found, still warm.

Meteorite Rock Falls.

John B. Smoak, of the Shiloh section, was in Walterboro recently and brought with him a piece of rock which fell in his field near where his children were at work about four weeks ago. This rock is of a kind of sandstone formation and was covered with soot when it fell. Just before he rock fell there was a buzzing sound as of an airship, which was heard by people for miles around. This was followed by the sound of an explosion, and instantly almost this rock struck the earth, burying itself about two inches. This was possibly the explosion of a meteor.—Walterboro Press and Standard.

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