

Poem in Handwriting of Mary Phagan May Give Solicitor Clue to Murderer

Several days ago a representative of The Constitution secured from J. W. Coleman, stepfather of Mary Phagan, the following poem, which Mr. Coleman said his daughter had written. In order to secure this poem and an affidavit concerning it, Solicitor General Dorsey has summoned the reporter before him today. He is of the opinion that it may aid him in his search for the murderer. It is the most complete specimen of Mary Phagan's handwriting the solicitor has been able to obtain. The poem follows:

MY PA.

By Mary Phagan.

My pa ain't no millyunaire, but, Gee! He's offul smart!
He ain't no carpenter, but he can fix a feller's cart;
He ain't no doctor, but you can bet he allus knòws
Just what to do to fix a boy what's got a bloody nose!

My pa ain't president becoz, he says, he never run,
But he could do as well as any president has done.
A president may beat my pa at pilin' up the vote,
But he can't beat him, I will bet, a-whittlin' out a boat!

My pa ain't rich, but that's becoz he never tried to be;
He ain't no 'lectrician, but one day he fixed the telephone for me!
My pa ain't never wrote a book, but I know he could,
Becoz the stories that he tells to me are allus powerful good!

My pa knows everything, I guess, an' you bet I don't care
'Coz he ain't president or rich as any millyunaire!
Whenever things go wrong, my pa can make 'em right, you see;
An' if he ain't rich or president, my pa's good enough fer me!