

Time will prove, as I have often told you, the fact of my absolute innocence of the murder with which I am charged.

"I felt in my heart all the time a secret assurance that I should not hang." And with a firm look directly in the face of his interviewers, he paused briefly, and added: "I am innocent, but," he went on, "I intend abiding by the rules of the prison farm. I want also to reiterate my innocence, and to express a conviction that the day is not far distant when I will be exonerated."

After having been measured this morning, Frank received his number and a suit of convict stripes, denoting the lowest grade prisoner. After he makes a record at the farm, in the course of a month or longer, he will be relieved of the stripes and will wear a suit of prison gray.

"I had begun to think I wouldn't get to see this place," was the significant remark made by Frank to Warden Smith just after his arrival with Sheriff Mangum at 4:55 o'clock.

Both Frank and the Sheriff appeared very nervous when they reached the prison, and the Sheriff heaved a sigh of relief as he delivered his charge to the penitentiary officials. The strain of the trip down from Atlanta had told on both. The Sheriff remained here but a few minutes, returning to Macon in the automobile in which he had made the hurried trip out.

Frank was first registered and then dressed in his suit of stripes, after which he was taken to the bunkroom of the main building for a bit of rest before receiving his breakfast. Strict orders were issued to permit no one to see him except on specific orders from the Prison Commission in Atlanta.

Superintendent J. M. Burke and Warden Smith were instructed by the Prison Commission immediately to double the force of guards at the prison. This is being done today.

Superintendent Burke received a telephone message from Mayfield, a station on the Georgia Railroad on the Hancock-Warren county line, thirty-two miles from Milledgeville, to be on the lookout for trouble later in the day, but no demonstration from that quarter is anticipated, the prison officials considering the message a wild rumor. In response to a telephone inquiry, a public official at Mayfield positively declared there had been no demonstration nor any evidence of such a spirit in that town or vicinity.

Frank will be examined by the prison physician, and if he is pronounced in the proper physical condition, will be put at work as a farm hand, hoeing or plowing. The purpose is to give him some out-of-door life after his more than two years of continuous confinement. Frank spent practically the entire morning lying down, but not sleeping. The breakfast he ate was of the usual prison fare, and he partook of it lightly, seeming not to have a hearty appetite.

The prisoner said he would read Governor Slaton's statement in detail when copies of Atlanta papers containing it could be sent him by friends, and that then, no doubt, he would prepare a formal statement to the public concerning the commutation.

FRANK REACHES PRISON; GUARDS ARE DOUBLED

Special to The New York Times.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., June 21.—Leo M. Frank is safe within the walls of the Georgia State Penitentiary, four miles north of this city.

Sheriff Mangum and his party of deputies arrived with their prisoner a little before 5 o'clock this morning, just a few minutes after Warden J. N. Smith had been notified by authorities in Atlanta that the prisoner was in the custody of the officers and on the way to the State Prison.

The guards and gatekeepers were moving about the premises in a little quicker step than usual, and the older prisoners lounging in the yard peered through the iron railing of the tall iron fence with an air of inquiry, as a small group of newspaper men stood without waiting for the Warden to get permission from the State Prison Commission in Atlanta to allow them to enter. In fact, the whole atmosphere of the place was full of something which seemed to tell without words that the most famous prisoner in the country had arrived and was within the walls.

At last, at 7:45 A. M., the Warden gave permission for the reporters to enter, and the gates were locked immediately behind them. On the second floor of the administration end of the large building the prisoner was informed that an interview was desired, and he walked with firm step across the large, airy hall into the office. Frank was dressed in a clean suit of the regulation prison stripes and had received his number, 9657. As he took his seat in a large chair the muscles of his pale, emaciated face twitched and his eyes were red with the exposure of the long cross-country journey. His appearance spoke clearly the tremendous strain he had undergone. When being asked whether he had anything to say, he said in clear and composed language:

"I am grateful beyond words to the Governor for the way he has disposed of the case. I felt confident all the while that it would turn out as it has. Somehow I just felt confident that I would not hang. Of course, I am unsettled, as you see, from the tremendous nerve-racking experience through which I have been drawn, especially during the last trying hours of this ordeal. No person can know what I have gone through.

"And I am not composed enough at this time to give you an intelligent and connected conversation. Just say that I feel more than I can express in words and am happy that my life is saved."