

neck. The tongue was protruding. The scratch pad was also lying on the ground close to the body; found the notes under the sawdust, lying near the head. The body was that of Mary Phagan.

*Cross-examined.* Lee told us it was a white woman. We didn't know until the dust was removed from her face and we pulled up the clothes and looked at the skin. There was a pile of trash near the boiler. The hat was on the trash pile, so was the shoe. Everything was gone off of it, ribbons and all. It looked like she had been dragged by her feet on her face; thought she had been dragged in the basement, but couldn't be positive.

The blood was dry. The little trail where I thought showed the body was dragged went straight on down where the girl was found. The body was cold and stiff. Hands folded across the breast.

*J. N. Starnes.* Am a city officer; went to the pencil company's place between 5 and 6, April 27th. I called Mr. Frank on the telephone, and told him I wanted him to come to the pencil factory right away. He said he hadn't had any breakfast; he asked where the night watchman was; told him it was very necessary for him to come and if he would come I would send an automobile for him, and I asked Boots Rogers to go for him. Mr. Frank appeared to be nervous; he was in a trembling condition. I saw splotches that looked like blood about a foot and a half or two feet from the end of the dressing room; something had been thrown there and spread out and splattered;

looked as if something had been swept over it, some white substance; it looked like blood, but can't say that it was.

*W. W. Rogers.* Saturday night, April 26th, went to Mr. Frank's residence; Mr. Black was with me. Mrs. Frank opened the door. Mr. Frank stepped into the hall through the curtain. He was dressed for the street with the exception of his collar, tie, coat and hat. Mr. Frank asked Mr. Black if anything had happened at the factory, and then me if anything had happened at the factory. I didn't answer. Mr. Frank said, "Did the night watchman call up and report anything to you?" Mr. Black said, "Mr. Frank, you had better get your clothes on and let us go to the factory and see what has happened." Mr. Frank said that he thought he dreamt in the morning about 3 a. m. about hearing the telephone ring. Mr. Frank seemed to be extremely nervous. His questions were jumpy. He was rubbing his hands when he came through the curtains. He moved about briskly. He seemed to be excited. He asked questions in rapid succession. Mr. Frank and Mr. Black got on the rear seat and I took the front seat; one of us asked Mr. Frank if he knew a little girl by the name of Mary Phagan. Mr. Frank says: "Does she work at the factory?" I said, I think she does. Mr. Frank said, "I cannot tell whether or not she works there until I look on my pay roll book, I know very few of the girls that work there. I pay them off, but I very seldom go back in the factory." One of us suggested that we take Mr.