

"Well, I am going home to get dinner and you come back here in about forty minutes and I will fix the money." Went over to the beer saloon and took the cigarettes out of the box and there was some money there, two paper dollar bills and two silver quarters and I took a drink and laid across the bed and went to sleep; didn't get up until half-past 6 that night, that's the last I saw of Mr. Frank that Saturday; saw him next time on Tuesday on the fourth floor when I was sweeping. He said, "Now, remember, keep your mouth shut," and I said, "All right, and he said, "If you'd come back on Saturday and done what I told you to do with it down there, there wouldn't have been no trouble." I was arrested on Thursday, May 1st, Mr. Frank told me just what to write on those notes there. That is the same pad he told me to write on. Met Mr. Frank Saturday morning, he had on his raincoat and his usual suit of clothes and an umbrella. Refused to write for the police the first time; told them I couldn't write.

*Cross-examined.* Am 27 years old; can't read and write good; can't read the newspapers good; can't get any sense out of them. There is some little letters like "dis" and "dat" that I can read; other things I don't understand; can spell "dog," and most simple little words like that; went to school about a year; can spell "day" but not "daylight;" can spell "beer" but not "whiskey;" can't figure except with my fingers; know the figures as far as twelve. Didn't know Newt Lee; heard them say there was a negro night watchman, but never

did know that he was a negro. The lady that was with Mr. Frank the time I watched for him last July was Miss Daisy Hopkins. Mr. Frank called me in his office. He said, "You go down there and see nobody don't come up and you will have a chance to make some money." The other lady had gone out to get that young man, Mr. Dalton. She came back after a while with Mr. Dalton. They went downstairs and stayed about an hour. Mr. Dalton gave me a quarter, and the ladies came down and left, and then Mr. Frank came down after they left. The next Saturday I watched was right near the same thing. After Mr. Holloway left, Miss Daisy Hopkins came on into the office, Mr. Frank came out of the office, popped his fingers and went back into the office; went down and stood by the door. He stayed there that time about half an hour and then the girl went out. He gave me half a dollar this time. The next time I watched for him and Mr. Dalton, too, somewhere the last part of August. The lady that came in that day was one who worked on the fourth floor; it was not Miss Daisy Hopkins. She went right to Mr. Frank's office, then I went and watched. She stayed about half an hour and come out. Next time I watched was Thanksgiving Day; met Mr. Frank that morning about 8. He said, "A lady will be here in a little while, me and her are going to chat, I don't want you to do no work, I just want you to watch." In about half an hour the lady came. I didn't know her, she didn't work at the factory. She was very tall, heavy built lady. After she came down, she said to Mr.