

office where I sat and talked and answered every one of their questions freely and frankly, trying to aid and to help them in any way that I could. After staying there a few minutes, Mr. Darley and myself went over to Bloomfield's; they told us somebody was busy with the body at that time and we couldn't see it. So we went over to Montag Brothers and found that nobody was down there. After that I caught a Georgia Avenue car and rode to the house of Mr. Sig Montag, our General Manager, and discussed with him at length and in detail what I had seen that morning and what the detectives had to say. I returned to my home at about a quarter to 11; washed up and had my breakfast in company with my wife. I told her of the experience I had had that morning. I left the house and went to Mrs. Wolfsheimer's house; found quite a company of people, and the conversation turned largely on what I had seen that morning. The conversation was about the little girl that had been killed in the pencil factory that morning, although it was at that time as much a puzzle to me as it was apparently to everybody else. Returned with my wife to my home, where we took our lunch together with my parents-in-law, with Minola McKnight serving. After dinner, read a little while, and then went down town; went into the undertaker Bloomfield's, where I saw a large crowd of people nearby on the outside; on entering I found quite a number of people who were working at the pencil factory; stood in line and went into the room again and stayed a few minutes in the mortuary chamber. Then Mr. Darley and Mr. Schiff and myself went down to police headquarters and into Chief Lanford's office, and the three of us answered all sorts of questions that not only Chief Lanford, but the other detectives would shoot at us. Mr. Darley said he would like to talk to Newt Lee and went into another room. The detectives showed us the two notes and the pad back with still a few unused leaves to it, and the pencil that they claimed they had found down in the basement near the body. One of these notes was written on a sheet of pencil pad paper, the other was written on a sheet of yellow paper, apparently a yellow sheet from the regulation order pad or order book of the National Pencil Company. These are the two notes. Mr. Schiff and myself left police headquarters down to Jacobs' Alabama and Whitehall Street store, and each of us had a drink, and I bought a cigar for each of us at the cigar counter. I returned to my home about a quarter to 4. Went out again. Reached home about 7 or a little after for supper. After supper had callers. About 10 o'clock, all the company left, and I went upstairs with my wife and retired about 10 o'clock.

Next morning, arose about 7 and washed and shaved and dressed, and while I was dressing the door bell rang, and my wife again answered the door, and there were two detectives down there, one was John Black, and the other, Mr. Haslett, of the city detectives. They told me they wanted me to step down to headquarters with them. On the way down, I asked Detective Haslett what the trouble down at the station house was, and he said: "Well, Newt Lee has been saying something, and Chief Lanford wanted to ask you