

A scratch pad that Conley wrote on; an ordinary white scratch pad.

The following affidavit executed by Minola McKnight:

Saturday morning, April 26th, Mr. Frank left home about eight. Albert, my husband, got there about a quarter after one, and he was there when Mr. Frank came for dinner, which was about half-past one. Mr. Frank did not eat any dinner, and he left in about ten minutes. Mr. Frank come back to the house at seven o'clock that night, and Albert was there when he got there.

Tuesday, Mr. Frank says to me, "It is mighty bad, Minola, I might have to go to jail about this girl, and I don't know anything about it."

Sunday, Miss Lucile said to Mrs. Selig that Mr. Frank didn't rest so good Saturday night; she said he was drunk and wouldn't let her sleep with him, and she said she slept on the floor on the rug by the bad because Mr. Frank was drinking. Miss Lucile said Sunday that Mr. Frank told her Saturday night that he was in trouble, and that he didn't know the reason why he would murder, and he told his wife to get his pistol and let him kill himself.

When I left home to go to the solicitor general's office, they told me to mind how I talked. They pay me \$3.50 a week, but last week they paid me \$4.00, and one week she paid me \$6.50. They would tell me to mind how I talked, and Miss Lucile gave me a hat.

Notes found by policemen in sawdust beside body of Mary Phagan, written on white and yellow paper.

(He said he would love me, laid down play like the night witch did it but that long tall black negro did boy hisself.)

[Mam that negro fire down here did this when i went to make water and he push me down a hole a long tall negro black that did (had) it. i right while play with me.]

The Prisoner's Counsel introduced in evidence the following statements made by the witness Conley before the trial:

STATEMENT OF JAMES CONLEY, MAY 18, 1913.

My full name is James Conley; reside 172 Rhodes Street, with Lorine Jones. This woman is not my wife, and I have been living with her a little over two years. I have been having intercourse with Lorine Jones. I have been employed as elevator man and roustabout at the National Pencil Co. factory in Atlanta for the past two years. Before going there, I was employed by Dr. L. Palmer and others as a driver. Previous to that time I worked for Adam Woodward, as a stable hand. I am 27 years of age.

On Saturday, April 26, at 10:30, left my house, and visited a number of saloons between Fair and Peters and Haynes and Peters Street. I arrived home at 2:30 p. m., and found L. Jones there and she asked me if I had any money. Gave her \$3.50. At 3:30 p. m. or 4:00 p. m., Saturday, I purchased 15 cents worth of beer and then returned to the