

write?" I said, "Yes, sir, I can write a little bit," and then he give me a pencil that he got off the top of his desk, and told me to put on there, "dear mother, a long tall black negro did this by hisself," and when I went to put down "negro" I put it "n-e-g-r-o-s" and he said don't put no "s" there, he said that means negros and he said now rub the "s" off, and I rubbed the "s" out, and he said "It means just one person like yourself," and he told me to write it again, and I written it, and he looked at it and slapped me on the back and said, "That's all right, old boy," and he said "write it again," and I written it for him three times. Then Mr. Frank takes out a cigarette for himself and handed me the box, and I taken out a cigarette and lit it, and saw some money in the box, and he said that was all right, I could have that. Then Mr. Frank looked around at me and held up his head towards the top of the house and said, "Why should I hang, I have wealthy people in Brooklyn." I didn't know what he was talking about, I didn't have any idea in the world what he was talking about, and he was winking and rubbing his hands together and touching me on the shank with his foot and took a deep breath, he said, "Why should I hang?" and shook his head and rubbed his hands together. Then he asked me where was Snowball, and I told him I didn't know, and he asked me, did I know the night watchman, and I told him no, sir, I just knew him by passing him, and he asked me if I had seen him in the basement at any time, and I told him no, sir, that he would have to ask the fireman about that, for he was down in the basement more than any of us was, and when I told Mr. Frank that he stuck one finger in his mouth and said, "S-s-s-h, that's all right," and then Mr. Frank told me he was going to take that note I had written and send it off in a letter to his people when he wrote, and recommend me to them, because I was a good working negro around there, and he liked me, and when Mr. Frank said that I said "Don't take out another dollar for that watch man," and he said "All right, I won't," and he said, "I don't see why you want to buy a watch, because that big fat wife of mine wanted me to buy her an automobile, but I won't do it." Then he reached in his pocket and pulled out his watch and said, "It is nearly time for me to be going to dinner." Then I asked Mr. Frank if that was all he wanted with me right now, and he said, yes; but all the time, though, he was talking and jollyng and going on with me, and I began to think it was something, for a white man to be playing with a negro, and during the time he cast his eyes up to the top of the house and said, "Why should I hang, I have wealthy people in Brooklyn." Then Mr. Frank said, "I will see you Monday, if I live and nothing happens, James," and I said, "Well, is that all you want for good Mr. Frank?" and he said, "Yes," and I saw him go to his desk and take out a brownish-looking scratch pad, and he took his pencil and made a mark on it. I took it to be an "M," but he shut the tablet up and looked at me and told me that was all he wanted with me. I pulled the front doors to as I went out, and I went to the beer saloon across the street and opened the cigarette box, and it had two paper dollars in there and two silver quarters, and I