

and when he whistled for me I went upstairs, and he asked me if I wanted to make some money right quick, and I told him, "Yes, sir," and he told me that he had picked up a girl back there and had let her fall, and that her head hit against something, he didn't know what it was, and for me to move her; I hollered and told him the girl was dead, and he told me to pick her up and bring her to the elevator, and I told him I didn't have nothing to pick her up with, and he told me to go and look by the cotton box there and get a piece of cloth, and I got a wide piece of cloth and tied her up in it. I carried her on my right shoulder, and she got too heavy for me and she slipped off and fell on the floor at the dressing room. I hollered for Mr. Frank to come there and help me, that she was too heavy for me, and Mr. Frank come down there and told me to pick her up, damn fool, and he run down there to me, and he was excited, and he picked her up by the feet, her head and feet were sticking out of the cloth, and then we brought her on to the elevator, Mr. Frank carrying her by the feet and me by the shoulders, and we brought her to the elevator, and then Mr. Frank says, "Wait, let me get the key," and he went into the office and got the key and come back and unlocked the elevator door and started the elevator down. We went on down to the basement, and Mr. Frank helped me take it off the elevator, and he told me to take it back there to the sawdust pile, and I picked it up and put it on my shoulder again, and Mr. Frank, he went up the ladder and watched the trap door to see if anybody was coming, and I took her back there and taken the cloth from around her and taken her hat and shoe which I had picked up upstairs right where her body was lying, and brought them down and untied the cloth and brought them back and throwed them on the trash pile in front of the furnace, and Mr. Frank was standing at the trap door at the head of the ladder. He didn't tell me where to put the things. I layed her body down with her head towards the elevator, lying on her stomach. Mr. Frank joined me back on the first floor. He said, "Gee, that was a tiresome job," and I told him his job was not as tiresome as mine was, because I had to tote it all the way from where she was lying to the dressing room, and in the basement from the elevator to where I left her. Then we went on into the office, and Mr. Frank he couldn't hardly keep still; he was all the time moving about from one office to the other, then he come back into the stenographer's office and come back, and he told me, "Here comes Emma Clark and Corinthia Hall," and he opened the wardrobe and told me to get in there. Mr. Frank come back and I said, "Goodness alive, you kept me in there a mighty long time," and he said, "Yes, I see I did, you are sweating," and then me and Mr. Frank set down in a chair. Mr. Frank then took out a cigarette, and he gave me the box and asked me did I want to smoke. I handed him the cigarette box, and he told me that was all right, I could keep that, and I told him he had some money in it, and he told me that was all right, I could keep that; Mr. Frank then asked me to write a few lines on that paper, a white scratch pad he had there, and he told me what to put on there. After I got through writing, Mr.