

day, and he knew the hour. On the previous afternoon little Helen Ferguson, Mary's chum, had called for Mary's pay, and Frank had told her that Mary should come and get her own pay, breaking a rule of the plant in doing so. He arranges with Jim to hang around and make himself convenient. Jim takes his accustomed seat in the hallway. Parties come and go. Jim observes all that happens, he says nothing. Finally, Mary Phagen arrives, beautiful, innocent, coming in her blue frock and new hat and a ribbon around her hair. Without any thought of evil or foreboding of tragedy, she tripped into the building and up the stairs, going for \$1.20. No explanation can come from Mary. The dead have no stories to tell. She went in a little after 12. She found Frank. He tells us that much from his own lips. He was there from 12 to 1. It's his own statement. What a statement!

There was Mary. Then, there was another little girl, Monteen Stover. He never knew Monteen was there, and he said he stayed in his office from 12 until after 1—never left. Monteen waited around for five minutes. Then she left. The result! There comes for the first time from the lips of Frank, the defendant, the admission that he might have gone to some other part of the building during this time—he didn't remember clearly.

Jim Conley, sitting faithfully downstairs, heard footsteps going toward the metal room. Then there came the sound of other footsteps, footsteps that pursued. There was no return of the first footsteps, and the footsteps that pursued tiptoed back from the metal room. Then Leo stamped a signal on the office floor.

I will be fair with Frank. When he followed the child back into the metal room, he didn't know that it would necessitate force to accomplish his purpose. I don't believe he originally had murder in his heart.

There was a scream. Jim Conley heard it. Just for the sake of knowing how harrowing it was, I wish you jurymen could hear a similar scream. It was poorly described by the