

When the face was turned towards me, Mr. Frank stepped out of my vision in the direction of Mr. Gheesling's sleeping room.

MISS GRACE HICKS, Sworn for the State.

I knew Mary Phagan nearly a year at the pencil factory. She worked on the second floor. I identified her body at the undertakers Sunday morning, April 27th. I knew her by her hair. She was fair skinned, had light hair, blue eyes and was heavy built, well developed for her age. I worked in the metal room, the same room she worked in. Mary's machine was right next to the dressing room, the first machine there. They had a separate closet for men and a separate one for ladies on that floor. There was just a partition between them. In going to the office from the closets they would pass the dressing room and Mary's machine within two or three feet. Mr. Frank, during the past twelve months, would pass through the metal department looking around every day. Sometimes I would see him talking to some of the men in the office at the clocks. He came back to the metal room to see how the work was getting on. The metal is kept within a little closet back under the stair steps. I asked Mr. Quinn, not Mr. Frank, if the metal had come. Saturday at twelve o'clock is the regular payday, but the week of April 26th, most of the employees got paid off on Friday night between six and seven o'clock. I hadn't worked there since Wednesday. Mr. Quinn called me up and told me that pay-day would be Friday. The metal had not come from Monday to Saturday. Mary didn't work after Monday of that week.

CROSS EXAMINATION:

Standing at the time clock you can't see in to Mr. Frank's private office. A person wouldn't see from Mr. Frank's office any one coming in or out of the building. I worked at the factory five years. In that time, Mr. Frank spoke to me three times. Mary Phagan worked at the factory with me for about a