

found all over the building for this reason, they write an order, and sometimes fail to get the carbon under it, and other times they have to change the order and tear it out and throw it in the waste basket in the office and from there it gets into the trash. That kind of little pad is used all over the factory. The foreladies make their memorandum on that kind of tablet. You will find them all around. It is one of the biggest wastes around the place. They are all over the building, and any man that worked around the factory or ran the elevator or swept up the different floors would be more likely to come across them than anyone else, because they are thrown on the floor. There was an order to keep the clock door locked, but on this occasion the key was lost and the clock door was open. When I got there Sunday morning, the clock door was unlocked. Mr. Frank could not have unlocked it because the key was lost. With the clock door unlocked, anyone who understands the clock, could have punched for all night in five or ten minutes. I made the same mistake Mr. Frank made in thinking that all the punches had been made all right. I looked over the factory at noon today and compared it with some points on this picture (Exhibit A for State). This big space in the cellar appears to be short. Those steps in the cellar are much longer in reality. The platform itself is about 15 feet long, and the incline is 17 feet, making 32 feet the length of it. The distance between the walls of Mr. Frank's office and the elevator shaft is 5 feet to 5 1/2 inches. The elevator shaft is ten feet, but on the picture the space between the elevator shaft and Mr. Frank's office looks almost as wide as the elevator shaft itself. One is ten feet and the other is 5 1/2. As to what occasions I recall seeing Mr. Frank nervous,

and I recall seeing that he came in one afternoon on a street car when