

giving day. I know the man's name was Mr. Dalton. When I saw Mr. Frank coming towards the factory Saturday morning he had on his raincoat and his usual suit of clothes and an umbrella. Up to Christmas I used to run the elevator, then they put me on the fourth floor to clean up. I cleaned up twice a week on the first floor under Mr. Holloway's directions. The lady I saw in Mr. Frank's office Thanksgiving Day was a tall built lady, heavy weight, she was nice looking, she had on a blue looking dress with white dots on it and a graying looking coat with kind of tails to it. The coat was open like that and she had on white slippers and stockings. On Thanksgiving Day Mr. Frank told me to come to his office. I have never seen any cot or bed down in the basement. I refused to write for the police the first time. I told them I couldn't write.

CROSS EXAMINATION.

I am 27 years old. The last job I had was working for Dr. Palmer. I worked for him a year and a half. I worked before that for Orr Stationery Company for three or four months. Before that I worked for S. S. Gordon. Before that I worked for Adams Woodward and Dr. Honeywell. Got my first job eleven years ago with Mr. S. M. Truitt. Next job was with W. S. Coates. I can't spell his name. I can't read and write good. I can't read the newspapers good. No, sir; I don't read the newspaper. I never do, I have tried, but I found I couldn't and I quit. I can't read a paper right through. I can't go right straight down through the page, and that's the reason I don't read newspapers, I can't get any sense out of them. There is some little letters like "dis" and "Dat" that I can read. The other things I don't understand. No, I can't spell "Dis" and "dat". Yes, I can spell "school," I can't spell "collar", I can spell "shirts". I can spell "shoes", and "hat". I spell "cat" with