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find any mesh bag or pocket book. I was ~~Mr. Frank~~ constantly while he was at the factory on the Tuesday morning after the murder. He did not speak to the negro Conley that day. Monday we tried to open up the factory, but every body was so excited that we couldnt do any work. The girls were standing around, crying. We had to suspend. As I went out of the shipping room that morning, I saw Conley standing ~~at~~ the back of the room. I said "what are you doing here?" He says: "I am scared to go out, I would give a million dollars if I was a white man." It is very dark on the ground floor around the elevator. I have never known the doors to Mr. Frank's inner or outer office to be locked. Even if they were, you can see right through them, part of the door being glass. Anybody could look through them and see what is going on in the office. The door to the elevator can be easily lifted by anyone and ~~anybody~~ one can be pushed down the elevator shaft. The motor to the elevator is on the office floor, and the wheels are on the top floor. When you start up there is a noise. You can always hear the jerk when the rope is pulled, and when it stops there is a noise and when it hits the basement floor, there is a thud. The motor also makes a distinct humming noise. The motor box is not kept locked. I have gotten after Jim Conley many times about not registering. We have docked him for not doing it. I have noticed blood spots on the floors of the factory. Whenever one gets his fingers hurt, he has to come to the office to get it tied up. People have gotten hurt in the metal room and in coming to the office would walk by the ladies closet, through those doors. The spots that Barrett pointed out in the regular path where a man would come to the office if he were injured. There were four or five strands of hair that Barrett discovered. I ^usaw them. Could not possibly tell what color it was. The metal room floor has not been washed since I have been there.

GROSS EXAMINATION. I knew on Monday that Mrs. White claimed she saw a negro there. Frank telephoned me three or four times on Monday to get the Pinkerton's. He was at home. I was at the factory. When