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lighted the gas water heater preparatory to taking a bath, and then continued reading in the hall; at 10:30, I turned out the gas, went into the dining room, bade them all good-night, and went upstairs to take my bath; a few minutes later, my wife followed me upstairs. (At this point the jury retired for a short intermission.) I believe I was taking a bath when you went out,--on Saturday night; and after finishing my bath, I laid out my linen to be used next day, my wife changed the buttons from my old shirt to the shirt I was to wear the following morning, and I retired about eleven o'clock. The next day, Sunday, April 27th, I was awakened at something before seven o'clock, by the telephone ringing. I got out of bed,--was tight asleep, it awaked me,--but I got out of bed, put on a bath robe and went down to answer the telephone, and a man's voice spoke to me over the phone and said--I afterwards found out this man that spoke to me was City Detective Starnes--said "Is this Mr. Frank, superintendent of the National Pencil Company?" I says, "Yes, sir," he says, "I want you to come down to the factory right away," I says, "What's the trouble, has there been a fire?" He says, "No, a tragedy, I want you to come down right away;" I says, "All right," he says, "I'll send an automobile for you," I says, "All right," and hung up and went upstairs to dress. I was in the midst of dressing to go with the people who should come for me in the automobile, when the automobile drove up, the bell rang and my wife went down stairs to answer the door. She had on,--just had a night dress with a robe over it. I followed my wife,--I wasn't completely dressed at that time,--didn't have my trousers or shirt on, and as soon as I could get together,--get my trousers and shirt on,--I went down stairs--followed my